

# SPINDRIFT

Vol. I. No. IV.

Published by the Cordova Bay Community Club, Cordova Bay, B.C.

April, 1948



## Season of Grace

By Isabella S. Knight

No one can fail to thrill to the beauty of Cordova Bay in the Spring, when it wears the flowers of Dogwood, tender green of young ferns and a delicate lace pattern of new leaves.

Choreau said of Spring, "It is a natural resurrection, an experience of immortality." And now, with capricious March over, we shall soon see Nature prove again that the good in us, and in all things, is imperishable.

## 7 a.m. Bus Service !!

At last Cordova Bay is to have a 7 a.m. service—for a trial period of one month. At the time of writing this article we had just received notice that the service was to be started but had no definite word as to the exact date. It will probably be in operation by the time this appears in print.

We wish to emphasize very strongly that this is a trial only and it will depend entirely on how well it is patronized, whether or not it will be kept on as a regular part of the bus schedule at the end of the trial period. So far only eleven people have promised to use the service regularly and that is not quite enough to warrant the operation of a regular round trip of eighteen miles. It is hoped that everyone interested in seeing this service firmly established will help out by using the bus as much as possible and also by advertising it among their friends so as to secure additional passengers. The matter is now squarely in the laps of the people who want the 7 a.m. run. They are the ones who can establish it firmly by patronizing it regularly.

Charles Howorth

## An Easter Story

By Reverend C. B. Price

In the time of St. Patrick the High-King of Ireland was King Laoghaire, whose palace was at the hill in the County Meath, famous in song and story, "Tara of the Kings." It was an ancient custom, before the Christian religion came to Ireland, that all fires should be put out in the houses of the people at the time of the spring equinox when the return of the Sun was celebrated. The King was the only person who was permitted to light a fire on that night towards the end of March, and it was decreed that any other person who kindled a fire then, should be put to death.

The solemn celebration of Easter in the days of St. Patrick was commenced by the lighting of the Paschal Fire, a custom which is still observed in the Eastern Church.

St. Patrick had come to the Hill of Slane at this very time purposely to celebrate the Easter Festival. From the Hill of Slane he could look across the valley of the Boyne to the palace at the Hill of Tara.

The ancient historian records that St. Patrick intended to make a bold effort to witness to the Faith. He writes, "It seemed good to St. Patrick, inspired by God, that Easter, the great Paschal feast of the Lord, which is the chief of all feasts, should be celebrated in the great

plain where was the chiefest kingdom of those tribes which were the head of all heathenism and idolatry."

The King, surrounded by his court, with his Queen and the chief Druids standing by, was preparing to kindle his fire, when suddenly a bright gleam flashed out from the opposite hill, and a bright fire leaped up in the midst of the darkness.

Imagine the horror and amazement of he assembled crowd.

The King cried out.

"What is this? Who is it that has dared to do this impiety? Let him die the death."

The Druids were consulted, and they uttered this prophecy: "Unless this fire be put out on this night on which it has been lighted, it will not be put out for ever . . . Moreover it will overcome all the gods of our religion, and he who kindled it will overcome both all of us and thee too."

After a time, St. Patrick was brought into the presence of the King, and boldly witnessed to the Christian Faith. The conversion of the King is not definitely recorded, but soon the power of the Druids was broken, and St. Patrick, with his missionaries, was free to go through the length and breadth of the land preaching the Gospel of the Risen Lord.

## THOUGHTS IN THE GARDEN

By Reverend W. H. Day

Spring is here! so says the Calendar, and everyone who can do so is out in the garden, working with old Mother Nature in a renewed effort to produce a new supply of fruits, flowers and vegetables for another year. It is a wonderful thing, to be able to work in a garden! There is nothing to equal God's great gifts of fresh air and sunshine as a restoring agency for both young and old; besides, who among us is not thrilled by just watching things grow?

