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No. 9, A.O.S.

AUGUST, 1944



FLAK

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and MR. W. WOOLLETT

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photographic section.

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From the G.M.

Dear Sir:

I feel I must write and express my sincere appreciation of your excellent work in turning out such a grand Station Magazine.

To say that the first issue came up to expectations would be no little understatement. I found the set up most attractive, the cover design was particularly striking, and its contents were both interesting and entertaining.

Would you please thank all those who have had a share in turning out such a "best seller." I know it must have taken a great deal of time and hard work, as it will do in future, but I do think your first effort was well worth while.

Keep up the grand work. We are all looking forward to next month's issue.

Yours sincerely,

DOMINION SKYWAYS (OBSERVERS) LIMITED.

W. WOOLLETT,
General Manager.

Hoi Polloi

Deadline

Dear Readers:

What rich, meaty language we have—a **deadline**. In this case the column has a deadline, looming ominously near—Monday, in fact! Today, being Sunday, we settle down and may shoot a line—not a deadline—but alive and kicking.

First, Mes Amis, the amount of untold mail not received from you is staggering! Are we living in a stagnant pool where nothing new passes through the thatches of crew cuts that amble this way and that across our line of vision? Just one little letter, on any subject, large or small; anything to justify our existence as a column.

An enthusiastic analysis on "To paint or not to paint" (Legs, I mean) would be gratifying. Or even just plain "legs." After gazing at Pin Up girls for months some sort of mental fruition must have resulted. Or then a little thesis "To wash or not to wash,"

TRADING SMALL TALK

It was very encouraging to note the enthusiasm with which the first issue of our station paper was greeted. In preparing the current issue, we have tried to benefit from the weaknesses and limitations of the first effort as well as from the constructive criticism and suggestions so generously offered by personnel, both civilian and service. It will be appreciated by all that preparation of such a magazine entails considerable work on the part of all people associated with it. We are sadly in need of artists, caricaturists and cartoonists, and this is a general call to any and all who feel they might give us a hand in any of these lines. We would gladly welcome anyone with journalistic experience or interest whose suggestions might improve the standard of "FLAK", and make it more generally acceptable. This is YOUR paper and its success depends entirely upon your co-operation. Drop a note to the Editor c/o Station Orderly Room, and we will look you up.

In cursorily perusing the copy prepared for the current issue, we feel it most essential to assure our readers that opinions contained herein are not necessarily endorsed by the Editorial staff, and that malicious reference made to any person or persons, living, dead, or quietly wasting away in a comatose state, is purely intentional. It might also be politic to mention that if we have failed to insult or humiliate any one person or group of persons, it is merely an oversight, and will undoubtedly be remedied in a subsequent issue.

We are trying to increase the number of photographs and small candid camera photos, and will continue to do so. However, such cuts are costly, and the number will be dependent on the circulation of the magazine. It is needless to remind our readers that proceeds of sales and advertisement have not covered expenses involved in publishing a magazine of this standard. However, with increased sales, we expect that, by the millennium, "FLAK" will be in a healthy financial position. So, do your best now to hasten that great day.

"A Message From Our C.O."

The Managing Editor,
"FLAK"

August 4, 1944.

No. 9 Air Observer School,
St. Johns, Que.

You are to be congratulated on the excellent effort that was evident in the first issue of the Unit magazine. The outstanding feature is the happy co-relation of Service and civilian personnel news. I feel confident, as the months bring out new issues, that they will continue to maintain the same high standard.

Please convey my message and best wishes for the future to all associate workers and contributors.

WING COMMANDER A. LAMBERT, D.F.C.,
Chief Supervisory Officer,
No. 9 AIR OBSERVER SCHOOL,
ST. JOHNS, QUEBEC.

written by someone in his eighth week would rivet our attention from that Irishman—well it would be a letter, anyway.

There's someone on this camp, Norwegian by descent, who claims he's working on a new computer which will make Air crew work easier instead of work making you. He also suggested compasses all over the plane in various nooks and crannies.

Those five day wonders that wander in and out of conversations saying "why don't you put more zip into the station magazine?" Ah, yes! But where are all your zippy little contributions. . . . Playing tag in the subconscious.

Getting Nosey

If some Gremlin with an over-developed sense of humor asked us one day, which of your five senses would you like to have

sharpened? Off hand, our choice for All-American would be the sense of smell, perhaps because it is Summer with the smell of new-mown hay after a heavy rain; fresh bread out of the oven; the smell of the ocean; sizzling steak; burnt toast; good clean sweat on a healthy body; pine trees on a hot day; the smell of wood smoke in October; wild roses along a country lane; lavender on old ladies handkerchiefs; the smell of furniture polish on gleaming mahogany; garbage cans in old back alleys; tweed coats with the clinging odor of good tobacco.

Our noses have led us on many an adventure—where would my stomach be if I couldn't cajole it with flowery descriptions from my sense of smell? Alone and uneasy it waits for the evening meal. Soon the news flashes down, beans again!

(Continued on page 3)

GENTLEMEN BY APPOINTMENT

Why the Officers Mess is!

Since the appearance of this column in our first shattering issue there has been a rumor gaining ground that it is written by "Molly Mouse." That is not correct, and we wish to have it known here and now that it is the work of none other than Molly's first vicious cousin "The Rat", and we do mean just that term.

But to get on with the types who have as their motto (with acknowledgements to Ogden Nash) "Candy is Dandy, but Liquor is Quicker," and the better known officers have set out to prove that by the brewing of a new, a more potent poison than the "Noose" could ever hope to be—a gentle stabbing drink named, quite appropriately, "The Kiss of Death." Those more fortunate beings that have had the extreme pleasure of convulsions from its influence prefer to call it "The Kick of Death."

Gongs to:

Flight-Lieutenant Ed. Lee for his unquestionable ability, almost amounting to the miraculous, to persuade the Commanding Officer to join the infamous "Hall of Fame". We would like to point out that this was by no means a small feat, as those who are members of the illustrious group will hasten to justify.

Flight-Lieutenant Tandy Davoud for his noble desertion of the benedict rank. A fine, although surprising show, as we were sure, yes certain, that he was one of our confirmed bachelors. The sole remaining recluse, Flight-Lieutenant Garry McKernan, is studying the developments with a more than casual interest, now **that** would really end this war.

Flight-Lieutenant A. Anderson, our wizard padre, for his meteoric rise as a deft exponent of the art of billiards. He is now taking the boys for all.

Section Officer Kay Ellson for her terrific ability to handle any situation and by name.

Flight-Lieutenant Herschel Reilley for his able judgment of good horse-flesh, on two legs.

Flying Officer Max Baker on his noble struggle to keep his private life private.

Flying Officer John Vaillancourt for the responsible position of French liaison Officer. It augurs well for our genuine French colony.

Porp Wash:

Now the knee-pad act comes on the boards and the first on our list is Flight-Lieutenant Lee and the vague attraction this station holds for him.

Do you really want to see the act of the season. Well, just wander into one of Montreal's better known bars some Sunday afternoon or night, the later the better, and ye shall be rewarded by the staggering sight of one of our better known Flight-Looies (name on request) sitting at the grand piano, which adorns said bar, regaling the patrons with wicked ditties. Not bad at that.

The mystery of the disappearance of those artificial flowers has come to an end, but the officer who committed the justifiable "petalicide" refuses to come across until the mess purchases a suit of medieval armor in which he can hide his orange juice.

There are certain evenings that the privileged few may witness an officer, another Flight-Looie (bad lot), doing an extraordi-

nary fine piece of dance, better known as the Can-Can.

Would you like the name of the officer, who, when requested to purchase a copy of this magazine was heard to remark, "Why should I? There'll be lots hanging around this evening." That's the type of spirit that we like.

Then there is our favorite Pilot Officer who had great difficulty in keeping his chair on its four legs at a recent large dinner in one of the local hotels.

Just take a little jaunt over to the telephone switchboard and hear the story of the Flight-Looie who gave as the phonetic pronunciation of his initials the words "Gorgeous. Adorable." Any keen mind should be able to supply the rest.

We have some great minds in that mess, the "never let your left hand know what your right hand is doing" breed, as witness the evening our worthy king of the keyboard was giving out with some fine ivory and as the last strains of Chopin's Minute Waltz were impinging themselves on a breathless audience, one of the most breathless chirrupped, "Fine work, do play Chopin's Minute Waltz now."

Dedication to Flying Officer Jack Browne:

Affection is a noble quality;

It leads to generosity and jollity.

But it also leads to breach of promise

If you go around lavishing it on red-hot momise.

It Could Be True . . .

. . . that Jack (Rhett Butler) Scarlett hangs around the Guard Room with his purty red motor scooter and side car on Monday mornings because he's really so interested in his new guard house. Or would he be considering giving a lift to some of the lovelies on their way back from week-ends with their baggage. Then again, it may be possible that Jack is just thinking about post-war reconstruction and is preparing himself for his post outside Windsor Street Station or the Mount Royal Hotel. . . . "Carry your bags up the mountain lady?"

. . . that a certain well known blood donor from the General Office had forty fluid ounces of aqua pura drained from his knee just recently.

. . . that a certain charming Australian is feeling better after spending so much time in the Western Hospital. . . . Let's see, he was the one who was on the eighth floor wasn't he? Well we certainly hope he is doing all right—he was making out very nicely at the C.O.'s "Jumping Anniversary!"

CAF. Comments

Talking of racing the other day were two beautiful Skywayettes and an Englishman:—

1st Beauty—Oh gee! when we've won the war I'm going to get my husband to take me to France, and then I hope to go to one of those marvellous French race meetings where all the horses run backwards, and the women wear marvellous Paris fashions and the taxis have squeaky horns, and everything is wonderful.

Englishman—but why go to France? I always thought you were so frightfully British. Why not go to Ascot? You'll never beat that for beauty and fashion, and our King and Queen drive around in state in an open carriage drawn by eight grey horses.

2nd Beauty—Yes, and they all wear grey top hats at Ascot, don't they?

1st Beauty—(with eyes wide open and flashing white teeth). Oh gee! How marvellous, and do the men wear them too!!!

HOI POLLOI

(Continued from page 1)

Look Ahead

Life, Love and The Pursuit of Happiness—the old Army Game, carried on by young and old. Except you start out and end up by being carried. After chasing around madly in whirl of activities, enjoying the whipped cream side of life we have decided that ginger bread is solid and filling, therefore indispensable. It helps relieve the satiation that comes from too much whipped cream.

