

PEARCE

PATTER

UNOFFICIAL ORGAN NO. 2 F.I.S., PEARCE, ALBERTA

ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE

Page 2

PEARCE PATER

August Issue

1943.

Published monthly by the kind permission of

WING COMMANDER J.B. HARVEY

Editor in Chief

Flight Lieut. F.R. Harback

Editor

P/O J.O. Blick

Cartoonists.

P/O R. Whitehead.

F/O Barton.

Stenography

LAW Allen, H.G.

LAW Graham, M.H.

AW1 Bechtel, B.

W.D. Representative

LAW MacQueen.

EDITORIAL PIT-PAT.

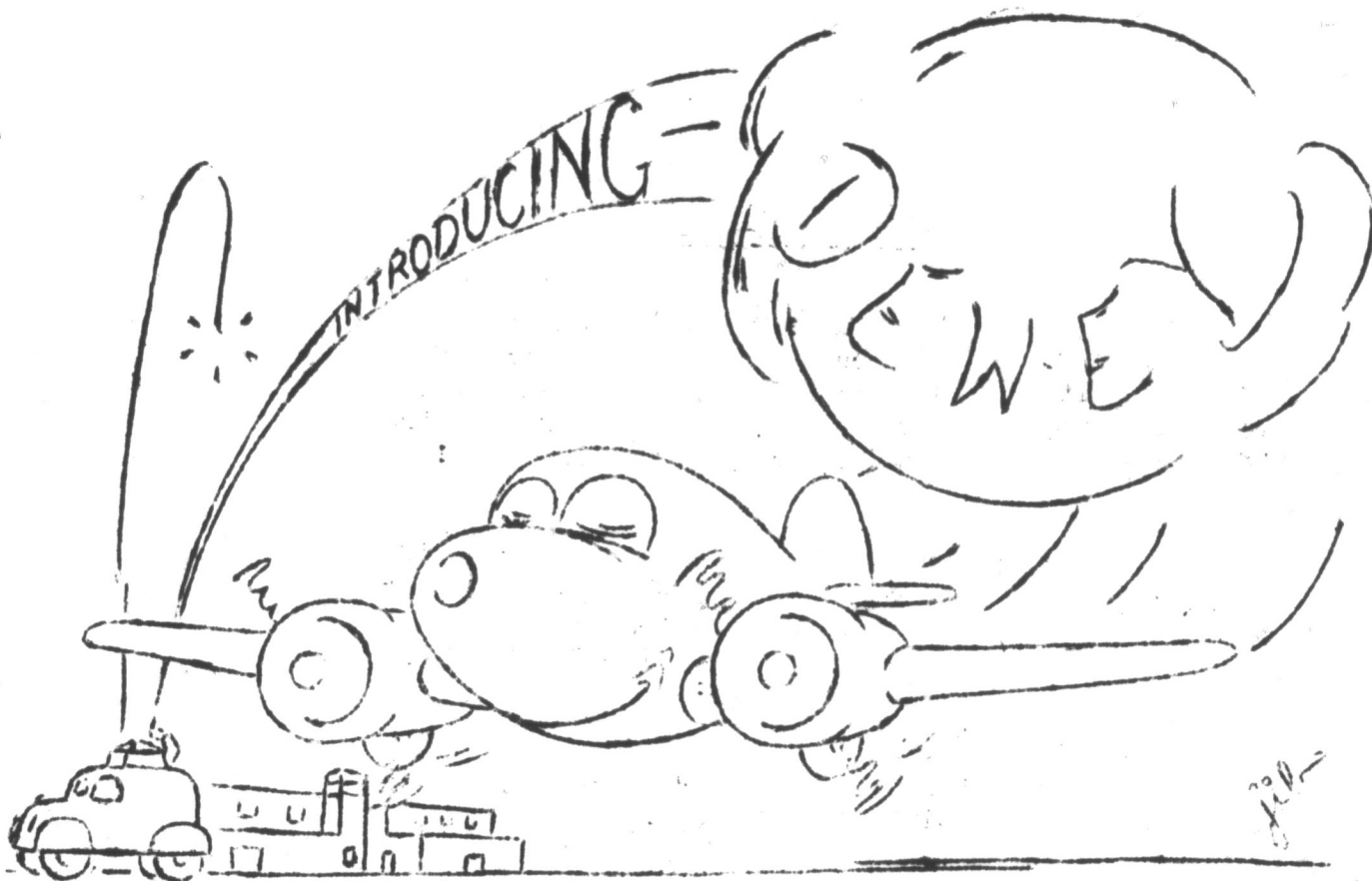
Here it is folks ! The first edition of PEARCE PATER. We hope you get as much pleasure out of reading it as we did in publishing it. If you do our labors will not have been in vain and for the first "flight" we feel reasonably proud of our "PATER" !

This paper can be a tremendous success if we can be certain of the active co-operation of the entire station personnel. A paper is a success only when it prints the "news" and you can be our star reporter by assisting us in the following ways:

- (1) See that a "press" representative for your section is appointed immediately.
- (2) See that your press representative gets all the news of your section.
- (3) See that news items are turned in promptly each month to L.A.W. MacQueen in the Pay and Accounts Section.
- (4) See that any articles, jokes, gags, poems and stuff like that there, in fact anything that you believe ought to appear in Pearce Pater, is presented for publication.

All together then ! Let's go Gang!

Ye'Olde Chief Editor.

