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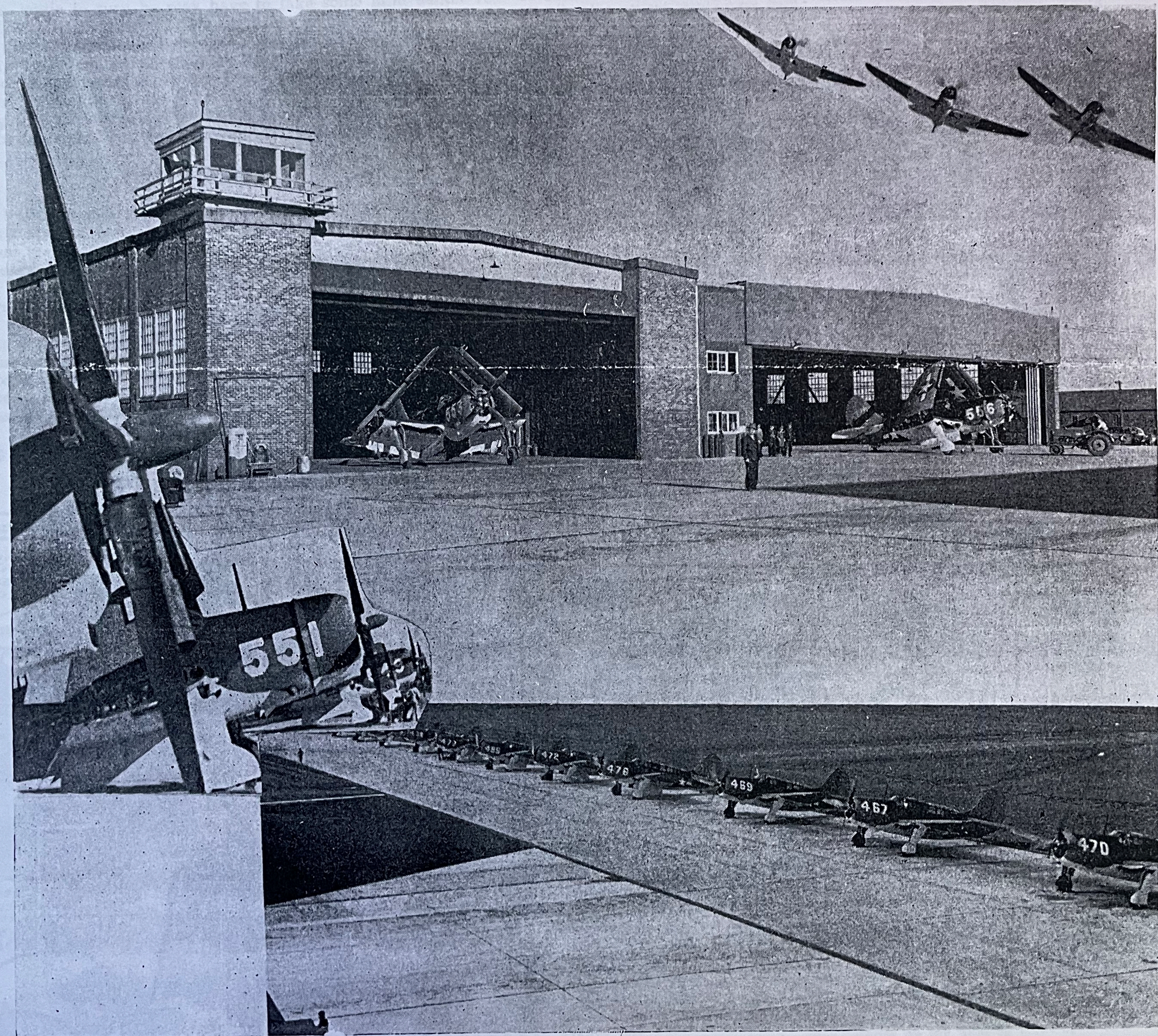
VOLUME 2



SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1945

NUMBER 21

AIRPORT - *First Leg of Journey to the Pacific*



Modern buildings and hangars, set amidst a frame of white landing strips—that's the Fort William airport. Here Helldivers built at the Canadian Car and Foundry Company plant are serviced, tested, and turned over to the U.S. Navy ferry pilots who deliver them to the United States where soon they will be in action against the Japs. Appropriately called "Fly-aways" these ships are usually flown away from Fort William in three's; however, during the year 1944, the record was created at Fort William when on one occasion no fewer than fourteen "Fly-aways" took off from the local airport at one time.

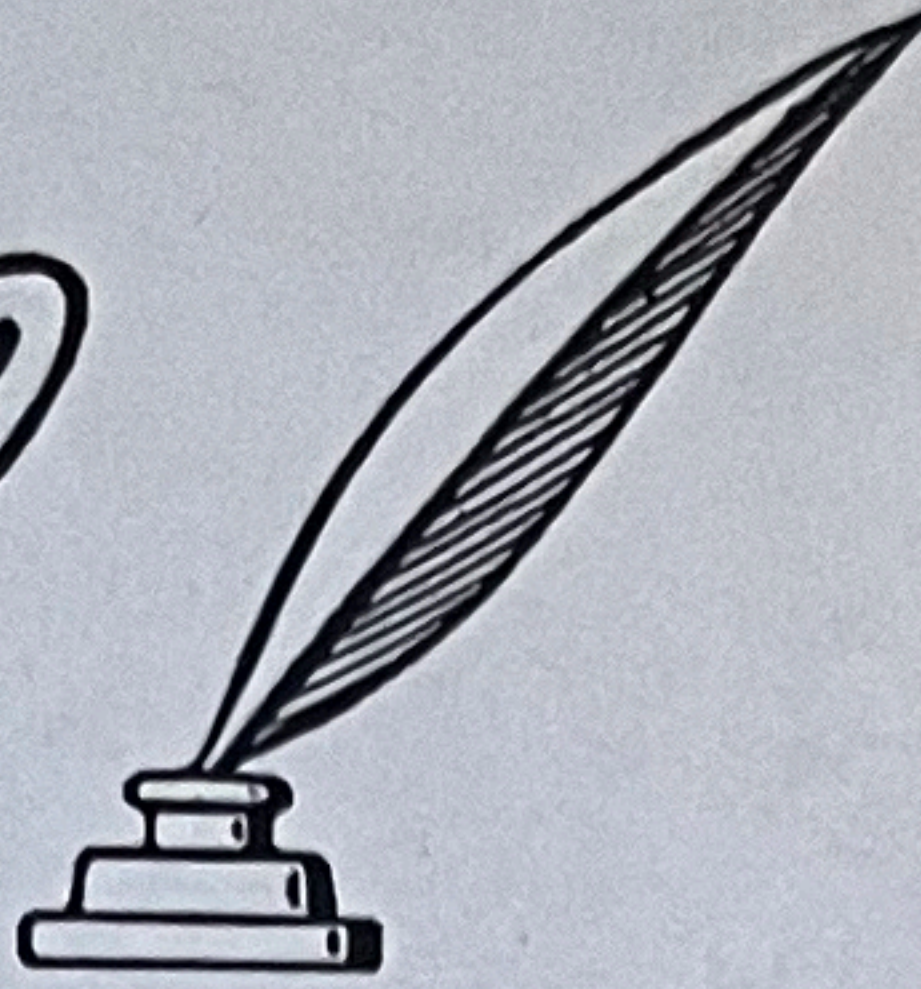
Directory

W. O. WILL, Managing Editor

R. M. WALKER, Editor

J. McCORMACK, Sports Editor

Editorial



The ears and eyes of Canada these days are turned to politics. We hear it on the radio, we read it in the papers, and the noon whistle at lunch time is in many cases the signal for a round-the-bench discussion as to the relative merits of one party against the other.

Looking at it from the viewpoint of an interested bystander, this system of ours is indeed a shining example of a true democracy. John Public may wax eloquent and eulogize the party or individual of his own choice, while in turn he may have to take some mild banter regarding his choice. However, each man and woman know how they are going to vote and make their own minds up without being coerced in any way by a dominating group.

It would appear that if we are going to keep this system of ours alive, everyone should continue to use their franchise, realizing that in keeping with their freedom of choice, they have also a duty to perform to themselves and to their community by at least voting.



Any bushman will tell you that if a man doesn't know where he is then it's a sure thing that he doesn't know where he's going. A banker was once heard to put it this way: "I don't care where a man's bank balance is, it's where he's heading that is important."

It is important today that people know where they're heading. That's true of our political and national leaders, but it's also necessary for the ordinary voter. Much of the planning of our experts is made impossible by the living of the ordinary person.

Where are we heading? There seem to be two schools of thought abroad today. The one that believes and hopes and prays for a new and better world and the other who, much as they want this, feel it is impossible to build. Many who fall into this latter group do so through lack of practical program, whereby they can take part in building something better.

PLANT PROFILE

BORN AT GUELPH ONT.

LATER ATTENDED FATHER CONNELEYS SCHOOL OF CLASSICS & ARTS

QUOTE THE RAVIN NEVER MORE

HIS FAVORITE SPORT IS RUGBY AND WAS AN AMATEUR STEEPLECHASE JOCKEY

C.B. DEVLIN

Dept 19 Operating

SAFETY COUNCIL NOTES

Re: J. Kryskow, eye injury

The plant safety stewards brought to the attention of the Safety Council a report that a delay occurred in referring this case to specialist for treatment and requested an investigation of this matter.

After thorough study, the Safety Council are in complete accord that there is no evidence in this case whatsoever to indicate negligence or lack of proper attention.

It is interesting to note the manner in which accidents are handled in this plant. This case was treated in the ordinary manner.

Mr. Kryskow upon receiving the injury to his eye went to the First Aid for attention. He was attended by the nurse in charge who examined the injured eye. As it was her opinion that the injury was of a nature which did not require immediate treatment the patient was requested to return to First Aid later in the morning so that the plant physician could examine the injury. Had she felt the injury was of a nature that required immediate attention the patient would have been referred to a specialist or his private physician at once.

Later in the morning Mr. Kryskow visited the plant physician. Examination by our plant doctor disclosed an injury which in the opinion of the doctor did not require immediate attention. However, to avoid possibility of complications which might occur, the patient was advised to visit an eye specialist later in the day. Had the examination by the plant physician indicated that the injury required immediate attention by the specialist we are assured he would have been directed to such attention at once.

We are informed by our plant physician that the injury turned out to be more serious than was apparent at examination in our First aid, but, same was also of such nature that the seriousness of the injury, in the opinion of our physician, would not be aggravated in any degree through delay in bringing same to attention of an eye specialist.