We now take this out of the food class and get down to brass tacks, highly indigestible. We are speaking to our own generation, the generation that tomorrow has to start digging into the debris of this thing called "Post War Readjustment," and formulate a way of life. No one else is going to do it for us—our children will be too young and the preceding generation has already started to hand over the torch. The handwriting is on the wall. Future events stand and fall by our actions. When really thought about it is awe-inspiring. Any cynic who blurts "Nothing we do makes any difference, so wot the Hell!" Well, any old spineless jellyfish can squish their way through life, but there is no red blood in that kind of talk, not even a white corpuscle.

The war has opened countless opportunities that are yours for the taking. The taking, we admit, involves work. But work sometimes can be more gratifying than a good tan which took hours of mental inertia to acquire. Big, strong, healthy bodies, topped by a dull stupid face, good-looking perhaps, but stupid—that's really sad. Chemically we are all worth 98c with or without a tan.

Minute By Minute

Time waits for no one. That's what fascinates me about navigators and navigation. The things they do with time must curl the hair of the **Old Fellow**. Time is relative and about as elastic as pre-war rubber.

In Cairo you make a date to see someone. Time does not enter into it. The story goes a certain sultan made an appointment with a high-ranking British official without specifying the day. Two weeks later the sultan ambled up. No apologies were made, none were necessary. Time in the sense we know it does not exist in the East.

The official then goes to New York. He is engulfed in the split second clockwork lives of the people. He notes that almost two million people riding over the Brooklyn Bridge rise in the buses and check their watches with a big clock in downtown New York. Basically it is the same time the world over, measured in hours, minutes and seconds. Yet, being man made, its flexibility like the brain, is always apparent.

The pulse of the nation might beat a steady throb but the individual pulse ticks a little eccentric dance of its own, governed by its own emotions, pains and aches, all swallowed up in a gigantic whole, ringed around by a circle of time. The Time of the East, leisurely, unhurried; the Time of the West, turbulent, racing, surging; and never the twain shall meet.

Only Time can bring memories. Only Time can show events in their true light. Nothing could be more democratic than Time. Some think it begins at birth and ends at death. But no! All man can do is read back and look forward. It has no beginning, no end. We think twice about spending money, but spending time to most is cheap. Somehow it is more precious than money.

So I say to ye friends—spend it wisely—and I leave with Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Dance of the Hours" whilst I goeth out and cutteth a rug.

THE MUSINGS OF MOLLY MOUSE

Dear Ed:—

Thanks for the cheese—if it was cheese. I never ate anything quite like that before. Why don't you get some of the cheese that F/O Falle eats for breakfast most every Monday? I found a piece in his raincoat pocket last night—and believe me Ed that's cheese! wine-cured and all!

Ya know Ed, plenty has been going on around here while I was waiting for the first edition of FLAK to come out—plenty of stuff that only my eyes have seen. One thing that nearly cost me my life though was the day I was over in the Armament Room scurrying around and listening to what those boys have been up to. Do you know they had built a home for a family of cats, imagine that—big boys they were too. Thanks to the C.S.O. the death sentence was passed before I had a chance to be just a "Has Been."

During the hot spell I just couldn't stay in my modest home so found myself tearing around nearly being trampled to death by big flat feet. One day I remember most vividly. I took a little run down to the end of the Skyways road just to see how many people still insisted on going into the hot city. You know what I saw Ed? Yes sir, Jean and that Bermuda pilot sitting in the cow pasture talking very confidential like—seems they like each other pretty well Ed. I managed to hear (or thought I heard) something 'bout wedding bells, then I had to duck for they were looking straight at me.

I've never seen such a place for love doves. The other night that big boy with a moustache (from what I've heard people say he's a shark of a pilot when he flies. but his war effort is putting on Shows) anyway, he was out with some pretty slick looker, and was telling her how nice her blonde hair reflected moonlight— isn't that gush for a he-man to sling Ed!

Ya know Ed even though I'm a member of that somewhat looked down upon race I have got feelings, and all this bellyaching 'bout wars and things hits me too. I sent Tommy off to war. Tommy's my best bow Ed. He's a big guy with a long tender looking moustache, and you should see his eyes there's telegence there. Anyway I sure miss Tommy; we had such fun we two. Our nights dancing in the new Rec Hall and we had our share of the spirits in the Officer's mess too. Now that Tommy is gone it means that I have to wait for him—and mice are very patient Ed. Poor Tom, but he's giving the German rats Hell. Say I'm off the track Ed, what I was going to say is that something ought to be done 'bout these girls up here who wear rings or just profess to have a boy overseas. They're out every night Ed— if it's not a W.A.G. it's a Pilot—going out is not so bad but they shouldn't include those "bear hugs" and "purely platonic kisses" with every night's outing. Sure would hate the thought of Tommy out necking with some Henna-coloured mouse.

Nuf said this time Ed—just couldn't help but rave on. "Jilting lads overseas" is making as big headlines as the Jap war news these days.

I hope you won't get into trouble for printing this Ed—that is if you really think you have to.

Hasta La Vista,

"MOLLY MOUSE"

WRITE EARLY

We have been given to understand that Miss "Langour" Leeman now conducts a correspondence course on proposals by mail.

Rambling Through Building No. Two

SLANDER IS DANDY IF AN AXE IS HANDY

If you have the sensation that the Flight is taking off in your room—that's it! you are in Building No. 2, and doubtless you will wake up with but one thought in your groggy mind. "Is it worth it?"

All is not too grim in the morning (providing you don't open your eyes) and if you happen to hit the right moment Clary will be singing one of those "very very" French songs. You never find out what they mean however, and the way Clary sings them it doesn't matter—toothbrush in mouth being no handicap, along with that very healthy frothy look.

It's quite possible that by this time Rachel Sewell, Jeanne Unwin, and Libby Shaw, will have wandered into "Ye-Olde-Commuting-Centre" which inevitably winds up in the old argument of who has the deepest tan. Jeanne usually wins.

Ten o'clock will send Dusty Perkins out of her room like a cannon ball bent for election. "Gotta catch that bus." If you can possibly catch her when not in full motion you will discover Dusty is doing very admirable work, nursing at the hospital in Montreal every day. Dora Scott also comes into this category, only her methods of rising have that "Ugh, who made all that noise" sound. It's human and after she tries three times to get a drink of water and discovers it works better when the tap is turned on, the day is once more bright and worth while to Dora.

Noon has a very special significance—revealing whether or not you have been faithfully writing letters. As they say, you don't receive a letter without writing. (Whoever said it should have it rubbed in their hair). Down the hall, heads will pop out and respectively we hear. . . . "Any mail?" . . . "Who went for the mail?" . . . "What on earth time is it?" By the time it winds down to your room there might be six fat letters for you—but there aren't!

We'll skip the afternoon. Everyone is down at the Yacht Club being thrown in the water by various members of the heartier male sex. The remainder of the inhabitants are at work (?).

Anytime after six is an entirely different story. There is always expectancy in the air—flatly meaning, "Will he call or won't he?" A great deal of this depends on the length of the Say-Rose conversations — at least we like to think it is a good reason. If same is attired in a lengthy bath towel, chances are the conversation has a chance of being brief and we all collect around the telephone like vultures at the feast.

This inevitably reveals a loud unhappy voice from some room crying "Who --- ---- took my soap?" The heels of the indignant accuser clack up the hall and she will have cooled off by the time she returns to the shower, I hope! (I didn't like that brand of soap anyway).

In calling for their date any man who may be "nouveau" to Building Two will fumble around for a bell that doesn't exist and discover eventually that the only method of communication is a hearty knock on a swinging door and an equally hearty hoot. He may even get the right girl!

Music is not a lost art, thanks to Betty (Rut) Ruttledge, and if you can play hide and seek with yourself in the living room, pretending you aren't listening, the music will continue. It's a puzzle to all why Rut is so modest about her very charming touch on the piano.

Jumping on to midnight catches everyone with their hair down—or up as the case may be—and any time from 0001 hours on, in the price of bobby-pins to Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass."

LEGION

By BERNARD PEARSON

Do you feel run down when you've been hit by a steamroller? You do? Well, banish all worries—the Canadian Legion will help you. First of all if you're even the slightest bit injured and must enter the hospital for medical attention you won't be forgotten. The Canadian Legion will supply you with cigarets, magazines, fruit — in fact almost everything except a discharge to keep you happy.

Then too, maybe your watch was broken in the accident. Well then, just give it to Bill Rochefort, Legion supervisor, and he'll see that it's taken to town, repaired, and rushed back to you in record time.

If an operation is necessary you most certainly will want to have some pictures of it for your album. The Legion will take your films in and have them developed. They love to provide this service too—the reason being about five feet three inches tall and brunette.

It is more than likely that you'll want to wire home and let everyone know you're okay. In that case the Legion will send your telegrams for you.

And finally, when you get those two months of sick leave the Legion will be on hand to make arrangements for a happy vacation.

These are only a few of the many services supplied and it practically makes falling under a steam roller a pleasure.

Started Three Years Ago

Here since the station opened in July, 1941, supervisor Bill Rochefort has nursed the growth of the Legion facilities from one chair and a table in the Adjutant's office of the old G.I.S. to three modern and well-equipped rooms on the west side of the drill hall. Between those times the Legion was housed in the present R.C.A.F. stores, the bottom floor of Barrack block five, and what is now the post office.

Travelling Troop Shows

Although this is the closed season on those stage shows so much enjoyed by the personnel of Number Nine, plans have already been made to bring the first entertainment unit here in September.

In the meantime, the lounge, with its soft comfortable settees is open to you every evening. There's the radio of course and records for both tastes—hep cats and long hairs. About the only thing they haven't got is hostesses to hold your hand, but you wouldn't be much interested in things like that. . . . Or would you? In any case how about settling for a good book? The library has plenty of the best and you'll be certain to find anything to suit your tastes from murder mysteries to historic reviews. Plenty of Esquires too! Or if you're still thinking about romance and stuff how about dropping the girl-friend a line in our writing room.

A sample of the type of entertainment supplied in the lounge was given by a prominent Flight-Lieutenant (well-known at Rivers), who demonstrated the subtle art of the can-can, unknowingly, under the interested and watchful eyes of four trainees, who for fear of their lives and graduation stoutly denied ever having witnessed the rare event.

Have you heard the one about the Boy Scouts and the Girl Guides?

A.O.S. SPORTS

100NX P.T. CHAMPS

Course 100NX were awarded the crests last month for the highest P.T. and games score when they mustered a total of 51 points to lead their closest rivals by 18 points.

The boys of 100X had been runners-up to 98NX the preceding month and decided to have a pow-pow to remedy the situation. The result was a club formed for the sole purpose of organizing the sport set-up. "Hink" Hinckley, flight senior, was voted president of the club and Ken (Brewater) Brewster was joed to keep the log. "Jake" Flynn headed the basketballers and "Lefty" Anderson was listed to lead the softball team.

