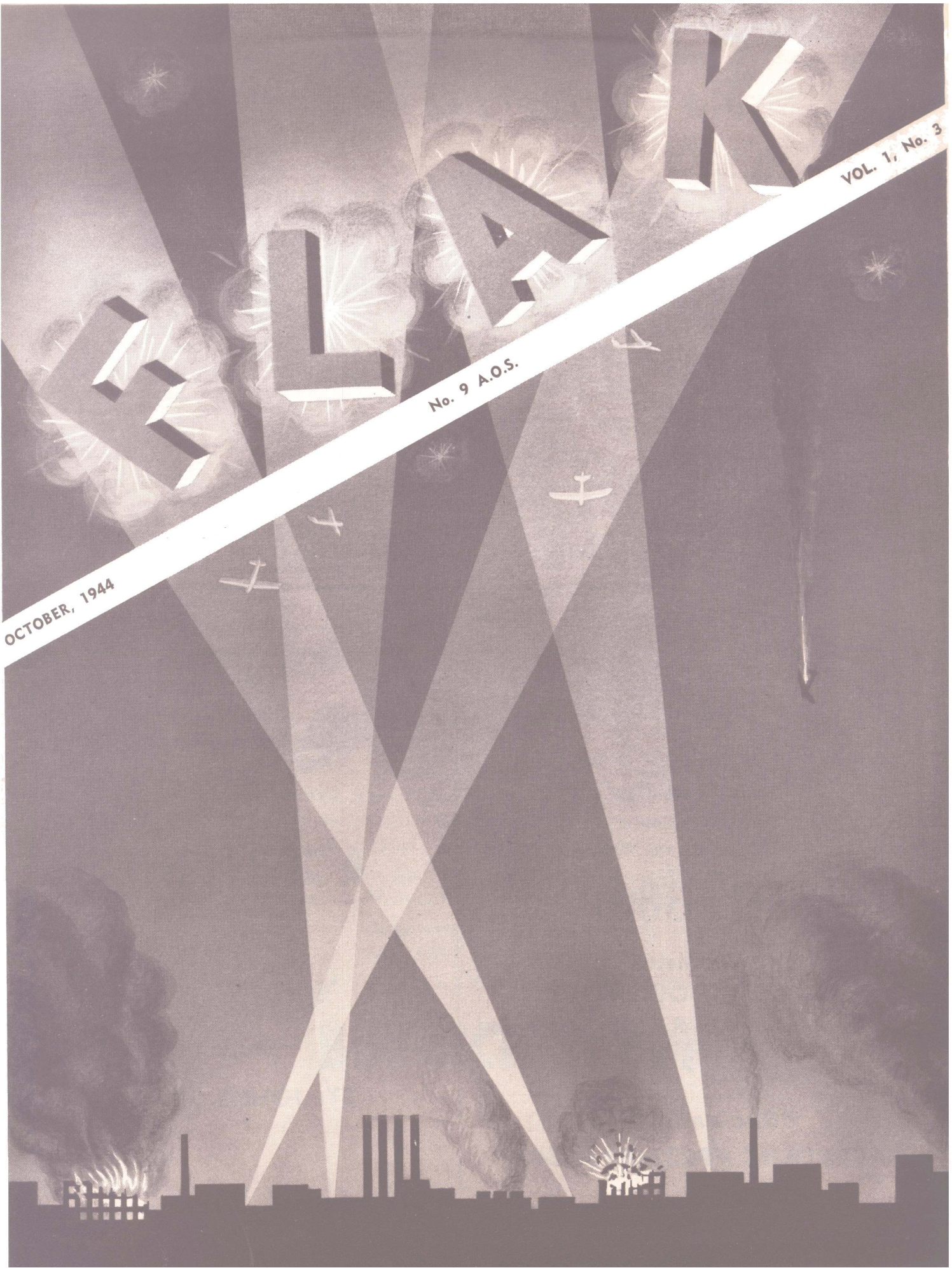


OCTOBER, 1944

No. 9 A.O.S.

VOL. 1, No. 3



50th ANNIVERSARY



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FLAK

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"A Message from the A.V.M."

Flying Officer George Falle,
Editor-in-Chief,
"FLAK."

No. 9 A.O.S., R.C.A.F.,
St. Johns, Que.

Dear Flying Officer Falle,

I wish with much interest your first issue of "FLAK."

I wish to congratulate you on this excellent edition. I should be very pleased indeed to receive a copy of the numbers to come.

Sincerely,

A. Raymond
Air Vice-Marshal.

PEEP & PRY

September has been a month that taketh away, namely Howie Boyd, our never-to-be-forgotten-producer; Newton, whose favorite record "A Good Man is Hard to Find;" we will miss them and hope the East is as intriguing as the story books.

Then there are P/O's Muldoon and Thompson off to England, and let's not forget the "Battler" and Hammett; O.T.U. by the blue Pacific conjures up visions of a velly nice winter, boys. Be good and remember us back here at No. 9

Some of the charm, in fact a big hunk of it, left when Lorraine Leeman and Paula Bishop departed for "greener pastures."

If you boys keep your eyes peeled — you will agree the new flight clerk, Bobby, is slightly "out of this world."

What has happened to the Say-Rose combination? Now the Fall is here does the Rose fade?

Does anyone know the trees outside Mr. Woollett's quarters are castor-oil trees — and they look so beautiful, too.

What has happened to a wonderful idea, a pair of peacocks as camp mascots?

Editorial

SMALL TALK THROUGH THE GRAPEVINE.

Editorials are baneful necessities. Generally they moralize. They report pertinently on war activities; dependent on the author's political views, they toss a rose at F.D.R. and a volley of abuse at Tom Dewey or vice versa; they give the inside dope on philanthropists, scientists, prize horses, income tax and draft evaders but only as much as they feel the reader authorized to absorb; they discuss, and often disgust. But still, editorials are, ethically speaking, necessary, and almost more baneful to write than to read.

And so, true to the strictest form, we will moralize in our own inimitable way. The many reverberations which have reached these flapping ears have caused us more than considerable alarm. Alarm for the poor petty consciences of many of our friends and colleagues who, in this mad, bad, sad, glad world, take things much too seriously. It seems to us that if one hasn't the courage of one's convictions, one should not be so easily located in compromising circumstances. And if that last fateful moment should arrive, then shouldn't one accept the inevitable? Or am I giving the devil more than his due?

We are referring primarily to the vast quantity of small adverse criticism that flooded the station subsequent to Molly Mouse's effort in the last issue of the Magazine. Such a column is meant for everyone's good, clean enjoyment. If you are sufficiently a 'character' to warrant a line or two in this classic column, then you are just that much more of an asset to No. 9. Such remarks as our rodent friend sees fit to write are not meant as personal cracks, and are certainly not meant to be accepted as such by those who may consider themselves maligned. And so, in answer to Miss Mouse's query, we wish to reply that if she can give it, we can take it.

Then there is always the old sense of humour angle. In days such as these, people work along with mixture full rich and propellers full fine, and are often liable to forget that they are obligated to their neighbour and to themselves. We don't mean the guy with the Pepsodent smile nor the gal who is always a bag of cheer. Such people are dangerous. But what we do mean is the person, male or female, Navs, WAGS, Service and Civvy admin personnel, trainees, yea, even the occupants of Building No. 2, who can take things in their stride, and who can laugh at things that are meant to be laughed at, and experience a genuine, sincere feeling towards things that demand such expressions.

The Magazine has, so far, been operated by a very small group on the Station, and we are very anxious for new volunteer workers. We are open to good constructive criticism from any quarter. So if you have anything to offer, don't hesitate to let us have it from you direct rather than through the proverbial grapevine, the rumour scavengers, and gossip mongers. If you personally feel something deeply enough to start a war-cry, surely you would do even a finer job on a sheet of paper addressed to the Editor, c/o the Station Orderly Room. Or do some people talk for the sake of talking?

Any day now, we are expecting an official letter from Mac King's little man, Ilsley, requesting our fullest co-operation in the 7th Victory Loan Drive. So jack up the ante. Pile it high and roll 'em out. You can't lose on a 7.

The above refers to all your cash except that thin dime you are saving for our super-special Christmas edition — December 15th. And we ain't kiddin' !!

There is a grand old game that is practically having a renaissance in the pilot's mess — you will never guess — cribbage, of all things.

The man in charge of our celestial link, we hear tell, has been doing a great deal of extra-curricular star gazing these days — and not alone.

Nothing I can say can change the fact that Harry Cohen's humor is so dry that even a Martini cannot compete with it.

What man on this station gets that far-away look in his eyes whenever he hears that song "The Last Time I Saw Paris?"

Does anyone realize that its Mr. Woollett's "Old School Tie" that keeps him together most of the time. I do mean that literally.

The lady in the blue-lined cape we see around No. 9, has a more popular spot these days than the stage door canteen.

And just how much did our C.O. and Mr. Woollett have to pay the Red Cross for low flying on the trip back from Quebec?

Our pin-up girl's face is her fortune — and it runs into a nice figure.

Awards for Proficiency

Displayed on the facing page are the various trophies awarded at this unit by the Civilian Operating Company as proficiency merits.

Dominion Skyways (Observers) Ltd.

Air Navigator's Trophy

The Master Trophy (bottom) is mounted on a nine by three foot background which is faced with a portion of the carpet used at the Coronation of King George VI. A photograph of the Trophy with the winner's photograph inset, and a sterling cigarette case (centre) are presented to the Graduating Navigator who obtains the highest honours in his Class. The first winner was A. R.

Wecker of Australia who graduated in 1941. Originally the winner's name on a small silver wing was mounted on the propeller.

Air Bomber's Trophy

Pictured at the top left is the Master Trophy. A photograph of the Skyways Trophy with the winner's photograph inset and a sterling cigarette case are presented to the Graduating Air Bomber obtaining the highest honours in his class. The first honour went to J. F. Neilans in October, 1942. The winner's name is also engraved on the small silver bomb on the Trophy.

Both the master trophies and duplicates of the individual photograph are hung in

the Drill Hall. To date, approximately one hundred and fifty photographs and cigarette cases have been awarded.

Air Bomber's Medal

Top centre is the award presented to the Graduating Air Bomber who obtains the best bombing score during his course of training.

Pilots' Bombing Challenge Trophy

Top right is the trophy won by the pilot who each month obtains the best pilotage record for bombing scores. A small replica of the cup is presented to the individual pilot earning this honour.



Station Photo Section

THE INSPECTION

Left to right: F/O Foster, Wing Commander Sharpe, Group Captain Fraser, Wing Commander Lambert and Mr. Apedaile.

J. L. Apedaile presents Wings to Graduating Classes

Thursday, Sept. 7th, 1944, represented a red letter day in the history of the Air Observers Schools in Canada marking the centenary of Navigation Courses under the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan. It was a double celebration in view of the fact the wings were presented to graduates on this Station by Mr. J. L. Apedaile, O.B.E., Financial Adviser to Civil Flying Schools, Department of National Defence for Air; a man, who has been, probably more than any other individual in Canada, directly responsible for the successful operation of all Civilian-operated Flying Schools.

The first of ten such schools to come under Mr. Apedaile's supervision was opened at Malton on May 27th, 1940 under the management of Mr. C. R. Troup assisted by Mr. W. Woollett, presently General Manager of No. 9, we are glad to say. All ten Schools were opened, the last at Chatham, by July, 1941. Such speedy organization reflects the untiring efforts of Mr. Apedaile and his very competent associates. In an article written

for the Station Magazine of No. 5 A.O.S. Winnipeg, Mr. Apedaile says; "These schools have all done and are still doing a fine job, and had it not been for the Companies operating Commercial airways, and their expert personnel going all out in their organization and co-operation, the acknowledged early success of the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan could not have been achieved." The harmony and co-operation existing between Service and Civilian personnel is largely attributable to Mr. Apedaile's very keen sense of diplomacy and fair play. Of this particular aspect, he writes; "In my official capacity, I have from inception been vitally interested in all the Civilian operated Schools, and during that time, I have always received the most whole-hearted co-operation from all Officials — both Service and Civilian; in fact I may say without equivocation that in my associations I have derived the greatest satisfaction and pleasure, and spent the most interesting days of my life."

We are pleased and honoured to be able to pay tribute to one of the many unsung heroes of this present conflict.

D.S.O. Award to Captain E. J. Perkins

It is with great pleasure that we make the following announcement: Captain Edward J. Perkins, Lord Strathcona Horse, with the 5th Army in Italy, has been awarded the D.S.O. for the important part he played in the smashing of the Hitler Line at the Melfa River Crossing.

Captain Perkins' wife, known to most of the Station as "Dusty," is one of our most popular Radio Plotting Room girls, and one of the "true blues" of No. 9 (Incidentally, you will see her name on the masthead as Feature Editor of this publication).

"FLAK" is honoured to convey the Station's congratulations to them both.



Station Photo Section

Mr. Apedaile pinning the wing on one of the graduates, Sous-Lieut. J. D. H. Bary of Luzech Lot, France. In the foreground, Wing Commander Lambert, and on Mr. Apedaile's left, the Custodian of Wings, F/O Plant.

The soldier was a new arrival in the Solomons. "Gee," he said, "I thought I'd see monkeys around here."

Said a second G.I. "They're in the jungle making love."

