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CIVVY STREET BLUES

War workers who find themselves at the same bench with an ex-service-man may sometimes be puzzled by his conduct. He may be impatient and jittery; he may be inclined to blow his top. If this is the case, the utmost in tact and tolerance on their part is needed to help the veteran to fit himself back into what appears to him, the monotony of factory routine.

Maj. R. A. C. Radcliffe, Directorate of Army Welfare Services, England, makes some suggestions for treatment of soldiers newly returned to industry. "Army life," he explains, "mostly consists of considerable spells of comparative inactivity followed by spells of very rapid and strenuous activity; whereas the average factory worker has to maintain a much more even tempo of steady work day after day. This change is bound to make men restless and probably out of sorts, if not really ill, for a time.

"My suggestion is that if they are allowed occasional days off, or to get away early at times, after a few months they will probably settle into the regular routine comfortably."

If you were sure the future of the world depended upon you, would you live any differently? Well, it does.

KILLED IN ACTION



Word has been received that Hans Kuntsi has been killed overseas while serving with the Fort Garry Horse Tank Regiment. Hans was employed in Wings Department for about two years and his fellow workers will be sorry to hear of his great sacrifice. A sister, Miss Irja Kuntsi, is employed in the Accounting Department, and the deepest sympathy is expressed from the management and the workers to both she and the bereaved parents.

PLANT OFFICIALS SEE PREVIEW OF "AN AMERICAN ROMANCE"

Through the courtesy of Mr. Harold Gray, manager of the Orpheum theatre, W. O. Will, works manager, together with plant department heads and U.S. Navy representatives, witnessed the preview of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "An American Romance" on Thursday morning.

Filmed in technicolor, this saga of industry, commencing at the turn of the century, portrays the life of a young immigrant (Stefan Dangosbiblich, who because no one could pronounce his name, becomes Stefan Dangos), from the time he arrives from his native land; his entrance to the United States through Ellis Island with only a meagre \$4.28 in his pocket; his long trek from New York to Hibbing, Minn., there to be employed in the famous open faced pit, the largest in the world. With an unquenchable thirst for knowledge and an unsatiable desire to know the whys and wherefors, he is taught to read and write by the local school teacher, and begins his study of iron and steel. Leaving Minnesota, he sails down the Great Lakes from Duluth, through the locks at Sault Ste. Marie, and finally gets employment in one of America's largest steel rolling mills.

His tenacity and determination finally gets him the promotion to foreman. At this point he sends for Anna O'Rourke, his Minnesota school teacher and sweetheart, to come east where they are married and settle down to raising a family of one girl and four boys, the boys all being called after U.S. presidents.

His knowledge of steel and its potentialities takes him into the automobile business which is then just beginning to flourish in the United States; here again excellent authentic pictures of a modern automobile plant is shown.

The era of mass production with its controversies and their subsequent settlement by industries' modern method of Labor Management Committees are all brilliantly depicted.

The attack on Pearl Harbor, with America's entrance into the war, and the resultant necessity of gearing up production, particularly in the aircraft industry. Here the audience is permitted to see the actual production of a well-known west coast aircraft factory with its unbelievable production record.

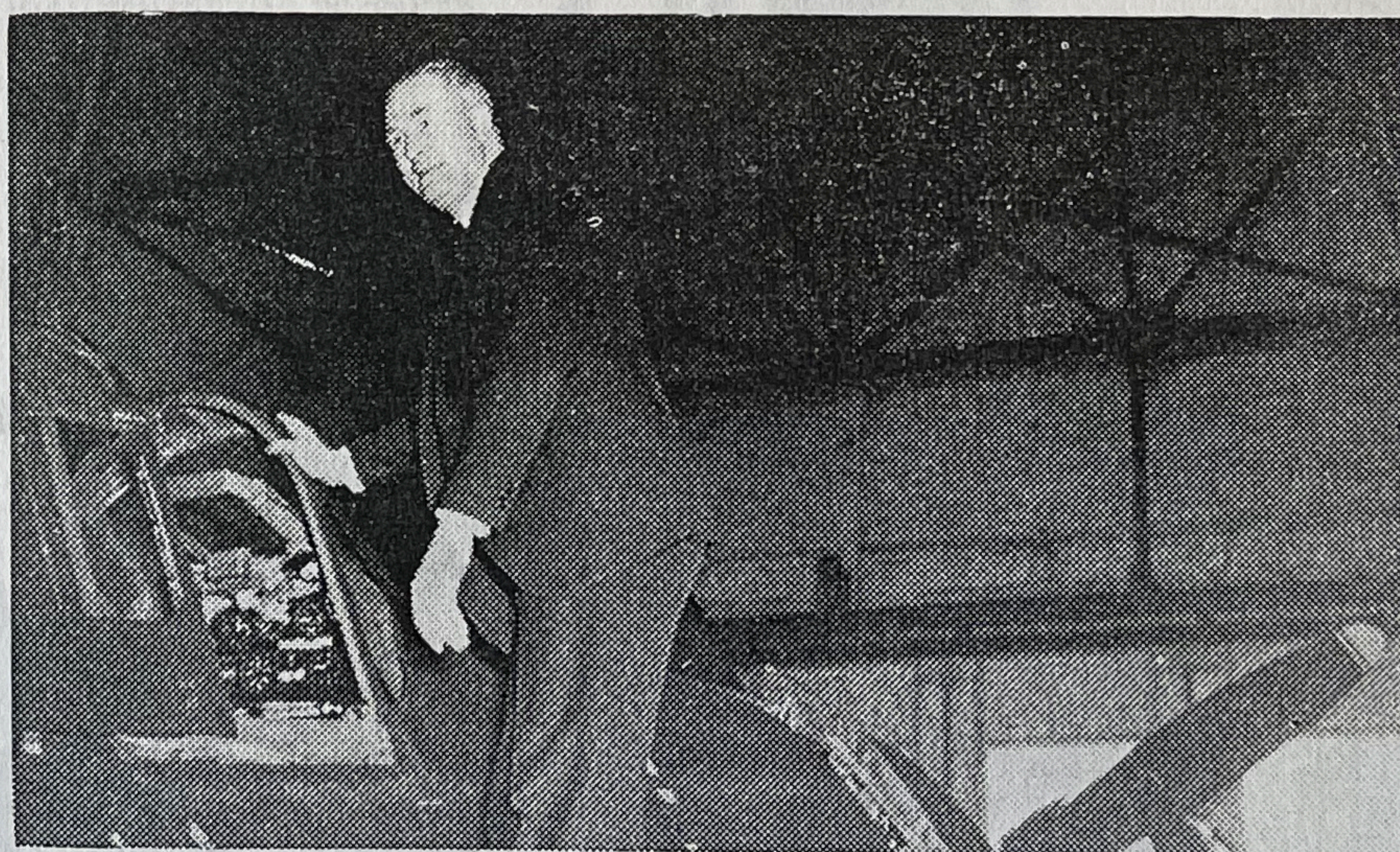
W. O. Will, works manager, signified his approval of this fine picture in recommending that all employees should endeavor to see it, first from the educational value derived from the technical data which it contains; secondly as a morale builder, and last for its fine portrayal of American life and romance.

Government Officials Visit Plant



Pictured above Government officials, accompanied by plant officials see Helldivers being built for the U.S. Navy. Seated (left to right): Mr. D. McLean, Department of Transport; Mr. H. G. Gordon, Deputy Minister for Air; Mr. J. A. Wilson, Department of Transport. Back row (left to right): Mr. S. Graham, Department of Transport; Mr. H. Cook, Purchasing Agent; Mr. W. O. Will, Works Manager, and Mr. G. R. Houston, Plant Engineer.

Deputy Minister of Transport Sees Helldiver



D. McLean, Deputy Minister of Transport, finds considerable interest in the intricate equipment housed in the cockpit of a Helldiver.

HOUSING THE WAR EFFORT

Since the outbreak of hostilities, more than 700 hangar-type buildings have been put up in Canada. One hundred and ninety-five airfields have been built. The paved runways of these fields if placed end to end, would create a highway extending from the

Atlantic to the Pacific and back as far east as the Rocky Mountains. The construction work for the Commonwealth Air Training Plan alone involved the erection of more than 5,506 buildings. Over 17,300 dwellings for war workers have been built in congested areas.