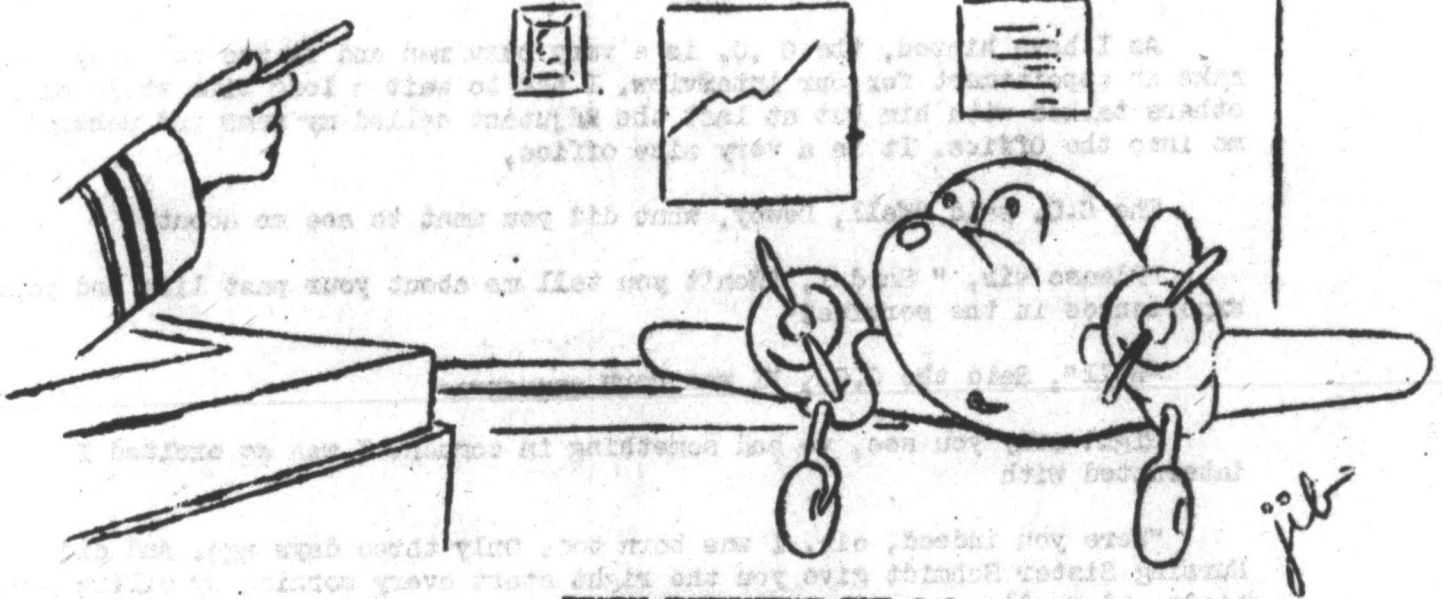


GREETING GUYS AND GALS - MEET DEWEY!

He's going to appear plenty frequently in the nooks and crannies of PEARCE PATER.

DEWEY was born at the Station Hospital to F/O Barton under the careful supervision of Nursing Sister Bersudsky, approximately three weeks ago. In a recent interview F/O Barton confessed, quote: " I know now why I went to the Hospital".

Although young, DEWEY is very wise. He goes everywhere - sees everyone - knows everything and tells almost anything he knows. He is the spirit incarnate of No. 2 F.I.S. Watch him!



DEWEY INTERVIEWS THE C.O.

After being born, I stayed in the hospital about three days. Nursing Sister Schmidt took good care of me. Every morning she would put oil in all my joints, polish my tail, and give me a big bottle of gasoline. I slept most of the time but this soon became rather monotonous.

People came from far and near to see me. They would tiptoe into the room and gaze at me open mouthed.

The girls all said "Isn't he sweet";

Some of the men said "Queer little devil isn't he? I'm surprised at Barton."

But they all looked and marvelled and wondered. I began to realize that I was important; the most unusual thing that had ever happened on any station; "a Blessed Event" as someone had said. This too became rather boring after a few hours.

On the third day I flew quietly out of the window, paused a moment to stretch my wings and then, aided by a lusty puff of good Pearce Wind, I glided swifly down the road.

I had no particular plan in mind for this first flight other than a keen desire to visit the C.O. I felt that he must be a very remarkable person indeed, an opinion which, when we had become better acquainted, I found was fully justified in the man's character and personality. Wing Commander J.B. Harvey has all the qualities of leadership essential to the task of being a good C.O. He possesses sufficient organizing ability to push the job of building this station rapidly toward completion; sufficient good judgment to handle men efficiently and well; a sense of fair play sufficient to maintain good discipline; a spirit of friendliness sufficient to maintain the confidence and affection of those responsible to him. Due, in large measure, to his energy, personality, and leadership the life and work on this station has reached its present high peak of excellence.

As I have hinted, the C.O. is a very busy man and it was not easy to make an appointment for our interview. I had to wait a long time while many others talked with him but at last the adjutant called my name and ushered me into the Office. It is a very nice office,

The C.O. said "Well, Dewey, what did you want to see me about?"

"Please sir, " Said I, "Won't you tell me about your past life and your experiences in the service?"

"Well", Said the C.O., "I was Born"

Right away you see, we had something in common, I was so excited I interrupted with

"Were you indeed, sir. I was born too. Only three days ago. And did Nursing Sister Schmidt give you the right start every morning by oiling your joints and feeding you a bottle of gasoline?"

The C.O. was a bit hazy about the whole thing. Beyond the fact that it had occurred at Dauphin Manitoba about the year 1911 he couldn't seem to remember much. This was a bit disappointing.

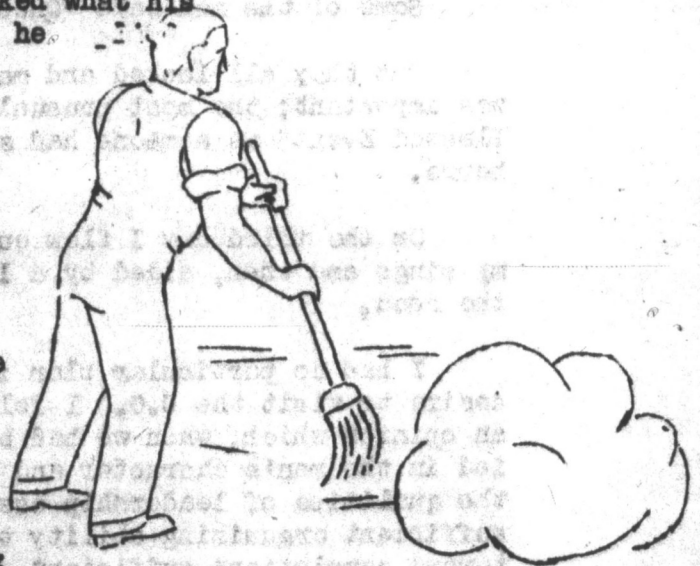
His early education received at the public and High Schools of Winnipeg Manitoba. He later attended two universities, receiving his B.A. from the University of Toronto in 1933. During his college days he played basketball on the University of Manitoba team. They took the Manitoba championship.

