

MARY SEES CANADIANS

Princess Royal Watches Cliff-Scaling and Stream-Crossing of Regiment From Pacific Coast

By WILLIAM STUART
Canadian Press Staff Writer
SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND,
Nov. 2 (AP)—It seems very "slippery" said the Princess Royal (Mary, only sister of the King) watching a member of the Canadian Scottish Regiment in an unsuccessful attempt to scale the sheer wall of a cliff on an assault training ground.

Far down at the bottom of a pit from whose edge she watched another man in battle-dress, this one small and quick, raced to the rope dangling from the cliff top and started up where the other had failed.

"This fellow will make it if anyone does," Capt. Cyril Wightman of Victoria, B.C., told the Princess who was waiting the assault school in his charge. Capt. Wightman recognized the springy little figure down below as Sgt. Jerry Burton of Victoria, senior instructor in assault landing training, and sure enough hand over hand he got to the top.

"Well done," exclaimed the Princess who gave all her attention to the instructor's feat. The man who had failed dashed to another rope dangling some feet away and was successful in his new attempt.

Colonel-in-Chief
Capt. Wightman stood by the Princess' side as she watched troops of the Canadian Scottish Regiment of which she is Colonel-in-Chief, demonstrate assault landings, preliminary to the cliff-scaling, and then mock battles at the cliff's edge. The Princess wore the uniform of Maj.-Gen. of the Auxiliary Territorial Service and was accompanied by the Colonel commanding the Royal Scots Regiment with which the Canadian Scottish is affiliated.

Looking remarkably like a grown-up Princess Elizabeth—the King's daughter—the Princess Royal spent more than an hour at the assault school tramping through muddy fields to see the Canadians go through their paces.

After the mock landing and raid by men in command of Lieut. Hector Alexander of Victoria, all wearing wool caps, sneakers and carrying skeleton equipment, there were demonstrations by fully-equipped troops who negotiated all kinds of defence barriers. They mounted high walls, scurried across slim rails over gullies, ducked through barbed wire and leaped a flaming ditch while thunder flashes echoed about them.

Inspected Regiment
The Princess went to the bank of a stream to see the troops cross it first by means of ropes slung from side to side between trees and then swim back holding rifles above their heads while explosives threw 30-foot spouts of water up around them.

When the Princess had arrived earlier in the day, all the men of the Canadian Scottish were drawn up for her inspection wearing helmets and full kit. While she took the salute, they marched past company by company followed by their pipe band whose mascot, a huge St. Bernard dog, walked slowly in the first line of pipers.

BANNING GANDHI

BOMBAY, Nov. 2 (AP)—Publication of a book entitled "Quit India," comprising Mahatma Gandhi's speeches and articles in his newspaper Harijan has been banned.

NOTICE!

The Wartime Prices and Trade Board has issued an order prohibiting the giving away of English Dinnerware as premiums. We regret to announce that after Nov. 1st this order will become effective.

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DIME DANCE NICE WORK

Most of the Girls Look Forward to Marriage—Meantime Good Living and Gay Life

By VICIAN BROWN
Associated Press Staff Writer
NEW YORK, Nov. 2 (AP)—The dime-a-dance girl—tall or short, slinky-hipped or fluffy gowned—is waiting for the right man to come through the door with a lifetime ticket. She earns a good living and

the life is gay—but she wants that vine-covered cottage, or at least an apartment for two.

That's what I found out—among a lot of other things—when I was hostess-for-a-night at one of the town's swank ballrooms.

Most of the girls marry and have families and foresake dancing for domesticity. Several have fared extremely well. The girls told me of a wealthy young man who came back night after night until wedding bells chimed.

No Nonsense
But to get to the dancing, 20 of us sat on a roped off dais (the pen) waiting to be claimed. One

girl said reassuringly: "If a man is objectionable just leave him and walk away; we don't have to stand for any nonsense." Another said: "If you need any help, just call one of the housemen who police the floor—they take care of jitterbugs and improper dancing."

One girl is a model, another a radio singer and several do war work. They come from Connecticut, New Jersey, the Midwest and the South. Some stay a short time, some several years.

I didn't have to whistle for a customer. Almost immediately, I acquired a gentleman from San

Francisco. He wanted a date and I told him that was not permitted. We talked as we glided about the floor to the music. It was my first night, I said. He borrowed money for the next three dances.

A handsome young man from Detroit, an aviation engineer, bought my "time" for half an hour. We sat in the electrically start-lit cocktail lounge. We had soft drinks—and talked about his war job!

Good Earnings
He was amazed to learn that the girls earn from \$25 to \$60 a week and dance approximately 100 dances a night. I averaged \$2 an

hour, received seven cents for every 10-cent ticket, and \$1 of the time ticket. The girls all thought I got a good play because I was a "new face."

The hours are from 8:30 to 1:30 and each girl must spend a half hour in the War Bond Booth. All of them are registered with the Police Department; all have to have three references and a picture which is attached to the files. As a matter of fact at closing time I decided it had been very entertaining and as for wedding bells—

Even I had some possible prospects: a movie stylist, an artist, and a war worker among others.

The best was the war worker. He had a car, gasoline, and four brand new tires—but definitely—he couldn't dance a step.

Canada at War 25 Years Ago

Nov. 2, 1917—British forces under Lt.-Gen. Sir Edmund Allenby occupied Beersheba in Palestine. Austro-German troops reached the Tagliamento River and captured a bridgehead. German airmen raided London; 32 casualties.



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