It would appear that had the patient indicated he was in great pain, he would have been referred to a specialist at once.

In the case of eye injuries employees can request of attendant First Aid Personnel to be referred to a specialist at once, if they so desire, and this request will be granted.

PLANT SAFETY COUNCIL
Fort William Works, May 23, 1945

CONTRIBUTION TO UNITED NATIONS

In terms of the allied war effort, and excluding Russian production, Canada has contributed the following proportions of the combined United Nations output:

Nickel	85%
Asbestos	78
Aluminum	35
Zinc	20
Lead	19
Copper	14

With total production of about 85,000,000 pounds, the government-owned synthetic rubber plant near Sarnia, Ont., in operation for 15 months, had supplied all Canadian needs plus enough for some exports. The output of electric power also has reached new heights.

Only 30 per cent. of the Canadian war production is delivered to Canadian forces at home and abroad. The remainder goes to the United Kingdom United States, Russia, Australia, New Zealand, India, South Africa, China, France and other United Nations. Much of it has been shipped under Mutual Aid agreement.

The greatest cause of most accidents is "lack of ordinary care" on the part of the person injured—in other words not thinking before doing the job.

JAPAN NEXT

"The forces of tyranny and aggression in Europe are crushed. The way is open there for the resumption of the onward march of progress and civilization.

"The victory of the Allied forces is the work of many hands and many minds. It is a victory for our armed forces but also a victory for the industries that armed them. It is a victory won by united effort at home and in the zones of combat.

"Now we can turn the full force of our fighting capacity against Japan. In this fact the thousands of American men fighting in the Pacific can find cause for encouragement but little cause for celebration. The job calls for too much hard fighting and too much hard work to afford it.

"We do not count on a quick end to our war with Japan. If the enemy's actions were at all times dictated by common sense he might choose to surrender soon. He is already cut off from most of his necessary raw materials. The war industries for Japan have taken a severe pounding. There is nothing in prospect for them but a continually mounting pressure applied by Allied land, sea and air power with eventual complete destruction.

"In the task ahead we shall in due course have the powerful help of great armies and airforces from the European theater. We have gained a sufficient control of the sea and air to insure these forces an unlimited choice of objectives. But all we have gained, all we have built, all we have planned to achieve victory in the Pacific will be of no avail without one element. That indispensable element is the continued support and sustained faith of all the American people until the complete defeat of Japan."—Fleet Admiral Chester W. Nimitz, U.S.N., commander in chief, U.S. Pacific fleet and Pacific Ocean areas.

"The forces of decency rejoice that half the battle against oppression has been won. To the army, the navy, the marine corps, and the coast guard personnel who have helped make this great victory possible, I express the gratification that fills the hearts of all freedom-loving people.

"Much as we have achieved, we still have a tremendous mission before us. The forces which have served so courageously and efficiently in Europe will soon turn their might to the Pacific. And we at home must devote all our capacities toward defeating the Japanese enemy—never allowing our energies to be diverted for a moment from completing the grim task to which we have set our hand."—Admiral R. R. Waesche, U.S. C.G., Commandant, U.S. Coast Guard.

"Today all Americans face a challenge. This challenge is to be able to enjoy the thrill of the European victory to the utmost, and, at the same time gird our loins for the effort necessary to bring about total peace by defeating the Japanese.

"We have carried our flag to the doorstep of Japan. Now we must carry our flag throughout the Japanese empire. To do this we must continue the stepped up production of the tools of war and maintain throughout the country our determination to win. Both of these factors have contributed greatly to the European victory and they are essential to victory over the Japanese.

"Americans will meet this challenge. The combined efforts and determination of those at home and those on the fighting front spell complete victory with its sure knowledge in our hearts that peace will once again reign supreme."—Lt. Gen. Holland M. Smith, U.S.M.C., Commanding General Fleet Marine Force, Pacific.

Airport Personnel Keep Planes in Shape



Pictured above are the employees of the Canadian Car and Foundry Company Ltd., at the Airport where they service and prepare Helldivers for delivery to the U.S. Navy.

Omnibus Blues

by THE BIG BAD WOLF



Do you suffer from transportation trouble, too? I was standing on the corner last week, unaware that I was right in one of the city danger zones—the bus stop. Suddenly a bus appeared in front of me, the door gaped and before I could jump out of the line of fire, a pack of fighting females hit me in the back, and drove me right through the door. Brother, Moses would never have come fourth if that crew had been competing. I'll bet that half of Fort William was trying to get on that bus. They kept piling in and piling in, and I figure that I was carried in the front door and out the back about a dozen times before someone got a bright idea and closed the rear door. I yelled that I wasn't going any place, but I was wrong. I wasn't too badly off. I was in the second layer, with my face pushed against one of those bus posters which asked "Is this trip necessary?" Once I tried to tell the babe in front of me that this was my stop, but before I got properly started, she said sure she'd go out with me tomorrow night, and had stuffed half a newspaper with her name and address

scribbled on it down the neck of my shirt. I let it go at that.

As we hit the next stop, I made a dash for the door, but a new flood of General Grant tanks in slacks roared in, popped their tickets in my mouth, elbowed me in the eye, stepped on my feet and charged down the line.

"Get off my feet," I yelled at one battling bus catcher. She gave me a dirty look.

"Is it much of a walk?" she replied. Hell, they're not that big.

By this time we were flying low down Syndicate and being shoved around so much, it was like dancing at the Elks on Saturday night. Once I landed on top of the driver and he changed me into low gear before I managed to get off his knee. I made a grab for a hanging strap and a big blonde turned around and slapped my face. Maybe she was right.

We finally arrived in front of Canada Car, the doors opened and I was surfboarded past the gate, through the door, and was finally washed up across a work bench in Department 83. When I finally untangled my neck from that vice I looked up to see the foreman standing there with a nasty look on his face.

"Laying down on the job, eh?" he yelled. "You're through in this place. Beat it."

I sobbed out my thanks, kissed him and crawled out to the gate—and freedom. There was the bus standing with open door.

"Going into town?" asked the driver cheerfully. I shuddered and turned my head.

"No thanks. I'll walk," I muttered.

We spend far more time thinking how to get on in the world than how the world can get on.

FOUNDRY "B" SHIFT

Idola has been transferred to straight days. We don't blame her with all the nice moonlight nights to spend with her boy friend.

We notice quite a few new faces in the Spar Milling gang. Among the notables we have "Fats" Addouno, the district's leading blood donor. Welcome to the Foundry, Fats!

A RUSH JOB

The stores man brought material, The shearman cut it up to size; It was loaded on the wagon And to the punch press it did ride. The punch pressed and blanked the material,

They cropped and formed it too; It was loaded on the wagon And was sent ahurrying through. The next stop was deburr bench, They filed and buffed it too; And the progress girl was waiting To see the job go through.

It was rushed up to the hydro press, It was pressed and joggled too; And we praise the little progress girl Who rushed the job right through.

We hear Alfred Henderson is the proud papa of a seven-pound baby girl. Say, Alf, where are all the cigars?

Our former Shears chaser, Paul, wrote a letter from Saskatchewan and sent his regards to all the Foundry gang.

HOUSEBUILDERS RECORD YEAR

The average number of houses built in Canada in the 10 years prior to the war is estimated at 15,000 a year, while the average number during the war has been 27,000 a year—an increase of 75 per cent. There was enough lumber supplied to construct more houses in 1944 than were ever built in any one year in Canada in the 10 years before the war.

WOMEN'S VOLUNTARY SERVICES

Voluntary workers are still keeping up the hundreds of wartime projects aimed at providing comforts for the services, organizing war savings stamps and blood donor drives, helping out in every phase of the home front. At the same time there is a definite trend toward transition and reconstruction work. Military hospitals are visited, war brides are cared for, and family allowances offices helped out. For this latter project Prince Edward Island was chosen as the experimental administration unit. Ten thousand application forms for family allowances were distributed through the post office and volunteers have undertaken the huge task of opening the returned forms and doing the preliminary sorting as an aid to the clerical staffs who will do the later stages of the work.

SOMETHING NEW HAS BEEN ADDED

He's the handsomest man in the office With eyes so daring and blue,

His hair is the very kind, We'd love to run our fingers thru; With the nicest dimple in his chin,

And shoulders that are so wide, When he winked at some passing girl The rest of us in envy cried.

To us he's champagne, and the reason for living,

He's the icing off the cake; He's the most wonderful man in the world,

Who? Why, Phyl's pin-up, Tom Drake.

Twelve million people thinking only of their personal success can bring nothing but colossal failure to their nation.



What's News From The Library

"Supervision," the magazine of industrial relations and operating management, is being added to the route this month. Any department who would like this magazine please contact your plant library. A number of foremen who have already read this magazine realize its worth and have taken a keen interest. Articles of particular interest in the May issue are "How to Stimulate Job Interest," of special interest to foremen and supervisors, and "How Planning by Foremen Reduces Waste".

"Factory," in the May issue, gives 12 pages to motion-time standards, which is a modern technique that uses tested time values in establishing rates on manual motions, thereby putting time study on a sound, scientific basis.

Split-leg Apron—

To take the place of overalls, but at the same time furnish the clothes overall protection, a split-leg apron is now made by Canvas Products Corp., Fond du Lac, Wis., under the trade name "Canpro". Easier to slip on and off than overalls, it furnishes the "around-the-leg protection" that is important in handling kegs, boxes, etc. It is designed for heavy work. Made from O.D. water-repellent canvas that is extra heavy at all points of reinforcement, the "Canpro" split-leg apron is doubly reinforced at the mid-section and at the knees, and has plenty of pocket space with pockets that cannot pull loose. It extends far below the knees but is comfortable to wear.

Precooked, Quick-frozen Meals—

New process gives final five minutes of heat before serving—little or no weight added to present set-up. Airlines and railroads are investigating this new process where broiled steaks, chops, veal cutlets or any other kind of food served piping hot may be on post-war air transport menus. They are called sky plates, and the railroads are definitely interested in the method as a means of reducing kitchen area and personnel on dining cars. "Air Transport," May issue.

To Keep Metal From Tarnishing—

Nowhere is the axiom "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure" more applicable than in keeping metal parts and tools free from rust and scale. Prevention is especially desirable for parts that are to be heat treated, and one of the easiest methods of keeping such parts from tarnishing is by the use of welding flux. An actual application of the use of flux as a tarnish preventative was recently reported by the maintenance foreman of a large midwest manufacturing company.

