

VICTORY



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PUBLISHED BY PERMISSION OF WING COMMANDER M. D. McFADYEN



WING COMMANDER M. D. MCFADYEN

MEET THE COMMANDING OFFICER WING COMMANDER MCFADYEN

Versatile Leader Has Had Great Flying and Administrative Experience

ALLIFORD BAY has captured a station commander whose record in public and service life is well worth examining. Did you know that he began flying when some of you pilots were playing marbles with the neighbor's kids? Yes, that's true and more than that, he was Air Staff Officer with General MacNaughton and had a guiding hand in the development of our air force in its baby stages.

W/C McFadyen began his enviable career upon graduation from the University of B.C. Then, with the Great Western Airways of Calgary, he flew the bush country north of Edmonton and carried the mail between Calgary and Lethbridge. In the meantime he was devoting much of his time on the ground to the Non-Permanent Active Militia from which he retired in 1938 with the rank of Major to join the Auxiliary Air Force.

After organizing 113 Fighter Squadron (Calgary) of which he became permanent adjutant and held the responsibilities of Chief Flying Instructor, he was posted in November, 1939 to No. 2 Army Co-op. Squadron, Rockliffe and later to 110 Squadron of Toronto with which he went overseas.

No one could describe as well as he the spirit and virility of a weakened and struggling Britain during the initial periods of the war, for W/C McFadyen saw the disaster and pseudo-victory of Dunkerque and the following trying days of the Battle of Britain. While in England he was

not occupied solely in operational flying for he continued his engineering studies in applying himself to courses on multi-engine aircraft.

At various times his experience was lent to the Army Co-op, Fighter and Coastal Commands, but probably the most memorable day was his appointment to Gen. MacNaughton's Staff as Air Staff Officer.

After two and a half years of operations he returned to Canada and WAC in Victoria to take over the duties of Controller. Later, when the Command moved to Vancouver, W/C McFadyen remained in Victoria as ASO1 of the newly-formed No. 2 Group. He later moved back to W.A.C. in Vancouver as O.C. operations when No. 2 Group disbanded.

Now he is with us at Alliford Bay and, although we are all sorry to take him away from Mrs. McFadyen and two-year-old Ronald, in Vancouver, we are proud and pleased at the prospect of serving under a Commanding Officer who has been through the real stuff.

And by the way, have you seen him performing on those traps in the dance orchestra? There's a real beat there. On top of that he can perform in the long-haired field and give a fair interpretation of the intricacies of a symphonic score for both a violin and French horn.

But if any of you admirers would aspire after his autograph you'll have to catch him unawares, for he was an Olympic 100-yard sprinter.

EDITORIAL

Compliments of the Season, dear readers, and best wishes for a New Year during which your dreams will at least start to come true. By dear readers, we mean you at Alliford Bay, Cape St. James, Sandspit, Marble Island and Canoe Pass. We want you all to feel that this is your paper and we hope you will break down and send in some contributions. Boy, we love 'em, and we sincerely hope to see some very soon. Anything goes . . . gossip, jokes, gags, cartoons, poetry, fiction, what have you. It's your magazine and we want to dress it up the way you like it. So get your pens out and start a-scratchin'.

Would the editors of "Peat Pile News" be pleased to hear that we think their paper is really something? Well, we do. We had thought that the personnel at detachments such as yours ended up with the "wim-wams". But we can see that no such mental stagnation goes on at your place of business. It boosts our morale, too; yeah, verily, it puts us to shame. We're very curious about The Mex-Inn. It sounds like a very classy beer parlour, Mexican style. Is it? Incidentally there was a queer character around here looking for one, Stew Dingwall. We were wondering if it were the truant officer. So-long, Peat Pile People, Happy New Year to Powis, Hull, Tull, Onstad, McCrindle, Greenberg, Triad, et al.

There must be plenty of people both here at Alliford and at the detachments who would like to say hello or some such salutation to friends off their own station but within scope of this magazine. To that end we would like to offer the facilities of the "VICTORY" to those of you who wish to pass a brief word along to your friends. If at one of the detachments just drop your little thought in an envelope and send it on to the editor and we'll see that it is published. You more (or less) fortunate characters here at dear old Alliford can drop your greetings into the new Victory Editorial Office in the Admin. Bldg., the same office that is decorated by the fair S/O Whitby. Once again, then, dear readers, may all the finest things be yours in 1945 and remember, if we can't be together physically we certainly can mentally, especially if we all use the "VICTORY" as our medium.

FAREWELL

Little did I expect that when the time came to say good-bye to the bush I would do so with regret. There will be many things to look back upon, unusual experiences such as being tagged to death at dances, 20-mile hours of bridgerides in a jeep in December, and crib, canoeing in the moonlight at midnight ('twas so), sailing in Alliford Bay in October, "ops" any old time (especially in the middle of a party, the middle of the night or on a peaceful Sunday afternoon), making the lowest score bowling (Moitle's Marvels had the highest handicap in the League), and so on. It's been a prolonged but interesting tour of the West Coast and would not have been complete without Alliford Bay. Before coming here we Nursing Sisters suffered the discomforts of being the lone females on a station. By discomforts I mean no hairdresser, washing machine, issue boots, sweaters, etc. Nevertheless, the station personnel had a remarkable faculty for making us feel at home. I am looking forward to my posting to No. 3 R.D., right in the heart of downtown Vancouver, but I shall miss the congeniality and spirit of a bush station, and no doubt in a short while will be saying "In the bush we used to . . ." So for now "au revoir" until we meet again, who knows in what part of the West Coast.

Moitle.

Introducing the New "Y" Man for Detachments . . . Bernie Knipe

The other day, I was rushing like mad to keep an appointment at the hangar when I passed a stranger dressed in civvies, loaded down with films struggling down towards the wharf. He asked me where I was heading in the hope that I would give him a hand, but I was late. The dock was his destination, but it wasn't mine, so I breezed by him with an apology.

I found out later that he is the man that replaced Bill Turner to take care of the detachments.

Introducing Bernie Knipe, and he looks just like a "Y" man should look. Friendly, good natured, and hard working. How can a man with such qualities fail to become a success with the boys out here?

I don't envy him his job, especially if he is allergic to seasickness. It's his job to see that the boys at the detachments get the best entertainment possible. It's no cinch, and if nobody believes me, ask Ollie Goldsmith.

Before becoming a "Y" man, Bernie was a sergeant in the Dental Corps. He might have been one of the guys that helped fix your uppers. After some time fixing teeth, he became air-minded, and joined aircrew. He was in training for quite some time until fate caught up with him, as it did with many who had their hearts set on conquering the skies. He was medically discharged, so in disgust he joined the ranks of the civvies. But not for long. The feeling that he wanted to do something useful kept pestering him like it does most fellows who don't know when they are well off, so he joined the ranks of the Y.M.C.A. to do his bit, and from what I hear, he is doing fine and likes the work.

Before being posted to our detachments, Bernie spent quite some time at the forts in Prince Rupert. Prior to that he was at Sea Island. (That's the place where they have motor cars, and drug stores and stuff). Now he has to brave the heavy seas and high winds quite often, and he likes it as much as the rest of the joes. He did a fine job at Sea Island and the forts, and I see no reason why he shouldn't carry on the good work out here. Good luck Bernie, and we are all with you.

Glee Club

Christmas without carol-singing would not be complete even in this land of green Christmases. That is why S/O Gratton-Smith promoted the idea of the Glee Club. Cpl. Tom Morrison, President and Conductor, took over from there and thus the Yuletide atmosphere was not lacking at Alliford Bay. After many rehearsals under the conscientious and patient guidance of the conductor the budding singers finally burst forth on Christmas Eve at the Carol-Singing Service at the Recreation Hall.

W/C McFadyen, who was in charge of the program, took this opportunity of wishing the station a Merry Christmas. As assisting artist we were fortunate in having violinist Douglas Muirhead of No. 9 C.M.U. who gave a stirring performance of Schubert's "Ave Maria" and also accompanied the carol-singing. Milton Young, tenor, sang the solo part in Yon's "Gesu Bambino", making a very good job of it. We hope to hear from these artists again on the Music Appreciation hour. The Glee Club acquitted itself adequately despite the stage fright of most of the members, to whom this venture was a new experience, although a few of the singers had taken part in the children's Santa Claus party on the previous Thursday afternoon. Resulting comments seem to favour carrying on with the Glee Club. Anyone who is interested in joining in the fun is advised to watch D.R.O.s for announcements regarding future rehearsals.

Officers' Mess Notes

There are a lot of things that our Officers' Mess would be the better for, if we had them, which we haven't. However, we have one thing for which we should be very thankful, and which we should all do our best to keep. We have "Mess Spirit"—I suppose that's as good a name as any for it. The spirit of friendliness and good fellowship of our Mess would certainly be an example for a great many other messes in the country. Probably this sounds like "blowing our own horn", and maybe it is. However, while we all pat ourselves heartily on the back, let us remember that the spirit of good fellowship of our Mess is the sum total of the friendliness of all the mess members. Let's keep our eyes open for the strangers and the newcomers and make them feel at home. Here in the "bush" we are more than ever dependent upon our immediate associates to make the "bush" a more livable place. Which is something worth thinking over and remembering.

We note that the Fat Boy's Club isn't getting its daily exercise lately. However, the pool table will be fixed shortly, and our athletes will again come into their own.

Among those posted recently are N/S "Moitle" Olund, F/O T. S. Taylor, F/O D. Sharp, F/O T. A. Cousins, F/O Max Oakes, and F/O Russ Bullied. Hope the "Goidles for Moitle" fund went over the top before Mabel's posting. And Vancouver must be shaking at the knees now that T.S. is back. We'd sure like to have had a seat at the Cave the night T. S. hit town.

What with these postings, poor old "Skin-head" Pickett is losing more hair every day.

And thank Heaven this floor hockey business is over. The moans and groans around the place after one of the games were certainly pathetic. Darn near as tough a grind as the Xmas and New Year's dances, and that's saying a lot.

Which little phrase reminds us that somebody once said something about brevity being the soul of something or other. Anyhow, 'by now.

DRIVERS MT DIARY

Never having been represented in the station magazine before we are pleased to add our little contribution at this time.

As some of you have probably found out, an M.T. driver is one of the hardest things to keep track of, which, incidentally, may be one of the reasons why Harold's hair is turning grey. However, there is a certain time during the day when the drivers are almost certain to turn up. "Hey, has anyone put the coffee pot on?" someone yells! Get what we mean?

Among many of the duties of an M.T. driver is that of keeping many sections well oiled. Now don't get us wrong folks! One of our herders of said tanker will be leaving very shortly for the big city and bright lights. Good luck Jimmy, we (and not to forget the little woman) will all miss you.

The skin you see missing off some of the mechanics knuckles may or may not be accounted for. The usual explanation is that they left it on the spring or something else under a truck, but how are we to know it happened the way they say?

Now in closing we remain the drivers and mechanics that try to keep all the trucks rolling and everyone in a good humour throughout the long days we have to put in at Alliford Bay, and please, if anyone wants to borrow the jeep or a truck, ask us first.

That's all for now, more later.

E. B.

BLAMING THE WAR FOR TOO MUCH

In one of his recent speeches Hitler said, "The fight for Germany has made me what I am." Well, the war has been blamed for many things—but this is going too far!

PERSONNEL COUNSELLOR

SOME day you'll be a civilian again.

SOME day you'll be approaching a civilian employer with the object in view of getting a job. When you approach the said civilian employer of labour it will not be a case of you asking him what he's got to offer you, but rather of you telling him what you've got to offer him.

Just what have you got to offer him (besides a sunny smile?)

While you are still in the Service is an excellent time to give the matter of your future some really serious and constructive thought: thought along the lines of what type of work you'd like to do, what skill (if any) you have in it now; what steps you can take while still in the force to acquire more skill and knowledge.

There is a Personnel Counsellor serving on this station. He is willing and eager to talk over your post-war plans with you to help you select a career, to inform you as to how you may be able to further that career while still in the Service, and to explain any portions of the Rehabilitation Act to you and show you just how the said act can best fit in with your long-term plan.

