

# Coronet



STATION  
LALIA, ONT.

SEPTEMBER  
1958

# A pledge for every Canadian



Conservation is a subject whose principles are found in the laws of Nature. There is no appeal or amendment to these laws — we must, every one of us, learn to co-operate with them. The Carling Conservation Club is dedicated to the preservation of our natural resources. But it is your job, too. And it's a continuing job, whether it's looking after a tree on your front lawn . . . obeying the game and fishing laws of the land . . . being careful not to start forest fires . . . or supporting your local Rod and Gun Club. You can help us to build and conserve this land of ours.

**CARLING'S RED CAP ALE**  
BREWERY LIMITED

# Contents

## Editorial

From the dawn of civilization Man has had to struggle. In his relentless pursuit of happiness, peace and contentment he has had to surmount countless obstacles.

We have taken in our stride many revolting developments — wars, pestilence, famine, floods, visiting in-laws, willful wives, ridiculous postings, demotions, Asiatic flu, grey sickness, flooded carburetors and parades at six in the morning.

These petty irritations fade into insignificance when compared to the Major Disaster confronting us today—there is no beer. NO BEER—DAMN IT—NO BEER!

This nerve-shattering situation must be dealt with, and the only solution is Home Brew. True, it is a step backwards, but then in times of Great Need one must expect to make SOME sacrifice.

The only reason you haven't heard cauldrons bubbling is that I haven't been able to procure the secret formula—even on the black market. So if anyone has a tried and true recipe for a mannerly brew that knows enough to stay in the bottle until it's wanted, share your fortune with

The Editor-in-Chief

P.S.: The best concoction submitted will appear in the next issue of the Coronet with the inventor's picture added. ★

Coronet is published quarterly with the permission of the Commanding Officer, Royal Canadian Air Force Station Centralia, Centralia, Ontario.

Editorial .....	1
Our World of Science .....	2
Playground Program .....	3
The Vanity of Mary .....	4
Airmen's Social Centre .....	5
CE News .....	6
Accounts Section .....	6
Something to Crow About .....	7
Canning .....	8
Mothers Auxiliary .....	8
Stairway To Dreamland .....	9
One Woman's Opinion .....	13
In the Library .....	14
S/L Grandin .....	15
Dr. Allison Lewis Kelland .....	16
Flight Cadet Bruce G. Harmer .....	17
Royal Visit to Stratford .....	18, 19
LAC "Bill" Humphreys .....	20
Cpl. Simonne Pelletier .....	21
"Tadpoles" .....	22
A Modern Fairy Tale .....	26
Local Colour .....	28
Tri-Service Drill Team .....	29
Ask A Silly Question .....	31
Small Fry Frustrations .....	33
Pigeons Roost .....	35
Of Recent Interest .....	36



Editor in Chief  
F/L D. A. DOLAN

Advertising Manager  
F/O J. THOMAS

Assistant Advertising Manager  
F/O E. RILEY

Business Manager  
F/O ROBERT E. REID

Women's Editor  
MRS. I. BANYARD

Sports Editor  
CPL. G. NOSEWORTHY

Artist  
RAY MANTO

Accountant  
F/O ROBERTS

Checking and Circulation  
F/O McLAUGHLIN

Circulation Assistant  
F/SGT. GARDENER

Section Reporters:  
LAC H. K. Turner, LAC Ashbury  
W/O Minsky, LAC Loiselle, LAW Spear  
LAC Wilson, Sgt. Rhodes, LAC Hickey  
Cpl. Symes, LAC Lawrence  
Sgt. Andrews, W/O Lesnick  
Cpl. J. W. Stevens

## THIS MONTH'S COVER

Photo by F/S W. FISHER

Art by RAY MANTO

# Our World Of Science

## Radiation And Medicine

By LAC R. Harmse, X-Ray Technician

(In this discussion, to be presented as two consecutive articles, the author seeks to demonstrate how X-Rays and radioactive materials are used in medicine to diagnose and cure disease.)

### PART I: X-RADIATION

#### Historical Aspects

In the early morning hours of August 6th, 1945, an awe-struck United States Air Force Colonel, flying high over Hiroshima, watched the destruction wrought by the first atomic bomb used in warfare, and, reaching for his log book, he recorded two words, pregnant with dramatic atmosphere, "My God!"

That incident heralded the birth of a new era in the history of humanity: the so called atomic age. Today, "Radioactivity" and "Nuclear Energy" are household words to millions. Cities are supplied with electricity from radioactive sources; ships are being powered with nuclear energy, and to a multitude of diseased and dying sufferers new hope has raised its welcome head and will continue to loom higher yet as present knowledge of ionizing radiation increases. What a magnificent epitaph to man's scientific achievements when one considers that hardly 63 years have elapsed since the word "radiation" took on its present vestments!

On November 8th, 1895, William Konrad Roentgen, a German Professor of Physics, was experimenting with a Crookes tube — a vacuumized glass tube through which electrical current passes between two electrodes. Nearby on the laboratory table, a piece of paper — coated with platinum cyanide crystals — started to glow brilliantly, even when the tube was covered with different materials. Professor Roentgen concluded that here was an invisible and unknown type of radiation escaping from the tube. Letting "X" stand for the mathematical unknown, he designated these rays as "X-Rays".

#### What X-Rays Are

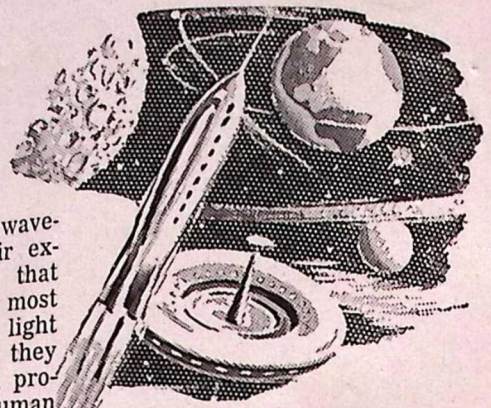
Like light and radio waves, X-rays are electromagnetic in charac-

ter, but of much shorter wavelength. It is because of their extremely short wave lengths that they are able to pass through most materials that are opaque to light waves. For this reason too, they burn and destroy animal life, produce tissue changes in the human body, destroy bacteria, excite fluorescence in organic salts and glass, cause discolouration of alkaline salts and "fog" photographic film. There are many more characteristics that could be mentioned but perhaps the most important of these is their ability to ionize air, that is, to break natural atoms up into separate atomic particles which carry either sign of electricity. This property has enabled physicists to establish a unit of measurement, called the "roentgen" or "r unit", by counting the amount of ionization that takes place in a measured space when X-rays pass through it.

#### How X-Rays Are Used In Medicine

Since most of us have at some time or other been subjected to X-ray examination, the procedure followed to obtain the necessary plates is not hard to remember. In the case of a chest X-ray, the chest was placed between the film and the X-ray tube. With dental X-rays, the film was held in the mouth behind the teeth. In both instances the part to be examined was placed in the path of the X-rays which passed through that area and affected the film. Upon development of the film, the innermost structures of these parts were found to be clearly visualized. These plates were then "read" and diseased or abnormal conditions were made manifest by their deviation in appearance from the accepted normal.

Less dense structures such as the stomach or kidneys are not seen unless the patient is given some kind of "dye" to swallow or, as in the case of kidney examinations, it may be injected into a vein and thence carried to the kidneys. Gastric ulcers and kidney stones are then diagnosed by their typical appearance.



#### X-Rays Are Life Savers

Earlier on I pointed out that X-rays destroy animal life and unless I add that they are never used in sufficient quantum to accomplish this, the heading of this paragraph seems paradoxical.

Diseases ranging from rheumatoid arthritis to cancer are treated and often cured with X-radiation. The author spent the previous year in the Province of Nova Scotia where annually an average of 102 new cases of cancer are reported and more than two-thirds of this total are pronounced curable by X- or gamma radiation, the remaining one-third being cases that were either reported too late or where the patients themselves neglected to have dangerous symptoms investigated.

As soon as a patient is found to be in need of radio-therapy, calculations are made as to how many "r units" would effect a cure. In cases where the cancerous lesion is below the skin level, plaster of Paris moulds are made of that body area and filled with substances such as Columbia wax or rice which resemble body tissue in atomic structure. A dosimeter is also placed at the level of the lesion and the whole area on this mould radiated. The exact dosage delivered to the lesion after absorption at the skin has taken place is then noted and the required amount of radiation is then given to the patient.

There are many factors which are taken into consideration before a patient is subjected to radiation: in cases where warts are required to be removed from the sole of a foot, only one attempt is made to radiate the same, and if the wart does not separate after the first attempt, this type of treatment is not repeated since the blood sup-

—Continued on Page 23

# Playground Program

As "Two Gun" David Kelly appraises the face and form of Princess Susan Dugre, Indian Garry

Noseworthy weighs his chances of killing the pale face without getting shot. Chief "Red Hawk" Nor-

man Kelly, however, is more aggressive and intent on making Cowboy Richard Cook meat for buzzards.



Rubin

"Mebbe We Can Settle It Peaceful-Like If You'll Introduce the Lady . ."

Meanwhile, back at the ranch, several hundred other kids were making the Pow Wow which climaxed Wild West Week a rootin' tootin' event. With horse and rider contests, gun-drawing exhibitions, Indian wrestling and nugget (penny) scrambles, it was a day to remember.

This Pow Wow was just one of the major events organized by F/L John Grabbe, Co-ordinator, and Doreen Sholdice, Ann McKeon and Barbara Reed, Supervisors, during Huron Park Council's Playground Programme.

Activity during the seven-week programme was not always so violent. When it rained, the tads stayed indoors and annoyed their mothers. When the weather was good, they congregated in the parks to listen to stories; model in sand, plasticene and plaster; sing songs; play games and have fun. Each age group had its own way of enjoying the summer.

The high spot of the season was the big Circus Day. Hundreds of kids enjoyed the parade of decorated baby carriages, trikes and bicycles, and proceeded to the school grounds. There in a very large tent and on the tennis courts were the bazaar booths with a multitude of miscellaneous items for sale at bargain penny prices. The enterprising junior merchants made almost \$43.00.

The crowd of consumers around a refreshment counter gives you some idea of what things were like. That chap drinking with such zest was one of an estimated 800 children who helped make Circus Day such a rewarding venture. The only complaints were from four Shetland ponies who earned their feed the hard way. They carried more than 300 young cavaliers.

Congratulations to F/L Grabbe and the three supervisors for a very successful playground programme. ★  
By J. Walker



Rubin

"Set 'Em Up Josie — I Feel A Powerful Thirst."

# The Vanity Of Mary

By D. G. TURNER

Mary Arthur put a last careful stitch in the hem of the dress and raised her head.

"Mother," she said, "are you sure you don't mind, really sure, I mean? It's such a beautiful material, real silk, I somehow hated to cut it."

"Now, Mary," Mrs. Arthur admonished gently, "how many times do I have to tell you? I'd always planned that you should have my wedding dress, so why should I mind?"

"But mother, that beautiful silk; it feels like . . . like cool water! And I seem to have cut it about so much."

"Well, dear, you couldn't really go to a formal with puff sleeves and a high bodice, could you now? It had to be cut, and you've made a beautiful job of it darling!"

Mary stood back and put the dress on carefully. "Are you sure the dress isn't too low, Mother? I don't want Colin to think I'm a hussy!"

Mrs. Arthur clucked impatiently. "Mary Arthur!", she said. "For heaven's sake! You have beautiful shoulders. You don't want to hide them under a pile of ruffles and things—that's no way to make a man propose. How on earth do you think I got your father to ask me? We were out on the porch and I wondered who'd get me first, him or pneumonia!"

Mary giggled appreciatively and pirouetted so that her skirt flared out. "Do you think he will, Mother. Propose, I mean! Oh, Mother, he won't! There must be a thousand girls prettier than me, and cleverer too!"

