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No. 9, A.O.S.

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Best Wishes, Navigators!



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FLAK

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THE ROAD BACK

Tuesday, June 6th, . . . the world's pulse has quickened . . . allied troops have landed in France . . . "D" day has arrived . . . the long anticipated second front has been opened.

Let us glance back at the events of preceding years which led to these dramatic announcements. Remember the optimism of 1939 and Lord Gort's order of the day, "We will stop them and we will win"; Churchill's statement that "directions have been given by the Government to prepare for a war of at least three years"; and how we gaily sang "We'll hang our washing on the Siegfried Line, if the Siegfried Line's still there." It still is.

But dark days were ahead. Came Denmark and the evacuation from Norway, Belgium and Holland and the evacuation from Dunkerque, France and Yugoslavia and the evacuations from Greece, and the B.E.F. was derisively called the "Back every fortnight." We sang, "There will always be an England" almost as though as to convince ourselves. But Churchill dug in his feet, stuck out his jaw, and rallied the Empire with—

"We shall never surrender, and even if, which I do not for a moment believe, this island or a large part of it were subjugated and starving, then our Empire beyond the seas, armed and guarded by the British fleet, will carry on the struggle until in God's good time the New World, with all its power and might, sets forth to the liberation and rescue of the old."

But the sky grew still darker. London was blitzed. The "U" boats took a terrific toll of our Atlantic shipping. Western Russia fell and Rommel swept across North Africa. Our Pacific defenses melted before the Japanese. Hong Kong, Singapore, The Philippines, the Dutch Indies, and Burma fell. India was menaced, Australia was threatened, and where was the American Navy?

Then came Montgomery and El Alamein, and at long last we started on the road back. Tobruk, Bengasi, Cap Bon, Sicily, Salerno and now Rome, Guadalcanal, Bougainville, and the Admiralties, Stalingrad, the Dnieper Bend, Odessa and Sevastopol, all are steps toward Berlin and Tokyo. The landings in Normandy constitute another great and important step. The way may be long, but we are on the road back.

Editorial

TRADING SMALL TALK

Well, here it is.

The first issue of "FLAK". . . our own Station paper, the voice of the great gang of men and women who make up the personnel of No. 9 A.O.S.

We wish to draw your attention to the fact that the contributions to this issue have been written, edited and prepared for publication by a small representative group who have had the interest of a Station paper at heart for some time. But, in order to make a success of this new venture, we must have contributions from YOU. . . spontaneous, poetic outbursts from the trainees prompted by a change of route in the briefing room, the pilot's reaction when told to fly "straight and level" below ten-tenths cumulus, the navigation instructor's nightmare trying to keep up with the correct log entry for altimeter check, the lads who bring the mighty Anson home. . . and we do mean the WAGS, all the things that are "dreamed up" in the Radio Plotting room and the Met. room, a little gen on all those people who live such secret and sheltered lives in the Administration Buildings, interesting pot-pourri from the girls and lads who keep the aircraft humming and who keep the snack bar running, and all those who so successfully contrive to make No. 9 a more liveable place.

There's a wealth of material to be drawn from this Station where so many jobs are specialized and where so few really know "how the other half lives." These are only a few suggestions of common interest and not making any allowance for individual imagination and literary ingenuity, of which there is a surplus on the Station. So, drop a note to the Editor c/o the Station Orderly Room. We are not reticent in admitting that the experiences of those in charge of the issue are limited and leave much to be desired. However, we have done OUR best and are sending a clarion call to any and all who have good, constructive criticism that will ensure subsequent issues of continued success. It all depends on your co-operation. . . meanwhile, thanks to the many who have worked so hard in preparing the initial copy.

In conclusion, we wish to thank Squadron Leader Lambert and Mr. W. Wollett for their kind co-operation, without which the entire project could never have been made possible.

PEEP & PRY

The birth of this tiny corner of informative, social gossip has been motivated by the very intense interest that people have in other people's affairs, particularly with respect to their relations and social engagements with those of the opposite sex. And while this column might be an influencing factor in murdering the writer, it is considered that in view of the length to which people will go to satisfy their insatiable curiosity the penalty of paying the supreme sacrifice is not considered too high to render a true record of past and future social engagements, deaths, births and marriages.

Now of course this column is all good clean fun, sponsored by the over exuberance of Youth and Spring. Ah Spring, with the coming of Spring, I conjure up visions of happy couples strolling up the highway in the general direction of the great West, go West Young Man—but he never gets any further than the quarry. Or should I say "he is left in a quandary." Quiet! I realize that is definitely a lower form of wit.

Another little item we want to get cleared

Hitler Was Right

"The British nation can be counted upon to carry through to victory any struggle that it once enters upon, no matter how long such a struggle may last, or however great the sacrifice that may be necessary, or whatever the means that have to be employed."

Taken from a book entitled Mein Kampf by A. Hitler.

up—do the Officers serve that drink "Noose" to their friends or enemies and who thought up the poisonous brew? And how are the Sergeants enjoying their temporary Mess—the cafeteria is well dotted with three strippers these days to the bane of Radio plotting.

We also notice some new zooty navy blue pilots' uniforms, with two gold stripes. Solid stuff—welcome! you guys from Edmonton, we hope you like the East o' Canada!

Swimming has started in these parts and sun burns are part and parcel of our equipment—not to mention those dive-bombing mosquitoes.

We like the good tennis enthusiasm, especially the early birds. We heard tell six o'clock is quite the hour to get up and have a set or two. We just heard tell, no actual experience you understand.

Rumor has it that five of the pilots are renting a 'super duper Summa Villa on the Richelieu,' with a 65-foot wharf extending—just like their invitation "come one come all." P.S.: It's on an island but it can be found with the aid of a map and a grim determination.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead, that he has not been to the cafeteria. Not only is the food strictly out of this world but the cosmopolitan atmosphere due to the heterogeneous collection of humanity makes for better understanding amongst—well just amongst. If you can say it any better, write a letter to the Reader's Column (Plug).

We see no reason why a rip snorting tennis tournament should not get underway in the near future. Injecting a little competition never did anyone any harm. Also

(Continued on page 12)

SQUADRON LEADER A. LAMBERT D.F.C. and BAR

It is with pride that the first issue of our Station paper brings to our readers a brief story of a man whose exemplary career and achievements are an inspiration to all those who have been privileged to work with him or under his supervision. It is not exactly within ethical limitations to welcome him in his capacity of Chief Supervisory Officer of No. 9 A.O.S. However, as the official voice of the station as a whole, we are entitled to assure him of our deepest admiration and respect, and to pledge ourselves to a whole-hearted cooperation in making this school a standard for all schools of its type under the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan.

Squadron Leader Lambert, an Englishman by birth, came to Canada in January, 1933. His R.C.A.F. career began in St. John, N.B., where he was attached to No. 117 Auxiliary Squadron. After preliminary training at Trenton and Camp Borden, he began his navigational career at No. 2 I.T.S., Regina, in September, 1940, and in March, 1941 after following the hazardous route common to all air navigators via No. 3 A.O.S., Regina, No. 2 B. and G. School, Mossbank, Sask., and No. 1 A.N.S., Rivers, he graduated in Course No. 9 at Rivers with wing and commission.

It is interesting to note that he was class senior throughout his course and at No. 3 A.O.S., won the station prize as leading student. These details are significant as prologue to a career in which character and leadership as well as outstanding practical ability are prime factors.

Wide Operational Experience

His overseas posting resulted in additional training at No. 19 O.T.U. at Kinloss, and finally to Bomber Command with No. 51 Squadron on Whitleys. He was later transferred to No. 138 Squadron on secret missions to Malta and Egypt. Late in 1941, he joined the first all-Canadian Bomber Squadron No. 405 as navigation officer and bombing leader on Halifaxes. In July, 1942, his previous record of excellent service won him the distinguished position of Wing navigation officer with a Bomber Squadron stationed at Topcliffe, Yorks. Five months later, his appointment as Group navigation officer for the Canadian Bomber Group came through, and finally, in April, 1943, he returned as Pathfinder on Halifaxes to No. 405 Squadron, commanded by Group Captain G. E. Fauquier, D.S.O. and Bar, D.F.C., another Canadian whose excellent ability has won him a distinguished and very enviable record.

On July 15th, 1943, returning from an operational raid, Squadron Leader Lambert's aircraft was forced down over enemy-occupied territory, and it was not until December that he returned to England. A vivid imagination is hardly necessary to picture the physical and mental exigencies with which they had to contend on this five-month trek homeward. The time will come when tales such as these may be told. But in the interim suffice it to say that here were men whose unflinching courage and stubborn persistence in the face of such overwhelming odds, whose ingenuity and good common sense outwitted the common enemy, and earned them a well-deserved reward.



Appointed C.S.O.

After repatriation in Canada and a short period of leave, Squadron Leader Lambert was sent here to gain knowledge and experience of navigational training prior to a proposed appointment in the "Visiting Flight." However, his appointment as Commanding Officer of No. 9 A.O.S. superseded the original proposal, and on April 1st, last, he succeeded Squadron Leader G. E. McMurtrie as Chief Supervisory Officer. Any further details of Squadron Leader Lambert's career would be superfluous, but a word about the man himself would not be out of order.

He has a keen interest in the work being carried out on the Station; as a navigator, he is capable of following with an intelligent and practical eye any new developments in navigational training. His main duties are, however, Station Administration and R.C.A.F. collaboration with the civilian company. In this latter respect, it is sufficient to say that existent cooperation between these two units records a new high under Squadron Leader Lambert's supervision.

He is exacting in his demands for efficiency so necessary to the maintenance of discipline and order, and he is fair and constructive in his criticism. He shares a great responsibility in his present capacity, and shows insight and understanding in the discharge of his duties. We wish him success in his present office and in all future assignments.

D.R.T. MEN GUARD "ALL CLEAR" PROPS

Strains of soft piano music drifting from the Rec hall in the early hours of the morning after the RCAF show "All Clear," were not the makings of a ghost. They were produced by the quite live LAC, Bill Beer, who was on guard duty, along with three fellow D.R.T. operators, LAC's, Don Shalders, Dick Dantchich and Alf Miller. They alternated on two hour shifts throughout the night and next day guarding the instruments and scenery, but it is popularly believed that in an emergency they couldn't beat their way out of a wet paper bag—let alone deal with an intruder.

NO CLOTHES

We have gained the impression that "Bards in Battle Dress" must refer to the Sergeant WAGS . . . at least, after these keen eyes have scanned the streets of St. Johns. Haven't those men any clothes at all?