The hoopsters brought together such notables as "Holly" Hollingsworth, the Saut boys, Deacon Jones and Jake Flynn, in their first game which they lost by six points to the log-markers (officers). As one member of the team put it, "If you've met the log-markers you realize you just can't win!" Others of the basketball team were Bob Innes, George Gains and Eddie Dorey.

They fared better at softball under the successful guidance of Andy Anderson and won two games while tying one. Right field "Pop" Barlow who is past his childhood, stole second base one night—a remarkable feat. The only drawback was that the bases were loaded. Covering a lot of territory around second base "Honest John" Gaunt who implicitly believes the St. Lawrence is

a tributary of the Credit River.

The Borden Ball team didn't lose a game last month and was the chief reason for the winning of the crests. The team included "Wild Bill" English, "Jungle Jim" Cruise, Bruce Barrett, Ed Hinckley and, of course, Alexandros (Jonesy) Gerilomata — alias Smeeth. (Jonesy is one fellow who never gets joed on duty watch because the orderly sergeant can't pronounce his name.)

The competition is tougher this month but the boys of 100NX are still in there fighting.

SOFTBALL TEAM

Cooking on all four and heading down the home stretch toward the end of the mushball season, we're pleased as all punch to see our own "Star-Gazers" are as per usual sitting on top of the league standings.

The league got under way this season with a four-team set-up but St. Johns All-Stars withdrew their entry and it now has become a three-team interstation league.

Following are the standings complete to August 4th:

Team:	Won	Lost
No. 9 A.O.S.	7	3
No. 9 R.D.	7	5
Army	3	9

Both A.O.S. and Army are catching up on games these nights and the schedule will wind up August 17. We're looking forward to seeing our boys breeze through the play-offs with flying colors.

The Reasons Why

A spectator at a game between R.D. and A.O.S. last week brought up an interesting point. Our boys in practice didn't look as snappy as R.D. but once the game got under way there was a complete turnabout and A.O.S. finished on the top end of the score.

In an attempt to find the reason for this we asked F/O Foster who the stars of the team were. His reply after some thought, was, "there are no stars on the team—they're all good!"

That's the story, and we can see that the big reason for Number Nine's steady perch in the initial spot is due to the fact that it is a well-balanced aggregation.

Still in all when they're off the softball diamond they're just a bunch of characters as anybody who knows them will agree.

Here are some of the fellows, who deserve a real hand for their efforts:

"Flash" McGinnis, short stop; "Wooden Arm" Matier, manager; "Rule Book" Donn, pitcher; "Slugger" Moore, right field; "Smiley" Malone, third base; "Poker Face" Ashton, left field; "Lefty" Anderson, utility; "Twinkle Toes" Dorey, right field; "War Horse" Duff, catcher; "Bubble Dancer" Kay, second base; "Muscles" Galsworthy, first base; "Pappy" Foster, assistant manager.

Former members who have left the team are:

Sgt. McNiven who graduated in Course 96; LAC. Early; Sgt. Sioui and Sgt. Thompson, now at "Y" Depot. Good luck fellas!

FLY CATCHING SPORT:

Pop, the barrack over in Barrack block 27, presented the boys in 100NX with fly catcher to help exterminate those bothersome creatures a few weeks ago. The boys promptly tacked them over their beds and it wasn't long till things started to happen.

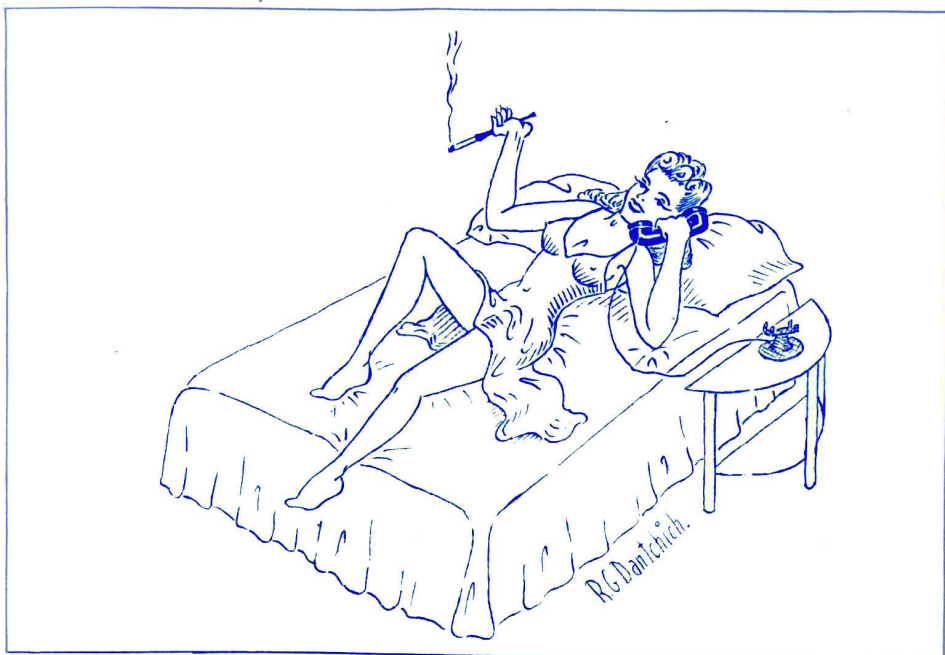
The good news was flashed into the barrack room that flying had been washed and our hopeful plotters decided to settle down for one of those enjoyable two minute naps. (They can be worked in if one doesn't eat any dinner).

The battle was on between the pests and the sticky fly catchers. All was quiet—when suddenly someone broke the silence with a shout "we got a fly!"

Moans and thuds from U/T and U/S navigators follow as everybody looks in the direction of the noise.

There sat "Fishin' Fool" Gaunt proudly pointing to a beautiful (if flies can be beautiful) blue backed fly suspended by its wings and legs from George's new fly snagger. The thrill of a lifetime?

Picture two little goldfish in their little bowl, one is speaking and he says, "I have joined up for war work. Blowing bubbles for sextants."



"— But Darling! What Good Is Alimony on a Night Like This?"

PERSONALITIES

W.O. 2 G. L. CLAYTON SERGEANT MAJOR

By GARRY McKERNAN

"Stand Still, everywhere!" And with the proper "musical" reflection the Station Warrant Officer introduces himself to the embryonic neophytes of the Unit. Many are heard to remark, "Well, he doesn't sound so hard" and the more fool-hardy members soon learn that they are just experiencing the well-known surface of the proverbial pill, and they also learn that like all medicine, it soon turns the balance to their own advantage.

Let us analyze the reasons for this unpredictable person's pet psychology—"show the palm of the hand before using the back of it." In our analytical survey we find that a wealth of military experience lies beneath that inscrutable exterior.



LLOYD HOGAN

By DORA M. SCOTT

Rather than call him a Personality-of-the-month, let's say, "here is a personality of a lifetime." In truth, anyone who has had much to do with this amazing personification of strong words, will never forget him! He is Lloyd Hogan, Flight Commander on the staff of Dominion Skyways Observers Limited.

Seldom in life do we, insignificant beings influence more than our immediate families. Seldom are we such that people strive to follow in our wake — but on this station Lloyd is ample proof that imitation is the highest form of flattery.

Hogey hails from the land of the "tall timber." Coppercliff, Ont., where he was what is known as the clean cut type, spending his summers huntin', shootin', fishin', until he started working in the smelter. There he discovered he had a natural gift for running complicated machinery and soon was holding down the job of crane operator working in the cage high over the seething turmoil of the smelter floor.

The temperature hovered constantly around 120° and there was danger of illness from excessive dust and gas fumes rising from the pots and furnaces below.

Hogey, at 20, was doing a job that only went to older and more experienced men. He never planned to stay there indefinitely as the strain of the work burned men out quickly. But he wasn't sure of what his next move might be. The following year saw him being flown into the bush for a holiday by the famous bush pilot, Phil Sauve.

The bug had bitten him. The following spring had Mr. Hogan planning how he could buy enough flying time to go places as fast as possible. He wasn't fooling! Aided by his inborn instincts he required only three hours and 15 minutes of dual instruction before he soloed.

After 15 hours he took his test and examination for a Private Pilot's License and went on to work, scrape and scrounge a bit at a time, the 50 hours required for a Commercial License, for which the examination consisted of three papers covering twelve subjects.

Now being way up north and out of the regular run of everything, the inspector only came around once or twice a year. There were no regular instructors for the theory so Lloyd Hogan, after studying by himself for approximately four months, decided to

(Continued on page 13)



At the ripe "old" age of 14, our George found life in Scunthorpe, Lincs., far too lacking in the necessities for a man of action, so he pulled up his roots and enlisted with the Imperial Army, 1st Battalion, Lincolnshire Regiment—as a buck private on August 17, 1914. We haven't anything definite on this but it may have been George's yammering for blood that saw the regiment in France after only seven weeks training. Perhaps even the War Office couldn't hold out against such a force. Arrival in France lulled our hero's insatiable appetite to such an extent that he submitted to an earnest request from High Command to subject himself, and the rest of the regiment, to a further few days of field work at Rouen, France.

Finally, Private Clayton woke up one November morning to find himself staring into the teeth of death at Neuve Chappelle, where they were shooting at the whites of the eyes. However, true North blood will out and we watch our man proudly sewing up the hook of a Lance-Corporal—only to add another to it in a short time. Finally, dispensing with the junior stuff we see him, a fine type of sergeant.

The next outstanding news comes on July 1st, 1916, one of the really great dates of this war — the first battle of the Somme, when all hell broke loose. After it had settled down a bit, Sergeant George Clayton is in the hospital, wounded, and justifiably

(Continued on page 13)

PETER BECK

By MEL SUFRIN

This is the story of Peter Stewart White Beck—a man who started out as a private, rose to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel—and today is an LAC. in the Royal Canadian Air Force. Of course it is incidental to the story that he was in the cadet corps of Windsor Technical School while a Lieutenant Colonel.

It was just one year ago today that Pete joined the Air Force and these past 366 days have been truly eventful for him. Adverse to doing things in the accepted manner Pete postponed his Manning Pool until after he had finished a wireless school preparation course at Galt, Ontario. He took his basic at Lachine M.D., and after wireless school came to St. Johns.

These tabulated facts of his Air Force career are the least interesting however, and it was not until he became ill that things began to happen. Peter was in the hospital at No. 5 M.D. for what the M.O. believed to be measles. It later turned out to be a rash from eating too much candy. While there his wardmate decided to have a party at his home in Montreal after getting out of the place and invited Pete, who after some hesitation accepted. At the party he met a girl named Gladys and as Peter says: "We've been going around together ever since — especially since we were married."