The foreman supervises a department in which small tool steel reamers are made to ream seats on welding torch fittings. With this tool hundreds of worn welding torch parts are salvaged.

In the hardening of the reamers, scale accumulated on the tools. To overcome this condition the surfaces

WHITE-SHORTS SOFTBALL GET-TOGETHER

Our 1944 softball team reunited last Friday evening for a smash-up roller skating party to remind us of a swell season and a lot of fun.

There were no serious casualties, believe it or not—a surprise, considering that half of us had never been on skates before and the other half was still using crutches to get around on. But Teresa did a swell job of upholding morales (that's just a nice word for it), and of course there were always the wolves to lend a helping hand when a body got tired, so one and all turned up at work next day despite old bones and creaking arches.

And speaking of wolves—I don't like to tell tales—but each and every one of us managed to hold down a big bad one, and after seeing Harry go to town on his we were afraid to ride home in the car with him. Boy, but those sundaes were good. It was a Scotsman's holiday 'cause the entire financial end was covered by our 1944 bank roll. The balance is being donated to the Milk for Britain Fund, and though it isn't much, I sincerely hope that those kids get as much enjoyment from it as we did in getting it, and in getting rid of it. So, if anyone should be inquiring about a car, full of an awful lot of noise and females, it was only Teresa Strbavy, Elsie Montey, Ada Vaillant, Mary Mary Meady, Mary Jacobs and yours truly, so please don't tell on us—we were only having a wonderful time.

ALL ABOUT FOOD

Rhubarb Muffins—

- 1½ cups sifted all-purpose flour.
- 4 teaspoons baking powder.
- ½ teaspoon salt.
- 2 tablespoons sugar.
- ½ cup milk.
- 1 egg.
- 1 cup cooked rolled oats (left-over porridge).
- 2 tablespoons melted fat.
- 1 cup uncooked rhubarb, cut in small pieces.

Mix and sift flour, baking powder, salt and sugar. Add half the milk, the well-beaten egg and the remaining milk mixed with the cooked rolled oats. Mix only enough to combine. Add melted fat and rhubarb and fill greased muffin tins two-thirds full. Bake in a hot oven, 400 deg. F., for 25 minutes. Makes 12 medium muffins.

Fruit Bisk—

Pour canned fruit of any kind into a saucepan, bring to boiling point. Place left-over tea biscuits on fruit. Cover and let stand until biscuits are thoroughly heated. Serve hot with fruit as sauce. The syrup may be slightly thickened first with a little cornstarch if desired.

We are planning sixty million jobs to provide a livelihood after the war. But what are we planning to live for?

Once you have licked your own temptations you can lick anything.

of the tools were coated with a paste made of Autochemic Eutector Flux 16. The tools were then heated to the required temperature and immediately quenched in water. When the coating was removed the surfaces of the tools were as bright and clean as before the heat treatment, due to the fact that oxidation was prevented.—Source: Eutectic Welding Alloys Co., 44 Worth St., N.Y. 13, N.Y.

BREEZY BITS

To keep that twinkle in your eye, make the most of all that comes and the least of all that goes.

Why drink, except for a lift? We would like to pay our disrespect to those solid citizens who are able to sit glumly through half a dozen rounds of drink and at the conclusion go about their affairs with no more concern that if they had drunk so much weak tea.

In polite society they are known as people who can hold their liquor. That's fine. But our observation is that although they hold their liquor they don't have any fun except at the expense of the unfortunate "funnies" who drink for relaxation and are therefore perfectly willing to make occasional fools of themselves by saying or doing something that they would not do or say if completely sober.

This is no plea for tolerance of drunkenness or for anything approaching it, but let us not make heroes of those who are as callous to good liquor as goats are to thistles, who sit back with a critical air of tolerance.

Some of us fail to realize that life is not really so breathless and muscular as the films depict it. The new trend in films is the development of character, with less wasted motion and action just for action's sake. This sounds promising. It is mostly the children who crave crowded action and hullabaloo.

I was looking over the wedding present a day or two after the bride had left home and I told her mother that I had neglected to send anything and wanted to correct the omission. Like all tables of presents, this one was long on cocktail glasses, mixers, ash trays, candy bowls and salt shakers. I was puzzled to know what to give and might have added another ash tray to the collection had not the mother suggested a cook book. It's too bad more people don't think ahead of time that it is only a practical gift that is fully appreciated these days.

If you have a dog around your house, removing hair from overstuffed furniture is a problem. Next time try dampened sandpaper, fine grain and rub gently. Should do the trick in a lick.

What price beauty? A cluttered dressing table usually. You can gain storage space by adding pockets to the dressing table skirt. These will hold brushes, combs, hairpins, curlers and the like.

Forever breaking, are they? Soak brittle fingernails in a saucer of warm castor oil, then massage each nail gently, pushing back the cuticle.

When the winds blow, remember this "breeze." Sew tiny loops of gros-grain ribbon on the inside edge of your beanies and half hats. Then when you wear them, slip pins through these. They're inconspicuous and give your "lid" a sense of security.

Election time is betting time. We wonder how many bets will be paid off like the fellow who walked reluctantly into a hat shop.

"I've just lost a bet," he said, "and I want to buy a soft hat."

"This is the softest we have," said the assistant.

The customer gazed at it speculative-

THIS IS A FAD OF ANOTHER COLOR

The nation-wide ban on horse racing has been lifted and likewise there will be no ban this summer on "horses" of the "Charley" variety—at least for the incautious softball player.

With a high percentage of aged athletes disporting on FERA diamonds this year, veteran softballers are predicting that a sizeable number of Charley horse victims will come from the group of older men, some of whom are on speaking term with exercise for the first time in years.

Players not in tip-top physical condition may help to avoid "myalgia"—as muscular strains and pains are known in the medical profession—by starting the season slowly and gradually increasing the exercise. Then, if myalgia develops anyway, the player should continue on a reduced scale to guard against further stiffening of the muscles.

A Charley horse is no picnic—just ask the man who's had one—but a victim can always get some degree of comfort from the fact that he's not alone—muscular aches and pains are one of the most common ailments.

THAT VICTORY GARDEN OF YOURS

Just because we have had Victory in Europe is no reason why we should forget the necessity of continuing with our Victory Garden. The present shortage of potatoes in this district tends to prove the necessity of these small gardens in the community. Canada in the future will be called upon to feed a great many of the peoples in the liberated countries, and the supply of foodstuffs and meats for our own consumption will be greatly taxed as time goes on. Already such countries as Greece, Holland, France and the Netherlands have benefitted from the vast wealth of Canada's agriculture industry. We have the soil, the seed, and you have the will to help yourself and your country too, even if it means coming to work some morning with a sore back and aching muscles, console yourself with the thoughts of fresh vegetables on your table straight from your own garden.

Civil air carriers transported 27,720 revenue passengers during December, 1944, as compared with 25,800 in the corresponding month of 1943.

ly. "What I want," he said wistfully, "is something a little more tender. I've got to eat it."

ATTENTION!

C.C.A.A. Tennis Club Members!

REMEMBER

EVERY TUESDAY

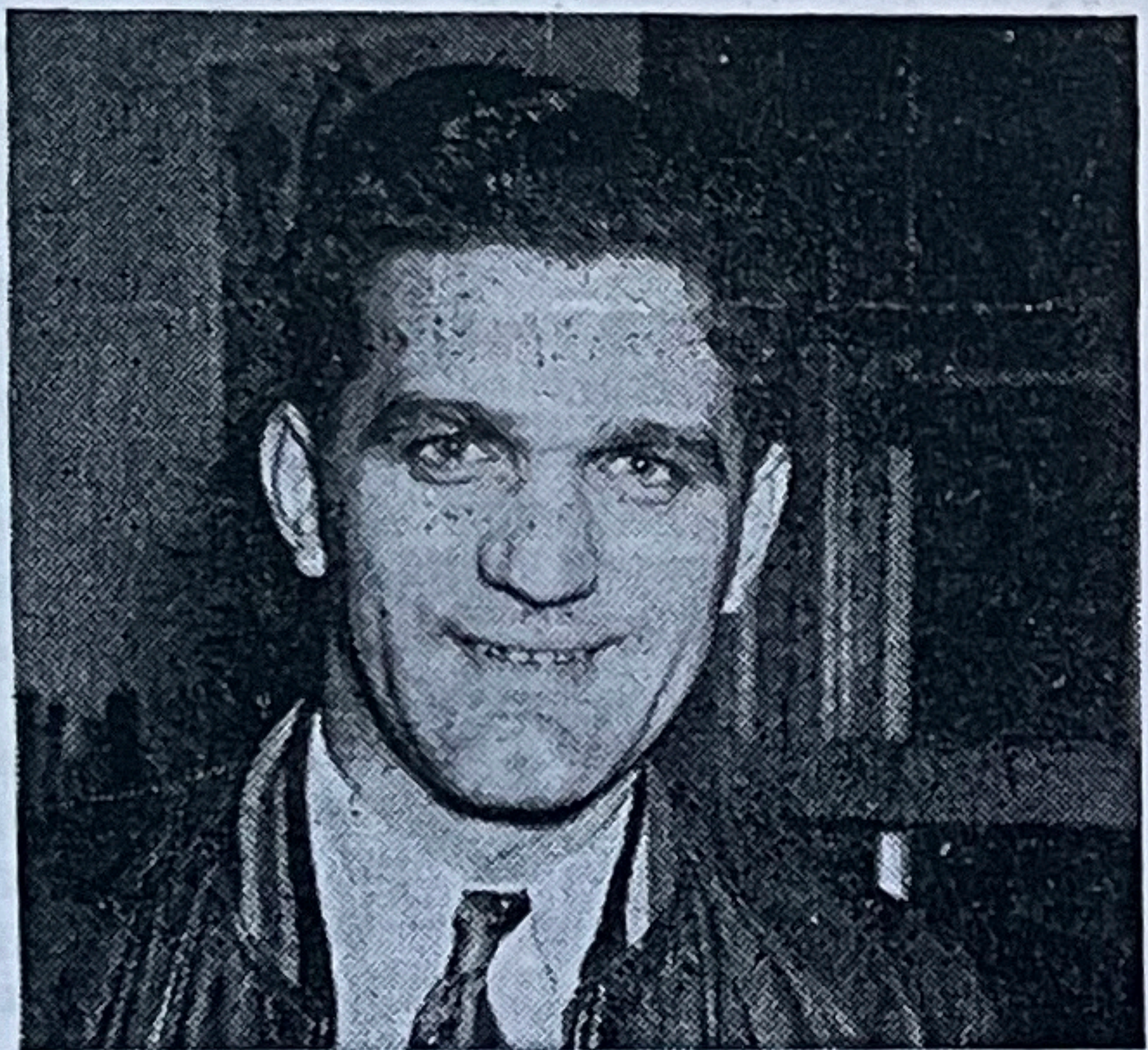
IS C.C.A.A. TENNIS CLUB DAY!