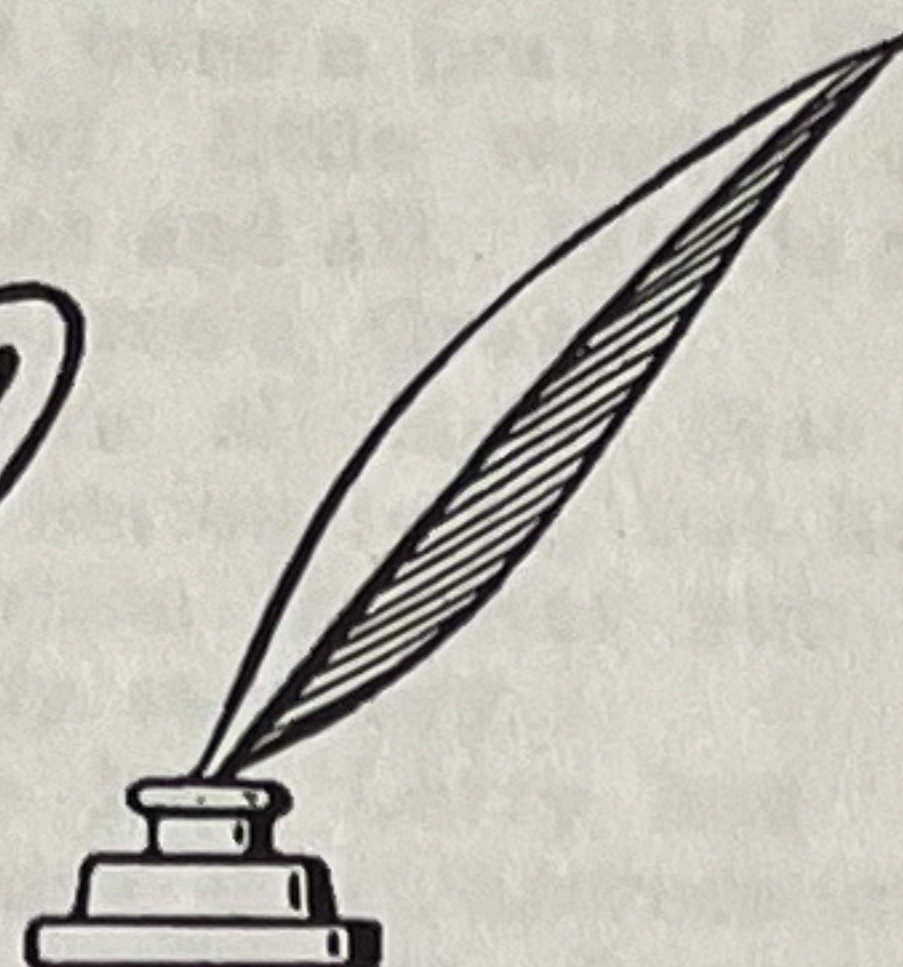
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W. O. WILL, Managing Editor

R. M. WALKER, Editor

J. McCORMACK, Sports Editor

Editorial



We wonder, as liberated Europe grows in extent, what effect four years of suffering have had. As our armies have advanced some reporters have brought word of a destruction of people's spirit far more devastating and tragic than fallen masonry and ruined cities. Now and then, however, a voice out of Europe shows that suffering, where men have character strong enough to meet it, has purified and prepared them for the colossal work of reconstruction.

One of these comes out of Norway, the Headmaster of a Royal Norwegian State Boarding School. On behalf of the occupied countries he recently addressed the National Union of Teachers' Convention in Britain.

"Suffering," he said, "has given us Norwegians new values. We have lost our freedom but found our soul. Most of us have realized that it is not enough to fight Nazism as a political system. We must also fight the slipping moral standards of selfishness and godless materialism which at their worst are represented by the German barbarians, but also can be found and must be fought in my own democratic country and even in myself."

He spoke of the great responsibility which lay on teachers to build a patriotism free from national selfishness. "We must love our own country without contempt for the other nations. We may appreciate our national qualities and at the same time realize our lacks and faults. We may find it a national service of the greatest importance to learn from other nations."

"During the period of reconstruction," he went on, "Europe will need food, clothing and houses. But the greatest need in the world will be a new spirit in the hearts and minds of men—a God-given spirit of true patriotism and true world citizenship."



"A three-day wind changed my ideas of farming," said a Westerner. "They had warned me about the dust bowl. But drift wasn't my trouble, I thought. It was weeds. So I went on killing weeds, pulverizing the soil with cross cultivation as usual, and sowing wheat. Then the three-day blow. Three inches of top soil picked up from my hillside and blew into the gully. I planted alfalfa as a root crop to bind together what was left of the soil. But it took at least a thousand years to form the top soil I had lost in three days."

"Those of us who went through the dust bowl of fruitless living, unemployment and depression after the last war, are sick at heart and uneasy of mind when we think of the years ahead. But most of us are still inclined to think that we are troubled only by the weeds. When we finish rooting out Hitler, Hirohito and a few assorted trouble-makers here in our own country, we think we can go on to cultivate our fields or markets as usual. We forget the drift."

"It was moral drift after the last war which led us into a decade of triviality, and then into a decade of collapse. Men fought for high standards of living and forgot their high standards in life. This moral collapse was followed by economic collapse. World War II. ended unemployment and put business back in the black. But it has not halted moral drift which may now run on into economic collapse more desperate than we have ever known. It may, in fact, blow up into a storm of such revolutionary force that our whole civilization, built up over the last two thousand years, is swept down into the gully."

ALLIES HELP REVIVE NORMAL ITALIAN LIFE

What the Allies have been able to do for the relief and rehabilitation of the Italian people is the subject of a U.S. Office of War Information report. Italy, bled white by over twenty years of Fascist control, picked clean by the German occupation and battered up by military operations, was to say the least, in bad shape at the time of liberation.

The foremost contribution made by the Allies to Italy was in freeing most of the country from the clutches of the Fascists and the Nazis. Faced with the problem of restoring the ruined economy and administration of the country, the Allies have made the following reconstructive steps:

They assisted the Italians in reorganizing their administrative machinery.

They repaired vital transport lines such as bridges, highways, railways and docks.

They restored public utilities such as waterworks, electrical systems, gasworks and sewers to the extent necessary for military use and essential civilian economy in many cities.

They supplied basic foodstuffs to the people, reordered rationing on a fair basis, straightened out the collection and distribution of domestic crops such as wheat.

They have rehabilitated key industries wrecked by bombing and German demolition, in order to process foodstuffs, manufacture textiles, mine essential minerals.

They have supported the Italian banks and assisted their rapid reopening on a sound basis.

They set up price controls and curbed the black market.

They are conducting a swift census of the people in order to get a clear picture of the nation's needs and potentialities.

They have assisted labor, after the

APPRECIATION

Bob Hutchison of Progress Department, who has recently returned to work after a sojourn in the hospital with pneumonia, expresses his appreciation to his fellow workers for their kindness during his illness. His appreciation is expressed in the following poem which a good friend of his wrote for the occasion.

Back in the past
And through the years,
I willingly gave,
But shed no tears,
To every list
That came my way,
And never expected
That I someday
Would be the one
Whose heart would throb
When the helping hand
Helped "Bicycle Bob".
My thanks are many,
My words are few,
But I know my friends
Are all of you.

breaking up of the Fascist syndicates, to set up its own organizations.

They have arranged for UNRRA to begin relief work in Italy and are facilitating the shipping into the country of relief supplies and the private donations from 21 American republics.

A major obstacle to the rehabilitation of Italian industry is the thorough and scientific nature of German demolition work. They would destroy one vital piece of machinery in all plants, or one identical part in a number of similar machines in order to prevent "cannibalization" of machinery by the Allies. Hydroelectric installations, which are the sole source of power for industry in Italy, were particularly hit by this method of sabotage.

However, even in the face of all this disorder, the Allied Control Commission predicts that Italian industrial production will be up to 60 per cent. of normal one year after hostilities.

No. 2 It's a Fact...

SINCE THE SPRING OF 1941, CANADA HAS PRODUCED 2 MILLION POUNDS OF OPTICAL GLASS!



WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE RUSSIAN DRIVE



MURIEL DUFFIELD
Assistant to Cashier

"I certainly hope they reach their goal and I think they will at the rate they're going."



BEA KUSHNIER
Dept. 20, Purchasing

"Their powerful drive is certainly bringing the war closer to an end, and is another step on the way to bring all our boys back home."



WOODY WILSON
Tabulating

"I think it's a phenomenal effort, but I hardly think they'll reach their objective in the time stated."

Pat: My father is a doctor, and I can be bad for nothing.

Barbara: That's nothing, My father is a minister, and I can be good for nothing.