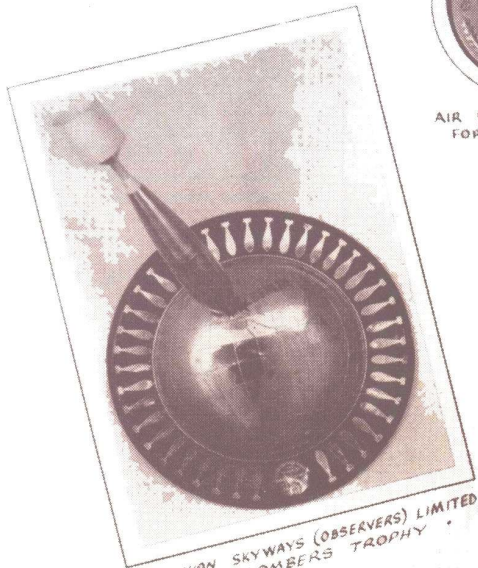
"I wonder," said the new arrival, "if they would come out for peanuts."

The second soldier's look was scornful: "Would you?"

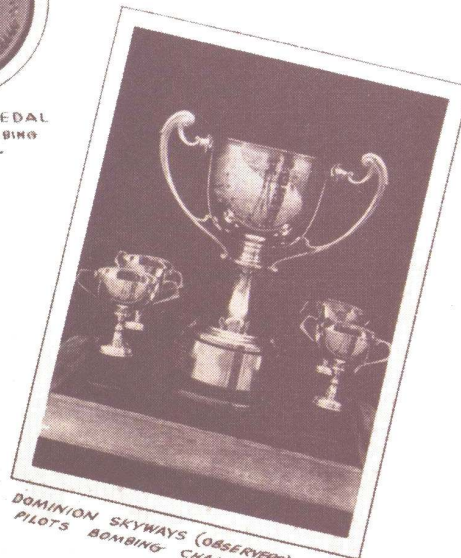
AWARDS FOR PROFICIENCY



AIR BOMBER MEDAL
FOR BEST BOMBING
SCORE



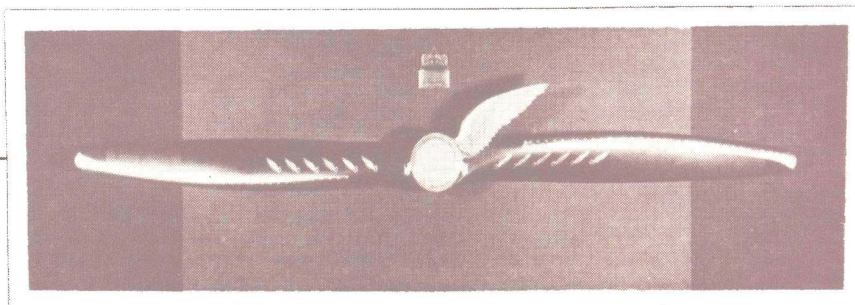
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"R.D.X.," The Sergeants' Mess and "Red" Fortin

R.D.X. MOST RECENT SUBSTITUTE FOR MARIJUANA

The party was in progress. Everyone was having the time of their lives. Some were dancing. Some were drinking. Those that were drinking struck me funny as they seemed to be paying no attention whatsoever to their surrounding companions. Four times I spoke to one Sergeant but still that empty look. And I came to the conclusion that this guy was nuts. The guy on the right of me kept saying to himself some crazy words. Sounded like Esperanto. I began to look around to see if I was in the Mess or a mad house. I finished my drink and wandered in to the Dance Hall. The dancers were doing a dance such as no mortal had ever invented. The sitter-outs were looking at each other with such utterly incomprehensible looks that I decided I should have another drink before I became that way too.

Well, as I was going to get one, who should appear on the scene but F/Sgt. O'Neill. Said he to me: "How you liksh the party?"

I was just about to answer when I noticed a queer glint in his eye. He had that big Irish smile but there was something else in his look that I had never seen before. I tried to say something, but he interrupted me and said: "Here, have a drink."

Well, here was something new, Mike giving drinks away so I thought I had better take it while the going was good. Who knows when I would get another chance like this? Well, I began to sip it. I thought that my hair was moving and that the toes of my boots were curling up. But I just put that down to the crazy dancing that was going on. Finally the drink was finished. "Hmmm, that was good." I thought. Mike noticed my pleased look, and, by all the gods, he said "Have another."

Three or four drinks later I decided I had better leave this wonderful place where such wonderful drinks were free. Because if they were that good free, just imagine what you could get if you were paying for them. I am still a little hazy on what happened after that. I know I couldn't get the clutch in to change gears because the toes of my boots were turned up so much that they caught in the dash-board. My hands felt so large that every time I tried to change gears, I would pull up the emergency brake. My hair was standing up so stiff that my hat was falling off; and I didn't need any lights because the light in my eyes was bright enough to guide me anywhere. Anyway, after the night had passed I awoke Sunday morning to find I had lost a fender and part of my bumper. I had mud all over the car but I can't remember the ditch whose acquaintance I made. It was Monday morning that I found out I had been drinking O'Neill's famous R.D.X. (Liquid form, not the block-buster type).

Now here is my conception of the recipe for R.D.X.;

One quart of embalming fluid.

One quart of motor oil.

One quart of castor oil.

Three pints of gasoline flavoured with vanilla.

One quart of gin, one of rye and one of rum.

Mix all together until it is a rich, creamy substance.

Then throw it all down the sink and stick to straight dynamite.

You'll feel a lot better in the morning.



SERGEANT WALTER FORTIN

The No. 1 Pin Up Boy of the Service Police was sitting in the Guard House engrossed in a Mystery Story when we entered. "Good afternoon" we said. "We would like the most intimate details of your Love Life, Service Life, and what have you."

Sgt. Walter Fortin regarded us austerely from behind his book. "My love life is not for publication," and recommenced to read. However, after a little coaxing, Walter un-bent and gave us some of the works. As regards the love life, it seems that he has a decided preference for brunettes, his wife being one, and so are two of his three children. He has two jobs he tells us, on duty he keeps order in the Guard Room, while off duty he attempts to do the same in the Sergeants' Mess. This, he assures us, is very difficult and causes him to lose a lot of weight. His ambition is to be a private sleuth in the RCAF which we suppose is the reason for the pile of Detective Stories concealed beneath the counter. He also told us in the strictest confidence that his ambition at present is to attain the rank of Temporary Sergeant, and made some references to Scotch Mist which we didn't quite hear.

Walter likes this Station, it seems. He thinks that the conduct of the N.C.O.'s at all times is exemplary and that their behaviour, especially at the dances, is as befits Senior N.C.O.'s. Nevertheless we suspect this to be just a crafty move to flatter them into buying him beer at the next dance. "BEER," he says, "Is the reason for my good health, good looks and magnificent physical condition." "Do we gather that beer is your hobby?" we tactfully submitted. "Dear me no!" he replied — or something like that, "I have already told you that I only take it as a body builder" and he patted his stomach proudly "although I do have a hobby, and a very respectable one at that. Photography. However, the shortage of fig leaves is becoming acute and I may have to suspend activities altogether.

"Finally" said that genial piece of landscape "It is my turn to ask you a question. Why is it that a raincoat is never reported missing until it is raining?" We said we wished we knew because it was pouring outside and we were going to get very wet.

(Continued on Page 20)

A Dance, R.D.X. and—!!

By SGT. "RED" FORTIN

At long last we had a party, and a doozer too. All went very well, but we had a little fun with the **Corber Triplets**, or maybe we put the same guy to bed **three times**. (I'll have to check on that.) If there are three of them, the other two **aren't paying any mess fees**. A few of the fellows didn't like our new light fixtures, the boys about 5 feet, who couldn't reach them when they got the urge to **play tarzan**. It was a lovely night for a party, a lovely night for dancing, a lovely night for drinking, a lovely night for . . . **a party**. An abundance of female pulchritude, an abundance of **liquid refreshments**, and if you weren't fussy about what you drank we had some **R.D.X.** or **mystery fluid** as they jokingly called it. The only mystery connected with it was why it didn't **dissolve the chain they led it around with**.

And the Morning After—

One of the boys drank some, loosened his suspenders and did we have a H—L of a time to get him down **off the ceiling**. He must have liked it though because when we got him down, and laced his shoes up again, he wrote on a piece of paper asking for more. (**Don't worry, mother, his voice will come back in a few days**). Every one else had fun though, and after all we didn't force them to drink the R.D.X., so they have no one to blame but themselves, **of course it was a good idea having them sign a waiver first releasing the Committee from all responsibility**. Yours truly stayed away from it though as he noticed Ye honorable president (who got the horrible idea for the stuff) **was not drinking any of it himself**. There have been no damage claims filed or ill after-effects so far except Mr. Scarlett is conducting an investigation into **where the can of paint remover went to**. But as the old saying goes, "It's an ill wind that doesn't."

R.D.X. Women and Song—

A fellow who was complaining of ulcers of the stomach drank some of the stuff and now, no ulcers — **no stomach!**!! "Muscles" O'Leary was practicing should he ever be posted to Ferry Command by doing a yeoman's job of ferrying drinkers of R.D.X. to the quarters via the fireman's lift **assisted by Mike O'Neil who with stubborn cases, wooed them into the arms of MORPHEUS with his nasal baritone rendition of "When Irish eyes are blood shot."** Of course R.D.X. works differently on some people, now you take Flight Sgt. McGinnis, he took a shot and when last seen he was running down the taxi strip with a wind sock chasing a rare specimen of the **calicoback-figure-short-horned-stinkbug, (he said)**. In some it brings out the Jekyll and Hyde, dual personality. Now one of the most serene and quiet individuals we have in the mess is Sgt. Johnson of the armament section, early in the evening he walked about smelling the flowers which were in abundance and after a drink of our R.D.X. we had trouble keeping him from eating them. The only good word to be said about the stuff is that there was no waste, what was left over was donated to a good cause (Mr. Scarlett's scooter has been running on it ever since, much to his employees regrets). So much for the R.D.X., and our party. Hostilities began to cease at approx. 0415 hrs. and by 0500 hrs. the last dog was hung. To inject at this time

(Continued on Page 8)

PERSONALITIES

THE MAN BEHIND THE DRONE

By D. M. SCOTT

Mr. J. H. Lucas, Asst. Gen. Manager Supervisor of Maintenance, Eastern Schools.

In any great organization, such as represented by the Air Observer Section of the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan, it is always unusual to find an individual who is able to make himself 100% essential to the whole scheme. As a clock cannot function without its mainspring, so an airport cannot operate without its maintenance. Not only does this important department keep the aircraft flying in good condition, but it is a great contributing factor to high morale. Confidence in the maintenance is imperative to working efficiency of aircrew.

Hampered by the serious shortage in manpower and an even more serious shortage of much needed aircraft parts, Joseph Lucas stepped in to his job and saw to it that this confidence, this high morale, this working efficiency was not impaired. In 1940 he organized and trained his maintenance at No. 1 AOS, Malton with such ability, that all the Air Observer Schools came to have maintenance departments such as the original planned by Mr. Lucas. Here is a man, we can safely say, who has made himself 100% essential to the great war effort of training our navigator aircrews. Silently and without recognition other than his personal satisfaction, his leadership, persistence, and remarkable ability have made possible a record of maintaining an 81% average of serviceable aircraft on this station. Here alone, he is responsible for the care of over 85 aircraft, which means double that amount in engines. The proof of his results is the consistent winning by this school of top place in flying hours, which can only be accomplished by smooth running Ansons, piloted by assured pilots.

Many times he has been praised by people "in the know," but we feel that more members of the RCAF and staff should know what a really great job he, Joseph H. Lucas, has done. It has been two years now that

Mr. Lucas has been Superintendent of Maintenance for the Eastern Schools, and as a civilian is responsible for the constant good condition of more multi-engined aircraft than any other Canadian. This spring, Mr. Lucas' work took on added scope, when he was made Asst. General Manager of No. 9 AOS, a job, which, though it brought heavier duties he is doing in his usual capable manner.

In the lighter vein, we might add that Mr. Lucas has a red motor scooter to lift the weight of trying to be in two places at one time. It has become so much a part of his personality, that we hear tell that Mr. Lucas is worried that if there is a third addition to the family, it might be born with a motor and MAINTENANCE stamped on its back! !

CORPORAL G. J. COHN

By ERNIE PERRAULT

In these days of rumour, hearsay, and 'official' reports, when most of us have come to accept what we hear with a non-committal shrug of the shoulders — not quite sceptical but heavily laden with an inferred "could be," it is a most refreshing and unusual experience to encounter a person "who was there," and who can discuss affairs and memories in smoothly-spoken, earnest understatement rather than the usual chrome and crimson overstatements of the day.

Corporal Cohn is such a person, and his story makes good reading. Some five years ago, he was a German citizen. He was born in Germany and received his education there. Through the embryo years of the Nazi regime, he was an interested and, necessarily, silent watcher. And when the Nazi machine lunged forward in the initial acts of war, Corporal Cohn, with thousands of others, found himself the player in a tragedy.

He will refer, but briefly, to those who had to stay behind in Germany when the oppressions began. Their fates may only be guessed at in many cases. In many other

(Continued on Page 13)

WO1 HUGH CHALLIS

By "DUSTY" PERKINS



Station Photo Section

Someone was once known to remark "it takes all kinds of people to make the world"; well we can narrow that down a little to those kinds who can take it and those who can't. Hughie Challis comes in the former category. War has produced scores of heroes, many are just poignant memories in the minds of their loved ones. But the man who comes back, like WO1 Challis, minus a leg, who takes up where he left off, and lives a normal life, he shows the world; that quiet kind of heroism which is the essence of courage. Yet Hughie would be the last man to admit, even to himself, that he is a hero.