SPORTS

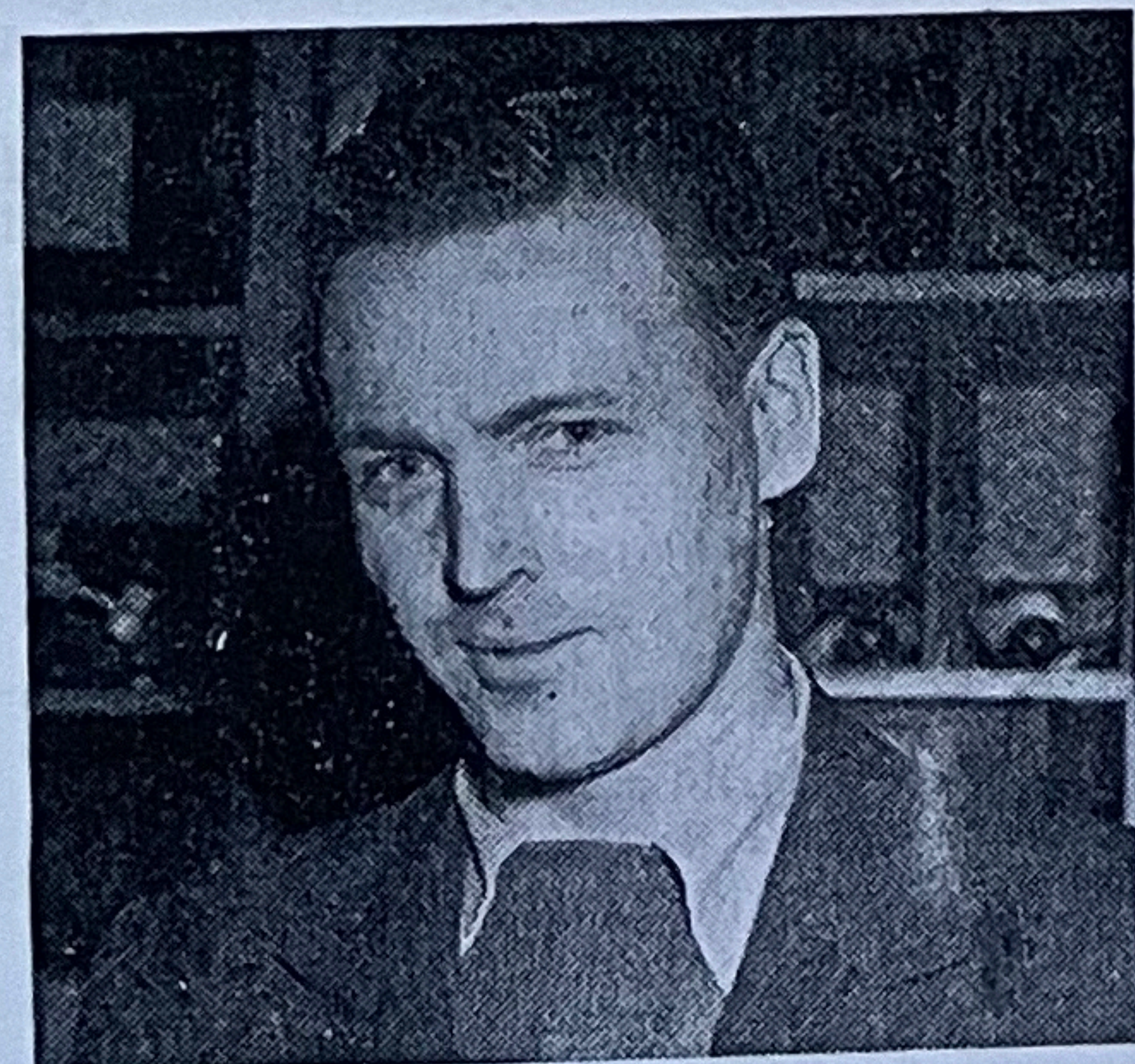
C.C.A.A. CHAIRMEN TAKE OVER FOR SUMMER SPORTS



J. Nixon, who once again heads the fishermen. With the streams and lakes in good condition, and the recent easing up of gasoline rationing, Mr. Nixon hopes for some good catches from these worthy disciples of the rod and fly.



Saturday night may be the loneliest night of the week for some people, but Tuesday nights will be the busiest for the C.C.A.A. Tennis Club, who have the exclusive use of the Fort William tennis courts on this night. Jim Andros, pictured above, will lead the tennis club for the year 1945.



W. McKie, chairman of C.C.A.A. Horseshoe Pitching Club. This grand old game of barnyard golf has proved a very popular game with both sexes during the past season and already the boys and girls are getting limbered up for the 1945 season.



From

TEE to GREEN

by G. P. THIERMAN

One Saturday night not so long ago two optimistic golfers, anticipating good weather, arranged a game for the following morning.

When the question of transportation arose, it was quickly settled by "Oh, we'll get out alright, Thierman stated in the *Aircrafter* that a 'golfer's roost' pick-up bench would be installed somewhere in the vicinity of the subway or bridge in Westfort."

Just for the sake of names we shall call these two Bill McKie and Don Currie.

At 7.30 Sunday morning, as planned, the alarm clock rang (pre-war stock no doubt), and Bill awoke to find that the elements of nature had provided an ideal beginning for a day of golf. He dressed quickly and phoned Don to make sure that he was awake.

Shortly after 8 a.m. Bill arrived at Don's house. They decided that it would only take a few minutes, so they walked to the Loop. When they arrived at the subway a search for the mentioned bench revealed exactly no bench. So the boys decided that maybe it had been placed near to the bridge, and off they marched.

A search in the vicinity of the bridge also proved the absence of this bench. "Maybe they made the thing from plexiglass," said Don, as they crossed the bridge and headed for the open country.

Still undaunted but nevertheless a little disappointed, Bill said: "Wait until I see that guy, I'll tell him a thing or two about that bench." We think he really didn't mean it, his feet were starting to hurt just about that time.

As they left mile after mile behind them, the conversation varied from the weather to the scenery; then from golf to politics, and so on until finally the conversation flickered and went out. The silence was disturbed only by sounds of nature and feet trodding heavily on gravel. Every so often a stone would come in contact with a shoe, and scurrying along it seemed to gain speed after a few unprintable words were flung at it.

From time to time, just to keep in shape, in case a stray car might appear, the boys practiced thumbing. Now there are numerous methods used in the art of thumbing but space does not permit a lengthy description. If you care to study the subject, please see the boys. On and on they trod, and finally before them they could see the scenic outline of the Country Club. Inspired by the sight, the boys got up off their knees and began once more to walk normally and faster. As they were passing the first green, the unfamiliar sound of a car caused the following conversation:

"Let's not take a lift even if they offer us one, that would spoil our record." "O.K., let's pretend we're hunting for balls."

They started to scurry for the ditch

CITY SENIOR SOFTBALL

City senior softball enthusiasts have plenty of action in store for them with senior games scheduled five nights a week—Monday to Friday. The Big Four will operate Monday, Wednesday and Friday at the Market Site, while the Girls' Big Three will strut their stuff Tuesday and Thursday at the Central School grounds.

Entries in the femm eleague are the East Ends A.A. Blue Diamonds and the C.C.A.A., the latter being coached by Grant Johnson, one of the main cogs in the 1944 C.C.A.A. champions.

This year's prexy is Geo. Shain with Walt Bohonas acting as secretary-treasurer. This year's executive is leaving no stone unturned to give both players and fans the mostest of the most.

FISHING CONTESTS

The Fishing Committee, headed by Jack Nixon, sends a reminder to all C.C.A.A. fishermen in regards to entries in the various competitions.

Rule No. 2 states that in order to be eligible for prizes in the C.C.A.A. competitions, all entries must be entered and weighed before a member of the Fishing Committee at the Can-Car General Stores. This can be done on either the day or night shifts.

C.C.A.A. SOFTBALL

The 1945 edition of C.C.A.A. softball will commence on Monday, June 4. Ten men's teams and five women's will vie for plant honors this season. Walt Bohonas, Can-Car's No. 1 sports exponent, who is acting as co-ordinator of the leagues until a committee is elected, anticipates a great year for the league. Walt states five grounds will play hosts to the C.C.A.A. softballers: Market Site, Minnesota Park, St. Pat's, Central School and 102nd.

The girls' schedule calls for games at Central and St. Pat's and the two teams entered from the Girls' Residence will play their home and home games at the One O Two. New backstops have been erected at Both St. Pat's and the One O Two besides considerable work on the grounds.

The male section of the softball department will operate at Minnesota, Market Site and St. Pat's. All games are scheduled for 7 o'clock and team captains are requested for their full co-operation in regards to the umpire plan.

There is great need of a good job for every man—but far greater need of a good man for every job.

when Don remarked: "Say, Bill, if they offer us a ride now and we don't take it, then some day they may pass us up when we're a couple of miles back." "O.K., Don!"

And up they came from the ditch just in time to accept a ride of about 350 yards. A cold bottle of beer is most refreshing after such an experience, isn't it, boys?

If everyone had the love of the game, the spirit and enthusiasm that these boys have for golf, then the transportation difficulties would definitely be solved. Besides, it might even bring a shoe factory to this locality.

P.S.—The bench is now positioned at the subway (heading south) entrance.



No summer would be complete without that old scotch game of golf, and already these enthusiasts are preparing to play their initial 1945 handicaps, under the leadership of George Bicknell as chairman of the C.C.A.A. Golf Club.

HOW ABOUT IT, OUT-OF-TOWN READERS?

We have had many reports regarding copies of the "Aircrafter" turning up like the proverbial bad penny in many corners of the globe.

Through devious methods we have heard of copies of our plant paper being in France, Belgium, Germany, Italy and North Africa.

We are anxious to tabulate all places where the "Aircrafter" goes and would appreciate readers no matter where they are outside of Fort William dropping us a line. Mail your letters to:

Editor, The Aircrafter,
Canadian Car & Foundry Co.,
Fort William, Ontario.