ALLIED NATIONS CORNER

Announcement of the invasion of the coast of France brought great excitement to this station and radios blared all day as eager listeners drank in every word of news.

But to many of us it meant more than just D-day — it meant the big step toward the freeing of beloved homelands.

This column is reserved for you and stories written by you. A corner to present glimpses of the life and looks of your mysterious lands across the sea. Make it inviting so that when this trouble is over your readers, filled with curiosity and interest will come to see the rolling countrysides, the whitewashed cottages, the modern and centuries-old cities crammed together on a continent smaller than the eastern provinces of Canada.

Monuments will be in ruins after years of domination by our destructive enemy. Priceless treasures of centuries of culture removed from their rightful homes in famous galleries, museums and castles.

But the real Europe is in its peoples — peoples whose ideals will never be crushed by tyranny. You are of those peoples. Tell us about yourself.

D-DAY (contributed by L.H.)

I remember a Sunday morning Oslo decorated with flags and flowers. Loudspeakers were installed in the streets, and groups of people and soldiers were marching through the town with brass bands leading the parade.

Otherwise the town was empty. No spectators crowded the pavements, no flag decorated cars with cheering youths were running the streets, and the tram drivers were making their rounds alone.

And later, when the voice came roaring through the loudspeakers it echoed back and forth between the walls—with no one at all to listen.

It was the day when Quisling celebrated his second jubilee as a Prime Minister of Norway.

Those who did listen and cheer were a handful of Germans and little quislings, gathered around his platform under the historic walls of the fortress Oslo. We others stayed home. We shut our doors and windows and locked our ears from the noise of the loudspeakers.

Then suddenly a new sound came in. Familiar at first. . . the same as we had heard daily from the German planes which frequently crossed the town. But seconds later we pricked up our ears, we listened, looked at each other and heard how the roar increased—suddenly fast and eruptive. It wasn't the usual slowly increasing murmur from the horizon into a point far above you—it murmured one second, roared the next and actually exploded in a shattering boom a fraction of a minute later. Fifteen Mosquitoes roared and soared like a thunder flash fifty feet above the roof tops.

The bombs fell. Everyone heard where. Near the Fortress. Near Quisling and his satellites.

In a few seconds the whole situation was changed. Windows and doors flew open and people were rushing out into the streets—smiling, waving, cheering people. The loudspeakers were silent—the quislings and Germans in air raid shelters.

What a moment it was. People welcoming the bombs which were falling into their own town, waving to and thanking the free men in the free air above the imprisoned town.

(Continued on page 3)

W. "BABE" WOOLLETT
GENERAL MANAGER
NO. 9 A.O.S.



This genial genius has had such a varied and colorful life that to do justice to his personality would fill a dozen books the size of this one. He's a wit, he's a wag and the inspiration of any gathering be it social or business—and there's no denying his business acumen, it amounts to the traditional. Many men would be content to dwell on the laurels of a colorful past, but not our Manager, he keeps his past for rich memories and interesting chats, at the same time manages to live a highly invigorating present. We have all come under the influence of his contagious ability and happiness.

A fighter pilot with the Royal Air Force (29 Squadron) from 1924 until 1929, "Babe" received his early flying education from Wing Commander (now Air Chief Marshal) Sir Sholto Douglas. But the lure of faraway fields beckoned, the lad from Kent resigned his commission to come to Canada to fly for Fairchild Aviation Company. In 1930, he joined Canadian Airways, flew in Northern Quebec and Labrador, spending his time, in his own words "feeding the twinengined flies in the summer, and spending my first Canadian winter in a tent." Followed the "mail run" in the early 30's. Moncton to St. John, N.B., Montreal, Hamilton, Toronto, London, Windsor and Detroit. Then there was a spell of instrument training with the R.C.A.F. before transferring to Western Canada to fly the mail west from Winnipeg in a Lockheed "Vega."

Joined Skyways

In 1934 "Babe" resigned from Canadian Airways to join C. R. Troup in Dominion Skyways, thereby taking up a friendship that started in the Royal Air Force during the days of the 1920's. Rouyn was his base for several years and when war broke out he had amassed some 5,600 hours on aircraft from fighters to flying boats. When war started, Mr. Woollett's services were requisitioned to assist in the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan in Canada. He assisted in the formation of Dominion Skyways (Training) Ltd., which was the first civilian company in Canada to operate a school under the air training plan—No. 1 Air Observer School at Malton, Ontario. For two years he was at Malton as general manager, then in February, 1942, when Dominion Skyways, along with several other companies,

was amalgamated into Canadian Pacific Airlines, he was appointed supervisor of schools, Eastern Canada and transferred to No. 9 A.O.S. as general manager. As Eastern supervisor his "beat" includes No. 1 A.O.S., No. 8 A.O.S., No. 9 A.O.S. and No. 11 E.F.T.S.

That is just a thumbnail sketch of the man who guides the destiny of our school, and it is apparent in a glance around that his rich experiences have paid dividends in efficiency and happiness—all in all, a most pleasant and lovable type, a friend to all and a mentor to the needy few. We can only wish him continued successes as each year adds to that amazing personality.

Sergeant Major's Lament

Moonshine—Sunshine.
On parade at eight;
Shoe-shine—button shine
C B by your late.

Settle down, markers,
Stand steady in the rear;
Who's that chewing gum back there?
Sergeant, get up off your ear.

Fall in—No—Dont fall down.
Damn it, pick up your dress;
The major yells and pulls his hair,
What a blooming mess.

Eyes front—stand at ease,
The major raves and scowls;
If he did what he's thinking
There'd be some awful yowls.

Move to right in column of route,
They all step off with a balk;
Cover off, he yells again,
This ain't the Lambeth Walk.

Off they go in a clutter,
The major hollers phooooo;
I said march you blinking idiots,
Don't do the Suzy-Q.

Wing halt—left turn,
And yelling stand at ease;
The major just walks up and down,
He's fierce and ill at ease.

He looks at them with murderous eye,
They were expecting Hell;
But he just says in a voice so soft,
A story I will tell.

I had some wooden soldiers once
They were my joy and pride,
Some kids stole all my soldiers
And I cried and cried and cried,
My mother took me on her knee
And said don't cry that way,
You'll get your wooden soldiers
Back some day
And believe me
You lop-eared bunch of misfits
That day has come.

THE INTERSECTION

Number One at the Intersection this issue is Mr. Howie Boyd who did such a swell job on the station show. He is the first recipient of the trophy originated by the editors of this column to be known as the Order of Merit.

Question of the hour: What certain pilot is being double-crossed by a certain young lady on this station?

We notice that under the Defence of Realm regulations, it now is necessary to have all the lights on in front of Building Number Two. We heartily concur with this order—we almost fell into the ditch there one night.—

It now is necessary to introduce our other trophy known as the O.C.F. or the Order of the Crooked Forefinger which goes, this issue, without hesitation to the pilot who came home in the wee hours recently, making a single-engine approach, and finally landed with his under-carriage up.

Greetings to the new pilots from out west. We hope you don't find our schedules and crap-games too strenuous.

Congratulations and fond farewells to Steele Murdoch and Jim Ridgeway who have been posted. It now has been officially declared that "Tex" Masterson has been the first winner of the Bombing Trophy originated recently. "Tex," as you know, has just left for the USAAF and has been informed that he will be flying Thunderbolts along with Norm Hull and Dick Morrison. Speaking to Norm Hull the other day, he said that he felt a trifle bewildered about the way one got checked out on P-47's which, as you know, are single-seaters. This stumped us too, but all the same we are envious, and now are seriously thinking of applying for a transfer to Barrage Balloons.

We think a word about the pilots who are taking the new navigation course would not go amiss here. What with Q.C.'s and L.L.'s they are having a very busy time. One confided to me last week that he was taking sextant shots on his backporch last Wednesday and got some very black looks from his next-door neighbor. After investigation, it turned out that his neighbor thought he was taking some candid shots with a telephoto lens.

The grounds in front of the pilots' Quarters are being dug into a Victory Garden, we hear. Almost every day you can see men diggin', hoein', and weedin'. This strikes us as being a right fine idea. Imagine holding a corn-roast there one night, and reaching out for a tomato or a shallott, or even a head of lettuce. We could even sprinkle some condiments out there now and maybe the radishes would come up already sated.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2

Some days ago now it happened in France. Those peoples have really seen the D-Day and I know how they feel when thousands of planes and even soldiers are passing by.

But I also know how they feel, those who are still waiting.

Let us get going, boys.

Speed the victory—I guess all of us in the Allied Nations have somebody waiting. Some day it will be D-Day for us, too.

The Musings of Molly Mouse

Dear Ed:

With timidity and rodent reserve I approach thee, my tale is a long one! But to be briefly introductory, I must tell you that for many months I have made nightly visitation in and under the esteemed buildings of your temporary mushroom city No. 9, and as my father and grandfather did before me (our family being denizens of the old barn that long ago stood east of the rec hall) much have I seen concerning the navigation and piloting of our two-engine bombers, and much have I heard from my grandfather, God rest his rodent soul. As Hamlet said "I can a tale unfold"—and will dear Ed, if thou wilt deposit in the wire basket in the Orderly Room a small portion of Kraft's best, which shall be my modest fee and all that I shall ever ask. You see Ed, as I was nosing around in your basket, which Mr. Buddy forgot to empty the other night, I came upon the vastly interesting proof sheet of your new journal.

"Ah," said I, "at last I have a 'modus scribendi'" (I never was sure of the meaning) being a phrase my grandfather greatly enjoyed using. He said he picked it up from Sqd/Ldr. Moles' inner sanctum in the old G.I.S. as he used to listen from his favorite lair in the lower drawer of the old master's desk.

I have long yearned for the day when I might tell the students and staff of No. 9 A.O.S.—if one can tell them anything—of some of the deeds of their predecessors (not of all the deeds my peering eyes have witnessed, you understand Ed)—or give them of my musings on the ways of human nature.

So Ed, if you but slip me a bit of cheese in your W.P.B. Every other Monday night 'round 6 o'clock, I'll write you a little epistle on your typewriter in time for publication. I'll be looking for it.

CHEEZIO,

"MOLLY MOUSE."

P.S.:

Seeing as how I've been showing off in hopes of some wine-cured cheese—may I now remind my readers of what Benjamin Franklin once said. "It is hard for an empty bag to stand upright"—it is also hard for a newspaper to stand long on its feet if its columns are not filled with solid stuff. Success may be obtained by honest, intelligent hard work. To quote Franklin again, "Plough deep while sluggards sleep."