Appointments may be made by 'phoning 38 or dropping into the office, which adjoins that of the Educational Officer in the Admin. Bldg. in the space formerly occupied by the Station Warrant Officer.

Only please don't wait until you are on your Discharge Clearances to make the appointment. Better do it now. Thank you.

F/O A. D. Sharp.

MAINTENANCE MUTTERINGS

Well another month has passed and quite a few new faces are seen around the hangar. Hope the newcomers enjoy their little stay here.

We regret the loss of our Rigger Sergeant, 4 Corporals, and 4 LAC's who have gone on leave and will report to the Discharge centre when their leave has expired. We know just how happy these boys were to receive their discharge and we wish them all the luck in the world on their return to civie life.

Quite a number of our lads have been lucky enough to get leave since being up in this neck of the woods and from all reports have had quite an enjoyable trip to Rupert. Too bad there hasn't been a serviceable A/C to fly you men over, isn't it? But then how could the headquarters staff get to Rupert if they couldn't fly over.

The Gi-Gis bowling team headed by the skipper Tom Longson won the Bowling championship again for the second time in as many tries. Good luck men and keep knocking them down.

The happiest man in the Squadron seems to be none other than our old friend Sgt. Shore who has just been posted to Gimli, Manitoba. His wife and five months old daughter, who by the way was born in our neighbouring city (Queen Charlotte), will be happy to see daddy once again when he gets to his home town, the pride of the golden west, Winnipeg.

It was brought to my attention that a few of our A.F.M.'s have declared a new trade. That of being a barber. The first victim was none other than our old pal Jones, since nicknamed "Shingles." Not a bad haircut, eh, old boy?

Cpl. "Bob" Butler our stores man was under the impression that floor hockey was nothing but a kid's game, but after venturing out on the floor for a period of about 5 minutes he explained "Lord, but they play a rough game."



CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS PARTY

DOBBIEVILLE NEWS — CHRISTMAS IN DOBBIEVILLE

Christmas in Dobbieville was just one excitement after another. The greatest, of course, was the expected arrival of two new babies. Dec. 15th came and went—nothing. Dec 19th came and went—nothing. We began to think that they were staying over to act as navigator and engineer respectively on Santa's Canso. Sure enough, they did! Santa and the two baby boys arrived in the district almost simultaneously.

That really was a big day. Long before dawn there were rushings to and fro. All the children were awake wishing it were time to go down to the station to see Santa. At one-thirty he sent out a big truck especially for them and their mothers. When he finally dashed out into their midst at the Rec. Hall they were pop-eyed with awe and wonder. That night and for many days afterwards all the settlement had to listen to their tales and exclaim over the wonderful gifts.

That time also found the more happy-go-lucky Dobbievillains in an awful uproar. Supplies and decorations delayed until the January boat would hardly do for Xmas, 1944. What to do? What did pioneer grandmother do? Why she made everything, of course.

When Christmas day came every cabin was a picture from a greeting card (in the eyes of the owners . . . no one asked the neighbours peeping from the branches, baubles that glowed like jewels but were merely tinted eggshells, and red, green and white paper streamers Many had an angel on top of the tree and the climax of all—two of our homeowners had trees decorated with electric lights!

Then the food—everything that your heart could desire. There was shortbread, which represented many months of scrimping and saving on the part of Dobbieville women who aren't lucky enough to have ration books for their husbands. There were Christmas cakes, some homemade, some storemade. What an opportunity to pick up 19 happy months. There were even plenty of cranberries for all, thanks to one who was amazed to find when she opened her grocery order that she had bought and paid for FIVE pounds of them.

The weather was wonderful, cold and frosty with a sprinkling of white hoarfrost. That and some home-made potato champagne must have inspired some of our number because they formed a band of carol singers and went from cabin to cabin with

I wonder if he went on sick parade next morning. How about it Bob?

One of our Senior N.C.O.'s walked into the hangar last week with a beautiful shiner. It was declared an accident, but a few of the boys are beginning to wonder.

glee and gusto. Can you imagine the amazement of two sleepy people who wakened at 2:15 a.m. to find about twenty gay figures grouped about their bed singing "Holy Night, Silent Night."

Christmas night didn't see the end of the festivities. A few families celebrated on Dec. 26 and even on Dec. 28 there were some of our stalwart burghers who were still trying to fly on one wing. If New Year's here is gayer than Christmas . . . My!! My!!

CHIT-CHAT

Congratulations to the Fairholmes and the Jeffs on the two fine bouncing baby boys. A long and happy life to Cy Junior and Garnet. Congratulations also to Father Jaenicke our newest pip-o. The Debys have a new chesterfield, frame, upholstery, and cover all by Ella. The Bensons have something very new in cinder caps, a sort of poke bonnet on top of their chimney stack to prevent the ocean breezes from blowing the smoke back into the cabin. The Crawford's sidewalk is unique—where did he find so many assorted lengths and widths of boards? Daily the Hammersleys expect 9 C.M.U. to undercut their porch completely—oh well, you can always call it a subway and charge toll. Betty Martin is recovering from a sprained and bruised arm, the result of a fall during the festive season on our icy trails. Can anyone tell us if Bill calls his wife Buttons because of her shoes. What satanic soul gave Johnny Major a toy cannon that shoots wooden balls in all directions? Poor Jerry!! We are sorry to say good-bye to Fraser MacDonald's wife and his mother, to Hazel Talbot and young Brian. Greetings to our newest citizens, Steve of the Y.M.C.A., and his wife, Grace, even if they do build dangerous fires in their oven. Did you hear about our two engineers who started the bulldozer and wanted to dig basements for everyone in Dobbieville? Who knows any more gossip for February's edition? Communicate with ye ed.

Janet Crawford.

Those W.D.'s—or—the Gruesome Truth

(By One of Them)

I have been asked to tell our readers all about the W.D.'s of our fair station. At first I wondered if I dared to take on such an assignment with my insurance policy non-existent—but since the powers that be have sentenced me to Tofino—or Tofino to me—well, I'll soon be safely out of reach—I hope, I hope, I hope!!!

In a previous Victory, I had the pleasure of reading the story of the arrival of my fellow airwomen and I must say I envy them the privilege that was theirs. However, from what I have heard and know of them, they did a grand job, and have left a marvellous record for those of us who were late comers, to live up to.

No record of our life at Alliford would be complete without some mention of our so-called cod liver oil gear, consisting of those most exotic creations—sou'westers, slickers, and last but in most cases, far from least—our rubber boots. Our sou'westers may be and are worn at every conceivable angle. They are equally grim no matter how the onlooker views them. The main problem where our boots are concerned is navigation. They just don't agree when it comes to turning corners. The only solution seems to be to tackle the problem in high gear and hope they stay with you.

One problem, however, was overlooked: the matter of rafts (what was that remark about our boots?) At times we are in dire need of one. For instance, this morning when we sleepily wavered from barracks in the wee sma" hours to plunge blindly into one of the many miniature oceans along the way. Many a despairing cry of "dinghy" and then a dismal splash, followed by "Waterborne at zero seven hundred" goes unheeded, leaving some poor soul to splatter her way to safety, for the moment at least.

"Work" spells a wide variety of occupations to us, and we are now to be found, happily or unhappily, in almost every nook and corner of the station, except perhaps, marine, and No. 9 C.M.U. (Don't look so smug boys—the war isn't over yet!!)

Any of you who have had the opportunity of paying a visit to our hospital, voluntarily or otherwise, will agree with me that it has its advantages when one is so capably ministered to by our Nursing Sisters and the W.D. Hospital Assistants. I can vouch for the latter personally, having lived next door to them during my short stay here. Hi Torchy, Ev. and Tiffin. Honest injun, I did forget all about T.A.B.T. I wonder if Nursing Sister Bradley-Dyne could give us some gen on our very engaging Santa Claus. Oh boy, could he wolf howl—I mean, could he wolf! We enjoyed his visit very much and hope "Kuana" brings him back to us soon.

We have our friend Kelly from Equipment to thank for our glamorous Anti-Alliford Get-Ups, but then you didn't design them did you Kelly? Kelly is a pal to us all, especially we shift workers who have an annoying habit of missing clothing parades. Our Corp. cheerfully rigs us out in our G.I.'s whenever we manage to find our way to her hideout. Thanks a lot Kelly. We all appreciate those off the record parades to help us out.

The gals from the Admin Offices have great cause to regret the existence of the WOGS, having to listen to the patter of our dainty little seven-leaguers at all hours of the night. However, that doesn't hold up our interests for us—but kids—couldn't you just lose that posting slip for me? I know it will be peaceful for you if I leave, but think of those poor gals at Tofino. You couldn't do that to a fellow W.D. could you? (What—yup—that's what I was afraid you would say!!)

I never did sample any of our W.D. Chefs' handiwork, so I live to say that they are a grand gang when it comes to fun in barracks. If they are half as capable as cooks as they are as pals, well someone is certainly lucky. Hi Billie and Elsie! Does that rate a crumb or so (pretested?)

Our Canteen Stewards lead a busy and

varied life, what with mothering us and bringing up "Boots", our pussy. The latter is doing wonderfully under Andy's care, even looking after our cash box, forsaking even her velvet cushion to curl up among the "talkings" whenever she sees the coast clear. Of late Andy has turned decorator, with Buffy's help and you fellows will be happy to hear that they have painted the lower half of our Canteen walls so you will no longer walk away bearing their trademark. (I mean the walls').

And my wacky co-workers (??) the WOGS. Ah, but that is another story. For further details see the column by our Una, the little gal with the soft voice and softer heart. Una is one of those rare mortals who is able to greet us with a smile and say "Good Morning" as though it were one, even after a night of Graveyard Shift. Stella probably wonders what we do for brains up at Sigs, remembering the day she had to check up on us to see why we didn't turn up at flag lowering—but then breakfast time isn't exactly a very opportune moment to remember that you were on flag lowering the previous night. What was that Stella? Oh, yes—our memories were slightly improved after three more nights of it!!

To the gang in Hobby Classes and Workshops I owe many thanks. The personnel of Workshops not only endured the nuisance of a swarm of W.D. would-be carpenters twice a week, but spent a good deal of their off-time either manufacturing tools for us or teaching us the tricks of the Carpenters Trade. Many were the grins at the sight of a W.D. and a saw or a hammer paired off for an evening, but you must admit fellows, we enjoyed it and didn't do as badly as you had expected, with Bill Woodbridge to help us along with his never-failing good humor and encouragement—how could we do otherwise? While I'm on the subject, I can't mention you all by name, since so many of you added your help to our work, but you and we know who you are,—thanks a million fellows. We certainly appreciate it.

Especially at this season, I would like to remind you that three of our gang hold the fort behind the mail wickets. We don't see much of them at work since they spend hours sorting and despatching before handing over those so precious parts of our existence, but they are on the job at all hours and certainly deserve a vote of thanks for the important part they play in keeping us happy.

—And say, fellows—Isn't it grand to have Laurie and her happy smiling face back with us again? Also, welcome to our new girls from Rupert.

Since this is to be my farewell to Alliford as a station, may I wish you all the best of luck in '45. Strange as it may sound to some of you, I leave Alliford with regret, and certainly not of my own choosing. I have been very happy during my stay with you. The courtesy and friendship extended by each of you will be hard to beat, and it has been deeply appreciated. As long as every newcomer, and especially every lone comer like myself is welcomed in the same spirit, I know the story of the W.D.'s of Alliford will be a happy one.

Till we meet again then gang—Good Luck—and happy postings.

LAW D. E. Drysdale.

REPORT ON RADAR

At Alliford they say you're bushed if you go around barking at trucks—but that's all wrong—you're just trying hard. Now if you can get people to believe that the trucks are actually barking at you, like that 9 C.M.U. Ford did yesterday, there you've got something.

That's beside the point however. The purpose of this column is to give a report on Radar. First of all I'll explain what Radar is. It's that triple-A priority, top secret, highly confidential, restricted, secret equipment. Now you know all about Radar.