IN GEORGIA-VIRGINIA GAME AT ATHENS, GA., PUSS WHELCHEL, GEORGIA GUARD, RIPPED THRU LINE, SMEARED ENEMY BACKS AND BATTERED INTO AIR AN ATTEMPTED PASS SOME 15 YARDS DOWN FIELD AND, NEVER SLOWING UP, CAUGHT BALL AND RAN ON FOR A TOUCHDOWN! 1921 10-11

Chicago Sun Syndicate

DEPARTMENT NEWS

ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT

The most interesting announcement of the week was the calm statement one fine morning by Helen Kohar, our always cheerful report clerk, that she was being married—and soon. Excitement increases in intensity as we learn further developments of the momentous event. Prob. P.O. Nick Gural is the extremely fortunate man—we offer our hearty congratulations through the column of this paper. Helen is one of our capable girls of long standing, since May, 1943, and her work involves satisfying everybody with the many reports they want besides attending to numerous details that flow into the office section of the department. Her former clerical experience at Kresge's and White's, besides secretarial duties at Dominion Agencies has stood her in good stead and we're glad to say she's going to stay on and help us over the many bumps we're likely to have in the next few weeks. Thanks Helen (and Nick).

Now that we have had our one day of summer, everybody is really happy and have already removed their "red flannels" from the moth-balls in preparation for the cool June evenings.

Seeing that the baseball season is just around the corner, we expect the girls to sweep everything in sight, especially after Sunday's practice at Boulevard Lake. By the way, Julie, what were the names of your army reinforcements?

Little Mary and her husband, Leslie, have taken to bicycle riding, enthusiastically. Mary has overcome her former habit of getting off her bicycle the easiest way (falling off) and she now gets off like a lady. Last Sunday we understand they bicycled to Slate River and back. Good going, kids.

A salute to Drawing Supply's master of ceremonies, Harold Stokes — 6' 2½" of energy and color. It all started in the vault one afternoon. Better not let that happen again Mr. Stokes, we couldn't help but notice.

Frank G. has already begun to prepare for the tennis season. After the beautiful sunburn he was sporting on Friday morning, he is willing to take on all comers—even his hair is beginning to curl.

Our advice to G.W.B. is that he had better handcuff his young lady friend on Sunday evenings, otherwise he may not be able to hold hands during the afternoons. How about it, Matt? We thought your specialty was red-heads.

The Finn Hall seems to be the new center of attraction for our wandering "fuselage" hero. Pretty nice stock, eh?

Incidentally, it appears the Royal Eddie was the scene of Helen Geikie's most embarrassing moment last Saturday. Further particulars, consult Helen.

Don S. has been back only a week but is already leaving Grimes far behind. He seems to have become quite a student of Arthur Murray. First the Collegiate, then the Elk's. Could it be the red-head in the Navy Office?

We were wondering what happened to Dick Willett and Howard Slack, but it appears the answer lies in Dept. 71. Looks sorta bad fellows, but we are certainly willing to help you out at all times.

Julie Kozlowski is our blood donor for last week. We still look optimistically to the future—with more to report.

We close our column with expressions of deepest sympathy to two of our staff. Frank Kucera's brother, L-Cpl. A. J. Kucera, wounded for a second time on April 23, is reported to have died of wounds; he went overseas in April, 1944, and has been in action since D-day. Our sincere sympathy is conveyed to mother, Frank and all members of the family on receiving this news.

Saturday we received word that C.

DEPARTMENT 13—STORES

This is the day Marj and Jack are to be middle-aisling it, and if you can show us better proof of a gal in love, bring her around. When people start sending their Canada Car passes to the cleaners, well — that's the last straw.

Cupid's sure shooting the works in Stores this spring, with Ella sporting a beautiful sparkler, and getting Rene practised up to walk to the altar shortly.

We hear Mrs. Slim L. is sabotaging the gals' dream man, with steaks. Say, fella, we can cook, too, if you should happen to have to "batch it" for a week or so.

The "Kiltie Kid" celebrated her coming out with the most gorgeous string of pearls we've ever seen, that nearly knocked the gals' eyes out.

Quite a few girls taking French leave in Stores, too, with summer here. Mrs. Roach left us last week and Nettie Fraser will leave soon. And come time for swimmin' here Ruth will be off to Nova Scotia. Home to Bridge-town.

Davie is quite pleased with his dressing gown from the gang and hopes before long he'll bemodelling it for the nurses, instead of running around hospital corridors singing "In the little shirt that mother made for me".

One of our young friends has a new sailboat which he was supposed to be christening over the weekend. Seems he got a bit mixed up and christened his pal instead, in Lake Superior. Pretty good ice-water, even if it was a large chaser, eh, kid?

DEPT. 07—TOOL CONTROL

June, the month of brides, is living up to its name for several of our girls are entering the "sacred portals of matrimony".

Miss Lillian Stone, a June bride-elect, was honored by the staff of the department recently, when on behalf of the employees A. D. Norton, chief tool designer, presented Miss Stone with a beautiful woollen blanket and linen. Mr. Norton wished the bride-elect best of luck on behalf of the staff and expressed their regret at her impending departure for Toronto.

In honor of Lil Stone the girls of this department held a miscellaneous shower at the home of Mrs. Anne Cracknell, 118 North Harold street, recently.

Lillian received many beautiful and useful gifts. A delicious lunch was served by the hostess, assisted by Mrs. D. Hendrickson, Mrs. E. Corbett and Miss Margaret Mary Tonkin. Among those present at the shower were: Misses Lillian Stone, T. Puhalski, O. Gauryluk, E. Adams, C. Chernoski, M. L. Yoell, M. Slomke, E. Dunwoody, A. Octoba, H. Reszitynyk, A. Baccari, M. M. Tonkin, Ilca Bel, E. Barnes, M. Hupka, Mesdames I. Goodfellow, P. Kincaid, D. Hendrickson, E. Corbett, N. Poile, N. Stewart, E. Welsh, M. Handford, B. Severson, V. Walton, B. Lawrence, O. Beaucage, G. Brassington, K. Dewar and A. Cracknell.

Margaret Mary Tonkin is one of the most radiant girls in the department these days for she's wearing a diamond.

Damning the system, often enough, is just our way of dodging its responsibilities.

G. Stewart's father had passed away. Mr. Stewart was in Philadelphia at the time. To Mrs. Stewart, sr., yourself, Gordie and wife, and the other members of your family, we extend our heartfelt condolence at this time.

DEPARTMENT 33

The Dept. 33 Bowling League terminated a very successful season when approximately 100 bowlers and their guests sat down to a delicious dinner at the Royal Edward Hotel on May 19. Dinner finished, our chairman, Frank Mason, extended his thanks to his executive for their cooperation during the year and also to the committee in charge of the banquet. Following his remarks on the history of the league, he called on N. Ward, assistant chief inspector, in the absence of V. J. Hatton, to present the Hatton Trophy to the winning team, and the individual prizes to the winners of same. Mr. Hatton was missed by all and we all appreciated his consideration in sending a wire of congratulations to F. Edgson and his team. Each team captain was called upon for their opinion of the season's bowling and each in turn presented their team to the guests. To complete the "speech session" our "Pudge" Denyes, past chairman and organizer of the league complimented the present executives on their good work.

As usual our Mr. Gibson pepped the banquet up by sending rolls of streamers flying across the banquet tables. For the records, Mr. Alexander will be known henceforth and from May 19 on as "one of the Jones boys".

From the comments during the evening, we gather the banquet was a huge success as was the party which took place at the George Club afterwards.

Now we are wondering: Did Kay finally get Nick to say "nylon" or did he get Kay to say "prune". Did Nick make the bus for Duluth on Sunday. We was the sparked-up kid in the white coat who didn't even faintly resemble Dr. Kildaire.

We are told the party didn't end at the George Club for some people which is not unusual for the View Room. We hope we will be able to continue bowling this fall for, as one person was heard to remark, "We should have these affairs more often so we can see how swell the gals look all dolled up."

Wheat-germ is the latest thing for health in the View Room. Nearly all the men have a pocket full of wheat germ, but Kenny still sticks to vitamin pills.

Gosh, did we write this? Didn't think we could ever fill up this much space. See you next week.

G.F.E. STORES

Bill Roenicke tells us that he shares some part of Crosby's horses, but he won't tell us what part he shares. Maybe we can guess, eh, Bill?

Pearl Barker is leaving us to take up duties elsewhere. She was well liked because of her good nature and her willingness to help anyone out. We'll all miss you, Pearl, so the best of luck with your new work.

Gen Marsonette has found a nice new fiancé from somewhere or another. She won't say where she found him, as good boys are hard to find nowadays. Hang on to him Gen, and it may turn out OK.

Vivian (sarcastically): Who the h—are you?

Herman: I'm your boss and you're nothing.

Vivian: Ho, ho. Quite a job you have—boss over nothing.

I wonder why Jack Bridge has been singing "Pistol Packing Mama" lately. Maybe someone of that nature is taking a fancy to you, eh, Jack? Can't tell.

I hear that Tom Corbett is one of the few men in the world who can be fined for carrying concealed weapons when he has his hands in his pockets. Is that so Tom?

Dunc: What note were you singing in?

Sid: High "G".

Dunc: Oh, I see.

Sid: Why do you ask?

