



# The CENTRE ISLANDER



Vol. IX

FRIDAY, MAY 12, 1944

No. 2

## IT'S MOVING OVER TIME



**DOT MITCHELL LENDS A HAND TO A FRIEND JUST ARRIVING**

## Red Cross Accepts Offer Of Association Co-operation

"The Island Red Cross gratefully accepts the offer of the Centre Island Association to co-operate. We feel confident that such an arrangement can work only for the best in our various activities." So Mrs. Mae Roddy, president of the Island Red Cross, stated following a meeting of the executive committee of the Red Cross Wednesday.

An official statement of the position of the Centre Island Association may be seen on the editorial page of this issue of The Centre Islander.

The editorial sets forth that it is the fixed policy of the Association to back the Red Cross to the limit. Possibility of conflict of dates for holding similar activities will be eliminated under the proposed arrangement.

The work of the Red Cross in its various money-raising activities can be augmented and made easier by the assistance of the hundreds of members of the Association. Aiding the Red Cross should become the duty of every member of the As-

## Take This Paper To Your Office

Don't leave your copy of The Centre Islander on the ferry. Take it right with you to your office. You can help to advertise your Island. Show it to your friends—and perhaps they'll join us. The Centre Islander will confirm your stories of what a swell place Centre Island is to live.

...society, the statement says. "The Mile of Peonies, the marfi grass, the garden parties and other summer features should not be left to a few volunteers. They should be run and aided by all."

"We are all the same people, members of our community, all with the same interests at heart," the statement continues. "Together the Association and the Red Cross will aggregate a much greater result. Let them go forward. Their efforts cannot be divided."

## Send This Paper Overseas But If You Can't, We Will

If you are not sending the Centre Islander to your friends or relatives in the armed forces we'll do it for you, free of cost, if you'll fill out the mailing address on this coupon and drop it in the News-Box in front of Hughes' Marketaria on Manitow Road.

NAME ..... NUMBER .....

ADDRESS .....

## Centre Islander Survey Shows 1,100 Apartments

If you don't get this and succeeding issues of The Centre Islander delivered to you at your door, it won't be the fault of the distribution staff. Ed. Day, member of the publication board in charge of circulation, has just completed one of the most detailed surveys ever made of Centre Island.

Spending one full day, checking from house to house, he has tabulated every dwelling and domicile, whether it be a small light-house-keeping room or a full 15 room house for one small family.

Somebody once counted 3,500 wooden houses on the Island. And Ed., from his survey, knows there are several thousand wooden doors. He knocked on most of them—he and Porky Portons.

Apart from the Main Drag, the survey shows 220 dwellings and 1,100 apartments. Few of these apartments have less than two persons living in them, and most have more. The two hotels together have 150 rooms and suites, 85 at the Pierson on 474 at the Manitow.

We hoped to have a picture of Ed and his assistant to run with this account of his activities, but we couldn't catch them when we had a photographer around. The Centre Islander is indebted to Ed in two ways. The public will receive their papers without duplication, and the advertisers, who make the paper possible, can be certain the publication reaches right into Centre Island homes.

## Innocent Frying Pan Worries Landlord But Not The Editor

(See Editorial Page)

This is one we hope to slip by our bachelor editor—so we'll have one of our undercover men slip it into the printer's shop. Bob Laird, popular proprietor of the "Beaches" on Manitow Road—and our Ex-Island pants presser, noticed dense clouds of smoke issuing around the tightly locked door of one of his apartments a few nights ago. Summoning all the help of the Island, including a doctor, he finally got into the stronghold and found a frying-pan gaily cooking a foul mess of grease but no body. It seems that the housekeeping experiences of our editor have been somewhat slight. Deciding to experiment a bit at cooking, he arrived on the boat the other day, loaded to the grawwates with kitchen utensils, including a coffee dripper and the famous frying pan that caused Bob the alarm.

With the frying pan was such a complicated set of instructions that it took nine-tenths of the 0-30 boat passengers to interpret 'em. Somewhere, somebody slipped in figuring out how to "cure" this beautifully hand-turkey, hand-crafted, mysterious-metalled-monstrosity before it could be used for cooking human victuals. Either that, or Steve's mind was on other important matters, like his pet "Centre Islander News-Box" in front of Hughes' Marketaria on the Main Drag. We're of the opinion that his experience with the frying pan has cured him of his interest in it—for the last we saw him doing was loading unground coffee-beans into his dipulator and wondering why no coffee was forming in the lower chamber. Ladies! to his rescue—or get him to run a cooking column—with hints on how to hoi water, etc.—Whiskin.

## Casino Is Again Offered For Sunday Night Concerts

Many Islanders will recall the concerts which were for many years such a popular feature at the Casino on Sunday evenings. We are very happy to say there is every prospect of reviving them this summer. Through the kindness of Mr. Fred Gunn the Casino is to be made available to the Centre Island Association on Sunday evenings.

In keeping with the Association's policy in supporting the Island Red

Cross as announced editorially in this issue, the proceeds will be made available jointly to the Association and the Red Cross. Mr. Gunn's deep interest in the welfare of the Island is well known, and his desire to assist these organizations will be greatly appreciated by every Island resident.

It is hoped to provide entertainment at these concerts to suit every taste. They will not be dominated solely by the "Young Men" boys, and the wising enthusiasts will certainly not be neglected. The old songs will have a touch of nostalgia for many, while the latest hits will step the blood-pressure of the younger element. There should be plenty of local talent upon which to draw and it will do much to step the "Sunday Night at the Casino" an institution once again.

Everyone will join with the Centre Islander in extending thanks to Mr. Gunn for so generously offering the use of the Casino for this purpose.

## Island's 1st Answer To Our Challenge



Here's the first Centre Island answer to last issue's challenge to Island girls. She's Mary Goodwin, photographed along the Lakeshore walk the opening Sunday of the season. The cameraman didn't find out at which club Mary plays her tennis, but she's in good form for it.

## Still Need Help Parking Bikes At Ferry Dock

Remember the appeal we had on the front page of our last issue for volunteer workers at the bicycle parking area at the dock? As far as we've been able to learn, nobody has responded and we urge you again to take part in this worthwhile effort. Seven ladies of the Red Cross itself take one day a week and thus are responsible for getting other helpers for their own particular day.

Even Mrs. Roddy, with her heavy duties as president of the Red Cross, has assumed responsibility for one day—but regardless of all the other things she has to do, she doesn't simply sit back and let somebody else do the actual work. For we all know the hours that she personally spent doing last season she intends to spend again this year.

If you can only spare a couple of hours of one morning or afternoon a week you can be fitted into a schedule by these ladies which will make sure that our bicycles are never left unattended. Take this to heart—ye housewives and others of the Island. Think now "I can give from nine to twelve on Tuesday mornings" or "I can easily make it between four and six Thursday afternoons" or "what have you" and give such offer of help to Mrs. Roddy, 320 Lakeshore Ave. quickly.

## New Doctor Comes To Centre Island

Centre Island has a new doctor, a full-time resident, Dr. (formerly Captain) Kenneth B. Sunderland, recently retired from the Canadian Army on medical grounds, has established an office on Manitow Road.

Dr. Sunderland comes to Centre Island after a year and a half in the army. He held various posts in the R.C.A.M.C. and was preparing to go overseas with the First Canadian Field Ambulance company when his retirement was brought about by his health.