Success and happiness to the Editors of the New Journal.

M.M.

Dear Molly Mouse:

Never having encountered anything but wolves in the Orderly Room, imagine our surprise. However, welcome rodent. We need the ground-floor viewpoint. Your taste in cheese is plebeian. Keep the common touch and let us have it.

Sincerely,
Ed.

POSTED ?

Then there is the one about the pilot who walked into the Orderly Room and was told by Flight Sergeant O'Neill that he was back in the Air Force and posted to No. 9 A.O.S. The pilot's quaint remark was, "Where's that?"

GENTLEMEN BY APPOINTMENT

Why the Officer's Mess Is!

It is the intention of this commentator to confine—perhaps compress—all remarks to the area bounded by the four walls of that building identified on the unit plan as "Building No. 21."

No doubt, our vast hordes of readers will realize that it is quite impossible to conduct a complete coverage of all the types who see fit to honor that building with their omnipotent presence—therefore it will be our hysterical pleasure to dissect the flamboyant characters of the month. And we do have them!

Congrats:

Flying Officer Smith, who now has an AW $\frac{1}{2}$ for future promotion.

Flying Officer Foster hit the bell with an AC $\frac{1}{2}$ —and we understand that the canonical floor-pacing is being done in strict observance of C.A.P. 90—although this worthy manual has overlooked certain contingencies.

Flying Officer Coen, on his meteoric rise to that rank—press on!

Gongs to:

Flight Lieutenant Garry McKernan for his tenacious ability to make week-ends the most enduring periods of time.

Squadron Leader Moles for sacrifice of the highest degree.

The aforementioned Flying Officer Coen for his command of the English language—and from Australia!

Flight Lieutenant Eric Shields for the best battle of nerves in the history of the Air Force.

Flying Officer Jack Kingston, who believes firmly in the adage that the hat is never removed in public—including the mess!

The mysterious Lieutenant Williamson, who has the entire complement of Building No. 2 at each others hair and eyes.

Prop Wash:

We are, and have for some time, been consumed with a major attack of curiosity why that Flight Lieutenant, (a member of this unit for some two years now) insists on those "Dawn Patrols"—it could be for his health—, but he is never alone—and the companion appears to be in that state to which is applied the term "bliss." Once burned, twice shy, certainly does not apply here.

Again our prying eyes tempt us to get to the bottom of the case of the Flying Officer who can never get up in the morning due to lengthy nocturnal sessions at the Pilot's Mess—and we were under the impression that said Mess was strictly out of bounds to the types.

Again we have our aforementioned Flight Lieutenant, whose presence at a certain cabaret in Montreal is always included in the contract the manager signs with the various floor shows. Can anyone suggest what that guarantees.

We would suggest—with mighty strength—that another officer leave the mess at least one hour before dawn. As it is now, it constitutes a set-back to the training program.

Here comes that curious streak again. We would like to know if the actual reason for Flight Lieutenant Davoud's broken digit is the uproarious one that we heard. If so, the observation is that some people can get their fingers in the most terrific places—and why was he so intent on having that piece of ice.

We would like to suggest to Flying Officer Biddle of Australia that driving a car calls for an entirely different technique than bronco-busting a kangaroo. We wonder if

he is the Aussie who clears all the furniture out of hotel rooms very late at night.

There is a Flying Officer in our mess who would like to have better service at his meals. Too bad he made the mistake of teasing just once too often—and now finds it a bit tiring to be amenable to those fair advances!

From the reports, three Flying Officers found the competition offered by 2,000 American Navy midshipmen at Plattsburg one of those things that called for a fast strategic evacuation on the part of the said Flying Officers. Now, one of them lives in terror that words might seep into Montreal.

You should see that Flying Officer just killing himself with hysterical glee while putting the Yacht Club cocktail napkins (folded into a rose-bud effect) in the coiffure of his fair escort!

Here comes one of those "is it true things"—sorry, but this next just calls for it. SO—is it true that the phone conversations Lieutenant D'Aigremont of the Fighting French which always include that "Waaunderfull" phrase "avec tout mon coeur," are with many rather than one?

This is a crying shame, but we would appreciate it no end if Flight Lieutenant McKernan would tell us if dancing with bare feet at the El Morocco is really more comfortable.

In conclusion we would like to welcome Flight Lieutenant H. Cabel and Flying Officer W. Hall, two RAF types from the Transport Command.

!!! EXCELSIOR !!!

If you are an old hand at the "double-entendre" and *always* take the second meaning—herein lie some pitfalls for strangers to No. 9, related from experience.

Quietly breakfasting with a friend and two navigators one day, the conversation opened with a bang.

"Got to have something done about my sextant, Bill," said N. No. 1, "my shooting wasn't so hot last night."

"Mm-mm, too bad," said N. No. 2, "should have seen the beaus I chucked up with mine, it'll be a long time before I have another night like that!"

"Boy! look at her this morning, I told you she'd blow in with a warm front," came from the first, who was thoroughly demolishing food. Not feeling a bit guilty about the whole thing, I looked at my friend to see how she was taking it, but she only smiled and said 'the Met. man had already told her!'

Just then a Sergeant asked me if we were on the same frequency—but I didn't know him well enough to give a good answer. Walking to work one of the Officers told my friend it was no good for flying, but next day would start the class pin-pointing—they do the funniest things in the Air Force, don't they?

For lunch, the lucidity was amazing, one lad remarked—"So the 'flight' went into the S.D.R.T. to see the C.I. with the D.R.O.'s in his hand, about the C.T. for the "President of the Park-our-Bird Club." Poor guy, it was tough on him! (It sounded like a good recommendation for the Penguins.) Then he asked me if I'd met the fat-hat, who was an S.F.O.

So I said, with fire in my eye and revenge in my heart, "for an L.A.C. your R/T is S.O.S. and needs a higher I.Q."—gave him an AR and departed, for my cell.

Have you ever had a "naviga-tour" of the station? Well I had. Then the fugitive-from-a-log-marking-gang asked me if I wanted him to show me *Polaris*—but laughing hysterically I fled.

Since then acclimatization has set in.

A.O.S. SPORTS

ROUGH GAMES; RAF CHOICE

We certainly don't remember those mad years that marked the last half of the 19th century but stories of grandma's bustle and of yellow checked suits are still very fresh in our memory. Needless to say, few of the fads lasted very long, and of those the one which comes to our mind at present is a sport called basketball. (This is supposed to be a sport column after all.)

It was back in the 1870's — we're not just sure what year—that this game was invented. A P.T.I. (you know what that is) of a Y.M.C.A. gymnasium in the U.S. was sadly in need of an indoor sport which could be played in the gym during the winter months when he hit upon the idea of setting two bushel baskets at either end of the floor into which it was necessary to throw a soccer ball to score a point.

With these simple explanations he sent his class out on the floor to try out this brainwave which he christened basketball.

It was war from the start. They punched, tackled, scratched, tugged, slapped and generally battered their way from basket to basket and before very long began to ignore the original ideas.

After the formidable beginning our hero introduced a set of rules which toned down the pugnacious spirit of the boys and started the game on its way to becoming what it is today.

RAF Basketball

You may wonder why we mention this but if you don't know what we're getting at it's plain to see that you've never witnessed a basketball game as played by the RAF.

They weren't satisfied with letting a mere American discover the game—they wanted to do it all over again and without help either. So as a result we have at this station a game known simply as "RAF Basketball" which although it almost completely disregards such formalities as rules we'll have to admit it isn't as rough as the previous mentioned game.

Our P.T.I. staff started the boys playing basketball last winter when it was found that soccer as played in the gym tended to completely wreck the place along with the enthusiastic players.

They took to basketball quite readily but rules were mostly a bother. Not that they didn't formulate some sort of regulations but they were sparse and only suited the participants.

Bodily contact is for the most part frowned upon but if a man takes more than three steps with the ball he is liable to be tackled

and usually is by at least four members of the opposing team. The results aren't too disastrous it is said — but did you ever try to take a sextant shot with a pair of black and partly closed eyes?

Better Marks

A great exponent of the game is Flight Sergeant Albota of the P.T.I. staff who is wholly in favor of it because "it really helps raise the P.T. marks."

An example of the general improvement in the P.T. standards was Course 93 who really went in for the rough-and-tumble sports. In the Harvard step-test which is used to measure physical fitness every member of Course 93 had a mark of over 81 per cent.

Along with the regular basketball, at which they have become quite adept, they spend their talents in two other original games with the menacing names of "Murder Ball" and "Suicide Ball." The names fully imply the kind of sport and as one bright observer explained it "You throw the ball in among 50 RAF men and let them go in and kill themselves." (Editor's note: The truth of the above statement can be verified by referring to the column "Sick Bay.")

Actually Suicide Ball is a combination of English Rugby and Canadian football and is played with a regulation rugby ball. All methods of tackling are okay (biting not allowed) and a touchdown is scored by crossing the opposing team's line — with the ball.

Probably the most spectacular play ever made in the game was by LAC North of 96Y. Carrying the ball, he was tackled heavily and thrown into the air. This didn't stop him at all though, and he turned a complete somersault, landed on his feet, and scooted right through the whole team to score. Beat that one if you can.

Finally, we have Murder Ball and again we may say that the players do their darndest to carry out the sinister meaning of the word. (A casualty list has not yet been completed but watch the next issue.) Football, basketball, and hockey combine to make up this concoction which is similar to the well-known Borden Ball, originated at Camp Borden about three years ago. No kicking is allowed (the ball we mean) and to score you have to throw the ball into a hockey goal. There is usually a goal-keeper present to curb the opposing team's ambitions in a scoring sense, and he is given a stick to protect himself.

The hospital states that our newly invigorised P.T. set-up is fast becoming more dangerous to aircrew than any other type of opposition can hope to be.

STATION TEAM LEADS LEAGUE

Except for the periodic mention in DRO's that No. 9 A.O.S. softball team has won another game, very little is known about it. Actually the station team has won every game played so far — five in all — and are at present leading the league by a wide margin. Following in second place is our neighbor the R.D., who have at the time of printing lost two games.

Under the guidance of F/O J. Cooke our boys have waltzed through all opposition thus far. An example of their prowess with the bat was the 19-0 whitewashing they handed St. Johns All-Stars on Tuesday, June 6. In that game pitcher Sgt. Johnny Donn left the All-Stars dizzy with his blazing fastball as he chalked up strikeout after strikeout.

A blow to the team will be the loss of left field and leading hitter, Sgt. Siouis who was posted June 15.