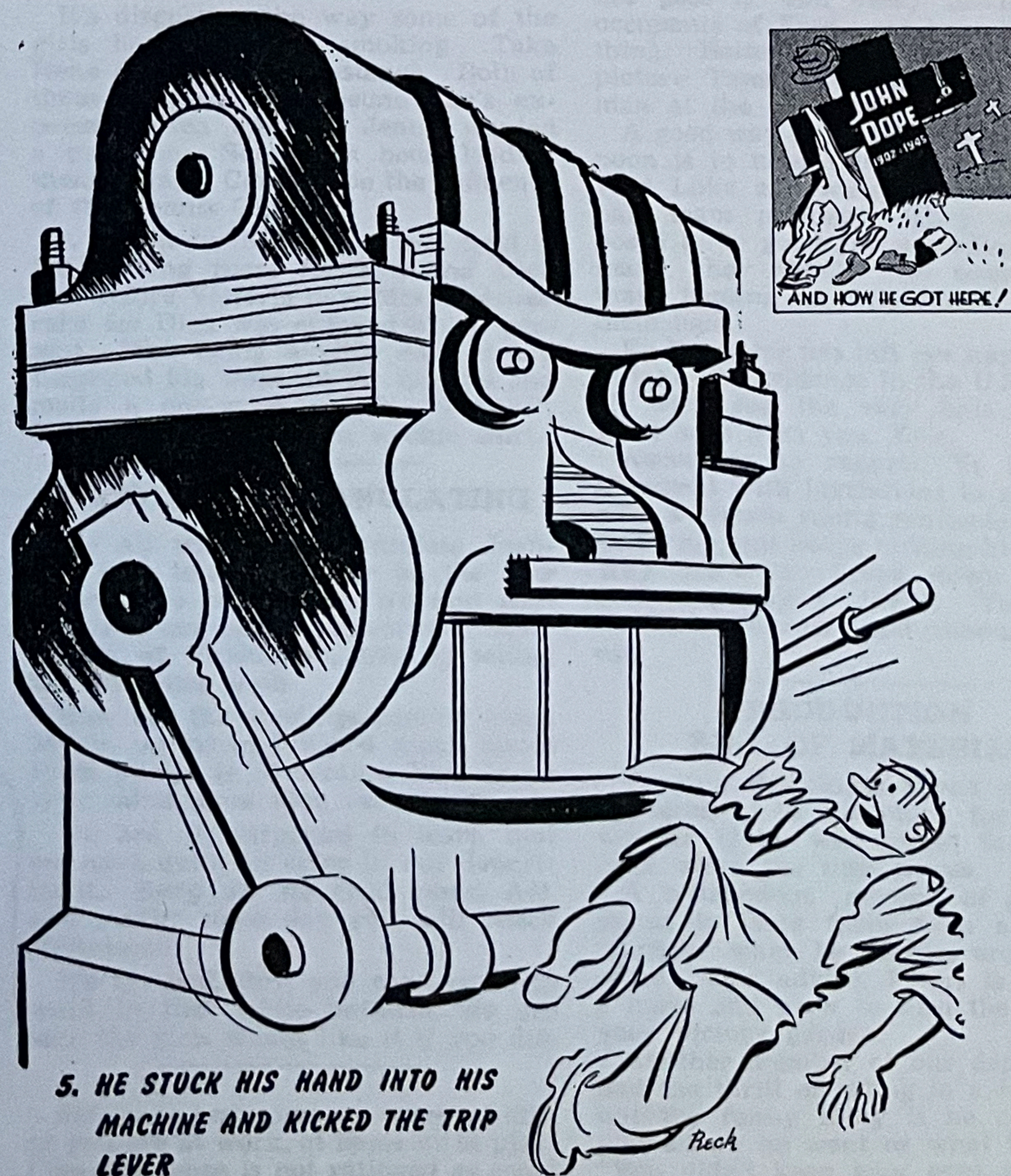
Dunc: Well, it sounded like "H" to me.

Berna had a birthday lately and it may be a little late to wish you a happy birthday, but better late than never, and may you have many more of them.

Ellen Ashlee and Al Joyce were the cheque pool winners last week. Nice going, you lucky people.

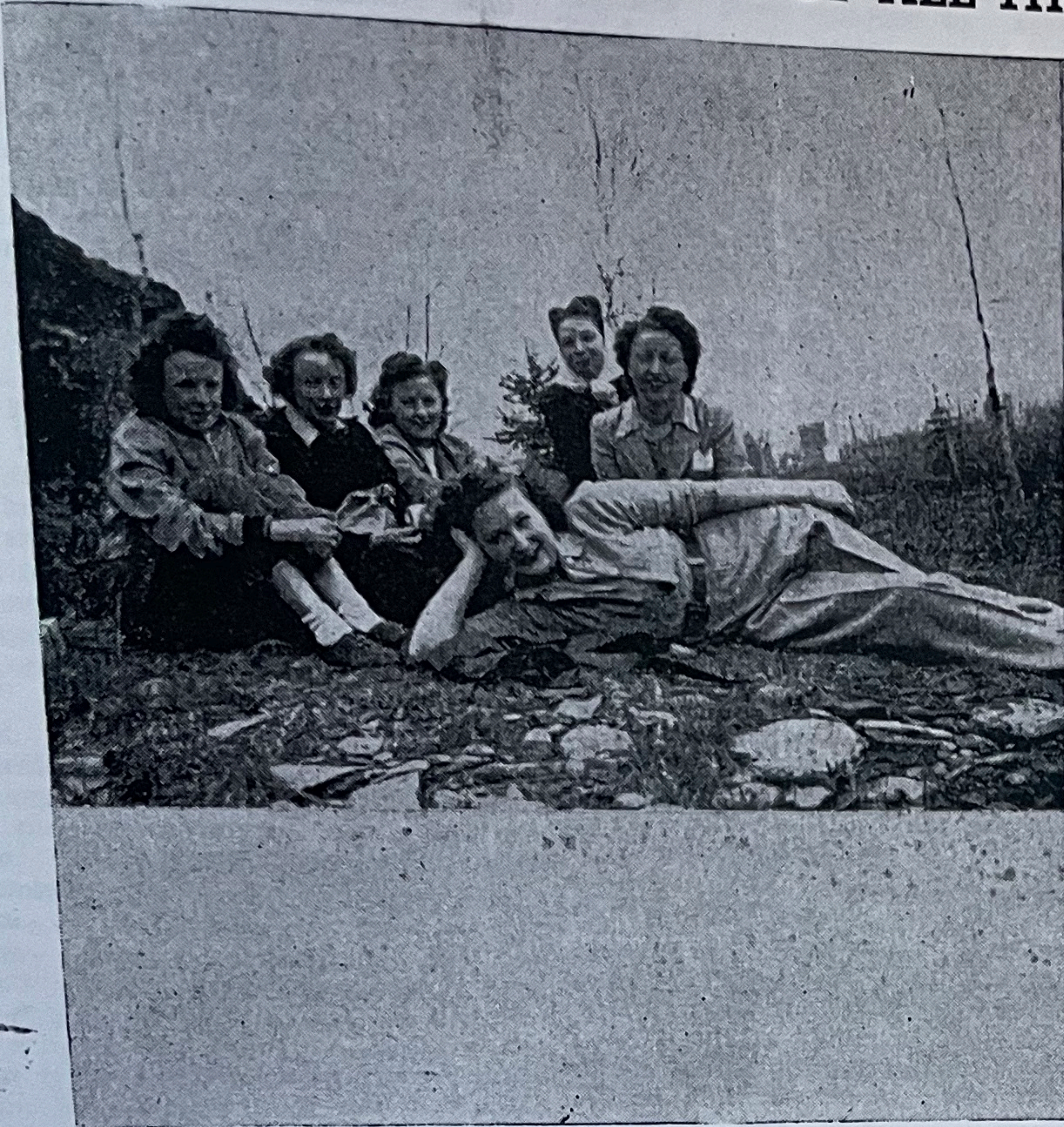
The interest in horseshoes has dropped off greatly since the start of the year. Out of a couple of dozen horseshoe players (both men and women), only four go to the pits each day. Let's all get out there and have some fun, eh? If you are a beginner, "Misser" Simmons will show you how to go about throwing them the proper way, so come along all, and join the fun.

Gordie tells us that he can't make up his mind whether to take a natural blonde or a peroxide blonde. If it is of any help to you, Gordie, a natural blonde will attract more mosquitoes than will a peroxide, but choose as you may.

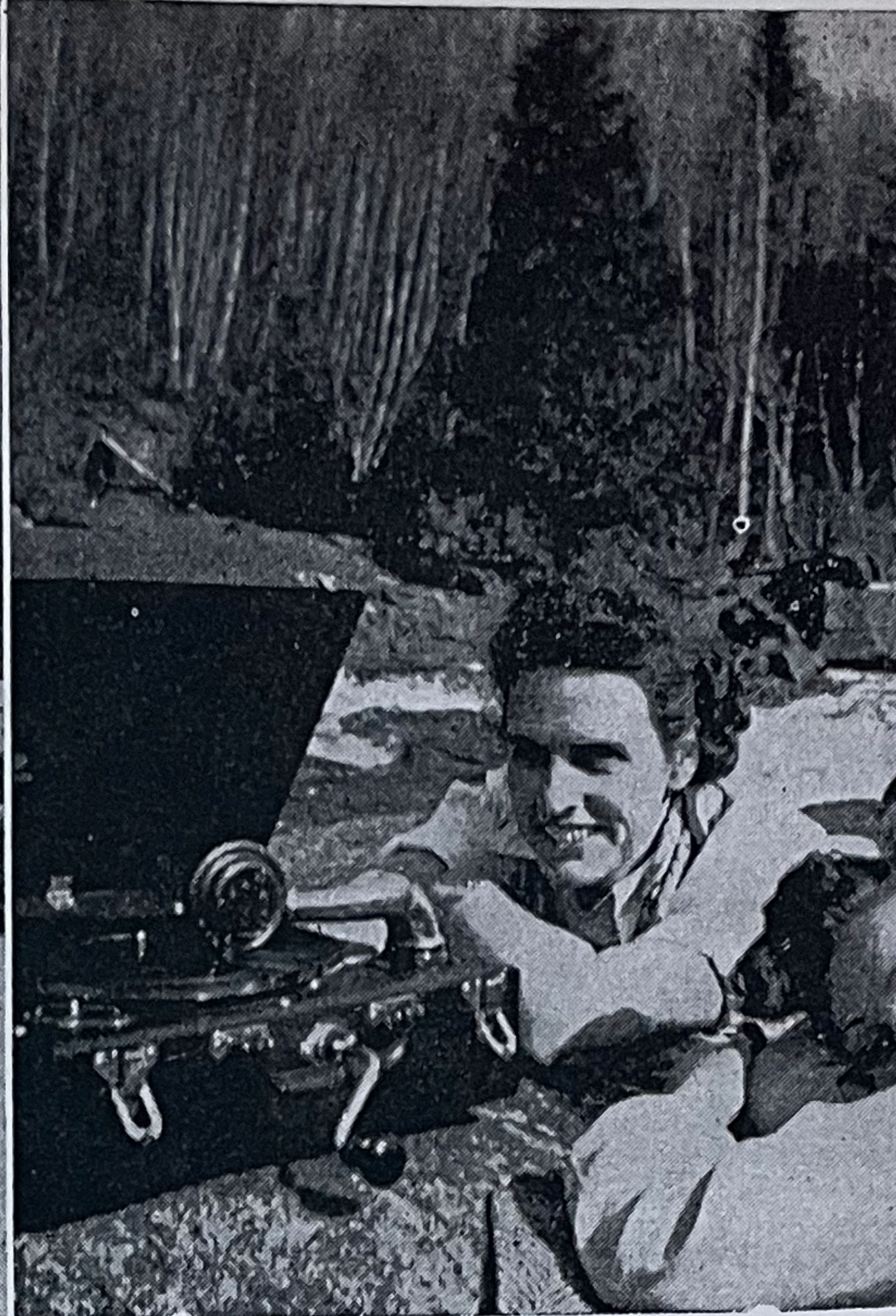


DEPARTMENT NEWS

MONARCHS OF ALL THEY SURVEYED



Trying their hand or rather their legs at mountain climbing, the girls from Sub-Contract Department climbed Mount McKay last Sunday. Pictured above, the Misses Red Buchan, Marge Logan, Margaret McKenzie, Mattie Witwicki, Eva Sharp and Kay Armstrong rest after their long climb, while on the right Isa Barr entertains with the portable phonograph.