A native of Toronto, Dr. Sunderland attended Malvern collegiate and graduated from the University of Toronto. He practised in Niagara Falls, Ont., for a time, and later was an industrial doctor looking after employees of the Sarnia synthetic rubber plant. Polywater, Ltd., prior to joining the army.

## Shiawassie Fire Disappoints Kids

Mrs. Johnson, 6 Shiawassie Ave., gave the neighbors a thrill just at dusk on May 3rd. The trusty F.D. with their big red engine and motorcycle escort arrived to investigate a chimney fire. Dirt in the flue had ignited but no damage was done. The fireman left—Mrs. Johnson sighed and the kids walked home muttering to themselves.

## Draft Constitution Distributed Get Yours Before The Meeting

By the time this paper reaches you every member of the Association whose present address could be obtained will have received a copy of the proposed constitution. A great deal of time and effort has been expended by the constitution committee in the preparation of this draft, and it merits careful consideration by all who are interested in the future of the Associa-

tion. General approval of the constitution by the membership at large will be sought at the first general meeting which, it is expected, will be held early in June. Any member who has not yet received a copy or any person wishing to see one is asked to communicate with the secretary, Alan Howard, at 410 Lakeshore Ave. Phone AD. 0618.

### V.A.D. Girls Can Aid Greatly In Recovery Of Wounded

May I just put in a few words about what Viv and Noni are doing? Why? you ask. Many girls are doing the same job and seem to be doing it just as well.

Perhaps so, but these two seem to have grasped that there is a little more to this healing business than making beds, changing bandages and the other jobs that a V. A. D. has to do.

Let me explain. A young man that suddenly finds himself without a hand, or a leg, starts to think. And, with his wound, he usually has plenty of time to do it. He wonders how he is going to be accepted by society, especially the opposite sex. Very often these can be very cruel when meeting him, by the look of horror in their eyes or the thoughtless questions they fire at him.

Consequently, he turns in on himself and decides to do without company. He becomes crochety and irritable, sometimes even rude to his nurses and others that are around him. Then there can be a change.

A new V.A.D. comes on. She is attractive. She is assigned to feed him, spoonful by spoonful, but she is different. She talks to him quietly, she doesn't ask embarrassing questions. She doesn't seem to feel it is an imposition to look after him, and she really likes his company. She comes back to talk in her off periods, and when he is able to get up she goes for walks with him around the grounds. They talk quietly about what he wants to do when he is discharged from hospital. She sometimes brings little tidbits to tempt his unmet appetite so that finally he feels it isn't going to be so tough after all.

"So many people forget, when there are so many wounded, that these fellows minds must be healed too. They have had a shock and it takes some little time to get over it. Little things to the average person mean a great deal.

These two girls, I feel, deserve a great deal of credit for going just a little beyond what they are expected to do in helping a fellow out of a rut that is pretty deep. Keep it up girls. You will never be sorry for what you are doing. Several of us know. We've been through the same mill.

#### BOYCES ARE BACK

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Boyce have returned to the Island for the summer. They are again staying with Mrs. Roddy, at 320 Lakeshore Ave.

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### Even If You Haven't Moved How About Filling This In

Alan Howard, the Association secretary, says he is having some fun trying to track down a lot of people who have moved since last heard from on the Island. How about printing your name and address on this coupon and dropping it in the News Box? It will take just a second while you're strolling down the Main Drag.

MY NAME .....  
MY ISLAND ADDRESS .....  
MY CITY ADDRESS .....

### Mrs. Betty Swalwell Expresses Gratitude

Mrs. W. J. (Betty) Swalwell has asked us to express her gratitude for the many condolences and floral offerings sent during her recent bereavement, including the tributes from the Island children. Everybody, particularly the kiddies, remember him for his warm-heartedness and ever-present willingness to be of help to friend or stranger alike.

This paper feels his loss very keenly, for we had looked forward to having him unfold for our readers some of the interesting experiences he has had in the years that he has been on the Island and around the Great Lakes.

### Here's The Lowdown On The 1st President Of Your Association

For those several hundred new members the Centre Island Association will have, this is to present your president, Alf Whiskin. It can be only a brief sketch, since Alf's activities in behalf of the Island, and especially Centre Island, are a series of continuous developments. An outline of his part in the form-



ALF. WHISKIN

ation of your Association last fall, and progress in beach-saving construction, and boat service, were contained in his report to the membership and an interview with him on the plings at the foot of St. Andrew's Ave. in the last issue of The Centre Islander.

Alf and his wife Ruth have been year 'round residents at their home on St. Andrew's for the past six years. Mrs. Whiskin, a daughter of Mrs. E. E. Cox of 368 Lakeshore Ave., has spent the summer on the Island for most of her life. Alan Cox of Shawassie is a brother.

They have four children, Joan, 14, who attends St. Clement's school; Peter, 11, at the Island school and the junior R.C.Y.C.; and twin daughters, Janno and Judy, 9, at the Island school.

Alf is general agent in Canada for the St. Louis and Southwestern Railway line, and his business takes him on many trips to various parts of the country. He was a leader in the organization of the Civilian Defence Unit which covered the entire Island, and was District Warden of the A.R.P. until its recent suspension.

### 'Doc' Hubert Pocock In Hospital--'Better'

"Doc" Hubert Pocock, the six-foot-four-or-five osteopath whose summer residence is at a Pointac, suffered a heart attack May 3 and was in a serious condition for several hours. Latest reports from St. Michael's Hospital are that he is progressing favorably.

"Doc" Pocock's first claim to fame is his family of five, all in the armed services. Jack, the eldest, is a lieutenant, at present on loan to the British army. Pit. Lieut. Hubert is running a recreation centre for the Knights of Columbus in the south of England.

Rosamond, the only daughter, is a section officer at the Eastern Air Command, Halifax. Neil is completing his officers' training course, and Jerry, the youngest, is an ordinary seaman at H.M.C.S. Cornwallis.

### Teacher Hayne Reported Better

Commissioner Chambers heard an appeal by Len Johnson on behalf of the Island Canoe Club and Islanders who want to join a swimming section, to swim in Long Pond under competent supervision. He has quite sympathetic and saw no reason why some arrangements could not be made, and is working for us along those lines at the present time.

### Ladies Guild Winter Group Elects Officers For '44-'45

The final meeting of the season 1943-1944 of the Winter Group, St. Andrew's Women's Guild, was held May 4, at the home of Mrs. Johnson, 480 Lakeshore Ave. Meetings have been held bi-monthly at the home of different group members, when short informal programs have been given, and sewing on sitings for blood plasma for the Red Cross has been done. At Christmas the children who attended the Island School Sunday School were given bags of fruit and candy, which had been prepared by the group members.

Officers were chosen at the May 4 meeting for the Fall season, and they were Mrs. Barnes, chairman; Mrs. Ham, vice-chairman, and Mrs. North, secretary-treasurer. The next meeting is to be held the first week in October.

The following ladies have attended meetings during the past season—Mrs. Reed, Mrs. Ham, Mrs.

Johnson, Mrs. Waddell, Mrs. Whiskin, Miss Weston, Mrs. Aitken, Mrs. Bullock, Mrs. Trudeau, Mrs. McMaster, Mrs. Mae Johnston, Mrs. Stewart, Mrs. Dinsmore, Mrs. Chetwynd, Mrs. Thomas, Mrs. North, Mrs. Cutting, Mrs. Hough, and Mrs. Barnes.