Heard uptown one Saturday night:
Salesman: I guess you farmers are pretty busy in the summer months.

Farmer: Yep! Never have time to take a bath.

Salesman: Is that so?

Farmer: Yep! And in the winter time it's too danged cold.

So I write up the dope as I see it
Or as it is reported to me;
I dig up skeletons from the closets,
And look up your family tree.
So be careful "ma fren" when you go
On a spree, or decide to get drunk,
I'll get all the scandal, you bet
And then, by gosh, you'll be sunk.
How could I stand it?

DEPT. 13—STORES

Who, oh who, was the little gal from Ast. Stores who got caught necking in the bins? (Darn spies, eh?)

Grace L. seems to be quite the lucky gal lately in her souvenirs from her boy friend in Holland. Some of the latest were a bracelet of coins, and a pair of little wooden clogs turned up toes and all. Who is going to wear size three's, Grace?

We're all sorry that Edith is so very seriously ill, but hope after the operation is over you will have a speedy recovery.

We hear Larry had quite a time shipping a windscreen out last week, and finally, in desperation, built a plane around it. Did you find out what happened to it at the end of its journey, Larry?

Another young Progress man, who visits us quite regularly, will be off his beaten track for a while. Art, from Dept. 45, trying to do figure 8's, or sumpin', broke his leg in three places and will be trailing around home for the next couple of months on crutches. Hope you'll be back soon, Art.

Two little gals are quite worried about a young hockey coach, and the question seems to be—is he A-1 in the Army, or will he be back singing the Canada Car Blues again? Have you heard, Mae or Jacky?

We hear Doug L. was home again on a 48. What's the attraction, Doug, or is it Mom's cooking?

DEPT. 72

Back again—and just about time, says me to myself!

Now just sit back and relax because here comes our news-round-up for a whole month.

Better late than never. Congratulations go to Maxine Holler and Pauline Folk. What for? Why, they're both getting married, of course. Lots of luck.

Now this is a big secret, but if you don't tell anyone else I'll let you in on it. Did you hear about the big fire? I'm sure that Jim could give you a wonderful account of it. And I don't mean the fire at the Avenue Hotel, Mr. Wood!

A-1 in the Department, and A-1 in the army. Best wishes to Albert Borski from the gang.

Never let it be said that Department 72 misses out on any fun... what a sleighing party we had last Saturday night. By the way, Caruso, how did you enjoy your walk? Wouldn't the boys let you on the sleigh? And Arnold, you shouldn't smoke cigars—or was it something else that made you dizzy?

We're all sorry to see Mary Rezka leave our department. Hope you like your new job, Mary.

Betty Jordan met with an accident a few weeks ago, but she's finally on the road to recovery. Here's hoping you hurry and get well, Betty—we sure miss you.

Hey, Bea! I'm still waiting for that invitation. Stop holding out on us, eh? Glad to see Ed Kosteniuk back to work after his recent illness.

Well, as I live and breathe—was that Helen we saw with a black eye last week? To heck with the alibis, Miss Michaluk, it's the truth we want.

Say, Mike, have you heard that new jive tune called "One Meat-ball?" I'm sure you'd enjoy it!

Those coffee trays made by the Sandell Manufacturing Company are pretty nifty. I wonder if they'd work as well with bottles of b... pop?

Bill Bish is now convalescing after an operation. Hope you're off the sick list soon, Bill.

Well, I guess it's time for me to scram. What? You all agree with me? Cheerio for now!

When we give our best the world will be better.

DEPT. 87

First of all we wish to congratulate Bill McCartney on the way he handles his job as supervisor during the absence of Bill Moorhouse. Bill Moorhouse, by the way, has gone to Rochester due to infection in his hands. We all hope his trip proves successful for him.

Ethel would like to know what gremlin sewed her coat sleeves last Thursday night. Muriel seems to have lost her lunch box the same night. Coincidence! But yes.

To fill the extra space in your overseas parcel, see Cass Lahner. Orders are taken for baby socks to diamond socks. Knits one, purls two, drops five and picks up ten more. Oh, well!

Speaking of diamonds, Edna Watson's sparkler sure is pretty. The wedding date is set for first week in May. We all wish you and Art success and happiness for the future. Shirley and Gordon have not as yet set any date, but just the same, good luck, kids.

Our Milk for Britain bottle is proving more popular every day. Keep it up, gang; you're doing swell.

Jim Suter's bowling team sure has improved since they first started in the league. They lost the second series by only five pins.

Gruesome twosomes are: Tony and Sylvia. Poor Tony finds the ride home to P.A. (from the staff house) pretty lonely. Cecil finds the stores clerk from Dept. 80 a pretty slick chick. Maurice and Elma are that way. Elma is one of two and I have not as yet been able to tell the two apart.

The man shortage sure hit this department. An "Ideal" Club was formed and the "ideal" man was to be (by vote 10 to one, I like blondes, tall, dark and handsome and a good sport. We will give you our pin-up boy's name next week. Man shortage? I wonder.

After being absent for a week, Freddie Heyes is now back on the job.

More blood donors are in urgent demand so come on some of you fellows and give out with a pint. Remember, what you won't miss, he may die without.

No one can cut out the roots of disunity with a personal axe to grind.

PURCHASING DEPT.

(by Alf Hanson)

We bid adieu to Ella Ramsay who left us to join her hubby who recently arrived from overseas. The reunited couple are leaving the Lakehead to take up residence in Victoria, B.C. Ella was the recipient of a gift from the gang in the form of a lovely Beswick china figure.

We are very sorry to hear of the sad bereavement of Helen Lawrence's brother, who was serving in the navy. Please accept our deepest sympathy, Helen.

We welcome to our midst Jessie Hodgson, a local gal, who previously worked at the "Fair." This should prove a change from mixing it up with ladies' haberdashery, Jessie.

Dorothy Sutton's brother has returned from overseas after spending three years on the fighting front.

We welcome back Irene Lysnes. Sorry to hear your hubby had to go back overseas, but the best of luck, Irene.

On the 23rd the gang staged a sleigh ride party, spending 1½ hours of pushing each other off the sleigh. A couple of the lads got pushed off and had a little difficulty catching up. However, after watching a corner lot hockey game and then thumbing a ride from a passing car, managed to join the sleigh ride again. Amidst groans and ouchs, the ride ended at the home of Helen Kushnier to enjoy the Boston Blue Plate (beans) cooked by our hard working Ida, followed by coffee and doughnuts. After the repast, general fraternizing and fun was the keynote. An out-of-town guest on this occasion was Mr. Detilly of Montreal. Many thanks to Mrs. Kushnier for her hospitality in allowing us to use her home which further enhanced the success of the affair.

Judging by some of the melodious whistling that goes on in the office, some of the gang must be eating bird seed for breakfast. Have noticed some of the gals wearing the darnest kerchiefs, resembling a bunch of holes tied together.

Parents have two jobs—not only to bring their children up the right way, but to see they have the right world to grow up in.



ACCIDENT PREVENTION

MACHINE GUARDING

(By John A. Ganas,
Safety Engineer)

Why Machines Are Guarded

Guards are put on machines to keep people from getting hurt. Most of them are designed by people who know what they are doing. When you take off a guard from a machine to oil, adjust or repair and then fail to replace the guard, you are placing someone's safety in jeopardy.

Replace Guards at Once

There is no reason why you shouldn't take time to replace guards and to neglect this important duty is inviting trouble. It has been proven that machines which are properly guarded will turn out just as much and probably more production than inadequately guarded or non-guarded machines at all. The percentage of injuries that can be directly charged to machines is a very small part of the total, but these few injuries are generally serious, possibly causing permanent disabilities.

Report Machine Hazards

Whenever a hazard can be reduced



NATIONAL SAFETY COUNCIL

or eliminated by changing the design of a guard or by adding another guard, inform your foreman. Be careful, however, that you don't create two dangers while trying to get away from one.

"Safety business—is everybody's business."



BREEZY BITS

An optimist is a man who marries his secretary, thinking that he'll be able to keep on dictating to her!

It's commonplace that the prettiest girl is not necessarily the most popular. The usual explanation is that a homely girl cultivates her personality, has wider interest, and is more likely to be a good sport.

Having a Valentine party? Wrap different colored gumdrops in squares of waxed paper, bring the four corners together and twist into a stem. Bunch several together and fasten like a small bouquet. Then slip them through a hole you've made in a paper doily. Both youngsters and grown-ups will like them for favors.