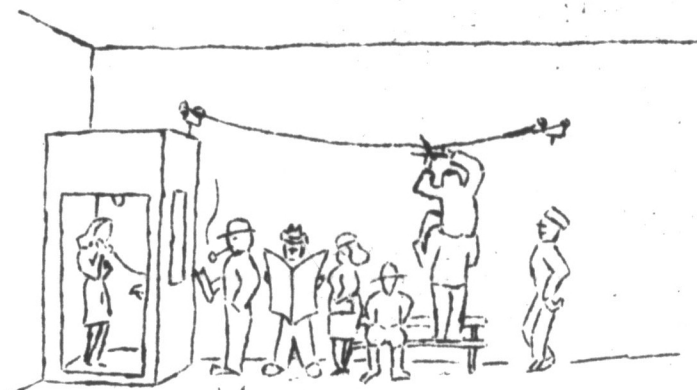
On leaving University he was employed first by the Royal Bank of Canada and later by Wood, Gundy Co. Ltd. I asked what his position with these firms had been and he replied somewhat drily.

"I used to get down early in the morning. There was a broom there."

All of which goes to show that once at least in every C.O.'s lifetime he has to be "JOE".

The facts of his experience in the armed forces are significant. In 1936 he was a member of the 112th Army Co-operative Squadron. In 1937 he received his civilian commercial pilot's license. That same year he joined the Permanent Force at Winnipeg as a P.O.P. and then went to the F.T.S. at Trenton. Later he took the instructors course at Regina and upon graduation became adjutant to the 120th Bomber Squadron, Regina.





OH DEAR! SOMEBODY IS TRYING
TO CUT US OFF.

At the outbreak of war he went to Camp Borden as a flying instructor. After serving in this capacity for a time he was sent back to Regina as the R.C.A.F. Examining Officer to civilian Flying Clubs in Manitoba and Saskatchewan. In the Spring of 1940 he was back at C.F.S. Trenton for a while. Later that same year he was appointed chief supervisory officer at the R.C.A.F. station, at Sea Island.

In the winter of 1940-1941 he returned to C.F.S. Trenton. Later that year he took up duties at #1 Training Command. In 1942 he started the first Squadron as Chief Instructor at No. 2 F.I.S. Claresholm. In August 1942 the station moved to

Vulcan and in January 1943 he became the Commanding Officer.

o o o o o o o o o o o o o o o o

"E" FLIGHT ETCHINGS

The Carpenter has left us, temporarily, for warmer climes, so "Works and Bricks" have taken the opportunity to fix our office with planks and rails. We hear rumours from "F" Flight that their lost parachute is probably under the debris. There is a persistent rumour going around that the "Pool" are helping us out again - just look at our solo times! Anyhow, "Buck", what is the Attraction at P.A? Dickie tells us that he aims at quality rather than quantity; does he mean flying or a certain dude ranch yonder to the West? We always knew our instructors were photogenic, but who was it said "They just rang me up and asked for it; I can't help it if my phot's in the paper". Almost as good as your seagull-fishing, Hugh, but we hear you like Vancouver. Welcome to our Mr. Barnes, chaps - We've plenty of work for him! Good luck to "Pearce Patter"

"H.C.B."

o o o o o o o o o o o o o o o o

PRIZE WINNER

Congratulations to Cpl. H.F. Potter (W.D.) The prize of Five Dollars goes to her for submitting the excellent name for our station paper. We are certain that you will agree with the judges in their decision to accept Pearce Patter and we wish here, to acknowledge the efforts of all who turned in a name. We do like that kind of co-operation on the Station - and wish that several prizes could have been granted, the results were most gratifying and suggestions excellent.

Ye Ed.

RIFLE RAMBLINGS.

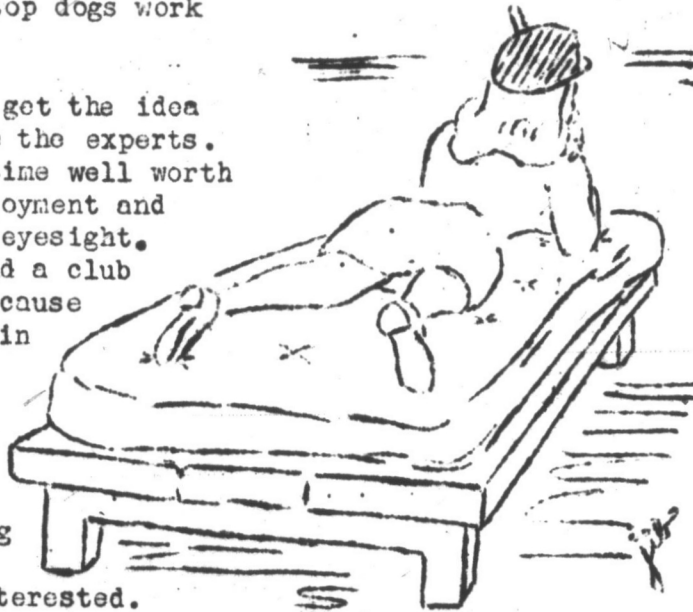
The conception of the Small Bore Club on this Station goes back nearly a year. When F/L Darling first came to Vulcan, way back, he brought with him the idea of the club from Medicine Hat. Unfortunately the space problem proved insurmountable at the Gulch and it was only the transfer of the station which made an opening possible. Many thanks are due to Jim for his dogged application to the task of overcoming all the pitfalls so liberally strewn in his way by some sections. The C.O. was unfailing in his support, and consented to act as the President when the club was formed. The first Secretary was P/O Clowes who ran the range from the time No. 2 Sqn moved in until the day he was posted to Moose Jaw, where he is now trying to form a new club