The Good Book tells us that "God planted a garden" and what a wonderful job He made of it! Have you ever stopped to consider the immense variety of form, and colour, and beauty that we find in nature? Most of it unseen and unappreciated by human eye. High up on the

mountains, deep in secluded valleys, or hidden away in dense forests and jungles, an endless variety of flowers decked in all their beauty of form and colour shed the fragrance of their perfume, and no one ever sees them but God, Yes; God planted a garden, and He is still at work in it, fulfilling His promise that "as long as the earth endureth seed, time and harvest shall not cease." And you and I as we work in our gardens, however small, are working with Him in His great creative effort, as St. Paul once said in another connection, "Man may plant, and man may water but it is God who gives the increase." So as we work in our gardens, co-operating with the great invisible forces of nature may we realize the presence of Him who delighted "To walk in the garden in the cool of the day."



# SPINDRIFT

Published by the Cordova Bay Community Club

Chairman, Publication Committee—Kenneth R. Genn

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D. Fletcher and N. Andrew—Sport  
Lillian Ross and Edith French—Social

Business Manager—Edgar Buckle

Advertising—Dave Radford

Circulation—Hilda Andrew and Hilda Sinkinson

## Editorial:

One of the most agreeable things about editing this paper of ours is that it is full of pleasant surprises. When SPINDRIFT'S mail box was first put up, we felt inside one night, and got nothing but a little wet paint on our finger. Now it is different. We never know in sorting out the manuscripts, when we will bring to light an important observation, a delightful story, or a penetrating poem.

But editing is not all surprises; much of it is conscientious planning for future issues. We plan to brighten our paper with cuts and pictorial material for one thing, and we plan to present a number of revealing and provocative articles written by local people, as well as original stories and poems.

A small community paper simply lives up to its responsibility by printing the most interesting news in its community and surrounding countryside, and by getting in as many people as possible with their diversified views. Whether you agree or disagree with views represented in our columns, is for you to decide, we accord you the same privilege of expressing your views. In fact, we urge our readers to send in discriminating and lively comments on man's foibles, especially concerning us, here in the Cordova Bay Community.

If there are varying thoughts expressed in adjoining columns, just remember, this is a free country.

We sincerely believe that forthcoming issues will be found both interesting and informative. We shall do our best to make every issue of value—and every one better than the last!

We want to take a watchful interest in the progress and destiny of every member in the community. We want our paper to be practical and helpful, and above all, we want our readers to participate in it and feel that it is their paper too.

# WHAT IS MONEY?

By T.S.P.B.

Norman Angell answers the question in the jingle:

"Money is a matter of functions four,  
A medium, a measure, a standard, a store."

Since gold has been taken over by governments for use in a sort of international barter trading system, the money now used no longer functions as a standard, much less as a store. It is as a medium of exchange and a measure of value that we use it. It is not wealth, but merely a token of wealth. Just as title deeds certify ownership of specific real property, so money certifies the holder to be entitled to a certain value; it is what we buy things with.

There are various forms of money in use: coins of silver and base metals for small transactions and for making change, bank notes for larger transactions, but by far the greater bulk of money in use today is what is known as cheque money, or transfer of bank credit by means of cheques drawn against deposits. It is generally held that current demand deposits arise from loans, in the making of which the banks are really creating credit, lending what they haven't got. A noted British authority, Mr. Reginald McKenna, chairman of Midland Bank Limited, is quoted as saying: "Every bank loan creates a deposit and every repayment of a bank loan destroys one." It has been suggested in England by Prof. Frederick Soddy, M.A., F.R.S., and in the United

States by Congressman J. Voorhees that after a reasonable time given for making the change, all banks should be required to hold in their tills currency to cover all their demand deposits; then the control of credit and currency would be—where it should be—with the central banking authority. The objective of bankers is "profit with safety," whereas the main objective of a central banking authority would be the maintenance of a stable price level. That the instability of money is a matter of vital importance is attested by the following quotation: "History has shown that apart perhaps from wars and religious intolerance, no single factor has been more productive of misery and misfortune than the high degree of variability in the general price level. This may sound like an extravagant statement, but so far from being of the nature of a demagogic burst, it is clearly demonstrable from all course of events in various countries ever since money became an important element in the life of civilized communities. A stable price level is a thing to be desired, second only to international and domestic peace.

—Reginald McKenna, Chairman,  
Midland Bank Ltd."

