

Morell Defeats Montague Meteors

With determined sustained attacks the Morell squad defeated the Montague Meteors in a well-attended game at the Montague Rink on Friday night by the score of 11-10.

A typical seesaw game, it was not until the last minute of the final period, that the visitors punched in the last score to break the tie.

Lineups: Morell—Goal, K. Jay; Defense, Eldershaw, W. MacAdam, G. MacInnis, J. Rossiter; Forwards: G. Jay, MacDonald, J. MacInnis, R. MacInnis, B. MacGrath, J. R. MacInnis, Slinnot, Rossiter, R. MacAdam.

Montague—Goal, F. Fraser; Defense, MacLure, Flannigan, MacDonald, Clair; Forwards: Nelson, Power, Carver, Fraser, Callings, Sinclair.

SUMMARY

1st Period

Table with 2 columns: Player Name and Score. Includes Montague, Power (Carver) 8.40, Morell, Jay (J. MacInnis) 10.05, etc.

2nd Period

Table with 2 columns: Player Name and Score. Includes Morell, G. MacInnis (MacGrath) 1.35, Morell, Slinnot (Rossiter) 2.16, etc.

3rd Period

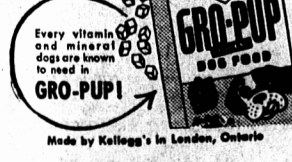
Table with 2 columns: Player Name and Score. Includes Morell, G. MacInnis 10.53, Morell, Jay 12.40, etc.

Your Dog Deserves

SOLID GRO-PUP!



Your dog will love nourishing Gro-Pup cubes. Chewing food helps keep teeth clean, gums firm! And Gro-Pup is solid food. Not 70% water like most canned dog foods.



Story Of

(Continued from page 6)

foundland. It was decided to hold the first annual meeting of the Club at the Charlottetown Hotel on the evening before the date of departure on the second visit, by Maritime Central Airways' charter-plane, to Saint John's, Newfoundland.

At this meeting, organization of the Club was completed. The Club is to be known as the Maritime Flying Curlers' Club, with a membership of thirty members.

Late in November, the Club Secretary went to work organizing for the second visit to Newfoundland. At this time, the Secretary got the thought—why not organize a party of curlers, and curling fans, to attend the MacDonald Briar Tankard Play being held at Vancouver this year, starting March 6th?

Then work on organization of both Newfoundland and Vancouver trips began! Shortly after this, the Secretary's health started on the downward trend, and he was compelled to visit his doctor, who at once ordered him to hospital.

The Secretary remained in hospital from December 10th to February 3rd, 1950. During this time, he carried on his organizing with the assistance of a stenographer, who took dictation from his bedside almost every afternoon.

Officers Elected

The organization of the second Newfoundland trip was a grand success! The Club Secretary left hospital on February 3rd, and was able to be in attendance at the first annual meeting of the Maritime Flying Curlers' Club, which was held at the Charlottetown Hotel on the evening of March 4th.

Officers—J. K. Curran, Summerside, Honorary President; Dr. E.S. Giddings, Charlottetown, President; N. T. Rockwell, Saint John, Vice-President; J. F. MacLeod, Charlottetown, Secretary-Treasurer.

Executive—Chief Justice T. A. Campbell, Summerside; J. E. Burdett, Charlottetown; W. R. Jenkins, Charlottetown; Thos. Coley, Halifax.

Songleader—(Official office, life appointment) Dr. E. S. Giddings, Charlottetown.

On Sunday afternoon, February 6th, the plane took off from Charlottetown with a party on their second visit to Saint John's, Newfoundland. Passengers making the trip included Mrs. Rockwell and Mrs. MacComb, wives of general Nick Rockwell and D. A. LaCombe, Saint John, New Brunswick.

The Secretary was not in on this trip but, in conversation with him, he said that he had been talking with several of the party on their return to Charlottetown. He was advised that the 1950 outing was even better than the trip taken one year ago.

Miss Potter, Maritime Central Airways' stewardess, stated that she had not travelled in more congenial company. The usual song leader, Dr. E. S. Giddings, this helped to while away the hours spent above. Miss Potter says that she had never seen such coffee drinkers, but M.C.A. was again to be unimpaired. Finlay says that the Flying Curlers should travel far and meet with considerable

success on their curling trips, because the drinking of coffee will never upset one's curling ability. Other curling clubs might take a lesson from this!

The Vancouver Trip

On Monday, February 6th, the Secretary got busy on completion of organization for the Vancouver trip. On Tuesday, he was again forced to return to bed this time at his home. Against his doctor's and wife's wishes, he carried on while in bed. He is one of those stubborn Scotchmen! His wife took dictation from her patient, much against her wishes. Finlay says it is just wonderful what a wife will do for her husband if she is trained right!