"Well if there are, Colin Hart hasn't found them! And he'd better propose, Mrs. Arthur added darkly, "or start buying my movie tickets every time he comes to call. My! The movies I've seen in the last year! I know more about the wild west than Buffalo Bill. But come along now, I'll get your supper."

Mary stopped dancing. "Oh I couldn't Mother! I couldn't eat a thing!"

"Oh yes you could. And you will too, or no dance. Come along now, take the dress off and help me."

At supper Mary suddenly put her hand over her mouth. "Oh,

Mother," she wailed, "I forgot! I forgot to buy the black ribbon for my hair!"

"I know you did, dear, so I got it for you this afternoon."

"But . . . ."

"Eat your supper and stop fretting. I got the kind you wanted; narrow black velvet. Heavens! I was a girl myself you know. It's the right kind." Mrs. Arthur smiled at her daughter and thought how lovely she looked. "Off you go now," she commanded, "upstairs and lie down for half an hour. Then a bath, and not too hot mind, you don't want to look like a lobster."

Mary rose and walked around the table to where her mother sat. Gently she kissed the top of her head. "I love you," she said.

Mrs. Arthur patted her hand. "Upstairs!" she ordered.

When she heard Mary's door close, Mrs. Arthur picked the dress off the settee and took it to the ironing board in the kitchen. Tenderly she laid the dress down and ironed the hem Mary had just sewn. She inspected the tiny, neat stitches and tears glistened in her eyes. Mary was a good girl, she'd make a wonderful wife for Colin, or anyone for that matter. But Colin was the only one for Mary. He understood her; wouldn't mind when she asked him five or maybe ten times a day if her hair looked nice or if she was wearing too much powder. He'd be patient with Mary, just as he had all the way through law school, walking with her in a storm because she



liked to feel the rain on her face, or driving her to the country so that she could smell the hay. And now Colin had graduated. Mrs. Arthur had felt the same twinges of excitement as Mary. Colin's graduation ball! If he proposed at all, surely it would be tonight.

She hung the dress on a hanger and put the iron away, then paused momentarily and smiled, as she heard the clatter of Mary's typewriter. She'd told her to rest. But could any girl rest on the day of her first formal? Mary must be writing to that pen friend of hers in Ireland and telling of her happiness and her hopes: "Time for your bath, Mary," she called, "Remember, only warm, and not too long. Call when you're ready and I'll bring your dress up."

Mary acknowledged her mother's call and hurriedly finished the letter. She luxuriated in her bath as long as she dared and then went slowly back to her room. She sat silently in the darkness, brushing her hair and listening to the tiny snap of the sparks as they flew from her brush. On other nights she gave it a hundred strokes, but tonight was different. Four hundred and ninety-nine, she counted, five hundred. Then she called, "I'm ready, Mother."

As Mrs. Arthur came in and switched on the light, Mary asked suddenly, "Do you think Colin is handsome, Mother?"

Mrs. Arthur thought for a moment. "No Mary. I don't think he's especially handsome. Nice looking, I think I'd call him. But mind you, if I were twenty years younger you wouldn't stand a chance. He's my type all right!"

"My hair, does it look nice?"

"Lovely, dear. Now step into your dress and I'll fasten the back."

Mrs. Arthur zipped up her daughter's dress and then squeezed her hand. "Now who's forgotten the ribbon?" she laughed, and gave it to Mary.

Expertly Mary tied the ribbon over the top of her head to the back of her neck so that the soft, full waves of brown hair were held back from her face.

"Is it all right, Mother?"

"Yes, dear; just right. Now your

—Continued on Page 25



## AIRMEN'S SOCIAL CENTRE

Hi everyone, welcome to the Airmen's Social Centre. Since this is the first time in ages that we have submitted an article on our activities, news should be plentiful—but guess what, it isn't.

The last big event in the Social Centre was the Lobster Party held on the 28th of June. There was more than enough lobster, punch and people (punch for the ladies only), and all had a wonderful time with the Roundels of Clinton supplying the music for dancing.

On the 12th of July, the airmen of this unit again played host to the Orphans from London, taking approximately 40 children to the park in Exeter—providing games, prizes, ice cream, pop and sandwiches. (I wonder how many of these little tykes woke up with tummy aches?) I think everyone should give all these airmen who participated a big hand for doing such a good job with these children.

Now that the hot weather is here, how about more couples joining us in the fun and dancing at the Social Centre. I know that a lot of you are just new to the unit, so how about bringing the wife out and introducing her to the crowd . . . we do have good times, you know! What with dancing, refreshments and lunch, the Saturday evenings hold good times for all of us; and don't forget, on Sunday night they have a couples dart tournament, so come on out and beat the best of them.

That's all for now, folks — see you next issue. ★

—A. G. Davies



# CE NEWS



The Construction Engineering Section has been kept well occupied for the past several months with the new construction and renovation to a number of buildings which have been especially designed to accommodate the various

phases of RCAF Stn London, not forgetting the addition and renovation to the Administration Building.

The CE Section gives a hearty welcome to London personnel and trust our services can be utilized by you in the future. The London move has made it necessary to neglect minor maintenance repairs which will now be given our full attention.

In the past several months there has been a changeover in CE Section personnel — the transfer of S/L Hicks, CEO, to Vancouver, and the arrival of his replacement, F/L Gibson, from Saskatoon; the commissioning of WO2 Sam Miskey, Foreman of Works, and his transfer to Resolute and the arrival of WO2 Ivan J. Willert. Congratulations to F/O Miskey on his recent promotion.

F/L Starratt and F/C C. E. Rey-

nolds, who volunteered their services to CE Section, have also left for their normal place of employment.

## Shop Notes

Congratulations to Al Flynn and baby daughter.

The Provincial Police were rudely interrupted by some unusual racket — pipe band music — after the CE party.

The CE Section gardener is sporting a new car after attempting to use his pickup as a bulldozer.

Our sympathy to Tony Rivers who is forbidden strenuous exercise, even golf.

Mike Skinner nearly lost his skin when a combination floor drain was not available.

Weather forecast—there will be no more basements flooded, or will there? ★



Dear Uncle Louie,

Well it seems just about time I wrote yuh a litter away out there in Kansas seem as how you aint seen or heard from me since I was born twenty-five years ago. However t'uther day I just graduated from my writin course with a forty-five pur cent so here I am.

Got me a job in the Air Force in an office where all you see is figgers becus we pay the boys some money every month. Just the other day they gave me the job of writin for the station paper. Good job I passed the course or I wudn't be doin it. Guess I will tell you a bit about the section. The carpenters have bin tryin to make it bigger but I don't know whether they are succeeding or not. They had us all piled up in a corner for awhile and you almost needed a road map

to git around. Course you don't know what a road map is becus they aint go no roads out there yet. However our pay staff got most of the office now so there is lots of room.

A few of the fellers here got themselves a postin out of here. Our boss is goin out to Manitoba shortly so will ask him to call around and see yuh if he has time. One of my buddies is goin away over to Egypt in October. Wus tellin him you were a pretty good shot so he mite be writin you a letter askin you to keep him frum gettin a slug in the back. So will be bidin him farewell sumtime in September. I think yours truly thought maybe he wud git a postin too but I guess it will be cumin shortly as they say I am the senior man I guess. Those fellers you call auditors walked in tuther day so they will be trying to find mistakes in our work for awhile now. Almost forgot our typist Amy is going overseas with Don sometime in No-

vember. She will be missed in the section. We also got another feller in the section by the name of Fletcher who claims to be another Marilyn Bell. To all concerned don't try to phone him between one and two anyday becus the old swimmin pool aint got no phone. Wus wunderin if the kids know anything more about swimmin than they did when they started. However we shall see I guess.

One of our boys who got out of the Air Force tried to write himself and his girl friend off tuther day. We wrote the car off but he's still alright as he got himself another and is headin down East agin two-morrow. Me spellin aint very good Unkie as they only taught me to write so better close fur now. Might go out and see yuh one of these days so pitch another tent will yuh.

Bye for now,  
Yur luvin nephew,  
Abe. ★

## Accounts Section



Rubin

**AERONCA CHAMPION CF-TOT**, belonging to the newly-formed Centralia Flying Club is shown in this photo. Ground school is expected to commence approximately the first of September. The flying instruction will start in the near future. All service personnel and their dependents are eligible to join. A future article will appear in the next issue of Coronet with full details.

## Something To Crow About



There are occasions which should be celebrated with loud huzzas, riotous drinking and dancing in the streets.

There was no dancing but there was cheering and beering when we eventually received the results of the April '58 Trade Examinations. Centralia ranked first in Training Command with an 86% pass! Moose Jaw with 84% and St. Johns with 83% were right behind us.

Although all 48 tradesmen who passed deserve congratulations, the following personnel merit special mention for their excellent results. Each one made the highest mark in the RCAF on his specialist trade paper.

237429 LAC J. P. Hosty—88%  
AFTech 3 Paper.

133123 LAC W. F. Cowie—87%  
ITech 2 Paper.

14728 LAC J. R. Boyle—81%  
ClkStat 3 Paper.

132985 LAC H. G. Harmse—88%  
Radgr 2 Paper.

Trade Advancement instructors and candidates for the October



examinations are now asking, "Can we keep Stn Centralia on top?" Let's hope the answer is an enthusiastic, emphatic "Yes!"

During the summer we also received the results of the Cpls. and FSSs Qualifying Examinations which were written in May. Twenty-two of the 24 corporal candidates still on the station passed. Cpl. D. W. T. Durkin, AFTech, was top man with 85%. Cpl. J. Y. H. Laprade and Cpl. G. Roper, also AFTechs, each made 83% to tie for second place.

While the Jr. NCOs celebrated success, the Sr. NCOs drowned their sorrows. Better luck next time, fellows! ★

## Canning

By  
NAN  
DODDS



Even the happiest of families have their family jars! Personally, I like mine lined up on shelves in the basement. I don't think there is anything more satisfying than exclamations of pleasure over the super flavor of canned fruits or preserves, or the crispness of pickles that you have made yourself.

If you missed making strawberry or raspberry jam this year, don't worry—you can turn out an excellent product using frozen berries. It has a decided advantage too. You can make as small or large a batch as you wish and at your own convenience.

How about canning a few pints of pears this fall and adding a few drops of food coloring to each jar. The colored fruit will provide that extra touch in holiday desserts or salads. Did you know that you don't have to peel pears? Scald them as you do tomatoes and peaches and the skins will slip off.

Don't forget the pickles! They have a delightful way of shocking our palates with their sharp flavors and cool crispness. Many dishes, such as meat loaves, soups, salads and stews can be greatly improved by the cautious or generous addition of one of the many types of relishes or chutneys. Here is my favorite tomato chutney recipe:

### Tomato Chutney

- 6 large onions
- 12 large ripe tomatoes
- 2 cups sticky raisins (chopped)
- 2 cups white sugar
- 3 green peppers
- 4 cups vinegar
- 6 chili pods
- 2 tsps. ground ginger
- 2 tsps. allspice
- 2 tbsps. salt

Chop all ingredients, add vinegar and spices. Boil till thick (about 2 hours). Bottle and seal.

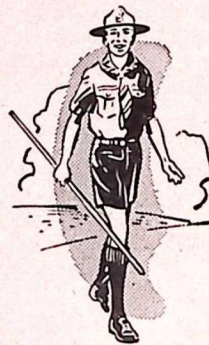
Good luck! ★



Noseworthy

**ALL THE SMILING FACES AND WHY**—When it comes to good-looking girls the band fares pretty well. Joan Fairfax, popular TV entertainer, was photographed with the Station Band following the civic reception held on Joan Fairfax day in Grand Bend. Joan was the featured artist on the Lions Club's annual Holiday Ball and our band led the parade down the main street of Grand Bend in the afternoon.