Up to now there has been very little fan support from the personnel but that's due to the fact that there was no diamond on the station and all home games were played elsewhere. The situation has been remedied now with the completion of our new diamond so how about coming out and rooting for the home team.

FIELD FAMINE FINALLY FINISHED

A few pieces of old pipe, a couple of hammers, and a lot of hard work and co-operation combined to overcome the famine of outdoor sport facilities which has been evident so long on this station. The result was two Borden Ball fields, one Soccer pitch, two softball diamonds and a basketball court in the field behind the officers' mess.

The credit for organizing and planning the new set-up goes to F/O Foster, who, with the P.T. staff and Trainees, pitched in and did the whole job themselves.

Broken floor hockey sticks were cut down, painted white, and decked with red flags to act as boundary markers.

The basketball baskets were removed from the gym and put up on two posts and members of the civilian personnel co-operated whole-heartedly to roll and disc the fields.

Plans have also been made to build a commando course and a cinder track in the field west of Barrack block 27. The commando course will be well-equipped with 12-foot ramps, muddy ditches, rope swings and just about everything to make an airman happy. (?)

PERSONALITIES



SQUADRON LEADER E. K. MOLES
Chief Instructor

To think of No. 9 A.O.S., St. Johns, is to think of Squadron Leader Moles, so much is he a part of this institution. There are few of us who can remember the time when he has not been the Chief Instructor, and the pre-eminent position occupied by this School in the Empire Air Training Plan is largely attributable to his guidance and ability.

A chronological record of his career finds him graduating from the University of Toronto in 1930 with a Master of Arts degree in mathematics and physics, after which he attended the Ontario College of Education. He then proceeded to the teaching staff of Hamilton Delta Collegiate.

C.I. Since 1942

Comes the war, and E. K. Moles finds himself graduating at the top of his class at Trenton. Thence to No. 4 A.O.S. at London, Ont. In June, 1941, he was posted to No. 9 A.O.S. where, with the exception of one of those 'strange interludes' at Rivers, Man., he has remained ever since. The last course he taught was No. 34, and early in 1942 he was made Chief Instructor.

In those halcyon days, this School boasted six classes and fourteen instructors, and it was from such humble beginnings to its present impressive size that Squadron Leader Moles guided its destinies. He was able to bring to this task that all-important 'know-how' of instructing, and unflagging will to work and a great understanding of human nature.

Sets High Standards

A born leader, he set and maintained a high standard for himself, and expected his subordinates in turn to give their best. That his efforts have been successful we all know, and of this the present smooth-running and well-managed training unit is sufficient testimony. Add to this the fact for the last quarter of 1943, we flew the efficiency award pennant competed for by all the Air Observer Schools in Canada, and it becomes fairly evident that Squadron Leader Moles and his instructional staff have, to say the least, done a good job, and one of which he may well be proud.

FLIGHT SERGEANT MICHAEL O'NEILL

There is an old saw to the effect that "many a good tune is played on an old fiddle" and the following story concerns a fiddler that plays while those within hearing burn.

It is a legend around these parts that when the Construction Company was awarded the contract for this Unit, a certain Air Force Corporal led the courageous and never-say-die scouting party to choose the site. He sat down (as only he can) where the present Hangar No. 2 is located, and our worthy contractors and carpenters and all the lesser satellites just built the station around the hallowed arc.

That Air Force Corporal, of course, is now the fabulous and sometimes revered Flight Sergeant Michael O'Neill, founder, builder and corner-stone of this great institute of learning and knowledge, No. 9 Air Observer School.



Eire's Loss

History shall record the shattering event which precipitated this towering figure into Canada out of Eire many years ago—the number of years is unimportant to the Moving Finger—but the unwritten word has it that the whopping might of that fine old land of the shamrock realized to their great consternation that they were soon to join the tombs of the past great civilizations if our rebel was allowed to wield that mighty mind much longer in their midst.

Thus the entrance of our nero on to the stage of the Maple Leaf.

Uncle Mike, as he is affectionately called by some and (CENSORED) by others, is undisputed possessor of the privilege (?) of being the oldest inhabitant of this mushroom city of ours in length of service. With that visionary glint and the strains of golden horns from the astral plane, he supervised the turning of the first sod, crying out to the breast of Mars and Sol—"All ye who come within the sweep of my penetration, hearken: be it known that once within that sweep, ye may not resign the earth." And those bones shall be buried, in all probability within these buildings.

Andy Anderson

Meet LAC Andy Anderson of the Met. Section. Andy has been on the Station longer than any other airman. In fact, he can remember "way back when," and talking to him, in a way, was slightly reminiscent of interviewing a pioneer of a well-founded boom town.

Andy can remember when this Station, back in '41, consisted of half a barracks block and one hangar, which blew down that Summer. He arrived two years before women were a reality at No. 9 (things have since been getting progressively better). In the first days when two courses were the extent of navigators—no night flying—all courses were taught in what is now the civilian administration building.

Being a Met. man, he recalls one windy day in '41 when the whole station was isolated from St. Johns during a snow storm, and "believe it or not Ripley," some of the houses on the outskirts of St. Johns had snow steps up to the second floor to enable the residents to get in and out of snow-bound houses.

Sports Enthusiast

Andy was a little reticent about vital statistics. However, he is twenty-three; home town Detroit, a very quiet self-contained chap whose hobbies are reading, music and baseball. He remembers vividly pitching against Hal Newhouser the season before Hal joined Detroit Tigers of the American League. P.S.: Andy lost the game. He is also an ardent supporter of the St. Johns Yacht Club.

Private Life

Andy is by way of being a musician and in private life he had his own four piece band in which he played the violin. He also played with the Windsor Symphony Orchestra.

Andy's repertoire of Station postings is brief: only Brandon, Manitoba and our neighbor, the Repair Depot. The expression of a rolling stone, etc., cannot be taken literally in Andy's case. There is certainly no moss growing on him!

Good luck, Andy, in your future career in the Air Force. It is people like you that keep things rolling.

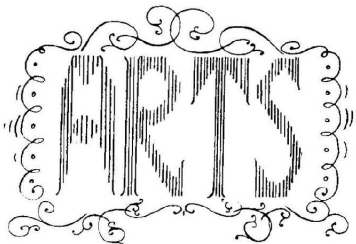
His First Love

Many and varied have been the lucrative postings dangled temptingly before that chiseled visage, but he has always declined, selecting to serve with noble sacrifice his first love to the bitter end. And why shouldn't he? Where else can he cry into the night: "Such calm, such sweet repose, St. Johns, St. Johns, bring on thy sting."

Previous to his enlistment in the "knight-hood of the ozone" he was a reporter in the House of Commons at Ottawa, and it is a matter of record that the grass about those great buildings has since been ever greener. He joined the Permanent Force a few days after the outbreak of war, and after serving with units on the East Coast that little devil, Destiny, brought him to this school where he has grown into the most hardy of perennials.

Despite his many threats and soasmodic promises to become a member of the benedict cult, he is still about the most eligible bachelor on the station. (Please address all suggestions and inquiries to the editor).

So with the invasion under way, our hero can settle back once more to the never-tiring task of guiding us impassioned pygmies to our untimely end.



The purpose of this column is to bring to our readers a few short notes of interest relative to books, music, and arts in general. We will attempt a brief review of a book which, for some particular reason, should be of outstanding appeal; as well as announcements of program notes of concerts for those whose musical tastes are still conservative enough to appreciate what to "jive" specialists is known as "long-hair." Why Mr. Sammy Kaye is suddenly given preference to Mr. Brahms or Mr. Tchaikovsky remains an enigma. It is customary that among the circle of great musicians genius is not rewarded until after death. Of that, more later.

The book we have chosen for review this month is the most recent novel of Wanda Wassilevska, a Red Army correspondent. Upon publication in the U.S.S.R., "The Rainbow" was awarded the Stalin 100,000 rouble prize for Literature. It is a most unpleasant book because its main theme, the Nazi occupation of a small Russian village, precludes any possibility of its being otherwise. It is a transposition of atrocities and brutalities of which we have all read into terms of individual human sufferings. There is nothing very new in the "dramatis personae" — Kurt, the monocled German Kommandant, suave, vicious, and ambitious, Fedosya, an old shrew whose house and services have been commandeered by the authorities, Pussy, a young Russian girl whose opportunist ideas have won for her the questionable honor of being Kurt's mistress. But the real interest lies in the small group of simple, home-loving peasants, who, at the point of the German bayonet, find physical and moral strength to oust the hated invader.

As writing, the style is simple and straightforward. The author is powerful in her narrative which is often loosely-woven and incoherent. She has the very elusive faculty, however, of stirring the heart of the reader to pity, not for any one individual but for the collective group, whose individual tragedies pervade throughout. There is a final crescendo of heroism, and all is well that ends well. "The Rainbow" spares the reader nothing. It is an unadulterated chronicle of Nazi sadism. It bears the Soviet stamp of approval where the individual good gives way to the good of all.

Montreal Outdoor Concerts

It is interesting to hear that the symphonic concerts on the mountain will continue this summer. These concerts, held in the large semicircular space in front of the Chalet on the Montreal mountain, provide a real treat for those who enjoy music on a plane somewhat more elevated than "It's Luv, Luv, Luv."