Hails From Yorkshire

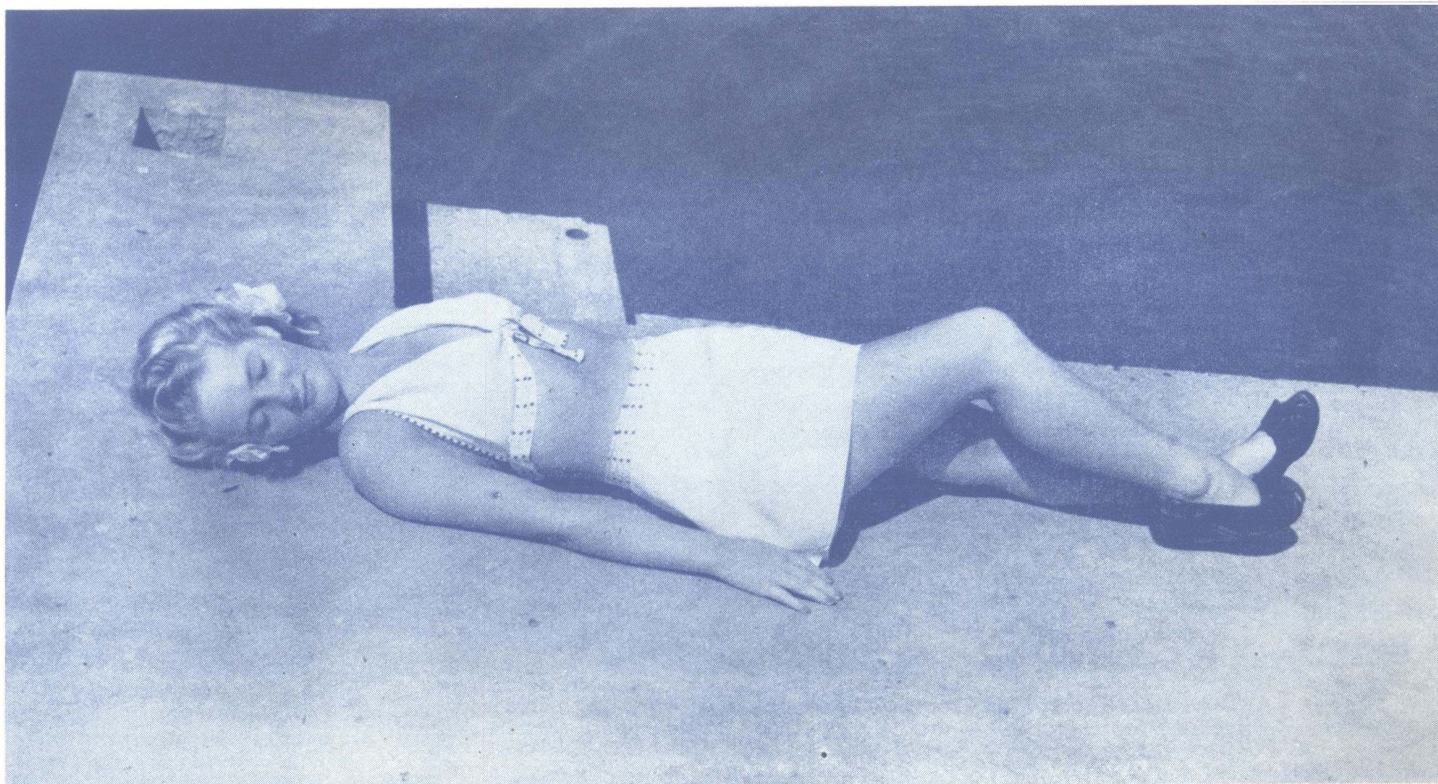
Born April 4, 1924, in the picturesque summer resort of Marske, which nestles against the white cliffs of Yorkshire, England, on the shores of the North Sea, Peter made up his mind to come to Canada at the age of two. At two-and-a-half he came to this country and settled in Windsor, Ontario.

Playing softball Pete has provided many a laugh for his teammates and opposition. Favorite remark when the lets a strike go by him is, "Gee that was a good one!"

Favorite of his hobbies is the stage and he has covered the field from acting to directing and managing lighting set-ups. He once took part in a production of the "Murder of Sir Adam Becket" in a large Detroit church, and played leading roles in Shakespeare plays in Windsor.

(Continued on page 8)





Lorraine Leeman—One of our flight clerks

REVERBERATIONS FROM THE SERGEANTS MESS

By "RED" FORTIN

Ah yes! Happy the sergeants. Today we had a choice of steak, tough or tender (if you wish the latter, you are issued with a sharp knife). But all kidding aside, the former is O.K. too . . . the only trouble is that it is difficult to stick your fork in the gravy (incidentally, Mary brings the gravy to the table on a meat hook). Original, isn't she?

But some guys are never satisfied. Here is a bit of overheard conversation between F/Sgt. Hamilton and one of the waitresses:

F/Sgt. H.: "My soup is not hot enough."

Waitress: "How do you know. You haven't even tasted it!"

F/Sgt. H.: "No, but you got your thumb in it, and besides that, there is a dead fly in it!"

Waitress: "I know, it's the heat that kills them!"

F/Sgt. H.: "Bring me some beef."

Waitress: "Boiled, stewed or fried?"

F/Sgt. H.: "Never mind, just cripple it and chase it in here!"

Of course, you can't please everyone. Now take F/Sgt. Crux—he'll eat anything, and is very fond of children. It won't be long until he will wish he could still eat in the Sergeants' Mess. But not all brides can't cook, some are very conscientious. I know of a bride who cried all night because her husband was out shooting craps and she didn't know how to cook them???

But all is usually serene at the Mess until someone answers the phone and the cry goes out "it's scrubbed"—then all is bedlam. It is wise at this stage to disperse (as they say in the army) which means to take to the bush or any convenient cover. This all adds up to the old saying: "There is no place like home." But then, again, maybe your mother-in-law is there, so what are the odds???

But to get back to our cuisine, that is

merely a case of "Mind Over Matter" (the Chef don't mind, and we don't matter). A few mornings ago I asked for two 3-minute eggs, and as there was only one egg left, he boiled it for 6 minutes (always trying to please). I sure told him off! Oh well, I was going to get those teeth out anyways. He is such a pleasant-looking person, our Chef . . . the most even-tempered man on the station (mad all the time). The M.O. has been waiting for a month now for his face to come to a head so he can lance it. He is quite a Casanova! All the waitresses like the way he kisses because I overheard one of them remark, "Boy, What A Kisser."

I think at this point I shall proceed to crawl into a hole and pull the hole in after me, for a bit of ye ole solitude, where I shall talk to myself. (Boring to say the least, don't you think???)

PEEP & PRY

Summer Time—Holidays—Life in the Raw, or Ouch, don't touch my sunburn. The good earth bringing forth questions like, "Where did you get the grass stains," or vaguely "Poison Ivy is catching isn't it?" Grin and bear it chum, we all get it at one time or another.

By the way, Smithy is such a common name but we sure hear it mentioned a lot lately, you know, the old law of gravity. Heh! Heh!

And that glamorous sunburned tomalle with the initial "L" as in Lorraine — we didn't know you were so interested in boating — I mean really **Frankly**.

Speaking of good sports and **Troupers**, etc., etc., we speak geographically of course — Australia has winter when we have summer but Oh Boy! has the twain ever met.

Let me post a warning to one and all—Do your ears unaccountably burn when you stroll by the civilian officers mess in the peaceful hours after six p.m.? Well they might, brother and sister, well, they might.

May we congratulate Jack Scarlett on his new guard-house, another monument to his untiringly devoted work. What a man!

And a certain Flight Lieutenant on this station — the one our Wing's Parade just can't get along without. Does he know he ranks almost—yes we say "almost" at the top of a certain dark brunette's list.

We thought it was funny one day recently when all the members of the photo section decided to go flying the same afternoon. Could it be they were afraid of the pin-up girl assignment for this month's Flak?

Here's a little dirt on the Editor-in-chief, if he doesn't censor it. His heart, girls, we are sorry to say is not for sale. The Red Cross Transport Section in Italy has it all sewn up.

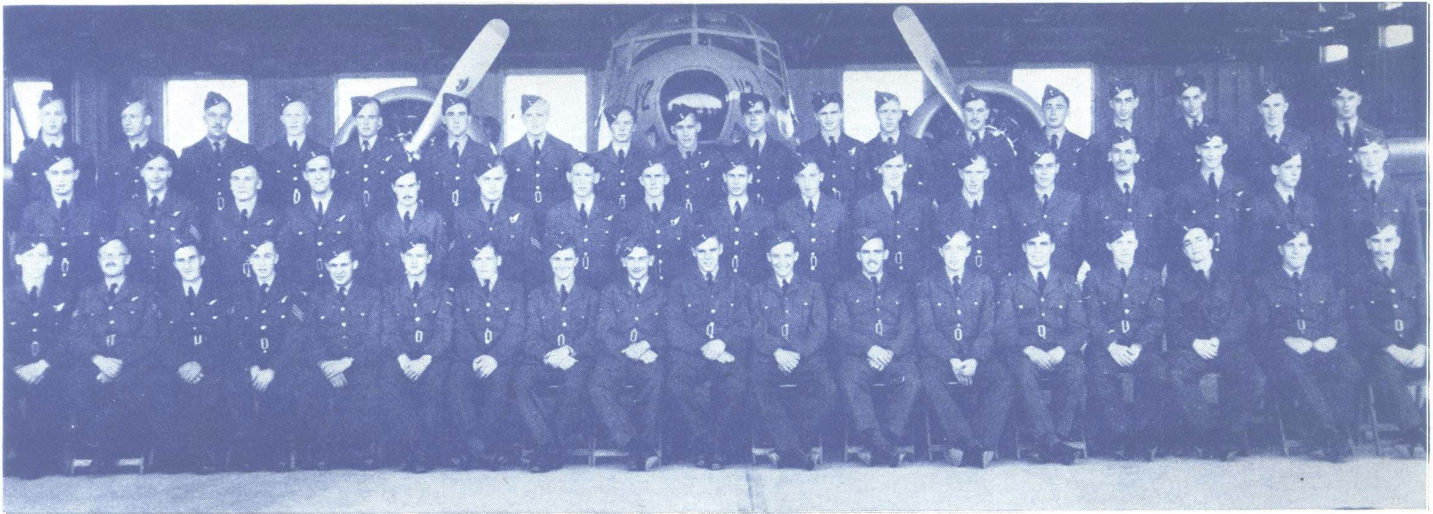
July 15th was an anniversary in our C.O.'s life. His first year since he bailed out over occupied Europe. Not many of us have anniversaries like that.

Do you all know that our General Manager, Mr. W. Woollett, is an AC2 in the Air Force. No promotions for three years.