## Mothers' Auxiliary



Mothers Auxiliary to Scouts, Guides, Cubs and Brownies held their final meeting June 24, 1958, in the J.A.D. McCurdy School. Elections were held after which a

bingo and delicious lunch were enjoyed.

Our new executive is: president, Mrs. Carm McMinamon; vice-president, Mrs. Wynette Lapeer; secretary, Mrs. Edith Buchan; treasurer, Mrs. Marg Marsden; sick convener, Mrs. Nancy Robertson; lunch committee, Mrs. Eileen Fisher, Mrs. Betty Allen.

We do hope mothers or any other interested ladies will in the coming year give their support to the Mothers Auxiliary. I am sure those that have children in the Scouts, Cubs, Guides or Brownies realize that our assistance is needed to carry on their yearly program.

Our Travelling Apron realized \$30.04. Mrs. O. Johnson and Mrs. Latour were the winners of these pretty aprons. ★



By F/O D. TURNER  
(Grade XII—No Math or Physics)

It could be, I suppose, that I'm hypersensitive, but there are few things which set me screaming for the tranquilizers faster than the disc jockey who attempts to woo me into a state of tranquility through the medium of his musical selections and what he supposes is a soothing manner of serving them up.

The disc jockey (or DJ, plain old DJ, as he chooses to style himself), is a nocturnal animal, making his appearance about eleven p.m. when you are getting nicely battered down for an early night. The cat is out, so is the blonde, and you're nearly out on your feet. What you need is a dash of soothing music as a sort of chaser prior to the ambrosia of sleep. You switch on your radio, and there is old DJ, announcing his particular spot on the dial, a plague spot if ever there was one.



He opens his programme with a gently lilting tune that encourages, and paradoxically stimulates relaxation. You drift around the room completing your preparations for slumber. My, but everything is peaceful! You're floating off almost before you're in bed! You yawn and put one foot between the bedclothes. But now you stop dead. Your friend DJ is talking, but there is something wrong.



"Hi!" he says dreamily, his voice in the lower registers. "This is . . .", and there follows a long pause. Alarm bells ring all

over your system, and you pause too, one leg in the air. What has happened? Has he been kidnapped? Taken a fit? Perhaps the transmitter tower fell over! Poised like a stork, you listen intently. Ah! He's still there, you can hear him breathing.

"Your stairway to dreamland," he concludes, and then lapses once more into total silence, the effort having apparently taken a lot out of him.

You hoist your other leg into bed and stub your toe on the bedpost. Now you are wide awake, thinking uncharitable thoughts about D.J. What the Sam Hill makes him think that a low, halting voice is restful? It isn't. It sounds as if he's struggling for life in an Opium Den. You wish he'd throw in the towel and hand over the program to someone else.

Now he's back again, talking in a woozy voice, as if recovering from a big pipeful. He is introducing his first musical selection. He



names the piece and says, "I'd . . . (long pause) . . . like to dedicate this to . . . (one minute silence) . . . someone very special!" There follows an abysmal quietude, eerie as the tomb, while he withdraws to fortify himself with needle and noggin. Your imagination runs riot. Who can it be, this very special one? Is old DJ having a secret affair with a high born lady, and is this his method of communicating with his forbidden love? Your ears protrude like Easter lilies in case you should miss the name, and you struggle to guess the identity of this femme fatale. Possibly a famous actress? Maybe it's your girl friend! You sit up abruptly and curse him. Come on, come on; who!



"Mary Bolinski!" he simpers and retires again to wipe the drool from his lapel. You fall back on the pillows, loathing him and Mary Bolinski. What the hell's so special about her, you ask yourself. She probably has buck teeth and B.O.

—Continued on Page 10

## Stairway To Dreamland

—Continued from Page 9

Now comes the tune for the very special Miss Bolinski. It is an interesting number which holds your attention by virtue of a curious echo. You speculate that it was recorded in a coal mine. The number completed, old D.J. heaves a tremendous sigh and turns languidly to his mail.

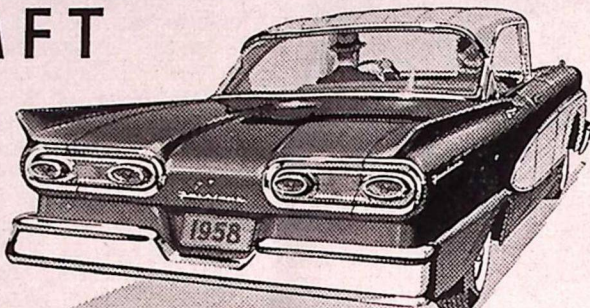
"Well!", he drawls in fake surprise as he opens his first letter, "What have we here?" and he enters the vale of silence again.



THE MILDEST BEST-TASTING CIGARETTE

# LSMFT

'58 FORD is the style and performance champion of its class!



FAIRLANE  
TOWN VICTORIA

DRIVE IT!  
TEST IT!

COME IN AND GET A DEAL YOU'LL TALK ABOUT  
ON OUR 1958 CLEAN-UP SWEEP!

## Larry Snider Motors Ltd.

Phone 624

FORD-EDSEL

Exeter



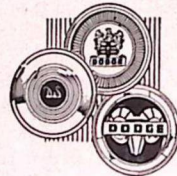
Well, come along!, you snarl, what HAVE we here? Naughty picture? Eviction notice? Garter snake?

"A letter from New York City!" says D.J. He couldn't sound more surprised if he received the ten commandments on marble.

Modestly he shares his mail with the audience, coyly reading such phrases as "Thank you D.J. for your wunnerful show," or "Mother and I think you're just wunnerful," and "I listen to you every night, and you have a wunnerful show." There is a certain similarity of style about these letters which makes it apparent that D.J. not only reads them, but writes them as well. Boyishly, he tries to express his sentiments, but another thunderous silence ensues. He is all choked up and breathing heavily.



## DOBBS for DODGE



GENUINE CHRYSLER PARTS

COMPLETE FRONT AXLE SERVICE AND ALIGNMENT

DEPENDABLE RECONDITIONED USED CARS

Phone 200 or 769-M for a Demonstration

## EXETER MOTOR SALES

Now that he's exhausted, perhaps he'll content himself playing some gentle nerve-soothing music. But no! Old D.J. isn't ready for that yet. He is answering the phone.

"Yeah?" he says dreamily. "Ya dun say!" "Uh-huh!" and "Whad-dyaknow!" This unique form of entertainment lasts for a further minute or two while you wiggle



your toes, clench your fists and damn his hide. He hangs up and the telephone interlude finishes abruptly and just as unaccountably as it commenced. D.J. is back in the record spinning business—a mistake in the first place.

He announces another dedication, only this time he is more specific. Here is a tune played exclusively for Kathy, Poopsy, Snuggles, (Hi there, Snuggles!), Janice, Pumice, Ricky, Rocky, Anastasia, Euthanasia, April, June and January. Only first, how about a word from our sponsor?

Well, how about it? you scream. The program so far seems mainly concerned with words and the lack of them. The sponsor, poor mutt, may as well get in on the racket—he's paying for it!

"Girls!" says an adult male voice loaded with aphrodisiacs, an experienced seducer speaking from the intimacy of a pink boudoir (you can almost smell the California Poppy). "Do you have trouble with your girdle? Does your roll-on roll up unexpectedly causing you needless embarrassment?"

That a fellow male should be reduced to making his living thus, causes you to gasp in sympathy. But there is worse! Surely the lines that follow must cause him a shame more burning than that of the lady who suddenly discovers a coil of rubber about her midriff.

To propagate the product of his

sponsor, he croons in a confidential baritone:

"As you walk around the town,  
Be sure your girdle stays rolled  
down.

Save yourself embarrassment,  
Hold it down with Fem-cement.  
Fem-cement, Fem-cement,  
Hold it down with Fem-cement."

Totally unnerved, you are wide awake and wondering what twists of fate could bring a man to such a frightful pass. It was this type of opposition that made Gilbert and Sullivan dissolve the partnership. Maybe if you telephoned the station and offered to lend him ten dollars, he could make a new start, miles away from here, where people don't know him. As it is, he has set music back a hundred years.

Now all the preliminary bouts, the flim-flam and the argle-bargle are done with and it's time for the recording to be played.



It's a novel piece, in which the orchestration is provided by a number of instrumentalists, apparently under the influence of alcohol and/or narcotics, meeting there for the first time. The vocal is rended (a word, I understand, meaning 'torn off') by a girl crooner who manages to interject between the groans and whinnies of a wild mare in labour, a tacit invitation to sleep with her.

But now it's time for the meat of the show. (God knows we've had enough gravy and potatoes.) Old D.J. is going to switch over to a local night club, a swanky swillery which he advertises as 'exclusive'. He flips the switch and suddenly you are listening in on something which sounds like the action at Little Big Horn, coupled with the sound effects of a Klondyke dance hall. There are the unmistakable sounds of faces being slapped, co-operative murmurs and giggles, served up against a canonade of popping corks.

The reason for tuning in on this bedlam, D.J. explains, is because

someone who rejoices and undoubtedly prospers in the name of Hotlips Hagarty is appearing there in PERSON! The supernatural awe in D.J.'s voice would be sufficient for an announcement that you know who was appearing there in black silk tights.

There follows Hotlips' interlude of musical mayhem, as conducive to slumber as a four alarm hot-foot.

The hodge podge of violent cacaphony, majestic silence, imaginative speculation and the inside dope on feminine underwear has brought you to the quivering wakefulness of an embattled mongoose, but suddenly D.J. plays his ace and reminds you that the sun has set, day has closed and eventide draws nigh. It is a moment for contemplation he avers, and adds that this portion of the program is sponsored by the Gehenna Embalming School. You compose yourself and prepare to join in a prayer suitable for Hi-Inca or Moslem. The heathen D.J., however, has different plans. Astounded, you listen to a three-year-old child yelping an exhortation to open up your heart and let the sunshine in, a libretto D.J. apparently considers appropriate for nightfall.

You snatch at the switch and turn old D.J. off, once and for all, wishing you could open up HIS heart, not to let the sunshine in, but the life blood out. ★

Don't Put It Off — Put It In

## Anti-Freeze

Best Protection  
Lowest Prices

Perma-Fill .....	Gal.	\$2.79
Polar Brand .....	Gal.	\$2.39
Motor-Master Super ....		\$1.99



Milt Robbins, Prop.

PHONE 451

EXETER



"Music Hath Charms - And Then Some"

Centralia Coronet, September 1958

## One Woman's Opinion

When the Party-Next-Door is  
getting a glow-on  
And you can't tell the goats  
from the sheep,  
When the stabbing shrieks of  
mirthless guffaws  
Make you turn and writhe in  
your sleep;  
Do you stop to wonder, Dear  
Neighbour,  
As you wish for a quiet,  
padded cell,  
Why the populous pastures of  
Heaven rate higher  
Than a nice PRIVATE corner  
in Hell?

\* \* \*

English is, at best, an ambiguous language, and the science of semantics is sadly neglected. Take the word "party-line" for instance. Isn't it amazing how many people interpret it as meaning that they should be a "party" to EVERY telephone conversation?

