

CNR Public Relations Appointments



CLAUDE MELANCON



ROYD E. BEAMISH

who have been named assistant directors of public relations, Canadian National Railways, consequent upon the retirement of Walter S. Thompson as director of public relations for the Canadian National System after more than thirty-six years of distinguished service, and the appointment of G. Herbert Lash to succeed him in that post, effective October 22nd.

Slow Boat From Marseilles

By Michael Hastings

continued

"You look as though you've been having a stack up fight with a bulldozer," said Oliver lightly. "What happened?"

Augie, still looking away from him, shrugged his shoulders awkwardly and said, "It was ashore last night. We were attacked by about half a dozen men in a dark street." His voice was soft, sibilant. He spoke with a slight accent. Italian, Oliver thought.

"We?"

"Yes, sir, Max and myself. We went together."

"And where is Max?"

Augie's gaze moved further away. His fingers twitched nervously.

"I do not know," he said. "We ran for it, and lost each other in the dark."

"What time did this happen?"

"I don't know, sir," said Augie. "We'd had a few drinks," he explained.

"Do you carry a knife?"

Augie tried to look horrified and shook his head, stopping suddenly as it hurt him.

"Did Max carry one?"

"I don't think so, sir."

"By the saints!" roared Connor. "Isn't there a word of truth in ye?" To Oliver he explained, "Max was always flashing a knife around. I told him more than once that it would get him into trouble."

Augie shrank back. He moistened his swollen lips with his tongue.

"It doesn't matter," said Oliver, almost lazily. "I was rather interested; that was all."

He walked away, leaving both men puzzled. Connor recovered himself first and shouted to Augie to get back to work. The man went, thankful to escape so lightly.

It wasn't proof, thought Oliver, as he went up the companionway; but there was sufficient to confirm his own suspicions. First there had been the warning from Lacoste. Then the attack. Now there was a man with a battered face—and a man missing. Furthermore, a man who was fond of using a knife. That is the one he had struck with the belying-pin. Most probably he was in the hospital somewhere—and not yet in a fit state to talk.

He didn't expect to establish it beyond all doubt. Lacoste was not likely to confess and Augie was probably incapable of telling the truth. Assuming that his theory was right, there were two or three points to his advantage. First, Lacoste had learnt that trouble can work both ways. Second, Lacoste must be somewhat uneasy, not knowing just how much his proposed victim knew. And third, it was unlikely that Augie would come up for more.

At the top of the companionway he came face to face with the captain.

"Did you see Dr. Prinz?" Zakas asked.

"Only for a few seconds, sir."

"Take it that he gave you no instructions?"

"None, sir."

Zakas seemed pleased. "We expect to sail shortly after midnight," he announced. "I have to go ashore now to make a few final arrangements. The passengers will be coming aboard during the evening. I have told Mr. Lacoste to see that the cabins are ready. He will require some of the men for cleaning duties."

Oliver nodded.

"You will take over during my absence," Zakas continued. A worried expression came into his eyes.

"It's just possible that you will receive a call from the police. I don't think you will be able to give them any help. They are making inquiries about the injuries which Johansen received last night."

"I'll suggest that they call later," Oliver said.

"That would be the best plan."

In a more confidential tone the captain said: "The less trouble we have with the police, the better. We don't want to find ourselves tangled with official formalities at the last minute. I'm sure that I can rely upon you to be discreet."

"Certainly, sir." Then as Oliver could not resist the impulse to put the captain out of countenance, he said: "What if they ask questions about Max?"

Zakas was taken by surprise.

"Max!" he repeated. "Who's Max?"

One of the crew, sir. I understand that he went ashore last night and has not returned. According to another seaman—named Augie—they were involved in a street fight. Augie returned looking much the worse for wear."

For a moment it seemed that Zakas would explode. His eyes looked ready to pop out of his head. He spat out a few curses in his native tongue. After that, with an effort, he became calmer. But his face went a sickly hue. Actually, Zakas had remembered the warning given by Dr. Prinz.

"There shouldn't be much fuss made over a seaman," he said thoughtfully. "If you are asked questions, use your discretion. The main point is that we should not be involved."

"Very good, sir," said Oliver. He went on up to the bridge to make sure that the negro had obeyed instructions. Zakas bounded towards the small cabin used by Lacoste. He found the Frenchman there.

"Just getting some cigarettes," Lacoste explained amiably. "Then I'm ready to make a start on the cabins down below." He straightened up, the package in his hand. A frown made a deep furrow across his forehead. "Is there anything wrong?" he asked.

"There is," said Zakas grimly. "When you came to talk things over with me, why were you not honest? Why did you keep things back?"

The frown deepened. Lacoste shook his head.

"I don't know—did I keep any-

To Eliminate Blind Crossings

An extensive brush cutting program aimed at eliminating all blind crossings at highway and railway intersections in Prince Edward Island will get underway immediately. The program will be carried out by the Provincial Department of Public Works in co-operation with the Canadian National Railways.

At present the Highways Department clears all trees and other obstructions along its right of way. The same procedure is followed by the railway. But the new program will extend into the woods or fields at all four corners of these grade crossings.