The organization of the Vancouver flight could not have been brought to such a successful conclusion without the help received from Maritime Central Airways' manager, and staff. They gave wholehearted cooperation, support, and encouragement. Manager Carl Burke made numerous visits to hospital to visit our Secretary, and greatly assisted him with necessary instructions, rules to follow, suggestions, etc. Miss Potter gave wonderful assistance. She took dictation from the Secretary at his home, and did the typing at her office. This was much appreciated, although Finlay says that having a typist such as Miss Potter at his bedside could easily have had its effect on his pulse, and interfered with his trend of thought!

Mr. Ken McAdam, Fredericton, gave a wonderful assistance. Ken went all the way to help, and was successful in procuring nine passengers for the trip. Our thanks are due Ken for his helping in a large degree to ensure the success of the Vancouver trip.

Mr. Geary, in charge of advertising for the MacDonald Briar, has written the Club Secretary, asking for cooperation of the Vancouver party in the following matter. A moving-picture of the MacDonald Briar is being made at Vancouver this year, and with the cooperation of the party, movie cameras will be on the field of the arrival of the chartered plane and passengers. Such pictures will be included in, and be a part of, the MacDonald Briar picture. The Secretary has written Mr. Geary, enclosing a copy of the trip itinerary, and promised him the wholehearted cooperation and support of the entire party.

Distinctive Dress

All members of the party, male and female, have been advised to take along white sweaters if at all available, curling tams, and the usual badges. The Secretary has ordered a supply of Maritime Flying Curlers' crests, and the manufacturer has guaranteed to have them at Charlottetown on time.

One of these crests will be offered to each member of the party, and can be worn on the sweater the first night out at the Hotel in Fort William. Men are advised to take along needles and thread, and they then can put the women passengers to work sewing on crests at Fort William. The entire party will don curling regalia just before landing at Vancouver, and will then be ready to face the camera.

It is just possible that some members of the party may not return. They may sign contracts with agents from Hollywood!

At this time, organization of the Vancouver trip is nearing completion. The Club Secretary says that, although not helping any in his recovery (so his doctor and wife have told him on more than one occasion), he rather enjoyed the work. He has had a number of disappointments, but the fact that, with the assistance of the Maritime Central Airways' staff, Ken McAdam, and others, including his wife, has been able to organize the trip and, at this time, report almost complete success, gives him a grand feeling. His efforts have not been in vain, and his labours have been more or less crowned with success.

What a wonderful way for a party to travel, not only to Bonaparts, but to exhibitions, horse races, conventions, etc., in fact, to any worthwhile event! A better and more cooperative organization to work with than Maritime Central Airways cannot be found.

We have two women on our Vancouver party—Mrs. J. C. Simpson, Summerside, and Mrs. Paul Colpitts, Moncton. The remaining members of the party are from Fredericton, Saint Stephen, and Campbellton in New Brunswick, Halifax and Sydney, Nova Scotia, and Summerside and Charlottetown in Prince Edward Island. All members of the party, with the exception of members from Fredericton and Saint Stephen, will congregate at Charlottetown on Thursday evening, March 2nd, to be ready for take-off from Charlottetown at 8 a.m. on Friday, March 3rd. Our Secretary says that he only realized the other day that March 3rd, date of departure from Charlottetown, is also his birthday! As regards his age, he says he won't go into that, but he is of the opinion that it is an omen of good luck!

The aircraft will land at Fredericton, New Brunswick, to pick up passengers from Fredericton and Saint Stephen.

The Secretary, with the help of Maritime Central Airways, has hotel reservations for the party for the entire trip: the first night at the Royal Edward Hotel, Fort William, second night, at the Marquis Hotel, Lethbridge. The party will be staying at the Vancouver Hotel while in Vancouver. Plans are being made for the entire party to fly to Victoria for one day. On the return trip, the first day will be spent at Calgary, where reservations have been made at the Palliser Hotel, two days at Winnipeg, the Fort Garry Hotel, two days at Toronto, the Royal York Hotel. Arrangements are being made at the following places for members of the party to get in some curling: Calgary, Winnipeg, Toronto.

The Secretary extends inspiring a logbook or diary, and entering amusing and interesting events each day, and will endeavor to tell you a story of the Vancouver trip on returning home.

Lenten Guideposts

Personal Messages of Inspiration and Faith Edited by Norman Vincent Peale

FAITH MAKES MEN

By Bert Kessel

A misfit and weakling in training—a youth who read the Bible in his spare time—suddenly became a battlefield hero. Bert Kessel, who led his Marine company in the invasion of Iwo Jima, tells the stirring tale of "Squeaky", one of his men, who used faith to save lives and win a great personal victory.