The programs for the season, although not yet announced, will comprise all the symphonic "favorites" — Tchaikovsky, Beethoven's Fifth and Sixth, perhaps even the first Brahms, some Franck and Debussy, and undoubtedly a great array of Strauss Waltzes, which if remembered in their original settings of strings and woodwinds rather than in the current saxophone and "boogie" arrangements, can convince even

DAGWOOD'S DAILY DIARY

The scene: Building No. 25. The time: Wee sma' hours of the morning, as recorded chronologically below:

- 0630: Nos. 1, 3 and 5 alarm clocks sound their clarion call.
- 0632: Nos. 2, 4 and 6 alarm clocks do likewise.
- 0633: All alarm clocks shut off and we are peacefully enjoying our first of three pre-breakfast cigarets, contemplating at the same time as to the status of the flights.
- 0645: Arise from our sleeping bags and take a look out window to scan horizon. Possibility of the flights being washed so we do not bother to take off pyjamas as we dress. (This readily facilitates going back to bed in case they are, and is great time-saver.)
- 0715: By this time we have washed, shaved, dressed, had breakfast, and are munching the last piece of toast as the well worn track to No. 1 Briefing Room is made good.
- 0720: !&*!/*!+. The flights are not scrubbed, and we have resigned ourselves to a Nd-21 flight, which is a D/F Job. This can, and usually does, take you anywhere between Greenland and Amarillo, Texas.
- 0723½: The dirty pilot for the day has taken his position at the head of the class and beseeches we masters of the mighty blow pipe to answer for the student satellites and the guardian of the D.F. Today's briefing was pretty good—only three pilots, eight wags and four students missing out of a total of 13 crews.
- 0800: We are now in the aircraft and have both boilers warmed up and ready to go, just as soon as we tell the Wag how to turn the radio onto R/T.
- 0810: Have just received taxi clearances and are barrelling down the runway. If the second Nav. today does the same as the Joe of yesterday's date, he'll be up in Joe Bombsight's hen-coop when we're about 10 feet off the deck to take a drift.
- 0830: Now we're at height, and the fun starts. The wag is already asleep, and we've got our Dick Tracy book open at the next thrilling chapter, to commence reading as soon as the first Nav. informs us what the course compass will be. He can't find the Deviation Card for the Compass, so he borrows one for the loop. (The courses are always more accurate this way.)
- 0905: The trip proceeding nicely now. We're away the hell off track and both students have had a lovely time playing "Ring Around the Rosy" in the back of the aircraft. They apparently take a fiendish delight in seeing us in that deformed attitude as we sit on a bearing of 45° from the vertical as we wind back and forth on the dear old trim wheel.

the most cynical listener that the world's freshness and beauty has not entirely dissipated. The guest conductors will include some very distinguished artists, some not so distinguished. These concerts do, however, provide a very pleasant interlude in an ideal setting from some of the more unpleasant aspects of life these days. The first concert is scheduled to take place on Wednesday, June 28th. Watch the Montreal papers for future announcements.

0932: ETA is up now and we turn onto a course that'll take us another 30 or 40 miles away from base. It's always that way. Some day if we live long enough, the second leg will take us towards base instead of the other way.

0942: We turn onto our third and last leg, and make a mental calculation as to the accuracy of the course. As is the case always, it's out somewhere. Oh, well, we ain't seen Auntie Fanny and Uncle Bolger down in Paducah, Kentucky for quite some time and we might as well make it today as any.

1010: First Nav. comes up and requests us to make a change in ETA. So we inform him that we would like to arrive at, near, or in the vicinity of base five minutes earlier than heretofore planned upon. So Joe goes back, works up a beautiful lather of sweat (I wish I could get one that good for shaving purposes) and informs us that to make the revised ETA, we will have to fly at an indicated airspeed of 672 miles per hour. We inform him that this aircraft is an Anson, not one of those new-fangled hot air jobs they are working on now, and that we want to take the aircraft along as well as the engines. So we fly at 130 anyhow and use the old ETA.

1030: We've been airborne now for two hours, and we turn on the gas gauges so that the students can make their gas check. At long length the second navigator comes up, unlocks the primer pump, and informs you that this is the gas check. We untangle the student from the primer pump and inform him that the progenitors of the Mark V Anson equipped in a thoughtful sort of way, gas gauges for the express purpose of displaying to any interested or disinterested parties the quantity in Imperial gallons of octane fluid in the respective tanks.

1045: ETA is up and we are supposed to be at Napierville. Oh well, Cornwall is just as pretty a town.

1120: We arrive in the circuit and promptly get cut off by at least one of the instructional machines. I wish they'd keep the PUI's the heck out of the circuit when the exercises are coming back.

1130: Whadduyuh know! We're down on the ground and looking forward to dinner. As is always the case, the Nav grabs you by the nape of the neck and the seat of the trousers and asks what the gas consumption was. We tell him, and then he staggers us by asking what the engine's RPM's were. That part's okay, and we tell him 1800. Then he asks us what they were for the port engine, and that's when we pick up the fire extinguisher and hit him over the head.

1155: All reports are made out, and we retire to the caf. for a well-earned meal.

TIME CHECK

Have you seen the Flying Officer who gives the time check at briefing by looking at the microphone and speaking into his watch?

NO CHANCES

Said Morley when Alfie announced that he was going low flying "You'd better pay me that half-buck you owe me."

Aero - Nouvelles

Nos commis sur la piste d'envol sont retournés à l'état primitif! Il semble que Paula Bishop a été vue profitant des rayons de soleil dès les premiers jours de mai, réussissant ainsi un basané clair remarquable . . . et c'est à ce point de vue, bien peu dire.

La saison de natation est commencée. De nouveau les costumes de bain sont en évidence au club nautique et les embarcations revêtent leurs couleurs vives, le regain de vie est dans l'air. Anna Troup pourrait nous en dire un mot si nous allions faire un tour de chaloupe à voile avec elle, quand elle ne travaille pas de 8 hrs à 4 hrs.

Nos petits chiens FAULKNER-HOGAN? Saviez-vous que Mokey a 7 rejetons . . . et tous sont promis au personnel du No 9 A.O.S.?

Le chat de notre Sweet Sweet Lorraine se nomme ARCTURUS, nom tiré d'une étoile préférée pendant les belles nuits d'été.

Gabie H. a terminé son magasinage et se lance dans les sports cette année, et cela pendant sa fièvre des foins. Nous lui suggérons un voyage dans les Laurentides, car elle prétend qu'on n'en souffre pas dans cette partie de la province.

Département du Magasin 40

Nous souhaitons bonne chance à Mr. H. Wheeler et à ses copains Walker et Mac-Murray qui sont partis en excursion de pêche. Nous espérons que leurs poissons, s'ils en rapportent, ne leur coûteront pas trop cher . . . ? ?

Avez-vous appris que la peinture préférée de Geo. Dupras est la "peinture à l'huile ROUGE CHINOIS"? Mais il paraît qu'il trouve cela difficile à enlever, surtout quand il ne peut se servir de Benzine ou autres détersifs sauf de savon et d'eau.

Monsieur Harry Harris, généralement de mauvais humeur, nous est revenu de sa fin de semaine avec un beau sourire, chose remarquable . . . "KEEP IT UP HARRY! . . . TON SOURIRE NOUS EMEUT. . ."

Un Observateur

Il reviendra le Bonheur.

Vous le savez bien que les beaux jours succèdent aux mauvais jours, et que l'espoir a toujours raison.

Croix-Rouge

Nous tenons à remercier ici de tout cœur: Pauline Courtémance (comptable); Madame M. Maxwell, Liliane de Cotret, Leda Le-Moine, Mary MacDonald, Ena Mansell, Frances Munroe Dorothy McDougal, Lucille Nugent, Betty Trefry qui s'occupent tout par-

ticulièrement du tricotage et de la confection des vêtements qui feront la joie des réfugiés.

Nos Pilotes d'Essais

Tout le monde, sur notre station, a sans aucun doute entendu parler de nos deux pilotes d'essais "Art Elmhirst et Russ Kelter", qui, chaque jour, risquent de se "casser le cou" pour vérifier si nos avions sont capables de voler. Tous deux sont de vrais chics types et, toujours de bonne humeur, et cela se comprend bien. Art a reçu la visite de "Madame Cigogne" le 8 mai dernier. Lui qui d'habitude est plutôt réservé, est devenu loquace. Parlez-lui de son "Peter", et vous verrez qu'il peut bavarder. Quelle fierté que d'être PAPA! Nos félicitations à M. et Mme Elmhirst.

Quant à Russ Kelter il arrive d'Hamilton où il est allé passer deux semaines en congé dans sa famille. Il est revenu très content d'avoir franchi cette distance d'environ mille milles dans son vieux "Jalopy" crème, "Charmsin" comme il l'a surnommé. Et dire que nous avions peur de le voir rester en chemin. Il doit être bien satisfait de nous avoir montré ce que "Charmain" peut faire. Si vous voulez le taquiner, demandez-lui "How is taxi business Russ"?

Les deux ont aussi un "Hobby" qui va bien avec leur travail. Devinez-*donc*? . . . La mécanique. S'ils ne volent pas, vous les trouverez certainement dans le "Metal Shop" au numéro 4, en train de "patenter" quelque chose.

Russ est aussi un amateur de photographie et quelle photographie? . . . Encore des avions, mais Chut! n'en parlons-nous pas trop. Il y a des oreilles indiscrettes. Dans tous les cas, si vous voulez voir deux bons pilotes à l'œuvre, venez voir nos pilotes d'essais. Ce sont deux "Chics Types", et de bons travailleurs.

Nouvelles du Département de la Technique

BONNE CHANCE au copain Tremblay qui nous quitte pour faire son service militaire. FELICITATIONS A DICK et NORMAN du "Springtime Revue Show".

Flash

La Soprano Florenzo du No 4 a refusé l'offre du Métropolitain? ?

L'enquête sur la disparition du petit banc rouge est ouverte. . . . Alphonse plaide "Non Coupable". L'admiration de Harry semble avoir perdu de son enthousiasme. . . . Les fleurs se font rares.

Cafétéria

Mademoiselle Colette Marchildon est revenue de Batiscan après quelques jours passés dans sa famille.

Bienvenu à

Après l'introduction d'une revue annuelle entièrement montée par le personnel du R.C.A.F. et D.S.O.L. la venue de ce magazine ne devait certainement pas tarder. Je crois que nous sommes très chanceux et nous devons être reconnaissants, de compter parmi nous tant de gens dont l'initiative ne connaît pas de bornes et qui se dépensent si ardemment à rendre notre vie ici si intéressante.

Cette nouvelle preuve de leur activité est un autre pas en avant. Plusieurs personnes de passage sur notre station, l'ont souvent comparé à une ville miniature. Mais que deviendrait une ville sans son journal. Nous voici donc dotés du nôtre et avec l'apparition du premier exemplaire, souhaitons que sa vie soit longue, prospère, utile et intéressante.

Notre station est assez complexe. Nous avons un personnel ainsi qu'un travail extrêmement variés. Nous comptons des civils et membres du R.C.A.F. les uns anglais, les autres canadiens-français, et même nous pourrions trouver une douzaine de nationalités différentes parmi nos élèves. Jusqu'ici en général la plus grande coopération a toujours régné parmi nous tous. Avec la venue de ce journal, nous allons j'espère créer de l'intérêt parmi les différents groupes.

Tous ici nous sommes solidaires les uns des autres. Il est donc important que le bien entre les départements soit ferme et cordial.

La connaissance de ce qui se passe chez le voisin devient presque une condition essentielle pour obtenir un fonctionnement doux et efficace. En plus de satisfaire certaine curiosité légitime, ce journal devrait donc jouer un rôle très important dans le développement de cette station.