"Well, I certainly made a good impression on her," said the candidate bottomed chair as the artist's model stood up.

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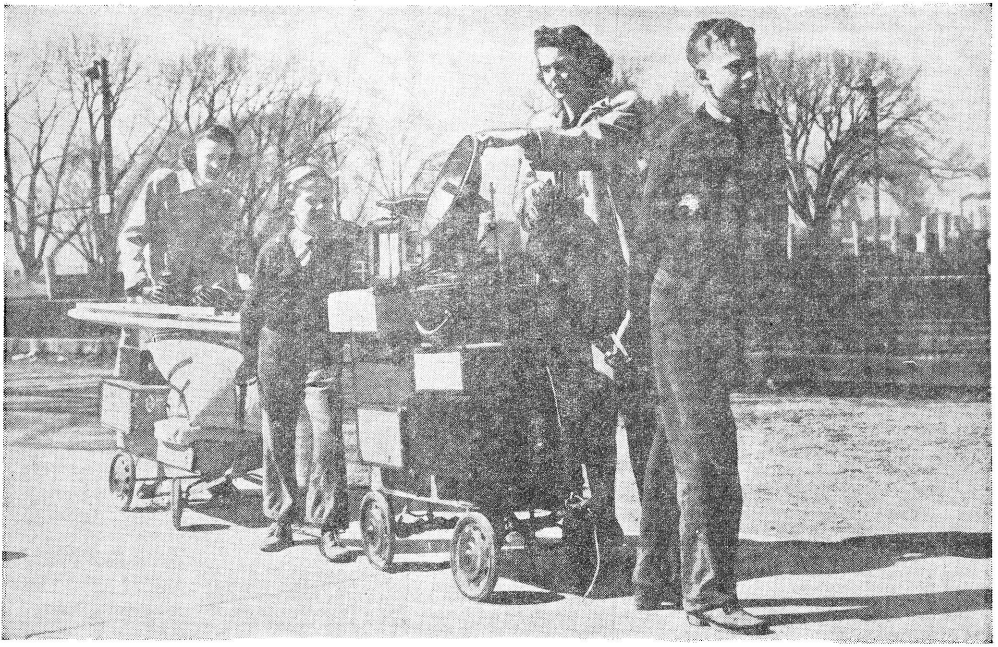
The Prize

# A SKETCH BY ONE OF CANADA'S

OUTSTANDING CHILD

# ARTISTS

**YOU MAY RECOGNIZE SOME OF YOUR OWN TROUBLES HERE**



**IF YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO GO THROUGH ALL THIS — YOU'RE LUCKY**

**Volunteer Reporter Finds Story Well Worth Printing**

I see, by the latest issue of our paper that we are asked to do a little reporting.

We have a new resident on Centre Island, I should say, new residents, who should not go unnoticed. The new resident is an assuming sort of chap who would rather not let anyone know he is here. But an incident which happened on the boat coming from Toronto makes us think that people should be reminded that, because a man is in civilian clothes does not mean that he is not, or has not done his part in this war.

We were sitting on the boat the other night, and along side of us sat two ladies talking about their sons. One lady said to the other, "Is your boy Johnny O.K. yet and where is he?" The lady replied that "Johnny" was in Italy, and looking straight. My fellow passenger she said, "It makes me do D—mad when I think of him over there, when there are so many young men doing nothing but enjoying themselves, and able to live on the Island in summertime, while he is fighting for them."

My fellow passenger merely smiled at me and shook his head for me to not say anything, otherwise I would have told her there and then, that such things should not be said.

I know the lady—know-her very well, and I hope some day that she finds out how much such things

must hurt the men who have returned.

My fellow passenger was Capt. B. R. Meggs, ex-pilot of the R.A.F. served in Russia, Africa, Gibraltar, Malta and England. Also served in China before the present war started. He has the highest decoration of the Russian and Chinese governments, was shot down eight times, spent three days in a dinghy in the English Channel.

He is now living at 362 Lakeshore, (Killarney) here on Centre Island with his wife and daughter, Betty, and Betty Ann.

After going through 5 years of war it must hurt when unthinking people say things like the lady on the boat did. Can't we remind these people some way, that we have men in civies now who have done their part and been invalided out?—A. Johnson.

**IRIS RETURNS**

Iris Hunt, our blond bomber, is back on the Island again this summer. If you see her with a white smock over her arm, note the Red Cross insignia. Iris is taking a seven week course at Central Tech. in Large Quantity Cooking. After this will follow a First Aid series.

**Islanders' Kindness Maintains Our Faith In Human Nature**

David M. Dorward, the soldier blinded in Sicily who lived for a time at Centre Island, has settled on a farm near Yarker, north of Kingston. His wife has written to N. G. Fraser, thanking him for

**Write It Yourself It Is Your Paper**

Lots of people are stopping members of the Association's executive and this newspaper's editorial board on the street—or telephoning them at their homes or offices, saying, "Here's something for your newspaper."

It isn't our paper, it's their newspaper—the community's newspaper. While we are getting together a reporting staff who are making it their job to ferret out news—we want all the news, the kind of news these well-meaning supporters are offering—but it would help tremendously if they'd just write the article down and drop it in the Centre Islander News-Box in front of Hughes Marketaria on Manitow Road. Or if it is written down and they can't get to the news-box any interested member will be glad to take it there for them.

It's awfully difficult to find the time to write up dozens of articles that are given verbally—but it only takes a minute or so for the individual. If you feel that you can't write well enough—just put down the bare facts, sign your name, address and telephone number so that we can contact you if further details are required—our Editorial staff will put it into newspaper parlance for you. But try writing it YOURSELF—it's YOUR newspaper, and you'll be amazed at how well you'll do as a reporter.

**Who Made The Red Puddle On Willow Lodge Porch?**

Helen Sorawier—the blond from Willow Lodge who won a contest for her likeness to Bette Davis, is now in the Air Force, attending Wireless School down in Montreal. From all reports, she likes it very well. The uniform certainly becomes her.

Ken Gregory, the Willow Lodge cosmopolitan, was married on Saturday, April 29. Congratulations and best wishes.

Doris MacCallum and seven other people (?) went down to Buffalo last winter for a week's spree. The lucky seventh was Ralph LeRoux, now stationed with the R.C. A.F. at Rivers, Manitoba.

The Lodge welcomed Helen Lindsay and Mary Jocelyn back after an absence of two years. Helen returned, armed with paint and brushes, and filled with interior decorating ideas. Mary returned with a husband, and was reintroduced as Mary Hazel.

Last fall everyone at Willow Lodge extended their sincere sympathy to Louise Bonpas, whose husband was listed as one of the first casualties of Sicily. Louise is now in New York studying designing.

The "Everything happens to me" girl at the Lodge bought a can of paint and put it on one of the verandah chairs while she parked her bicycle. The can rolled off—the paint ran out—and the grey veran-

dah suddenly blazed forth with a tile red puddle. She painted her floor, being careful to paint her way out. Unfortunately, though, she found she could not get back in to turn off the light. Result one light burning steadily for forty-eight hours. We wonder if Mrs. Knight will notice an increase in her electric bill. She turned the hot water tap on—and it wouldn't turn off. Of course the washer was worn out, but she didn't know that. She walked downstairs at 12 o'clock one night, carrying a basket of clothespins. The whole house was silent. . . . Her heel caught in her slack cuff, she tripped, and the clothespins—with a roar of thunder—scrambled down the stairs. As "Mickey" (Mrs. Knight to you) described it—she thought the end of the world had come.