DEPARTMENT 02

"It's the 24th of May," remember that old school chant? Well, this year's 24th was an interesting day (as viewed from our soft deck chairs) for several of our co-workers. They say (or rather, we find out):

That Eva's an ambitious soul. Yep, she was house-cleaning on her holiday. Still, with Leno to help her it couldn't have been such hard work after all.

And Terry hung wallpaper. It certainly was a sticky job, eh, Terry? Just fancy; you hang the wall paper on the wall and wham! Next thing you know the wallpaper's hanging on you. What a life. Just one hanging after another.

Betty M. and Harry went fishing at Blind Creek. From reports received the fish were blind, too, 'cause they wouldn't even nibble at the fat, juicy boats that were hiding the nice sharp hooks. Too bad, Betty, but we know you're not downhearted; after all, they say optimism composes 95 per cent. of a fisherman's kit.

Gosh, sunburn hurts, doesn't it Olga? Next time you and Anne decide to go cycling down the Scott Highway, choose a nice rainy day and even then if you do catch pneumonia, at least you won't have to suffer from that awful sunburn.

Kip went to Trout Lake to fish. He did catch three of them but we're wondering what relation they are to "The Three Little Fishies". Guess they are baby brothers.

Olive won't say what she did on the holiday, so we'll have to form our own opinion. Maybe you should have told us, Olive, because our opinions are rather grim.

MATERIAL CONTROL AND STORES RECORDS

The day after Victoria day and about 50 per cent. of the staff was found creaking from too much exercise, baseball, tennis and golf are contributing factors. Ain't life wonderful?

Inside information has it that Teresa has a hard time remembering where her pass is, and every morning the occupants of Fred's car hear the same thing. Better hang on to that pretty picture Teresa, you can't get by the man at the gate without it.

A good way to spend a Sunday afternoon is to take a trip over to Boulevard Lake and watch Armand's softball team perform. They are supposed to be good and according to Armand, they should win every game that's coming up. So here's wishing them luck.

Ev Parmeter has left our happy gang to take up residence in the U.S.A. We all wish you the very best of luck. We'll sure miss you, Evie.

According to reports, Vi is being showered with invitations to go places with a certain young gentleman in Engineering, but keeps turning him down. Why don't you break down Vi and give the guy a thrill? You know there's some real good shows coming up.

PRODUCTION BILL OF MATERIAL

Turning the clocks ahead one hour appeared to be too much for Bill. I wonder if he will forget to turn it back when the time comes.

A tremendous amount of groaning seems to issue forth from a certain "farmer" when he shuffles around the office. Our advice, Peter, is to hire a horse and plow to turn the sod for your victory garden.

Another member of our department had the thrill of riding in a Helldiver but the funny thing is he can't tell you where he went or what the saw. "You didn't keep your eyes shut, did you, Emil?"

DEPARTMENTS 20 AND 28

On the subject of swollen heads, hats too small and Il Duce's protruding chin, Helen R. has a distinction all her own due to teeth extraction. She looked at least five years younger with her Shirley Temple chubby cheeks.

Whose afraid of cockroaches. Just the mere mention of the word sends shivers down millions of backs. Ladies only: If you happen to see little dark brown, hard shelled bugs crawling around in the rest room, don't be alarmed. Just call Ann. She's the office's cockroach exterminator.

It's disgusting the way some of the girls have taken to smoking. Take Irene and Helen for instance. Both of them smoking at someone else's expense. Then innocent Jenny wanted a puff too. Someone's been leading them astray. Could it be the influence of the Tennis Club?

A double birthday party was held in the mailing room for Eva and Dick just before Victoria day. Mrs. Thornes' cake for Dick was enjoyed by all present. Dick being terribly excited and surprised blew out all the candles and made a one-word speech, "Thanks". He was presented with a blue shirt.

PRODUCTION TABULATING

We all wish to congratulate Jeanette who left us to take on the new duties of a housewife. We also congratulate one of our ex-workers, Betty Brown of Production, who is taking the final step soon.

How are the meetings coming along Marie, we haven't heard much about them lately, is it because Bert is on your mind more than ever now?

We are all surprised to learn that we have quite an actor in our department. Keep up the good work, Art, and maybe some day you will reach Hollywood.

It's too bad, Roy, you can't come to work in that white uniform, we are sure the girls would like it if you did.

Safety is just common sense whether you are at work, at home or at play. Common sense is not rationed as some people think—use more of it.

SUB-CONTRACT DEPARTMENT

It seems that some members of this department, members like Eva Sharp, Norma Goodman, Marge Logan, Kay Armstrong and Mat Witwicki aren't happy unless they are up and doing something, so they hied themselves up Mt. McKay last Sunday. Judging by the excellent snapshots that were being passed around, everyone concerned had a climbing good time. Exercise like that is much more effective than touching your toes 10 times night and morning. Don't you think so, Eva?

Well, the Navy put out to sea on Tuesday. Norah was up with the larks that morning—six o'clock, she confided (got to the station on time, too) waving farewell.

We certainly had a wonderful May 24 this year. Noses, arms, necks, yes, and even bald spots showed indication of the amount of vitamin D soaked up that day.

Fran, Vi, Gert, Betty and Dot were all out doing an Isaac Walton on the 24th, but the biggest fish (as usual) seems to have been the one that got away. Better luck next time, kids.

A brother reported in Spares Dept. states that the fishermen haven't had much luck due to the bad weather. That excuse was all washed up on the 24th, and we didn't hear any reports of him having to buy an outsize frying pan to hold his catch.

Muriel and Ev went golfing on Thursday and from the groans issuing forth the next day, we think a little oil might prove very effective for that awful creaking. Are we right?

Don Campbell was espied the other day doing his daily dozen (Don's hoping it won't be daily). Looks as if that might turn out to be a pretty fair lawn, Don. Just a little patience and perseverance and, of course, a liberal amount of elbow grease.

Fred Page and Frank Williams are both with us again, looking very cheerful after their business trips.

DEPT. 88

We finally penetrated the inspection defence and asked George Schelling to address the Wide Awake Club. He graciously consented and spoke about Air Travels. "My seat companion," said George, "was a little old man from the West, and also his first trip on an airplane. We landed in Montreal and immediately a little red wagon rushed up to refuel it. Next stop was Toronto, and again a little red wagon rushed up. Same thing at Armstrong—up dashes the little red gasoline wagon, and the plane is off. I turned to the gentleman from the West and observed 'these planes certainly make wonderful time.' The Westerner looked at me and drawled, 'that little red wagon isn't doing bad either.'"

Everybody knows fire trucks are always painted red—symbol of fire, we assume. Miss Doris Clare, our department clerk, says: "Have you ever thought of it this way: Fire engines have four wheels and eight men. Four and eight are twelve. Twelve inches make a foot. A foot is a ruler. Queen Elizabeth was a ruler. The 'Queen Elizabeth' is the largest ship that sails the seven seas. Seas have fish. Fish have fins. The Finns fought the Russians. The Russians are red. Fire engines are always rushing. Therefore, fire engines are always red."

We have three outstanding bowlers in the department: A. Cutsey (capt.), Miss Edna Hakley and Miss Della Barker. They finished first in the "A" division and carried off all prizes that go with such honors. Asked what they attributed their loss to in the finals, all replied "we lost to a better team." Such honesty!

By all means marry. If you get a good wife, you will become very happy; if you get a bad one, you will become a philosopher—and that is good for every man.

BEACHHEAD TO HELL

"Any Americans still believing that the Japs are second-rate fighters, with inefficient weapons, poor equipment and bad leadership, did not meet them at Iwo Jima," declares Sgt. Walter Pritchard, 37-year old Marine, who was severely wounded after fighting through the first nine days of this bloodiest of battles which has been described as the "beachhead to hell".

"Since returning to the States I've heard talk of Jap resistance slackening off," the Leatherneck non-com observes. "That's not the way I saw it at Iwo. The Nips we met there were tougher and more fanatic than ever. We had to kill practically every man-jack of the 23,000 on the island to make them quit. And their equipment is getting better, too. Instead of being old and makeshift, lots of it was brand new—rifles, mortars, rockets and everything else. Why, even the big naval guns they had emplaced in concrete positions were new—made in Jap factories—and not second-hand weapons they captured early in the war."

Sgt. Pritchard, who hit the grim volcanic beach of Iwo at the head of a reconnaissance section of 22 men, was one of the three who came out alive. The other two were also wounded.

"We knew we were in for a rugged D-Day almost as soon as our first LCVP's headed for the beach," Pritchard says. "Even though we'd bombed, strafed and finally bombarded the Japs with our big naval guns—poured it on for 74 days in a row preceding the invasion—they met our first wave with a terrific hail of fire. That was just a taste of things to come."

My section (Sgt. Pritchard relates) was in the 14th wave, yet when we hit the beach the Marines ahead of us held no more than about 100 yards of the shore. That put us behind schedule right from the start, but it couldn't be helped. The opposition was too stiff. The Japs had a line of pillboxes stretching clear across the beach. They were reinforced by steel and concrete so that bombs or rockets only glanced off. The gun openings were on the side, each pillbox covering the next until there was a solid, savage cross-fire sweeping the whole length of the line.

There was only one way to knock out those pillboxes — the hard way. Men on two feet and with nothing to protect them had to pierce that line of fire and get in close enough to toss in grenades. For every five who tried one was lucky to get through.

Two hours after we landed, I helped to carry back the body of Sgt. John Basilone, hit by mortar fire. He was the first enlisted Marine to win the Congressional Medal of Honor. He might have had a commission and might have sat out the rest of the war, but he didn't. By his own choice, he went back in action at Iwo Jima and he was still with his guns when they got him.