Cologne Raid

Before the war, Hughie worked in the Currency Division, Bank of Canada, in Ottawa. Come 1940 he joined the Air Force; by '41 he was taking his O.T.U. in England as an Air gunner. On his first operational trip over Cologne, Hughie was rear gunner in a Wellington bomber. On the way home after discharging their bomb load, the Wellington was attacked by enemy aircraft. Three of the crew were severely wounded and the intercommunication system smashed, the plane was crippled and on fire. It was quite some time before Hughie had any first aid, the pilot and front gunner were the only ones of the crew not injured. The gunner fought the fire and gave aid to the navigator and wireless operator, then he discovered Hughie. He made a tourniquet for his leg and made him as comfortable as possible on the long journey back in the crippled ship. After a crash landing in England, Hughie was taken to a hospital. His leg was amputated and his other wounds were dressed. After the operation Hughie received five blood transfusions. Arriving back in Canada in '42 he spent the greater part of a year commuting between Ottawa and the Christie Street Hospital having himself fitted for an artificial leg.

Hughie is twenty-two, born in Cobourg, Ontario. He lived and received his education in Ottawa. Born of English parents

(Continued on Page 8)

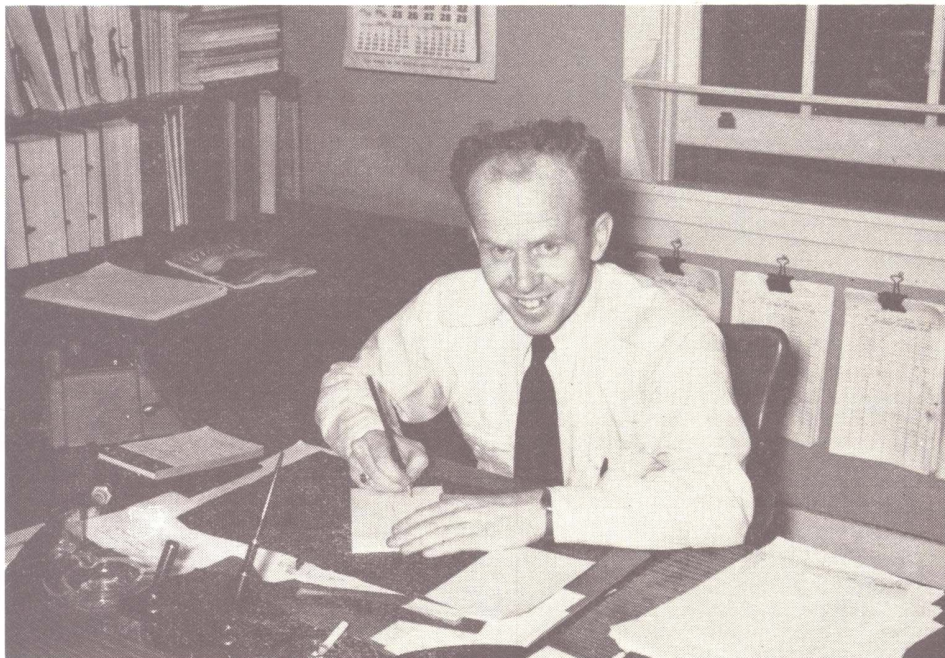
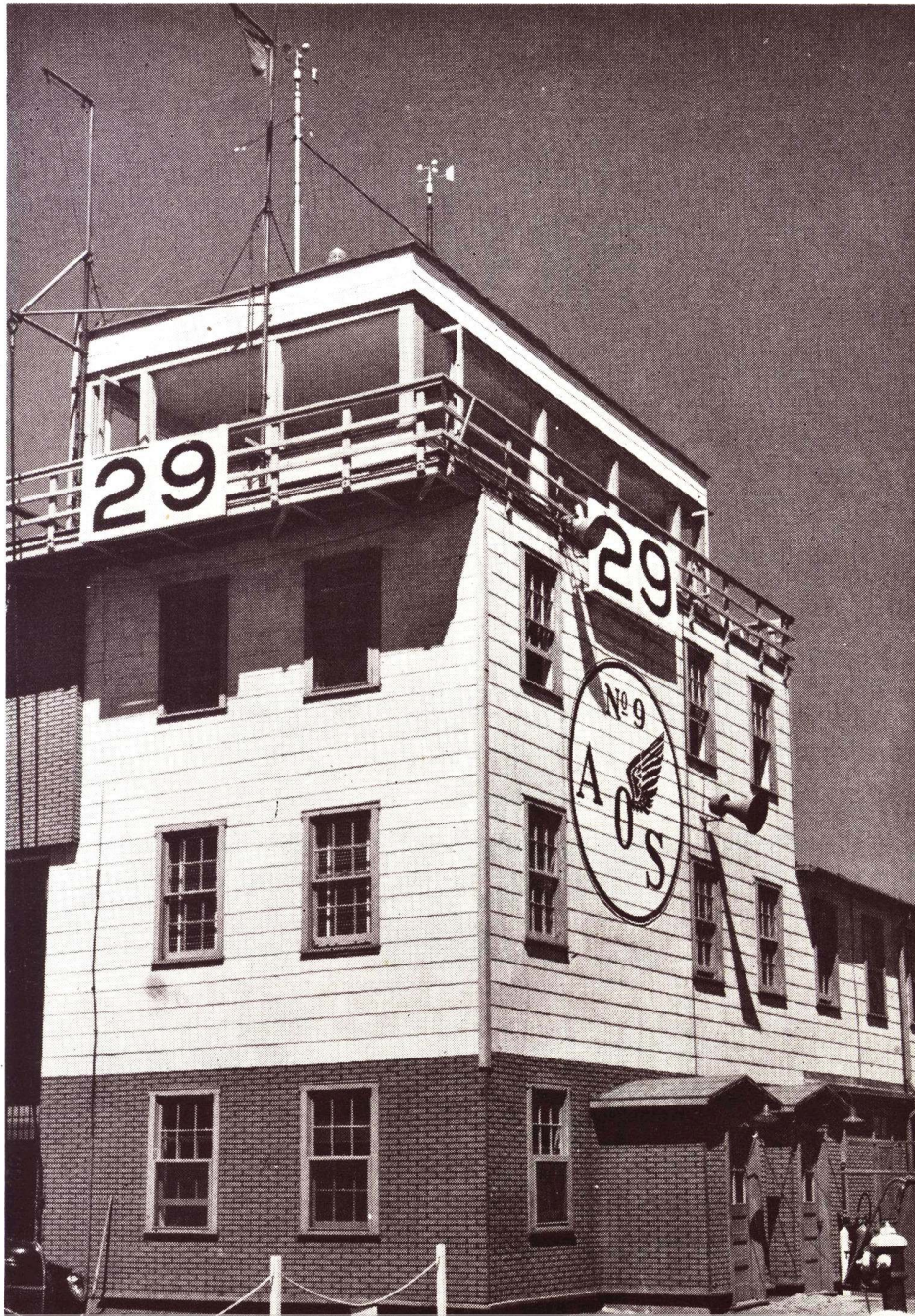


Photo Brodie Whitelaw

Aero - Nouvelles



"CHEZ NOUS"

Photo Brodie Whitelaw

Horoscope

Née du 24 septembre au 23 octobre, vous aurez un petit ennui sentimental, mais le temps passera, emportant ce nuage et, avant un mois, les beaux jours seront revenus.

Née du 23 octobre au 22 novembre, vous préparez une affaire assez ténébreuse que vous allez réaliser brusquement. Vous croyez avoir raison de le faire, et la passion vous aveugle. Prenez garde! l'avenir ne vous donnera pas raison.

Née du 22 novembre au 21 décembre, vous aurez quelques très bonnes idées. Agissez sans tarder, suivant cette inspiration qui sera excellente et très productive.

Heureuse Nouvelle

Mme Watson est actuellement rayonnante de bonheur et avec raison. En effet son époux, W.O.11 Watson est arrivé d'Italie où il faisait parti de la 8ème Armée. Il a rapporté des souvenirs très intéressants de ce séjour en terre étrangère.

Manquant à l'appel

Sgt. Félix Bloemgarten de la classe 88 NB grand ami de Jeannette, Dora et Dusty manque à l'appel après avoir été descendu en France: à ce brave HOLLANDAIS, vivons dans l'espoir qu'il est sain et sauf.

IMPRESSIONS

Impressions marquantes sur lesquelles on revient rarement — quinze jours sont bien peu pour se faire une idée de cette contrée et pourtant, le Canada me semble bien émouvant. Émouvante, l'immensité de la forêt Canadienne, la majesté du St-Laurent, le pittoresque des lacs. Émouvant, ce respect de la langue et de la culture Française de la Province de Québec. Émouvant, l'effort de guerre d'une nation qui a eu le mérite de comprendre rapidement que ses frontières étaient sur le Rhin. Émouvant, enfin, l'accueil que nous avons reçu, accueil qui ne se peut comparer qu'à celui qu'outre Atlantique, la France réserve aux Canadiens pour lesquels les Français ont toujours une place dans le cœur.

Nous, nous étions laissé dire en Angleterre que le Français parlé ici diffèrait du nôtre. Ce fut donc avec une certaine anxiété que nous profitâmes de premier arrêt du train en terre canadienne-française pour engager la conversation avec de solides bûcherons dont les muscles auraient fait pâlir de jalousie tous les racistes germains. Et tandis que nous goûtions le charme de pouvoir correctement exprimer notre pensée dans la langue maternelle, un d'entre eux nous interpella: "Ah! oui. Vous êtes aussi de là-bas, vous autres — C'est correct. Mon grand-père vient de Normandie. . . de. . . Nantes! Vous connaissez? C'est-y-vrai qu'on couvre les maisons avec des ardoises là-bas?"

Le train sifflait. Nous devons repartir, tandis qu'un camarade Breton se lamentait sur l'annexion de la ville de la duchesse Anne par les Normands. Le nègre des wagons-couchettes, cigare aux lèvres, se penchant vers moi, me dit, montrant les bûcherons: "Ce sont des sauvages."

H. de Sainte-Marie.

Economie n'est pas avarice

L'avarice est plus opposée à l'économie que la libéralité (La Rochefoucauld.)

La sordide avarice et la folle prodigalité, tempérées l'une par l'autre, produisent la sage économie. (La Bruyère.)

L'économie est vertu dans la pauvreté, sagesse dans la médiocrité, vice dans l'opulence. (Fontenelle.)

L'économie est la source de l'indépendance et de la libéralité. (Mme Geoffrin.)

L'économie consiste souvent à dépenser beaucoup. (Michel Chevalier.)

L'économie est l'art de s'enrichir de ce qu'on ne dépense pas. (Latenax.)

J'ai trouvé le bonheur

"Moi, sans prétention, j'ai trouvé le bonheur,

Et j'ai su le fixer tout entier dans mon cœur, Sans espoir de retour, quelquefois j'aime encore.

Un remords soucieux jamais ne me dévore; Mon régime me tient sain de corps et d'esprit:

Après un doux sommeil, mon PUPITRE est mon lit.

Là, de quelques amis je reçois la visite; Je les paye en esprit quand leur esprit m'excite.

J'avance dans l'hiver à force de printemps, Et serai peu surpris si j'arrive à cent ans."

Aero - Nouvelles

Parlons en amies

L'amitié, fleur précieuse

Pour les hommes, la guerre est une école d'amitié, que ne l'est-elle également pour les femmes!

Les femmes qui ont ce sens merveilleux sont fort rares, et pourtant . . . quelle source de joie, quel réconfort, quelle richesse dans la vie que les vrais amis!

Il est rare qu'une femme ne vous dise pas qu'elle se méfie de toutes les autres. Quelle honte! Ne se rendent-elles pas compte qu'elles se font tort à elles-mêmes en parlant de la sorte?

Faites tout au monde pour devenir vous-même une amie sincère et vous serez entourée d'affection véritable.

Il faut quelques qualités dans l'amitié; la première est la discrétion. Il faut qu'on sache que vous n'irez pas colporter ce qui vous sera confié dans un moment d'expansion.

Il faut de la loyauté; vous devez être incapable, non seulement d'une trahison (l'idée même ne vous en effleure pas), mais de ces menues défections qui, trop souvent, nourrissent la vie sociale ou mondaine.

C'est manquer de loyauté que de se laisser aller, par besoin de briller ou de faire de l'esprit, à souligner les menus défauts de votre meilleure amie.

Il faut également du courage: savoir défendre ceux que vous aimez lorsqu'ils sont attaqués.

Il faut enfin l'oubli de soi qui permet de se dévouer à ses amis.

Vous rentrez un soir fatiguée? Si vous recevez un coup de téléphone d'une amie très chère qui se sent triste et qui aurait besoin de votre compagnie, votre fatigue ne compte plus, vous volez auprès d'elle pour lui apporter le réconfort que vous seule, avec votre affection, pouvez lui donner.

Cultivez l'amitié, c'est une fleur précieuse. . .

Une très vieille femme me disait l'autre jour:—Voyez, mon enfant, l'amour passe . . . mais les amitiés restent. . .

MARIE-CLAIRE.



Photo Brodie Whitelaw

Crew Chiefs: Harry Cowan et Wilf Cannon.

Attitude à prendre

"Certains paraissent croire que la victoire étant assurée, il leur suffit d'attendre patiemment la fin de la guerre. Ce n'est pas de patience que nous avons besoin, c'est d'ardeur. Il ne s'agit pas de subir la guerre, mais de la gagner. A ceux qui affirment que le temps travaille pour nous, je réponds: le temps est un neutre, un neutre qui ira à la force. Il dépend de nous de l'annexer."