**FIRST LADY BREADMAN**

We hope to catch Centre Island's first female to push a bread bicycle around the Island, but we'll have to wait for the next issue. We'll tell you all about her then.

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### The Centre Islander

Published 18 times during the season by the Centre Island Association in the interests of making Centre Island a better place in which to spend a holiday, and to live.

Editorial Board—A. W. Whiskin, F. J. Walter, Doug. Caldwell, Fd. Day, Len Johnson.

Editor—Stuart Brownlee, Phone WA. 0094.

Advertising Manager—Alan Cox.

Editorial and Publication Office, Room 701, 69 Yonge St., Toronto. Advertising rates on application. Published April 28, May 12, 19, June 2, 16, 30, July 7, 14, 21, 28, August 4, 11, 18, 25, September 1, 8, 15, 22.

Circulation—Guaranteed 2,000 to Centre Island consumers.

### The Association And The Red Cross

The question has been asked "will these two bodies conflict—particularly insofar as entertainments and other money-raising activities are concerned?" It must be remembered that all members are loyal and patriotic citizens of the community—and as such recognize the extreme necessity of the work of the Red Cross, particularly in time of war.

Accordingly, it is the fixed policy of the Association to back the Red Cross to the limit. Rather than have a handful of Red Cross people doing the work, we want those efforts swelled by the help of the hundreds of members of the Association. Salvage shouldn't be collected and hauled around by a few people who have made the Red Cross their particular interest—it should become the duty of every member of the Association.

Future audiences at Island affairs will include hundreds of Association members. Each one must feel responsible for the labor involved, as well as the success of the entertainment. Think of how many volunteers for the bicycle parking work at the dock we should be able to draw from the Association. And let it be known that we aim to enroll every resident as a member of the Association and we hope to have them as complete supporters of all activities, making sure that they drop their parking ticket in the slot, even if there isn't a watch-dog on hand to see that it's done. It isn't smart to cheat at anything. It's criminal to cheat a worthwhile cause.

We are all the same people, all members of our own community, all with the same virtues and patriotism and have the same interests at heart. Together the Association and the Red Cross will aggregate a much greater result. Let them go forward—their efforts cannot be divided and will not be if the thoughts expressed herein are taken to heart.

### On Curing A Frying Pan

Steaks being more plentiful than in the past, we got ourself a nice, old-fashioned cast-iron frying pan the other day. It was the first such utensil we had ever seen in its pristine splendor. It even carried a recipe for getting it ready to use, and several people on the boat were helpful. They offered all kinds of suggestions for getting it seasoned.

We started off fine. The first step indicated on the instructions said to boil a strong solution of washing soda in the pan for half an hour. That made the pan smell like an overworked piece of machinery. It reeked of dirty oil. We scoured it according to directions and that helped some.

The instructions next called for a warm oven and some unsalted fat. We went out and bought half a pound of lard, and spent the next hour stooping over with our head in the oven, swishing the fat around. We dutifully scoured it after exactly one hour, washed it, and dried it. The third and final step called for "plenty of unsalted fat" and four hours in a warm oven, with the fat again swished around the edges. That preceded going out to a party if our pan was to be usable in the next week. So we entertained, the ladies being first amused and then amazed at the loving, sweating hours of care being given this hunk of cast iron.

The stove being used to cook the frying pan, we went out for sandwiches and the restaurant man suggested getting the pan with its unsalted fat real hot. It was quicker, he said.

So went back and tried getting the pan really hot. That got the lard hot too. The lard smoked. And hot lard smoke isn't particularly nice in your eyes. We returned to the "warm oven" of the instructions, and burned a hand. We muttered. The assembled company giggled. We muttered that it might almost be easier to get married than to cook a frying pan for a week so that we would have a frying pan to cook things in.

P.S.—There was a doctor looking for a body in our apartment, but the doc is our next door neighbor. We left the gas on and went to the city. The doc doesn't like lard smoke.

P.P.S.—The pan is progressing favorably, thank you. And we can cook steaks. It's a challenge.

This is the season for the bull frog chorus along the lakeshore. Anyone who hasn't heard it in the quiet of late evening has really missed one of the beauties of life on the Island. After rowing home from the city about 2.00 am, the other day, a walk along the shore was a treat. Hundreds of frogs inside the breakwater were in full voice, each trying to out-sing the neighbor. At one spot, we listened to a chorus of five, each one coming in a tone higher than the one before him. They trilled for about three minutes without a break.

### ISLANDANTICS



### OVER TO OPEN THINGS UP

By Unsworth And Johnson

Three tortoises went into a restaurant one day for a cup of coffee. Just after they had ordered, they noticed it had begun to rain, and the biggest tortoise said to the littlest tortoise: "Go home and fetch the umbrella." The littlest tortoise said he would if the others promised not to drink his coffee while he was gone, to which they agreed.

A Month passed and finally the biggest tortoise said to the medium-sized tortoise: "I guess he's not coming back; we may as well drink his coffee." At which a small voice from the door was heard to say: "If you do, I won't go."

### Letters To The Editor

Dear Mr. Editor:

Those fellows who sit around in the firehall at the end of Manitou Rd., next the bridge, have my problems too. I know how most Islanders feel as they dash for the 8.30 boat in the morning. Those lucky fellows basking at the end of the dock every day...

I was speaking to "Army" the other day and he said, "I really had a rotten job to do today: I had to run around on the motorcycle and tell people to put out their bonfires. Makes you feel like a schoolkid, especially when someone says, 'Watcha' wan' me to do with these old leaves—eat em?'"

These are the things, Mr. Editor, that most people don't seem to realize. There are four firemen on each shift—a man must have a day off—whose job it is to protect the life and property of thousands of people during the summer months. That's a big responsibility—I wouldn't like to have it resting on my shoulders. Ask Capt. Florence. He is the lad that carries the load!

My suggestion is that "The Centre Islander" ought to tell of the urgent need of their co-operation. I don't suggest that when people clean up their lot and burn refuse on their property they are breaking the law. On the contrary, we need more people on Centre Island that are interested in making our community look like the Eden it could and should be. What I do think is this—if people would wet and hold up their finger before lighting a fire and make sure that the wind, if any, is blowing in a direction which precluded any possibility of spreading the fire and if they were to lay out the garden hose just in case their judgement was poor, it would relieve the fire department of a lot of unnecessary calls and leave them in readiness for more important fires which might occur. Ninety-nine percent of us are living in frame houses, perfect food for a conflagration and we need (more than most of us realize) the protection of those lazy-sounding firemen opposite Frank Fish's boat house.

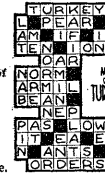
Through the official paper of the Centre Island Association, I believe you can draw this to the attention of the residents and do a double service. First you will make Islanders conscious of the grave danger we are in continuously. Secondly you will, perhaps, gain the co-operation of citizens in being a little more careful when they dispose of refuse by medium of the flame...