Hear along the line—Jim: "What makes the gals look more attractive these days?" Al: "Must be the new hats being worn." No kidding, gals, the navy blue brim with the swish net does look slick.

According to the Purchasing Department, the definition of a sleigh ride might be "Running after wooden planks attached to runners and drawn by horses."

To be generous is a fine thing—up to a point, but call a halt when it comes to sharing your most personal possessions, such as lip-sticks, powder puffs and combs, with pals who find themselves caught short. Instead of handing over your lipstick, let her take a spot of it on the end of a match, then she can put it on her lips with her finger-tip. Powder can be lent by using a piece of face tissue instead of your powder puff. You'll have to be firm about the comb, because other people's dandruff is definitely catching.

Remember those footlets you wore last summer when you went without stockings? I expect you've stored them away for the winter. How about making them an all-year-round accessory? Because footlets worn under stockings will make the stockings last longer, and that's pretty important in these days of shortages and conservation.

Did you know that lime prevents mould from forming? Place a bowl of it in the closet where you store your jellies and preserves.

Horse sense is something a horse has that keeps him from betting on people! (Whew!)

CANADIAN INDUSTRY LEARNS NEW TRICKS

To meet war needs Canadians have learned to produce many new things. For the first time in history Canada is producing synthetic rubber, mercury, magnesium ingots, tin, tungsten, chrome concentrates, aviation gasoline, optical glass, new types of plywoods, plastics, lacquers. For the first time also, many new types of complicated machine tools are being made here.

We cannot expect other nations to see eye to eye with us if we look down on them.

GOOD DIET BUILDS BEST FOUNDATION FOR CHARM

Do you turn on the charm after a hard day's work? Do you sparkle like the evening star when you step out at night? Or are you wilted, drab, too tired to enjoy the party? Perhaps you are one of those optimists who rely on a dab of rouge or a dash of lipstick for glamor. Cosmetics do help, but are never wholly successful, for the real basis of charm is health, radiant, clear eyed, clear skinned health. One of the greatest contributing factors to good health is the kind of food you eat.

No doubt you are well aware of the fact that a good foundation cream is necessary to the well-being of your skin, but do you realize that the foundation of your day's meals is infinitely more important to your looks and good health? Start the day with a good breakfast—fruit juice, whole grain cereal or an egg in addition to your toast and coffee.

The Division of Nutrition advises

BRUSH BRISTLES FROM PATRIOTIC PORKERS

Even pigs in Canada have taken on a new dignity since the war, a dignity born of the fact that their bristles are being used to replace Chinese pig bristles in the manufacture of shaving brushes for servicemen. Almost the entire production of brushes of all kinds by Canadian brush manufacturers is being made use of by the services and war industry.

that weary, jittery nerves, hasty temper and many skin disorders can be the result of poor food selection. Do not neglect the protective foods, the green and yellow foods so rich in vitamin A, or eggs, meat, fish, cheese, beans and peas, those valuable proteins that repair the wear and tear of each day's activities. Drink milk for general health, thick glossy hair and vitality, and include whole grain cereals and vitamin B white or brown bread (Canada Approved), the energy foods, in your menu.

HOW IS YOUR MEMORY?

Where did I file that letter from the Kipfel Corporation? What is Mr. Gooston's number, I dial it nearly every day? Why can't I remember simple names? Must be getting old. It seems to me the harder I try to remember a thing the more likely I am to forget. That is your answer. Don't try so hard.

The first law of memory is interest. If you sit in a grandstand at the races, probably three-quarters of the people around you would claim they had poor memories. Yet they remember every horse on the program.

The second law is selection. Don't clutter up your mind with too many things. Keep rigidly to the field or fields which you wish to remember.

The third law is organization. Organization almost outranks the others in importance. You must organize your knowledge around some central theme that leads to a worthwhile goal. It is only these three laws working together—interest, selection, organization—that give you the knowledge and memory that becomes power; in fact, gives you a strong mind and a strong memory.

A good all-round memory is a sure sign of a good, all-round mind. It is comical how almost everyone admits he has a poor memory, yet he would be insulted if you should say "That proves you have a poor mind."

Suppose you want to remember people's names. When you are introduced, repeat the name several times in conversation and try to associate his appearance or manner with his name in your mind.

If you want to remember funny stories, picture the main incident or person in the story as on a screen. The advantage of picturing the ideas you want to remember is that we recall pictures better than anything other than actual scenes.

For remembering what your wife told you to get at the store—recall the number of articles you were to purchase. If you were on your way to buy vegetables at the grocery store—a kettle at the hardware store—and aspirin at the drug store, you should say to yourself, "Five articles, three places". If you repeat this two or three times you will rarely have to be sent back for the missing article.

Your total memory power is just as great at 80 as 25 so don't give the time-worn excuse you are getting old. Just try "every day in every way to get better and better."—MM.

TO YOU AT HOME

You may not have a brother,
Or a sweetheart in this war;
You may not be a mother
With a son on some foreign shore,
But somewhere in this distant land
Is a boy in uniform
With a heart that's sad and lonely
And eyes so blue and warm.
He is looking for a letter,
But it never seems to come;
There is always mail for some lads
But for others there is none.
So why not take your pen in hand
And drop a line today,
To that soldier boy or sailor
So very far away?
So won't you spare a minute
And drop that little note?
For somewhere a boy is waiting
For that letter you never wrote.

Which is You?

NO BREAKFAST . . . YOU'RE A WASHOUT

POOR BREAKFAST . . . YOU'RE A DROOP

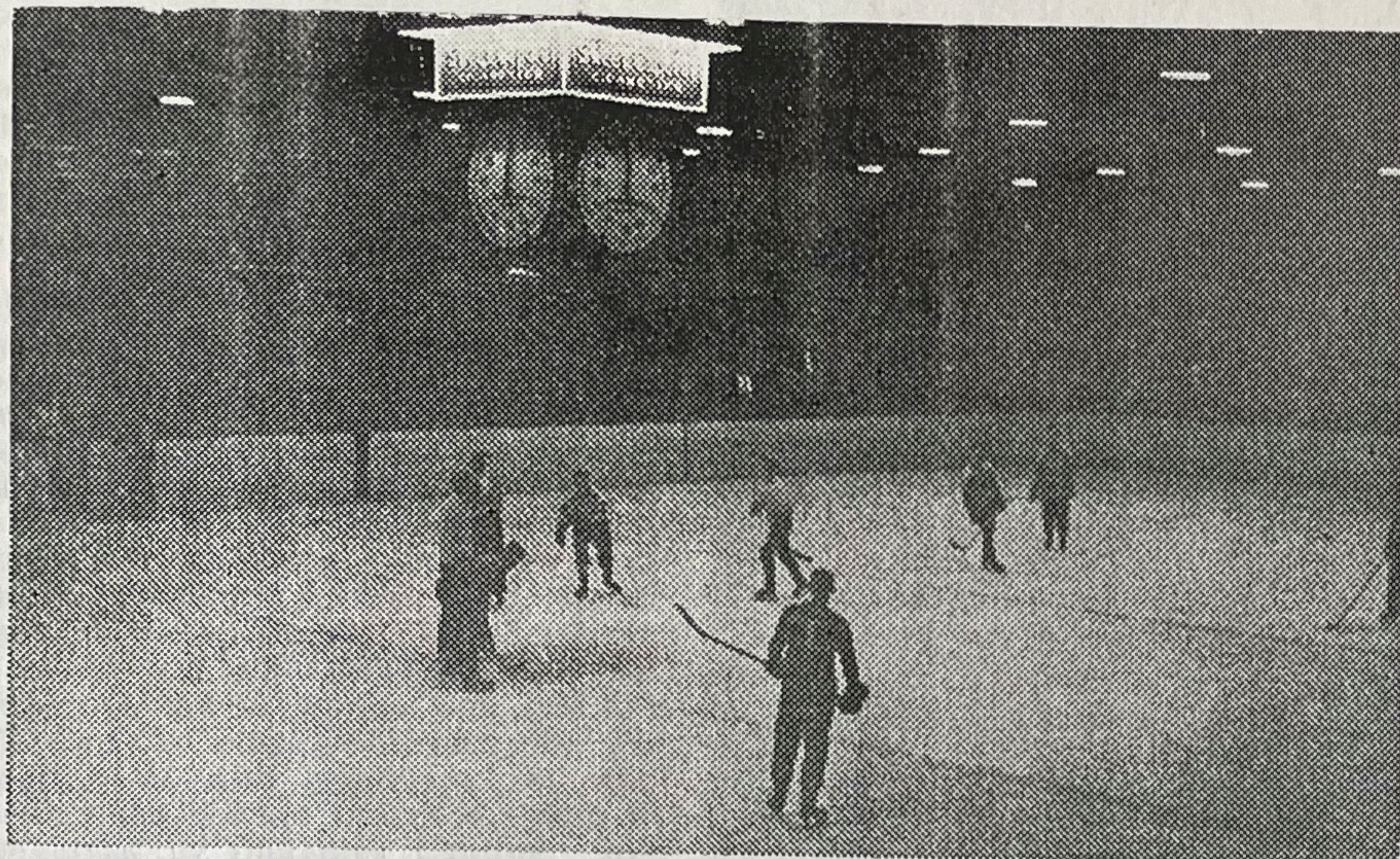
GOOD BREAKFAST . . . You're a WINNER!