Pénétrons-nous de ces belles formules, pénétrons-en surtout nos actes. Alors nous serons vainqueurs parce que nous aurons mérité de l'être."

Départ

Mademoiselle Lorette Bouchard commis sur la piste d'envol ainsi que Mesdemoiselles Lorraine Leeman et Pauline Bishop ont laissé leur travail pour en reprendre un autre. NOS MEILLEURS VOEUX.

Croix-Rouge

La saison froide approche. Nous espérons que nos dames et jeunes filles s'intéresseront de plus en plus aux travaux de notre groupe de la CROIX-ROUGE. Un plus grand enthousiasme s'impose. Toute personne qui peut donner quelques heures de son temps pour la couture devra voir Mlle Pauline Courtemanche, afin d'obtenir le matériel et les modèles nécessaires, etc. Donc, qu'on se le dise.

Un petit effort! N'oubliez pas que votre aide est requise.

Mlle Dorothy McDougall a établi un nouveau record en arrivant à l'ouvrage à 4.30 heures de l'après-midi, lundi.

Elle explique qu'elle fut empêchée de revenir plus tôt de sa résidence de Trois-Rivières, par un accident de chemin de fer. Et pourtant, qui sait? ?

Bienvenue

Bienvenue à Mlle Evelyn Wilson d'Edmonton qui sera commis sur la piste d'envol aussi à Mlle Elisabeth Hume de Shérbrooke, à Madame Barbara Killingworth de St-Lambert, à mademoiselle Lois Page de Windsor Mills.

Soiree du 16 septembre 1944

La veille du départ de Lorraine de Lorette et de Pauline, Jeannette nous donna une belle partie, en même temps elle en profita pour nous remercier. De quoi donc? d'abord de tout ce que nous avons fait pendant notre séjour dans le camp et aussi pour notre coopération.

De notre côté nous lui disons AU-REVOIR et souhaitons de tout notre coeur de la revoir souvent et qu'elle ait le plus de bonheur et de succès possible.

Naissance

Monsieur Jacques Robert du département de la technique est devenu le père de jumeaux. FELICITATIONS, JACQUES, ainsi qu'à votre femme.



Mademoiselle Lorraine Leeman, qui vient de nous quitter.

Varietes

Le principal sujet de conversation pour les membres du Bureau Central et du personnel des magasins consiste dans la Ligue de Quilles, organisée par notre actif paie-maitre M. J. M. Lorrain. La Ligue a quatre équipes dont les capitaines sont M. G. S. Moffit, M. H. G. Wheeler, M. J. B. Liddle et M. J. M. Lorrain.

Mlle Pauline Courtemanche est secrétaire-trésorière et marqueur officiel. Les rencontres ont lieu une fois par semaine. L'émulation y est vive et l'on s'attend à des rencontres très intéressantes au cours de cette prochaine saison. L'équipe de M. Lorrain est en tête et aussi ce cher monsieur Lorrain est l'élu pour le plus haut score.

Nous sommes peinés d'apprendre la maladie de Mme Martin, sténographe du Bureau Central. Mme Martin est au repos pour quelques semaines. Nous lui souhaitons un prompt rétablissement.

Lettre intime de Jeannette à Marianne

Chère Marianne, je suis pressée de t'écrire, car j'ai une grande nouvelle à t'annoncer: notre amie Clary se marie! Mais l'extraordinaire nouvelle, c'est qu'elle est complètement transfigurée.

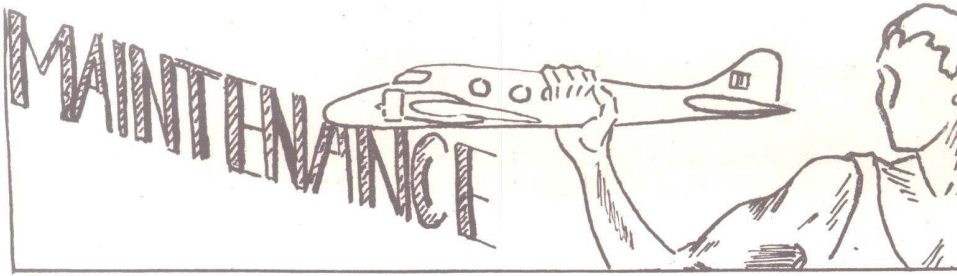
Naturellement, j'ai voulu connaître le secret de cette merveilleuse transformation. C'est d'être amoureuse qui en est la cause.

Je t'envierai bientôt d'autres détails sur son mariage, mais je n'ai pas voulu attendre davantage pour te communiquer cette bonne nouvelle. Ecris-moi vite ce que tu en penses!

Vacances

Mademoiselle Liliane de Cotret est partie pour ses vacances, et nous lui souhaitons un beau voyage.

Mademoiselle Lorraine Fredette est devenue experte dans sa manière de faire ses rapports, elle ne néglige rien, et tout cela se fait facilement, parce qu'elle ne veut en rien déplaire à M. Harris.



HANGAR HAPS

There were sounds of revelry by night — Yes, Skyways had gone and done it again — this time at the Social Club, St. Johns' popular night Rendezvous. The "Maintenance" Section (that's the outfit that tries to keep things fixed up) organized a whirlwind party on Tuesday night, which turned out to be a "roaring" success.

The table of honour in the Club was graced by the presence of Mr. W. Woollett, Mr. and Mrs. J. Lucas, Mrs. Cook, Mr. and Mrs. A. Bibeau, Mr. and Mrs. B. Gorman, Harry Harris, Mr. Wheeler and Mr. Walker.

Feature attraction of the evening was the running of the "Grand National," a type of indoor horse racing that proved most hilarious. The horses were well suited to the riders for both were quite tipsy. Cowboy Gamache won the men's heats by a nose over the Lean Ranger, Sylvestre. In the women's races, Pistol Packin' Lillian Lasnier held the lead all the way. The prize was a bottle of champagne to each winner. Too bad Ed's chestnut threw a shoe — 'cause, remember, Ed. IS a horseman.

As the evening progressed, those two matchless pairs of Casanovas, Wilf Cannon and Playboy Cowan, became familiar figures at the bar, "Quartermaster Wheeler" and flights "Dean of Aeronautics, Hambly" were frequently disappearing on secret manoeuvres of their own. Our own "Father" Harris, known as such because he's like a father to us over here in No. 4, displayed great talent as a drummer, and is now classified in the "Downbeat" as "Drummer Boy a la Krupa style."

Teetotaler Bjerstedt didn't appear at work the next day — claims he sprained his ankle on the way home. Our local Mae West always had a line up for the next dance. Get "hipped," girls! ! !

The door prizes were won by Mr. J. Lucas and Mr. Bedard. (Just what those prizes were, I do not know, but someone told us that when you shook them something inside gurgled. The articles were both marked with the word "Scotch." Not being familiar with liquids, I gather this meant some type of bagpipe oil. Then there was the Spot Dance. This does not refer, in any way, to the spots which were dancing in front of my eyes. No, this is another variety of spot, and was won by Mr. and Mrs. A. Cowan, and by Miss M. Grace and Wilf Cannon. Very pleasing vocal demonstrations were given by Miss Juliette Vien and also by Mickey Calhoun, and they drew a big hand, which was well deserved.

Paul Legare also hit the spotlight in receiving a hearty wish from all on the occasion of his birthday — Good luck, Paul. ! ! !

The dance committee responsible for the excellent moulding of the evening's plans were J. Bonneau; O. Lasnier, P. Grainger, J. Hally, and O. Vadeboncoeur and L. Gynes.

The reception committee, who made everyone feel so at home was composed of Miss Betty Humphrey, Lucille Gynes, and Johnnie Bonneau. (Note; Johnny had his never-fading million-dollar smile.)

A whale of a time was spent by all present at the Club, and the bell of the town clock had long since tolled three times ere the last of the merry makers passed the main portal on their way home. A very enjoyable evening indeed!

A mechanic once murdered a crew chief And was brought into Court by a Mountie The judge said "Sorry, we can do nothing here

You must go to Quebec for the bounty."

Dora Scott says that all men are cast in the same mold — but some are moldier than others.

CHALLIS

(Continued from Page 5)

Hughie had followed through and married an English girl from Grimsby, Lincolnshire. They met at a skating rink in England in '41 and in '43 his bride-to-be arrived on the Queen Mary to meet her future husband. Both of them found Canada the land of plenty after coupon conscious England. For a while life seemed almost static, after the high speed tempo of the bomb-scarred Old Country.

Interests Many and Varied

Aside from his Air Force activities, life is far from dull for the Challis'. They are interested in a number of things. Golf and dancing, plus being ardent cyclists. When pinned down, he admits he likes semi-classical music, but in popular bands, Artie Shaw's ranks first with his ageless "Begin the Beguine." His reading is mostly "Who Done its" with no favourites as to authors. On the whole Hughie finds American Movies, in spite of their bally-hoo and flag waving, are more interesting than the English flicks. On the subject of travel, Hughie finds the prospect of seeing Europe again leaves him cold. He wants to visit Western Canada and the United States.

Post-war plans include living in Canada, preferably in Ottawa, and maybe building a home there in the future. But most important to quote Hughie is, "just finding a job."

Hughie is the fore runner of thousands of Canadian men to come back to us — many bringing English wives. They are looking for their place in the sun, in their country, the country they fought for. We must all see that their place in the sun is there, ready and waiting.

R.D.X.

(Continued from Page 4)

a note of seriousness into this **auto-monotony** a sincere vote of thanks is in order to Mrs. Cook for the lovely flowers which rivalled the girls for beauty, to the Girls of the C.N.R. whose presence did much to making the party the success it was, and the Chef, Leo. Davis and his staff who really surpassed themselves by putting forth a buffet lunch which to say the least was a succession of gastronomic masterpieces. I think I may be safe in saying that one and all present are looking forward to another "do" at the Sgts. Mess, I know, I am.

HAVE YOU HEARD THESE AROUND?

R.D.X. O'Neill. . . .

"I've only had foive."

F/Sgt. Albota. . . .

"On the Double."

Cpl. Thibodeau. . . .

"I lika dis a place."

Dora Scott. . . .

"Oh! My shattered nerves!"

Sgt. Whittle. . . .

"Oooooooh! GOSH!"

Cpl. Nadeau. . . .

"Just a go for (gopher)."

Cpl. Cowan. . . .

"Where's my aircrew?"

Cpl. Godine. . . .

"Is that an issue shirt?"

Sgt. Rogers. . . .

"Can't change it. It's only got 14 holes"

Sgt Fortin. . . .

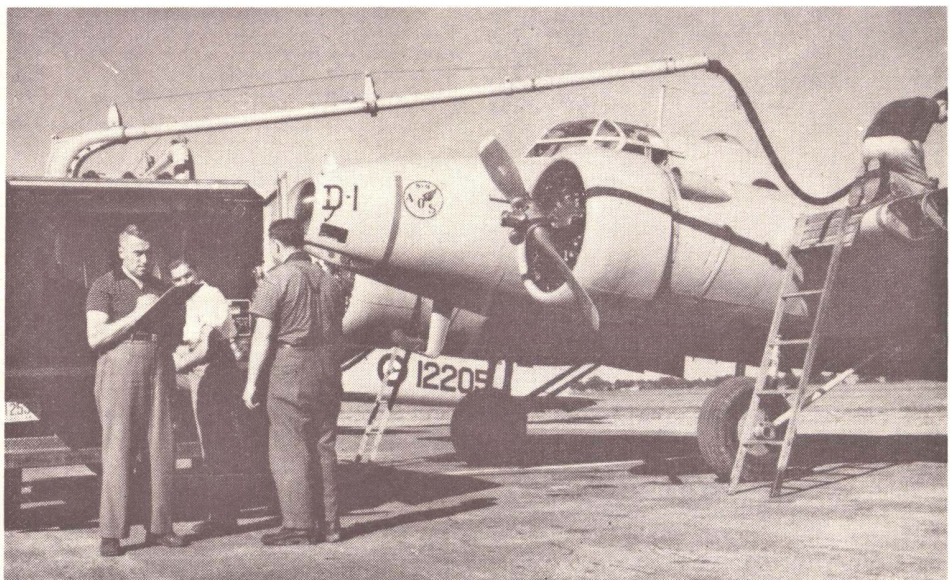
"Check 'em for battle-dress. . . . Or."

Sgt. Watt. . . .

"Never touch the stuff."