But what about the Radar Mechs? Ah, there's the rub. There are two schools of thought on the common or garden variety Radar Mech. One school maintains that the Mechs are strictly the creme de la creme, just about tops, that every Radar joe could easily be a Wing Co. if he wanted the responsibility. (This school consists almost entirely of Radar Mechs). The other school regards a Radar Mech as something that just crawled out from under a rock and sees absolutely no reason why he shouldn't crawl back under it. (This group is made up of normal people).

Recently a nation-wide survey was held to see what this strange type talks about. Below is a list of the five subjects which these joes beat their gums about most frequently: 1. Women. 2. Women. 3. Women. 4. Beer. 5. The war. So any red-blooded airman will see at a glance that the things a Mech talks about, at least, are normal.

Now we present a tragedy in one act taken from the home life of a Radar erk.

Little Boy (in small, weak voice): "Daddy, can I have a glass of milk?"

Radar Mech father (in harsh, gruff voice): "Shut up, son, and drink your beer."

LAC C. O. Myers, a veteran of 14 months at Alliford Bay, has finally got his ticket back to civilization, via a posting down to Pat Bay. LAC Ironpants Barber, who drew the rough end of the exchange posting will be getting his mail addressed to Alliford for the next year or so. Ironpants has been quoted as saying that the man who thought of exchange postings is a revolving s.o.b. (he explained that a revolving s.o.b. is an s.o.b. any way you look at him.) But as I pointed out there is no real news in the section, so we will give you a few short buyographies. According to Stoopengale's Fictionary a buyography is the life story of a person which you should be paid to read. Here goes.

Kiviaho, E. LAC—Born in Sudbury. First saw the light of day at the age of three when he moved to Ottawa. Ran several blind pigs in Ottawa until business got so bad he had to quit. Later he landed a nice quiet job as usher at the Casino Theatre (Burly-Q), Toronto.

Dyke, Boris P. F/O—Born and brought up. Lived in Toronto at time of joining up. Activities: Was member of Optimist Club. Duties: Went around telling the other members jokes to cheer them up.

Cutler, J. F. LAC—Born and brought up in Hamilton. When he was born the taxes in Hamilton went down. When he left to join the Air Force the taxes went up. Was member of Toronto Temperance Society, Hamilton Branch (in charge of distribution of beer).

Doran, M. W. Cpl.—Born in Southampton, Ont., with a heart of plexiglass. Practised on trumpet most of his early years, much to the delight (?) of the people of Clinton. (Clinton is a strong rival of Southampton). Occupation: Fishing. He will consider taking in as a partner anyone who has worms.

That's all the buyographies we can give you now. We're having trouble with the Hays office on the rest. I hope reading this has given you a better idea of what Radar Mechs are like. If it hasn't, cheer up, you're probably better off anyway.



S/O WHITBY

Section Officer Whitby

That attractive girl in the Section Officer's uniform whom you've been seeing about lately is Doris Whitby from Vancouver. S/O Whitby took over from S/O Gratton-Smith and in the short time she's been here she has taken an active part in a number of projects. At Christmas you'd find her sitting in on the Recreation Committee meeting, wrapping Christmas gifts for the children's party, helping to decorate the Rec. Hall. We all appreciate Miss Whitby's enthusiasm and co-operation, not to mention that nice smile of hers.

AW2 Whitby started her Air Force career in March, 1942, in Vancouver. She took her basic and trade training as a clerk medical in Toronto and then went to Dafoe, Saskatchewan. She was there only five weeks when she was sent back to Toronto to take an Admin. Course. When she graduated from this she was given her Corporal hooks. S/O Whitby says this was the biggest thrill she had received in the Air Force up to that time. Read on, friends, there's more to come. After three months of training recruits in Toronto, Windsor, Ontario, had the pleasure of our Ma'am's company from November 1942 until October 1943. During this time, as part of her work, Miss Whitby did considerable writing, direction, and acting of radio plays in connection with the W.D. recruiting campaign. If you had been within broadcast distance of CKLW during that time you might have heard some of the Whitby gems urging the girls to "serve that men may fly." Recruiting must have been stimulated by these worthy efforts because our heroine was sent to O.T.C. in Toronto to become an officer.

After graduation it was London Recruiting Centre for a while and then 8 months at No. 5 S.F.T.S. in Brantford, Ontario. Here's the romance, kids. You probably noticed that ring. Well, it happened at Brantford. The lucky guy is an instructor, now at Centralia, an Australian from Melbourne. Doris is reading up on Australia so she'll know all about it when she takes the big step and goes down there to make her home. She can already tell you that the climate in Melbourne is pretty much the same as B.C., so she expects to feel very much at home. The swimming is good in Australia and Doris expects to be able to do a good deal of it. It's her favourite sport. Playing the piano alone with nobody around is her strongest "like." Walking in the rain

Somebody Has To Wind The Clocks

Working busily in the section a few days ago I was approached by a person whom I shall not mention, and very kindly (?) (heh-heh) asked to throw some light on the Instrument Section. So I shall take the plunge into literary endeavour again. I shall unveil to you, "Ye Mysterious and Muche Despised Clockwinders—M.I.O.D.E."

With due respect to rank and K.R. (Air) I imagine that it would be just and proper to introduce the No. 1 man Sgt. Shore, George, who very recently was posted to Gimli, Manitoba. He hails from the 'Peg, a very fortunate fellow. And for a guy i/c of our section he couldn't be beat. I might add that with so many postings, leaves and such, it's a wonder the section works as it does.

Another joker just posted was Schweers. He comes from Cobourg, Ont., and was very happy at being sent to 6 R.D., Trenton. Cpl. Schweers was another pukka gent and it was indeed a sad day when he rolled out of here. (I think I'll see these joes, come payday, for all the praise I'm handing them.) LAC Best, Charlie, of Lethbridge, Alta., is at present an S.O.P. at Dobbieville on the wave-lapped and pine-scented shores of Alliford Bay (heh-heh). LAC MacAllan asked me not to mention him in this "do", so I'm complying with his request. Another character is named Lee and outside of that, there is very little more I can tell you about him. Two joes who should bear at least mention are LAC's Smith and O'Brien, recently posted to the 'Peg. Good scouts. Last but not least, yours truly comes from Toronto (Hogtown, or no?) completing the rather incomplete instrument Section.

With that the clock-winders wish you, one and all, a very Happy and Prosperous New Year.

E. DEMITROW, LAC

with no hat is a favourite pastime, too. She says she has no particular "dislikes" and no particular weakness in the food line. Must be the intelligent type. She is.

A most hearty welcome, S/O Whitby. We hope to see your pleasant smile around here for some time, and we're most happy to see you taking such an active interest in Alliford Bay.

SOUNDS FROM SIGNALS

Busy! Busy! Busy! I'm glad Christmas comes only once a year for with that festive season comes the inevitable excitement, the anxiety of trying to remember all one's friends and relatives, the pangs of homesickness which we all so bravely endeavour to hide in various ways. But that is all over now for another year, when I hope with all my heart, we'll all be back home living in peace.

We have said good-bye to several of our clan recently. No more shall we see Ronny Wilson's beaming face. WAC has claimed him. Caught in the draft of married gals receiving discharge was Dorothy Shepherdson who has gone home to Toronto. Connie Milligan's air force career was ended when her compassionate discharge was approved and now she is back in London, Ontario, looking after her mother. "Sherry" Sherwood left, too, to the tune of wedding bells which will be ringing soon for her and her marine man, Alex Chenard. Our "Jenny Lind", Mary Scott was posted to Guelph so that she could be nearer home. No doubt WO2 Tasker's posting to Sandspit has not gone unnoticed by many. They come and go. That is what I like about this place. Everything is so beautifully settled and permanent. To compensate our loss two W.D. corporals arrived last week. Audrey Blaine, fresh from WAC, no sooner has time to form an opinion of our station than she whisks away home to Edmonton to enjoy a spot of Christmas leave. Nice work if you can get it. (Must delve into the matter more deeply sometime.) Ann Manchulenko, also a newcomer from WAC, so far isn't an admirer of our suburban settlement, but in time I think Alliford will grow on her.

Mountain climbing seems to have developed into quite a sport among our girls. Lois Hamilton made her third trip up last week when she, Dot Merrick and Marion Christensen turned Swiss on us and trekked up Table Mountain. That is something you can't do on the prairies. There must be more to it than the exercise they get on that steady climb. Is it the steaks that await them at the top? I wonder.

Any Saturday morning, 'round about 3 a.m., should anyone have cause to visit the Section at that ungodly hour, they would see the place in a chaotic condition. The regular routine of cleaning up for the C.O.'s eagle eye. It is really a fun fest—gals dusting, boys swabbing the deck and welding the waxer, everyone busy or pretending to be. But it is a blessing it is only a weekly affair.

Our outpost base, Canoe Pass, so long a place of mystery to us, was visited not long ago by a group of W.D.'s, Betty Clayman and myself included. For those of you who are cheesed off, just thank Jupiter you are here and not there. Consider yourselves quite well off and make the most of what you have here, 'cause there are, I know now, worse places than this. Believe me. It was a grand trip we had up Skidegate Channel on as beautiful an afternoon as we have ever had, in as comfortable a crash boat as the Marine Section dared allow for the voyage.

More farewells—three of our four sailor boys have gone and have been replaced by three more. Hello Pete, Garv and Ernie over in Rupert—We miss you.

Speaking of farewells, this is where I say mine, guys and gals. Do I hear cheers?

Una Chadwick.

People who don't stand for something, fall for anything.

Morale is change:

- from complaining to caring
- from lagging to leading
- from getting to giving
- from fear to faith
- from discouragement to discipline
- from criticism to a plan.

Introducing the Staff of the Airmen's Canteen

I'll have some of those there, some of these, those there, hic . . . and a bromo. The merchandise is laid on the counter by our smiling Cpl. Boose. The total is counted up quicker than you can bat an eyelash and he waits patiently while the customer searches in every pocket for his money. Obviously he had just been to the wet canteen and his funds were rather low. There was a moment's confusion while he borrowed the amount from a friend and the transaction was completed Meanwhile Cpl. Boose was wondering what makes a man spend all his hard-earned money on beer. Ah me, one must have patience with such things. Let me describe Cpl. Boose to you. He stands about five feet ten or eleven, has a nice disposition, has no vices whatsoever, hails from Toronto where men are men (says he). He accepts women as a gift of fate. He believes in plenty of sack time in order to keep his complexion, and he just loves taking stock. His green eyes and brown hair are just the right combination to keep the women interested even though he takes a dim view of the fact. He'll break down some day. He is a hard worker with a devil-may-care attitude. Just plain happy-go-lucky.

Next in line among the "B" groupers is a lad who hails from Regina. The monicker is George Keegan. Small, tough, and hard-working. He stands about five feet three but he has hair on his chest. He likes flipping for cokes, and keeps a separate account of how many the fellows owe him. His hobby is painting and women. Incidentally, he is quite a favorite with the women. They think he's cute. Don't tell him that to his face, or his knife will appear faster than you can offer to buy him a coke. He plays a mean set of traps, and I believe that he is going to become an official drummer with the station band. He hails from Regina where I believe he has many varied interests, mainly brunette. He loves getting up in the wee wee hours on a Saturday morning for C.O.'s inspection.

And now we come to a very important member of the canteen staff. L.A.W. Nixdorf, affectionally known as "Hedy". She is blonde, has blue eyes, and likes wearing white smocks. She also likes to go walking with the boys. Everybody is her cousin as far as snoopy people are concerned. She is quite famous for her motto of only one bar per person. Her home town is Jansen, Sask., (wherever that is).

L.A.C. Chimko, Ivy's guy, is usually found in the Coffee bar. He says he likes it there because it's a good way to catch up on his vitamins. His hobby is trying to play billiards. He is twenty years old, has blue eyes, and likes women much to Ivy's dislike. His home town is Edmonton, Alta.