My first introduction to Private Danny Forrest was at Hawaii. Here our Marine detachment was put through final combat training. Private Forrest or "Squeaky", as he was called, was obviously a misfit.

As soon as Private Forrest opened his mouth all confusion regarding his nickname was cleared up. He had a falsetto voice. Squeaky was awkward, frail-looking—in fact everything a fighting Marine shouldn't be. He also bore the odious label of "eager beaver" (apple polisher).

Few Marines would have anything to do with him. When they did speak to him, it was derisively in high mock voices. Most irritating was Squeaky's effort to court everyone's favor, but enlisted men and officers. Actually this was nothing more than an earnest attempt to be friendly—to be a good fellow—but no one bothered to look at it in this light.

In typical eager fashion Private Forrest had first applied for assignment to a machine gun crew. They made him a cook.

A Devout Feeling

Along with Squeaky's desire to be a good fellow, was his devout belief for God. Much of his free time was spent reading the Bible. He even organized a weekly prayer meeting in his tent—but few could be induced to attend.

It was unfortunate that Squeaky tried to be such a strong disciple of the Lord in this setting, because rather than build up, he tore down the vitality of religion in the eyes of many Marines. Under a strenuous mental and physical strain Marines looked to strength for their values, and Private Forrest and his religion somehow represented weakness.

Because I felt sorry for Squeaky and had been friendly to him on several occasions, he singled me out as a special friend. One day he approached me in great agitation. "Lieutenant Kessel," he began, "will you teach me how to fight?"

"Why?" I asked, surprised. "Because I . . ." Then angry tears began to fall and out poured his bitter story. One of the Marines, Private Brewster, had vented his irritation against Squeaky by giving him a physical drubbing. Brewster was a tower of a man, and I judged he could probably manhandle three or four like Squeaky at one time without greatly musing up his hair. Squeaky's determination to learn to fight and avenge his beating was absurd, but I admired his spirit.

A Bigger Job

"Look," I said to him, "it won't do any good to mix it up with Brewster again. We've got a bigger job to do than to waste time fighting each other. Why don't you try to make Brewster your friend? You two may wind up in a fox-hole together before many weeks!"

I wasn't able to discover during the next weeks if Squeaky followed my advice. None of the men knew it at this time, but we were preparing to lead the assault on Iwo Jima. Indeed, it seemed only a few days after this particular incident when my unit stormed the beaches and began to fight inch by inch for the white dust that was Iwo.

Our casualties were terrific. My first glimpse of Squeaky amid the death and bloodshed was when he hurried by fastened to one end of a stretcher. His duties as a cook were so limited that he was doubling with the stretcher crew.

And casualties among stretcher bearers were especially high. Yet here was Squeaky, the so-called

weakling, jumping up at every chance to take the place of wounded bearers. Men who had scorned and despised him during training looked at him now with new expressions.

Nights The Worst

Squeaky was soon to perform even more spectacularly! Fighting during the day was sheer carnage, but the nights in many ways were worse—because of the mental factor. For the Japs developed nasty habits of creeping furtively into our fox-holes and quietly sloping up our men while they dozed.

For three nights this happened. Something had to be done. Then Squeaky chimed in his suggestion. "Lieutenant," he said, "I can see good at night. Station me in the advance fox-hole, and I'll spot the Japs before they get a chance to sneak in on us."

"Why not?" It sounded crazy, but anything was worth a try. That night the Japs tried their infiltration tactics again. This time they didn't reckon with a slight, insignificant-looking Marine—with a manny name. The rest of us stared fixedly through the blackness, and saw nothing. Squeaky could see and did. He didn't dare speak out, but he could point. Then other Marines would blaze away with their rifles at shadowy lumps on the ground.

It was an unforgettable, eerie night. Many lives depending on the gestures of one man! Squeaky sometimes couldn't contain himself, and we could hear his excited whispers. Then suddenly it dawned on me who was with him in the fox-hole. Private Brewster!

The next morning we counted Japs all around the area. Squeaky was a real hero, although nothing in the kidding friendly tones of his new buddies revealed the admiration they felt Brewster had his arm about Squeaky, and the shining light in Squeaky's eyes told me more than any word could.

Now if he could have held his Bible sessions I think the whole Marine detachment would have attended. To the men Squeaky's religion was the answer to his raging against stamina and courage. They found themselves turning to religion for courage and strength.

By the fifteenth day our ranks had greatly thinned. Brewster had been killed, and I could see that

Advertisement for Jack Cameron "The Store for Men" featuring a portrait of a man and text: "LADIES & GENTLEMEN The new 1950 samples for Spring and Summer have arrived and are now on display for your approval. Jack Cameron 'The Store for Men' CHARLOTTETOWN, P.E.I."

his death touched Squeaky deeply. The two had become very close. Then it happened.