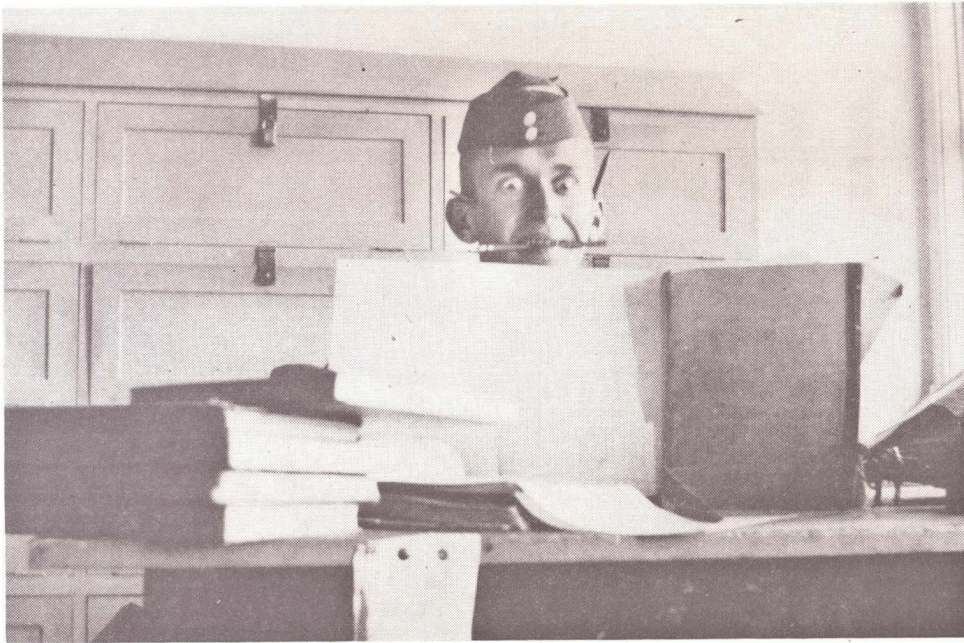
Jack Scarlett (in May). . . .

"O. K. It will be ready for December."



The men who keep them in the air.

Photo Brodie Whitelaw



0930 Hours Air Analysis

So reads the timetable and that last bit of burned toast and that last gulp of Cafe-teria coffee have put the 1st Nav's nerves on keener edge than ever. Then comes the stream of guilty consciousness. ("N.N. 9 MEGANTIC. Turn on E.T.A. Lat and Long. My E.T.A. was out 18 minutes (must have been my computer). Change computer. I wonder if my watch was on G.M.T. Who will I be victim for today? I hope I don't get that Staff Nav type with the nice face but the wicked red pencil. Or will it be that swaggering Aussie who gave me that duff gen on position lines last time. Maybe that tall lean guy who talked about his Rivers expeditions when he corrected my N.D. 14. I humoured him long enough and he gave me an 86. Oh, God, that last fix. I just didn't have time to get a genuine one. I wonder if I cooked it right. My watch. G.M.T.? — A.N. Tables — Setting Longitude. I wish I hadn't taken that last cup of coffee. "Sir, may I be excused?" — Here they come. They should wear black tail coats and bowler hats and striped pants, and each carry a cat and nine tails. Bombing W/V 321/28. God! mine was 210/39. RECIPROCAL! ! ? ?")

"Lac Newton" "Sir"

"Gee, that pudgy guy that did Jack's log last time. Oh! he's an F/O now. Should be in a good humour. Oh, that last fix!!!" Worry, worry, worry.
 "Hmhmhm that flight plan on the board" Check, check, check. Blue pencil.
 "Time should be 38¼ minutes, not 38½"
 "Yes, sir." BLUE PENCIL.
 "Box your exercise number" Minus 10 marks.
 "No units shown for I.A.S. and R.A.S." Blue pencil. Minus 4 marks. ("Pretty soon I owe him marks.")
 "Haven't you been taught the new log form for making entries on the climb?"
 "Yes, sir."
 "Well, why don't you use it?"
 "Well, sir, it was changed again yesterday afternoon."
 "Don't pay any attention to new amendments until they are 48 hours old. They may be changed again."
 "Yes, sir."
 "'Altimeter reads 1013.2 mbrs.' Why didn't you set Q.F.F. and alter the setting between each isogonal?"
 "We haven't been told about that yet, sir." Minus 20 marks.

"You must have been told about it and forgotten."

"Yes, sir, I have a good memory but it doesn't last long." Minus 10 marks. Minus, minus, minus.

"Computer, protractor and dividers please" ("The b...d's going to check my whole airplot")

"This air position's out 8 11/24 miles." Blue pencil. Scratch, scratch.

"But, sir, our cruising speed was only 125 mph."

"Should have been 130 mph."

"But our instructor said..."

"Never mind. You know the cruising speed is always 130 mph."

Class Instructor at front of class. "TO THE LOG MARKERS. Please note cruising speed has been changed to 125 mph."

Log marker; "Why don't they tell us these things?"

("Oh, that last fix. Here it comes.")

"According to A.N. tables, the altitude for Vega at that time is about 61 degrees. You have 49 degrees, 27 minutes. How do you explain that?"

"Well, sir, Vega goes down pretty quickly at that time of night."

"That's right. I guess it's O.K."

Student feels faint, reels and quietly collapses.

Log marker ("Must be poor type — weak — no stamina — Oh, I guess 72 would be a fair mark") "You had a pretty good trip. Fixes are good, but check up on that log form."

Prostrate figure on floor; "Ye...e...e, sss...i...ir."

DESTINATION TOKIO

Hitler's armies are now locked in death struggles on the Eastern, southern, and western boundaries of the Reich; the semi-finals are nearly over; and the finals are expected to be scheduled for the Pacific in the coming year. Many of "Chubby's Children" are beginning to realize that they will not see action in Europe, and their thoughts are turning to the Eastern theatre of the war. At present the Chinese and American forces are carrying the brunt of the offensive in the Pacific, but the British Empire has pledged its manpower and resources to rid the world of the Japanese menace, and after the Nazis are suitably disposed, our forces will join our allies for the final struggle in the East.

Study a globe or map, and measure some of the distances involved and you will appreciate the strategic problems, and the immense space involved in the Pacific war. The longest bombing raids, from England to Germany were about 800 miles. In the East, the closest allied bases are 1300 miles from Japan, and these are insecurely held. The Japanese Empire may be attacked from the North, southwest or southeast. Sea and Air Forces based on the Aleutians have made sporadic attacks on the northern Kurile group of Japanese Islands, but there is nothing to indicate that a major offensive will be launched from this direction.

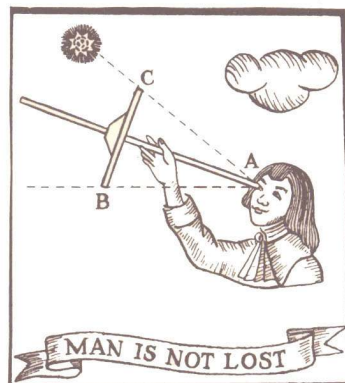
Poker-faced Joe Stalin still keeps his hole card covered in the Pacific. The great Russian base of Vladivostok is but 700 miles from Tokio, True, Russia and Japan are at peace, and have signed a non-aggression pact, but a similar pact linked Russia and Germany in the not so distant past. Allied statesmen keep their fingers crossed and hope that the age-old antipathy between the two nations is secretly remembered in Moscow.

The Chinese and American forces of General "Vinegar Joe" Stillwell are hacking away at northern Burmah in an attempt to re-open the supply lines to the Nationalist armies of south China. The advance has been slow, and while contact may be made, the country is very mountainous and difficult to traverse, and it is improbable that more than a trickle of the necessary supplies will reach the Chinese by this route.

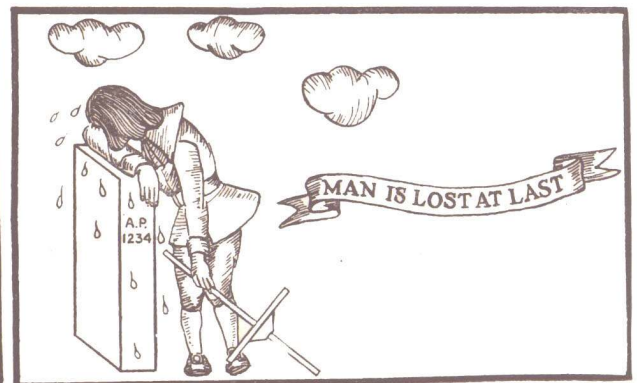
When General Douglas McArthur was driven from the Philippines in the Spring of 1942 he promised that he would return. In 2½ years his forces have advanced from the Solomons, Island by island, more than 2 thousand miles toward their destination. The latest conquest of Morotai Island places them within 300 miles of the Southern Philippines. Softening up air attacks which have been launched on Manilla and other bases in recent weeks indicate that McArthur in-

(Continued on Page 13)

FIRST WEEK



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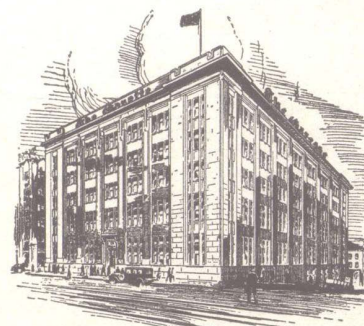
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COHN

(Continued from Page 5)

cases their fates are known, — and it is for that reason that Corporal Cohn donned Air Force blue at the earliest opportunity.

Joined Air Force in Palestine

The opportunity beckoned in Palestine. He had managed to escape, with others, to this haven, and until his entry into the Air Force, he attended Universities, working his way through as an interpreter for travellers, Arabs, and speakers of the Semitic languages. He was within a few months of obtaining his final degree in Languages and History when the Air Force claimed him.

Since then, he has seen service in Egypt, Libya, South Africa, and finally England where he took his I.T.W. prior to coming to Canada. In some four years of R.A.F. service he has mastered the English tongue admirably, although he had to learn and unlearn successive Cockney and Lancashire accents acquired in the company of fellow airmen in the Far East.

Corporal Cohn has seen many countries and many peoples in his travels but foremost in his mind's eye are the hills of his adopted country. Great things are afoot there. Wastelands are blossoming, and people are working and living for peace. Corporal Cohn intends to return there after the war to contribute his share in the building of a fine, new land up from the old deserts of Palestine.

Ed's Note: For obvious reasons of security, Cpl. Cohn's photograph has been withheld from this issue.

TOKIO

(Continued from Page 9)

tends to redeem his pledge in the near future. When bases are established on these islands, the drive may be expected to continue to Formosa and to the South China mainland, where much of the coastline is still held by Chinese nationalist forces.

Another more northerly thrust towards Japan is being carried out by naval forces under Admiral Nimitz. The occupation of Guam and Saipan have placed these forces within 1400 miles of southern Japan. The Bonin Islands, which have been subjected to air attacks and are next on the itinerary of conquest are only 600 miles from the centres of Japanese industry. While some military commentators anticipate and contemplate the establishment of further air bases in China, other more courageous souls anticipate the establishment of these bases on the main islands of Japan.

What will be the role of the Air Force in the coming disintegration of the Japanese Empire? Carrier-based aircraft of the U.S. Navy are rapidly establishing air superiority in the South Pacific. The closest land bases to Japan are 1300 miles distant in the south of China. B29's from these bases have been blasting the industrial centres of Japan and Manchuria, but Japanese ground forces have recently captured seven of these bases and threaten to drive the 14th U.S. Air Force out of south China. However, as increasing aid is sent to the Chinese, more forward bases may be acquired which can utilize the bombers released from the European conflict. Also an Active Tactical Air Force will be required to assist the ground and sea forces in their advance through the Japanese held islands. Finally the huge expanses of the Pacific will necessitate anti-sub patrols, convoy accompaniment, anti-shiping strikes, and reconnaissance flights, normally associated with coastal command.

Recent press reports indicate that the Dominion Government intends that the RCAF will play an important part in this last phase of the war. Canadian Air Stations and

NAV. INSTRUMENTS SECTION

Bright and early every morning (08.30 hours) all the little brains report to the Big Brain in the Nav. Instruments Section, and so commences the work for the day.

First comes the L.H.A. computation for the day. When five men get together to work out this complicated problem, the result is a masterpiece of variation . . . It goes something along these lines. . . .

Number 1: "It's 305 at 09.10"

Number 2: "You're crazy; it's 302 at 08.58."

Number 3: "I think it should be 303 at 09.02."

The Big Brain; "What the Hell, you nit-wits are using the wrong damn page in the Air Almanac."

And so it goes until the little brains sue for peace and the Big One dictates the terms.

F/L Hicks then decides to ascertain the accuracy of a certain sextant by taking a number of sun shots just outside the hangar. F/S Smith is elected official time-keeper and out they go.

Time War

A short time later a discussion was heard going on as to the accuracy of the watch that was being used. It was known that the second hand was out of synchronisation with the minute hand, and that the amount was thirty seconds. But there came the problem which hand was behind which, and if so, should they subtract or divide the square root of the difference (allowing, of course for watch error) toss a coin, or just battle it out. The latter course was chosen, and naturally the F/S lost.

Finally the shots were taken and the happy twosome returned to work out and plot the results. It was soon obvious that something was screwy somewhere as there didn't seem to be sufficient space on the chart to plot the lines (of course, the chart only covered fifty nautical miles north, south, east and west of St. Johns.) The old 'time' war instantly reared its ugly head, and it was finally decided to re-set the watch and begin again.

Half an hour later they were back with a new set of results. However, something still seemed to be wrong. By this time the Big Brain was becoming rather annoyed. (The whole section was by now taking an active interest in the project.) Suddenly a deep flush was seen to be starting at F/L Hicks' collar-line, and in no time at all had reached his forehead. The trouble? Yes, my friends, as you have probably already guessed. Not only was the esteemed gentleman using the wrong date in the Almanac, but somehow or other the month at the top of the page didn't seem to tally with the one on the calendar. The room became very quiet, and everyone immediately found some important task which needed their undivided attention.

Compass Error ????

Some time later Sgt. Barsky came in from the line check with the report that he had

possibly Commands may be established in the far East. Air Force personnel of all categories may be sent in the near future to a wide variety of places. Sgt. J. Palooka, wandering around the Station in a futile effort to obtain his clearances, may well satisfy his urge to visit strange and distant places. Destinations of lads in blue may be India, Burma, Australia, South China, and eventually Tokio.

found one of the compasses to be 359 degrees out. After this classic statement another deathly hush fell over the section followed by a mad dash outside. On his way out, Sgt. Lieberman handed the boss his whip, and we all stood outside listening to the sharp cracks which were being followed by shrill screams of agony. And so passed another pleasant diversion in the morning's work.