"Pop" Arthur of ye ole beer institute whose posting has just come through, is in his glory. Gallons and gallons of it. L.A.C. Meiklejohn is another member of the hard-working staff. He hails from Winnipeg. A good town. Ouch. . . . Let us not forget Sgt. Thompson who at the moment is on leave. He should be back any month now, "Tommy" is a pretty good egg. Just you ask him a favor and he'll do his best for you. What more could anyone ask? And now for the Warehouse Staff. Sgt. Davidson and his assistant "Vic" Martin. Those hard-working gents who see to it that we never run out of the essentials such as smokes, cokes and bars. Especially bars. Who said that? Anyway, they do their best. What more could one ask for. And if I may say so, they are doing a fine job.

The man in charge of the whole shebang is none other than our D.A.P.M. F/O Sims. He's a good man for the job.

And now we leave you with the ring of the cash register in your ear. Remember the Canteen staff. Those hard-working guys who try to please you all, and when they are out of bars, don't take it out on them.

Incidentally I am also one of the staff, but I'm not saying which one, because after the puns are read I don't want to end up in the hospital. Cheerio. . . .

Brains may be a handicap in life. You can think of so many reasons why you shouldn't do the thing you know you should.

F/O J. G. EASSON



7 B. R. Captain Wins D.F.C.

Congratulations to F/O Easson of No. 7 Squadron who was awarded the D.F.C. and Operational Wing on the 6th of January, 1945. F/O Easson is the first person to receive this distinction for duties on the Pacific Coast. The citation read: "This officer has completed a tour of operational flying, his monthly totals frequently exceeding 125 hours, in addition to a long non-operational tour as an instructor. His keenness and devotion to duty have been a splendid example to all ranks in his Squadron. He has consistently displayed praiseworthy determination to complete his missions under the most adverse conditions."

F/O Easson enlisted in 1940 in Toronto, and went through the usual aircrew procedure. He took his Initial Training in Toronto, went to E.F.T.S. at Windsor Mills, P.Q., and earned his pilot's wings at Uplands in October, 1940. Then followed a long career of instruction and finally he was posted to Coastal Command, in the Fall of 1941. He received his commission in May, 1942.

Ask anyone in the squadron about Jim Easson and he will tell you that Jim is "a damned good pilot and a helluva fine chap." We are all very happy and proud to hear of Jim's award and hope he does not mind us bathing in his reflected glory.

Jim has just returned from an armament course at Mountain View. His wife and infant son reside in Toronto.

Run your life on honest lines and you won't have to worry about anyone reading between the lines.

It's trying to save themselves that wears people out.

GALAVANTIN AROUN'

By Joe E. Bush and the Three Brass Monkeys

Here I am again with a little more dirt. Some of it is a little old, but the memory still lives on. To begin with (I can't resist the temptation), why does Cpl. Pollock spend so much time working late nights? Could it be the new addition to the hospital staff?

Overheard . . . I sure got good compensation for not getting a forty-eight in twenty solid months in the service. Sixty-five days leave. Wow! This particular person spent an hour looking for a calendar with January on it so he could figure out his time. L.A.C. Savage to "Pop" Arthur . . . "I won't visit your institute tonight. I'm gonna cramp Pollock's style."

"Oh Richard, I love you. Kiss me Richard." Curiosity got the better of me, so I crept forward. Lo and behold, there she was, with her eyes to the stars. But something was definitely wrong. There was no man. I crept closer. She repeated her heart-rending speech. How could a man in his right mind ignore such a plea, wherever he might be. I found out later that it was Una Chadwick rehearsing her part in a skit.

Congratulations to "Vic" Martin who has just lately taken upon himself the vows of matrimony. . . . Good luck Vic.

We are not mentioning names, but we hear that the hospital staff is very happy to have such an ambitious man working with them. He seems to have the "edge" on them all, especially when it comes to waxing floors. He outdoes himself grunting and groaning while the others push that heavy twenty-five pound weight around. What telephone operator missed the boat and is now working night shift as a result? Many times he has been seen running down the wharf dragging his shirt behind him. Sometimes worse than that.

Posted . . . One W.D. . . . In despair . . . One met man.

Result . . . One sad character . . . Weather . . . Gloomy.

Who was it who fell hard for a certain miss in the mess hall? Bob Bowman no doubt. Incidentally, who is that blonde in the orderly room? Hmmm, etc.

Calling all girls with problems. Advice to the lovelorn given free of charge. How to win your man in one easy lesson. Guaranteed not to fail. See Uncle Archie Skeith. His wide experience in such matters made him what he is today. Our Adjutant sure is getting stuck for being such a swell guy via the "Coke" method. He doesn't know it yet, but the orderly room staff have made a racket out of it. Anybody who can toss a two-headed coin is eligible to work in the orderly room.

NOTICE . . . To all those romantic lads and lassies. . . The boundary line still exists. Beware of the little jeep.

I was watching Skeith typing in the orderly room, and he was so nervous that I couldn't tell when his uppers stopped and the typewriter took over. For those of you who would like a last glimpse into the single life of Sherry Sherwood find out who the officer was before whom she prostrated herself when she saw him rather unexpectedly in Vancouver. And in Hudson's Bay Store of all places. . . . Perhaps some enquiring should be done into the strange and weird wailings that have been emanating from room 3 in the Officer's Annex ever since Allard's crew returned from their trip south. . . . Also in need of investigation is the case of the navigator who was picked up by the S.P. in Rupert while trying to steer a course by astro away from 4 Group after inducing a young W.D. to make off with him after hours. . . . Perhaps Garry Quirk could enlighten us regarding the new pin up girl gracing the wall of room 7 (annex), imagine smuggling a beautiful blonde into a hotel room and then taking her picture. . . . O.K. we'll go quietly. Solong for now and until we meet again remember the three brass monkeys.

Social and Personal

There will soon be enough flat hats around here to walk on. Congratulations to fledgling P/Os Johnny Jaenicke, "Barb" Barber, Johnny Kellar, "Robby" Robinson, Roy Aldous, "Gassy" Gastaldin, "Jamie" Jamieson and Wally Cable. It is rumoured that the dining room in the Officers' Mess will be fitted up with mattresses to accommodate the overflow. . . . Still on promotions we extend the best to F/L Genge, F/L Spowage, F/L Beddome and F/Os Elidoros and Ritchie. . . . A sad good-bye is said to Dean Sharp, Tommie Cousins, T. S. Taylor, Max Oakes, Gus Buck, Russ Bullied and Cpl. Stockdale, our erstwhile sports editor. . . . The sorrow we feel at losing these stalwart lads is partly compensated for by being able to welcome into our fold F/O Foster, our new station adjutant, F/O Corbett his assistant, F/O Gladstone, asst. squadron adjutant, F/L Genge, administration officer, F/O Galbraith, armament officer and Jack Rush in the Met. Section. . . . Also new but not on strength (yet) is Bob Bennett's new little son. Good work Bob, you've got a good start towards having your own crew. . . . We were very pleased to have the A.A.B. visit us under the able direction of W/C Mitchell. We were also very pleased to bid them a not-too-fond farewell. . . . Congratulations to S/L "Tommie" Benson on his award of the A.F.C. We feel confident that this is one time such a decoration is not misplaced. . . . Speaking of decorations, F/L Ed Burns, in view of his long and unsullied service record, now sports new color above the pocket. . . . We are glad that S/O Gratton-Smith could stay at Alliford with us a little longer, even though it did entail an operation. It's nice to see you among us again Smitty. . . . Our five new W.D.'s from Prince Rupert are heartily welcomed and it is hoped you will like it here. May we also extend our welcome to Cpl's Blaine and Manchulenko, a grand addition to our Signals Section. . . . We are sorry to see Doreen Drysdale leave. She has played a very active part in the Hobby Club and we will miss her. . . . Some happy people around here have gone on leave. Happy holiday season to the Leylands, Keans, Jones, Bedards and all the rest of you lucky vacationers. . . . A welcome is extended to John Elmer Clausen who increased the census of Queen Charlotte by one, shortly before Christmas. We doubt the truth of the rumour that he made a grand entrance into the world clutching a loaded die in each small fist. . . . We also welcome wholeheartedly the new pilots of the squadron, Sgt. Pankiw and Sgt. Brown. . . . Among the entertainment scheduled for the holidays were a Christmas dance, a party for the children of the "Living out personnel" and Carol singing. . . . The Christmas party went off in great style. Music was supplied by the Station Band, and the hep cats were really in the groove. F/S Pierce of No. 9 C.M.U. played Santa Claus in a very convincing manner, much to the delight of the children (and the grown ups). The stage was beautiful with yuletide decorations and three costumed gals in the persons of LAWS Clayman, Robertson and McHugh aided Santa in giving out presents to the kiddies. Refreshments were served and when all was over, there wasn't a child in the place that had any questions as to whether there was a Santa Claus. They were convinced. . . . The Carol singing was by far a highlight of the holiday festivities. Aably supervised by Tommy Morrison, the choir did a superb job of keeping up Christmas spirit. There was a good turnout for this event which was more than enough compensation for the many hours put in practising. . . . Many thanks to the entertainment committee for the fine job they did in supplying refresh-

BEDARD'S CREW



A JOURNEY TO NOWHERE

Before the sun had been fully seen a sleepy group of airmen known around the Bay as "Charlie's Crew" felt their way through the dark to make preparations for another journey to nowhere. As the engineers, Cav and Doug, finished preparing the aircraft for takeoff, Cliff was seen coming from the House on the Hill, loaded to the brim with bags of gen that were dumped into the aircraft. With the equipment okayed by Mac and a "Roger" for takeoff, the trip is started.

As the hours drag on Sully admits again that he has that famished feeling so the watches are synchronized and it is lunchtime, and the job of eating one of the meals that Cav, locally known as "The Saint", has been preparing is underway. As the meal draws to an end Stew, who would rather pilot a plane than neck with a W.D., especially the one at WAC, makes his way to the bunk to catch his after-dinner nap. Duke, who is very blunt with W.D.'s, tries hard, along with Mac, to keep the spirits high while the aircraft dips its nose and turns homeward. With thoughts of shows and the sack not far off and some more time in Ye Olde Logge Booke the captain, Charles, as his wife calls him, lands and the journey is over.

ments and many other things which helped make all the other events so successful. F/O Dickins is in charge of the hard-working group which is comprised of F/O McCallum, Sgt. West, LAC Petrie, Cpl. Kelly, Cpl. Buf-ton, LAW Campbell and LAW Johnstone. They are a group of hard workers and due credit should be given them. . . . Christmas dinner at the Airmen's Mess was greatly enjoyed by the joes. The officers and senior N.C.O.s did the serving as is the custom in the air force. On Christmas day the senior N.C.O.s entertained the Officers in their mess, and on New Years, the Officers entertained the Senior N.C.O.s at their mess. The spirit of good fellowship reigned throughout. . . . Jack Calder has left Alliford Bay. All those who know Jack and that is practically everybody on the station, were sorely distressed to hear this. Jack seemed to have a good time here and his pleasant smile always bucked you up when you saw him. The Prince Rupert Met. Section claimed Jack as a member for two years before he came here in June of last year. He had about 150 hours in Sharks over there; we think he should get an Operational Wing, or maybe half a one. . . . The Music Appreciation Concerts are going to miss Jack's talent (he fiddles with a mean fiddle). His last appearance was in "Cornzapoppin" in which he will be