A certain party, might be related to General Lee, has Pilot Tommy Hammett drooling at the mouth.

Are you all aware a great romance or two surges tumultuously around us of late, the happy couples, blond and beautiful, fill all the required requisites. And their men, one hailing from the balmy clime of Bermuda, the other returned lately from distant shores. —Guess who?

AVE ATQUE VALE



Farewell to 98 NX, NY and 105 ABX, ABY and "Hello" to 107 NX, NY, ABX and ABY.

To find out what we can of the lives of the graduate courses we'll start with 98 NX. A doughty warrior leaves us, a veteran of this war, holder of the M.M. and Czech War Cross, who fought in Poland, Russia and the Desert before he remustered to aircrew. He has put up a good fight with the English language, too, learned it the hard way. A cosmopolitan flight with a plurality of Allies. I asked their instructor for comments and all he said was rude! We learn that a measurement of marine depth has been construed as an obese man, a fathom has nothing to do with fat hommes. One of these blokes will be hearing bells soon but don't construe he is not "compus mentis," but what we want to know is will he be using his Piper Cub for the honeymoon. Across the corridor a depleted 98 NY struggle to the end of the course, having shed its invalids physical and mental. There are unique methods of navigation used here, ground speed and variation make up a compass course, a good thing Ansons keep their speed within the hundreds, one of them landed on a floodlit ball game, nevertheless our pilots know better than that, but we've the nav's log, we can't disillusion them. There is a craft corporal who has had two courses for the price of one, we understand his wife will get half his wing and a morocco bound problem precis. If anyone finds a cap badge in the Richelieu please return to the guard room where its sorrowing owner will collect, he'd had it four years and then he lost it in the river! We can hear the heartrending sobs. One thing we don't believe when a bloke tells us he had to ward off the women in Burlington with a club and how's that for an optimist? One of them was discovered trying to sell a zombie an English 10/- note! or did we smell something. So they depart with their dictionaries and borrowed dollars, but wherever they go they will remember "it's easy, there's nothing to it!"

105 ABX take a dim view of our navigators whom they allege give pin points 60 miles out, give bombing winds 1 m.p.h. wrong, apart from asking what difference it makes having the pin point out! Are all pilots deaf, they wonder: "left steady, left steady, LEFT STEADY!" "Did you say bombs gone?" By the time they leave here they should not be so green, well not always, and keeping the right side of the jail wall should become useful citizens.

105 ABY stagger us, for there was to be found the only man here who'd never heard of FLAK! They said something about digitis and we believed it! So far they've pursued a policy of indiscriminate bombing as shattered homes in Beauharnois and Laprairie testify! Not everything is accidental! And when anyone asks about non luminosity of sextants, well that was not the right answer, and what's worse, it was rude!

Visiting 107 NX, NY, ABX, ABY on a wet Sunday afternoon after a few hours on the station, most of which were wet, one does not expect to find "erks" in high spirits. Those who had arrived about 10 p.m. the night before already knew about the cafeteria, which seems to be Station Headquarters to most airmen here (and a number of Officers). The intake is practically all English, with a considerable number of Fighting French, to add to muster of dark blue and dull brass here. They are a modest crowd, arriving with nothing to brag about and a pity for navigators.

Closing again on a musical note, this time contributed by 98 NX:

TO THE NAVIGATOR

(To the tune of Clementine)

Down at briefing in the morning
Sitting waiting for a clue
Is it Renfrew, Calabogie,
Ogdensburg, or Killaloe?

Chorus

98 course 98 course
Though we say it with a sigh
We must do that bloody nav plan
Every night until we die.

Ask old Biddle "Where we're going?"
He says "Boys, it's changed a bit"
Think we like to make new flight plans,
Take-off time, we throw a fit.

Out we go into the Annies
Try to do our level best
Rumors say we're going northwards
But we know we're going west.

Leave ground at twenty-thirty
West at eight and East at nine
Same old Annie same old aircrew
Same old landfall same old time

Have you lost us navigator?
Come up here and have a look
Seems to me you've cooked that course
check
Rotten show! Not in the book.

There's a cold front out to starboard
Grab your shirts, we'll have to shift
The bloody A.B.'s got a sextant
And with that he took a drift

Fifteen Ansons went to Malton
Two force-landed in the drink
Another couple crashed on landing
Cripes! It really makes you think.

Super gen-men are the pilots
Like to track crawl all the way
Fifty cents or twenty Players
Then you'll hit your E.T.A.

Going steady with a Wagette
Bet your life I always try
Though we never mention Q code
She always answers Q.B.I.

PETER BECK (Continued from page 6)

In our well-remembered station show, "Let 'Em Have It," Peter handled three parts—that of Master of Ceremonies in the the Gay Nineties scene, the waiter in the Negro number and also had the distinction of being the only person to sleep through every performance of the hula dance.

Pete's work consists of repairing anything that might go wrong in the D.R.T. section and may often be found with his head sticking in among a mass of wires humming to himself. Six foot two inches tall, with fair tousled hair, all 190 pounds of him seem to be ever smiling — especially his face. The chef's delight he loves his food and humor and may be found almost any morning listening to his favorite radio program, "Mirth and Madness."

Book Review

WALTER V. LEWIS

"HOTEL BERLIN '43" — By Vicki Baum—Doubleday Doran & Co., Inc., New York City, U.S.A.

Although Adolph Hitler rose to power in Germany through the aid of the industrialists of the country, it must be admitted that he had a personality that inspired hero worship and knew how to use it. Millions of Germans came to believe in the infallibility of his judgment and the invincibility of his purpose to make Germany dominant over the whole world, and he was worshipped as a god by party and army leaders alike. For a long time he was successful in getting his way by bluff and threats. These successes served to convince his followers that he was both a god and a genius—a worthy leader of these pure-blooded Aryans and would-be conquerors of the world and a worthy successor to Frederick the Great, Bismarck, and the Kaiser.

Hotel Berlin '43 is a short novel, with little or no plot, of the period in which Germans had all but concluded that Hitler was not the Messiah they had worshipped for 10 years. It is a descriptive narrative of the lives of non-party leaders and hangers-on who frequented a famous Berlin Hotel (probably the Adlon).

The story centres around Lisa Dorn and Martin Richter. Lisa is a young, attractive stage actress and the mistress of a high-ranking army General—a Prussian nobleman of the conventional heel-clicking type. It must be remembered that opera and Shakesperian plays were very popular with Hitler and his colleagues, and Lisa felt that acting was her duty; so she had gained a reputation as the finest actress in the Reich and lived in regal splendor in the best suite in the Hotel. She meets Martin Richter, quite by accident. He is being hunted by the Gestapo for refusing to give particulars of a student riot at the University of Leipzig and hides in her room. She might have been expected to turn him over to the Gestapo but after hearing his story, falls in love with him. The feeling is mutual and Lisa reveals a cool head and good judgment in her successful scheme to get him safely out of the Hotel. The climax of the story is a very heavy air raid on Berlin in which the Hotel is partly demolished, and its occupants realize that it is only a matter of time until Germany loses the war.

All characters are human, clean-cut and entirely plausible. Geoffrey Nichols, the ailing English prisoner who broadcasts propaganda to English listeners, and Koenig the German poet, are very well done. Little Adolph, the bellboy, shows Miss Baum's understanding of adolescent youth, and the other characters lay bare the plotting, jealousy and hypocrisy of the whole Nazi hierarchy.

Probably the outstanding characteristic of the book is its atmosphere of unreality, of which the romance of Lisa and Martin is the best example; but life in Nazi Germany would be unreal to any reader of the Western Hemisphere.

"Hotel Berlin '43" is an exciting narrative and will keep you on the edge of your chair at times. It is not a great novel but is worth the time of any reader. It is valuable if you want to find out what German people were thinking in 1943. Miss Baum has added another to her already long list of good novels, and this one is recommended for your pleasure and information.

NAVIGATOR CALLING PILOT

My partner and I arrived bright and early for briefing; the time, 7.20 a.m.; as usual none of the supermen (pilots) had turned up. Finally at 7.30 they arrived. They weren't in too bad shape this morning; of the thirteen only eight had hangovers, four were walking in their sleep and the thirteenth appeared healthy and wide-awake, being forced to sit in a corner by himself shunned by the others as an extremist and dangerous radical.

By the time briefing was over most of them were able to walk out to their aircraft under their own power which was a pleasant change for us. On our last two morning flights we had been forced to carry our pilot out to the waiting Anson.

I busied myself pinning my charts, etc. to my desk when I suddenly became aware that the air in my immediate vicinity was slowly changing to a deep shade of blue. This was due to superman's unique flow of vocabulary about the failure of the engines to start. Things went a little better, however, after I had leaned over his shoulder and put the switches on. For my trouble I was told to get the hell back where I belonged, who was flying this so and so aircraft anyway.

A few minutes later we were weaving (and I do mean weaving) down the runway when I noticed our pilot apparently in the act of frantically untying his shoe-laces. But closer investigation showed he was picking this moment when we were almost airborne to remove the locking straps from the rudder-bars. About five minutes later the pilot informed us we would have to abandon the exercise as the kite would not climb properly and after a hasty look around I politely suggested that if he would raise the undercarriage and flaps it might make a difference.

Routine Search

Finally we were ready to set course. After a considerable amount of what seemed to be violent evasive action the pilot told us the compass would not settle down. Being the suspicious type I immediately put my hand into his pocket and removed the following articles:

- (a) One home-made cigarette lighter (Iron).
- (b) One large whiskey flask (steel).
- (c) One oversized ancient dollar watch along with six bottle tops (Molsons).
- (d) One miniature horse-shoe (his good-luck charm).
- (e) One set of loaded dice.

The compass, released from these evil magnetic influences, began to behave in a normal manner, although a large iron ring on the third finger of his left hand and a pair of chrome wings pinned to his under-shirt were not exactly a help.

Speaking of wings, have any of you noticed one of our young pilots who goes around with a pair of R.C.A.F. wings sewn on his Grenfell jacket; they tell me he has a pair on his pajamas, too.

A few minutes later I tip-toed to the astro-dome to take a sunshot. Instantly Mr. Big turned around and screamed at me that if I didn't stop stamping around and playing ring-around-the-rosie* he would call the whole thing off. This rather puzzled me as I had always been under the impression these exercises were for the benefit of the student and not the pilots, but then maybe I'm taking too much for granted.

Things went smoothly for the next half hour until the pilot in a panic-stricken voice asked me for an immediate course back to base. Upon asking the reason he pointed out what he thought was a small dark cloud

about eighty miles away in the blue sunlit sky. Once more I was forced to come to his rescue as, with my handkerchief, I removed a small black spot from the perspex immediately in front of him. His "storm" cloud subsequently disappeared!