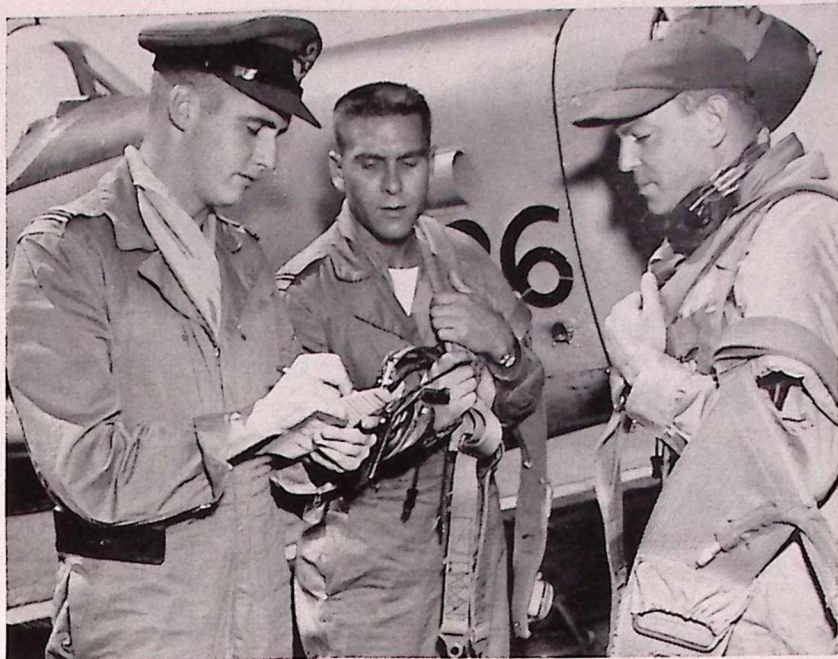
\* \* \*

There is more to Women than meets the eye—but where it is God alone knows.

\* \* \*

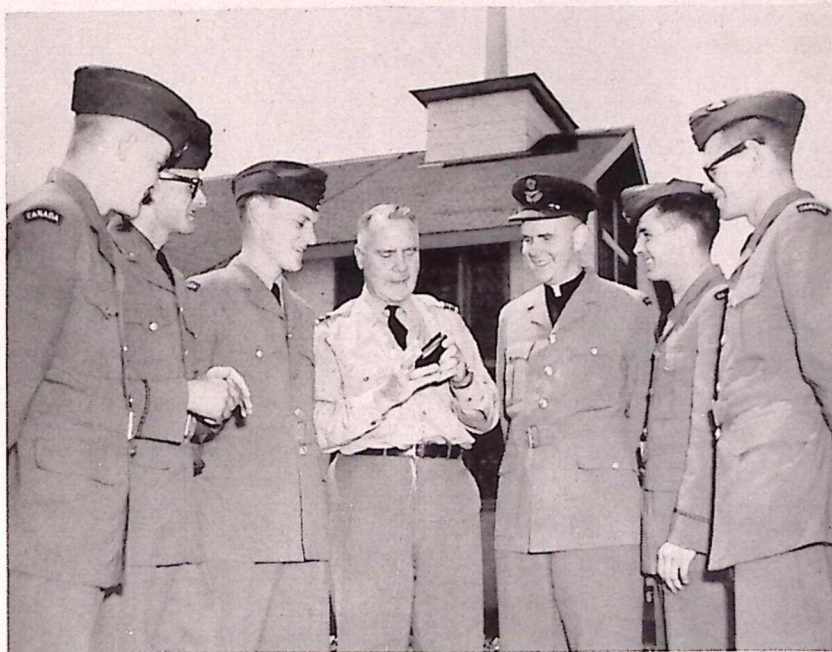
If parents had to pay teachers baby-sitters rates, not to mention refrigerator privileges, the pedagogical profession would be in a happier economical position. When you stop to analyse our educational system, you have to admit you're getting an awful lot for next-to-nothing. And to add insult to injury, the same society that prudely demands an almost monastic behaviour of its under-paid teachers—this same society has books like "Peyton Place" on its Best Seller List, extols the virtues of Hollywood Stars as the end-all and the be-all, decries CBC's attempts to cram culture down our reluctant throats, and then beats its head against its own carefully constructed wall trying to figure out WHO should be the goat to pin the juvenile delinquency problem on! ★

By S.T.D.



Noseworthy

**REPRESENTING CENTRALIA'S FLYING TEAM** at the CNE were, left to right: F/O Merv Billings, F/O J. E. Riley and F/O Don Snelgrove. Flying Officer Billings did a series of low level Aerobatics while Ed Riley and Don Snelgrove comprised the Skywriting Team.



Rubin

Roman Catholic Seminarians who attended Officers School at Centralia this summer. The cadets are in the V.R.T.P. and will be stationed at various Air Force bases throughout Canada during the summer vacations. The group "talking shop" outside the chapel are: left to right: F/C Len Gartner, Edmonton; F/C Jean Marie Balduc, Quebec; F/C Ron MacDonald, Edmonton; F/L Cahill, Acting Padre for F/L Proulx; F/L Finn, Padre for Crumlin, London; F/C Yvonne Bordeau, Ottawa; F/C Cantin, Quebec City.

## IN THE LIBRARY

### A Soldier With The Arabs —

John Bagot Glubb. Who could write with more authority about the Middle East than one who lived among the Arabs for 35 years and so completely identified himself with them that when a member of his Legion was questioned as to how he liked to have an Englishman in authority over him, he replied indignantly: "But he is not an Englishman. He is one of us!" Glubb Pasha watched the Arab Legion grow under his direction from a handful of policemen to an army of 23,000 men and a National Guard of 30,000. His book, based upon his own notes and papers, provides a review of events that will lead to understanding of what is to-day happening in the Arab world. Glubb felt he had failed in his task of promoting closer co-operation between East and West. "When I left Jordan mistrust and hate seemed to hold the field," he wrote. His book also gives proof to a contained quotation: "Dost thou not know, my son, with how little wisdom the world is governed?"

### A Reed Shaken By The Wind—

Gavin Maxwell. In the great marshes surrounding the lower reaches of the Tigris dwell an almost unknown people in a region still marked on official maps "unsurveyed". Theirs is a way of life different from any other in the world and destined soon to pass before advancing progress. For those reasons the author was anxious to record in word and picture the strange existence where houses are built of reeds on tiny man-made islands, the economy of life is based on the water buffalo, and a child may learn to paddle before he can walk. Someone has called Gavin Maxwell "a man of action who writes like a poet". Perhaps a passage like the following inspired him to that conclusion:

"Gradually the channel grew wider and less distinguishable until we were moving through open blue lagoons fringed and islanded with giant golden reeds growing dense and high. Occasionally a flock of pelicans would sail majestically by, riding the wind on

stiff, outstretched wings, rigid and bulky in body as seaplanes."

**Parkinson's Law**—C. Northcote Parkinson. Professor Parkinson is at present holder of the Chair of History at the University of Malaya. From his work in the RAF during World War II and later in the War Office Parkinson's Law came into being. It is a treatise on administration. With barbed



humour he stilettoes the opulence of the front office, the relation between the number of subordinates and the amount of work accomplished, arbitrary retirement, influencing committee decision, and the gravitation of guests at a cocktail party. In explanation of why the swing is to the left at a cocktail party he offers this: "The caveman who entered somebody's cave was doubtful of his reception and wanted to have his back to the wall and yet have room to manoeuvre. In the centre of the cave he felt too vulnerable. He therefore sidled around the walls of the cave, grunting and fingering his club. Modern man is seen to do much the same thing, muttering to himself and fingering his club tie." It is well to have

pointed out to us that our life is not always intelligent but sometimes crude, unreasonable, and dishearteningly dishonest. "A culture without satire", wrote Kingsley Amis, "is a culture without self-criticism and thus, ultimately, without humanity."

**Angry Harvest**—Peter Field and Stanislaw Mierzewski. Surely no book has even been written with stranger collaboration. After a week in Warsaw Peter Field, American architect, was seized by Polish Security Police and thrown into a cellar which became his home for five years. Four months after his arrest he was given a cellmate named Mierzewski, a Polish journalist. Though Field knew no Polish and Mierzewski no English, they both knew German, and, to keep themselves from despair, they began an intellectual collaboration. They exchanged knowledge; they composed stories, and finally began a novel. Leon, a prosperous Polish farmer, shelters a Jewess fleeing the Germans. Living in secrecy and fear their emotions became entangled until shocking tragedy strips from Leon the rags of self-righteousness with which he has so long deluded himself. With clarity and sympathy, their senses sharpened by isolation and awareness of the value of that which they despair of ever again experiencing, the writers portray the smallest details of everyday living. You can sense their own heart longing in the words of the girl who has fled the Ghetto: "One has only to be convinced that one will never see spring again in order to see it later as it really is".

**Snips and Snails**—Louise Baker. This is a story written in light-hearted mood, though it explodes into heartbreak at the end. Louise Baker had never planned to be a "member of the ruler-wielding hierarchy", nor had she any particular fondness for children. They, she had heard, were like avacados—the taste grows on you—but she had "nibbled very sparingly". However, necessity led her to accept a position on the staff of a boys' school. During the term she learned many lessons. It is these lessons that one can read with enjoyment since their telling throbs with the gaiety and tender courage of the author. ★

By E. Morlock

Centralia Coronet, September 1958



Noseworthy

## *Squadron Leader Grandin*

S/L Grandin is Chief of School Services in the new PTS organization. He began his Air Force career one damp day in Halifax after forsaking a maritime career.

However, he was not to stay far from the water for long for the RCAF very kindly suggested that he might like to go on flying boats after he had finished his basic training in Canada. He joined 413 Sqn. in the UK and moved out to the Far East with that unit. After a pleasant tour of anti submarine operations amongst the tropic isles from the Persian Gulf to Australia, it was deemed advisable that he return to the rigours of the Canadian north. Medically, this was considered to be a good conditioner.

S/L Grandin arrived on the West Coast in time to partake in the V-J day celebrations and for the next four years flew on transport operations in Western Canada and the Western Arctic. In recognition of his deep interest in the Eskimo parka he was awarded the OC-ship of Cambridge Bay at a time when the iceworms were particularly virulent. By this time he was considered to be properly prepared for a tour at AFHQ. Then after a long seige behind a desk in Ottawa, S/L Grandin made his debut in Training Command at Centralia as CFI. ★



Rubin

## *Dr. Allison Lewis Kelland*

"To pull, or not to pull; that is the question" that faces Dr. Kelland very frequently. And it can be kindly said that when the necessity arises, he can pull a fast one.

Although his birth certificate reads North Sydney, Cape Breton, his boyhood was spent in Canso, Nova Scotia. (He refuses to reveal WHY.)

Dr. Kellands' liberal education comes from no less than three alma maters—his Bachelor of Arts from the University of New Brunswick, his Bachelor of Education from Mount Allison University, and his Doctor of Dental Surgery from Dalhousie University.

Upon graduating from the last one in 1954, he joined the RCDC and has since performed dental surgery for all three services, including a two-year stint at sea on the HMCS Quebec.

Centralia Station was the first RCAF posting—but not his last. Dr. Kelland is now looking forward to a tour of Langar, England—and with a cheerful set of Pepsodent (your dentist recommends it) smiles we bid him Au Revoir, Bonne Chance, and Bon Voyage. ★



Noseworthy

## *Flight Cadet Bruce G. Harmer*

Besides the usual anatomical equipment lurking "under his belt", Flight Cadet Bruce G. Harmer has 1100 hours accumulated flying—among other things.

He has juggled trays on a train, stuffed sausages in a meat packing plant, kept a life guard's vigil eye on bathers, sold cars to innocent bystanders who were "just browsing", and mined zinc and copper yet! In his own words, "None of these ho-hum jobs appealed to me as much as flying . . ."

Flight Cadet Harmer started flying in 1953 in his home town of Winnipeg, Manitoba, where he earned his private flying license. In 1956 he obtained a commercial license and started working for a Flin Flon (a PLACE, not an expression) exploration company.

Although he had no previous float or bush experience, he quickly learned the ways of the bush (being a very clever chap) and was soon able to depart from Point A and arrive at Point B without skirting any other points of the alphabet on the way!

He then—"Then"—a handy short word for "some time later but I don't recall exactly when"—received his instructor's rating and instructed at Winnipeg and Estevan Flying Clubs.

To gain experience on larger aircraft, he flew Cessna 180 and Beaver aircraft for the Saskatchewan Government Airways. Having gained the experience, he was sponsored by the 402 Auxiliary Squadron in Winnipeg for a short service commission and was thereupon sent to 2PSUO in London and selected as a pilot.