### LARGE FELINE

#### HORIZONTAL

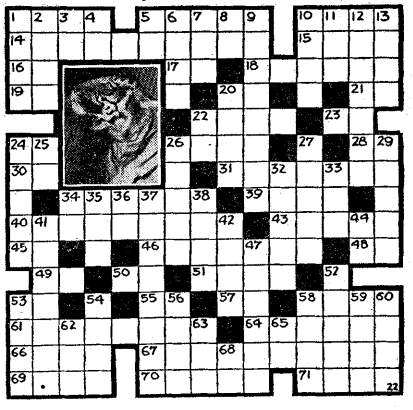
- 1 Part of a church.
- 5 Pictured animal.
- 10 Formerly.
- 14 Apparatus of execution.
- 15 Vessel.
- 16 Measure.
- 17 Any.
- 18 Immediate.
- 19 Concerning.
- 20 East.
- 21 Musical note.
- 22 Fermented grain.
- 23 Chinese measure.
- 24 Because.
- 26 Male of cow.
- 28 Symbol for calcium.
- 30 Behold!
- 31 Dedicated.
- 32 Battered.
- 39 Take out.
- 40 Pirate.
- 41 Fur up.
- 43 Pronoun.
- 46 Unpaid balance.
- 47 Editor (abbr.)
- 48 Letter of alphabet.
- 50 Mystic word.

#### Answer to Previous Puzzle



#### VERTICAL

- 1 Type of seaweed.
- 2 Unadulterated.
- 3 Yes (Spanish) (abbr.).
- 4 Elevated.
- 5 Toward.
- 6 Italian (abbr.).
- 7 Alcohol.
- 8 Type measure.
- 9 Drove back.
- 10 Musical instrument.
- 11 Name.
- 12 Whim.
- 13 Suffix.
- 14 Without hair.
- 22 Greek letter.
- 24 Excuse.
- 25 Thus.
- 26 One who bales.
- 27 Toys.
- 29 Summed up.
- 32 Changes course.
- 33 Beverage.
- 34 Eleven hundred.
- 35 Month (abbr.).
- 36 Baby's first word.
- 37 Covered with hard coating.
- 38 Slave.
- 41 Implement.
- 42 Back.
- 44 Symbol for tellurium.
- 47 Entrages.
- 52 Courtyard.
- 53 Used in sewing.
- 54 Destiny.
- 56 Former ruler.
- 59 Kind of material.
- 60 Formerly.
- 62 French coin.
- 63 Street (abbr.).
- 65 Near.
- 68 Type measure.







### Award Trophies To Boys, Girls Aiding Island

BY MATT CHETWYND  
The Centre Island Association has presented two challenge trophies to the boys and girls under 18 who show the greatest athletic prowess and contributes the greatest effort towards cultural life on the Island.

The competition will be conducted on a point basis; points will be awarded for participation in all activities on the Island which lead towards improvement of health and cultural life.

The competition will officially begin on Saturday, May 27 with a track and field meet in the afternoon followed by a double-header softball game in the evening; and will continue until September, 1944. The boy and girl who has the highest point total at that date will be presented with the trophies which they will retain for one year. The two winners will be presented with a small replica to be retained by them.

#### Rules of Competition

- Entrants:
1. Must be paid up members of the Centre Island Association.
  2. Must not yet have reached their 18th birthday.
  3. Must hand in, or mail, in writing their name, age and address to Matt Chetwynd, Upper 18, Hooded Ave., on or before 8:00 p.m. May 26th, 1944.
  4. The executive of the Centre Island Association reserves the right to refuse, cancel, or drop from the competition, at any time, any entrant who commits any deed or act considered detrimental to the welfare of the community.
  5. Competition for 1944 opens May 27, and closes in September.
  6. The standing of all entrants will be published in The Centre Islander.

Points will be awarded as follows: Anyone who is able to produce any of the following during the season—St. Johns Ambulance First Aid certificates (Senior or Junior); Royal Life Saving Society certificates; swimming certificates; home nursing or other certificates of this type—50 points.

Track and Field: Five points for each event entered, plus points gained in placing 1, 2, or 3 in any event.

Marathon Run: 1 point for entering, 2 for finishing and points as follows for finishing in order, 1, 15, 2, 12, 3, 10; 4, 8, 5, 6, 6, 5, 7, 4, 3, 2.

Church Attendance: Any denomination (your church will have a list of all entrants) 10 points for one church service attended on Sunday, 5 points extra for more than one attendance on a Sunday.

Softball: 5 points for every organized game; 1 point per practice; 2 points for being on a winning side.

Tennis: 10 points for being a member of any club; 5 points for playing in any tournament; 1 point per practice (45 minutes or longer).

Swimming, diving, canoeing: 10 points for membership in any recognized club, plus any points won during any competition.

Points will be awarded for attendance of any organized form of activity during the season other than the activities mentioned in the foregoing, sponsored either by the Centre Island Association or any other recognized club or organization.



## Reminiscences Fill In Time Till Things Get Going Again

BY LEN JOHNSON

Before the recreational activities of the Island get under way and we are able to report on the results of the various games and races to come, how about reminiscing about a few of the sports happenings of a few short years ago. Really some of the outstanding events of sportdom on these Islands are quite recent but seem so way back on account of all the pressure of the war.

Remember the sterling performance of Doug Roddy behind the line in the games on Olympic Island before he met a hero's fate over Germany as a pilot? Those who knew Doug felt privileged to have met a gentleman. Remember the lusty hand wars of Tommy Clayton, Jim Hepburn, and Joe Battersby and the crowds who watched the games night after night.

Turning to tennis, remember the hard sets of tennis in the finals between Ted Hard and Harold Costello, and the grand performances of Jean MacLeod and Isabel Cation.

Turning to aquatics, remember the bunch of war youngsters in 1939 who, as juvenile crew, paddled in the 50 dollar cast-off war canoe from the Boulevard Club? How they not only won every juvenile race of the season, including Canadian championships, but entered the men's junior division and won every race of the season; a crew that was never beaten that year and won a Canadian war canoe championship for three consecutive years until the suspension of final meets on account of the war. Also in 1939, remember when the Island club placed four of its members on Canada's Olympic team out of a total of eight chosen from all over Canada. Those boys, Aubrey Ireland, Terry Evans, Jim Grubher and Art Johnson, along with the unbeaten war canoe crew gave the Island a real taste of glory.

Evans, Ireland IN R.C.A.F. By the way, Terry Evans is a flying officer instructor in the R.C.A.F.; Cary Grubher is married and watches his little cottage by the sea in Vancouver; Art Johnson, turned down for military service, is on the Island, and married to a girl from Texas last fall. They met whilst both were on holidays in Muskoka last year; Aubrey Ireland is in the Air Force, stationed out west at the present time, and will be home on leave for two weeks pretty soon. Aubrey Ireland turned in a spectacular effort that year in 1939. He qualified for Canada's Olympic team in two events, at the trials, winning the singles, and with Terry Evans won the tandem event. He relinquished his singles place on the team to the second man in order to paddle tandem with his partner Terry. He made a world record time in his singles which still stands unbeaten. Before leaving Muskoka, remember how the Island Club placed four of its members on Long Pond before thousands of people under the direction of Mr. and Mrs. Milling. By the way, Mr. and Mrs. Milling live on the Island to live on the Island this year. George Milling's profession of a civil engineer, has taken him all over the Ontario nursing country.