I then gave him the gas check and after looking at his watch he turned around and asked me what the hell I thought I was doing as it was nowhere near time. A closer investigation showed that he had failed to wind his watch which had stopped two days before. And so another crisis was safely passed.

Aside from the fact that I had to awaken the pilot three times, the next hour passed quietly. The next bit of trouble arose when I gave him the E.T.A. for our turning point. He sarcastically asked me "did I think I was in a Lancaster," because according to my chit the E.T.A. was four hours away. I quietly asked him whether he had ever heard of G.M.T. which subdued him rather quickly.

Red on Blue

At length I gave him the course for base and a few minutes later decided to get a course check. My result showed that our pilot was very eager to get into action, for if we flew long enough on his course we should come out somewhere in the vicinity of the Cherbourg peninsula. Knowing without looking what the trouble was, I asked him if by any remote possibility he might be flying red on blue. He screamed what did I think he was—a moron. Not wanting to hurt the poor fellow's feelings I didn't answer, but noticed that we made an immediate 180 degrees turn.

A half hour later we sighted base and then came the landing (?). The duty pilot told me later that from the tower they weren't sure whether a kangaroo with the D.T.'s or an oversized grasshopper with the St. Vitus dance had hit the runway. All I know is that on the third bounce my partner became giddy from the lack of oxygen.

Getting out of the aircraft we thanked our pilot (it never hurts to humor them) and then went to dinner leaving him to join his fellow men.

Are you at all surprised then, dear readers, that after twenty weeks of this we are about ready for the crazy house?

* See Dagwood's Daily diary—July "FLAK".

ORDER OF THE MOMENT

Addressed to:

THE SHADOWS OF NUMBER NINE

All manner of shadows — tall — short — fat — thin — have been seen around the women's quarters. —by the women. It disturbs their sleep. Go to your class senior or department head he will tell you of much better places to go. If not, you will be recognized publicly and uncovered as what you are. There is a limit to kindness. One more and you will be properly dealt with. Fair warning. It's too bad that in every nice place there has to be a few snakes in the grass, and we do mean grass.

Aero - Nouvelles



FLIGHT CLERKS

Left to right: Lorraine Leeman, Gaby Huot, Anna Troup, Diana Phillip, Jeannette Sabourain and Joan Faulkner

Plattsburg semble offrir beaucoup d'attrait. Pauline, Lorraine, Jeannette, et les pilotes trouvent l'endroit gai et la plage très bien: est-ce que c'est l'army post? ou les cadets? Les Américaines les attireraient-ils? On croit que oui.

Il ne faudrait pas que les orages électriques se répètent trop souvent car au building No 2, c'est vraiment tragique. . . . celui qui s'est abattu sur St.-Jean dernièrement a causé tout un émoi. Jean-U, plus craintive que les autres, se bouchait les oreilles et fermait les yeux avec force et n'a recouvré son calme que lorsque tout est rentré dans l'ordre. . . .

Que voulez-vous, il y en a qui n'aiment pas le tapage. . . .

La chambre de Clary de S. et de Marienne C. est le rendez-vous des vaniteuses. (Et des diseuses de bonne aventure, n'est-ce pas Jeannette?) Celles-ci ont l'avantage de posséder une superbe glace où on se voit de haut en bas, et à tout instant on en voit une qui pirouette en tout sens pour voir si sa robe lui va bien, ou pour admirer son élégance, enfin c'est une vraie procession. Elles ne s'en plaignent pas, car elles ont le plaisir de voir les nouvelles robes de chacune, et comme en général le goût de nos compagnes n'est pas mal, c'est un vrai régal pour l'oeil qui aime admirer les jolies choses! ! !

La période de chaleur que nous avons eu la semaine dernière a amené un nombre de baigneurs au yacht club. Il y en a même qui, abandonnés aux rayons du soleil, oublient que le temps passe, et qu'il y a au No 9 A.O.S. le va-et-vient habituel et qu'il faut parfois travailler—c'est ce qui est arrivé à Louise M. Jamais de sa vie a-t-elle tant courue pour arriver au "Plotting Room" assez en retard pour constater que son

supérieur travaillait à sa place! Imaginez un peu son embarras et sa confusion. Louise? ? ? what a bad girl you are? ? ? Who was he to delay you so much? Please tell us and we won't tell? ? ? SURE SURE SURE. . . .

Betty Eldridge nous revient de ce qui devrait être une bonne semaine de repos dans sa famille, près du Lac Memphremagog, mais il lui faudra deux bons mois pour s'en remettre.

Une carte postale nous annonce que Phyllis Martin campe à Plattsburg: Ses amies ici se demandent où elle a pu se cacher pendant l'orage électrique de la semaine dernière — Son refuge ordinaire est le placard, mais nous nous demandons où elle a pu en trouver dans une tente.

Pauline Courtemanche vivra dans l'impatience, sans doute, d'ici le mois d'août, alors qu'elle doit passer deux semaines à Nautucket. Nous espérons qu'elle aura autant de plaisir pendant ses vacances qu'elle en a eu à les préparer! ! !

Quelqu'un dans le bureau a remarqué que depuis quelque temps tout était bien tranquille, et après enquête on a découvert que Monsieur Lorrain, notre paie-maitre était à Montréal depuis une semaine. La rumeur veut qu'il partage ses moments libres, entre "Blue Bonnet" et le "Gaiety".

Leda Lemoine est à St-Gabriel-de-Brandon pour deux semaines. Elle a entendu dire qu'il y avait des ours, mais en confiance, elle nous confie qu'elle a pu être — mai renseignée, et que ce serait des "WOLFES". AH! AH!

IMPRESSIONS

On me demande mes impressions du Canada. Je préférerais parler de mes sensations. C'est plus précis et plus exact aussi puisque depuis mon arrivée tout ce qui m'a frappé a un rapport certain avec mon corps.

La distance d'abord. L'Afrique qui est immense ne m'avait pas tant impressionné à ce point de vue. J'y ai vu des déserts, de longues plaines désolées sans un village, un animal, une âme: ici, on sent que la distance n'existe que parce que l'homme est absent. Serait-il en plus grand nombre que la longue ligne qui joint Vancouver à Halifax, cette épine dorsale du Canada, paraîtrait moins pauvre. Je me souviens que les premiers jours, je vivais comme dans un rêve. Il me fallut ré-éduquer, mes yeux, mes jambes, comme si j'avais été un convalescent.

Avec la distance vient la solitude. Et on perçoit la solitude avec la force d'une sensation. Comment pourrait-il en être autrement quand l'avion pendant des miles et des miles ne survole que des territoires sans vie?

La profusion vient ensuite. Ici intervient mon estomac, privé si longtemps de tout ce superflu dont la gourmandise est si friande. Décidément le mot sensation est plus exact que celui d'impressions. Oh le beurre, le chocolat et . . . la bière.

L'incertitude vient enfin. Si attaché à l'Angleterre, si proche des U.S.A., le Canada réussit à unir des intérêts sentimentaux à des réalités économiques? Mais s'il doit y avoir un choix, quelle sera la plus forte aimantation?

Il y aurait du mauvais goût de la part d'un étranger comme moi de parler des élections canadiennes, des anciennes comme des prochaines. Mais si l'on me permet un mot, puis-je dire que celles qui viennent paraissent particulièrement intéressante? Depuis la guerre, l'importance du Canada a grandi d'une façon extraordinaire. L'aviation, la marine, la production de guerre, pour me borner à quelques exemples, ont atteint une échelle jusqu'alors inconnue. L'après guerre, si attendue, ne viendra pas sans poser quelques problèmes. Le Canada comme tous les autres pays est préoccupé de fournir au soldat à son retour des combats le plus haut standard de vie. Sur les moyens à employer, il semble bien que l'union n'est pas réalisée. D'où pour l'observateur l'importance des consultations électorales de 1944.

Tout cela doit paraître bien décousu. Mais le Canada est un pays trop grand et trop divers. Il faudrait de longues années pour le comprendre. C'est pourquoi j'espère que l'on ne m'en voudra pas de ces quelques notations incertaines. Une seule chose est sûre—et c'est encore une sensation c'est qu'il est bien agréable de vivre de ce côté de l'Atlantique!

—A.B.

In Memoriam

A nos amis Hollandais le Lieutenant H.-J.-P. Hansen et le lieutenant H.-C. Luschen morts aux champs d'honneur, leur grand dévouement laissera dans nos coeurs un souvenir profond.

Aero - Nouvelles

Bric-à-Brac

Il semble que le premier numéro de "FLAK" a connu un vif succès. Avec un titre aussi caractéristique, je crois que nous devions anticiper cela. En dépit de ce beau résultat initial, les éditeurs de "Flak" n'entendent pas se reposer sur leurs lauriers, mais espèrent continuer l'amélioration et le progrès de leur rejeton.

Les résultats ne se feront pas attendre, car il a été déjà décidé de doubler la page française; ce qui s'imposait d'ailleurs.

Maintenant que les grandes fêtes nationales du mois de juillet sont passées, peut-être serons-nous moins jaloux des heureux mortels qui ont pu célébrer ces congés si bruyamment. Je me demande parfois si le mot "vacance" existe encore dans notre vocabulaire. Du moins pour un certain nombre ici le 14 juillet n'a pas passé inaperçu. Le 12 juillet dernier tous les aspirants français de notre école se rendirent à Dorval pour accueillir le Général de Gaulle. Malgré la température et la pluie, l'arrivée de ce personnage éminent fut des plus émouvantes. Ceux parmi nos élèves qui ont eu le plaisir de lui dire quelques mots pendant la revue vont certainement garder un souvenir heureux de cet événement.

Actuellement nous avons dans nos rangs une cinquantaine de français de France et de l'Afrique du Nord. Plusieurs d'entre eux ont traversé beaucoup d'épreuves; d'autres sont sans nouvelles des leurs, restés au pays depuis longtemps. Tous font preuve d'un grand courage et d'un grand esprit de dévouement en continuant ainsi leur vie coutumière, leurs études, malgré tous ces tracasseries.

Quel contraste avec le langage et les discours de certains de nos petits politiciens qui briguent les suffrages actuellement. Alors que notre province commençait à regagner le prestige qu'elle méritait dans notre pays et ceci parfois par le sang et le dévouement de nos compatriotes, voici qu'une bande d'idiots sans intelligence aucune vient tout détruire par quelques paroles insensées. Beaucoup de gens s'inquiètent de la situation, et les choses sont telles que vous ne pouvez sortir de la province ou aller dans un centre non canadien-français sans vous faire assaillir de questions parfois bien légitimes. Espérons que les gens de la province sauront démontrés que ces quelques exceptions... ne représentent pas l'idéal de la province.