Flight Cadet Harmer, who was sworn in the RCAF on April 9, 1958, hopes to make the Air Force his career. And with his versatility—even should the airplane ever become obsolete—there is plenty of room for more like him. ★

By S.T.D.



## Royal Visit To Stratford



Captured On Film By  
George Noseworthy





Noseworthy

## LAC "Bill" Humphreys

We now take this opportunity to introduce to you another Personality of RCAF Station Centralia by the name of LAC "Bill" Humphreys of the ME Section.

Bill was born and educated in North Bay, Ont. During his later years at school, Bill assisted his father, a building contractor, as an apprentice carpenter, and spent a great deal of his time fighting forest fires which is an everlasting battle.

At the age of 18, Bill joined the RCAF at RU North Bay, Ont., was posted to RCAF Stn. Aylmer for Manning and subsequently to RCAF Stn. Camp Borden to attend OPMME course. Upon graduation, Bill was transferred to RCAF Stn. Summerside, PEI. After a pleasant stay in Summerside, Bill was then transferred to RCAF Stn. Portage la Prairie, Man. During his stay at Portage la Prairie, he married Miss Laura Blanche Bowes in July, 1955. In October of the same year, Bill and Laura founded their new home in Centralia. Shortly after arrival at Centralia, the Humphreys were blessed with a daughter, April Dawne, and the following year another daughter, Tracy Shawne.

Since Bill's arrival at Centralia he has been an active member in sports. Played hockey with the inter-section station league; swimming, for which he presently holds the Bronze Medallion for Water Safety and Swimming Instructors. As a holder of the Bronze Medallion, Bill has assisted swimming courses for the PMQ residents and their children during the summer swimming programme. Bill is also an active member of the Boy Scouts Association which he joined in September, 1957. He attended the Blue Springs Training Scout Reserve Camp for Troop Scouters, and the valuable knowledge gained during this camp is being passed on to the younger scouters during their training.

Bill was also a member of the station band as a drummer, but unfortunately, due to other commitments, his band career was short-lived.

As a closing word we would like to say to Bill that since his arrival at Centralia he has proven himself to be an asset to the unit and we wish him every success in his future endeavours. ★



Noseworthy

## Cpl. Simonne Pelletier

Let me introduce you to Cpl. Pelletier, or Simonne as she is more commonly known.

Her home is Bathurst, New Brunswick, which she left seven years ago to join the Air Force. After training for her work in Safety Equipment at Aylmer, Summerside became her home, then off to the West Land and Gimli. Her final resting place is Centralia where she has been (and I quote) "three years, one month, three days", at time of writing. Cpl. Pelletier is in charge of the Issuing Room and Parachute Room of the Section. Her after hour duties include Wing Corporal for the Staff Girls.

Leatherwork and painting are her main hobbies. Simonne is very efficient in the sports line and lists softball, volleyball, skating, and swimming as her favorites with many more taking a sideline.

Simonne's secret longing is for an Overseas Posting, and we wish her the best of luck. ★



Noseworthy

**These 72 "Tadpoles" Were Able To Sit Still  
JUST Long Enough For The Shutter To Snap**

# \$25,000 LIFE INSURANCE

(20-year reducing convertible term insurance)

## ANNUAL PREMIUMS

Age 30 .....	\$ 59.95
Age 35 .....	79.10
Age 40 .....	111.23
Age 45 .....	173.23

If you are in the market for life insurance, it will pay you to compare this with any other plan.

"Term Insurance on the Best Terms"

Consult

## W. C. FOSTER

Occidental Life

PO BOX 233, EXETER, ONT.  
Phone 317

"More Peace of Mind  
Per Premium Dollar"

## C. V. Pickard

Fire — INSURANCE — Auto

Real Estate

MAIN ST., EXETER, PHONE 165

## Traquair Hardware

Admiral TV and Service  
Easy Automatic Washers  
and Dryers

PHONE 27 EXETER

## STEPHEN'S

TAILOR SHOP

Made-to-Measure Uniforms  
and Suits

SEE OUR SPECIAL PRICES  
ON SLACKS & BLAZERS

Rear of P.M.Q. Post Office

## HUNTLEY'S

DRUG STORE

Prescriptions

IDA EXETER Phone 50

# World Of Science

—Continued from Page 2

ply to that part is very poor and mass destruction of healthy tissues may result. In treating lesions in or around the mouth, attention is given to dental hygiene since decayed teeth could impair the blood supply and thus destruction of the whole jaw bone may be imminent.

Sometimes X-radiation is used in addition to surgical measures to save life, such as when one or both breasts have been amputated. After surgery, the whole area around the incision is radiated to ensure that secondary growths are eliminated.

In all cases, the area surrounding the diseased part is shielded by strips of lead through which X-rays cannot pass to prevent burning healthy tissues.

Some types of cancer are more difficult to treat than others, some of them, in fact, do not respond at all to X-radiation. In these cases, use is made of other radioactive sources such as radium and various isotopes. This will be described in a later article.

It is not when one walks into an X-ray department that one becomes impressed with Roentgen's discovery, but when one sees a patient coming into hospital with the fear of an untimely death written on his face and then, perhaps months later, when meeting him on the street with a radiant smile while he exclaims:

"Thanks a lot, that stuff did me me a lot of good, my Doc says I'll be O.K. now!" \*

Let us stock your

## LOCKER OR HOME FREEZER

Quality Meats — Over 50  
Varieties of Frozen Foods

## EXETER

## Frozen Foods

Phone 70

Main St.

## L. RUMPEL

LICENCED MECHANIC

SEE LEN OR LARRY  
FOR TOP QUALITY USED CARS

'57 Plymouth Savoy Sedan — low  
mileage, two-tone

'58 Chevrolet Station Wagon — auto-  
matic, sportone, well equipped

SUPERTEST SERVICE

Corner Main and Sanders

PHONE 968

EXETER

## FLOWERS

FOR ALL OCCASIONS

Member of

Telegraph Delivery Service

REDER'S FLOWERS

Phone 761 37 Main St. S., Exeter

## Alcoholic's Anonymous

Box 1, Centralia

## Centralia Garage

Ray Shoebottom, Prop.

GENERAL REPAIRS TO  
ALL MAKES OF CARS

Towing Service, Tires  
Batteries and Welding

Ph. 715-J Centralia Village

YOUR HEADQUARTERS

for

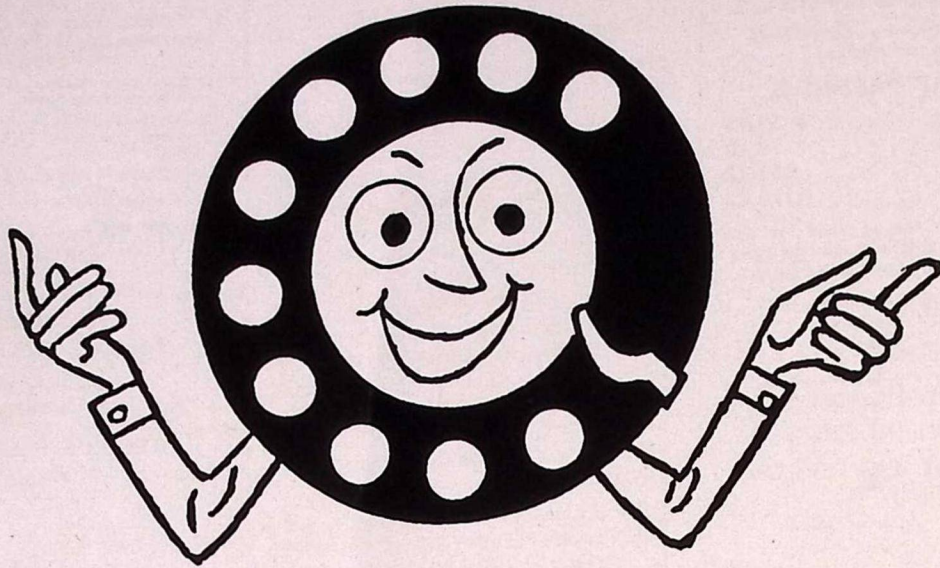
## Bridal Gifts

## Jack Smith

Jeweller

Phone 510

Exeter



## *We're Installing 19,600 Feet of Cable In Centralia*

Up go 10,300 feet of aerial cable, while 9,300 feet of cable are being installed underground . . . this is the "network" that will convey your telephone calls when Centralia's new dial exchange opens next November.

With the new exchange, new ACademy 8 numbers will become effective in Centralia. Please keep this number change in mind when ordering printed materials for home or business.

W.W. HAYSOM, Manager



**THE BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY OF CANADA**

## The Vanity Of Mary

—Continued from Page 5

powder. Shall I do it for you?"

"No, I will. Just tell me how it looks."

Mrs. Arthur stood back and surveyed her daughter critically. "You're lovely, darling," she said simply.

Downstairs, the front door bell rang, sending the blood rushing to Mary's cheeks.

"It's him! He's here, Mother!"

"You just slip your shoes on and come down in a minute. I'll let him in. Now don't get excited."

Mrs. Arthur walked downstairs and opened the door. Colin was wearing a tuxedo and smiling self-consciously. He stuck his thumb under the lapel and entered with an exaggerated swagger.

"Rented!" he whispered to Mrs. Arthur. "How do I look?"

Mrs. Arthur pretended to swoon. "Rudolph Valentino!" she said, and kissed him gently on the cheek. "And the car!" she gasped, catching sight of a shiny limousine. "Rented?"

"It's a graduation present from Dad. Do you like it?" His dark eyes shone with pride as he stepped aside for Mrs. Arthur to see better.

But Mrs. Arthur's reply was lost to Colin as he stared up the staircase Mary was descending. He watched her as she came down slowly, one hand trailing on the bannister.

"Mary!" he said and he needed to say no more to tell her she was beautiful. All his admiration was expressed in one word.

Gently Colin took her hand and gave her the corsage he carried.

Mary breathed deeply of its perfume. "Colin, it's lovely," she said softly, and fastened it to her dress.

"Well off you go children, and have a wonderful time," Mrs. Arthur said. She kissed Mary's cheek and her eyes were damp with tears. "Goodnight, dear."

Together Mary and Colin walked to the door and Mary paused to take down a stick from its hook on the wall. But Colin restrained her gently and hung the white cane back in its place.

"You won't need that tonight, Mary—you're with me. You won't need it ever again."

Mary took his arm and stepped into the night. She was radiant. ★

### Norman Martin

Optometrist

PHONE 355 EXETER

Office Hours: 9 to 12 and 1:30 to 6  
Closed All Day Wednesday

### POP'S SNACK BAR

Opposite P.M.Q.'s

Phone 882-W-3 For Orders

Open Till 11 p.m.

### For Competent

## GM SERVICE

By Factory-Trained Mechanics

### And GM Quality Parts



## Snell Bros. Ltd.

Your Chevrolet-Oldsmobile Dealer

PHONE 100

EXETER

SHELL PRODUCTS

## Mathers Bros.

Alignment and Wheel Balance Service

### Chrysler & Plymouth Sales & Service

Come And See Our Exceptional Used Cars

'55 Ford 2-Door—radio, very clean

'53 Mercury Sedan

'52 Mercury Sedan—automatic, radio

EXETER NORTH

PHONE 321

YOUR

## Reliance Service Station

At The Corner Of Highway 4 and the Crediton Sideroad

featuring

GOODYEAR TIRES AND BATTERIES

COCKSHUTT FARM EQUIPMENT — SALES, PARTS & SERVICE

## E. L. Chaffe & Son

PHONE 548 EXETER

# "A Modern Fairy Tale"

By M. L. BRUNTON

Once upon a time there was a poor family of six who lived in one room—the parents' bedroom, especially on Sunday mornings. Unable to afford a new car they had to drive a two-year-old Buick which they were paying for at the rate of \$90.00 a month for 24 months. Their 27-inch television set was at least one year old, and the simple necessities of their humble home, such as the electric washer-and-dryer and the "deep freeze", had been operating so much during their 18 months of life that they thought of getting them replaced. Each night the mother and father would review their pitifully inadequate funds and would ask each other the same old rhetorical question, "Where does the money go?" They were indeed very poor, so poor in fact that they did not have much to eat—between meals. But they ate and drank like gourmands and gourmets at regular meal times.