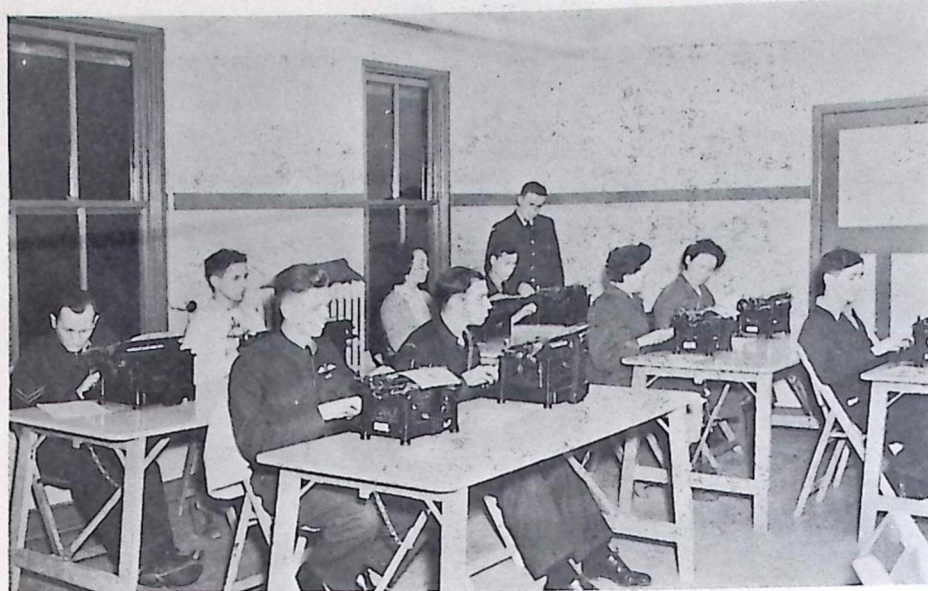
The Engineers' Corner

Greetings to all at Alliford from the little-noticed but often heard-from Flight Engineers' Inner Sanctum, or as it is better known, the Engineers' Room. Any (?) time of practically any day there are a few of these gentlemen "Jacks-of-all-trades" to be found there lolling around patiently waiting for "dooty" call, or just lolling around, period. Needless to say, if walls could talk the ones in the Engineers' Room would have some soul-stirring tales to relate on many different topics, because in this room, when temporarily relieved of their flying duties, the boys tell tall stories of adventure and romance. Many a newcomer to this small hole-in-the-wall in No. 1 Hangar has gained the kernel of wisdom by listening to the old timers shoot the breeze about business and monkey business; and if it's an argument a person is looking for, that also can be arranged. But don't let the last statement fool you—the lads who inhabit this humble niche are all amiable chaps who do not make a habit of kicking crutches out from under unsuspecting civilians nor taking candy away from babes.

Recently the Engineers said fond farewells to four of their buddies who were fortunate enough to be posted to a station further south than Alliford and thus much closer to civilization. These were: WO2 (now P/O Bob Fraser, F/S "Cleve" Martman, Sgt. Tim Stocker, and Sgt. "Dutchy" Deschenes. It goes without saying that they are missed by the boys they left behind who wish them all the success in the world.

Tolerance can be just a form of isolationism—minding your own business without caring what happens to the other fellow.

remembered for his comedy roles, especially as the sound effects man in the soap opera. We hope he likes it down in Abbotsford, but we imagine he will because it's pretty close to home.



One of the two enthusiastic typing classes in the new Education Room at Alliford, under the very able tutelage of Cpl. Harold Haughton.

Education Facilities Centrally Located

Since the last issue we've moved to new quarters in HQ Building where the Accounts Section used to be, and where, we believe, we have the best Education facilities in this Command—centrally located, well-equipped, and all resplendent in a fresh coat of paint. You can see a corner of the classroom in the picture above with Cpl. Harold Haughton coaching a typing class and F/O "Hal" Hetherington peeking at the keyboard, or are his eyes closed? And speaking of typing classes, there were more enrollees than could be accommodated in one class, so Harold had to have two, but what with postings, discharges, shift work, etc., it has dwindled down to one good-sized, active class now. Among other reasons, we were sorry to have Harold posted to Boundary Bay, because we thus lost an excellent instructor for the typing and shorthand. However, it's an ill wind that does something or other, and LAW Porter who has volunteered to take over has already proved that she can do a very fine job in both. F/L Nielsen is now conducting a small but interested class in Bookkeeping for those who may have hopes of becoming accountants. Still another group have been waiting for several weeks for the arrival of text books ordered in October to begin evening classes in Senior Matriculation Mathematics.

The hobby work, too, is providing a worthwhile diversion for a large number of personnel. Groups now functioning are: model aircraft building, art and lino cutting, leathercraft, woodworking and carving, plastics, and sheet metal and welding. Those who make this work possible by donating their spare time to instruction and supervision are: WO2 Good, LAC Steventon, Cpl. Conrad, LAW Drysdale, AC1 Woodbridge, Sgt. MacDonald, and Cpl. Wallace. Information may be had and enrollment completed for these classes at the Education Office. Perhaps the most popular of these activities is the welding under the capable tutelage of "Wally." The photo at the right shows a small section of the welding class at work in the shop with Wally and Mac giving the boys the how of it.

Due perhaps to the coming of the festive season there has been a decided slump in enrolment for correspondence courses. While remarking this, it should be pointed out, that

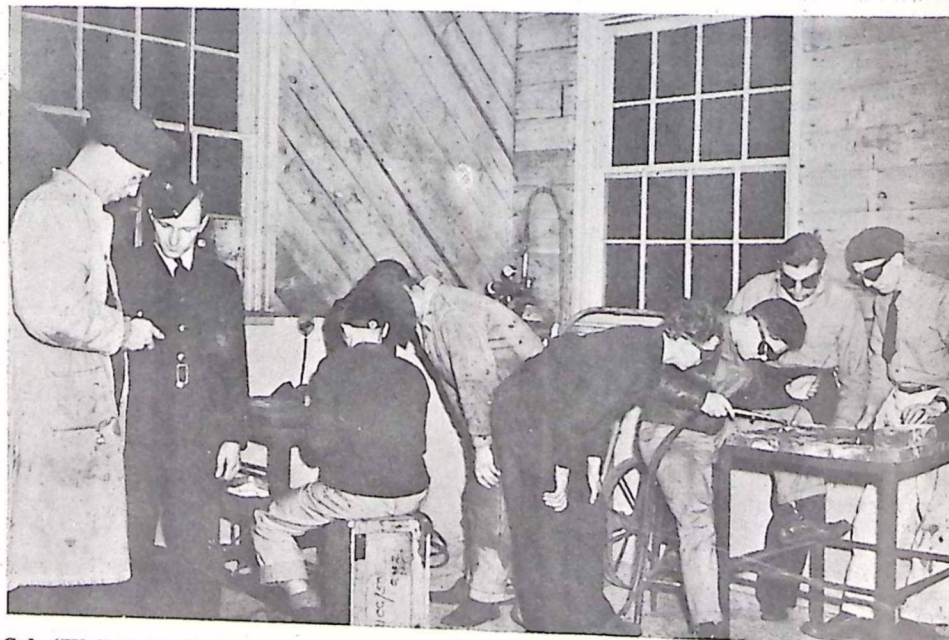
any courses undertaken while you are in the Service may be completed on the same terms if you happen to receive your discharge in the meantime.

With the coming of the New Year and with you all back in the groove again, it is intended to add the following to our present education program: Metal lathe work, job instruction and job relations, a series of illustrated lectures for chefs, and trade improvement classes for maintenance tradesmen. If you are interested in any of these, pay us a call and talk it over.

And now the Education Staff wish you, one and all, the very best of everything for 1945.

Recipe for Hitler Herring

Take a Bismark herring, cut out the brains, remove the backbone and open the mouth.



Cpl. "Wally" Wallace and Sgt. "Mac" MacDonald instructing a few of the welding and sheet metal students in the fine arts of their respective trades. The scene is a corner of the welding room that Wally keeps so clean and neat.

YOUR ENQUIRING REPORTER

During my stay in the service I have met many strange people and heard many strange things which confused me.

The other day I thought it would be interesting to quizz a few guys and gals as to their post-war plans, so in the form of an inquiring reporter I made the rounds. After questioning a few I became so demoralized that I gave up the idea.

At the dinner table I asked one joe, "What are your plans?" "Me?" he said, "I'm gonna get myself a job as elevator operator in a one-story building." I don't know yet whether he was kidding or not.

The next answer went something like this. "I'm gonna collect my hundred bucks, go home, get me a bottle and a dame, and when I get through, all I'm gonna have left of Alliford Bay is just a "faint recollection." One lad wants to be a radio announcer for a soap opera. I guess he understands women.

I was just about to give up, but I was determined to get just one intelligent answer. I finally got it. The next joe I quizzed said that he's gonna settle down and let his wife support him. I was about ready to pull my hair out by then.

I thought that this article would help some fellows decide what they would like to do after the war, but if they take any of the suggestions printed here, I'm not responsible.

One fellow said that he is going to farm. Then he looked at me quizzically and asked, "Why, what are you selling? I'm not going to pay more than 10% this time."

Another fellow said that he is going to spend his days of peacetime looking for places like Alliford Bay for bases in case of another war. He is now resting peacefully in the hospital.

The last joe I quizzed said he has decided to spend a lot of time sending threatening notes to Mackenzie King. I then took three 22's and hit the sack.

Do you want to know what I'm gonna do after the war? I'm gonna finish university, be a mechanical engineer, then I'm gonna study medicine, then I'm gonna get in the bread line with the rest of the joes.

All kidding aside, Post-war rehabilitation plans are great if you are ambitious enough to take advantage of them.

Here's a clear-thinking lad. When asked if he was bushed, he answered, "No, I've been here fifteen months, but I'm still in the shrubby stage."

Co-operation and our Post-War Security

CAN CO-OPERATION solve our post-war problems? Probably not—but if Co-operation is developed to its fullest extent, it will go a long way toward easing our economic burden. Although non-partisan, the Co-operative ideal is one of the alternatives to the continued failures of private enterprise, or of top-heavy bureaucracy which must replace it.

The aim of Co-operation is to produce and distribute consumer goods for service rather than for profit. In Great Britain with an advanced Co-operative movement, the annual saving is one hundred million dollars, which, if siphoned off as profits, would create dozens of new millionaires, instead of increasing the purchasing power of the consumer by that amount. This saving works in two ways toward improving our economy. First, the increased purchasing power requires a corresponding increase in production—consequently greater employment. Secondly, it enables people in lower income brackets to enjoy a higher standard of living without an increase in income.

Co-operatives* are comparatively new in Canada but have had increased success in recent years. Credit Unions in Quebec and the Antigonish movement in the Maritimes have been most outstanding. The writer is from the prairies, where one of the greatest Co-operatives of all time, the Wheat Pool, has attempted to put grain marketing on an equitable basis. They succeeded for a time but were forced out of control by the crash of 1929 and the refusal of the banks to continue their support. The local Co-op grain elevator associations, which formed the Wheat Pool, continued to handle grain. In this they have been, and still are, very successful, saving their farmer members a large percentage of handling charges which otherwise would go for profits to the Line Elevator Companies.

Local Consumer Co-operatives on the prairies are growing at a terrific rate. Their main business is in supplying tractor fuel—distillate, gasoline and oil. In my home district, where they organized ten years ago, they have advanced to the stage where they now handle over 85% of the oil trade. This did not put the other seven oil agencies out of business but it has saved the consumers from 10 to 15% annually. In mechanized farming the fuel costs often amount to 50% of the direct costs of production, so this represents a lowering of these costs by 5 to 7%.

At the present time the biggest remaining cost of mechanized farming is in implements and tractors. Since the beginning of the century, farm machinery prices have almost tripled. This has been a very large factor in the severity of the depression in the prairie provinces. In that period labour costs have risen 100% but labour costs represent only 7% of the cost of machinery production. Cost of raw materials have risen only very slightly. The prices of machinery have been forced ever higher, and maintained at a high level with mutual agreement of the large machinery companies.

Our only hope for improvement in machinery prices is to market and eventually, if possible, to produce machinery co-operatively. With this end in view, Canadian Co-operative Implements Limited was formed in 1940. Due to war conditions they have been unable to make any definite start on either production or distribution but are using the delay to build up an organization large and strong enough to withstand any possible attacks by the machine companies. We are fortunate in that the governments of the three prairie provinces are giving every encouragement and even financial backing to this Cooperative to help get it started. Any Service personnel interested in settlement under the Veterans' Land Act in Western Canada will benefit by supporting this and other Co-operatives.