From then on, things ran more or less smoothly as the various members of the section came in to report the compasses they had swung and the aircraft checked etc. . . . The only time things seemed in danger of getting out of hand was when P/O Hills came in and said that he couldn't do anything with the compass in C-3 because the damn needle kept pointing to North no matter what he did. However, a horrible murder was averted because some farsighted person had removed the shells from F/L Hicks' pet revolver earlier in the morning.

As it was Monday morning, LAC Coffin was busy taking inventory, and after much adding and subtracting etc. reported that three MK IX-A sextants were missing. This immediately started a discussion as to who would want a MK IX-A sextant? Someone suggested that perhaps the instructors might have them but that was soon dismissed because, as was agreed by all, what instructor knew how to use a sextant? (Who said that?) Finally it was discovered that three of the students had had their sextants confiscated by one of the civilian guards (Bless 'em) who thought the boys were taking motion pictures at two o'clock in the morning of all the deep dark secrets of the camp.

All was quiet until Sgt. Lieberman, our newest newlywed with a faraway look in his eye suddenly said; "Do you fellows know what I had fun doing at Atlantic City on my honeymoon?" This caused a few raised eyebrows, and the Boss said that if he couldn't behave himself, he would be asked to leave the room. Fifteen minutes after the meeting broke up for dinner.

At this time I would like to say in answer to a number of inquiries, that the reason for the large-size screening on the windows of our section (the openings of which are about one square inch) is to keep out the big flies.

One-thirty found everyone back working as hard as ever.

Who's Who and What?

F/S Smith and Sgt. Barsky then went out to swing one of the loops. A moment later a commotion was heard out on the runway, which, on closer investigation, proved to be F/S Smith swinging Sgt. Barsky instead of the loop. No one seemed to know just what started the riot. There seemed to be a difference of opinion as to whether to swing the loop around the aircraft or the aircraft around the loop.

During all this, Sgt. Lieberman was talking to his wife on the phone telling her who was boss and why she was. It seemed that he was rather annoyed because the little woman had forgotten to give him his daily 25 cent allowance that morning.

The day came to a successful finish when Sgt. Barsky dashed to the telephone and asked for the Guard House. Whereupon he instructed the Guards to be specially vigilant on the gate that evening as, according to his calculations, someone had stolen one of the aircraft. We all trooped out just as F/L Hicks was once again reaching for the whip.

GENTLEMEN BY APPOINTMENT

Why the Officers' Mess is

The other day our hyper-sensitive ears picked up a remark dropped in the mess by one of the more senior officers to the effect that it was strange that this 'V' column ('V' for Vitriolic) concerned itself almost exclusively to that middle rank of Flight Lieutenant. As per Dolly Drool's column to the frustrated we herewith enter our answer: Now take the Pilot Officer (you take him, I'm tired) that fascinating embryonic outgrowth has been so overwhelmed with the grandeur of it all that to speak of, let alone print his exploits, is equivalent to which came first, the hen or the egg. Then there is the Flying Officer, a very sad condition to have. He exists in a state of perpetual Scotch mist of auto-importance which can best be explained by the little saw, "What a pretty bird the frog isn't are." And that should settle that! The case of Squadron Leader and up is far too rare at this unit, and strange as it may seem, we do like our work here. Which brings us right back to where we like to be, with our good old friends the Flight-Looies!

Gongs to:

Flight Lieutenant Bill Robinson, in fact, we would like to award him the whole bronze plaque for his quiet entrance into the Chief Instructor's office with the very timid request for permission to leave a couple of hours early on his forty-eight with the explanation that he had sort of planned to get married on Saturday morning.

Flying Officer Jack Ferguson, for his mystic ability to banish the 'Perils of Pauline.' It is no mean feat to transport a heart from Charlottetown to St. Johns via the 'astral-plane.'

Pilot Officer Duthie, a fine brand of 'copper', for his quick realization of the virtues of a Canadian as a life partner.

Flying Officer Al Phillips for introducing us to one of the most attractive girls that these tired old eyes have gandered for some time as, "my new wife." Wonder where he has stored the others.

Flight Lieutenant Shields, Flying Officer Richardson and Flying Officer Hutchison for the opportunity to be allowed to enjoy (?) the winter sports in Prince Edward Island.

Prop Wash:

The wit that ranges around the mess is, at times, staggering, as witness the rare occasion, not so long ago, when all the officers were gathered together. During the interesting and enervating proceedings Flying Officer Phillips, in replying to a tangible expression of congratulations for his recent marriage, stated that his only regret was that he had not done it much sooner and he also highly recommended the institution to all not yet blessed, in short it was the 'only thing.' Our worthy President tallied the 'Bon Mot' of the evening by remarking, "Would you like to reply to that, Flight Lieutenant Atchinson?" Said Flight Looie bring our most eligible bachelor of the moment.

T'was the night before the morning after, and all through the cafeteria was a dark brown taste, when suddenly there entered a little man from down under the equator, nattily attired in that distinctive dark blue. He sits, yes, just sits on the first horizontal

PILOT TO NAVIGATOR

I mentally commended myself to the Deity who cares particularly for pilots at all A.O.S.'s, and, attempting to straighten a shoulder which some heavy-handed navigator had dislocated in attracting my attention, stepped into the briefing room. There, as usual, I found all the navigators clustered around the first four tables — apparently any number over four is beyond their mental capacity, and, as you can't add on a computer, this state of affairs is not uncommon.

What! No Can Opener

My navigator was evidently a member of the intelligentsia as, on hearing that precipitation might be encountered, he turned and blandly asked "Is this stuff the same as rain?" Realizing that I was in for a hectic flight, I merely scowled at him in an effort at discouragement. He explained to me that he might be a little late arriving at the kite, as his computer wasn't working so good since he had used it to uncap four bottles of beer, and as I departed he was busily engaged in using the aforementioned instrument to shell some peanuts which he had brought along.

Take-off

After a mere half-hour wait, my man arrived, complete with dividers, protractor, maps of the country, a jack-knife, his lunch and a spare set of false teeth. He had taken out his jack-knife to hack a foot-hold in the side of our ship, but I got to him in time to explain that there was already a place for his gunboats, if he would care to look. Muttering under his breath "Ain't science wonderful," he clambered aboard, and next thing he was sitting in my lap. (Looking not unlike a moronic ventriloquist's dummy) and asking if I had any gas in the kite, and if so, how much. I patiently explained that as we were not yet using jet propulsion on the mighty Anson, I surmised the mechanics had put a little juice in the buggy. Satisfied, but still a bit suspicious, he withdrew to his pit and started tacking down his chart with some four-inch nails which he had apparently brought along for just such a contingency. Without more ado we started off down the runway, and I do not doubt that the lurching was accounted for by the fact that he was leaning out of the window, apparently attempting to get the number of the aircraft. Napierville loomed up, and I found his grubby paw in the vicinity of my face waving a cardboard chit. This I took, with a feeling of awe, wondering how

surface in proximity to the door—fortunately it WAS a chair. His shadow, a fair and lovely damsel who is often heard but seldom seen, bends and whispers in his misty ear. She smiles and walks to the dispensing counter, she heaps much tomato juice impregnated with firey sauce, also much black coffee on a tray. She returns to her escort and soon another morn's dewy light sheds its soft rays. (This is not the \$64.00 question).

We have always believed in the adage 'Safety in Numbers,' which gives us good reason to wonder why Wing Commander Lambert was sending out those distress signals from Building No. 2 one Sunday afternoon. Surely you weren't beyond YOUR depth, Sir?

Do you know the longest way from the gate to Building No. 4? For information we refer you to those exuberant colts Pilot Officer Bud Waide and Pilot Officer Mac Brown.

he got it, but I was forced to turn around and tell him that it was next to impossible to steer a course Compass of 27962, and besides, what did the Camp Tailor of No. 9 A.O.S. have to do with it. He let out a chortle of delight, and beamed "Ah! My missing laundry!"

Cooking With Gas!

By some ingenious means he finally arrived at a three-figure group, and told me that this was his course, he thought. I was getting desperate by now, so accepted it, although, by simply glancing at the thing, it was quite apparent we would wind up roughly 450 miles north of where we intended to go. Being in a demanding mood, I demanded an E.T.A., and on receiving a blank look, explained to him that I wanted a rough estimate of the time we would arrive at our turning point. A smile burst over his face, and he replied, "Roughly, today. . . I'll try to trim it down to hours when I get around to it." This, I thought, was darned considerate of him, and was about to tell him so, but found that he had beat a hasty retreat. The true and level flight of our aircraft suddenly gave way to mighty lurchings, of a type I doubt that even cumulonimbus with a hangover and a grudge against the world could produce. I looked around, and found our erstwhile friend (and I use the term broadly) wrestling with the second navigator over the ownership of the astro compass. I screamed at him, and motioned towards his seat, and the next thing I knew, he had taken me literally at my gestures, and was offering me the seat, complete with nuts, bolts, et al. Peace settled down for a while, and my next recollection is of our Nav. stabbing me in the back with his dividers to attract my attention, withdrawing them with a flourish which bespoke fencing experience wiping them of my gore and asking "Is that Brockville?" As the place was obviously Ottawa, I slowly counted up to ten, and told him that he was now gazing at the capital of our country. This apparently unnerved him, for he screamed "You must be nuts." He went on to complain bitterly that this couldn't be Ottawa, as the way his log was cooked, we should now be over Brockville.

Murder!

This state of affairs continued during the entire trip, and by the end of three hours I was utterly exhausted, mentally and physically, and doubted that I'd ever be able to get us back to Base. Eventually Base did loom up and as I prepared to land our "Brain Trust" rushed up and asked why we were going down at Dorval. I resignedly shook my head and continued on my way. As he was evacuating the kite I noticed that we had a small hole in the port rear of the cabin — about four feet each way, and asked him what had occurred. "Oh!" was the cheerful retort, "the L.D.R. got stuck, so between the two of us we got it out alright. What'll we do with this hunk of the fuselage?" Then as a crowning blow to the day, he thanked me very nicely, and told me quite frankly he thought it was the worst bit of pilotage he had ever come up against, and that if he had got the slightest bit of co-operation from me he would have hit everything bang-on, and on E.T.A. too. This I could not stand! So I whipped out my .45 and plugged him twice through the protractor.

And I thought they were kidding when they issued me with a straight-jacket when I arrived here! !

TREES

Of all the things I had to be
 I had to be a lousy tree
 A tree that stands out in the street,
 With little dogs around my feet.
 I'm nothing else but this, Alas.
 A comfort station in the grass.
 I lift my leafy arms to pray
 "Get away, little doggie, get away."
 A nest of robins I must wear
 And what they do gets in my hair.
 Of all the things that I could be
 I had to be a goddam tree.

A Londoner, when asked how he was able to remain so calm during flying bomb raids, replied: "I see it like this. The Germans must take a lot of trouble to make the bloody things, and then they must get them over those pits, and then up into the air, and it's quite a long way from France to London. And if they get to London, they still have to find HACKNEY, and even then, it isn't everyone who can find 37 Bulstrode Road. And even if they do, it's ten to one that I'm in the pub."

Voice from passing car: "Engine trouble?"
 Voice from parked car: "Nope."
 Voice from passing car: "Tire down?"
 Voice from parked car: "Talked her into it."

WHO DARES TO LIVE

CRASH! A P38 tried a steep turn after overshooting the runway. Flaps down, wheels down, not enough airspeed, one long skid, a terrific crash as she hit the deck, then a blinding burst of flame. His instructor, a personal friend of mine who had just returned from the Aleutians, felt damn grim when he thought of the lad's young wife, all the time wasted, and the career of his former student terminated so early in an explosion of flame. Costly? Yes. Necessary? No.

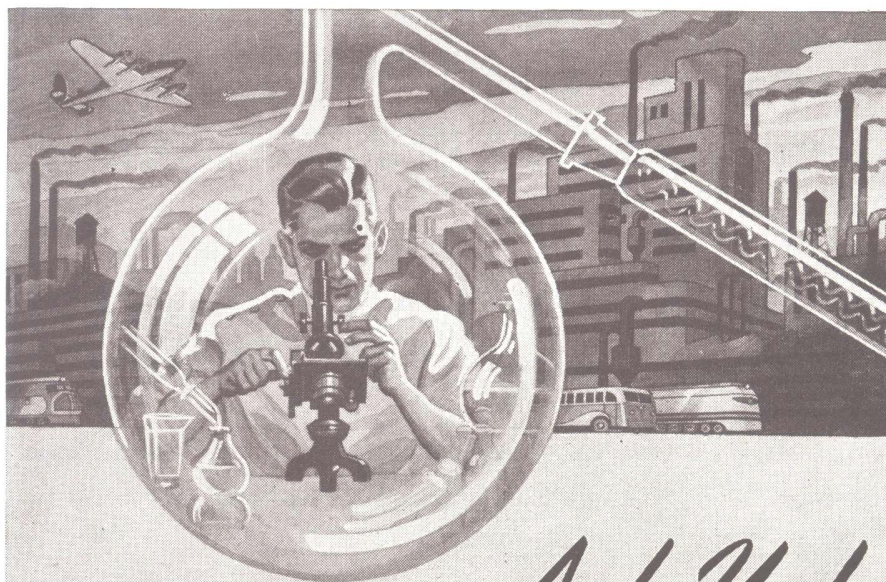
One more of the cream of the youth of America had paid the price of having personally not faced up to a clear-cut moral battle line. One fast moving weekend in Hollywood being 'just one of the fellows.' I wonder if he really knew what he was fighting for? Do we?