HERE IT IS

FRUIT JUICE + CEREAL + BACON OR EGGS AND TOAST + COFFEE



On With the Game



Battling to a tie (somebody lost count of the goals that had been scored), the Superfortresses and Thunderbolts played their first game at the Port Arthur Arena. Pictured above: Referee J. T. Russell holds up the face-off till Nels Scavarelli gets off the ice, Nels having been penalized. Apparently Nels doesn't quite like the referee and skates over to argue the point in question.

PUCK PATTERN

The overhead for a game at the Chicago Stadium, home of the Black Hawks, is \$11,000. Al Melgard, the organist, rates \$90 a game. Malgard, much to the delight of the fans, provides a musical background with the timely selection of "Three Blind Mice" when the referee and his two linesmen appear on the ice for pre-game inspection.—The Suicide Club are quoting 4 to 1 on Montreal and St. Mike's to win Stanley and Memorial Cups.

C.C.A.A. Top Snipers

Dept.	Goals	As't	Pt's
Ingberg, Eng.	6	4	10
Pitchko, Eng.	4	6	10
Solotwinsky, 88	3	7	10
Smith, Eng.	4	2	6
Roneki, 88	2	4	6
Capulak, 83	5	0	5
Hanchar, 88	4	1	5
Kowalchuk, F.A.	3	2	5
Negro, 88	3	2	5
Gilhooly, 88	4	0	4
Pelto, 88	2	2	4
Gavin, Eng.	0	4	4

The prowess of the Superforts and Thunderbolts remained a \$64 question. These team met at the P.A. Arena on Sunday nite and battled to an eight all tie. Graveson, Hogg, Northway sparked the Supers' attack while the trio of Abraham, Woodgate, Green came down the stretch for the Bolts. The Supers took a commanding lead early in the game and seemed to be home free. But while coach Andros was looking up rule 13 Whitehead traded goalies.

Most frequent visitors to the sin pond were Kells and Scavarelli. Referee Jim Russell had to mete out everything in the book to keep things under control. Top sniper for the nite was Graveson with 4 goals closely followed by Cutsey who got 3 goals and an assist before Green ran out of haywire and oil.

Insp. Dept's Buck McKenzie had a chance to pull the Bolts chestnuts out of the fire in the final 10 seconds. Buck was right in on an open goal only to stop and pull a blue print out to see

MEN'S BASKETBALL

R.C.A.F. had a mighty squad out to take the Dept. 83 Midgets to a crashing defeat of a score 40-14. MacKine and Gleason played well for the Airforce, whereas Dept. 83 with stars from many leagues such as Rupe Holmes the West Coast Star plus Bill Shabot and Johnny Sapulak stars from the Northern Ontario Mining League just couldn't click which ended in defeat for the team.

Tuesday, January 23

Game I

Lofting — Tommy Daniels led his Dept. team to victory, supported by the sharpshooting of Tracy and Matthews plus the able support of the other members of the team. They defeated Engineering 36-30. Carter garnered the majority of Engineerings points supported by Andros and Coran.

Game II

Dept. 40 Speedsters led by high scoring Frank Wilson supported by Taylor and Hendricks brought the Stores team to a defeat 50-38. Stores led by Herman just couldn't manage to outwit the foxy Dept. 40 gang, who though all over 40 and under 50 still are a tricky team.

Unless a new spirit grips the nation, Democracy may be buried with the very men who are giving their lives to save it.

if he had the right angle. Davidson clearing the puck as the horn blew. Whitehead wound up batting a thousand after the game. Lineups:

Supers: Andros (coach), McPherson, McKie, Scavarelli, Davidson, Kells, Northway, Hogg, McCormick, Graveson, Russell.

Bolts: Green (coach), Terkelson, Graham, Cutsey, Whitehead, McKenzie, Taylor, Abraham, Jackson, Kyle, Woodgate.

Referees: J. Russell, L. Wood. Timekeeper D. Currie.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

	Played	Won	Lost	Points
Time Office	12	11	1	22
Prod. Office	12	9	3	18
Dept. 40	13	9	4	18
Dept. 71	13	4	9	8
Engineering	12	2	10	4

Wed., Jan. 24, F.N.W.I.

Production Office made it their third victory in as many starts over Dept. 71 by turning them back 15 to 9 in their last encounter of the season. Habkirk for Production and Mykulak for 71 were the top scorers of the night.

Production Office: M. Monteith 6, Lem, Gray 1, Telford, Dobrowsky, Rezka, Habkirk 8. Total 15.

Dept. 71: MacDonald, Meady, Gollat, Sylvester 4, Mykulak 5, Broman, Weinbender, Elwood. Total 9.

Fri., Jan. 26, Y.M.C.A.

Time Office cinched their spot as the number one team of the Girls League by stopping Engineering 37 to 13. However, the play was much closer than the score indicates, this was due to Engineering not being able to make their shots count as well as Time Office were. Ann Gillis with 20 points led her team in the scoring bracket while K. Andros and Mary Green were the sharp shooters for Engineering.

Time Office: Pappas 3, Carnso 4, Gillis 20, Wilson, Purcell 3, Goodman 7, Kruk. Total 37.

Engineering: Nixon 1, Wiggins, Andros 6, Green 4, Jewhurst 2. Total 13. Referee: Vern Berry.

Department 40 ran loose in their game with Dept. 71 to defeat them by the score of 45 to 19. The chief feature of this game was the sharp shooting of Mary Thibadeau and Aida Sylvester. Thibadeau scored 25 of her teams points to amass a greater score for any one game than any other player in the league. Sylvester counted for 15 points to increase her grip on first place in the league's scoring column.

Dept. 40: Thibadeau 25, Boldt 6, Tewko 2, Coll, Loiselle 10, McCullough 2. Total 45.

Dept. 71: Sylvester 15, Meady 4, MacDonald, Broman, Elwood. Total 19.

BRIDGE

The Bee-Bee Boys — Boyes-Barr came up with their second win of the season, taking Laidlaw-Bleakin by 1850. The man in the margin dept. was in a generous mood and handed them out quite freely. Muldoon-Crow holding the priority ticket which called for a 6380 point allotment and an extra ration of Walkaround change (the jackpot) for the week, results of the evenings play were:

Muldoon-Crow Whitehead-Kozak, 6380.

Hallson-Holz Quakenbush-Freeman, 3820.

Hambly-Taylor Armstrong-Neault, 3720.

Currie-Mouthe March-McEachern, 3600.

Bates-Hackland Grieve-Pantalone, 3530.

Carso-DiGiacomo Peterson-Stokes, 3250.

Williams-McGowan Nault-Wilson, 2270.

Whiteway-Rhind Bennett-Hutchins, 2220.

Boyes-Barr Laidlaw-Bleakin, 1850.

Tuck-Maxwell Houston-Segalowitz, 1350.

Asgiersen-Coghlan Cary-Neil, 1110.

MATERIAL CONTROL

Many happy returns of the day to Harry Crewson, who celebrated his birthday on January 19. Also to Fred Haley who celebrated his on Jan. 21. We understand that Harry really celebrated that night.

We welcomed Vi Reimer back on Monday from sick leave. Glad to have you back, Vi, looking so well.

Johnny Myslicki was quite blue last week when he was one minute late, as this broke his excellent record of 45 weeks without being absent or late until he found out the clock was one minute fast that day which took care of everything.

George Lightfoot paid us a surprise visit on Friday. Glad to see you looking so well, George, and to know you'll be back with us next week.

Chris Blades' last week-end in Winnipeg. Some people are lucky.

I Told You So!



J. T. Russell (left), and Len Woods (right), who refereed the exhibition hockey game last Sunday night. Len appears to be telling Jim where he fell down in his decisions during the game.