Pour revenir à un sujet plus plaisant, il est à noter toutes les réparations actuellement en cours pour embellir notre station. Jardins, parterres, pelouses donnent à notre entourage un cachet gai et entraînant. Il est à déplorer que la réparation de nos chemins aient été accompagnée d'inconvénients aussi déplaisants. Quelqu'un a certainement trouvé une bonne recette pour faire disparaître les taches de goudron. Les avantages en valent la peine tout de même.

Maintenant que les routes sont en bonne conditions, plusieurs automobilistes sont enclins à faire de la vitesse. Je ne vous conseille pas alors de rencontrer Mr. W. Woollett ou le fond d'un fossé. Tous deux sont aussi terribles l'un que l'autre.

Notre école est encore à l'honneur "Le journal de la R.C.A.F." "Wings" désireux de publier un compte rendu d'une remise d'ailes à des navigateurs a choisi No. 9 A.O.S. comme le site de sa documentation. Les photographes ont assisté à la dernière remise d'ailes au cours 97 et vous pourrez contempler leurs résultats photographiques dans la prochaine édition de ce journal.

L'envers d'un proverbe

Vous connaissez le proverbe: "Ne remettez jamais au lendemain ce que vous pouvez faire le jour même..." Mais peut-être serait-il fort utile à nos contemporains de fabriquer pour leur usage un deuxième proverbe: "A quoi bon faire, le jour même, le lendemain, ou plus tard, ce qu'on pourrait si parfaitement bien se passer de faire jamais?..."

Nous encombrons notre vie de bien des choses inutiles. Nous nous fatiguons à prononcer bien des phrases que nous ferions peut-être infiniment mieux de taire... Avez-vous remarqué, lorsqu'on se trouve soudain obligé de garder le lit pendant quelques jours pour cause de maladie, que la plupart des obligations que nous estimions urgentes ont tôt fait de perdre leur caractère indispensable? Avez-vous remarqué, dans une conversation avec un sourd, comme la plupart des mots que nous disons deviennent ridicules dès qu'il est indispensable de les répéter deux ou trois fois? La plupart des femmes agitées, toujours pressées, que je connais, sont des femmes oisives. Aussitôt qu'une femme travaille, ses occupations absorbent une grosse partie de son temps, l'oblige à renoncer aux inutilités. Elle se trouve, de ce fait, avoir une existence beaucoup plus calme que celles qui n'ont pas appris à remettre "à jamais" les allées et venues sans intérêt. Une femme qui travaille trouvera toujours le moyen d'aller entendre un concert. Une femme qui est entièrement libre de son temps ne trouvera pas une minute pour lire un livre ou même pour s'occuper de sa personne. Toutes celles que je connais et qui se négligent, toutes celles qui n'ont pas le temps de se tenir au courant de l'actualité artistique ou de l'actualité tout court sont des femmes qui sont absolument libres de disposer à leur gré des vingt-quatre heures de leur journée.

Par mauvaise organisation, tout simplement. Elles ne connaissent pas la valeur du temps, elles le gaspillent comme s'il était inépuisable. Elles feront trois quarts d'heure de tramway pour aller acheter une paire de gants dix sous moins cher que dans leur quartier, sans songer une seconde que les frais de transport comblent la différence et que le temps perdu reste perdu.

Vous toutes qui vous lamentez de voir la vie fuir sans objet, faites votre petit examen de conscience.

MARIE-CLAIRE.

Bureau de la technique

Souvent les gens se demandent, ce qui se passe dans le bureau de la technique? Qui donc travaille dans ce petit établissement presque retiré de la civilisation? Eh bien! voilà! je veux mettre fin à votre curiosité. Mais si désappointement il y a tant pis pour vous, vous l'aurez voulu, (pour ma part je "m'en lave les mains"). Commençons par le Surintendant de la Technique. Connaissez vous M. Lucas?

J'aimerais bien vous le faire connaître. Car, c'est à tout point un homme supérieur, mais, CHUT, il me faut aussi être discrète. Alors continuons: de Lucas-passons à monsieur Green, assistant du surintendant de la technique, ce petit homme jovial et doué d'un "sifflet" remarquable a, je crois, une grande admiration pour les oiseaux de ce monde, mais nous ne nous en plaignons point. C'est plutôt agréable d'entendre roucouler "PERCY".

Il y a aussi dans ce petit coin, une gaieté, une fraîcheur, un "je ne sais quoi" qui nous rappelle un beau jour de printemps; vous l'avez deviné?!! The Girls...! Gwendeline A. vivace, pleine d'entrain, d'une fraîcheur exquise, elle est à tout point le type parfait de la sténo-dactylo.

May T. nous l'appelons "l'abeille" de la technique, cette petite personne pleine d'enthousiasme, est remarquable pour son endurance, du matin au soir elle "butine" d'un bureau à l'autre pleine d'entrain et toujours de bonne humeur.

Pat. I. La "Fridolin" du bureau est toujours là pour répondre au guichet "Signer Les L 14 les C.A.P. etc." Vous devriez la voir la tête enfouie dans ses paperasses afin de savoir "Which One She Will Spring Today?"

Joan W. "The pardon my dust girl" douée d'un flair remarquable, sait s'éclipser quand arrive le bon moment. Did you hear the whistle at three Joan?

Kay K. "The glamour girl" est assignée spécialement à M. Lucas (un homme de goût, n'est-ce pas?)

Cette petite aux yeux pers-verts? ?

Clary? L'élégante Clary est sûrement le bout en train de son bureau. En plus d'être la meilleure sportive elle fait preuve d'un très bon jugement (Je pourrais en écrire des pages et des pages, mais je m'arrête là).

Ena M. Flegmatique, sobre, "pince sans rire" est pour le moment occupée à faire des efforts de congestionnistes pour pouvoir se comprendre dans ses "Log-Books". N'est-ce pas Ena? ?

Betty Cook notre douce messagère nous est revenue cette année avec son beau sourire enfantin.

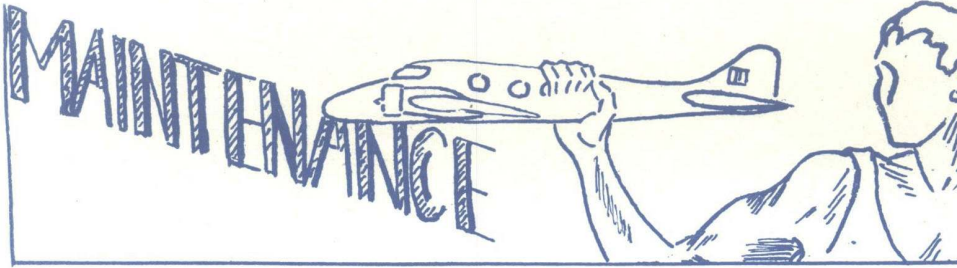
Si vous voulez en savoir plus long sur le département de la technique, alors... la suite au prochain numéro...

—Incognito.

THE BALLET

One night heppens I'm hengink around Mescowitz' delicatessen with loose end when a frand iss hendink me, free, a pass to de ballet. I'm knowink noddink from ballet, but I'm in de mood and de price iss right. So gradually I'm arrivink de theatre and hup is going de coiten. Onto de stage iss comink out, dancink on tippytoes, graduall, a goil, dressed 40 degrees younger dan spreeng, in noddink but a simple blue crepe de cheney. In de program iss saying de goil's name iss Danseusey. Her foist name iss Premierery. In beck each laig looks like she's carryink New England boiled dinner. She's ronnink here, she's ronnink there. She's afraid somtink. I'm saying to minself, what's making de goil so noivous? when soddenly comes jompink on de stage a falla. H's wearing noddink but a second hand leopard. De boy's name iss Adagio. Soddenly de goil, Danseusey, iss seekink Adagio, so she's hidink. So halp me, on

de stage iss not wan sinkle piece foiniture, but she's hidink. Behond noddink. Adagio iss lookink. In de exact middle de stage she's standink yet, but he's not seeink her. De dope. Soddenly he's seekink Danseusey. He's making a terrific jomp at de goil. He wants. She's jompink away. She dunt want. He's ronnink with jompink with grebbink. He wants. She dunt want. He wants. She dunt want. He wants. She dunt want. So, he starts chasink de goil at 8.45. . . . I'm leavink tan twenty-five to catchink a train. I'm not knowink how he comes out.



HANGAR HAPS

Early this summer a lunch room was built in Hangar No. 4 for the Maintenance personnel along with a bar selling peanuts and cokes during rest periods. The profits of these are used to buy gifts etc. as controlled by the Hangar Committee. So far the collection of profits has been quite fruitful and the maintenance gang are wondering now just when Mr. J. Bonneau will throw that Mtnc dance so long promised them. Perhaps the most honorable J.B. will reveal the secret.

The staff of Maintenance all join in congratulating the pilots on the fact that for two weeks the Mtce. Section was free of aircraft requiring excessive repairs. Keep up the good work boys and the cigars will be on us.

HARVEY SHURROCK, on his first day back after the holidays had the misfortune of having an undercarriage which was jacked, slip, resulting in a deep cut in his head. We'll bet Harvey was saying to himself "what a welcome back this is!"

Congratulations to MARCELLE ST. HILAIRE, who took the plunge on July 9, 1944. He and his wife, formerly Miss Cecile Belanger want to thank the members of Maintenance for their lovely gift, a silver set.

Welcome to RITA ROSS, who recently joined the instrument department. We've been sorta wondering if the lovelorn look on the face of Paul Legare has anything to do with Rita. By the way who's umbrella is that you are repairing?

BETTY —, of the instrument department is having some trouble these days. After spending ten days of her holidays in bed with the flu she returned to work only to find that her transportation existed no more. Poor Betty had to hitchhike and since she lives three miles out of Iberville its not much fun. She's taking it with a smile though.

ISADORE LASNIER expects to be going up to Mt. Laurier for some trout fishing soon. There should be some swell fish stories floating around this section when he gets back.

Many of the boys aren't satisfied with doing just one essential job—they're down at the canning factories during the evenings and days off working there. Keep up the good work fellows.

Welcome to HARRY HARRIS, just back from holidays in Philadelphia and Atlantic City. As far as we know he hasn't any brothers or uncles there but by all reports he wasn't the least bit homesick.

Thanks to BRODIE WHITELAW and BILL COREFIELD, who helped out in a tough situation by giving us a hand on testing our aircraft while CUT ELMHURST was away on his holidays.

It's a safe bet to say that BUD HAMBLY, of flight hangar, knows where the G.I.S. building is now. After what was a three hour tramp around the camp he finally found the place about 100 yards from where he started.

Orchids to the staff of Mtce. for the splendid work during the past month. We averaged 41 checks per week, which although it is slightly below our quota, gives promise that we'll beat the quota this month. Let's keep up the good work.