CRASH! The inert body of an enormous Australian smashed up against the engine room casing then slumped to the deck like a half-empty sack of wet sand. Said Australian was leader of a crew of men revolting against conditions under which they had been working on a ship from Buenos Aires. The ship was docked for re-coaling at an east coast port and this motley crew of thirty or forty seamen was hell-bent for skipping the ship which meant she could not sail with the morning convoy to form a vital strand in the life line to Britain. A small boarding party summoned from shore by the disgruntled skipper and led by a seaman named Al. met their wild rush at the gangway and had, none too gently, laid their impulsive leader to rest. The remainder of the crew, seeing the fate of their leader, retired to the forecabin, hurling a verbal barrage at the Navy boys on the gangway.

Eventually some semblance of order was restored. It was pretty obvious, however, that no master would be able to get enough work out of those men to catch the morning departure. The naval authorities resigned themselves to holding the ship over for the next convoy. However, early the next morning an officer came aboard and was greeted by the chief mate with surprising news. "This morning for the first time since I've been on this ship," he said, "every man is at work and went to work at the proper time. It appeared that Al. had had a long chat with the Aussie. The conversation had lasted practically all night, but in the morning the Australian had swung a new kind of show. Al had explained to him one of the principles of his senior officer — 'Leaders must always lead. A great many do so in a negative way because they have no idea of what it means to lead positively.' He found the Australian not only interested, but keen.

A few hours later that ship sailed for England. This story of misdirected leadership is symbolic of negative leadership in many situations and will have to be dealt with now and after the war. The problem is HOW?

I spent my leave at Mackinac Island in Michigan. All summer a group of people from numerous countries and varied walks of life were meeting there, training to give leadership in building a new world based first on changed personalities, resulting in sound homes, teamwork in industry and other countless benefits, that we might have a united nation which is the only answer for a united world. Service men, labour leaders, union representatives, newspaper men, executives, teachers, labourers, all working together building a sound strategy for world change. The responsibility rests with each one of us. Are we ready to really fight for a new world. The challenge is ours! — WHO dares to live?



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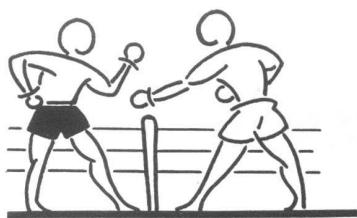
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A.O.S. SPORTS



"AT TWENNY TO ZE HOUR"

Remember the days when you used to find a reasonably clear piece of waste ground, pick two sides, and then get stuck into a really lively game of football (soccer to you!)? Well, a very similar sort of thing really happens right here at No. 9 A.O.S. and Course 102 at least, seem to get quite a kick out of it, in more ways than one! In fact, it has often been said, that without our occasional battle, X versus Y, life wouldn't be worth living for some of the more unfortunate anyway, after being properly "carved up" during one of these "do's."

Personalities are bound to crop up too, and quite a lot can be said about all those in 102 who have, at some time or other, participated in this noble sport.

"X" have tried most of their teams as goalkeeper by the way, but I think "Y" have managed to beat them on most occasions: of course "X" will tell you that quite the reverse is true, should you venture to ask them!

Jack Gourlay has probably been outstanding in between their "sticks" however, but "killer" Feeney showed promise on the one occasion we saw him as custodian — "Y" soon found his weakness though, a sharp rap on the left shin, and "Feen" would drop the ball immediately, and it was a fairly simple matter to push it through with something or other! Top goal scorer for "Y" was Wee Robbie Longstaff — he usually managed at least one per game: he'll probably remember the old cry "Pull the ball back, Robbie," for quite a long time too! Closely following Robbie as goalgetter, is "Lefty" McAllister — it's a great pity his left leg is

a "swinger" though! There's another "Mac" among "Y's" celebrities — none other than "Tubby" (Back Heel) McGlasson. The "X" Boys loved to see Mac with the ball when they were hard pressed, as there was a 2 to 1 chance of it going well over their crossbar!

"X" hadn't a counterpart to "Tubby," but Sammy Britland could quite often find the "Same old Place." Howard Benie was a menace to the "Y" defence, and he came in for quite a bit of punishment too! But Howard could take it, and dish it out. He blames "Wilkie" Worthington for most of his bruises, but I think as many were given as taken! Two other stalwarts in "Y's" defence, were "Zombie" Newberry and "Steve" Stevenson, both played hard in all the games. At the other end — "X" were well served by "Butcher" Brown, and Jeff Button — and helped, towards the end, by a pair of high kicking legs attached to a certain Mr. Collymore. ("Y" had other names for him — especially "Tick" Pearson!). A few words here about "Y's" goalie — "Whispering" Jim Riley — When he could be induced to leave the shade of the corrugated tin shed, "Whispering" saved quite a few good shots: it has been rumoured that the only reason he chose goalkeeper, was because it's the position where least running about is necessary! Two "X" forwards who have combined well with Howard Benie, one Les Channing, and "Blondie" Boundritt. . . both have seen the inside of the Station Hospital strange to say, but a word here in defence of their opponents! Blondie's injury came as a result of falling over the ball, and Les aggravated an old injury. I hope that lets "Y" defenders out anyway! Dave Jack for "Y" and Jack Forrest for "X" have ably filled the roles of "fetch

and carry" men between defence and forwards — Dave Jack has even scored on one or two rare occasions! Tick Meredith has filled the right wing position throughout the season and has played hard — backed up by "Apeman" King: these two have kept "Y's" right hand side of the field going. "Fergie" Ferguson has dashed around amongst the "X"ers too, kicking well, and giving their defenders quite a bit of help.

There are others of course, and in passing we must mention Gordon Rogers, "Nick" Nicholson, and "Astrograph" Freddy Ward, who have also played. Finally, I think it safe to say, that in spite of bruises, and an occasional drop of blood, a good time has been had by all!

102 NY WINS A.O.S. SPORTS COMPETITION

By running up the impressive total of 53 points, course No. 102 NY walked off with last months sports title. The Borden Ball team played a leading role by going through the whole period with only one loss and that was to their arch rivals 102 NX.

The Borden team made up of Flight Sergeant "Whirlwind" Smith, Cpls. Reigelhuth, Ward, LAC's MacDonald, James, "Irish" Slattery and Pawson played fast and furious leaving no room for doubt as to which was the better team in all their games. Competition was keen and great enthusiasm was shown by all members of the team.

STAR GAZERS TAKE MAITLAND

Lose to 3 T.C. in Command Playdown

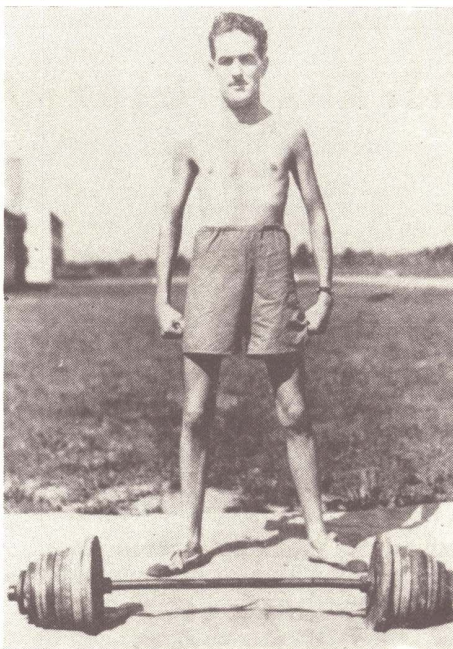
The Command Soft-ball playdowns got off to a start early Friday morning with championship teams representing Air Force Stations from the East Coast to Northern Quebec.

In the opening game No. 9 A.O.S. defeated Maitland by a score of 7-4 after 10 innings of fast ball on a very muddy field. The Star-Gazers jumped into a 3-0 lead in the second, but the plugging Commandos finally knotted the count in the 8th — in the tenth, four A.O.S. lads crashed the plate to salt the game away.

Cliff Malone classy 3rd sacker starred for A.O.S. with five for five while hockey renowned Don Galleuger was Maitland's stand-out.

The afternoon brought forth a terrific ball battle between A.O.S. and their former rivals No. 3 T. C. Carried to 12 innings, catcher Somers of Command blasted a long home run to break up a tie that had existed since the seventh frame, bringing the score at final to 4-3 with A.O.S. at the short end.

Command broke into a 2 run lead in the first inning, when two walks and a single combined to give them three runs. A.O.S. tied the count in the third on 3 hits and a walk, only to have T. C. take the lead again in the 6th. However, Thornton's double and Red McGuinnis' sacrifice brought the Star-Gazers back in the ball-game in the 7th with a 3-3 tie which was held until Sourmers terrific clout in the 12th brought T. C. their extra run to take the game.



Station Photo Section

BEFORE and AFTER an Air Bomber's Course at No. 9.

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THE MUSINGS OF MOLLY MOUSE

Dear Ed:

There is one page of your otherwise estimable paper which always fills me with mild contempt mixed with amusement. Naturally I am not referring to Molly Mouse, but to that column "PEEP AND PRY." It disgusts me to see how the young ladies and gentlemen turn to it and gobble it up with their "boeuf roti et mince sous les pommes de terre — it pains me to see them swallow it (the column of course) with such unqualified relish, especially when I know that all the petty scandal is based on pure conjecture and hearsay, and is only the vain outpourings of some gossipy imagination.

Would you be interested in something much more authentic in the way of a news service — a service which gives you the HONEST thoughts of people and not the second-hand opinion of someone else? You probably know Ed that most people go through life with evasion, keeping their thoughts to themselves, wearing false faces, giving misleading opinions to direct questions, and all for various reasons too numerous to mention. You're like that Ed — and you know it, and so is everyone else in your School, including the Staff.

You know Ed, I've acquired a way of communicating with people below the level of their consciousness and where they are really themselves and where the truth really lies.

Who was the great guy who said "Advice is seldom welcome and those who want it the most always like it the least" — that's what is wrong with our No. 9 citizens, honestly Ed — it's no joke to have someone trying to get rid of you and at that a bunch of pretty females — an army of cats wouldn't scare me half as bad. There could be a lot more advice given! but I don't want to be called a Rat when I'm really NOT harmful. How I figure it Ed, is that, that little hat I wove with words last month seemed to fit a lot of heads and now the heads are sore and they want ME exterminated. How about it Ed — do I still have my freedom of speech, and the truth of the Press — or shall I take a powder?

At your beck and call,

MOLLY.

* For official reply, refer to the Editorial. Ed.

Gone But Not Forgotten

The "Woolletts of Wimpole Street" . . . We have news from our Assistant General Manager, who is now living in England. Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Woollett have taken a house on the famous Wimpole Street in London. "E.B." is continuing with his unending efforts to assist the people of London who are homeless or injured due to robot bomb attacks. Before E. B. came to Canada in 1940, he lived on the South coast of England, where he took his part as an Air Raid Warden, watching for the black clouds that came continuously over the island of England to drop ruin and destruction.

A live wire was let loose in the tower about two years ago. . . that master of wit. . . the inimitable Ross Phemister. In August 1943 Ross had to leave our staff due to illness and retire to his bed for an approximate period of six months. Unfortunately a year and a half has elapsed and Ross is still reclining. Many of the staff have heard from him, and he is still, despite his long confinement in his home, the ever smiling and witty "Phem." Good show. . . You can't put a good man down.

Art and Ruth Vogt are now in Toronto, where Ruth is doing Social Service work. Art, as you will remember had a very good singing voice, and he is now taking lessons in French, Russian and German singing.

Jos. Bruneau, one of our Maintenance Engineers, left us about a year and a half ago to join the Anti-Tank regiment. He took his advanced training in Alberta, where he miraculously escaped death during manoeuvres. He then proceeded overseas and served with his regiment in Normandy. News has now been received that Jos. has been killed in action in France.

Navigator's Lament. . .
God made me dutiful,
God made me good,
God could do this course,
God, I wish I could.

Felix Bloemgarten, a Netherlander, who graduated with the Norwegian boys last spring, is missing over occupied territory. His aircraft was shot down while they were bombing robot bomb bases in France:

Werner Junglov and Per Friis, known as the "long and the short of it," both members of the Royal Norwegian Air Force, are now flying with the R.A.F. Ferry Command. Eric Spencer of the same class, is now back in England, thoroughly disgusted by the continuous rain. No doubt he is longing for our beautiful sunny Canadian days.

Little Jimmy Ridgway is in England now, and after flying our twin engine pigeons, has transferred to fighters. Good luck, Jimmy. knock 'em out of the sky, and then come back and take us duck hunting.

Miles Legate was back to his old stamping ground for a few hours last week. Miles is with the American Transport Command at Memphis, Tenn., where he will be converted for a heavy transport pilot.

Charlie Schlipf. . . that dashing young American pilot, with the excellent flair for writing (for which he received quite a bit of gold) is with the American Transport Command. He is taking an instrument course in California, after which he will be flying med. transport. Charlie, we hear is quite enjoying the California Beauties! !

Nearly a year ago two of our Aussie WAG officers were posted. . . . Bill McRae and Cliff Berghofer, now both with their F/O's, are in Scotland. They have finished their training and are awaiting posting to an active squadron.