The present parlous state of world finance is of course a result of two wars, but it is at least a fair question to ask if the impact of war would have been quite so disastrous if the control of credit had been exercised in the general interest instead of to the profit of money dealers.

## CLUB CALENDAR

The next general meeting will be on Wednesday, April 7th, at 8 p.m.

\* \* \*

Our regular card party will be held on Wednesday, April 21st, at 8 p.m., in McMorran's Coffee Shop. Admission 25c.

\* \* \*

The Community Club will hold a dance at McMorran's Pavilion on Friday, April 23rd. Len Acres' 4-piece orchestra.

Dancing from 9 to 12. Tickets 50c.

Hilda Andrew,  
Cor. Secretary

Next issue approximately April 25th.

Deadline for material, April 15th.

Drop material in SPINDRIFT MAIL BOX, Editor's residence, Cordova Bay Rd. or mail, P.O. Box 582, Victoria, B.C.

Promote team work by pooling efforts. Join the "Cordova Bay Community Club."

## EMBLEM COMPETITION

We wish to congratulate Miss Shirley Cannon, a pupil in Division One at Cordova Bay School, whose entry in the Community Club Emblem Competition was awarded the prize of ten dollars. A total of thirty entries was received and the judging was done by the members of the Community Club at the regular meeting on March 3rd.

The Committee wishes to thank all those who entered the competition and especially Mr. K. M. Sturgeon, Principal of Cordova Bay School for the excellent support rendered by the school.

The Emblem Committee

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Howorth  
M. E. Scholefield,  
Chairman

## NOTICE

On Friday, April 23rd, at 9 p.m., we are holding our first Quarterly Dance in McMorran's Pavilion with Len Acres' Orchestra. Admission will be 50c.



## The Sparrows Stage a Blitz

By Madge Nichol

Like disgruntled little old men in shabby brown coats, the sparrows sat huddled against the cold among the straggling, bare branches of the willows. Their usual cheery gossiping was stilled. Their eyes were steadfastly focused upon the feeding-board attached to a window where several black-capped chickadees were having the time of their lives. With a saucy "dee-dee-dee" they would alight, snatch a mouthful of seed and flit impudently back to their end of the row of willows, then quickly return for another mouthful. Sometimes, as though to add insult to injury, a chickadee would perch nonchalantly on the board, nibbling daintily at a piece of bread held down by one small foot, and regardless of any danger lurking within the open window, not contemptuous glances at "those fraidy-cat sparrows."

This was particularly galling to the sparrows because the feeding-board was theirs. Had they not been the first to discover this bountiful container of choice tidbits long before any snip of a chickadee even knew of its existence? Not that they had surrendered their priority rights without a struggle; at intervals during the day, one by one, they had made the usually uneventful trip to the board only to find it crowded with chickadees, and what was even worse, the window wide open, and some human form lurking perilously near.

As the afternoon shadows began to lengthen, the sparrows became desperate. They went into a huddle. "Something must be done! Are we birds or are we mice? Let's put an end to this at once. Come on fellers—all together now!"

The blitz was on! Suddenly, what appeared to be an eddy of madly whirling leaves, swept like a gale from one end of the row of willows to the other, then back, and through the trees again, then quickly circled to make a perfectly timed landing on a small bush directly beneath the window. A dozen or more sparrows crowded at once on the feeding-board, grabbed a mouthful, then made way for others of their kind. The surprise attack was a complete success. Not a chickadee remained upon the board or in the bushes, nor did they re-appear. The sparrows had taken over.

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## Uncle Josh says:

Dere Mister Editor:

I was almost tu sick tu write yu a letter this month. But I got a mite akremonious about yu—and thet made me feel better agin. I like difference of opinion.

Yu plowed under most of my last letter, didn't yu? Can't say yore wrong, seein as how yore the editor man. But can't say yore right, neither. It aint healthy tu plow under differences of opinion. Makes a weak people in time. Same as in farmin. Yu don't make a strong topsoil by plowin under and buryin manures and stubble and straw and waste. Yu let it mix loose and springy like. A kind of sponge tu hold life together.