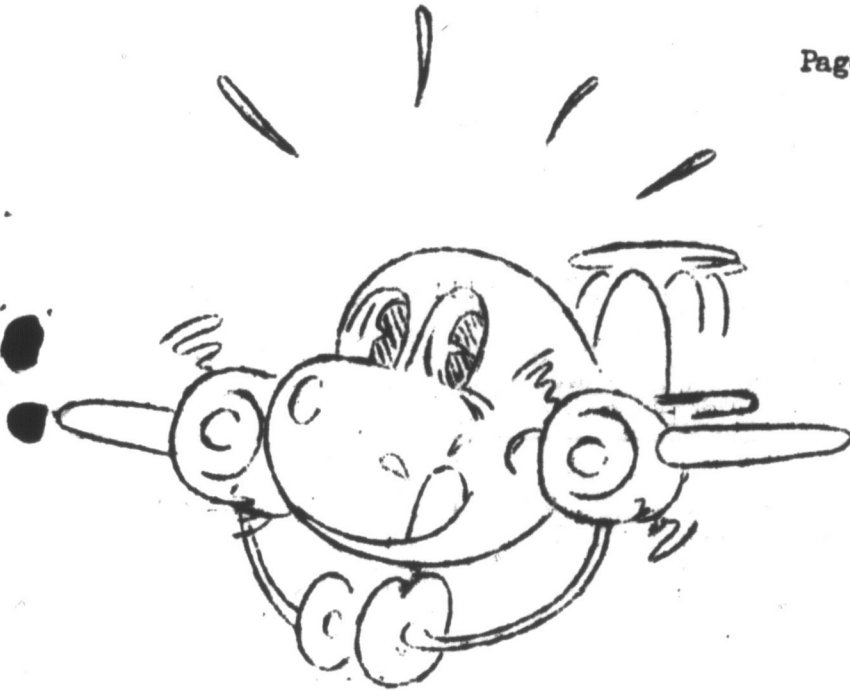
It might seem that all troubles were over when the first rounds had been fired but there is still a serious shortage of members. We take part in the Command Rifle League and anyone with experience should make the team which is still very green. We have a few, too few good shots including W/C Sharp, F/L Darling, F/L Ross, Sgt. Cuthill (we could use more girls on the team) Sgt Byer and Lac Kier but several more are needed to fill the gaps and make these top dogs work for their team places.

But don't get the idea that we just want to see the experts. Rifle shooting is a pastime well worth cultivating both for enjoyment and because it sharpens the eyesight. You will most likely find a club at home after the war because the sport is increasing in popularity.

Come along to the range any week-night except Friday or when ever you hear firing and we will teach you to shoot if only you are interested. Don't come in too late as we like our beds pretty well but try around 1830 hours. We provide the targets and the rifles, although you may use your own, and you buy the ammo at 5¢ for ten shots. Cheaper than the fun fair if you ask me!! We hope to have some club badges within a fortnight (two weeks) and they should look good on your sports clothes.

R.G.L.





THEY SERVE THAT MEN MAY FLY

The Padre suggested we entitle this page FORBIDDEN FRUIT which was immediately censored.

"THE W.D. 'S"

The W.D. barrack blocks are always in more or less (usually more) of an uproar. But there was a super-duper commotion over there recently. It was occasioned by a tiny parcel, received in error by a W.D. The gals gathered eagerly 'round, expecting to see a piece of jewelry, and lo, smuggled in the lovely white box lay a perfect set of false teeth. Too many Parkins in this world, eh Peanut?

Perhaps we should warn the boys about the fickle femme in the Sergeants' Mess, who is presently raving about the new sergeants. Don't let her kid you, boys. Last week it was the cowboys at Carmangay, and next week it will probably be the Navy. Never mind, Doucie, we still love you.

The Station dances add considerable spice to our life in barracks. For instance, there was the nite friend Torchy (from the hospital, you know) came home in an absolute daze. We don't think she's out of it yet. He must be a real Prince Charming.

Speaking of Prince Charmings, who's the gal who goes out with Aussies practically exclusively? Yes, she works in Accounts.

Do you ever want a shower, and feel too lazy to take one? If you do, don't mention the fact to Ching and Gilliland. Ev. Weir, who hands out mail with that knowing snile, did, and guess what happened. That's right--she got her shower, clothes and all.



Equipment

STUFF AND SUCH

Time flies - believe it or else - and how things happen!!! These peaceful days seem a far cry from those good (?) old days when we waded thru mud and muck to haul engines from freight cars and unload everything from crockery to airplane spares ... the days when, after riding from Pearce to the welcome confines of the "Western University of the Air" on top of a truckload of bed springs, we would pile into the Canteen for coffee, donuts and plenty of laughs!

Tempus fugits -- but definitely! And with it has passed many a friend -- things change in such a swift, and undefinable way, that it sometimes gives one quite a start to realize just how different things are at present from the old days -- we miss Jeff Bullen's wry grin, MacArthur's happy look-out on life, Norah and Anne ... they each, in their own way, contributed a bit of their own personality to the Equipment Section of "Vulcatraz" and helped #2 F.I.S. put down its roots into the soil of Pearce.

And still, life goes merrily on .. and I do mean merrily!! Mellowed by the sunshine we've been showered with lately, and molified by large doses of "old Man River" the Equipment Section offers the following comments--congratulations to Flight Anderson for the grand job he's done in getting things to run smoothly during the hectic days of the famous (?) #2 F.I.S. move from Vulture's Gulch -- also to Flight Wiles on his recent anniversary ... may you have many more, Flight, and may each one be happier than the last -- have often wondered where Florie gets that wicked, merry gleam in those sparkling eyes, what's the secret, gal????