Co-operatives in general, throughout Canada, are given no special advantages over private enterprise. They pay the same property and

municipal taxes as all other companies do. But, since they are non-profit organizations, they have never had an income on which to pay income taxes, or excess profits taxes. This has been claimed unfair by private enterprise and demands have been made on the government to call the members' savings profits, and tax them as such. This would be unfair to the members however, as the money belonging to the individual member of the Co-operative would be taxed twice—once as income of the Co-operative and again as income, in the form of patronage dividends, of the member. In the former case it would be subject to much heavier taxation in the form of a corporation income of great proportions, than it would when distributed in small amounts among the members.

The whole question is now being examined by a Royal Commission and it is hoped that the decision will be favorable to the Co-operatives. All they will have to do is lower their prices to the consumer to the level where there is no longer any profit margin or savings to rebate. No income—no income tax! It would be very simple if we could solve our own tax problems in so easy a manner. Never having had enough income to pay any, that problem doesn't bother a lot of us.

I hope this short article will help to create a responsive attitude toward the Co-operative idea among some who will one day be re-mustered to civilians. From discussions heard in various groups the popular opinion seems to be that we will probably need all the economic help we ourselves and all others can give us to make rehabilitation something to which we can look forward with hope and confidence. Let's CO-OPERATE!

F/O A. W. Wood.

HOSPITAL NEWS —

—Introducing the Hospital Staff

F/L Bryson—S.M.O.—Pleasant, smiling and happy, but just try to get a ration of rum from him when you fall in the chuck.

F/L Chipperfield—Known as the best surgeon in the Command by all his post-ops. Who knows, you may be next.

N/S Olund—After more than a year in the bush there comes a posting to civilization. Good luck, sister.

N/S Bradley-Dyne—Whose greatest ambition is to take that badminton championship away from W/C McNeer.

Penny—She will autograph your hello and goodbye slips.

Jack—Sugar and butter. An ounce of this and an ounce of that. Quite a headache, isn't it, Jack?

Mack—What's cooking, Mack? The boys say they never did better.

Sarge—A magician has nothing on Frank. You'd be surprised what a gram of this and a grain of that will do for what ails you.

Nancy—By the grapevine I hear that you have a secret crush on Frank Sinatra!!!!???

Harriet—The luckiest gal ever—Christmas in Vancouver.

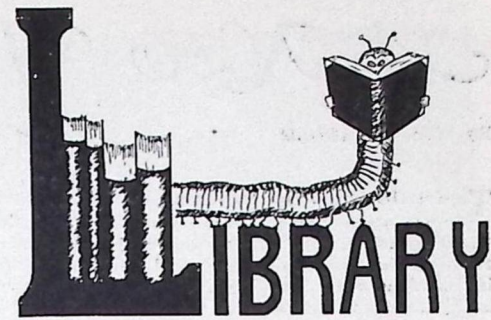
Tiff—The patients say you pour cold water down their necks to wake them in the mornings . . .

Redand Art—Why is it, boys, that it took you a 72 to bring home a moth-eaten Christmas tree? We notice that you have done a good job of camouflage with the streamers.

Louis—The lucky guy . . . Snowbound in Montreal.

Edgeley—Bring all your troubles to Edgeley. P.S. Don't forget the M25.

JOAN MORLEY



To the casual observer, the life of a librarian, as he sits at his desk in lordly isolation, staring at row upon row of shelves filled with books, may seem monotonous and commonplace. But the casual observer does not know, as the librarian does, that those same books "in all their variety offer the means whereby civilization may be carried triumphantly forward". The librarian is aware that between the covers of red, green, and black, waiting to be discovered, lie the wisdom of the philosopher, the song of the poet, the knowledge of the scientist, and the skill of the craftsman. He knows that in the midst of the welter of confusion of facts, figures, fancies, schemes, enmities, cruelties, and ambitions, the great books that are part of our heritage still hold before us the values of truth, honour, courage, loyalty, love, and devotion.

The librarian, too, is in an excellent position to develop his knowledge of human nature and he is confronted by the needs of the borrowers who dare to breach the fortifications of his inner sanctum. He knows the desperation that drives the WOG faced with the tedium and monotony of a "graveyard shift", to find release from boredom in following the adventures of one of fiction's most famous modern sleuths, Agatha Christie's "Detective Hercule Poirot". He admires the W.D. who believes passionately in women's rights and finds justification for her feminism in Vera Brittain's fine novel, "Honourable Estate". He sympathizes with the harassed discussion group leader who seeks surcease from the pain of contradiction in the amusing pages of "Benchley Beside Himself". He looks with awe upon the mechanic who follows with furrowed brow the intricate mysteries of Adams' "Elements of Diesel Engineering". He is filled with renewed faith in the ability of the human race to replenish itself when he sees the procession of lusty young Canadian manhood calling for M.D. Hirsch's scientific approach to amatory maturity called "The Power to Love."

Come up and see us some time and take a look at some of the new books like the following: "The Sun is My Undoing" by Marguerite Steen—a novel of high adventure and romantic love in the days of the sailing ships. "The Time for Decision" by Sumner Wells—the clearest, most conscientious, most humanitarian account yet written about past errors and future hopes in world affairs—by the former Under-Secretary of State in the Roosevelt Cabinet. "Crazy Like a Fox" by S. J. Perelman—biting wit and mad humour by the "literary godfather" of the Marx Brothers.

ITEM IN MICHIGAN NEWSPAPER

Miss . . . reported to the police the loss of a \$20.00 bill today. She said the money was concealed in her stocking and the loss was discovered soon after the departure of a vacuum cleaner salesman who had been demonstrating his line.

Sign in window of a shop displaying brassieres: "What God has forgotten, We stuff with cotton."

A New Year's Story —

or THE WHITE RAT

By WES McCALLUM

THE HOUR was that witching hour at approximately 4 on the day before Christmas. The house was situated in an almost fashionable suburb of a large city. The living room of the house had the appearance of being comfortably furnished although the details of the room could not be distinguished because its only illumination came from the logs burning in the fireplace. The fire made the room cosy and it was that hour of the day between the busy afternoon and dinner when time seems to stand still. The room had an air of expectancy but it was a somnolent expectancy.

Gradually appearing in the stronger rays of the firelight, a figure approached the hearth-rug and stood, despondent, gazing at the flames. Such an event would not ordinarily excite one's attention except that this was a beautiful, blonde girl in the nude, her only article of clothing being a wisp of handkerchief which hung limply from her hand. Large tears seeped from her lovely eyes, careened down her cheeks and, striking the rosy points of her breasts, shattered into myriads of sparkling diamonds in the firelight.

Anyone becoming accustomed to the gloom would have noticed, if he could have taken his eyes from the blonde figure, some blue smoke rising from the depths of a comfortable chair at the fireside. On looking more closely in that direction he would have discovered a white rat contentedly puffing on a large cigar, and contemplating the girl with every evidence of satisfaction. It seems that the white rat was a connoisseur, for the girl's figure was something to behold. When his eyes finally reached her face, he noticed that she was crying and he roused himself sufficiently to say, "What seems to be the trouble?"

The girl started, and, looking vaguely about the room, tried to locate the source of the remark, finally seeing the white rat in the chair.

"Gosh, you startled me," she said. "What are you doing here? And how'd you come to be smoking that outrageous cigar?"

"I didn't come to smoke this cigar specially, but I always smoke a cigar on the night before Christmas. I just noticed how cosy it was here and I slipped in."

"People make me sick," said the girl. "They're always doing something or other on the day before Christmas."

"You sound a little put out," said the rat. "What is your trouble? Why are you crying?"

"I've lost my mink coat," the girl replied. "And what's a girl without a mink coat?"

"Judging by what I see, and I can see plenty, you should be able to get another mink coat very easily."

"It's easier said than done," said the girl. "I worked six months on Mr. Gilderhof."

"Gilderhof?" said the rat. "Who is he?"

"Oh," the girl replied, "I might as well tell you about it. My name is Divine Allure and I had become very friendly with Mr. Gilderhof who owns this house and he was very kind to me. Most people knew of our friendship but his wife finally heard of it and came here and took everything that Mr. Gilderhof had given me—which leaves me pretty well as you see me and minus the mink coat. If she had only left me the mink coat I could have become friendly with some other gentleman but now the situation is pretty hopeless and that is why I'm crying."

The white rat continued his newly acquired preoccupation of peering at the girl but his eyes became speculative. Said he, "Maybe I can do something for you. If you'd like to wait here for a few minutes I'll be back." With that he placed the large cigar in his mouth and, scrambling down from the chair, disappeared in the gloom.

Divine Allure watched him until he was out of sight, then sank slowly to the hearth-rug, and sat there with her eyes fixed on the fire.

Approximately 15 minutes later the white rat came into the room carrying under his

arm a large cardboard box which he placed on the hearth-rug in front of Divine. He stood back and puffed quietly on his cigar, saying, "Take a look in that." Divine eyed the box suspiciously, opened it, and on folding back the tissue paper she found a beautiful mink coat lying in opulent folds. The sheen of the fur was enhanced by the soft glow of the fire. Divine dabbed quickly at her eyes and, taking the fur coat held it to her breast, and snuggled her nose in the soft fur.

"What are you anyway," she said, turning to the white rat. "And what is your name?"

"Oh," replied the rat, "I'm Jewish. Just call me Ginsberg. Try the coat on for size."

Divine, still clasping the coat to her, arose and slipped into it. By some miracle it fitted her exactly and was of the latest style. Divine pulled the coat snugly about her shapely figure and pirouetted, model-fashion, for Mr. Ginsberg.

"It's beautiful," she said, looking at herself in the large mirror above the mantelpiece. "How do I go about getting it?"

"Ach! Christmas time," he said. "It's yours."

"I could kiss you for that."

"Save it," said Mr. Ginsberg. "You're not my type."

A puzzled look came over Divine's face and she enquired, "By the way, where did you get it?"

"Oh," said Mr. Ginsberg, "I get around quite a lot and I happened to run into a bunch of minks. As a secondary hobby these lads have been making this mink coat up for some time. They took quite an interest in it, which involved changing the style periodically, and it was really funny to watch them when little minks were born whose skin matched the others. These poor lads and lassies invariably met rather mysterious deaths at odd moments and their skins were duly incorporated into the coat. However, I knew that recently they had tired of this business and had taken to fretwork, so they were glad to get rid of the coat."

Divine continued to admire herself in the mirror but again her face took on a worried expression and Mr. Ginsberg noticed it.

"What's troubling you now, Toots," said he. "It's just occurred to me," said Divine, "that, what with the snow and all, I'll need something beside a fur coat."

Mr. Ginsberg thought for a moment and then, with the air of I've gone this far, I may as well go the rest of the way; he said, "If

you stick around for a few minutes more, I'll be back."

Divine said, "Gladly," and once again Mr. Ginsberg trotted off, relighting his cigar which in the meantime had gone out.

Divine twirled once or twice in front of the mirror and then sank to the hearth rug in a pool of shapely limbs and mink fur. She lay there contemplating the ceiling, a faraway look in her eyes.

Eventually Mr. Ginsberg returned with a great pile of boxes of odd shapes and sizes in his arms. Divine rose to her elbow and he placed the packages in front of her.

"See what Daddy brung," said Mr. Ginsberg.

Divine, suspecting the contents, happily inspected each box and found that Mr. Ginsberg had brought her a complete outfit.

"These are simply lovely, Mr. Ginsberg, but where did you get these?"

"Oh," said Ginsberg, "I got relatives in the business. I get around. And sometimes I get things on my relatives which, in turn, leads them to do some favours for me. That's all there is to it."

Divine meanwhile had begun putting on the stockings and underwear and finally stood before Mr. Ginsberg smartly outfitted including the coat and hat, which also had a touch of mink on it. Ginsberg eyed her speculatively and murmured, "You'll do."