SOUP TO NUTS

(By the Black Cat)

Ho hum, Monday again and time for another load of ye olde malarky. I was on the street car the other day when the conductor asked a fellow who was smoking if he could read. "Yep," replied the lad, "but I'd be a damn fool to believe in signs." "Why?" asked the Conny. "Well, look at the sign on each side of that one. One says wear Gossard corsets and the other says glorify your figure with a Dolly Dinkle Uplift."

Guess I'll start a chicken ranch seeing chickens like corn. There's another type of chicken that prefers rye, but you can't start off by putting fifty of that type in a wire cage, and anyway, they don't lay eggs. Guess I'm the other type judging by the eggs I've been laying. If I can't get a laugh all those eggs should at least rate a cackle.

That was quite a party Dept. 82 threw a week ago Wednesday night at the Westfort Masonic Hall. Besides an abundant selection of sandwiches, pickles, meat and soft drinks to top off everything, there was plenty of the spirited foamy thirst quench on hand. Music was supplied by Joe Deleo and his Teen Agers. Joe is to be congratulated on his band, organized four short months ago, they have a lot on the ball. They all range between 15 and 18 years of age, and are all Can-Car employees with the exception of Ann Smorhun, 18, who tickles the ivories, but good. Ann is employed by Chapples Limited. Joe Deleo on the drums and John Franchi, the vocalist, are both 18, while Roy Coran, who toots the tenor sax and clarinet, is 15; Adam Andrychuk who handles the alto sax also alternates on clarinet, is 16. Walter Merrick at 17 is tooting a mean horn for the aggregation. The way they're giving now, in a couple of years they'll be really tops.

If the person who parked their gum on a stool in the cafeteria wants it back they can have it by removing it from the seat of my pants, and I'm not kidding. I thought the gremlins were holding me down when I tried to get up.

Do you know—Yes I know him, his name is—Yeh, that's right, he—Oh he did did he, we should—Your damn right we will after the—That's O.K. by me—how about a—sure, that would be—Oh I'm glad it would, we could—Oh how could we, we haven't any of those—I know it—I know it but we have a—Oh yes, I forgot, he also has a—Oh I didn't know he had a—Well he has a—He has, eh, well he can—Yeh, that's what I say, to hell with him.

Two girls were sitting in a restaurant booth smoking a cigarette. An old maid came up and said: "My, my, you girls should be ashamed of yourselves, smoking cigarettes, why, I would sooner pitch woo than be seen having such carryings on in public." "So would we," replied one of the girls, "but we only have a half-hour for lunch."

I asked a girl to marry me. She said, "Please excuse me." And, like an idiot, I excused her. But I got even with that girl. I married her mother. Then my father married the girl. And now, I don't know who I am. When I married the girl's mother, the girl became my daughter, and when my father married my daughter he became my son. Also, when my father married my daughter, she became my mother. Now, if my father is my son, and my daughter is my mother, who in thunder am I? My mother's mother (who is my wife) must be my grandmother, and I being my grandmother's husband am my own grandfather.

That's all there is, there ain't no mo' Bye now.

A man is great only when he feels as deeply and acts as courageously as he thinks.



Left to right: Mr. H. Cook, Ens. C. Sheets, U.S.N., F. Haley, Miss J. Stewart.



"How to preserve the running surface of your skis" as demonstrated by Ens. C. Sheets, U.S.N.

SKI HEIL

Waxing Your Skis—

To a beginner, waxing your skis may seem a waste of time, especially if you are under the miscomprehension that it only enables you to tear down the hill at a faster clip.

There are waxes for all types of snow conditions but unfortunately the supply has been cut off as most wax was imported from Norway. However, if you use what wax you are able to get correctly, it will compensate for the quality.

Perhaps the best illustration was noticed at the club last weekend. A new skier was working himself into a sweat trying to herring-bone his way up a slope. For every step, he slid back two—obviously his waxing was wrong. After dabs of wax were applied without rubbing down he had no more trouble.

Icy surface conditions call for less rubbing and more wax. In soft snow, which is usually slow, some skiers like paraffin which gives more speed. But don't forget, a good base must be applied to your skis before waxing as this preserves and protects the wood.

Safety Engineer John Ganas was noticed at the club over the weekend (he is a top-notch skier, and dusted off the higher slopes). Winifred Dilley (Accounting) took the hills with grace and nicely executed turns. We also noticed George Quist and wife, Bob Towsley, Joan Smith, Doreen McCallum.

Sunday, Jan. 28, witnessed a practical demonstration on how to pack a hill. Winding Trail was the demonstration ground. All snow, with the exception of that carried home on the seat of everybody's pants as souvenirs, was packed—but firmly. The occasional louder noise like the arrival of a blockbuster, was the "Fritz Loosli" of the Purchasing Department, Mr. H. "Cookie" Cook, demonstrating how to stop. Also seen doing some unorthodox

gymnastics was Ens. Cree Sheets, U.S.N. His display entitled "How to Preserve the Running Surface of Your Skis" was one of the highlights of the day. Johnny Newell also did some very effective bush clearing. A portable derrick is on order for next week so that salvage operations can be carried out with the least possible delay. Eventually hot coffee and toasted sandwiches soothed everybody's feelings and the most tired man of the day turned out to be instructor Jerry Thompson. Amongst those who spent more time laughing than skiing were Miss Ruth Nairn, Miss Jean Stewart, Miss Lil Knight and Fred Haley.

TIME OFFICE

This time, folks, we again contribute our bit of news towards the departmental news column.

On the night of January 24, a sleigh ride was held by the gang. The arrangements were under the able supervision of Bill Pantalone. The sleigh ride started from the C.N. Hall and after about an hour and a half of sleighing around, the gang returned to the C.N. where coffee and hot dogs were served to a bunch of tired, hungry and cold people. After the lunch, dancing proceeded to the music of the gramophone at the hall; Mrs. Macpherson and Mrs. McCormack played the piano later in the evening to the delight of the whole gang. The gang wishes to thank them for the splendid entertainment.

We also have a few talented vocalists in our group, who somehow or other have kept their talents in the dark up to now. They are no other than Emmie Pappas from our own Time Office, and Phyllis Ball from Tabulating. It sure was swell, girls, and the gang extend their appreciation. A good time was held by all and everybody is looking forward to

TOOL CRIBS

(By the Cribeteer)

"T-r-a-c-k! T-r-a-c-k! Aw, fellas, please! Won't you give me the track?" With the speed of light and a cloud of snow and a pleading cry of "Track!" here comes . . . is it a bird? Is it a plane? Is it Superman? . . . No! It's Sad Sadie the Tool Crib Lady! Well, Sadies was a lady when she started out, but by now, I don't know. That low-flying autogyro zooming down the hill just can't be a human being. Wait a minute, we'll find out. Bang! Crash! . . . That's Sadie, alright—Gee, you'd think she'd pick something softer than that big fir tree to stop against. Personally I always pick the softest snow bank, but then Sadie, working in a tool crib as she does, always did take the harder way. So we extricate this poor bit of a wreck from amid the wreckage—it seemed a shame to disturb her, she made such a nice looking salvage heap—helped tie her skis together again and then amid voluble protestations (huh?) sent her skimming on her way with the speed of light and a cloud of snow and not enough breath left to even holler out "Hi ho, Sliver!" Her posterior was kinda dragging, but we contributed that to the fact that this was Sadie's normal crib position and so the poor thing couldn't help it one bit. But three tracks on a ski trail does look sorta queer. Ah, yes! Skiing! Lovely sport—that is if you care to end your obnoxious life in that manner. Give me a toboggan any day. This way, at least, I can sit down without losing face. But with my face, I should worry.

I sent my brother in the Air Force a picture of myself the other day. It came back the very next night (and C.O.D., too). He said he liked it very much but that he couldn't keep it around where he was 'cause he was getting lonely. Seems the other guys all moved out when I moved in. But that relation of mine is so stupid—I told him not to pin me up. Well, if Dracula ever passes away, I can always apply for the job. They say there's a scarcity of monsters these days.

Well, whadda you know! We got a couple of new members in the Tool Crib Lower Crust Society—cribs 16 and 17 in the new shop, and No. 18 well on its way to being initiated. Welcome friends! Don't let this life get you though. Or maybe it's got you ladies in 17 already, or else why the box of baking soda in the bin right next to the door? And whadda you know, too, that shy guy from Crib 15 has also found his way over to this new crib.

