

The SNAPSHOT GUILD

CONTINUITY IN THE ALBUM

A FAMILY album is a family history—or should be—and for that very reason a well-kept, well-filled album is one of the most treasured family possessions. The pictures need not be works of art—if they simply provide a clear-cut record of the family's life, its members and its activities, that is sufficient.

Any first-rate album picture tells you a number of things. It is like a news item, whose first paragraph gives the "who, what, when, where, why, and how" of an event. If your album pictures answer these questions, or most of them, they will be thoroughly satisfactory.

Every good, clear picture tells "who"—you can easily recognize the people in it. It may also tell "where"—by including a familiar, recognizable scene. However, the "when" is sometimes missing. The subjects' costumes may indicate it. In a general picture, you should also note down the date under the picture when you place it in the album.

Often, too, pictures don't explain "why" or "how." Why was the picture taken? What was going on? If you were on an outing, why don't the pictures show what you did? Every good picture tells a story—and this is especially important in family album shots.

Continuity is important, too. The album is a continued story, day to day and year to year. Don't leave broad gaps in it—include the everyday happenings as well as the big, family events. If you have children, include a month-to-month record of their growth—with a familiar background as a "measuring rod." And arrange the pictures in proper order as you take them, so the story will run smoothly.

I have a friend who maintains his album in this manner. First, he shoots at least one roll of family pictures every single week—sometimes more, but always a minimum of one full roll.

Then he sets aside one half-hour each week for the album. He inserts the new pictures in their proper places—writes the date under each—adds any explanation that's needed—and the job is done. It takes but a short time, yet it keeps his album neat, complete, and strictly up-to-date.

There's a lot of satisfaction in



"Growing-up" shots, such as this, lend continuity to an album. Take them frequently—put a "story" into each of your other album shots—and write the date under each one.

such a "family history book"—and you can have one just as easily as anybody else. All you need is to put in a few odd minutes each week, and arrange your snapshots according to an orderly plan.

Pictures in correct order—with the date and any other information under each one—and a "story" in every shot. That's the formula for a useful, informative album that you will treasure in years to come—and now is the time to start keeping your album along those lines.

John van Gullder

Dogs Not Affected by Air Raids in Progress

Dog lovers often ask how the dogs in England are getting along in the terrible air raids now in progress. On this point a letter from a lady who keeps a famous kennel of Irish setters on the outskirts of London was received.

She writes: "You would laugh at my dogs trooping into the dugout when things get lively here. Only one dog, Champion Veracity, was scared by the noise and now she has got completely used to it. My other dogs, Yantia has got the whole thing taped, she will stay in the house until guns or bombs are loud, then she scuttles into the dug-out."

Another letter says: "In a dog's home near the coast the inmates recently showed complete indifference to the sirens and even to exploding bombs. There are cases where both dogs and cats have learned to know what an air-raid warning means and promptly make off and take cover. The other day a heavy bomb fell within a mile of a shed full of dogs, they were unperturbed. Above another dog's home a raid was in progress and the aircraft batteries were in action. Not a dog even barked. They were all less affected than if it had been a thunderstorm."

It would appear that man's best friend is standing up to the raids well.

RADIO SPOTLIGHT



"The damage is ten times what you think, the dislocation one half what you'd think, and the horizon beyond anything that you could possibly think," said William Strange, on returning from the Blitz last week.

William Strange is the Canadian author and script writer for the CBC war service broadcast, "Carry On, Canada," who went overseas to get a close range view of the British people under fire, to get the "feel of the war" so that he could present it to Canadians.

"The British are the cleverest, the warriest, and the bravest air-raiders that the world has ever known or will ever know."

His visit to Britain coincided with the most savage raid of the war on London. Londoners just refer to it as "The Wednesday." If you lived through that, you had a tale to tell, but London had the fires out within 24 hours.

But listen in to Carry On, Canada, next Sunday night at 8.30 and hear all about it.

There's still plenty of opportunity for young Canadian musicians. If they're really got what it takes and are not just "pretty good." To get into the big time you need that tiny spark of genius or whatever it is that makes the difference. A prime example is Johnny Burt, pianist and arranger for the "Sweet and Swing" program heard Saturday at 8 p.m. on CKOC.

Johnny was invited to New York recently by Paul Whiteman. The "King of Jazz" wanted Burt to study the Whiteman style, with a view to writing arrangements for the Whiteman orchestra. Johnny will continue his work on "Sweet and Swing" in addition to his work for Whiteman.

A record unique in radio was hung up at the time of the broadcast. It put on its 400th consecutive broadcast last Saturday evening at 9 o'clock over WBEN.

Many of the original Barn Dance crew—the "Tune Twisters" as they were called—were back for the anniversary hour, among them Red Foley and "Little Georgia" Goble, while Lum and Abner, rural comics, were absent from Hollywood.

The regular Barn Dance cast now includes the Dinning Sisters, Comic Pat Buttram, banjoist Eddie Peabody, Songstress June Kaye, the Hoosier Hot Shot, Glenn Welly's orchestra, and Em-Cee Joe Kelly. It's still a great show.