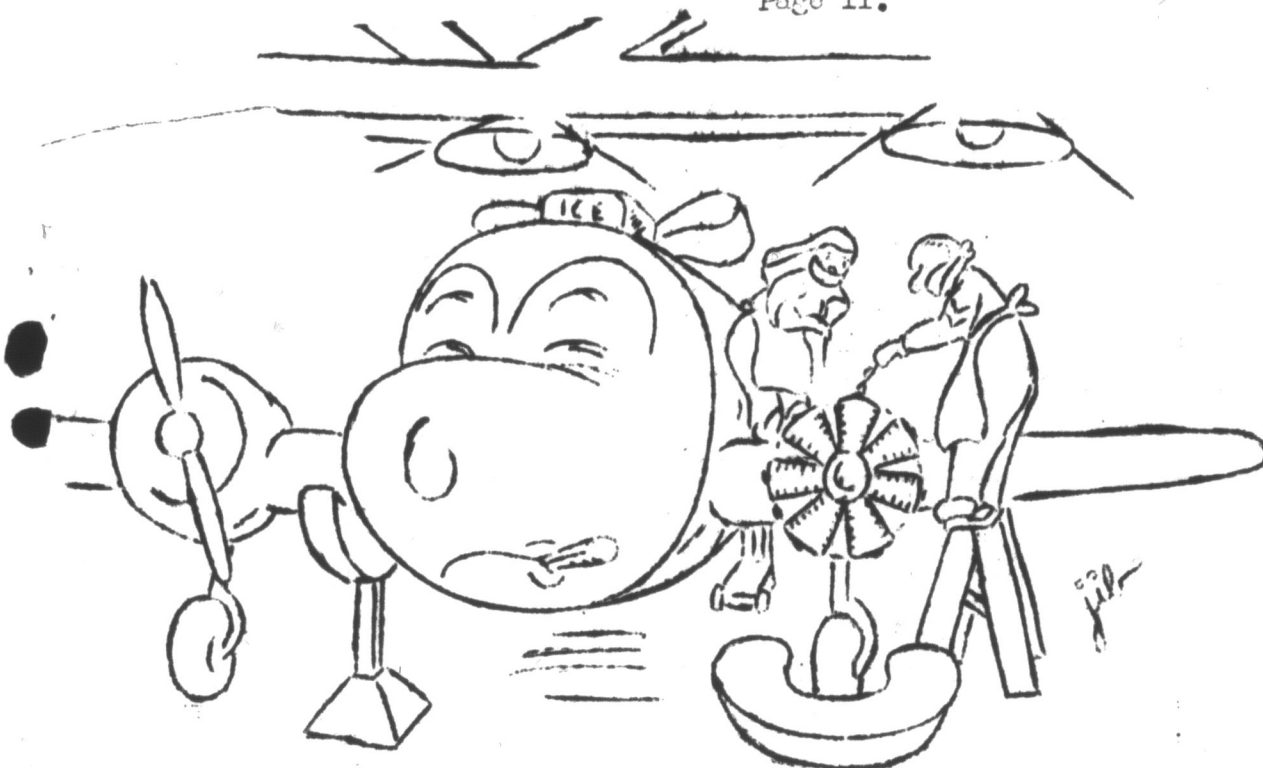
We'd like to tell Merve Weeks how much we miss her ... and also to welcome Guy Titley to our midst. And so, with a large part of our staff on furlough, with Boots and Pip bringing us glory on the baseball diamond, while Joey's contagious giggle makes sunshine in the Tally Card room and Mar. Lloyd's hectic week-ends keep us all on tenderhooks, life goes merrily on in ye olde Equipment Section. Speaking of hectic weekends -- is Lethbridge still A-1, Jack????

Methinks we should also toss a bouquet or two to Ruthie for the way in which she is pinch-hitting for Scott in Major Equipment -- nice going Ruthie! Just before signing off, here's an extra little tidbit to muse over -- wonder why someone told Nat she was a second Dragon Lady ????? Surely the Dragon Lady never had such beguiling blue eyes?????????aha!

By the way, SERGEANT Audette, congrats. on that 3rd stripe ...have a vague suspicion that it's about time this nonsense was drawn to a close.... Adios, Amicos Mio!

Yours from,

"E. Quip."



MAINTENANCE MUSINGS

All Sections in Maintenance regret the loss of Corporal Baran on an Overseas posting and wish him luck. A Handy man with the vouchers was he ! At the same time we welcome L.A.W. Tweedie to Maintenance Stores and Pilot Officer Williams to Wing Headquarters. May their stay be long and profitable!

Congratulations are in order to the girls' and Mens' Fastball teams-- Keep up the good work gang. If you need lots of noise just call on Maintenance--we're behind you.

HELP WANTED--FEMALE

Wanted--- a good W.D. as Chambermaid for the Maintenance Mascot. Must be willing worker. Excused all parades. Apply to the Instrument Section.

Rumour has it that a certain Senior N.C.O. in Maintenance has a new dancing partner. Could it be our former Discip. Steno? How about it Bernice?

The grapevine gives out that our genial and popular Instrument Sergeant is soon to be bound in the bonds of Mantrimony. It takes courage boys--especially if you've led the sober and sedate life our Sergeant has RECENTLY.

Little Gladys Touch is going on leave soon. Have a good time Gladys--but stay away from Bowen Island.

To little Kathie Roberts from your two pals

-S-S-S-S-S-S-

S-S-S-S-S-S-

"B" Flight.
"B" like the "B" in RUMBLE
By J.O.B. in "B" Flight.

There's a section of Number Four Hangar,
Allotted to us it appears,
Where every misnomer is rumbled,
We're constantly kept in arrears
To purchase the wax and the varnish
Which brightens our newly-found home,
For even the blinds are Venetian,
A luxurious touch for a 'drome',
Each one has been rumbled aplenty,
The prices of "sin" we have paid,
We do like the looks of our crew-room,
But our nerves are considerably frayed.
For whenever we're joining the circuit
Or taxiing out on the strip
We're thinking about being rumbled
We're fearful of making a "slip".
We dash from our beds in the morning
We're trying to make it on time
For two minutes means that a dollar
Is paying the "shot" for our crime.
Our instructors are truly quite happy
They're blessing that beautiful day
They DISproved that juvenile warning
That crime at its worst - DOESN'T PAY!