And how're you making out with Leo the Lion (woof!) in Crib 12, Alice? With the big grin you look as though you can still hold your own, or maybe you'd like to be back in Crib 3 where they're giving tea-parties now. Or does it still take a long time for the water to boil, Elaine? I still like mine straight.

Canada supplies practically all the nickel and 40 per cent. of the aluminum requirements of the Allies.

Frequency modulation, or "F.M." as the technicians call it, is a new method of radio broadcasting which is going to improve our listening in the post-war period. Through this new method, all "parasitical" noises on your radio, will be strained from your programs.

another get-together in the near future.

We regret every much to inform you that our talented songstress, Bertha Wilson, has left with her mother for Victoria, B.C., for one whole month. We hope you have a pleasant trip, Bertha.

That's all for now folks. Adios.

DEPARTMENT NEWS

ENGINEERING DEPT.

Drawing Distribution starts the ball rolling for this week with news of the week written up by their keen section reporters, Misses Mae Smith and Evelyn Roy. They whisper a plea to the girls from the shop to contribute news through Evelyn each week, so that it may be a regular thing (P.S.—that goes for all of us)—with everyone's help it can be done and be consistently interesting to us all.

At George Cole's request, we have put a mark up on the wall—he punched in before eight o'clock Monday morning. Oh happy day! It isn't a certainty as yet, but Barbara Johnston and Agnes Danyhuk are seriously thinking of becoming nurses' aides. Drawing Distribution femmes seem to be taken up by the idea—guess I'll try it too, sez Mac. Toni is happy again. After long weeks of anxious waiting she received three bulging letters from Scotty. He sent her some German money too! My, my! Ruth Peterson tells us of a very pleasant week-end spent with her pop who arrived from Kenora. One of the nice things was taking in the tear-raising drama at the Capitol this past week. Another adios is said to our pal, Rita Galluci, who is leaving to attend her mother at home who is ill. Rita has been with us since April, 1943, and handled the checking and recording of shop requests. Good luck in everything you do, Rita, we'll miss you. A fortunate female is Gladys, whose one and only Les sent her a pair of new, genuine silk stockings. Ain't love grand, though? Newcomers given a hearty welcome this week are Clara Kaastan, Joyce Andrews and Ruth Hawkins. Hope your stay will be long and enjoyable.

Travelling on and up into the Drawing Change Section we find two new members lustily enlisted into their ranks this past week: Enzo (Rusty) Bel and Billy Slobojan, both formerly of Department 85. We hope you'll like your work with us, fellows.

Back for a visit after joining His Majesty's service was our dashing Romeo, Dick Tuyl, who joined the army as a member of the Tank Division of the Armored Corps. Dick left the shipyards in Port Arthur a year ago to come out to Can-Car and worked as a draftsman in Drawing Change. During his time here he made a host of friends and was well liked by everyone. He will be greatly missed by his mates and we all wish him much luck and every success in the future.

It seems that Mike Repuska wasn't forgotten by one of his friends for on Monday morning he was amiably presented with the "last end over the fence" of a chicken, and we don't know if Mike is allergic to it or not, but he declined the offer and all we can say is "after all, a chicken is a chicken in any shape or form."

Blueprint Room's pin-up girl, Marie Demeo, celebrated a birthday on the 16th and played hostess to a dinner and show for eleven of her pals. An aftermath was a parade to what should have been the Avenue—however, it wasn't—and the midnight repast was enjoyed elsewhere. Marie was presented with a lovely housecoat with slippers to match, also a wallet containing a quantity of copper money (five to be exact). All our best, Marie.

Also celebrating a birthday was our jovial typist, Nellie Skwork. A number of girls dined at Winston Hall on this eventful day in her life and Nellie received many lovely gifts, including a \$100 war bond from her proud parents. Nellie was a valued

employee of Gateway Grocers before coming to Can-Car to assume duties as assistant report clerk. Again we wish you a long life of happy days.

We extend our sincere wishes to Julie Hendrickson's mother in this issue for a speedy recovery to health and her former vigorous self.

To Alf Naylor we bid adios, with all our best wishes for your success. Alf latterly has been with the Shop Engineer's Section and has moved to Toronto with his family.

A newcomer to Project Staff, Armand Bourque, is given a hearty welcome. A graduate of Manitoba "U", B.Sc., Electrical Engineering, and formerly with Western Steel Products, Armand is presently assisting Frank Gallagher. Once again we reiterate our hope for a long stay, pleasant days and pleasant pals.

A new feature is being introduced into our column this week—a sort of get-acquainted idea. Each week section reporters will single out one person and tell us about it through this column. From Drawing Change, June Beerman has the honor to become the first in this new series:

Known to us as "Sparkie"

So brilliant and mirthful

The light of her eye

Like the stars gleaming out

From the blue of the sky.

Which very well sums up all we can tell you about June. She hails from Virden, Man., attended school there and at Winnipeg; joined us over a year ago and in a short time became our "Checker." She wears a beautiful sparkler on her left hand and claims to have a wonderful man to go with it; if she hasn't told you by now, he's a Flying Officer in the R.C.A.F., very tall and handsome. June started out with an art career in mind, but we predict she'll end up by being the most beautiful wife any man hoped to have. (P.S. by J.W.G. —well, not quite).

Information Please Column

How did Frank Gallagher enjoy his visit at Columbus, and who was the blond he met at Chicago?

Would someone please tell us what happened to Grimes Reguly's front molars? We understand he is having difficulty persuading all his lady friends that the dentist actually pulled them out, especially now that he can no longer pronounce his "t's" and "s's".

We have often wondered what happened to Bill Lambert, the chaser, but since all the girls in Sub-Contract think he is cute, well! What's the matter, Bill, isn't there enough in Engineering for you?



Triple-Play!

BILLY BOEHM OF UNIVERSITY OF TULSA PLAYED ONLY THREE MINUTES AGAINST UNIVERSITY OF MEXICO IN 1931, HANDLED BALL ONLY THREE TIMES, YET SCORED THREE TOUCHDOWNS!

10-11

Chicago Sun Syndicate
division Field Enterprises, Inc.

DEPT. 41, 42 AND 53

Well, we had a visit this week from E.R.A. Bob Bonfonti and I am sure we were all pleased to see him again. Bob has almost recovered from his wounds and is looking fine. Good luck to you, Bob!

Bunny Bottos is back at work again after the accident to her hand. Welcome back, Bunny.

I have heard of folks sleeping in for their work, but Mel is the first I have heard of sleeping in for a sleigh ride. How do you manage it, Mel?

I see Elsie Bearham's bowling team has made a nice start in the third series, taking three straight games from Tabor's team. Keep up the good work, girls.

I see that we (Dept. 41), are second from the top on the Absentee Record report. Now, that is pretty good, but how about another big effort and get right up on top. How about it?

Say, did you see Rose and Ann out at the Ski Club on Friday? It was more fun than a circus to watch them. Why did you want to hug that post, Ann? It all seemed so loving like, and Ross, when you are going down hill, always remember to go with your skis. They were at the foot of the hill five minutes before you. How about going on snow shoes for a while, Rose?

Last night I held a lovely hand,

A hand so soft and neat;

I thought my heart would burst with joy,

So wildly did it beat.

No other hand unto my heart

Could greater solace bring,

Than that dear hand I held last night,

Four Aces and a King.

So far there have been no results, we hope, as to the whereabouts of Nick Waywanko, who went sleigh riding Saturday night. Should anyone see him or hear of him please contact Die Dept., Can-Car Police, or the dog pound.

And last but not least, K. Steeve of Dept. 53, has something to say about their recent dance: "Although I was not one of the overworked committee, I have been delegated by the Spar Miller boys to thank all those who attended the Spar Miller dance at the Masonic Hall on January 27, and especially those ladies who helped serve the lunch. We had not figured on such a large, hungry and thirsty crowd, so if anyone was still undernourished at 2 a.m., we'll take the blame. Rations for an estimated 150 had to do for 225. For our next dance the committee will get special priority so that no one will feel weak from hunger."

Just about every department in the plant was represented, and it did our hearts good to see everyone mixing so well. The foundry was well represented and the crane girls sure enjoyed themselves. We were rather skeptical Thursday morning whether to make any lifts or not, but production must go on, so we took the bull by the horns and our lives in our hands and called one of the girls. She must have had a cast-iron constitution because she made eight lifts without a hitch, looked fresh as a daisy and called down any enquiry as to when we were going to have another social evening.

The girls from Progress, Dept. 48 and Inspection, were also there in full force, and as you know, the proceeds of the dance go to the Milk for Britain fund.