Espérons que la rédaction de ce journal s'efforcera de remplir ce rôle tout en courant le côté humoristique de notre vie familiale. Nous devinons que ceci va imposer un surcroît d'ouvrage à quelques uns et quelques unes. Nous leur en sommes reconnaissants et leur souhaitons plein succès dans leur nouvelle initiative.

RAMBLINGS

Time passes rapidly and pleasantly and with its passing on No. 9 A.O.S., the winter winds seem less unkind, the spring mud was not as heavy and sticky as usual and the dust almost waits until one has passed by on the other side.

The landscapes across our vast expanse of runway is soft in its bright tender green and its encircling arms seem to isolate the white and brown buildings as if to hold us all here until the job is done.

The Ansons roar steadily and we have all become accustomed to their comforting sound. The take-off is always an eager and restless motion to be gone to "footless halls of air." The coming home is a slow and steady settling with a final happy, eager little run with a "well here I am again."

On nights when the sky is like velvet their night lights are like jewels on display. To the casual Rambler one is fascinated by the sounds and sights and too often we fail to think of the tired crew who long to be on Terra Firma enjoying a well-earned rest or a cup of coffee in the Cafeteria with a favorite member of the fair sex.

The grass is green, the tulips and pansies are in bloom, the Victory Garden has been planted and flowers are coming on apace. Tennis is in full swing. A pleasant bit of landscaping has been done in front of the Civilian Officers' Mess and the rear of the Cafeteria has been changed as if by magic from drab ugliness to a thing of near beauty.

The sun worshippers are out in brief in the hope of being unmolested either by the curious or those who by necessity must disapprove.



ARMISTICE DAY

HOI-POLLOI

Dear Readers:

"Hoi Polloi," we believe, is a Greek derivative meaning "the common people." That's us! The idea of this column is to encourage you, the readers, to write us letters and more letters. Be they anonymous, pseudonymous or with other cognomen—as you please. We're looking for any subject your fertile brains can think up and we hope to have a veritable Victory Garden in the next issue.

Food for thought can be as important as food for energy. One supplements the other. Perhaps that is why the great American institution, reading the paper at the breakfast table, started. We are great believers in budgetting our time. Therefore we feed our minds and our stomachs at the same meal, then some bright mind gets the idea, makes an issue out of it. Soon any wife that catches her husband reading at the breakfast table feels she has grounds for divorce. It is a vicious circle. Personally we'd like to read in bed, propped up with pillows—the radio playing sweet and low—the night breezes wafting through the open window, and a soft bedlight—all that is so easy to achieve in a barrack block.

Somehow we don't go for the pulp editions or true confessions or the who done it's. Imagine meeting a "who-done-it"—in the small wee hours with no one else in the house—God forbid, it would take ten years off our life.

Poetry is acceptable if it's your own or a friend's. Also we'd be interested to hear someone's theories on whether they think Shakespeare and Sir Francis Bacon were one and the same brains.

Another edifying subject, a little abstract perhaps, but meaty—"Do you think the Lone Ranger should buy a new horse?"

Varied Opinions

Seriously, though, we are a large group on this station, mostly male of course, but with an interesting sprinkling of the fairer sex. We are more or less of the same age group and in many cases are drawn from "the ends of the earth," which should give lead to varied opinions on the same common ground.

Every now and then we wake up to the realization it takes all kinds of people to make this old world tick. The thoughts that must pass through the individual brains of, say the people in New York in a day, now that's a strong, powerful force; Niagara Falls fades into insignificance besides the immensity of all that collective thought. Without shame, at all, we admit, we are suckers for the fallacy that there is mental telepathy. Recently on the radio some learned professor maintained that telepathy, as far as science was concerned, was transmittable in cases of fear. Is it possible for telepathy to be transmitted from an animal to a human? It is an interesting theory, and one we feel certain is only in the kindergarten stages. Perhaps to the next generation, it will be just another inter-com system.

Kipling writes about the strange and wonderful, seldom seen elephant dances in India. For no apparent reason, by some inter-elephant-com system, the elephant population of the jungle gathers on common ground and under the pale yellow Indian moon, they dance and sway and generally make a good landing field in a short time. The idea really appeals to us, tickles our fancy. No, dear readers, we are not elephants, we often forget. But nevertheless, let's find that common ground through the written word.

Fly, Birdie, Fly

Someone advanced the theory that everything is anti-human or ultra-human except we, the humans. We admit, in cases of stress, domesticated animals like horses show a lack of intelligence, in a fire they burn to death rather than walk out of the barn doors. But birds, golden-voiced notes of music, born to fly, to sing, to soar skywards, to earth-bound humans what an adventure to be a bird—to fly. (This is not supposed to be funny or pertaining to Aircrew.) Witness the immortal stones "Peter Pan" and the "Flying Yorkshireman." Take notice next time you are walking alone on some country bypath, stand still and listen—the air is full of life and sound; the wind, even on a quiet day, rustles the leaves a little. The telephone wires sing, but the birds and the crickets predominate. Beauty is not only a thing of sight, beauty of sound is all around us. Listen to it sometime.

Then there is always the cafeteria—need we elaborate? We see enough of the station there to remind us of Grand Central, especially after the movies. We enjoy your happy smiling faces. . . What goes on behind them would, no doubt, be very interesting.

The mind has no boundaries, rules or restrictions. It's our magic carpet, our Aladdin's lamp. An imagination and a sense of humor are priceless gifts. Would we could give them to some dull clods for Christmas instead of the usual deadly tie.

To those of you who feel like expressing yourselves in a few well-chosen words—welcome, comrades! Drop your letters in the slot in the Orderly Room. Did you say "What slot?" Well, you can ask, can't you?

Until then here's a poem we received from—well, we don't know exactly but here it is:

"IF"

If you can keep your track when all about you
Are losing theirs and setting "Mag." for
"True,"

If you can trust yourself when pilots doubt you

And set back to Base with Red on Blue;

If you can keep control of your dividers

And computer and log, good—not bad

Or listen to the Wag and Pilot

Talking in unison—and not go mad . . .

If you can fill the unforgiving minute

With sixty seconds worth of groundspeed run

Yours is the air—and everything that's in it

And what is more—you'll be an "O," my son.

GEN SHOP

Calling all service personnel! Calling all service personnel!

The gen-jammed Intelligence Library is urgently in need of an invasion. Do drop in and while there, gen up on what's happening in the great outside world. Yes, this is an appeal to make further use of our intelligence library. We are fortunate in having one of the finest in Canada, and would like to see it used by a greater cross-section of station personnel.

Books, periodicals and papers cover the world news, the progress of the war, and recent developments and operations of the Air Force. Secret publications are available in the evenings under the supervision of an officer. This room should not be regarded as "for trainees only." Most of the benefits of the Intelligence Room should be derived by graduate aircrew. Instructors, pilots, and Wags, on this station are piling up flying hours and seniority in the service without benefit of operational experience. It is certainly to your advantage to keep up to date on what goes on "over there" in anticipa-

SERGEANT'S DIARY

Greetings and explanations to boot. This column of piffle, half-truths and Pot Pourri is devoted to the doings and non-doings of the Sergeants. If it succeeds in entertaining, amusing or offending you then it has fulfilled its purpose.

On the other hand if it fails to accomplish these perfectly normal expectations we will no doubt be relegated to the "also-rans." Let us bid adieu to sympathy and gaze into the crystal ball and wander through the sgts' messland.

The radio-phonograph has once more been restored to the lounge and nightly can be seen the five antics of our swing inclined men which comprise two classes—the agile young, and the men of "spirits."

Anyone who has been in town lately may have noticed a great number of Wags strolling about. They are members of the V41 Roomers' Club and are at present living out due to the overcrowded barracks on the station. The open life has produced many changes among the boys, financially and otherwise. Mr. Covenoy and Mr. Thompson can vouch for that.

There have been few celebrations of late but quiet "au revoirs" were bid to W.O.2 Ray Sheehan, F/Sgt., Phelan, Sgt. Ilbotson and others. They have been posted to the "Y" depot and are now on embarkation leave.

The station softball team made an impressive debut by downing the supposed all-stars from St. John, 14 to 3. Sergeant Johnny Donn was largely responsible for the crashing triumph as he allowed but one hit in four innings. Messrs. Thompson, M. Sioui, L. McGinnis, S. Sanford were all prominent in the debacle.

tion of the day you go across. Service pilots on loan to the civilian company are welcome and may use the library when in air force uniforms.

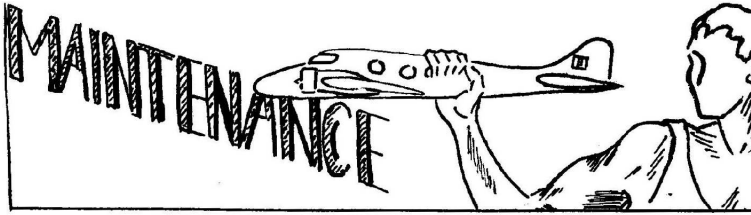
Aircrew should keep in touch with Coastal and Bomber Command reviews, and navigation types should follow the Coastal, Bomber and Tactical Command navigation bulletins. There are two ways to learn—by your own experience, or by the experience of others who were willing to be guided by the wisdom of earlier veterans. Go thou and do likewise.

What is your reaction when you find that the met winds are wrong again, that is, after the usual uncomplimentary remarks (fortunately drowned in the roar of the engines). Do you reject the met forecast entirely? Most navigators do. Then read what you should do in the newest Bomber Command Navigation Bulletin. It explains how to revise the whole met forecast from observations made in the air.

One word of warning. Many of our publications are labelled SECRET and must be treated as such. The Air Force has a bad reputation for talking. Let's change our reputation to that of "the Silent Service" and make a practice of never talking shop when off the station.

Most of us are familiar with the decorations of the "flying boot" for airmen who have walked back across the desert, and the equally famous "caterpillar" for men who have been forced to bale out. To these distinguished, though unofficial, decorations has been added a third, the "goldfish" for people who have been ditched at sea and have had to take to their dinghies.

A letter from an American soldier in North Africa, commenting on the scarcity of white women, concluded in true Churchillian style with, "Never have so few been chased by so many for so little."



HANGAR HAPS

Some of our pilots must have seen too many Friday night horse operas—the ones where the hero brings his horse to a stop with such violence that it is forced to stand on its hind legs. We say that because some of the pilots have been doing the same thing with the Ansons. Of course the Anson doesn't care for the grandstand play and these tail-point landings are certainly not appreciated by members of the Maintenance Hangar. Let's treat 'em gentle from now on ay fellas.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Tremblay. The stork (who's kiddin') presented them with a baby girl. Wonder what happened to all that talk about it being a boy. By the sound of it they all prefer baby boys — but we notice that there's quite a demand for grown up baby girls.