F/O Robert Louvigny, one of the Belgian officers who graduated from here last spring, has returned to Canada, having completed his O.T.U. course in England. Robert was sent back to Canada to take a special course at Debert. We wonder if it was because of Robert's return that we lost Clary de Samazan so suddenly from our Maintenance Office. We hear rumors that there are going to be wedding bells soon. Congratulations and best of luck to them both.

Lt. Gunderson, late of No. 9, at present with the U.S.A.A.C., is returning home, having completed his tour of combat duty overseas.

"Better late than never" . . . that is what the editor will say when I hand in this column. . . . But I would rather give up the ghost. . . . To you, the readers of Flak, I want to say, where do you expect me to get my information if you don't hand in some "NEWS" to the editor's box. Do I have to go into your pockets and try to find out who you have heard from that has left the station (must admit this pocket idea might prove rather interesting). The next edition of this column depends on you. . . . yes, "YOU" so get in the game, eh! !

Lives there a man with soul so dead.
Who never turned his eyes and said,
"Hmhmhm, not bad!"



Photo Brodie Whitelaw

"Summer is a-goin' out" or "Mrs. Cook snubs the cameraman."

Hoi Polloi

More than once, the remark has been dropped by some poor, brow-beaten navigator, in a variety of words and in a variety of moods — but always with the same thought in mind, "I work so hard on this—? course, I lose touch completely. What's going on in the big outside world? Do people still live like people, sleep, eat, love, quarrel, plan, scheme and generally do all the things I have almost forgotten exist?" When the answer is yes, son, they sure do, and when you emerge from the cocoon into the brilliant sunshine, with your wing sewn upon your manly breast, your hand will still fit the glove. However, there will be a subtle difference. Like a pinch of salt in your oatmeal porridge, life will have more flavor. No one can cast themselves into an intensive five month's course, and blot out all the interesting, scintillating things in life without coming back to it with renewed interest. Never again will you look at the heavens at night with the same casual interest; the romance of diamond studded stars on a black velvet sky, becomes a big, potential map full of pin points with Greek names; the fluffy white clouds that make interesting patterns on summer days become definite personalities, each cloud has a name and some clouds are full of static electricity. Weather is not something you accept as part of a day; weather is like a commuter's train schedule — your whole existence becomes entangled with it.

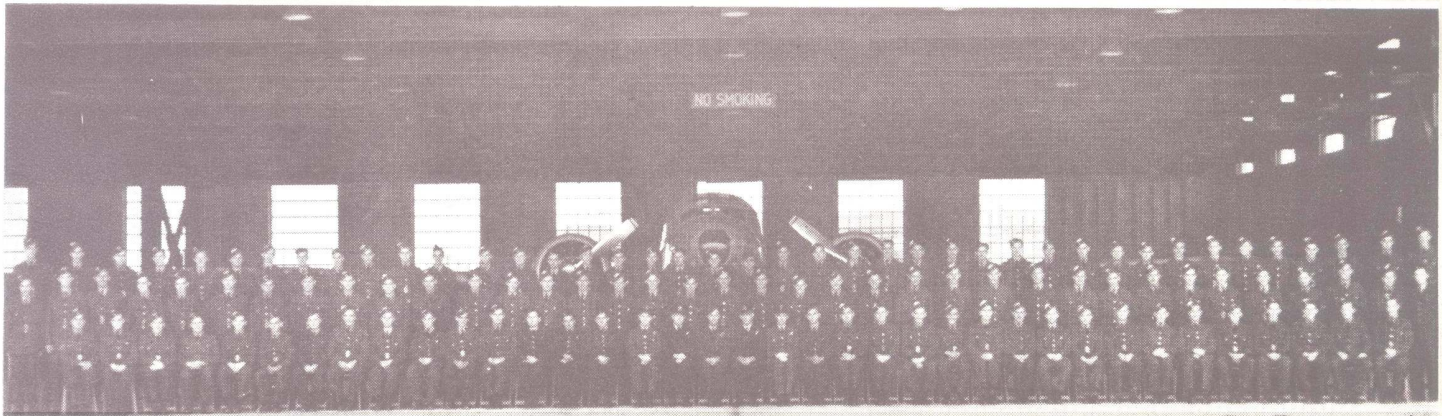
Do you realize you work for hours on fantasy? You sweat blood on a trip over Cologne, working like mad over changes in wind direction, yet you never leave the ground.

You get mail from home; home may be twenty five miles away, or three thousand — the mileage doesn't matter. Your mind is so engrossed with computers, fixes, star plots, that the man you were is a dim shadow, obscured by a cloud. Don't despair — it's inevitable, time is on your side — this will end, believe me. You will walk again in the big cities or the open country, a free man, then you will commence to sense the change — your mind works faster; your sense of values changes to a new more delicate balance — the stupid gropings of people interested in little things bore you. They do not know what it is like to control the course of an aircraft; the awful empty feeling when you think you are lost; the time you felt like sobbing and throwing your instruments on the floor and spitting on them; the friends you have laughed with and griped with, and got drunk with; the chaps you can just look at, and know what they are thinking.

The compensations are rich and varied. You have become a member of the chosen

(Continued on Page 20)

AVE ATQUE VALE



Station Photo Section

And so we bid farewell to Courses 103 Navs and 110 Air Bombers whose photograph appears above. To them all we wish all the best in the work which lies ahead, and hope that they leave No. 9 with pleasant recollections. To all the French lads in 103 NX who have received their Navigational Training from F/L Shields, we send a special message. The glorious liberation of France which has come to pass during their period of training in Canada will spur them on to greater efforts, we feel sure, and we hope that they return to their homeland to make preparations for a better post-war world.

H. B. Parkinson has perpetuated the memory of 103 NY in the masterpiece which appears below.

From the heathered hills of bonnie Scotland, the befogged metropolises of England, From E-pennanted I.T.S.'s of Canada, and the coal-pile at Brantford, we came to St. Johns. My, we were keen — full of enthusiasm.

Who were we? Course One-oh-Three, Let's take a look and see what we see, (And remember, dear reader, the rhyming is free.)

F/O Keena's the station Clark Gable
From way down under, and very cap-able.
P/O White and F/O Leah, with ABC and component P

Explained the complexities of Nav. Theory.
WO2 Robinson hews the line
Everyone's friend, yours and mine
Cpl. Sampson's side-kick has left,
And now poor Sammy is lonely, bereft.
Mr. Shouldice is a man of decis'ion,
He'll surely capture the big commission.
The noble Goble and dapper Longair
Work well together, chefs of the air.
Dick Willis always causes a stir
When he says "That's right, isn't it, sir?"
Swany's on the beam with answers galore
Just one result given, Swany's got more.
Labrecque's little love is a good star shot
At that, long John is assuredly hot.
Corporal Joe arises before daylight
And gets to bed at Greenwich twilight.
Bobbie doesn't have to see the sun
His shots are finished before they're begun.
Skinner was Air Force as boy and man
He chums around with Bermuda's Redman
J. B. Sargent was clipped for not shaving
Drill with a pack, our Sargent is raving.
The other Sarge brother has a girl in Barrie
For her, he'd gladly commit Hari-Kari.
MacDonald's the man who works and works
Not working, he indulges in physical jerks.
Wee Jock was early and easily taught.
The only 'mon' in the world is a Scot.
Peter Mayle has his eye on a shack

Which, post-war, he'll buy for a cute little CWAC.

Ace Thornton really makes the girls scream
When he bats a homer for the A.O.S. team.
Headley and Hall went to Montreal
Sober as sober could be
They peddled shoe-laces, went to the races,
And spoiled this whole poem for me.
Mack Murray radios the Happy Gang
Singing a chorus of Auld Lane Syne.
H. B. Parkinson's the only guy
Who's mean and miserable and a little bit shy.

As for the Class of Air Bombers to graduate with the 103 Navs, we have little information. Their course on the Station here is a very concentrated one, leaving them little time for anything but the actual course itself. We sincerely hope that they have enjoyed their six-week's stay here and that there have been happy times to compensate for the slave-driving of Messrs. Lloyd, Duff, Coen and Falls. Good luck to you all.

To the new Nav and Air Bomber Classes to arrive at No. 9 and start their course on Monday, October 23rd, we say "Welcome." Your training here is of paramount importance to you. Avail yourselves of it to the nth degree. The organized recreational facilities which this Station offers are for your enjoyment.

FORTIN

(Continued from Page 4)

Having presented you with an authoritative and accurate portrait of our great man of the Guard House, we find that the spirit has moved one of our foremost poets to give forth with a psalm of praise;—

Now Walter was so stinko
From having too much drinko
He was really what you'd call a Sergeant's mess

He's a fairly decent bloke
When he sticks to rum and coke
But he never should have taken R.D.X.

He was walking all around
With his knees upon the ground
And where do you think we found him —
of all places,

He was curled up in a niche
Where he'd fallen in a ditch
With his kneecaps up 'round where his face is.

We grabbed his feet and head
And we lugged him off to bed
What an awful job to get him through the door.

And to put him on his cot
Just seemed a lot of rot

'Cause he'd roll off t'other side on to the floor.

Then he quitted for the time
And we thought that things were fine
For Walter was as peaceful as a king
But it really didn't last
For with an awful blast
He stood right up and started in to sing.

"I got bats in my belfry
Pink elephants on the wall
The cooties and the bedbugs
Are having a game of ball.
The score is six to nothing
The cooties are ahead."
By this time Mike was fed up
And hit him on the head.

He gave an awful silly look
And fell upon the floor
Mike covered him with blankets
Before he closed the door

Now if you see our Walter
Looking sort of in the dump
It's only that he's wondering
Where he got that awful lump.

HOI-POLLOI

(Continued from Page 19)

few—aircrew. Then comes the mental satisfaction, the feeling of new assurance. About a week after graduation, when your motor stops running, you begin to get in step with all the other joes.

You discover books again, the author's viewpoint, and words have shades of meaning you never grasped before, the humor seems more intensified. The simple things in life, a good home cooked meal, a woman's warm, intimate laugh, a leisurely round of golf, a drive in the country, time to relax, time to think along the lines you want. You will savour it and it will be better than before. True appreciation of living like a hard fought battle, cannot be bought or found easily — it comes from the giving of self. To quote from my favorite book, "It needs time to gather joy and sorrow, the love and suffering, the wisdom that go to make up the perfect design, and through all the weft of it must run the thread of self sacrifice like a scarlet flame, touching it to inconceivable beauty."



*This is the
showdown!*

JERRY'S LUCK IS ALMOST OUT! But it's taken us five years of grim fighting to hold the winning hand!

It looks like the last round . . . so let's put everything we've got into wresting a quick and overwhelming Victory from the Hun.

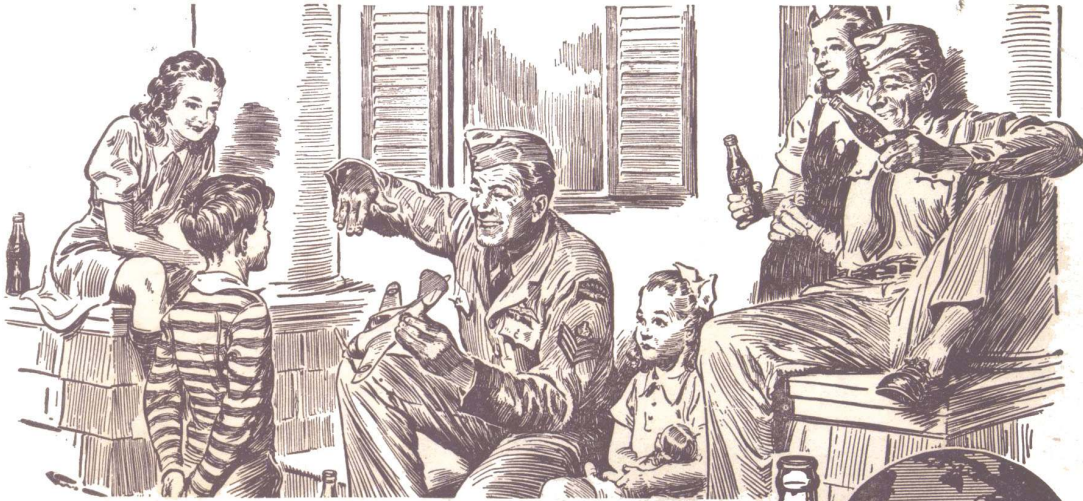
Stake every dollar you possibly can in
VICTORY BONDS!

This time—buy one more than before!



BUY VICTORY BONDS

Prenez un "Coke" = Vous êtes avec des amis



... ou un moyen de mettre les soldats à l'aise

Le foyer est le quartier général de l'hospitalité, et le mot *Bienvenu* est comme le synonyme de ces trois mots, *Prenez un "Coke"*. Pour votre combattant, c'est la façon de dire *Vous êtes mon copain*. Dans le monde entier, le Coca-Cola répand la coutume de la *pause qui rafraîchit*—est devenu le symbole de la façon de se rafraîchir amicalement, pour ceux qui sont à l'arrière comme pour ceux qui sont sur le front.



"Coke" = Coca-Cola
Les noms populaires acquièrent tout naturellement des abréviations amicales. C'est pourquoi vous entendez dire "Coke" pour Coca-Cola.
684F

DE PLUS EN PLUS, LES GENS ADOPTENT L'INDIA PALE ALE LABATT

D'abord c'est la recette; puis, l'eau de puits profonde et enfin, la saveur différente. La prochaine fois, essayez l'I.P.A. — elle ne coûte pas plus.



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