Rumor has it a new club has been formed at No. Nine known as the "Quarry Club," the lure being the study of granite of course. All members must know how to whistle, and to fall without breaking a leg, when accidentally tripping over someone else's.

We bid fond adieu to Lisa Pam. Love of a man has lured from us. Best wishes Lisa, in your forthcoming marriage.

Corporal Walker of the armament section was giving a lecture on sighting a rifle to course 101NX. Finishing his patter—there was a moment's silence then one of the French asked: "Do you use the met wind?"

Just recently the Rec hall has been a lively place at nights, in a social sense. Practically any night you will find a bunch of girls and airmen over there dancing to the music of one of our pianists.

Gone But Not Forgotten

We, the permanent staff of the station, both airforce and civilians, say goodbye, day by day, to friends we have worked and played with. We often think of bygone days and wonder how these friends are getting along. Some, we regret, have been killed, others wounded, but many are still in the fight.

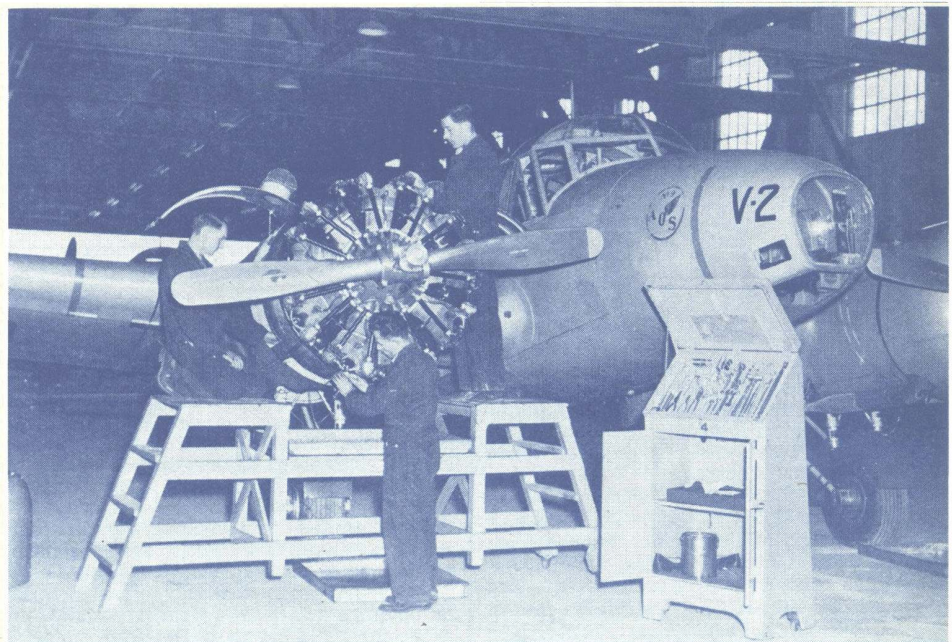
This column will bring to the readers of FLAK news of those who have left good old No. 9. When you hear news of someone who has left our big happy family . . . (the writer means that) . . . make a note of it and let us know.

Our Wags . . . those great music lovers, leave us by the dozen. Sgt. Hoobin is in British West Africa now. That little redhead "Moody," who could never keep away from Bldg. No. 2, is in England, Moody tells us that the happiest months in the Air Force were the eight months he spent at No. 9. Maybe he doesn't like the English girls. Cheer up Moody, you'll meet a nice one some day—while we sit here pining for you. "Sleep" Walker is out at Dorval, and apparently is still a free man. His girl, who most of us knew, must be slipping. Two Wags, who stand in our memory as "Tops," were killed some time ago in Nassau, Sgt. Bill Swire and Sgt. Peterson from New Zealand, Sgt. Gordie Johnston has been reported missing on air operations over the continent.

Sgt. Woodland married Betty Trefry, one of our Radio Plotting Room Operators. Woody has been posted to Vancouver, a long way from Betty and we hope to have her back on the staff soon.

"It's a beautiful night for astro," how many times have the girls who go out with navigators heard these words? . . . grim isn't it. Many of us will remember the class with so many Dutch boys, who graduated last October. They have been on ops for sometime. Lt. Hinderk Luschen, one of the class, was killed a few weeks ago, when his aircraft was shot down over France. Hinderk will always be remembered by the people who knew him. Few of us will forget that tall good looking English lad, LAC. Roy Pearce, here last December. He found the air rather uncomfortable, so went back to England and is in the army now.

(Continued on page 13)



Left to right: J. Patenaule, J. Robert and M. Tremblay

SERGEANT-MAJOR (Continued from page 6)

proud of a new addition to his tunic—the Military Medal—for valor. (Ed. note: We couldn't learn the details, and believe us, we did try, but all we were able to secure was that the scene of action was in the Gommencourt Wood near Bienvilles, which leads us to believe that the decoration was well-earned.)

Two months spent in the hospital and George went roaring back for revenge, which must have been quite effective, because during the German offensive at Baupaupe on March 22, 1918, the enemy decided to get rid of this fire-ball once and for all and captured Sergeant Clayton, M.M.

The first period of the prison camp episode was spent in Lithuania and the second in a camp in Siberia where the boys didn't know there was an Armistice until Christmas Day, 1918.

Repatriated January, 1918. George received his discharge in March of the same year and it is reasonable to say he returned to civvie street with few regrets. Once again we find him jaunting about various parts of the globe, including Africa, Australia, and Canada which he visited in 1932. Back in England, he found the lure of the Maple Leaf too over-powering and we find him back in Canada in 1936—this time to stay.

Soon, another world conflict and on the second day of the present war, George is in there pitching. Called up in June, 1940, as the first to be enlisted in the now famous (or infamous) branch called disciplinarian, thus we find him in the knighthood of the ozone and as an AC2 at that.

But it is difficult to keep a good man down and Manning Pool, Toronto, soon boasts a new corporal. No. 9 E.F.T.S. then has a new sergeant to guide the destiny of the 0630 types for the ensuing 15 months. Then to St. Johns, Quebec and No. 9 R.D. where George is now a Flight Sergeant. Fifteen months of good honest labor reward him with the crown of a W.O.2.

Being in the proximity of the best little training school in Canada put the bee in the ear and history now unfolds the fact that No. 9 A.O.S. has a new, a different Station Warrant Officer.

His hobbies? Well there was a time when a game of cricket just wasn't—unless George was in there—and we understand that he was a bit of a master at this art. Soccer and rugger came in for the beating too. However, today he spends most of his time keeping people out of trouble.

His private life—there hasn't been much time for George to settle down—however we feel we must drop the whisper that there is a wee rumor going the rounds, which information we tried to pry from our hero, only to find that even we had at last broken through the proverbial coating of the pill.

(Ed. Note: Since going to press we have learned that W.O.2 Clayton has been posted. Our sincerest wishes for happy career go with him to his new post. Good luck, George.)

LLOYD HOGAN (Continued from page 6)

write all twelve subjects in one day. He modestly admits that the only instruction he had in navigation was about 45 minutes explanation on paper napkins in a little restaurant by a friend. In brief, it was one day writing examinations, one day flying the test, and the following week he carried the Commercial License in his pocket.

It is kind of hard to pull up stakes and leave one's surrounding just like that, so it was quite a while before Hogeey fully realized that sweating his life away in a smelter was not his destiny. Not until the spring of '41, however, did he move to Toronto to try his luck at full time piloting, eventually being taken on the staff at Malton airport, later transferred here.



Sig. by I/B Sutton

**Though the Flak is Heavy
And the Motors Stop
"I'll get us through"
Says the wireless op.**

This is where we can look at Hogan, the man, not the pilot. Gruff and intensely non-committal about important things, few people suspected this pillar of rock had a heart until they were on hand to see him give unlimited care and love to his pet cocker spaniel.

Today, many have known him only as a good pilot and a man's man with a bottomless capacity for brew. But let them get into an argument on the great musical masters and their performers, whether it be soloists or orchestras, and Lloyd is right in there pitching with techniques and developments of most of the great musical scores of history.

Perhaps it is because Lloyd is a master at flying that he will recognize none but the master in music. Hep or jive is not up his alley, but he will not fail to understand and appreciate the truly great, such as Fats Waller and The Duke.

Creator of humor, dry and to the point, it would be impossible to attempt to put it on paper. It is enough to say that his pointed, word-saving directness, open and home-driving effect, incorporated into his famous "Hoganisms," are extremely original and effective.

It is here too that Lloyd has driven his stakes for the shiny future of marriage. If I were Dali, the picture would be painted with the Hogan family standing on an island, surrounded by planes and beer bottles, phonograph records and cocker spaniel puppies, with "Benefactor" Hogan dishing out his heart and his laughter to each.

GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN

(Continued from page 12)

Many of our Pilots have been posted in the past few months. We hear that "Pep" Pepler, Rolly Foord, Bernie Hinderks and Wilf Marcotte are all together in England. They say the food over there makes them long for the good old "Caf." (Let's not hear any more complaining eh!). Rolly Foord has been recommended for the Pathfinder

Squadron. Good show Rolly. Fred Hotson and Frank Sloan have been doing a lot of puddle jumping lately.

Diana Dawes, now Mrs. Wally Friker, is on a bomber station in England. F/O Thorson is on the same station. Di tells us that she is enjoying her work immensely. They live in little stone houses, with gardens around them which they look after themselves. She misses the pleasant life around No. 9, and finds it very different over there. Good show Di, we are proud of you.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Woollett, who left us a short time ago to return to their home in England, have arrived safely. We will let you know, as soon as we can, how they are getting along.

Two of our Radio Work Shop boys, who left some time ago, are both in the forces. Earl McKinley has joined the navy and is taking a radio artificer course. George Fox is in the air force, and is waiting patiently at Manning Depot for posting to E.F.T.S. (He has been there for six months).

F/O Gerry Gerolimi has been reported missing. We have our fingers crossed, hope we hear of him soon.

Lt. Lindhal, Royal Norwegian Air Force, has reverted to a Sgt. to be in air crew and is taking a four months course in England. After this he expects to go on a six weeks course to get back in shape, and says that even the thought of it makes him tired. Guess we treated Rolf too well while he was with us. . . .

THAT'S THE IDEA

The editors of this smashing publication wish to go on record to the effect that any similarity to actual persons is a feather in their respective caps.

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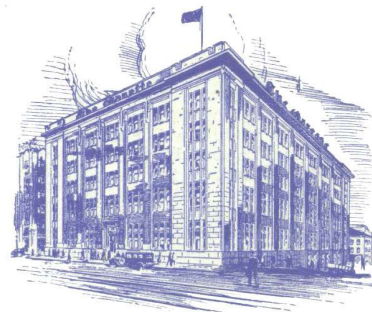
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