Mickey Bermach was the secretary-treasurer of the committee and will announce later the amount donated. Again thanking you all for turning out.

DEPT. 01

Well, folks, here we are again with the latest news, gossip and local headaches. We see Ralph limping around the office after a hard day skiing. But next time, Ralph, make sure the telephone pole isn't in the way when you come down "Suicide Bend." Anne has been away from our midst, her shiny smile is missed by quite a few people; we certainly hope her illness is not serious and that she returns in the best of health very shortly.

Production Office Dance is planned for Thursday, February 8. We'll be seeing you there for sure. The girls of this department enjoyed themselves Friday evening last week at a skating party held at Tarbutt Street rink and afterwards went to the home of Mrs. Purcell for lunch. After much posing, it was found there was no film in the camera. It took a man to think of that though. I guess, after all, we can't get along without men, but next time, Kay, don't forget the film. We'd like to make our outings a monthly occurrence, as we enjoyed ourselves so much at this one. How about it, girls?

We would like to know who a certain young lady will take to the Office Dance. We understand she has quite a few from which to choose.

What's the matter, Murray? Didn't she teach you those culinary arts before you were married? If she didn't she's slipping, or should we say she slipped?

What's the matter, Monty? You look blue these days. Should we send out an SOS for . . . the one and only? It would help some anyway!

How does it feel to have your husband home again, Penny? Less lonesome?

Well, I guess that's about all, folks; we'll be seeing you at the Office Dance—or else!

DEPT. 88

The past week's mild weather has brought a curtailment of recreational activity in the department, the only exception, of course, is the marathon checker tourney, contested by L. Parks and B. Laines.

Playing every lunch hour before large gatherings of critical and somewhat dubious fans, these two players continue to violate every rule in the book with their original and unorthodox style of play, keeping the audience in a continuous state of uproarious hilarity.

Demonstrating their ability to come back, the department's hockey team played the powerful Department 85 tea into a 2-2 tie over the week-end. George Schelling, stellar defenceman for 88, was the individual star of the game. His method of frustrating plays by bowling over the opposing forwards like nine pins, won the admiration of all who witnessed the encounter. George is a vastly improved player from last year, when he relinquished his goal tending duties because of a disagreement with his ration board about the prevailing rubber shortage.

After more than six years of service with the company, Sec Lundberg has left for Winnipeg to join the army. Prior to his departure his fellow-workers presented him with a pen and pencil set and \$20 in cash.

Due to the cigar shortage, the recent addition to the family of Mr. and Mrs. L. Spooner was not publicly announced. Full details will be published later.

MATERIAL CONTROL DEPARTMENT



Material Control Department, under the direct supervision of Fred Haley, is an integral part of both Purchasing and Stores Departments. It is the duty of this Department to see that an even flow of material is maintained at all time and that no shortages should occur which might impair the Helldiver production schedule.

Front row: Ruth Widdifield, E. Porth, M. Blair, V. Dardick, J. Bishop, F. Haley, W. McGonigle, R. Dowling, V. Reimer, B. Boegh. Second row: T. Graham, W. Hogeweide, F. Ruete, E. Oliver, J. Glenn, B. Wiltshire, A. Ross, B. Meleta, R. Grano, L. Ryan, N. Wood, C. Blades, N. Cantoni. Third row: M. Meady, M. Burnside, G. Boon, I. Hill, K. McLaren, M. Buday, S. Gathercole, P. Marcell, E. Morgan, H. Kerr, G. Karioja. Last row: W. Smith, L. Davis, G. Lightfoot, L. Peltier, D. Tyson, J. Myslicki, J. Hamilton.

What's News From the Library

The Lost Mine of Silver Islet is one of the world's most famous mines, with a history more dramatic in its details than any fiction conceived.

About 1868 a small part of miners prospecting for copper at the base of Thunder Cape chanced to land on a barren rock about a mile from shore to plant observation stakes. This rock was about 60 feet across and not more than four feet above the level of the lake. It resembled the dome of a human skull just rising out of the water.

Across this Skull Rock, as it was then called, ran a vein of galena in which a few strokes of the pick revealed the presence of silver. A half dozen powder blasts were sufficient to detach all the ore-bearing rock above the water line, but the vein was traceable some distance into the lake where, through the clear water, large nuggets of silver were visible. These were dislodged with crowbars, the men working up to their necks in the ice cold water. The ore, when shipped to Montreal assayed seven thousand dollars a ton of pure silver.

The location was owned by the Montreal Mining Company, Limited, a company of conservative capitalists. In a way, luck had favored them, for here within their grasp was one of the fabled treasures of the lake. As far as human laws were concerned it belonged to them. But—and it was a big but—the Great Spirit had placed it within the keeping of the sea. For three hundred miles to the east there is nothing to break the great sweep of the wind. And

when, at the call of the storms, for which Lake Superior is noted, the little treasure island disappears—utterly lost in the spume and froth of the breakers.

As luck would have it the man for this Herculean task was a modest mining engineer, William B. Frue, who arrived at this tiny island on Sept. 1, 1870, with machinery, supplies and a crew of 30 men. To sink a shaft and guard it against the fury of the lake was Superintendent Frue's task.

It was finally decided to encircle the island with a crib of timber filled with rock to break the force of the waves while a stone and cement coffer dam was to furnish protection for the immediate mouth of the shaft. With feverish haste the work was pushed ahead, 18 hours was a day's work. If only the cribbing could be put into place before the autumn storms began all might be well. One week, two weeks, a month passed and still the great lake slept, unconscious of the puny efforts of the human ants on Silver Islet.

It was three o'clock in the afternoon when the wind began to blow strong from the northeast. The little tug had just arrived with the third shift wet to the skin. The cribbing was trembling with the impact of the waves. Stobbornly to remain would be useless and might be suicide. Orders were given to all hands to go ashore.

Before sunset the wind had died down leaving 200 feet of the breakwater carried away, the cofferdam

was a partial wreck and, as if in re-buke, the storm had filled the shaft to the brim with the rock of the cribbing. Once again the cribbing was rebuilt only to receive a flank attack by the sea when the mercury dropped and tons of ice were hurled against it which crumbled it like an eggshell before the tremendous onslaught.

Nature is the greatest of engineers and he who would oppose her must adopt her plans and be ever ready to profit by a hint. The ice gorge gave Frue the key to the situation. Taking advantage of the winter and the ice he threw out a breakwater facing the southeast. Work was prosecuted both underground and on the defences with little interruption until March 8. Storm succeeded storm during the entire month, each assault more terrific than the last. There was no rest for the miners day or night, at last apparently defeated the great lake subsided and at the close of the first year the cleanup showed a gross output of nearly one million dollars.

Silver Islet had become one of the wonder mines of the world. The little island grew in size and on the shore a town had sprung up and Frue was the magician who had wrought the change.

Finally the mine shaft struck a counter mine. The imprisoned waters thus released drove the miners from level to level. With a violent storm raging on top which carried away part of the cribbing and 5,000 tons of rock flew about the island like hailstones. Once again the men defeated the elements and work continued for the next 10 years fighting and rebuilding storm damage, always in constant fear of the sea and wind. Some years the output ran into hundreds of thousands,

then again it would hardly pay expenses.

It was November, 1884, and the coal was running low. Only a few hundred tons remained in the sheds on the island. The winter's supply was on its way from the lower lakes. Day followed day—it did not come. It was getting late and navigation might close at any time. It was anxious waiting with the coal getting lower and the sea waiting to take over.

The New Year came, Jan. 1, 1885, and no coal. Instead there came a dog team from Duluth bearing the bitter news that a drunken captain with a cargo of a thousand tons of coal for Silver Islet had allowed his vessel to be frozen in the ice at Houghton. The furnaces were put on half rations in the vain hope that something might happen to bring relief. But at last came a day when the fires went out and the sea reclaimed its own.

Sixty years have passed since that fatal day, but no attempt has been made to fight back the sea and reopen the mine.—M.M.

A SERGEANT'S PRAYER

Almighty and all present Power,
Short is the prayer I make to Thee,
I do not ask in battle hour
For any shield to cover me.
The vast unutterable way
From which the stars do not depart,
May not be turned aside to stay
The bullet flying to my heart.
I ask no help to strike my foe,
I seek no petty victory hue;
The enemy I hate, I know,
To Thee is also dear.
But this, I pray, be at my side,
When death is drawing through the sky;
Almighty God who also died,
Teach me the way that I should die.