### Ontario Swim Meet Held End Of June

The Ontario swimming championships will be held at Sunnyside swimming pool about the end of June. The Island Canoe Club is renewing its membership in the Canadian Amateur Swimming Association this spring and would like to have some entries in the various age groups. All swimmers get in touch with Art Johnson, 310 Lakeshore Art has been on the coaching staff of the Lakeshore Swimming Club all winter and will coach and teach for the L.C.C. this summer and help in the organizing of classes to teach swimming to young and old.

and also to work on the Polymer synthetic rubber plant at Scarata, Mrs. Milling has had considerable success in directing classes for women and girls in physical culture, and corrective exercises for various ailments.

#### Two Yacht Clubs

Remember the tussles and manoeuvres in the sailing races and the crews of the R.C.Y.C. and Queen City Yacht Club upholding the honor of the Island and Toronto in local and international races. A lot of us used to follow the fortunes of Dick Lennox and his C Boat. There were none better in these parts.

It's quite a leap from sports to nature study, but maybe this can be placed under the heading of aquatics. Constable Roberts who had also been game warden for several years was talking to us about wild ducks and their nesting. On the other day, about the dock, I built a nest one late spring in the cracks of a tree in the pen at the docks at Centre and bathed out her young and got them safely away with thousands of people having passed under the tree while waiting for, or on their way to the boat. He told of a duck who had a nest in a hollow on Olympic Island who hatched out her little quacks oblivious to the gaze of humans who often gathered around to watch her do her stuff. He says this spring, Mr. McLean at Chipewewa, has a black duck sitting on a nest of eggs right in the middle of one of his flower beds.

Before rambling too far away from sports activities and recreation, we want to appeal to everyone to take an interest in some one or two of the Island's activities this year.

### Junior Boys Have Use of Swim Tank

Civil authorities have made available to Rev. D. G. Churcher, a group of Harris-on swimming tank on Tuesday afternoons between four and five p.m. He in turn has offered it to a group of Centre Island junior boys, most of whom are headed together under the presidency of Ian Stewart. Mr. Churcher will meet the boys at the city ferry docks and drive them to and from the tank.

The boys in this group who are interested can meet Ian Stewart at Sunday school at the Island school, Sunday, May 14. Rev. Mr. Churcher is the minister who has conducted services at the Island all winter and will carry on this summer at St. Andrew's by the Lake church, Cherookee and Lakeshore Ave. From these sources, likely championships may be found for more intensive training under the aquatic section of the Association.

## He Finds A Balanced Racquet Useful In Different Ways

By George Slade

"ODE TO A COW" or "ILL SEE YOU AT THE MILK BAR, KEWPIE"

Our chemists wise, it comes to pass Are making milk from grain and grass, But lovers of this fluid say, They much prefer the udder way.

Hey!!! Hey!!! I'll be seeing' you in a nadder issue. Hiyah!!! members. A couple weeks have gone by since we had a session together, and altho' the weatherman has been in one of his good moods (at least he has been up to the time of this scribbling). I haven't used my tennis racquet for anything more exciting than driving home a few light shingle nails.

By the way, that's one thing all tennis players should aspire to own, viz, a racquet that is properly balanced. You will find that your game will be toned up considerably, and you will probably get places in tournament play.

Eventually, you reach the ripe old age where you don't give a continental whether you win the tournament or not, and by that time you have probably arrived at the stage of life where most of your hours on the home front are devoted to household chores, and the administration of punishment to your mischievous offspring, and take it from me, dear members, a well-balanced racquet comes in mighty handy!!! Oh my yes!!! Mighty handy!!!

I see plenty of old members are on hand already—that perennial Casanova Don Bate is piddling about, impatiently waiting for the hot summer sun to chase away his asthmatic wheezes—and our treasurer, Edith Rowe (one of the nicest babes in the club) who still looks as nice as ever; ex-president Bob (Ordnance) Smith is on hand, and devoting his spare time drumming up a junior tennis section for the club. Athab "P.T."!!!

Both Al and Kemp Cox are going to play again, and it sure will seem like old times to see Alan on the courts again—the poor old fellas' has been so busy fixing up "Cox Manor" on Shawassie that he hasn't lifted a racquet (except to beat off the babes) for two seasons. Oh, baby! there's one guy I think I can beat, that is, if I grab him the first night he shows up. He tells me that his cut lil' daughter "Tom" earns her pocket money by periodically polishing the Community Club's trophies, most of which are temporarily cluttering up the Cox home.

Since to see "Mary Jane" Evans, Joan "Three Star" Hennessey, Norma Phillips, Jeanette Allan and Betty "Brittle Bones" Sutton all on the Island again (may their

shadows never grow less is what I always say) all the names of our members whose names I didn't jot down.

Blast my memory. I haven't seen Lieut. Campbell Cowan (the sailor's benefactor) or Win, around yet, but they will be with us, I hope, I hope, I hope. Don Newton will be a week-end visitor from his Ontario spot in Ottawa, and I understand Lieut. "Pud" Morrison is expected too; they are both great lads, and fine assets to any party. "Pud" sings college songs and stuff. He is the possessor of a fine voice, much like "Bing Crosby", maybe not so tuneful, but just as loud.

Sergeant Teddy Hird is still looking after the interests of the Argill and Sutherlanders in Hamilton, but I expect he will be bringing Bets and family to visit my old flame "Tom" Hird plenty of week-ends. Frank and Joe Hill are expected to spend a fortnight's holiday on the Island this summer. They reside in Montreal now—Frank sells airplanes, and Judy is doing a wartime chore at the Sugar Administrator's office, and for my dough, that is just where that sweet lil' bunk-off-stuff belongs. I'm looking forward to seeing plenty of both of them soon.

I just got word that our president Jack Mein and secretary Helen Mein are taking the season off, and will not be on hand to manhandle the club's business. Oh! Woe is us. We are certainly going to miss them plenty. A meeting of the remnants of last year's executive is in the immediate offing, and two or three replacements will have to be voted into office for this year's committee, so if several of you old members are approached and requested to act, please do not give us the "Let George do it" answer.

### FIRST CLASS BICYCLE REPAIR

We are now prepared to give Islanders a prompt bicycle repair service by experienced repairman.

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# CENTRE ISLANDERS ON ACTIVE SERVICE

We urge all Islanders to give us up-to-date news of their relatives and friends in the Armed forces, no matter where they might be. Drop particulars, or extracts from their letters in the "Centre Islander" newbox on Manitou Road — we'll do the rest. Also let us have good glossy prints of them — which will be as space permits. No better medium for exchange of information about our boys and girls in the forces can be found than the "Centre Islander", which will be sent free to all, but you must let us have their mailing addresses so that this can be done.

Two years ago this month, Flt. Sergt. Duggan Roddy crashed in the North Sea. Not only did the R.C.A.F. lose one of its good pilots, but Centre Island lost one of its finest young citizens.

Dug. Roddy, son of Mrs. Mae Roddy, 320 Lakeshore Ave., was working with the T. Eaton Co. when he enlisted. He had been a member of the Eaton young men's club, and on the Island had taken part in everything that was worthwhile. Len Johnson in this issue recalls some of his paddling feats. Others will remember other activities, his church work, his keenness for the Island, and a multitude of other enthusiasms which endeared him to everyone.