Squeaky Is Hit

Squeaky was out with the stretchers as usual. Suddenly a mortar shell broke almost on top of him, and those nearby could almost feel the steel rip into flesh as Squeaky doubled up. Quickly he was placed on a stretcher, alive, but his stomach filled with mortar fragments. As Squeaky was carried away, his buddies looked on with blank inscrutable expressions—mute testimony to their inner emotions.

Several weeks later I received a letter from Squeaky. With much relief I read that he was out of danger. After reviewing his two experiences, "a lifetime rolled into a few days," he called it, he asked about many of his buddies.

Advertisement for OXO Concentrated Beef cubes: "TREAT THE KIDS WITH OXO CONCENTRATED BEEF. Now! Improved, foil wrapped cubes . . . quick dissolving! a delicious hot drink for growing children."

Large advertisement for RCA Victor 3-Speed Record Playing System: "NEW! Exclusive! RCA Victor presents a simplified 3-SPEED Record Playing System that plays all records perfectly. THE FINEST! An independent automatic changer plays the new spectacularly brilliant '45' rpm records. A PLUS! Another separate automatic changer plays conventional type '78' records and long-playing 33 1/3 rpm records. JUST TURN A SWITCH—And you automatically turn off the '45's and turn on the '78's or '33 1/3' player. AWAY WITH LOOSE GADGETS! No discs to insert. No loose take-out, put-in, lay-aside spindles. Nothing to go wrong or get lost. No other instruments play ALL records so simply—so easily! They're here! They're new! They're the superlative product of 50 years of world leadership in home entertainment. Here's exciting new convenience and ease of operation! Here's thrilling 'Golden Throat' reproduction for all speeds of records! Record changing is fully automatic at all speeds. Switching from one speed to another is simplicity itself. See and hear these outstanding musical instruments at your RCA Victor dealer's."

Advertisement for RCA Victor 9-W-633 radio-phonograph: "ASK YOUR DEALER FOR A SIDE-BY-SIDE DEMONSTRATION WITH ANY OTHER MAKE OF 3-SPEED RADIO-PHONOGRAPH. See—Hear the difference! Enjoy the fullest advantages of '45' quality and convenience. '45' music is distortion-free—exquisite in clarity, depth and colour—with virtually no surface noise. '45' is easiest of all to operate. Non-breakable '45' records last up to 10 times longer, are all one convenient bookshelf size (6 1/4") but play as long as an ordinary 12-inch '78' record. You enjoy all the unique advantages of this greatest achievement in the history of recorded music—in a new RCA Victor radio-phonograph with simplified 3-speed system of record playing. NOW ONLY \$199.95 for this automatic '45' changer! This compact RCA Victor '45' automatic Player attaches with ease to any radio or phonograph in the home. Plays up to 8 records—up to 40 minutes of music. Has world's fastest, most dependable changer. RCA Victor 9-J.Y. RCA VICTOR 9-W-633 \$269.95. HALIFAX • MONTRÉAL • TORONTO • WINNIPEG • CALGARY • VANCOUVER. World Leader in Radio . . . First in Recorded Music . . . First in Television."

Advertisement for Old Chum Virginia Cigarettes: "Alike in their liking for OLD CHUM. Like FATHER . . . Generations of fathers have enjoyed OLD CHUM'S mild, mellow flavour . . . the never-failing smoothness of its slow-burning tobaccos. Like SON . . . Sons too, have been quick to appreciate OLD CHUM'S cool freshness . . . the abiding comfort of a friendly tobacco that always smokes evenly and easily. In packages, pouch or 10 lb. tin. OLD CHUM The Taste of Quality."

Advertisement for Sportsman Virginia Cigarettes: "Sportsman Virginia Cigarettes. Rolled with . . . 'ALLWEATHER' Waterproof Paper. Extra mild . . . for extra enjoyment. The Secretary extends inspiring a logbook or diary, and entering amusing and interesting events each day, and will endeavor to tell you a story of the Vancouver trip on returning home."

Advertisement for R. T. Holman Ltd. and Miller Bros.: "YOUR R.C.A. VICTOR DEALER—R. T. HOLMAN LTD. SUMMERSIDE and CHARLOTTETOWN 'Where Old Friends Meet'. R.C.A. VICTOR RECORDS and RECORD PLAYERS Obtainable at SMALLMAN'S LTD. Home Furnishings Store SUMMERSIDE. FOR R.C.A. VICTOR RECORDS and RECORD PLAYERS, see MILLER BROS. 147 Great George Street Phone 555."