One day the father said in his quiet, kindly way, "Goddamit! We've got to cut expenses." These were his suggestions:

?

?

?

So much for the help given by the head of the house.

The mother took the hint, and being mindful of the distress to her husband should he be asked to give up his \$600 annual golf club membership and the operation of his high speed motor launch, she decided it would be unreasonable to demand such sacrifices. She decided also that it would be unfair to expect her to wear the same dress to two successive formal dances or to give up her harmless hobby of collecting jewelled earrings at Cartiers in New York.

There was only one thing to do: Economize on food. And that was what she did. She soon discovered that T-bone steaks tastily replaced sirloin for an incalculable saving (she didn't calculate it). To her delight she found that by cutting down on imported French cheeses she could buy more imported French wines; and by reducing her purchases of pheasant she could buy more mallard duck. She was happy with herself for these discoveries and her smile spread to the faces of her husband and children as they too learned how their allowances and indulgences would be unaffected by the mother's economies. But what sent their joy into sheer ecstasy was the discovery by the mother of a strange and delicious food called "Spaghettilandmeatsauce".

Like all great cultural advances of the past, this recipe came from the East—East Toronto to be exact. It contained strange new ingredients that excited the imagination and stimulated the appetite. The very name of food was tantalizing.

Behind closed kitchen doors in a silence broken only by the occasional snuffle and shuffle, the mother prepared the food while



the rest of the family hovered within suffering distance. Soon the aroma reached every corner of the house. The suspense could scarcely be contained. When, finally, the mother called the family to the dining table each child approached hesitantly and almost reverently.

Before them was a sight they would never forget — mounds of billowy, beautifully white spaghetti, topped with rich, red, lumpy, twinkling, flowing, dripping sauce. As though by signal, all began eating greedily at once.

Suddenly the father screamed, "What the hell!"

Mother grabbed her throat as though to protect herself and asked what was the matter.

"There is too much rosemary, wife," bellowed the father fiercely.

There was sorrow in the house that night and ever after. The family never did get out of debt despite its sacrifices.

\* \* \* \*

Now, don't let such an end come to you. In the recipe below where it says a "pinch of rosemary", do not put in more than about four or five small needles — unless of course, you like rosemary. ★



## Spaghetti Sauce

- Ingredients:
- ½ lb. whole mushrooms
  - 2 lbs. minced beef
  - 4 peeled fresh tomatoes or one large can of tomatoes
  - 1 can tomato paste
  - 4 cloves of garlic
  - 1 tablespoon curry powder
  - 1 tablespoon salt
  - 1 teaspoon black pepper

½ teaspoon cayenne (more if you want it hotter)

a pinch of rosemary

5 medium sized onions cut small or put through meat grinder

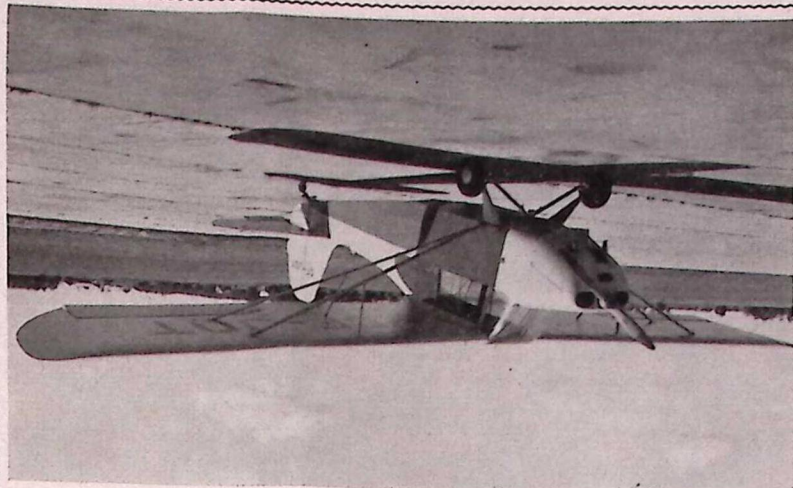
In large pan or pot, brown the mushrooms — cut in half or left whole — in butter. Add the minced beef, tomatoes, and tomato paste; and break up beef while tomatoes, etc. are simmering. Press 4 cloves of garlic into simmering sauce (or mash garlic in bowl if press not available), add tablespoon of curry powder, tablespoon of salt, a teaspoon of black pepper, one half teaspoon cayenne, a pinch of rosemary and the onions. Simmer approximately 1 hour after all ingredients are in.

### Spaghetti

To 3 quarts of water in a large pot, add a teaspoon of salt. Bring to a boil. Add spaghetti in proportion of ABOUT ONE LB. to each FOUR average appetites. (The best spaghetti is the two feet type which may be bought by the pound or in 20-pound cartons.) Boil spaghetti no less than 13 minutes or more than 15. (If blanching necessary, do so in very hot water.) Serve spaghetti topped with sauce, with side dishes of grated ROMANO or PARMESAN cheese, ground red peppers, and ice cold radishes, celery and dill pickles, or salad. ★



G/C A. G Kenyon Chats  
With TV Star Joan Fairfax ♠



This Is The New "Acnoea"

Rubin



Noseworthy

## Local Colour

The amount of travelling the average Air Force family covers in the course of a 20-year career is, as they say, very broadening. But it can also leave one rather spoiled. Take, for example, a Big City native who in the course of events finds herself in a Small Town—shopping. Now Big City sales clerks are notoriously blase, and the more sophisticated the shop the more they positively ignore you. Small Town sales clerks, on the other hand, are extremely commiserating. The attention you get is really touching.

Today I walked into a shop to purchase some wool. I no sooner got my other foot in the door when the sales clerk dashed up to me from the rear of the store and said "May I help you?"

"Yes," I replied, "I'd like some knitting yarn". Expecting only a vague nod in the general direction of the counter in question, I was somewhat taken aback when he immediately asked "What colour?"

The truth of the matter was that, being a woman, I had not as yet made up my mind. It's such fun standing in front of a counterful of ANYTHING in various colours that I certainly don't make a practice of setting forth with a preconceived notion and thus denying myself the harmless pleasure of making up my mind at the last minute.

I blinked at him coyly and parried with "What colours have you got?"

This, of course, forced him to reconnoiter to the wool counter. He did it in such a surreptitious manner, like an eccentric gem collector about to unveil a precious stone of inestimable value, that I found myself walking tip-toe behind him.

The yarn counter revealed two balls of blue wool, two balls of purple wool, two balls burgundy nylon, and one ball of bile green orlon. The selection was by no

means monumental — but it was something to ponder over. So I stood there and pondered.

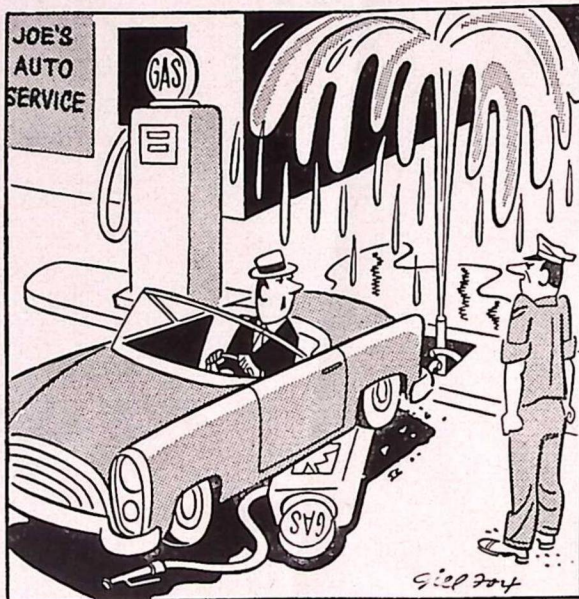
This probably gave him the impression I was colour blind because he very sympathetically picked up the respective balls saying "This is blue, this is purple, this is burgundy, and this is green—have you tried Fifty-Fifty?"

Well, I hadn't even HEARD of Fifty-Fifty but it sounded like a new blend of home brew and what with the current beer shortage I was naturally interested. "No—is it any good?" I naively asked.

"Well, lots of people like it—it's half nylon and half wool."

"Oh," I said in disappointment. "Wool. No, I don't want wool. I mean—I'll take the nylon burgundy."

Now where in a Big City, I ask you, could a shopper have such fun purchasing anything as mundane as two balls of red nylon yarn? ★



So It Shouldn't Be A Total  
Waste, Give Me Five Gallons.

SOUTH END SERVICE

**"The Home Of  
Better-Than-  
New  
Used Cars"**

See and Drive

**'58 METEOR**

Also In Stock

**'58 AUSTIN  
A-55 SEDAN**

**South End  
Service**

Russ and Chuck Snell  
PHONE 328 EXETER

You Can Win A

## Free Weekend In Detroit

During Our First  
ANNIVERSARY SALE

See Us For The Cleanest  
Used Cars In Town . . .