Divine engaged herself in contemplating her newly-acquired outfit in the mirror and Mr. Ginsberg said, "Just to complete the story, it's quarter to five now. At five o'clock go out the front door and down the path and turn right and continue walking. If you should encounter anyone, I'll leave it up to you to carry on."

And with that, Mr. Ginsberg once again ran from the room, having thrown his cigar into the fire.

Darby Hobson found himself walking along a street in what appeared to be a suburban district on this afternoon of the 24th of December and although he was not quite sure of the time it seemed to be quite late in the afternoon. The snow was falling gently and he wished he had worn his

overshoes. Darby couldn't remember very much about himself, except that he appeared to be a lieutenant in the Air Corps. He could see that from the wings on his tunic. Although he couldn't remember having learned to fly it seemed to him that he had that knowledge and that he was on leave and that his leave was up in two weeks. As he walked along the street thinking of these things he noticed in the lamplight a very lovely girl approaching and he felt that peculiar sensation in the pit of his stomach which one usually associates with the word "love." Actually, unknown to Darby, our old friend Mr. Ginsberg was scurrying about on his tummy. As the girl approached, he noticed that she was smiling at him in a most friendly fashion and nothing loath, Darby hesitated momentarily and said, "Good evening," and proffered a soft salute. Divine mumbled suitably in reply and stood staring at him expectantly, her eyes showing her obvious admiration for Darby's handsome figure. Thinking of nothing better to say, Darby said, "I was looking for a good place to have dinner. Could you direct me?"

Divine was a little nonplussed, as a suburban community is a most unlikely place to find either a good hotel or restaurant. She mentioned this and Darby finally suggested that they dine together at a place of her suggestion. They eventually found themselves

(Continued on next page)



ANNOUNCEMENT

Don't miss the Prize-Winning Short Story in the February issue of the Victory. Watch for it. We guarantee it to be well worth reading.

**A NEW YEAR'S STORY—
or THE WHITE RAT**

(Continued from page 10)

seated at a good table in the dining room of the Hotel Ritz. After their second cocktail conversation was flowing freely between them and it was obvious to anyone watching them that they were really getting along together. By the time the coffee and liqueurs were served, Darby and Divine had agreed that there was only one thing to do and that was to spend the rest of their lives together appreciating each other. On reaching in his pocket for his cigarette case Darby discovered that there was an envelope there that he knew nothing about. On opening it and reading its contents he passed the note to Divine. There she read, "Be at Little Valley Church at 8 o'clock."

"What do you make of that?" said Darby to Divine.

Before replying Divine thought over the unusual events that had happened to her during the afternoon. Playing a hunch, she said, "Let's go."

Glancing at the clock, Divine noticed that there was just sufficient time to catch a taxi and be at the church by 8 o'clock. They left the hotel and caught a cab, giving the driver the address.

Upon reaching the church, Divine saw that the doors were open and the interior lighted. Soft music could be faintly heard from the sidewalk. On entering the church a gentleman in evening clothes greeted Divine and Darby and asked Divine to step into a small room on the right. Darby was politely escorted in the opposite direction, a blank look of amazement showing in his face. Divine whispered, "It'll be all right," and left him.

When Divine reached the small room she was handed a corsage and a room was indicated where she might powder her nose. Then, when the strains of the Wedding March were heard, she accepted the arm of her new escort and walked down the aisle of the church toward the altar. Divine felt exorbitantly happy when she knew definitely what was to happen and she noted with satisfaction that the church was well filled with people and beautifully decorated with seasonal flowers. The illumination was provided by many candelabra which gave forth their soft light which mingled with the organ music to give an ideal setting for the approaching marriage. Standing before the altar inclined slightly her way stood Darby smiling a welcome to her. As she approached the altar Darby took her hand and the wedding ceremony began.

Mr. Ginsberg, who had been perched on the reading desk, was watching the scene with a great deal of satisfaction. As the minister intoned the first part of the wedding service Mr. Ginsberg's gaze was fixed on him. The minister finally turned to the bride and said, "Do you take this man to be your lawful, wedded husband?"

Divine, gazing rapturously at the minister said, "I will."

The minister, being human, was to no small degree disturbed by Divine's gaze and it was a moment before he could withdraw his eyes from hers and turn to the bridegroom. Divine continued to watch the minister and saw the look on his face change from interested benevolence to horrified amazement. She followed the direction of his eyes and saw at her side, not a handsome bridegroom, but a small donkey quietly nibbling at the flowers along the altar rail. Mr. Ginsberg on his perch saw this happen and, with a sigh, he said,

"Ah me, I did my best, but I am not the first to have tried to make a man out of an ass and fail."

Advertisement — Wanted: A medium-sized hand operated wench.



A Sunday evening in the Airmen's lounge where all ranks gather to enjoy the recordings on Cpl. "Bob" Morrison's Music Appreciation Hour.

WAGS CORNER

Since last month a few pleasant changes have been made around our WAG Room. The fellows very generously pitched in and made it into a section well to be proud of. Two rooms have been added, one for office work, the other for gun stripping. With all these training facilities so close at hand it enables us to save much time which is so important to us WAGS.

On December 12th, a party at the Sergeant's Mess was given in honour of our "Super WAGS", whose commissions finally came through. Horizontal refreshments were served and music from "The Lower Dobbyville Ensemble" was presented. Songs of old were sung while T. S. Taylor, McMurtry, R. Aldous and Vic Johnson, dressed and decorated especially for the occasion, danced a minuet. Tommy Thompson accompanied "Pop" Bovill who, while playing his saxophone, presented the obligato of the second part of the "Canso Movement" cleverly composed and arranged by WO1 Bristow. The climax of the evening was the rendition of a violin concerto by Winco McFadyen. I'm sure we all had a swell time and wish our new P/O's Aldous, Cable, Gastaldin, and Jamieson the very best in their new surroundings.

In closing I believe this is an appropriate time to say "Adios" to T. S. Taylor and T. A. Cousins who have recently been posted to Pat Bay. We all know that they will do as well there as they did here.

Ballet Who?

We understand that Col. de Basil of the Ballet Russe has sent an urgent call to Flight Sergeant McMurtry to join his company. With the present shortage of topflight ballet dancers it is understandable that Col. de Basil has made a wise choice in this case. McMurtry has a background of many successful performances to his credit and it is our opinion that he will be a valuable asset to the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo. Those select few who were fortunate enough to see his rendition of "L'Après Midi d'un Faun" will realize that it was second only to the great Nijinsky. It is said that he will attempt "Le Spectre de la Rose" as soon as he is able to find a window without any glass in it.

An unavoidable slip in a puddle of beer once resulted in an undignified pratfall but we realize that this was an accident and casts no shadow on premier danseur McMurtry's technique. We are just wondering how the colonel is going to show his new acquisition's name on his programmes. "Bathless Groggins" McMurtry hardly upholds the dignity of a ballet programme but maybe its Russian equivalent will.

Gypsy Rose Lee has sent congratulations. It's only natural that she should, now that McMurtry is entering a higher sphere and leaving Gypsy's field to her.

When money talks, she doesn't miss a word.

MEET THE SQUADRON ARMAMENT BOYS

First we have Pop, enough said, we all know him. Then we have Sgt. Sanderson, a good scout and well-liked by all the boys—poor B----r has already spent 22 months in the Bush. Next Cpl. Yates, the clergyman's son—you wouldn't think it. Reminds me a lot of Gildersleeve when he laughs. Then there is Cpl. White, a B.C. product who likes the weather up here and is looking for his discharge. Can't blame him, especially up here. Now for the boys who keep the section running smoothly. First we have LAC Tait and LAC Andrews, they have both been with the squadron for a year or more. Tait, I believe, is posted and we wish him all the best at his new place and hope he plugs away the same as here which was always 100%. Andrews, like a good scout, wishes to stay with

the squadron; should have been a "Y" supervisor as he is fond of entertaining, and boy can he blow a sax! Williamson has been with us nearly six months and while on leave recently, got married. We wish him lots of luck and other things. Hopkins, Bennett, Ilsley, Fletcher, McDonald, Wilson and Greig have been with us just a short time so am unable to say very much, but they are all a good bunch and an assistance to the squadron. Come rain, hail, fog, snow, or SUNSHINE (?) we just love that old saying:

BOMB THEM UP—TAKE THEM OFF and live for the day when it will be just **BOMB THEM UP.**

Before closing we wish Sgt. Watson (Scrounger de-luxe) and Cpl. English the best of luck on Civic Street.



CORRESPONDENCE

Vancouver, B.C.,
9 December, 1944.

Dear Mr. Editor:

Being one of the first to be repatriated from Alliford and still an avid reader of Victory, I thought I'd better let you know how I'm making out on so-called "Civie Street".

Once in civies, it didn't take me long to get rid of my rehabilitation grant. I spent some on women and some on liquor, but the rest, I'm ashamed to say, I spent foolishly. Finding myself without the old lucre was nothing new to me after the years I spent in the Air Force, but being broke and a civilian as well was indeed a novelty. So novel, in fact, that I was forced to seek refuge in a job that I had fallen into accidentally while in the Selective Service Centre. You see I had gone into this place in good faith, paying little attention to the first word of the name, to partake of a spot of ping-pong, W.D., CWAC, or what have you, and imagine my surprise when I emerged with a job, the awful realization that my country was at war and that I must go to work. It seemed all for the best now, though, seeing that I needed money to carry on my night life and perhaps buy a bond or two. The slip they had given me said to report at 8 o'clock on Monday morning, so I thought I was doing pretty good when I got there around 1030 hours—figured there wouldn't be much doing the first day on a new station—but some joker, who must be the company discip, starts laying into me for being late and asking where is my sense of patriotic duty, etc.

"Look, Zombie," I says politely, "don't start throwing your weight around, and take me in to see the Adj or someone." I didn't want this guy to get the idea that I was green in this civie business. That quietened him down all right, too, although his eyes did come out and sit on his cheek bones for a few seconds like a couple of walnuts.

"I guess you mean the general manager," he says and leads off down a long row of cases (Filing, Mark IV star). I think this G.M. is a sort of O.C. or something, even if his desk was all cluttered up with papers and stuff like a junior LAC's in the Accounts Section, because right away he gives me a severe rep and what I gathered was about the equivalent to 7 days C.B.

"I refuse your punishment," I said trying to convey the idea that I knew the score. But apparently the procedure is a little different in this sphere of life, for instead of quoting a section of the Book he blows up like a damp flame float, turns a turkey red, shakes like an instrument panel during a wheel landing, and waves me out of his office in the company of this same discip type.

Well, in spite of all this, I'm taken on strength and joed to help with sorting the mail and running various and sundry errands for everyone and his dog it seems. But I figure everyone has to start in as AC2 and with a few months service I ought to have a little weight of my own to throw around and will then sit back a little. In the meantime they keep me hopping, and before I realize it, it's after 11 o'clock and I start thinking about knocking off for lunch. But when I make enquiries about who's going to eat, I find out they're all browning like



NURSING SISTER OLUND

Nursing Sister Mabel Olund first blessed our little world with her magnetic personality in Vancouver where she also grew up into the charming person she is today. She took most of her schooling in Matsqui, almost a part of Vancouver, and early decided to make the healing of the sick, lame and lazy her life work. To this end she attended the University of B.C. specializing in Public Health and later commenced training in nursing at the Vancouver General Hospital. Even after graduating she continued to hold hands with the patients, under the pretext of taking their pulse, in that institution until she decided to better the medical branch of the air force by enlisting in February of 1943.

Following her enlistment she was posted to No. 3 R.D. and subsequently to almost every bush station on the coast, including Ucluelet, Tofino, Coal Harbour and, finally, to this haven of the Gods, Alliford Bay.

As a just reward for her able services Mabel has now been posted back from whence she came, Jericho Beach, and although we are genuinely sorry to see her go, we can do no more than wish her fond farewell, knowing she will continue in her pleasant, efficient manner no matter where she may be.

mad for some unknown reason and won't leave until 12. Well, I don't mind this so much since I was a little late in starting, but when I learn that I am supposed to be back again at one, and no break period in the afternoon, I get cheesed off proper and file a redress of grievances to Mac King, giving him the whole story. I figure when he finds out how these civie firms are undermining the morale of the ex airmen and soldiers he'll have something to base his next election speech on.