0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0

Sgt. Richmond

1. Known for - Fatal smile.
2. Known as - Rickey.
3. Favourite saying - "Oh sir!"
4. Idol - Sgt. ???
5. Ambition - All in bed by 2359 hours.
6. Probable destination - Milkmaid.

F/L Harback

1. Known for - Hard work
2. Known as - Padre.
3. Favorite saying - "Can we get them out on Sunday!"
4. Idol - Overseas
5. Ambition - Standing room only at Church Parade.
6. Probable destination - Editor of a Newspaper.



S P O R T S

The last two weeks in July - a "hot" time for the Fatball Fans of No. 2 F.I.S. The teams are rubbing their palms in the dirt-they're swinging the old hickory to limber up those batting muscles - and the whole station is right in there "pitching" knowing that their section is represented on one of the smartest aggregations seen in these parts for some time.

Upsetting the dope bucket, No. 7 S.F.T.S pulled a fast one out of the hat to trounce the local outfit to the tune of 12 to 6 in the initial opener. The mound man - the nan behind the mask - and the prime putter-outer at first were all from No. 8 B and G. Disconcerting, to say the least.

Cpl. Podolski is turning in some clever performances for the W.D.'S so watch their smoke in the Alberta **playdowns**.

Jake Bardua, if you will remember, and we're sure you will, doesn't think it necessary to touch second base - but never mind Jake your're doing right pert job in replacing Catcher Hanna. Hard-hearted Hanna is doing nicely with the injured limb - thanks for the inquiry - girls!

Don Ross wound up like Big Ben against Claresholm to tie on another victory. Nice hit too Don - you pick the right moment for swatting the old horsehide.

The Red Deer Army team had better be good - we hear they are - but of course this locker talk, you know. They haven't heard of Pearce but they will - you can get - they will!

o o c o o o o o o o o

C R I C K E T

We can't boast of having played on Wickets like those at Lords or the Oval in England, but the variety has added a difficult touch to each match. Due to sudden movements of pupil instructors the standard has not been absolutely constant. However our record up to-date is one of which we can be proud. Macleod and Claresholm teams have taken the brunt of our enthusiasm. Out of four matches with the former we have won three and we managed to put up a very good show when we played our first match against Claresholm on their round. The match might have been ours if F/O T. G. Smith hadn't fallen down what appeared to be a bomb hole in the middle of the outfield.

For many reasons we are sorry our Captain is on a three weeks "scrounge" ! Bob Simmons, our noble organizer from the Canadian Legion, has bowled consistently well and on several occasions has "wagged the tail" hard when batting. Several hard hitting, stylish, batsmen have proved their worth among whom we can't forget Pilot Officers Fielder, Scholfield, Kegan, and Sergeants Robb, Davies, and Adams. If you have never seen Cricket played then I suggest you come and see how to bowl as nobly demonstrated by Mr. Simmons, P/O Fielder, Sergeants Robb, Davies and that gorgeous red head Sergeant Mattock.

Kidding aside folks, if you don't know the game then come and see how its done. If you do know the game or have played before then see Mr. Simmons in the Legion Hut. We can't keep the same team forever and You may be the man we need.

Y O K U M

A BIT OF DRIP FROM THE MET SECTION!

Weather from the Met. Section. Great News! A front was scheduled to pass the Station during the second quarter the other day and it did. Someone said, "I didn't see anything!" Of course not! All that happened was a rise in the barometer, a drop in temperature and a shift in the wind direction. Even though there are not many people in the section there are a number of things that we would like to know. Why should ambitious LAW Haslett come to this Station from Claresholm? AWL Fawcett was very happy the other night when the teletype was closed down. Wonder if it was because she could go to the dance? And then again AWL Peters has been in an unusually good frame of mind since returning from her leave. British Columbia must have something exhilarating. What we would really like to know though is the reason why one of the Meteorologist's didn't show up for work until 0500 hours the other morning. What will the weather be on my next 48? I'm going to Banff.

Hello Frank - Hello Jack - nice weather we're having - no?

0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0

MUSICAL MEDITATIONS

MUSIC THE CLASSICAL WAY, THE WAY YOU LIKE
IT, EVERY TUESDAY AT 1930 HRS. (Advt.)

It really is strange how few people trouble to read D.R.O.'s, they come breezing in and say, quote! "My what lovely music you have here. Pity we don't hear about it sooner" unquote! Well you may not read D.R.O.'s but you all read Pearce Patter (free and funny) so you have now surmounted the first hurdle: you know the darned thing happens, and this in the LEGION HUT under the shadow of the lofty Drill Hall.

Possibly you are scared that the noise might be above your head. Nonsense; more people of all ages and sex have begun listening to music regularly during this war as did during the previous decade. Unless you are tone deaf you will find a lot of solace in music and if you get bored I think most chaps find the Chesterfields are pretty downy. In fact any Tuesday you feel blue or are in need of some constructive enjoyment, after the beer has run out, just drop in and listen and bring your friends. Last winter at Vulcan we used to get crowds of fifty people to every musicale and I hope it is just the hot weather that is keeping everybody out of doors. If the writer is still here, which God forbid, there will be musicales every Tuesday night until the end of the war.

"R. G. L."

THE AIR OF THIS STATION

(Some unofficial views on the subject)

In one of the many bits of burph that have been cast at our defenceless heads lately there is the following statement. Quote "One of the hardest things a Flying Instructor has to do is to keep in mind the end towards which he is working" Unquote! I got the notion into my head that this axiom applies to everybody on the station so I sat me down at my trusty typewriter and tried to put my thoughts on paper. I rather hope you won't agree with all my remarks because I should like some indignant correspondent to write a stony letter to the editor threatening to stop his subscription if my initials ever appear on the magazine again.

The aim of this station is surely to train competent instructors to send to the S.F.T.s all over the Dominion. This does not just mean Flying training but also training in their duties as Officers and N.C.O's. It seems a bit thick to put 1000 or more personnel at Pearce to train 200 pupils but we will try to see why it is so.