### Lou Bailey

PHONE 459

EXETER

BIG PARTY!  
EXETER KINSMEN'S

## Harvest Jamboree

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 3

EXETER ARENA

9:30 to 4 a.m. — 6½ Hours  
Of Fun, Frolic and Festivity

TWO BANDS

Rock 'n Roll — Old Tyme

★ Harvest Queen Contest

★ Square Dance Contest

Admission: Men \$1.00; Women 75¢

## MacMillan's

The Store For  
Young People

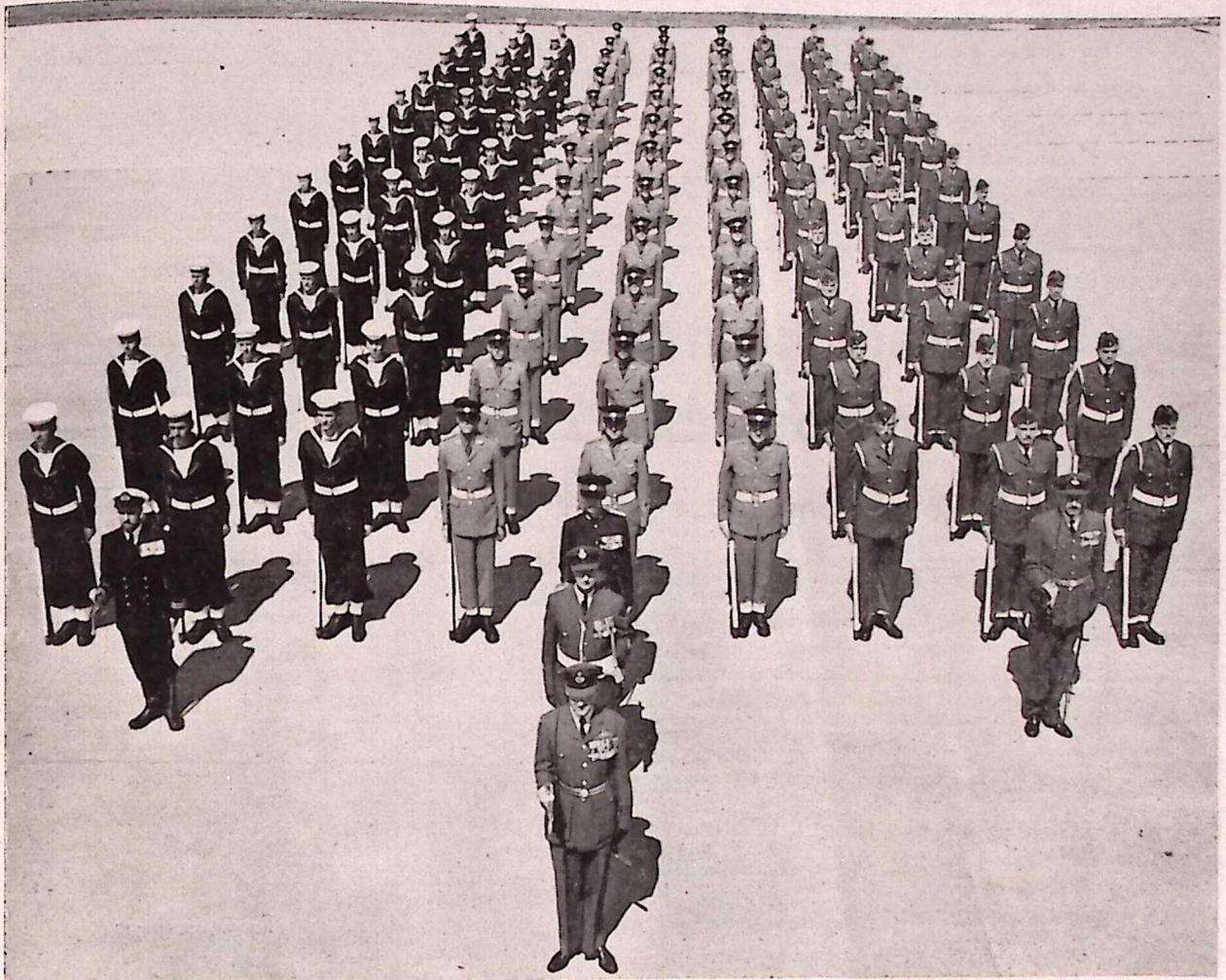
COMPLETE

BABY

DEPARTMENT

PHONE 37

EXETER



Rubin

THE TRI-SERVICE DRILL TEAM on completion of training at RCAF Station Centralia prior to their daily appearance at the CNE, Toronto. The team was under the direction of S/L F. S. Steele, DFC, CD.

For Tops In Dry Cleaning  
And Laundry Service

**Brady Cleaners**  
& LAUNDETERIA LTD.

Phone 106

Exeter

**Wilson Bros.**

FINA SERVICE

Your

**"RAMBLER"**

Dealer

CLEAN USED CARS

and the

J. D. WASHMOBILE MACHINE

(For Cleaner Cars)

"We Arrange Finance"

CALL HUGH OR JIM

AT 657 EXETER

**Good Luck**

To The New Members Of Centralia

Compliments Of The

**Dutch Boy Food Market**

Your Place For Service

OPEN PAY NIGHTS

Personal Shopping and Phone Orders Over \$5.00  
Delivered Free

(Under New Management)



HEAR THE NEW  
RCA VICTOR

**Stereo**  
**Orthophonic**  
**High Fidelity**  
**Instruments**  
at

**Snelgrove's**

Phone 18

Exeter

**Central Chevrolet**  
**Oldsmobile Ltd.**

OK Reconditioned Used Cars

EVERY PRICE — EVERY MODEL  
GUARANTEED ONE YEAR

South On Richmond Street To Post Office, Then Turn Right

See

THE ALL NEW CHEVROLET  
THE ALL NEW OLDSMOBILE  
Displayed In Our Showrooms

**Central Chevrolet Oldsmobile**

128 FULLARTON ST.

LTD.

LONDON, ONT.

The Season's Smartest

**Car**  
**Coats**

Borg or Quilt-Lined  
A Good Selection  
\$13.95 \$19.95 \$25.95

**Irwin's**

LADIES' WEAR

Phone 474 Exeter

# PLAY BALL

Congratulations are in order to the Maintenance softball team which eked out a 2-1 squeaker over 433 Squadron of Stn. North Bay in the Ontario zone finals held at North Bay on Saturday, September 13.



The game was a thriller throughout with superb pitching, sparkling fielding plays and heads-up base running, particularly by Cpl. Bill Springstead of Centralia.



Centralia Maintenance men went ahead when Springstead lead off the game with a sharp single to right, promptly stole second and third bases and scored as Bill Ritchie grounded out.



Crawford of North Bay evened the count in the bottom of the first with a long homer over Rodgers head in right field.

The winning run was scored in the sixth inning as Doug Calberry lead off with a double to right, the fielder bobbled the ball and Doug came around to score on a wild throw to third base.

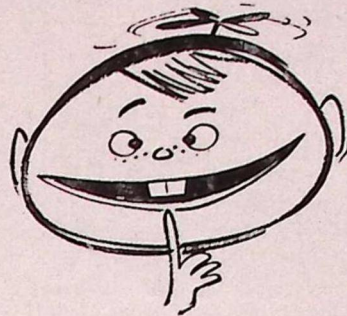


Ray Mountford pitched five-hit ball and struck out 10 opposing batsmen. Lyle Sterling made a spectacular catch off Crawford in the eighth inning in his bid for a second home run.

The game was played in one hour and 15 minutes on a diamond which was in excellent condition despite inclement weather which prevailed all week preceding the game.

Line Score:	R	H	E
Centralia .....	100	001	000—2 6 2
North Bay .....	100	000	000—1 5 2

Batteries: Mountford and Rodrigue; Venus and Kilby.



## Ask A Silly Question...

"Have you ever worked in drift-wood?"

"No—where is it?"

\* \* \*

"What was Lincoln's Gettysburg address?"

"1944 Main Street?"

\* \* \*

"A poor mother had to divide five and a half apples among eight children. What did she do?"

"Made applesauce?"

\* \* \*

"Mmmm — that roast turkey looks good. What did you stuff it with?"

"I didn't have to, Dear — it wasn't empty."

\* \* \*

"Arise, Sir Lancelot!"

"How much an hour, Sire?"

\* \* \*

"Do I have to wash both my hands?"

"No, just one—I'd like to see how you do it."

\* \* \*

"You're an expert bridge player—how would you have played that last hand of mine?"

"Under an assumed name."

\* \* \*

"What is a stoic?"

"The bird that brings the babies."



I used to be obsessed with the fear some pedestrian wouldn't hear my horn.

Support  
Coronet  
Advertisers



**Doug Innes**

invites you to enjoy our

- ★ LOW EVERY-DAY PRICES
- ★ FRIENDLY SERVICE

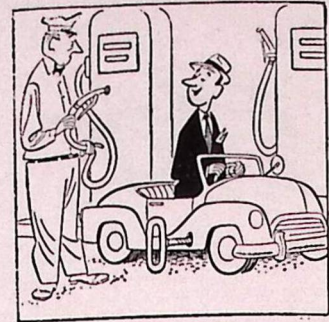
**Doug's Red &  
White Market**

Open Mon. To Thurs. 9-6  
Friday 9-9 Saturday 9-10

**SOUTH END EXETER**

"I read for pleasure, mark you. In general I like wedding bells at the end of novels. 'They married and lived happily ever after'—Why not? It has been done."—A. Edward Newton.

"Good fortune will elevate even petty minds and give them the appearance of a certain greatness and stateliness, as from their high places they look down upon the world; but the truly noble and resolved spirit raises itself, and becomes more conspicuous in times of disaster and ill fortune."—Plutarch



No Thanks,  
Just Wind It Up!

**SAVE \$20,000! 40 CARS!**

GET IN ON THE BIGGEST INVENTORY REDUCTION  
SALE EVER STAGED IN HURON COUNTY . . . !

Choose from '58 to '42 Models — Top Cars

WE WILL NOT BE UNDERSOLD — MAKE US AN OFFER

**PEARSON MOTOR SALES**

Phone 78 Zurich

Phone 608 Exeter

*We Care*  
about your clothes

Daily Pickup and Delivery

**Mid-Town  
Cleaners**

Phone 33

Exeter

*It's Completely* **NEW . . . !**

Enjoy the finest food fare in Western Ontario's most modern restaurant . . . completely redecorated throughout. We invite you to enjoy a delicious dinner in a stimulating atmosphere.

*Eat At*

**RETHER'S**

Main St.



Exeter



Ladies! Don't miss the coming rummage sale —  
October 18, at the Legion Hall, Exeter.

W.A. expects every woman to do her duty!



How many quarts of oil did you say she takes?



"Mom—I'm not playing with the stupid kids around here any more."

"Why not?"

"They always call me names—that's why!"

"Oh!—What sort of names?"

"Somebody called me a NITWIT!"

"Well, you don't have to believe it, you know."

"I DON'T believe it—that's why it makes me so MAD!"

"Then pretend you don't hear him—that will make him tire of calling you names and he'll soon leave you alone."

"But I DO hear him—I know I hear him and HE knows I hear him!"

"Well, let's see . . . pretend you're him, and I'm you for a minute. Call me a nitwit."

"You'll slap me."

"No—I just want to show you what to say . . . go ahead, call me a nitwit."

"O.K. . . . you're a . . . nitwit?"

"A tidbit?"

"No—a NITwit!"

"Oh—you want to KNIT a bit—well' I'm sorry, I have no wool."

"NO, I DON'T WANT TO KNIT A BIT—I SAID YOU'RE A NITWIT!"

"I am NOT a misfit!"

"I'm going back outside—YOU ARE JUST TRYING TO MAKE ME MAD!"

"Come back here — don't you understand? That's the way you'll get HIM to stop calling you names!"

"Oh. Oh Boy—this is going to be FUN!"

"Now before you go outside again go up and wash your face and hands."

"You want I should play in the sand?"

"I said—go up and wash your face and hands!"

"Oh — you want some rubber bands?"

"NO—I WANT TO WARM THE SEAT OF YOUR PANTS!"

"O.K. — I'll wash my face and hands. But heck, Mom, I can't win at this game—maybe I AM a nitwit!" \*

By S.T.D.

# Ask Joe!

## ABOUT INSURANCE

LIFE  
FIRE  
AUTOMOBILE  
HOSPITALIZATION

### JOE E. GUNN

PHONE 44, CREDITON, ONT.



COMPLIMENTS TO OUR NEW  
AIR FORCE FRIENDS

## Glenn Robinson

### Lucky Dollar Food Market

CENTRALIA VILLAGE

NEW SHOPPING HOURS:

Mon., Tues., Thurs.—8 a.m.-7 p.m.  
Open Wednesday Until 6 p.m.  
Open Fri. & Sat. Until 10 p.m.  
Open Air Force Pay Nights

FREE DELIVERY DAILY TO  
PMQ — EXCEPT WEDNESDAY

Phone 715-W

Ask Don For A Window Card

## Bailey's Florist

CUT FLOWERS & CORSAGES

Daily Delivery to P.M.Q.'s

PHONE 276 EXETER

## Broderick Bros.

Top Quality

### USED CARS

- '56 Ford Custom Sedan
- '55 Pontiac Sedan V8 — automatic, like new
- '53 Mercury Sedan—automatic, radio, low mileage
- '53 Meteor Custom Sedan
- '53 Ford Custom Coach
- '51 Chev Deluxe Sedans (2)
- '51 Studebaker Sedan
- 2 Car Radios

SEE MIKE QUINLAN

North End Exeter

Phone 608 or 277

Junction of Highways 4 and 83

Serving You Better . . .