Same with people, Mister. If yu plow under all the "differences" in them, yu wont have enough humus left in their hides tu fight a cold with—or a war.

Any good farmer up here on Moose Crag knows that. He'll tell yu—an without all this constant nudgin of the Almighty which we hear from the politikal fellers.

Thank yu kindly fer yore space.  
Good day, Sir—Uncle Josh

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## MOONEY'S

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NO JOB TOO BIG OR TOO SMALL

## He followed the birds to Victoria

By Nemo

It was on the morning of Feb. 9th that I heard a faint tapping on my door and on opening it, found a dishevelled, freezing bird upon the door step. I invited him in, to sit by the fire and when he had stopped shivering and could talk, I asked him how he came to be here.

He said that it was was a very long story but he would be as brief as possible. It seems he had put off his trip to South America because he disliked doing the same thing every winter, and while he was procrastinating, he saw an automobile with a sticker on the window. The sticker read: "Follow the Birds to Victoria." (This bird was a college graduate and could read.) He said that he had no idea that Victoria was in Alaska until he got here.

I corrected him as gently as I could, saying that Victoria was in British Columbia and that the weather was unusual.

My feathered friend flew up to a perch on the back of a chair and regarded me quizzically.

"My grandfather was an adventurous bird," he said brightly, "he visited Alaska and described the climate exactly, so I cannot be mistaken."

Confused, I replied it was of no consequence and asked him whether he would like something to eat, so it came about that over a snack of suet, bird seed and water, this bird asked me about the sticker which had lured him to this Island.

I said that I did not know the wildly gifted person who had thought up the slogan and he said it was a monstrous misrepresentation, that no bird except an impulsive idiot like himself would come here in the dead of Winter.

Then he thanked me for a delicious lunch, gave me a feather to remember him by and when I opened the door he flew South with the speed of a rocket.

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## ASPIRATION

By M. E. Scholefield

"All the world's a stage

And all the men and women merely  
players."

So runs an observation by William Shakespeare.

"How true!" we say as we watch the activities in the school playground each day at noon.

It is a most interesting assignment, for, here we see the world in miniature—boys and girls of to-day—men and women of to-morrow. The strong, the weak, the bold, the timid, the carefree and the sad, in short: an almost complete range of human qualities is displayed before our very eyes.

Even the choice of games which seems to parallel the stages of man's development follows a well-defined course. The youngest children are quite satisfied to play tag indefinitely—in this, little demand is made upon skill and emotional control. Next in order of difficulty, we see hopscotch being played by a small group. This game requires more rules—playing in turn, and due to restricted space maintaining a precarious perpendicular on one foot.

There is much more skill and self-control practised in a game of marbles than one would imagine until he is called upon to determine the rightful owner of the humble glass sphere.

When a play group of three or four no longer appeals to the growing mind, we find the children developing the team sense which is satisfied in baseball and football. Integrity and tactics now augment skill and emotional control.

Finally, there are those whose counterpart is abroad in the world, who do not wish to play the game but enjoy creating discord. Here the supervisor must intervene to prevent humanity from reverting to the primitive policy that might is right, and to-morrow's citizens learn lessons of consideration for the rights of others, fair play and the value of a sense of humour.

The one mystery which remains unsolved despite our closest observations, is how our numerous canine playmates escape fatal injury.

So life's cavalcade goes on before us day by day and, he who has ears which hear and eyes which see, finds in a playground an endless variety of lessons to ponder.

"And this our life, . . . . .

Finds tongues in trees, books in the  
running brooks,

Sermons in stones, and good in every-  
thing."

—William Shakespeare

# The Large and the Small

An enquiry into the meaning of  
size and/or distance

(First of 4 parts)

## OUR OWN WORLD

"How big is it, Daddy?" How far is it from here? Few fathers of five- or six-year old Johnnies have been able to give a satisfactory answer to such questions and, at the same time, be intelligible to the questioner. The child, discovering a world of multifold variety about him, is trying to establish a set of standards to use as a table of comparisons. Instinctively, the child seems to expect of Nature that she should provide a complete set of fundamental units of measurement, but such units are extremely rare, if, indeed, they exist at all. Notwithstanding this, most adults are apt to consider the familiar standards as being invariable under all circumstances.