George Korney, one of our aircraft engineers, known to the mtee. hangar crew as Casanova, has lately been missing from work Saturday afternoons. What's the attraction George?

You should see Ben (Instructor) Goineau when he gives his instruction chats to his engine mechanics on Monday afternoons. Ben's ability as a teacher will be determined next time the engine mecs try their exams. Ben is more confident than his students.

Congrats to Andie Fortin who is proud father of a baby girl. Immediately after the blessed event he left for Longueuil to undergo his army medical. Andie was a nervous wreck that morning what with the Army and The Heir.

Stan Chicoiné is very busy these days training his horse for the St. Johns Sweepstake which takes place in two weeks. Although all are anxious to see him win we doubt if they'll all lay their money on his horse.

Welcome to Paul L'Hereault, who has been absent for the past month due to illness. Glad to have Paul back with us.

Old Henry Desroches is really busy on engine changes at present and if the boys annoy or disturb him or steal any parts of his time-expired engines he promises to start an invasion all of his own. Henry, who was in the last war claims he is the man who can do it.

Harry Harris was scratching his head last week trying to determine the rumbling noise in the hydraulic system on one of our aircraft. It must be all over now — his hair is combed once more.

Holly Cross, of the Met. Section, attempting to clarify the mysteries of Met, "It's more confusing than it looks."

ARMAMENT

The Armourers really have their worries these days . . . and as far as we can make out, they are about the most worried section on the Station. We were talking to Cpl. Jack Frank the other day, and he was remarking that whenever anything goes wrong, its Armament's fault: "Its not that anything much does go wrong, you know," he said, "but every once in a while the Navs come in and say they had to get their winds by the old finger method, because the bombsight was U/S . . . and then we find out that the last bomb-aimer was playing tunes on the drift-wires . . . but the Armourers get the blame anyway." Every time the boys go out bombing, somebody forgets to put the Fusing Switches down, and then when there's a hang-up . . . yes, you guessed that, too . . . the Armourers put the bombs in wrong.

Finger Method

Incidentally, that finger-method for W/V's is not really in the syllabus of training—but judging from some of the results, a lot of the lads use it. You just wet your finger and open the window . . . then whichever side of your finger is cold, that's where the wind's coming from. Its really pretty easy, that's why its not taught.

Pardon us, we got side-tracked (so will you if you use that one) . . . we were talking about Armament.

Sometimes the flash-bulbs don't work. . . . Armament did it.

Sometimes the flares don't work Armament did it.

Sometimes the flares do work, unexpectedly Armament again.

And so on. Needless to say, about 90% of these things are sort of illegitimate complaints, in the words of LAC. Fletcher (slightly paraphrased, of course) but they lend an air of gloom to the Armament Section that even the cheery early-morning face of your reporter could not for the moment dispel.

Forty-Eighter's

But they have their cheerful side, too. For instance, there's "Ma" Perkins . . . (no—not Dusty) "Ma" arrived back on the station May 23rd, and has been entertaining the lads ever since with his tales of the time he had on his leave. And LAC. Vollet can be heard almost anytime rhapsodizing about the beauties of Buffalo (or is it just "Beauty"? We forget). Also, how could we e'er forget, LAC. Fletcher's charmin' new zoot-suit. . . . Vollet and Fletcher have now left to take B.I. courses at Mountainview B. & G.

Just in passing, though, we'd like to wish Bud Ness a happy happy time in Tofino, B.C. A town by any other name would smell as sweet, and that's quite a name for a town. We'll miss him here. Maybe he'll write us back. We'd like to find out about Tofino.

Frank Beard, one of our "cloudy Joe" types briefing a flight,— "weather rowdy, followed by clain."

SICK BAY

The perils of the new reporter are many and varied. This column will eventually be bursting with scintillating little items about people and things in and around the hospital, but right now we are far too exhausted to do justice to that sort of thing.

Y' see, we went over there this morning, with a nice new notebook, a sharp pencil, and an eager curiosity — but we forgot about Sick Parade. Usually, on Monday mornings, they are terribly rushed over there (fellows seem to contract almost everything on week-ends) and they go into a sort of frenzy of efficiency. We found that out, if nothing else. . . .

S.P. Efficiency

Before we had uttered a syllable, the orderly came dashing up and stuck a long piece of wood in our mouth, with the peremptory order: "Say AH!" Naturally, being nothing if not obliging, we said "AH" The orderly's eyes opened wide, and in the same surprised voice as we had used, he said "AHA!" and produced a thermometer, which joined the long piece of wood in the vicinity of our tonsils.

Suddenly it dawned upon us that we were being diagnosed — this wasn't just a novel way of saying good morning. Furthermore, we began to feel a little put out. After all, an assignment is an assignment, and we were supposed to dig up some news, not medical treatments. So we reached for the thermometer. No luck. The orderly grabbed our wrist, pulled out a large Ingersoll watch, and started counting, very absordedly. Glancing up reflectively, he said: "Take off your shirt, please!" There was something hypnotic about him. We took off our shirt, thinking to take advantage of the momentary pause: "We represent the"

That was as far as we got. The orderly whipped out a vicious-looking instrument with an earphone on it, and immediately started punching up and down our spine, probably just to see if we would hold together. All the time he kept muttering under his breath: "HA!" "That's it!" "Wow!" until we finally got desperate, and said: "We represent FLAK and we are over here to get some news;" But the orderly just looked at us, shook his head sadly, and said "lie down over here, my boy, I'll get the M.O. right away—just lie quietly, there's a good fellow."

All this was very disconcerting, to say the least. When the M.O. arrived, we tried again to explain our presence in the Sick Parade, but apparently all the other lads had been diagnosed, because a large audience came in . . . everybody in the Hospital seemed to be interested in our case.

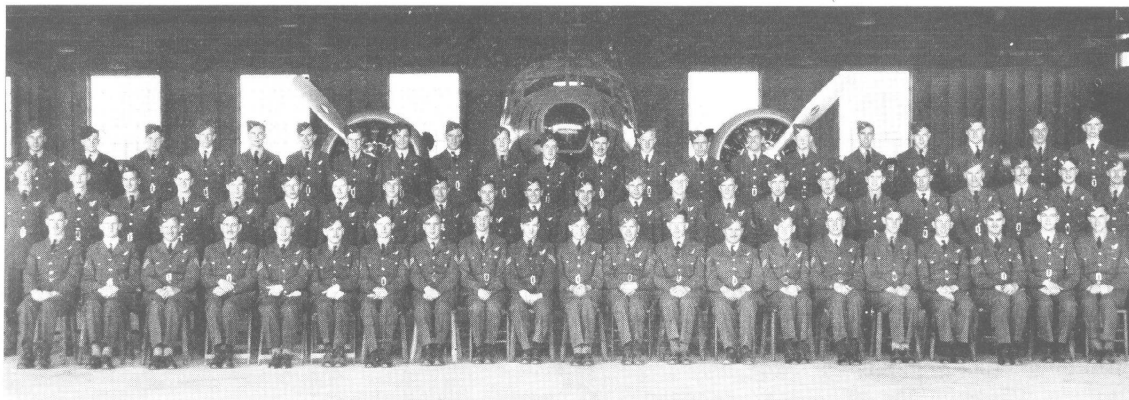
Strictly From Hunger

Sick Bay is a very interesting place to be in. We are writing this now from Bed No. 4. As it turned out, we had contracted pretty nearly everything from malaria to housemaid's knee, and we will probably be here for some time to come. As we said, it is a very nice place right now.

LAC Johnnie Menard is the man to see in the AOS Orderly Room over here, he is running the place practically single-handed . . . he even manages to handle all the files on Wing's Parade days, when the Sick Parade rises alarmingly. . . .

We hear also that Sgt. Corby is doing very well at Cribbage these days . . . a great game, that . . . wish we knew how to play it. The Sarge is a good sport, and one of the hardest-working members of our little group . . . finds time to get home to St. Johns every once in a while to see his wife and his little boy.

AVE ATQUE VALE



The purpose of this column is to introduce you to our newcomers and take leave of our graduate classes. The graduates are courses 94NBX, NBY, and 101ABX; they leave us on June 15th. To take their places we have 103NX, NY, ABX and ABY who arrived eager to continue the good (?) work.

We'll have a look at the graduates. One dark night, we are told, 94N were going up but the weather was so bad that they intended to navigate by guess and by God, they'd been told as much, when suddenly the voice of the prophet rang clear, "Shhot the moon, is it beeg and bride!" Was it the same prophet who remonstrated, "You have but three courses!" Whereupon the sinner

replied, "Sir, we had but one bum compass." Who hasn't heard of the thread club, who's existence has not hung by a mere tared which stood a rotund Sergeant and many others in good stead for twenty weeks. Yes, they are all still with us, except, alas, poor Haverick, who now cannot respond, "Yes, Sir."

G.M.T. suffered several blows to its international dignity, no wonder, who would shoot the sun "about four o'clock?"

As for the newcomers, we found doing night work in their first week keen types! 103ABY call themselves the "flight of extremes." They claim the two shortest men on the station and the two "ginger-est." Super-

man has a rival here, someone from Fingal B. & G. School claims to outshine his physique, plays a trumpet too, quite an asset! 103 Navigators is a cosmopolitan crowd, what with 15 Frenchmen.

For those who are going to England, a word. Cigarettes are now 55c for 20, beer is weaker, the Yanks are still there, but cricket is still played at Lord's, so you know what to expect.

94NBY will close the farewell with their signature tune.

Starzey shots and starzey plots,
And little fixey cookses,
And pilot traxey crawl.
Wouldn't you?