Closest to the pupils are the Flying and Ground Instructors but that does not make them the most important people in the hierarchy. They have, in a sense, the easiest job of all because they can see the progress of their training on the pupes and they get a change of faces every two months. But everybody is connected just as closely with the training of the pupes.

Take the Maintenance and Servicing Squadrons, whenever a Flight is short an aircraft they just get on the blower to Barney Aiken and low and behold they get an a/c.....sometimes. These lads in the hangers deserve more praise than they ever get because our lives are in their hands, and we feel quite safe. They work before flying and finish afterwards and only bind in small lumps. They deserve a great big cheer.

But again they are close to the seat of the organization and see new faces regularly. They know the job they are doing and how it is progressing. When it comes to Accounts and the Cookhouse who can say which is most important; possibly the wet Canteen beats them both. But it goes without saying that we couldn't manage for one day without them.

Here we come to the sections who work in the stokehold of the ship and only hear how the battle is progressing by word of mouth. These are the people who do have to concentrate to realize the purpose of their labours.

THE AIR OF THIS STATION (Cont'd)

It is a great tribute to these sections and their chiefs that the good work of feeding and paying us goes on without a hitch. I, for one, dread the day they decide to rest.

Equipment works in a mysterious way its wonders to perform and it has always been connected in my mind with tramping along endless halls and corridors in search of the right part of the outfit. You can imagine my surprise when I managed to get a new battle dress in ten minutes flat, and from a smiling assistant at that. My that shook me. Yes apart from their temporary occupation of the Drill Hall the equipment section is right in their pitchin'.

There are plenty of other very important sections which have not had any mention as yet. The M.T. did a lovely job of moving us from Vulcan and then moving back the stuff we had pinched and they wouldn't let us keep. They are always on tap to move anything anywhere. I should imagine the fire section must have had one of the hardest jobs keeping out that sinking feeling but they revel in the motto that prevention is better than a cure.

I have not forgotten the Hospital - especially to nurses - but I am due to go there in ten minutes to be jabbed so I don't think I had better tell you what I feel about them. The same goes twice for the Dental Corps. Why do they have such nice smiling chaps as dentists, it is really hard to hate them properly. However we have reason to be grateful for the grand treatment we can get at the government's expense.

There is one section we would all rather forget. Why must we have a guard house? I don't really know except that they keep all sorts of bad types from infiltrating into the station and sending word of our wonderful co-operative movement to Hitler and Mussolini (~~DELETE~~) Thank goodness they are not very officious anyhow.

Throughout the station you will find a scattered bunch of G.D's doing very fine work in some cases and skimping it in others. I am sure they would work harder if they knew what it is all about and now that reinforcements have arrived we should be able to give the camp a much needed haircut and shave.

If there have been any errors or omissions I would like to apologize to the sections concerned and my one hope is that this page of tripe helps one or two to realize that this is a united and a very happy Station. You can't beat it anywhere.

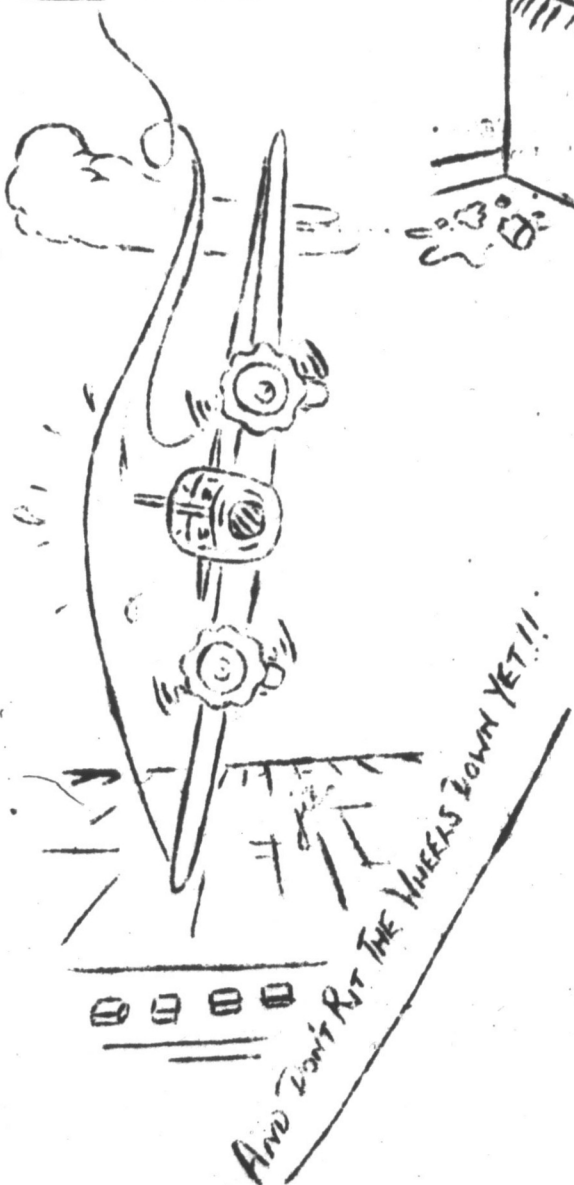
R.G.L.