Thus man has, in the course of history, established standard, but quite arbitrary units for measuring size, distance, weight, time, and velocity. Before proceeding farther, it may be useful to remind ourselves that the terms just listed have a closely related meaning. Thus, size is merely the distance between the boundaries of an object or space, and is usually indicated by giving the distance in two or three dimensions. Weight is the amount or density, of matter occupying a given space (combined with its relation to a given field of force—but enough of that). Time is an arbitrary division of the period between two consecutive appearances of the sun at the same elevation in the sky; from this it is apparent that the length of our day is strictly governed by the rotation of the earth, and hence a different rotation provides a different day, of which more anon. Velocity, as will be noted later, is a necessary yardstick for measuring distance.

Now let us ask ourselves about the

measurement of distances in everyday life. The units which we Anglo-Saxons usually use are the Inch, Foot, Yard, and Mile. A more modern and certainly more convenient standard is the Metric, using the Meter, and decimals and multiples of the meter.

Either of these standards serve quite satisfactorily for purposes in the familiar world. Perhaps man, understandably the most important consideration to man, may be taken as a six-foot midpoint in the "distance-size" conception of our measurement standard. By the acquired habit of comparing optical impressions with oft-repeated measurements with our standard scale, we may closely estimate distances from a small fraction of an inch to perhaps a hundred feet; below one-sixteenth inch and over one hundred feet, our estimates become more in the nature of guesses than calculations. The process by which we estimate the size of an object at some distance from us is interesting, in that it incorporates unconsciously the geometrical operation of triangulation (range-finders operate on similar principles), and our pre-conceived impressions of reduction of apparent size with increasing distance. Behind this is the double operation of: first, the stereoscopic triangulation at our eyes (the base) of a point image, giving the estimated distance, and second, the estimate of the angle at our eyes (now supposed the point or apex of the triangle) made by the visual diameter of the object. This operation is completely beyond the scope of a child uninstructed in our accepted standards. This process becomes of increasing importance with distance, as will be apparent as we proceed to investigate extra-terrestrial distances, going first to the relatively Large from our midpoint, man. The title, then, of the next part will be "The 'Large World.'"

Edgar Buckle

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you have walked for a week  
in his shoes"—



## SOCIAL EVENTS

On Tuesday, March 16th, the marriage took place between Marjorie Jean Sears, daughter of Mr. G. L. Sears, Moose Jaw, Sask., and George Bruce McMorran, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. G. S. McMorran, Cordova Bay. Rev. W. G. Wilson, D.D., officiated.

The dark-haired bride was gowned in white satin with a floor-length veil. Mrs. G. Rodger, sister of the bride was matron of honour, in a pink chiffon frock. Miss June Lang as bridesmaid wore blue chiffon. Mr. Eric McMorran was best man, and the ushers were Richard McMorran and Gordon Rodger.

The wedding music was played by Miss Jean Neilson and Miss Marion Mitchell sang "O! Joy be Thine."

The wedding reception was held at McMorran's Pavilion where friends gathered to tender their best wishes to the young couple. The toast to the bride was proposed by Dr. Wilson, in which he mentioned marrying the Groom's parents twenty-five years ago.

The supper table was centred with a three-tiered wedding cake, surmounted by a miniature bride and groom. Individual tables were arranged for the guests.

Leaving for a honeymoon in Los Angeles, the bride travelled in a heather tweed striped suit with pink felt hat, trimmed with flowers and ribbon.

Mr. and Mrs. McMorran will reside at Cordova Bay.

Most of the "Cordova Bay Younger Set" were present at McMorran's Pavilion on the night of March 6th, to be entertained at the third birthday party of the SOS Girls' Club. Everyone came dressed in their favourite masquerade costumes and dancing and ping-pong were enjoyed by all. An enjoyable banquet was provided by the girls and the beautiful birthday cake was donated by

### CORDOVA BAY RESIDENTS

PLEASE NOTE NEW 7 A.M. BUS  
WEEK DAYS — ARRIVING CITY  
7.30 A.M.