A few words to you gals who like to sing with a "name" orchestra; they're directed by Gene Ramona. You need real talent, a fair share of looks, (you don't hafta be beautiful) and you're most likely to succeed if you're the kind of girl that's popular with other gals. Pleasing the male listeners isn't so hard; it's pleasing the other gals that makes it tough. Finally, you need a lucky "break."

That new network feature Ramona and the Tune Twisters is certainly worth a listen. The show is devoted to popular tunes sung, swung and stylized by Ramona on her "baby grand" and put over in a big way by the novelty trio—Andy, Bob and Gene. Ramona and the Tune Twisters are heard each weeknight at 10.45.

Static: Violinist Fritz Kreisler (injured recently by a truck) says he would like to hear the music. "If it weren't for us, we're wrong again 'Hut Sut Song' is gonna be the national craze. . . Eddie Bracken and Don Ameche will sub for Burns and Crosby when the 'Cheese Kings' go on holiday. The Lombardo crew does a nice job of And The Band Played On. . . And then our spies tell us that band leader Teddy Powell, who wrote Bonds and Saddies has never been on a horse."

Geoffrey Waddington, one of Canada's most able music directors, has returned to the CBC network for another series of concerts of the Gilbert and Sullivan light operas for the summer months.

Mr. Waddington started as a youth, conducting radio orchestras—and has won the baton over the orchestra heard in an outstanding performance of the Columbia chain. His latest series is heard each Tuesday night at eight o'clock, and will feature all the popular favorites from the works of the immortal British composers, Sir William Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan.

Another musical treat heard along the air lanes these nights, comes from CKOC's "Musical Moments" at 11.30. A restful interlude of semi-classical and popular musical comedy works is featured. This change of pace after an evening of drama, dance tunes, and heavy rock news, is fast becoming a favorite spot on the dial for Canadian listeners.

Tune in Make Mine Music from 11.50 on the dial, and enjoy a good-night of music, please.

The familiar "Yoo-hoo, Mrs. Bloom!" echoes again over NBC's red network each morning at 11.30 o'clock. "The neighbourly 'Goldbergs' are returning to a network where they originated nearly 12 years ago for a new daily series to be heard in place of the serial, "Lone Journey."

Loveable character in the True-to-life story of a Manhattan Jewish family are Molly, Jake, Ronald, and Sammy, who rose from a lower East Side tenement to a Park Avenue apartment. In private life, Molly is Gertrude Berg, who originated, writes and directs the series.

Dollars Murdered Chanceller Engelbert Dollfuss of Austria was murdered in his room in the Chancellerie, Vienna, Austria, by Otto Planetta, one of a group of 144 Nazis, who forced their way into the palace on July 25, 1934, apparently in expectation of capturing the whole cabinet. They were dislodged and captured a few hours later. The murderers and one of the leaders were court-martialed and hanged on July 30.

Books on International Situation The names of some books that give a comprehensive view of the international situation as recommended by Dorothy Thompson are: "The Revolution of Nihilism," by Hermann Rauschning; "Not Peace But a Sword," by Vincent Sheean; "Betrayal in Central Europe," by G. E. R. Gedyde; "Poland: Key to Europe," by Raymond Leslie Buell; "Stalin," by Boris Souvarine; "Juggernaut. The Path of Dictatorship," by Albert Carr; "Accent on Power," by Valeriu Marcu; "Europe—Going, Going, Gone," by Count Ferdinand Caserio; "Step by Step," by Winston Churchill; "The New German Empire," by Franz Borkenau; "Germany Rampant," by Ernest Lambert; "In Defense of France," by Edouard Daladier; "Democracy: Today and Tomorrow," by Edouard Benes.

French River and Devil's Gap Lure Visitors



A cottage on the shore of a tree-lined lake with opportunities for fishing, boating, swimming and other warm-weather recreation provides the kind of summer holiday which is essentially Canadian. But life in a cottage sometimes means a lot of work owing to the lack of city conveniences, which is the reason for the great popularity of such resorts as Devil's Gap and French River where visitors live in cottages which are as well served as hotel suites.

The simple life, with all the informality and ease which the expression implies, is the watchword at these two famous Canadian Pacific resorts. Mother is relieved of the cooking, daughter of the dish-washing and sonny of the lawn-mowing, while father

dresses in his oldest and most comfortable clothes to pursue his own peculiar ideas of summer life.

There is a strong family resemblance between Devil's Gap Lodge, near Kenora, and French River Chalet Bungalow Camp, on the Canadian Pacific Toronto-Sudbury line. In a beautiful section of lakes and forests, they offer endless possibilities for recreation. No part of Canada has better fishing, and there are facilities for tennis, golf and similar sports. Great expanses of water and wooded country make exploring a pleasure, by canoe, motorboat, automobile, horse or on foot.

Individual bungalows or cottages, self-contained and fully furnished, have electric lights, running water and maid service.