The destruction on that beachhead the first day was terrible. There were dead men and wrecked equipment all around. Blasted hulks of landing craft, amphibian tractors, vehicles of all kinds cluttered the shore as far as you could see. Jap artillery fire from Mt. Surabachi and mortar fire from close range seemed to score a direct hit every time. We had so much trouble bringing in the necessary weapons and fighting equipment that we didn't get chow until the third day.

As leader of a reconnaissance section, it was part of my job to set up observation posts. There was only one place from which to observe on Iwo—right up on the front lines—so that's where we established our posts and that's where they stayed right through the campaign.

On the fourth day the flag went up on Mt. Surabachi. We saw it from

a distance and it looked more beautiful than the picture you've seen of it. Three of the six men who planted that flag never got home to tell about it. But we knew that we had the Japs licked from that point on because now we controlled the heights.

But the fighting continued fierce and bloody. Neither the Japs or the Marines gave quarter or asked it. Thirty seconds never passed without steel flying in the air. Here's an idea of what the battle on Iwo was like: a corporal called for a flamethrower to be used on a certain pillbox. The officer present, wanting to conserve fuel, said "Hell, all the Japs in there are dead by now. Try a hand grenade." The corporal answered, "I did and some blankety-blank dead Jap threw it right back at me."

One of the best assets we had out there was rockets. Those rockets really did a job. We fired them from landing craft, we fired them from LVT's, tanks and "ducks", we fired them from recon trucks, we fired them from bazookas. We sure gave them a going-over with rockets. It gave you a swell feeling, especially, to see the recon trucks, their beds bristling with rockets, rush up to a sector where our boys were meeting tough resistance, hurl their load of projectiles at the Jap positions and then shuttle back for more rockets.

But the No. 1 weapon we had was courage. There's not getting around it that the Japs have plenty of guts, too. In fact, they fight like they are determined to die in action. I saw one Jap with dynamite attached to his body throw himself under a tank and blow both sky high. But for sheer courage and determination, nothing will ever top the Marines.

For instance, one platoon was ordered to attack a ridge which had been holding us back all day. At the time of their last attack, there were only 10 men left out of almost 100. Those Marines knew they would never take that ridge. They knew they were charging a well fortified position at odds of 50 to one. All 10 of them died in the attempt but they did make the entering wedge for the next attack that overran the position.

I saw five or six of our men with nothing else but .45 pistols and grenades storm a concrete pillbox that was blazing away with mortars and machine guns. The pillbox had four entrances. They crawled up close to the side near one of the doors, banged their helmets, and when they drew the Japs' fire, they tossed in a few grenades. They crept up to the next entrance and the next and did the same thing. In that way they cleaned out the whole nest. You wouldn't think a think like that was possible, but the Marines did it.

On the 10th day, I slipped out between the lines to spot a Jap pillbox that had been giving us trouble. I located it all right and returned, intending to bring up some tanks to destroy it. I was entering our own lines when a Jap sniper got me. The bullet struck below my left shoulder blade, just missed my lung and my heart, broke my collar bone and arm on the way out. I lost a lot of blood, but I worked my way back 700 yards to a first aid station before I collapsed. It took six units of blood plasma and one transfusion of whole blood to keep me alive. By nine that night I was aboard a hospital ship, had been operated on and was on my way back home.

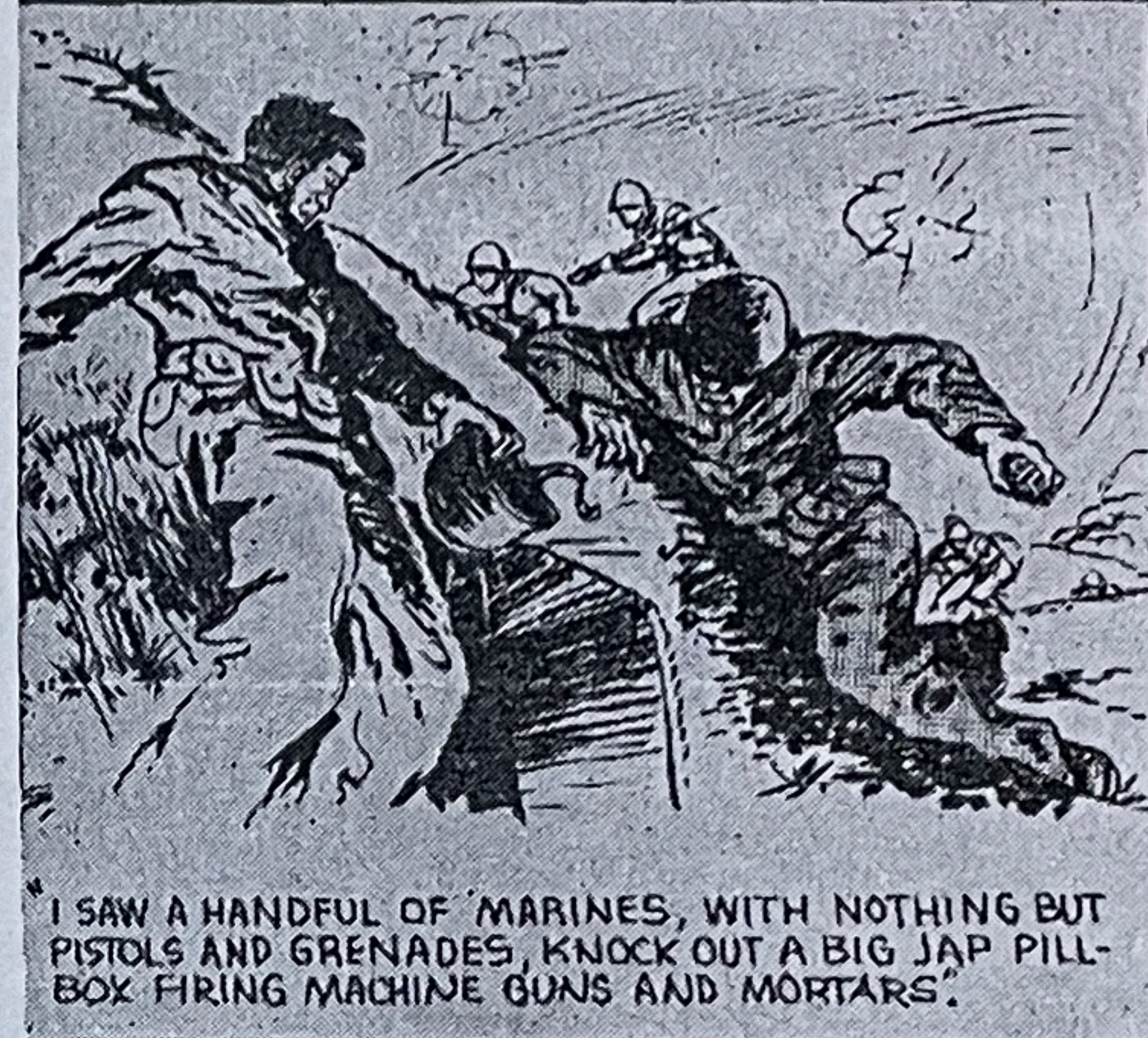
Of the 61,000 Marines who went in, approximately 4,000 were killed, 15,000 wounded and 900 missing. And we lost just as heavily in material and equipment. I think this battle showed that no matter how long the Japs have built up their defenses and how well they fight, we can move in and lick them. But we'll have to pay the price. We'll have to keep throwing everything at them that the home front can produce. We'll have to keep on fighting and working like hell to win.

BEACHHEAD TO HELL!



"ANY AMERICANS STILL BELIEVING THE JAPS ARE SECOND-RATE FIGHTERS, WITH INEFFICIENT WEAPONS AND POOR EQUIPMENT, DID NOT MEET THEM AT IWO JIMA."

SGT. WALTER PRITCHARD, USMC.
WOUNDED ON 9TH DAY OF THE BLOODY BATTLE.



"I SAW A HANDFUL OF MARINES, WITH NOTHING BUT PISTOLS AND GRENADES, KNOCK OUT A BIG JAP PILLBOX FIRING MACHINE GUNS AND MORTARS."

"THE JAPS WERE WAITING FOR US AS WE HIT THE BEACH. EVEN THE BIG NAVAL GUNS IN CONCRETE EMPLACEMENTS WERE BRAND NEW."

"THE RECON TRUCKS BRISTLING WITH ROCKETS REALLY DID A JOB. THEY BLAST A JAP POSITION, THEN RUSH BACK FOR MORE ROCKETS AND DO IT ALL OVER AGAIN."

POST-WAR SMALL BUSINESS

In looking through some old folders, a reader turned up something we wrote in 1937 in which this sentence occurred, "The disinclination of Americans to do things for themselves is a heavy burden in costs."

This "disinclination" is what compels the mark-up of consumer goods to be so disproportionate to the cost at the factory or the farm.

But the bright side is that whenever we are disinclined to lift a hand to wipe a windshield or repair a tire, we supply employment to somebody who might otherwise have no job.

Some people insist that a few sprawling corporations must absorb the postwar slack in employment—or else. Such people should ask themselves what their own plans are for improving postwar employment. Are they planning to employ domestic help? Are they planning to go into one of the innumerable small businesses—such as are listed in the yellow pages of the telephone directories? Are they planning to enter entertainment, journalism, social service, or some other form of professional life?

Tidy fortunes are made by little business men, automobile dealers, manufacturers' representatives, insurance salesmen, and band leaders.

The American people, especially the women, are keen about service. The fellow who thought of laundering diapers probably ranks ahead of Edison as a boon to young motherhood. The man who thought of prepared dog food pleased another large segment

WOODEN NICKELS

Since 1939 Canadian forests and Canadian lumbermen have produced 25,000,000,000 board feet of lumber—more than was ever before produced in a corresponding period of the nation's history. In 1944 alone the output was more than 4,700,000,000 board feet, of which about 43 per cent. was exported. Had this all been sawn into ordinary building lumber it would have been enough for the construction of some 400,000 houses or, in another form, for 147,000,000 railway ties—enough for a track around the world.

The sawmill industry proper employs between 40,000 and 50,000 men. Production of sawlogs gives work equivalent to year-round employment for 30,000 to 40,000 men. With box-makers, furniture craftsmen, wholesale and retail tradesmen, etc., the total may be 200,000. In actual cash, the industry creates new wealth of about \$200,000,000 a year and provides nearly \$50,000,000 in wages.

of the population.

We shall always be burdened with a sizable group of unskilled, uneducated and unimaginative people for whom work must be found. There's a place for all of them in this hustling economy of ours, provided the few million people who have brains and energy use them constructively. This postwar reconstruction is not a job for a handful of men in Washington or Detroit.—Reprinted from May "Weather-vane."