### Vancouver Island Coach Lines

#### United Church of Canada

For the time being services are being held in the Minister's Home on Gordon Avenue, just off Walema, every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock. Hymn Books provided. Everybody Welcome.

Rev. W. H. Day, Minister

Sheila Riley. Mr. N. Andrew, special guest; Mrs. McMorran, leader; and Mrs. Mildred French, president; each spoke for a few moments at the banquet. Other special guests were the McMorran family.

Visiting from Minnedosa, Manitoba, were Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Cummins, sister and brother-in-law of Mrs. K. M. Lewis. Mr. and Mrs. Cummins motored through the States on both their trips. They will be remembered from their former visit three years ago.

Mr. and Mrs. K. M. Lewis reported the results of the Red Cross Drive for funds in Cordova Bay were \$281.43. The canvass was sponsored by the C. B. Community Club. Those canvassing were: Mesdames L. Henslowe, E. Buckle, N. Savage, F. Pottage, J. Nichol, and B. Dyer and Miss F. Lewis.

We are pleased to report that Mr. J. Irvine is now back residing in Cordova Bay after a prolonged illness which confined him to the Jubilee Hospital for several months.

Three cheers for eight of our local teen-age girls (Misses Elsie and Evelyn Neilsen, Edith and Freya Rodstrom, Ann Milewski, Anne Howorth, Vivian Lindstrom and Mildred French) who helped make up the senior and junior basketball teams from Mt. Newton High School which visited Salt Spring Island on March 13th and won both games with scores of 33-20 and 24-4. The girls also competed in badminton and ping-pong with their hostesses at Ganges.

We welcome to "the Bay" Mr. and Mrs. Macey, Mrs. W. G. Benson and her granddaughter, Margot of Doumac Ave. Two very new -new-comers are Miss Diane Louise, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Schmelz and Janet Mary, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Les Johns.

Edith French and Lillian Ross

### TELEPHONE POLES

Poles to the right of us, poles to the left of us,

Skeletal horrors the highway deface.  
(Only the dogs in the Bay are delighted)

Telephone poles are all over the place.

Samantha Quince

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## SPRING

"The Spring is sprung, the grass is riz"—that silly little bit of verse expresses the delirious, happy feeling I get with the first whiff of spring, especially our Cordova Bay whiff. More of that crazy poem later.

There is the first promise in the air, a promise of lovely days to follow. You put your nose up and sniff, then fill your lungs, Mmmh! this is it, the air that makes you feel like you have the world in the palm of your hand. One minute I feel, oh so ambitious, and then, Ho-hum, just dreaming of those warm days on the beach with the steam rising in waves off the sand bar, walking slowly along the beach, watching the children at play.

Soon too, we will be having bonfires, family and friends sitting around the warm glow of the fire, filling our tummies with weiners, mustard and sand.

There may be nicer places on the old earth but to me our Bay is the perfect spot. We have an abundance of lovely things. The dogwood in its purity; the daffodils like old friends nodding greetings to us on every side; the tulips graciously acknowledging us. It is indeed a perfect time. The waters that have rolled in with threatening frenzy through the winter, now stretch and sprawl in good nature, lapping lazily at our feet.

The sun is sinking, its warmth is gone, the wind quickens but its promise is still there. I feel good, even a bit giddy, it is Spring!

Here's the rest of that silly little poem:

"I wonder where the boidies is,

Maybe the boid is on the wing

But that's absoid, the wing is on the boid."

Billy Beaveridge

Join the "Cordova Bay Community Club." A fully organized, active and efficient Club, best represents the people of this area.

### St. David's-by-the-Sea

CORDOVA BAY

Rev. C. B. Price, M.A., B.D.

Sunday School every Sunday.....10 a.m.

1st Sunday of Month, Evensong .....3 p.m.

2nd, 3rd and 4th, (& 5th) Sundays

Morning Prayer .....11 a.m.

Holy Communion, 3rd Sunday at 11 a.m.

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**OUTDOOR . . . .****BADMINTON**

With spring in the air and the promise of daylight saving time in April, our young, and our not so young people are feeling the urge for outdoor sports.