NAVIWATHA

From the Mountains and the Prairies
From the land across the ocean
Came to St. Johns one morning
Came some U/T Navigators
Came here to complete their training
They came from many places
Where they waited, waited, waited,
They were questioned on arrival
As to what they were and had been
They were allocated barracks
Made fetch bedding, lay their kit out
They were as new flights are always
Joed for watch and other duties
They learned from the D. I. Sergeant
"You play ball and I'll play with you,"
(Where before had they heard it?)
They were welcomed to the station
And told they'd be happy here
There is much amusement
To ease the lot of everybody
Started on their course one Monday
Were introduced to their instructors
Started work an hour later
To learn the art of navigation
Soon to be put into practice
Practised in the Avro Ansons
That congest the Eastern Skyways
They were issued with Mercators
Maps and charts and computers
Amongst the things they had to play
with

Life from then became a burden
Hours spent in D.R. Trainer

Hours spent in Avro Ansons
Seeking places yet unheard of
Yet their unerring pilot
Brought them back from seeming
nowhere

New ways of time were laid before them
Zones and local date and Greenwich
But the only time they cared for
Were the forty-eight hour passes
That fleet by as fast as shadows
They spent nights equipped with
sextants

Shooting stars from "faithful Annie"
Shaking like a four-wheeled buggy
So they clocked up flying hours
Got some in, became old stagers
Shot the line to newer comers
With the fateful day approaching
They spent hours binding, binding,
Until the night of celebration
When they, with friends and instructors
Ate and drank till far past midnight
Put their wings and three hooks up
On the parade for which they had waited
Were given wings, congratulated
Now with the great day over
With the sun descending westward
They departed home and elsewhere
To New York in the south land
Hurried they away in taxis
Not, thought they, a day too soon.

There is one pilot who could be charged
with low flying, so fast does he taxi his
aircraft.

MORE SERGEANT'S DIARY

Sgt. Pretty seems to be the "Beau Brummel" of the A.O.S. campus. For a study in personality, a visit to the cafeteria is well worth your while. The local Casino has closed down due to lack of funds. The situation should be remedied come payday. This friendly invitation is not merely confined to the Sergeants. Everyone is welcome. Come in with an automobile, and leave in a barrel. And so it goes.

One of the most popular P.T.I.'s on this station, Sgt. J. Jacobsen ("Jake") has left us. He has remustered to Aircrew and we all wish him the best of everything.

Good old D.R.O.'s inform us that we are again entitled to wear summer dress. AH!! Those summer nights on the grass with the green showing on the trousers. Comfort or cleanliness! !!!

CO. M.

Navvie: "Course to base is 304¼ degrees, pilot."
Captain Baker: "Make that 304½ degrees, and you'll be right on."

BARRIERS?

Now that the famous St. Johns Yacht Club has broadened its bands for membership, it isn't too much to expect the collapse of the barriers to those undying friendships—and some of them, the friendships, we mean, are really things of beauty!

PEEP & PRY

(Continued from page 1)

please note, you "feet putter uppers." We walked into the movie the other night—in the middle of a Mickey Mouse feature. Was there an available seat? Why, yes, plenty—but hold on, they were in use, the Station personnel reclining with their feet up. Pull-eeze put your feet on terra firma (the floor to you).

All those people who own cars kindly note:—Is it necessary every time you see a friend walking along the side of the road or perhaps bicycling, to drive them into the ditch while you playfully miss by inches? In this case a miss is not as good as a mile.

Moose Park (Terrain D'Exposition) is soon to be the scene of busy activity—sulky races to be exact, in which the horse drags around a sulky guy or something. We haven't been yet, but it sounds like easy money. Just bet on the maddest horse. It should be a welcome change to the old crap games, at least you get the fresh air while you lose your money.

We could go on for hours about life, love and pursuit of happiness, with a few star shots thrown in on the side. You realize of course that the average stranger walking around the Station observing youse guys making with the sextants thinks he has run into a highly specialized candid camera club. First impressions—never trust them—Why not?

And we extend a word to you wolves in the barrack block near the guard house, yes you, do you have to whistle and shout at every skirt that goes through the gate? You do? Well that's all we wanted to know. Do you airmen think your social life is being neglected (who am I kidding?)

We just thought popular opinion would be for a dance, say in the Drill Hall, a good band, some classy chassiss from Montreal—in fact a regular GI Jive. Sounds like fun. Remember you old timers the dance we had in the drill hall last Christmas—murder, it was strictly from hunger, and it filled up all the dull spots in that evening like heavy paint on new wood. We mean we had fun!

Ah! the breath of spring that rustled the grasses of No. 9 Air Observer School, way back in '41 was not as innocent as it sounded, for a station romance was born, that has

now materialized into expectancy, (yes, through marriage) for Sergeant Danny Livingstone of the Training Wing Orderly Room. Some time around the end of July. We hope its a boy and that he has a thorough knowledge of Air Force Reselection Directives, to help his graying father in his daily duties.

What is it about our little enclosure that prompts the feel of spring, even in a cold blue-nose from Cape Breton Island of the Station Orderly Room, who insists in volunteering his PERSONAL services to the Accounts Section in the Civilian Administration Building. It might be an interest in a topographical survey of Three Rivers, but we have our doubts, particularly if a personal conducted tour of the romantic Richelieu occupied one complete afternoon.

The romantic custodian of the stationery (Herr (Paul) Heinrich Himmler) that sets so many hearts a-flutter (male hearts too, only in the opposite direction), has graciously offered his services as an astrologist and tea cup reader to any of the opposite sex, with whom he does not come in contact during business hours. You may remember his winning ways during his monthly tour of the Station selling "Wings." Like the R.C.M.P. he always gets his man.

We bid welcome to Section Officer Katherine Ellson from No. 3 Training Command who now graces the Training Administrative Office. The traffic is becoming extremely heavy in that office. People have the darndest time trying to remember what they came in for.

If you have a dull moment and you are blue, don't take one of Doctor Clayton's nerve remover pills, but see Sergeant "Red" Fortin of the Service Police, Special Investigator Mark 1½. Even if he has exhausted his entire stock of "have you heard this one" at 2359 hours, he has brand new ones the following morning. He thinks them up in his sleep—Poor fellow! he must have nightmares.

It was a beautiful sight to see the parade early one bright Spring morning, led by

F/Sgt. O'Neill, on their way to the Station Hospital to have their alcohol tested for blood content. The only disturbing thought was that a rumor (speculative) was circling around the Station to the effect that the M.O. was a former Javelin thrower, who promptly confirmed the rumor, and diagnosed "Nil Stock," a typical Sergeant Watts' R.C.A.F. clothing stores remark. The M.O. then gave all patients blood transfusions, but the donors had to give up half-way, alcohol being stronger than blood, particularly when accompanied by a hang-over. The question of using their blood, or rather alcohol, for commercial war purposes was then discussed, but the M.O. rejected the idea, stating that such carefully assembled stock of spirits should not be dispersed in view of the extensive liquor shortage. The sergeants were then given a bronze medal to honor their achievement and returned to their duties.

FLASH:—The next Sergeant's Mess Party will uncover a new secret weapon "Kick-a-poo Joy Juice," that has been tried but in partial quantities in the past. A combination of the Officer's Mess nerve remover and the Pilot's Mess stiffening tonic. "Kick-a-poo Joy Juice" is expected to fulfill a much felt want, that of partial embalming while still breathing.

Then there was the Negro in a camp somewhere in England who was in a poker game and was holding four aces, impatiently waiting for someone to open the betting. Finally one of the blokes in the game said "I Say old chappies, I'll open for a pound." The Negro looked at him and said "I don't know how you count your money over here, but I'll raise you a ton."

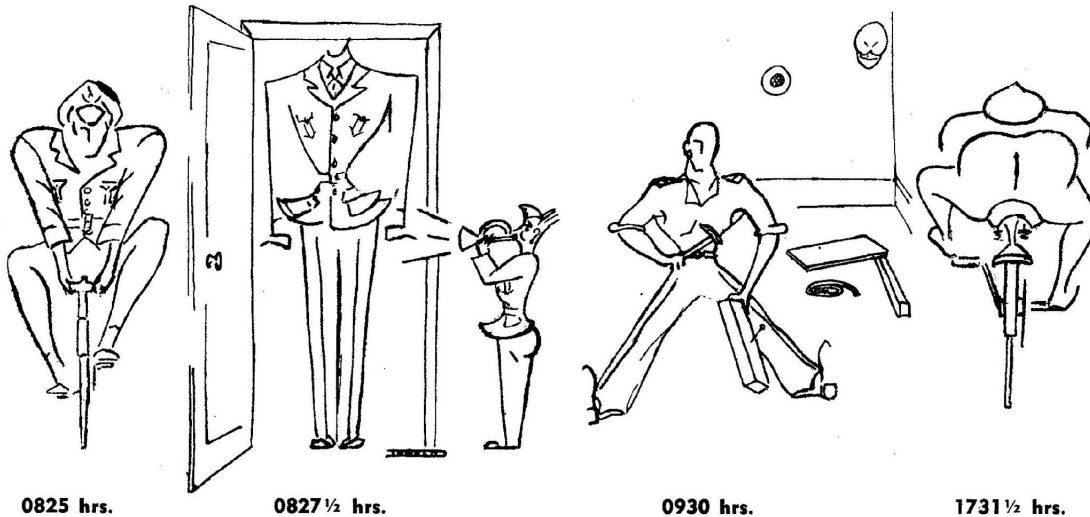
Confucius Say: Don't go a-round with somebody else's wife if you can't go ten rounds with the husband.

ZOOT SUITS

Have you ever noticed the strong efforts of some of the Navvies to create various types of "zoot-uniforms." Some of them are really something, and, incidentally do they know just how far they can go like that in England?

F/O JACK BRAZIER

S. D. R. T.



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0827 1/2 hrs.

0930 hrs.

1731 1/2 hrs.

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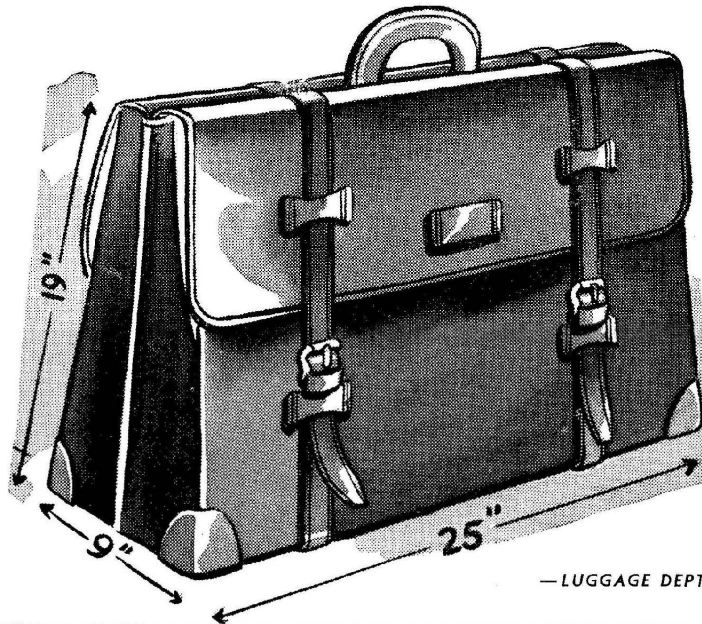
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