The slash or brush will be cleared back beyond the right of way of both railway and highway to a distance considered necessary to clear the line of vision at intersections.

The Department of Public Works has earmarked \$3,000 as a start toward eliminating the hazard at level crossings. The program is being carried out primarily for the protection of motorists using the highways of the Province.

BRIDE-ELECT HONOURED

On Thursday evening, September 14, in Campbellford, Ontario, Miss Anne O'Leary and Mrs. E. C. Roberts were hostesses to a party of friends in honour of Miss Leone Dockendorff, R. N., formerly of North River, P. E. I., whose marriage to Mr. Allan Carpenter of Keene, Ont., takes place on Wednesday, Sept. 20th.

A lovely square mirror was presented by Mrs. J. Anderson and Miss Eleanor Sandercock on behalf of the group.

Mrs. C. Newman, speaking for the party, expressed appreciation of the good things Miss Dockendorff had done for the town and the vicinity during her three years in the local Health Unit and of the fine contribution she had made to all worthwhile things that came in her direction.

In replying, Miss Dockendorff expressed her thanks for the gift and good wishes. She also thanked the people for their kindness and hospitality to her in her three years in Campbellford and she pointed out that without the splendid co-operation she had received everywhere in her work she would not have been able to accomplish a great deal. "I had only to point out a case of great need or trouble to any society or any church and at once I had help," she said.

Two beautiful solos, "Because" and "I'll Walk Beside You" were sung by Mrs. J. Cowell at the close of the evening. Miss Irene Stephen accompanied her.

Dr. Charlotte Horner of Cobourg and Miss Mae Hertz of Port Hope were out-of-town guests present at the party.

thing back? I think I said all that needed to be said."

"You did, eh?" Zakas almost barked. "So! You told me all about Max! It was just that I did not hear!"

Lacoste looked more puzzled than ever.

"I don't understand you," he said. "Do you mean the member of the crew called Max?"

To be continued

Fewer Applications From Rural Veterans

If applications received by the Army Benevolent Fund can be taken as an indication, either veterans of World War II living in rural areas are more prosperous than their fellows in the cities or they do not have as much knowledge of assistance which is available to them through the fund.

Lt. General J. C. Murchie, Chairman of the Army Benevolent Fund Board, thinks perhaps the fact that applications from rural areas are not numerous may be a result of both factors but in a statement today made it quite clear that assistance from the fund is just as available to those in rural areas as to those located in the large centres of population.

"When the Fund was instituted by Parliament in 1947 and the amount of roughly \$2,000,000 was set aside from World War II profits and other sources it was stated it was to be spent for the benefit of World War II Army veterans and their dependents. This, of course, means those veterans living in the rural areas as well as those living in the city."

General Murchie made it clear, however, that the Board has a responsibility to administer the Fund in accordance with the Act of Parliament and only those cases can be helped which arise as the result of some unexpected contingency or unforeseen calamity. The usual causes of such difficulties are sickness, accident, death, fire, flood, wind-storm, epidemic and temporary dislocation of finances. The Fund cannot be used merely to provide a stop-gap and there must be evidence that a grant will assist in providing a permanent solution. There must also be evidence that the applicant is deserving of assistance and that his financial difficulties are not a result of circumstance over which he had control.

In order to make sure that rural veterans are aware of the provisions of the Fund, the Board is planning to send speakers to rural areas while assistance of Branches of Veterans Organizations and other Fund agents operating in rural communities will be enlisted.

Young Couple Come 5000 Miles To See Birthplace Of Ancestors

Mr. and Mrs. David A. MacLeod of Seattle, Washington, are welcome visitors to Prince Edward Island. David is a skilled machinist by trade, and is the son of the late Murdoch MacLeod and one sister, was born in Grand View. Two of these brothers, Rev. D. B. MacLeod and John J. MacLeod resided in Uig and are buried along with a third brother, Malcolm, in Orwell Head cemetery. Four other brothers rest side by side in Washington and one in Nebraska.

These happy young people are very much in love with this country and enjoy looking at all the old relics of early days. On their return trip they plan to motor to Florida, then across the continent to Texas and California before returning to their native state. They are at present the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. MacDonald at their beautiful home, "The Old Manse", Uig.

Since arriving here their pleasing personality has charmed the hearts of all those they came in contact with and they are assured of a warm welcome on their return to P. E. I.

URGENT MILITARY MESSAGES WAIT

for men who can send and receive them...



SERVE CANADA IN THE SIGNALS CORPS

The Royal Canadian Signals is the nerve centre of the Canadian Army Active Force. It maintains the communications systems without which the army could not function or fight in defence of Canada. To keep pace with the expansion of the Canadian Army Active Force, men are needed now to train as Signal Corps operators.

If you want to help make Canada strong — to take your place in the growing Canadian Army—then report today for training with the Royal Canadian Signals. Don't delay. Canada needs you now!

Report right away to:

To enlist you must —

- 1. Be a Canadian citizen or British subject.
- 2. Be between 17 and 29 years of age.
- 3. Be single.
- 4. Meet Army Test requirements.
- 5. Volunteer for service anywhere.

Report right away to:

Army Recruiting Office, Bellevue Bldg., Spring Garden Road, HALIFAX, N.S.



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