Dug. enlisted early in the war, and after training at several air stations in Canada, received his pilot's wings and went overseas. Just before he left, he married Margaret Hawkins. They had eight days together. Duggan was captain of the crew of his Wellington bomber, as well as pilot. After a long raid, Duggan realised the plane could not reach Britain, and headed for Sweden and neutral territory, rather than land on enemy-held land.

The plane could not make it, and crashed into the North Sea. Duggan and his crew mates were buried on the little German island of Fohr.

Immediately her husband was reported missing, and then killed on operations, the bride of a year joined the Red Cross and insisted on overseas service. She has been working in London for some time, and just recently wrote to Duggan's mother that she had been to the station from which Duggan took off on his last flight.

Jack Roddy, a private in the Irish regiment, was with his regiment in England when detached for a course in signals in Scotland. Jack was bitterly disappointed when he finished his signals course to find, when he went to rejoin the Irish, that they had left for Italy ten days before.

Jack is now awaiting a chance to get back with his regiment, and incidentally to get to Italy where his friend Bob Robson is with a tank unit. Bob is another of the Centre Island lads in the thick of the fighting of whom we will hear more later.

R.A.F. Coastal Command. Between the few days following his wedding and October, 1942, the couple never saw each other—but at that time they managed two weeks together in Montreal when he arrived on temporary duty with the Ferry Command. They have again been separated since Oct. 1942 as John has been continuously serving overseas.

Congratulations to Louis McCarty, who returned to Toronto from Edmonton this week, duly commissioned and proudly wearing his Observer's wing. He has just completed a year in uniform, having enlisted with two other Islanders, Tommy Hodgson of Iroquois Ave. and Doug Robinson, a Ward's Island boy.

Tommy is now training to be a pilot at High River, Alta., while Doug is hoping to receive his wings at Brantford in about a month. Lou has spent nineteen summers on the Island, where his family lived for many years. His elder brother Roy, who was also well known to Islanders was lost early in the war while serving in a merchant ship on the North Atlantic.

Louis passed through Manning

Track, Field Meet Scheduled For Saturday

First track and field meet of the season will be Saturday, May 27, at the Island Canoe Club grounds. Events begin at 2:00 p.m. Here is the lineup of events:

**Section "A"**

Senior boys (17 and under), 100 yard dash; 200 yard dash; running high jump; standing broad jump; running broad jump; rugby throw. Junior boys (14 and under); 60 yard dash; running high jump; standing broad jump; running broad jump; softball throw.

Girls (17 and under); 60 yard dash; running high jump; running broad jump; basketball throw.

**Section "B" (Open)**

Men: 100 yard dash; 3-legged race. Women: 75 yard dash; egg and spoon race; 1-legged race. Married women: 60 yard dash; shoe race; mixed sack race. Boys (under 10), 50 yard dash. Boys and girls (under 6), 50 yard dash.

**Mrs. Mary Hodgson Soon Coming Home**

Warrant Officer John Harvey Baker and Miss Shirley Bryden were married in New York Aug. 27, 1939. John sailed from Montreal on August 28 of the same year for Tanganyika, British East Africa, where he and two other geologists own a gold mine. He joined the R.A.F. in August, 1940 and took his initial training in Rhodesia and some additional courses in South Africa. He arrived in Britain in June, 1941 and has been serving since with the

Mrs. D. E. (Mary) Hodgson, hardworking and popular member of the Association's executive committee, of its building plans committee and who has done good work in collecting data on our boys in the forces, entered Grace Hospital May 3 for a slight operation. She is progressing favorably and we hope to see her back on the Island by the time this issue reaches you.

ACCURATE PRESCRIPTIONS  
**MARSHALL'S**  
TR. 1987  
Try The DRUG Store First

Depot and Initial Training School in Toronto and completed his instruction in Edmonton. Though

the people lined up for the boat and Joe Johnson with his friend pushing a wheelbarrow to the ferry boat. Good luck to you, Andy. Hope you enjoy your leave with us.

Bill Rennie was home on a flying visit for two days—and we do mean a flying visit. He took a series of short hops by plane from Halifax to Toronto. He looked pretty swag in his pursers uniform of the merchant marine. Bill was the quietest boy in the canoe club's war canoe champion crew of 1941, but strong and plenty of heart—a gentleman and real athlete.

Gord Lorimer dropped in to see us last Sunday on his rounds to say an revoir. He leaves this Sunday for Halifax. Gord graduated as an engineer from Varsity this spring and was commissioned an Engineer Sub-Lieutenant in the R.C.N.V.R. immediately on completion of his examinations. He is a member of the Island Canoe Club, 1941 champion war canoe crew and was a champion track and field athlete at Varsity. Add to these achievements the fact that every year at Varsity he won two scholarships and was always an honor student, and you have a combination of abilities that will make him a valuable member of our Navy. Good luck, Gord.

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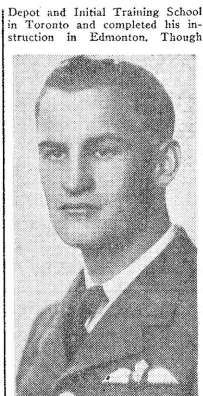
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Andy Andrews is on the Island. He played ball around these parts and is a well-known member of the Island Canoe Club. He joined the navy last year, and is now in the process of seeing the world in wartime. We saw him tossing a baseball on the main drag the other day.

He's on leave, and to our regret of the merits of residence in Halifax, says "they can have the whole city for the few acres of Centre Island." Says he and his pal, Bob Norton, a Ward's Island boy on the same ship, pretty near bawled when they got an issue of a Toronto paper showing pictures of

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## Last Week's News From Sport Fields

**Monday**—The Junior Boys Club had a practice softball game on the Olympic Island diamond at 7 p.m.

**Tuesday**—The "Jay-Gees" had a softball practice game at 7:00 p.m., followed by a mee. at Nonna Hughes home where it is said that considerable "vocal whoopee" was had around the Hughes piano.

**Wednesday**—The senior boys and men had a pick-up game and practice where some promising-looking ball players turned out to get their joints out of winter pocking. "Porcupine" Porteous, the "Five Kid of Littleton" and was always an honor student, and you have a combination of abilities that will make him a valuable member of our Navy. Good luck, Gord.

There are still a lot of young people on the Island who haven't as yet been seen at any of these practices. Your club and activities will be just as good as you are energetic in turning out and supporting them.

If you think you are too old or too young for the clubs and activities now under way—from another bunch in your own age group and lets get going. If you have any suggestions or ideas about sport or recreational times, get in touch with your Centre Island Association through Matt Chetwynd, Upper 18, Flooper Ave., right away.

If you want to get your picture in the paper and get the limelight you've got to come out of hiding. Lets ALL join in the fun this year — if you can't play games, etc.—we'll teach you—if we can't teach you—play anyway!!

"You're never too young or too old."