. . . Saving You More

# A & H



Phone 532

Exeter

FOR THE

## BEST MEATS

AT THE

## LOWEST PRICES

VISIT

## SCHENKS

CREDITON

## Tired Of Paying Rent?

## SEE TRAILER MART

MOBILE HOMES, 15 TO 50 FEET, 8 AND 10 FEET WIDE

ANY MAKE, DELIVERED ANYWHERE

Furniture, Cars, Trailers, Etc. Taken In Trade

WHARNCLIFFE ROAD South at Glendale Curve R.R. 1 LONDON

Phone GE 2-4225

Canada's First Bank



Centralia, Ontario  
(R.C.A.F. Station) Sub-Agency  
Open every Tuesday and Thursday

**BANK OF MONTREAL**

## Footwear

For The  
Whole  
Family

**SMYTH'S**  
Shoe Store

PHONE 376 EXETER

## Hale Electric

Electric  
Contractors

- Fixtures
- Appliances
- Radios
- Refrigerators
- Ranges
- Washers
- Wiring and Repairs

626 Colborne at CPR  
Phone GE 2-2644  
LONDON, CANADA

## Pigeon's Roost

No news is good news, but this issue we have big news—wedding bells are ringing in Barrack Block Seven. Four of our girls are contemplating Suicide in September and October. Marg and Anne have a double wedding planned for September when they will become Mrs. Lunney and Mrs. Gibson respectively. Mary and June are the other two, but I haven't been able to pick up any information on their plans other than the month which is October.

We have two new staff girls posted in and one other from the Contact Trainees side on a remuster. Shirley Cleaver and Shirley Ball have been posted here and Della came to us when her remuster to R. Spec. finally came through.

Shirley's horse "Ebony" has a boyfriend! Nice switch. Maybe Shirl will take up horse trading soon . . .

Sis is terminating her service career soon and in all probability will have left before next issue, so we will bid you a post-dated farewell and best of luck.

The two strays returned looking tanned, healthy, rested and slightly nervous after their elongated vacation out West. Understand their trip was marvellous though. Guess we all should have an M.G. eh? Seems it caused quite a commotion everywhere. That could be due to the fact that they lost the muffler half way through Saskatchewan, but I doubt it.

Kay is presently visiting in Jolly Old England. A card was received saying the weather was awful and she hasn't seen the sun since she arrived, but nonetheless she was enjoying herself. I guess there is no fog like an English one.

Incidentally, the hidden tape recorder I mentioned last issue is broken so my news is rather sketchy. After all, one does need an "inside" source to make a success of anything. Expect to have it in top shape for next issue though.

Well, Tally-Ho, and hope to see you next issue. \*

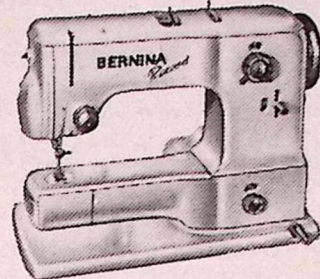
By A. Nonie Mouse

## See The World's Finest

Guaranteed For Life

**BERNINA**

Completely Automatic Sewing Machine



Sews straight, zig-zag, and embroiders automatically. Automatic tension control.

## Remember . . .

Don't Buy A Sewing Machine  
Until You've Seen The

NECCHI-BERNINA

In Action At

**DINNEY  
FURNITURE**

Phone 20 Exeter



- ☆ ANSCO
- ☆ EUMIG
- ☆ MINOLTA
- ☆ BOLEX
- ☆ WOLLENSAK
- ☆ REVERE
- ☆ YASICHA
- ☆ ARGUS

Expert Color Finishing

FREE!—Professional instruction on the operation of any unit purchased from us.

*Jack Doerr*  
PHOTOGRAPHER

Phone 343 Exeter

Canada's First Bank



working  
with Canadians  
In every  
walk of life  
since 1817

Centralia, Ontario  
(R.C.A.F. Station) Sub-Agency  
Open every Tuesday and Thursday

**BANK OF MONTREAL**

## Footwear

For The  
Whole  
Family

**SMYTH'S**  
Shoe Store

PHONE 376 EXETER

## Hale Electric

Electric  
Contractors

- Fixtures
- Appliances
- Radios
- Refrigerators
- Ranges
- Washers
- Wiring and Repairs

626 Colborne at CPR  
Phone GE 2-2644  
LONDON, CANADA

## Pigeon's Roost

No news is good news, but this issue we have big news—wedding bells are ringing in Barrack Block Seven. Four of our girls are contemplating Suicide in September and October. Marg and Anne have a double wedding planned for September when they will become Mrs. Lunney and Mrs. Gibson respectively. Mary and June are the other two, but I haven't been able to pick up any information on their plans other than the month which is October.

We have two new staff girls posted in and one other from the Contact Trainees side on a remuster. Shirley Cleaver and Shirley Ball have been posted here and Della came to us when her remuster to R. Spec. finally came through.

Shirley's horse "Ebony" has a boyfriend! Nice switch. Maybe Shirl will take up horse trading soon . . .

Sis is terminating her service career soon and in all probability will have left before next issue, so we will bid you a post-dated farewell and best of luck.

The two strays returned looking tanned, healthy, rested and slightly nervous after their elongated vacation out West. Understand their trip was marvellous though. Guess we all should have an M.G. eh? Seems it caused quite a commotion everywhere. That could be due to the fact that they lost the muffler half way through Saskatchewan, but I doubt it.

Kay is presently visiting in Jolly Old England. A card was received saying the weather was awful and she hasn't seen the sun since she arrived, but nonetheless she was enjoying herself. I guess there is no fog like an English one.

Incidentally, the hidden tape recorder I mentioned last issue is broken so my news is rather sketchy. After all, one does need an "inside" source to make a success of anything. Expect to have it in top shape for next issue though.

Well, Tally-Ho, and hope to see you next issue. \*

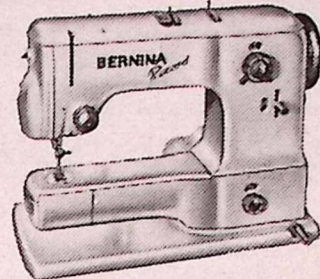
By A. Nonie Mouse

## See The World's Finest

Guaranteed For Life

**BERNINA**

Completely Automatic Sewing Machine



Sews straight, zig-zag, and  
embroiders automatically.  
Automatic tension control.

Remember . . .

Don't Buy A Sewing Machine  
Until You've Seen The

NECCHI-BERNINA

In Action At

**DINNEY  
FURNITURE**

Phone 20

Exeter



- ☆ ANSCO
- ☆ EUMIG
- ☆ MINOLTA
- ☆ BOLEX
- ☆ WOLLENSAK
- ☆ REVERE
- ☆ YASICHA
- ☆ ARGUS

Expert Color Finishing

FREE!—Professional instruction  
on the operation of any  
unit purchased from us.

*Jack Doerr*  
PHOTOGRAPHER

Phone 343

Exeter

## Tip Top Tailors

Personal Service For CE.  
Personnel by Norm Walper

# Walper's

MEN'S WEAR

Phone 81

Exeter

OFFICIAL BICYCLE HDQS.  
FOR WESTERN ONTARIO

## RAE J. WATSON

CYCLE & SPORTS

Complete Line Of  
SPORTING GOODS AT  
REASONABLE PRICES

Use Our  
SKATE EXCHANGE

Hunting and Fishing Licenses

Phone GE 4-2757

257 WELLINGTON ST., LONDON

## BEAVERS

HARDWARE

Your WESTINGHOUSE Dealer  
Sales and Service

PHONE 86

EXETER

## A. E. WUERTH

SHOES FOR MEN & BOYS

Shoe and Rubber Repairs

We Pick Up and Deliver Shoe  
Repairs at P.M.Q.'s Tuesdays

Dack Shoes Now \$14.95 Up

PHONE 252

EXETER

## W. H. Hodgson

"The Insurance Man"

Phones: Bus. 24; Res. 162-J

MAIN ST., EXETER

## CENTRALIA VILLAGE STORE

For All The Family Needs

Free Delivery

Phone 882-W

Open Evenings

FRANK OSBORNE

# Of Recent Interest

The Chapel Guild of RCAF Centralia had invited DR. LOTTA HITSCHMANOVA, director of the non-denominational agency "Unitarian Service Committee of Canada", to speak at an open meeting in the auditorium of the JAD McCurdy School at 8:30 p.m. on Thursday, September 18.

Dr. Hitschmanova is a native of Czechoslovakia. As a trained newspaperwoman she opposed Hitler and was forced to flee from her country after the Munich Agreement.

For two years she evaded the Gestapo throughout France. She knows from personal experience what it is to be hungry and cold and without a home.

In 1942 she was finally granted refuge in Canada and arrived in Montreal with \$70.00 in her purse and a burning determination in her heart to help those less fortunate.

In 1945 she organized the Unitarian Service Committee of Canada as a direct answer to the emergency needs of orphan children and refugees in war-torn Europe. Under her devoted and enthusiastic leadership, U.S.C. work has grown impressively during the past 13 years.

In 1952, at the invitation of the United Nations, Dr. Hitschmanova was the first Canadian woman relief worker to survey conditions in Korea, and three consecutive mass feeding projects for orphans were the result, followed by large scale educational schemes. In India her work is mainly medical and educational; in the Middle East the U.S.C. assists Arab refugees.

Her visit to Centralia was of particular interest, since many members of the community have been supporting her most humane cause. \*

By Jean Harrison

## HOPPER- HOCKEY

QUALITY  
FURNITURE

at

LOWEST PRICES

Phone 99 Exeter

TRY

## The *Burkley*

FOR

## Good Food

EXETER

## Enjoy A Milk Break

## For Pep

## EXETER DAIRY

DAILY DELIVERY

## Free Delivery

- Prescriptions
- Du Barry Cosmetics

## Andrew Johnston Drugs

Phone 447 EXETER Main St.

# O'Keefe

## BULLETIN BOARD

### STATION THEATRE

SHOW TIMES: Daily at 8:00 P.M. Plus Saturday Matinee at 2:30 P.M.

Serial "Adventures of Captain Africa" starts on October 4 Saturday Matinee,  
continuing each Saturday Matinee

THURS., OCT. 2—"Three Violent People"  
Charleton Heston, Anne Baxter

FRI., OCT. 3—"Delicate Delinquent"  
Jerry Lewis, Martha Hyer

SAT., OCT. 4 (MATINEE)—(Serial)  
"Delicate Delinquent"  
Jerry Lewis, Martha Hyer

SUN., OCT. 5—"FAREWELL TO ARMS"  
Rock Hudson, Jennifer Jones

TUES., OCT. 7—"Wild Is The Wind"  
Anna Magnani, Anthony Quinn

THURS., OCT. 9—"Zero Hour"  
Dana Andrews, Linda Darnell

FRI., OCT. 10—"The Tin Star"  
Henry Fonda, Anthony Perkins

SAT. OCT. 11 MATINEE—(Serial)  
"The Tin Star"

SUN., OCT. 12—"Witness For The Prosecu-  
tion"—Tyrone Power, Marlene Dietrich

TUES., OCT. 14—"Paths Of Glory"  
Kirk Douglas, Ralph Meeker

THURS., OCT. 16—"God's Little Acre"  
Robert Ryan, Tina Louise

FRI., OCT. 17—"Fort Bowie"  
Ben Johnson, Jan Harrison

SAT., OCT. 18 (MATINEE)—(Serial)  
"The Sad Sack"

SUN., OCT. 19—"The Sad Sack"  
Jerry Lewis, David Wayne

TUES., OCT. 21—"Vertigo"  
James Stewart, Kim Novak

THURS., OCT. 23—"Run Silent, Run Deep"  
Clark Gable, Burt Lancaster

FRI., OCT. 24—"Marachaibo"  
Cornel Wilde, Jean Wallace

SAT., OCT. 25 (MATINEE)—(Serial)  
"Marachaibo"

SUN., OCT. 26—"The One That Got Away"  
Hardy Kruger

TUES., OCT. 28—"Across The Bridge"  
Rod Steiger, David Knight

THURS., OCT. 30—"Cow Boy"  
Glenn Ford, Jack Lemmon

FRI., OCT. 31—"Golden Hawk"  
Rhonda Fleming, Stirling Hayden

SAT., NOV. 1 (MATINEE)—(Serial)  
"Golden Hawk"

SUN., NOV. 2—"Teacher's Pet"  
Clark Gable, Doris Day



# ALE

BREWERY LIMITED