The central chalet or lodge is the nerve centre of the community because it is there that visitors have their meals and enjoy dancing and other amusements in the evenings.

Although there are amusements for every member of the family, the most popular sport at these resorts is fishing. That is because the fishing is so good. Pickerel, pike, sturgeon, plus those scrappier game-fish of the Canadian water-world, the muscalunge and the small-mouth black bass are found in abundance. Both districts have produced record fish, the most outstanding of which was the sixty and one-half pound muscalunge caught by J. J. Coleman, of Evanville, Indiana, in Eagle Lake, east of Devil's Gap, in 1939. That one holds the world's record.

The Pest

By BETTY LAKEY
(McClure Syndicate—WNU Service.)

WE WERE looking forward to a wonderful week-end at Anita's. Her family, the Harpers, opened their place at the shore early in May and kept it open until late in October. Of course we couldn't go bathing at the end of the season, but it was lots of fun being invited before and after the crowds swarmed down in July and August.

Anita and I were in college together—we'd been close friends before we went, even. There was a younger daughter, Sally, on boarding school, and two boys, Tom and Bob, away at college. So with four children away at school, Mr. and Mrs. Harper thought they might just as well be at the shore, which they both loved. There was a child—we called her the Pest when nobody was listening. She was ten—Joan. And they just shifted her back and forth from seashore school to town school whenever they moved. She was more or less dumb, anyway. I mean she never got very good marks.

Well, it was my first week-end for the season at the Harpers' College was just over—we Freshmen didn't have to stay for commencement. Anita met me at the station.

"There's a dance tonight at the yacht club on the bay," said Anita, buzzing along the beach road. "It's the first of the season. We're going."

"Hot cha!" I answered. "Bob'll be here at eight. He's flying home from college to get here in time to take you."

I giggled. When we reached the Harper place everybody was trying to talk at once. There had been a telegram from Bob: "Plane delayed for repairs. Arrive too late for dance. Love, Bob." It was most exciting. Bob is a perfectly swell person, and though I was awfully sorry he wouldn't be there for the dance, it was fun to think he was having all this difficulty just trying to keep a date with me.

"Mother!" It was Joan—the Pest. "Mother, the butcher's boy said—you know, mother, that fat one with freckles. I met him down by the beach and he said—"

"Oh, Joan, do keep quiet," said Mrs. Harper. "You've been trying to tell me about the butcher's boy for ten minutes. Can't you see we're busy? Run along and play. The butcher's boy will keep."

"But, mother, the butcher's boy—"

"I know, I know, infant," said Anita. "But we've no time to listen to the chatter. We've got to get to collect another man for Betty from a none too big supply. So many people haven't come down yet. Let's see—there's Jerry Wharton. How about Jerry, Bet? Will he do? Or we might call in the butcher's boy."

"Jerry'll do," I answered. "All right." We'll hop in the car again and go ask him if he's looking for a lovely lady in shaded gray chiffon."

We found Jerry playing tennis. He'd been looking for a lovely lady in shaded gray chiffon ever since he was born, he said—if it was the right lady. He'd been planning to go stag—because he decided he'd thought I'd be taken. Jerry's nice. So with all that fixed up we went home again and got dressed.

There was a gang at dinner. We had lots of fun. But whenever there was a lull in the conversation that pestiferous Joan would start in about the butcher's boy. She was well called the Pest.

"I don't see," said her cousin Spafford importantly, "why you interrupt all the time, Joan."

"I don't," she said. "But in this house nobody never gives me a chance—"

"Oh, Joan," Sally looked disgusted. "Nobody ever!"

"Well, nobody not ever, then," said Joan sulkily. "But the butcher boy said—"

We all roared. We were lingering over coffee and cigarettes—the desert was done. "Joan, baby," said her father, "you and your little friend ask mother to excuse you, and run out and play a bit."

It was about an hour later. Jerry and I had just about stepped into his car when one of those rickety seashore taxicabs came rattling up to the door. Out jumped Bob. I almost hugged him, I was so glad to see him.

"I made it, didn't I?" he said. "I'll be ready in a jiffy, Betty." He looked as if he pretty much felt as I did. Then he noticed Jerry Wharton, acting as if he owned me. "You got my message, didn't you? You see, the pilot told us, when he brought us down for refueling, that there was a leak it would take a long time to fix up. So I telegraphed. Then, in a couple of hours, he got it fixed, and told us he'd start right away. I tried to telephone—but I couldn't get you. But I got the butcher—you know, Pfeiffer's? And he said he'd let you know. Didn't he?"

There was a dead silence for a moment. Then Joan's aggrieved voice spoke. "That's all, said with dignity, 'is what I've been trying to tell you. The butcher's boy—you know, the one with the dish-washed face and the freckles, that toes in—well, he said Bob'd be home and to wait.'"

"Every duty, well and honestly done, is a contribution to victory."
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"EVERYWHERE I GO..."

We know a man who travels across Canada several times a year. He meets and talks with literally hundreds of people of all classes.

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