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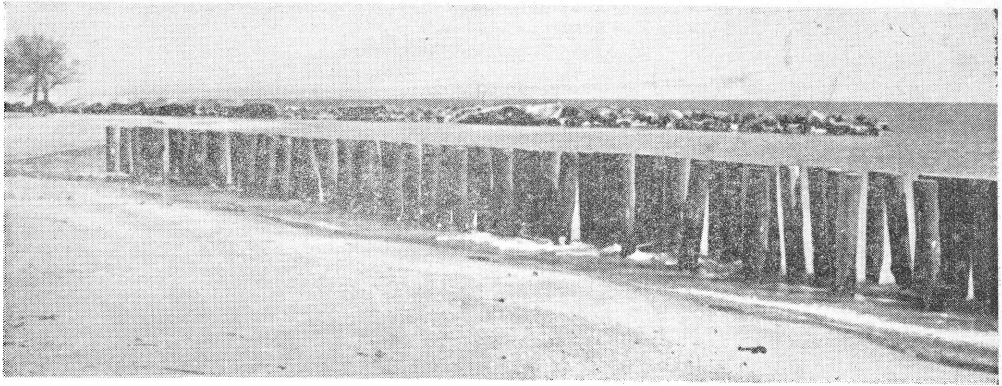
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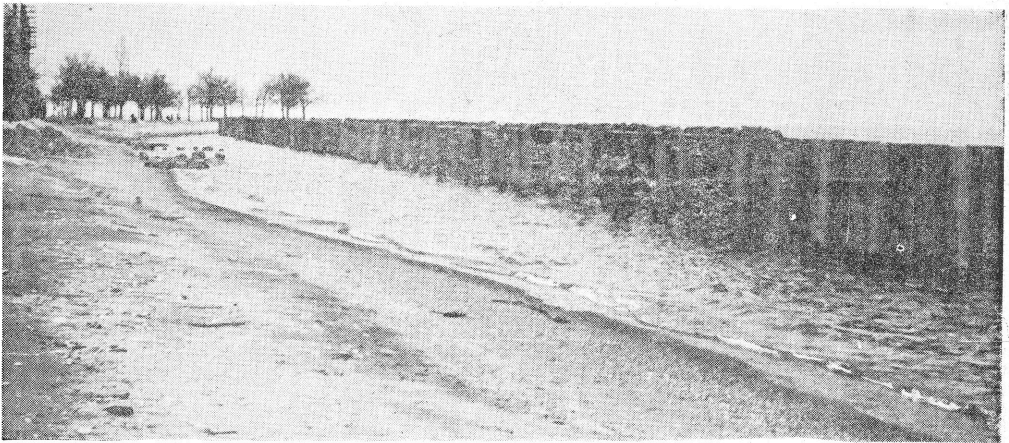
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● Phone Service open daily from 8:45 until 1:00 p.m.  
● Saturday from 8:45 until 1:00 p.m.  
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Phone TR. 5111 For any Merchandise Dept.  
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**IT ALL DEPENDS ON THE WIND AS YOU SEE THERE WAS A BEACH APRIL 7**

**HERE'S A PICTURE TAKEN EXACTLY A MONTH LATER**



**THIS IS WHAT HAPPENED WHEN THE WIND SHIFTED—NO BEACH ON MAY 7**

**YOUR ISLAND GARDENS**

By F. J. WALTER

**CONCERNING ANNUALS**

Many annuals can now be sown in the open ground and if care is taken in purchasing seeds from well known seedsmen there is no reason why the amateur gardener cannot have pleasure of producing some fine seedlings, apart from the satisfaction of watching them grow. If it is necessary to buy plants, the undermentioned list will help you make your choice of those which

usually thrive very well on the Island.

In setting the seeds, first procure some shallow boxes, say, three inches deep. (Fish boxes are just right for depth). Now prepare a mixture of two-thirds earth and one-third sand and a little fertilizer. Mix thoroughly, then fill your box to within one inch of the top. Next spread the seed sparingly, then cover very lightly with earth. A very good sprinkler can be made from a dis-used tea strainer; it gives even surface. Now press lightly and keep moist; a covering of glass will aid germination.

When the seedlings are two inches high then cut into rows, taking care not to disturb the roots. After a short while you will find the seedlings are ready to be transplanted to their permanent place.

If seeds are planted in the open ground be careful in preparing the ground, to see that it is flat, so that when it rains the water will penetrate, and not run off. Spread the seeds as mentioned above, then placing a light covering of earth, press firmly. This should provide

some very satisfactory results.

A few of the favourite varieties which should be in every garden are: Annual Anchusa . . . Antirrhinum! Asters, both single and double pastel shades; Balsam; Clarkie; Cornflower; Canterbury Bell; Cosmos; Hollyhock; Larkspur; Marigold; Gallardia; Mignonette; Stocks; Zinnia; Pinks; Drummond.

All of these will give plenty of color, and at different periods during the summer at very little cost. I would recommend Morning Glory in the three colours blue (Heavenly) white and red. The blue particularly gives an abundance of bloom, and the color is so beautiful as to make it a great favourite. The trio of colors together make a wonderful picture. The Morning Glory is very easily grown and the plants cover a great area of fence in a very short while and blooms from July until the first frosts come. Try them, you will not be disappointed, as I know from personal experience how well they thrive in the Island gardens.

Continuing from last week—Having cleared the garden of all rubbish, proceed to turn the flower beds over. First sprinkle them with some good chemical fertilizer. Spreading it with the hand is the more satisfactory method, as it can then be distributed more evenly. After this commence digging; take out a spadeful right across the bed, placing the earth at the far end of

**Your Paper Needs You As Reporter**

All you people you have ever had the urge to write have your chance—right now. The Centre Islander will need a lot of reporters to give you news of all the things that happen on the Island, and we will welcome your help. All we ask is that you take an interest in some phase of Centre Island activities.

There are to be 14 departments and probably more. For most of them, some member of the Centre Island Association has been designated. All of them will need help. Get in touch with the person named for your activity: Red Cross and Catholic church, Mrs. M. Roddy, 320 Lakeshore; Aquatic sports, Island Park tennis, bowling, Len Johnson, P.L. 2934; Community tennis, George Sibley, A.D. 7471; R.C.V.C., John Medland, P.L. 3232; Anglican church, Rev. Don Churchill, M.L. 8429; armed forces, Mrs. D. Hodgson, W.A. 2054; Main drag, Percy Hughes, W.A. 0029; Horticultural society, F. J. Walter, W.A. 0077; Association news, Alan Howard, A.D. 0048; A.P.S., Alan Cox, P.L. 8880.

that part which is to be dug. This gives you a good clear start to turn your ground over. Just the depth of the spade is sufficient and this allows the fertilizer to be near the top. When digging is completed rake over carefully and evenly and leave to rest a few days to settle. Care should be taken when digging to watch for the self-sown seedlings. These are usually quite strong, and if left, will establish themselves.

**Rev. George Doherty Will Open St. Rita's**

First mass of the season will be celebrated Sunday, May 14, in St. Rita's church, at the corner of Mahawk and Iroquois. Officiating will be Rev. George Doherty, 14 Maynard Ave. The Mass will be at 10.15 a.m.

The climbing perch from Asia is a fish that can walk on dry land and climb trees.

**FERRY FREIGHT SERVICE**

Pick-up at City Addresses and Delivery Direct to Island Residences

**BUILDING MATERIALS AT MODERATE RATES**

Toronto Transportation Commission  
Ferry Freight Department  
WA. 2619  
After 6 p.m., WA. 7816

**OPENING SOON CASINO**

In The Meantime Meet The Shermans At The

Corner Coffee Shop