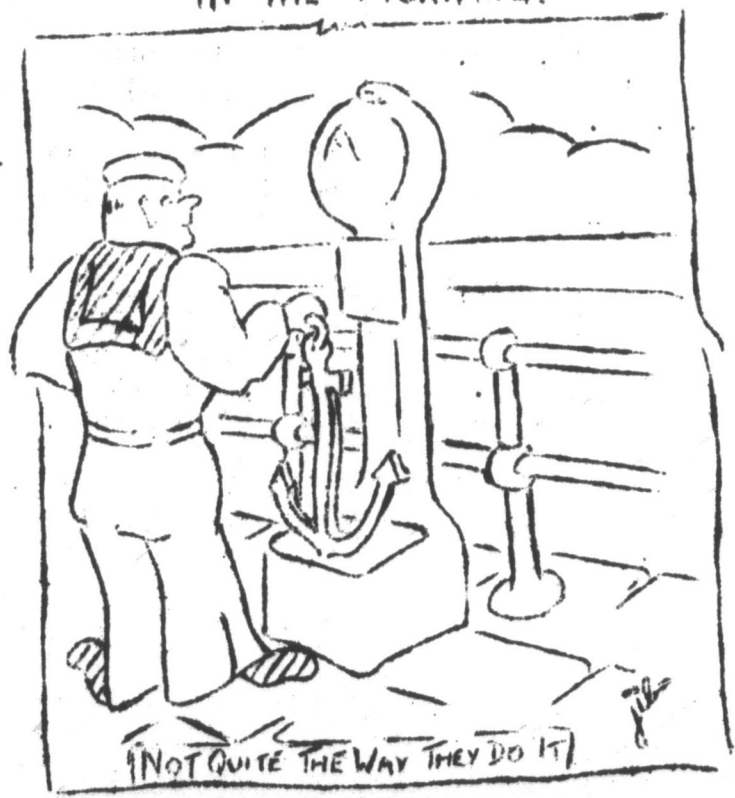
THESE ANKWARD PUPPLES!



WHO SAYS WE'RE NEVER UP EARLY
IN THE MORNING?



AND DON'T PUT THE WHEELS DOWN YET!!!



(NOT QUITE THE WAY THEY DO IT)

HEARD AROUND 'G' FLIGHT

"Well, really, I didn't quite make it - got quite a long way, but my aircraft was more or less U/S all the time, and, in any case, I had run out of paper for writing notes to my Navigator and Wireless Operator (Intercom was U/S too), so I decided not to wait for that new Fuel Tank after all. And after seeing poor old Jack Dempster looking so ill after his trip, I think I did well to return when I did. Of course, when you kids get some "Ops types" in you can talk to me about swinging after landing as equals, more or less." (Flight Commander - F/Lt. MacPherson)

"Don't be silly, you don't need Carburettor heat in conditions like that at all; take off in cold air with a temperature of 40 below - your engines are so cold anyway that they just won't feel the heat even if you apply it." (Visitor from Pool Flight - F/O Barclay)

"I watched a couple of Chaps the other day using one of my bows - only 15 feet away and still couldn't hit the target. Why, I remember just about the time I was flying the first 'plane to have a rudder I shot six bulls in a row from 300 yards." N.B. We didn't know in G Flight that an arrow would kill at such a range. (O.C. Range and Archery Club - F/Lt Darling)

"And there we were ... upside down ... brakes must have seized I guess." (F/O Wilson, now away on a Course)

"I must have misunderstood Station Standing Orders - could have sworn it said 3,000 ft." (No names mentioned - didn't hear who said it)

"Think I'll fly the Oxford now, it'll help me when I go home on Ops this month." (Heard last June - F/O Scutt)

"Well, Mac, how are the six pupils getting along now. I'm afraid there's no help (or did he say hope) for you old boy." (Visit by O.C. No. 2 Squadron)

"If anybody moves my L14's again I'll ... sorry, Sir, what time did you say you wanted booking out?" (Our Time-Keeper - LAW Enraght-Moony)

By the way, now and again I hear the mumbling of two new voices around the Flight, belonging they tell me to the two Bills - can't understand what they are saying yet but hope to be able to report a little later. At any rate, a hearty welcome and best wishes to our two Bills - F/Lt Dadd and P/O Lovett.

Overheard just before going to Press - "I say, old fellow, would you mind bringing me my Cap and Gown, I have to go and give some dual."

PERSONALITIES

F/S Sims

1. Known for - Picturesque expressions.
2. Known as - Little Stanley.
3. Favorite saying - "What a scruffy looking bunch! !"
4. Idol - Sgt. Major Sutherland.
5. Ambition - Playing a harp.
6. Probable destination - Troup leader C.G.I.T.

F/S Guzzo

1. Known for - Meals de luxe.
2. Known as - Chummy.
3. Favorite saying - "Just like down-town.
4. Idol - Oscar of the Waldorf.
5. Ambition - Tuna fishing down Catalina way.
6. Probable destination - King's chef.

Bob Simons

1. Known for - Catching the bottom.
2. Known as - Legion Bab.
3. Favorite saying - "Have a coke".
4. Idol - Y.F.C.A.
5. Ambition - to hold five aces.
6. Probable destination - Running speak-easy.

LAC McGee

1. Known for - Weighing down tractor.
2. Known as - The puncher.
3. Favorite saying - "I want to be a mechanic".
4. Idol - Slim Somerville.
5. Ambition - To put on some weight.
6. Probable destination - Asleep on a South Sea Island.

F/O Newcombe

1. Known for - Finding out.
2. Known as - Our Sidney.
3. Favorite saying - "To Hell with that".
4. Idol - Old Man River.
5. Ambition - Six meals a day.
6. Probable destination - Vitamin "B" expert.

F/L Luckham

1. Known for - Never a minute to spare.
2. Known as - Lucky.
3. Favorite saying - "Just a minute damn.
4. Idol - Mae West.
5. Ambition - To be a calf roper.
6. Probable destination - Favourite artist.

ANNOUNCING

WIN \$7.50

Every artist on this station has an equal opportunity of winning the **BIG CASH PRIZE** for designing a cover for Pearce Patter. All entries submitted should be done on white art paper in India Ink. As a basis for your design - use the size 8½ by 11 inches. Any motif or any picture may be incorporated in the cover design so get to work and get your entry in by the deadline which is August 25th. Who knows, your work may be reproduced on the very front cover of Pearce Patter for our next issue.

o o o o o o o o



If your section is not represented in this issue of Pearce Patter be certain that you have your material in for the next issue which will be published at the end of August.

It is suggested that each section, and each flight, appoint a representative to write up the doings of their group. Bear in mind that it is news about personnel that is wanted. Get as many individuals in your write-up as you can - let's hear from everyone! Then too, if there is any member of the station who wishes to sell or swap any article, place it in the columns of Pearce Patter free of charge. This is YOUR STATION PAPER. Support it with news and more news.