During the last couple of years, Mr. and Mrs. Henslowe of Parker Ave. have graciously played host to the Girls' Club for badminton games, and Mr. and Mrs. E. Buckle have given free use of their court to Community Club members two nights a week. Last year Mr. A. Eales, also of Parker Ave., kindly offered his court to the Boys' Club, who accepted the invitation. With such kind donors as the above-mentioned, badminton should be played often and well this season.

Plans are under way to have coaches attend these sessions to give people interested in playing an opportunity to learn the fundamentals of the game. For those people not conversant with the shuttle game, I would like to say it is a fast, competitive sport, good to watch and better to play, and enjoyed by thousands throughout the world.

In the not too distant future who knows, we may develop a Canadian Champion badminton star in our proposed Community Hall.

Anyone interested in playing or learning the game, please contact the writer for information on starting dates and hours etc.

Noel Andrew.

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**CORDOVA BAY P.T.A.**

On Wednesday, April 7th at 3:00 p.m. the Cordova Bay P.T.A. will present a Junior Fashion Revue and Daffodil Tea. This will take place in Cordova Bay School. The latest styles in children's wear, loaned by Hudson's Bay Company, will be modelled by pupils of the school. Mr. W. Mattick well-known bulb grower of Saanich has kindly donated 100 dozen daffodils for the occasion. A musical intermission will feature local artists.

Tickets may be obtained from pupils of the school and members of the P.T.A.

Mrs. Edith John, Publicity Convenor,

**Victoria 1948**

The ancient City Fathers  
Were in their places set,  
They wept like anything to see  
Such quantities of debt  
"If we had Saanich and Oak Bay"  
They said, "It could be met."

"If seven new assessors  
Taxed them ten times a year  
It would not be so very long  
Before me got it clear"  
"I doubt it," said the Treasurer,  
And shed a bitter tear.

"A levy on their capital  
Is what we chiefly need:  
A poll-tax and a business-tax  
Are very good indeed,  
And parking-meters in their streets  
Which our police can read."

"It seems a shame," the Mayor said,  
"To turn us down so flat.  
They do their shopping at our stores,  
They read our daily Blat  
They enjoy our lovely climate  
And they ought to pay for that."

**Victoria 1958**

"O ancient City Fathers  
Why wear such looks of pain?  
Amalgamation was put through  
In good King George's reign."  
"But that was ten long years ago  
And we're in debt again."

J.F.M.

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Victoria B.C.

**CORDOVA BAY CUB PACK**

On March 23rd the Cordova Bay Cub Pack was a year old. A birthday celebration was held on that evening.

About three weeks ago, five cubs, Victor Lindal, Denny Beaveridge, Bruce Hill, Wayne Young and Phillip Lowe helped out at the game between Vancouver North Shore and Victoria United by selling programmes. The proceeds were to purchase food to build up the English athletes for the Olympic games this year.

Cubs to have passed tests during the last month are: Earl Morris and Stanley Rife were invested; Victor Lindal and Denny Beaveridge passed their Athletes; and Jimmy Waistell passed his House Orderly. The Honor Pennant awardee to the six which attains the highest score during the month went to the Blue and Green sixes who tied for first place.

N.B. Kill two birds with one stone. Clean out all your old magazines, pop bottles or catsup bottles and paper, by give them to the Scouts who will be canvassing the Bay for them shortly.

Ann Howorth

**THE SPRING HAT**

She bought it, for it made her feel  
So young and slim and gay,  
The saucy, flowered bonnet  
Rolled twenty years away;

But when her husband saw it  
Her glad mood fell quite flat—  
She heard him say "Good Lord, old girl,  
Is that weird thing a Hat?"

Nemo

**CORDOVA BAY**

We live in the north end,  
Which we think is the best end,  
We live on the ridge, away from the sea,  
Way up on the hill, no better could be.  
We live in the middle, We're sure you'll agree,  
That's where the new homes are going to be.  
We live in the south end, tho' farther away,  
All the neighbours around are happy to stay.

What a wonderful place Cordova must be,  
Every part is the best, to some one, you see,  
So let's be content in our own little nook,  
And work well together, A community group.

L. N. Sharp

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