So, Mr. Editor, I managed to get through my first day as a civie employee, but I'm beginning to wonder when the Air Force is going to regret letting me out and want me back. If you hear anything along these lines please let me know, and I'll keep you genned up on this new job business. Solong for now.

Boyem I. Bushed, Esq.
Civilian, "C" Group.

EQUIPMENT SECTION

Hello, Folks! Well, Well, we have again been asked to submit a small portion of news about our dear old section. We call it our dear old section, but what others call it we leave to you. The people who are in our Stock Control Group and take care of T.C. are: LAW Campbell, LAW Robertson, and last but not least, Sgt. Edwards. LAW Campbell also carries on the checking of major equipment—when you see a blonde girl dashing across the tarmac in overalls, "peoples," that's her. As for LAW Robertson, you can always distinguish her by the amount of ink on her hands—she doesn't need a stamp pad. I wonder who the two sergeants are that we see around so often? We think one works in Signals or Ops and the other may be an Engineer. Also we hear that Sgt. Edwards is the president of the A.B.A. Club. Come there, Serge, what's it all about? Our Publications Section is very capably run by Cpl. "Connie" Conrad. Pubs is the place you can obtain anything from a thumb tack to a CAP 90. However, there are times when old boots get in there by mistake. Say, fellows, maybe that is where some of your boots ended up when you put them in for repairs. In the Technical Stores there is our own LAW "Johnnie" Johnston who is, as usual, taking stock again. This is to determine whether the duty storekeeper issued 201 screws, wood (strictly Air Force of course) instead of 200 which were demanded on an E42. However, she does this job cheerfully, even works at nights. (Hmmm! on stock sheets, Johnnie?) While Johnnie is taking said stock, Sgt. Jackson is usually filling demands or putting away stock. He issues everything from nails to half a wing. When not busy with the above, which is quite often, he observes the lassies walking about in their warpaint, as he calls it, and with a very critical eye, too. Then there is the Issue & Receipt Section, more generally known as I & R, where all the equipment comes in, and some goes out. This is run under the capable supervision of Cpl. Bergeron and LAC "Mitch" Michatel. Mitch, by the way, is wondering why he has to paint all of the I & R as well as the hallway; he says he's going to remuster to painter and go to Works & Bricks.

(Let's start a new paragraph, I almost forgot.) LAC Reyecraft, that—gas man, takes care of the issuing of all gasoline, oils, etc., and is always ready to give out to the M.T. Section or the Marine boys whatever they require at any hour. But what Len likes best of all is when a tanker comes in at 0300 hours during a typical Alliford downfall, and he is routed out of his bunk. Down in the Barrack Warden's bungalow you will find LAC Jack Livingstone, from whom every newcomer must obtain his blankets, sheets and pillow cases, and where you also can obtain cutlery, disinfectants, soaps, and such things. (Hey! Jack, how about some more cutlery for the Airmen's Mess?) Cpl. Geo. Pettypiece is on leave at present so we shant bother about him. Our wee steno is LAW Gilbert, generally known as Donna, who types our letters and makes up lists for ensign detail, and who is also the Duty Storekeeper. That is the one who stays in stores until 10 p.m. and on the day off is there all day just in case Maintenance should want a few rags. By the way, Donna, who is the F/S with the plaster mitt, and how did he get it?

Last but by no means least, is Clothing Stores, or in other words, "Kelly's Bargain Basement." That's the place where you hear such weird complaints as "I lost my F.S. cap in the drink" or "I've broken my suspenders." and the usual reply by Cpl. Kelly or LAC Young, "Haven't any in the place," or a sign on the door will read "Stocktaking."

Finally we come to our old friends Eddie and Mac, who on formal occasions are known as F/L Burns, Senior Equipment Officer, and F/S MacKinnon, NCO i/c. And now, folks, that's all for this issue.

WHICH WAY CANADA?

After victory is won, what will happen in Canada? How will the problems of unemployment, agriculture, industry, finance and international relations be solved? Canadians want peace and security, peace both in the sense of absence of war and in the sense of good relations with their fellows. They want security from foreign attack and security in their employment and the daily pursuit of their lives. The price of peace and security is an enlightened Canadian people united in their determination to achieve them.

The wartime economic and social developments which are now in process are determining the general course of the stream of social history for the next generation, our established tradition of institutions is determining how we react to the process of change; and what we have freely to decide is the manner in which we shall use and modify our established institutions to make the stream in its new course serve our people and their needs. We cannot reverse the trends which war has already brought. We must equally accept the determination of our people to share more equably the material goods our productive system is capable of producing, their desire for stability, security in employment, their anger and dismay at the thought that after the war restrictions of output and under-employment should be our continuing lot.

The national interest can only be served by an economy that united the interests of producers and consumers and the interests of labour and capital. This implies a certain amount of social control. Canadians, who must ultimately decide, should be sure that control of one sort or another is inevitable. The important thing is to decide what method is wisest, the most free from complication and contradiction; what would bring the greatest harmony of interest, most honestly establish a common sharing of welfare, a true national community. No one can escape the responsibility of making a decision on these problems. A negative attitude, "I don't know enough about it, let someone else worry," is a positive answer, a decision in favour of going on as we did in the thirties; it is a definite, positive vote in favour of the unregulated trust, the unconfined swings of the business cycle, depression, unemployment, waste and want, division of interest, regional strife, a divided and unhappy nation.

No man can say positively what method of control is best, but one can say positively that a refusal to try to think out the issues involved and to make a decision is the act of an unworthy citizen. The choice before each of us is either to turn our backs upon this responsibility and permit the situation to drift towards a possible disaster or to be true to our trust and fulfill our responsibility as citizens of a democracy. May the People of Canada rise to the great challenge which will face our country when victory comes. The opportunity is ours if we will but seize it.

C. I. FAIRHOLM, F/O

Extracts From the Dental Clinic

There have been many changes in the staff of the dental clinic during the past six weeks. One of the more useful functions of the "Victory" is that it enables us to say "Farewell" to our friends and "Welcome, we're glad to see you!" to their successors.

Lieut. Charlie Craig has returned to Vancouver where he has many interests—not all dental, we hear! Good luck, Charlie, we shall miss your sunny smile and charming chair-side manner!

Our new dental officer, the genial Lieut. Beamish, appears to be more than competent to deal with any toothy problem that may arise. Many years of University and dental college and a thorough tour of ops in the

THE STATION ORCHESTRA



Back Row: Abe Gold, Chuck Kowalski, Bill Stockdale, Tom Morrison.
Front Row: Wes Lamb, Ron Wragg, Van Andrews, Ray Gauthier, Tommy Thompsen, Beth Pond, Bill Whitby.

Not included in this photograph are: Cpl. Connie Conrad, and LAC Templeton.

The credit for organizing the current band goes to our alto sax player, Van Andrews, who was given the whole-hearted support of the Commanding Officer.

Early in September a few musicians and former musicians assembled in the Rec. Hall for the first rehearsal of the Alliford Bay Station Orchestra. Their initial public appearance was on the occasion of the "Welcome to Alliford Bay" dance for the W.D.'s. Since that night many of the originals have left the bush for civilization and some new blood has been added. We were sorry to lose pianist George Chohey, trumpeter Chuck Graham and Jack Calder and his violin, but on the arrival of our vocalist Beth Pond, pianist Connie Conrad and tenor sax soloist Ray Gauthier the band was once again at full strength.

Postings will probably disrupt the orchestra in the future but we hope this organization or its successor will be entertaining you all as long as you remain in the wilds of Alliford Bay.

numerous clinics down South together with a tremendous enthusiasm guarantees for this Station the most up-to-date and skilful dental attention possible.

Do not be surprised if he emits howls of anguish at the sight of an imperfect filling found in your mouth. A bit of a perfectionist, Dr. Beamish, a faulty inlay or a needless extraction are to him as an abomination before the Lord. . . He may require you to sit for long hours on his hard chair but while the drill buzzes and the chisel chips he will entertain you with humorous dissertations on any subject from Greek mythology to modern plastics or again, should you prefer it, he will maintain a discreet and sympathetic silence.

The posting South of that blonde "heart throb", Sgt. Ross Babcock, has been quite a blow to several W.D.s in an adjoining section. It is difficult to say whether his greater attraction lay in that aloof, big brother manner or in the gallant way in which he escorted these young ladies to late shift. Of course his charm paid dividends, as charm should always do with a bubbling pot of coffee and a sandwich at the end of the road.

Sgt. Babcock's responsibilities have been well taken care of by Cpl. Angus Mesween who is usually to be found at the D.O.'s side anticipating his every need and cheering the patient over the difficult spots by his quiet and unassuming presence.

Another new arrival is Cpl. Johnson who took a dim view of an uneasy trip up here which sadly dislodged his Christmas turkey. Much credit is due him, as dental technician,

for the well-finished and efficient dentures and bridge work issued by this clinic.

The dental clinic bowling team, "Moitle's Marvels", holds the distinction of having the highest handicap, the lowest score and the most fun of all teams on the station. With a new captain the team must necessarily require a new name as "Moitle" is no longer with us and if this captain continues to have such phenomenal "beginners' luck" it may also lose two of its pre-Christmas distinctions.

SWELL TIME

... LEE CONROY

A dull ringing shattered the death-like silence of room 402, cut through the heavy, oppressive air and finally clanged painfully in Hal's tormented brain. Hal scattered the bed-clothes fitfully, mechanically; groped blindly for his ancient dressing-gown and shuffled towards the door. Stumbling over a small settee, he cursed adequately, grasped his injured shin and then, because he could no longer retain his balance, lurched heavily toward the door.

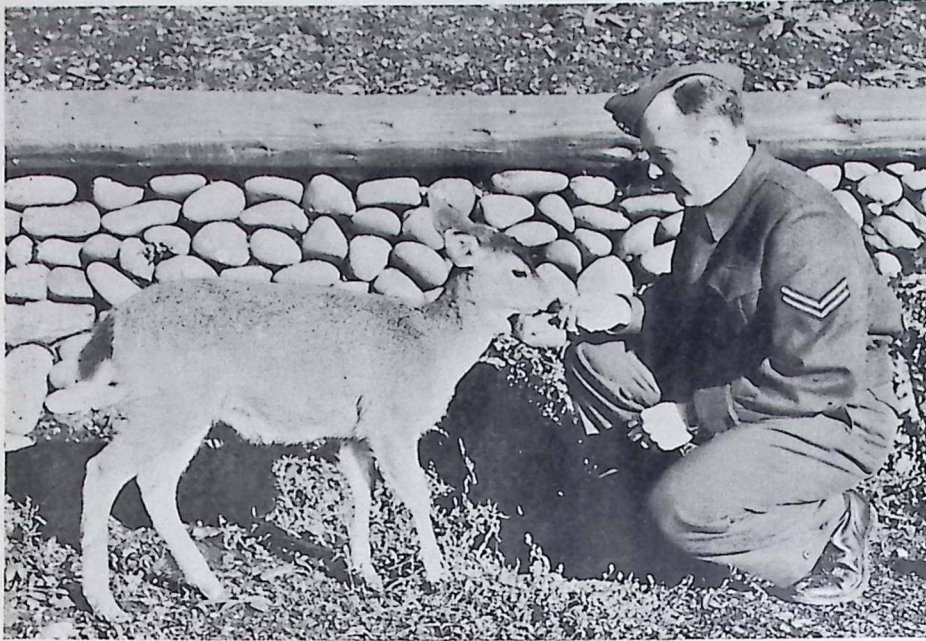
He grasped the handle, still muttering abuses and ribald profanities, but when the door swung back the hall was empty.

"What the hell!" Hal grumbled. "Musta been the telephone." Slamming the door, he grasped the telephone receiver, determined to discover the reason for his rude awakening.

"Hello?" He trilled in a high falsetto. Hal cleared his throat and repeated, "Hello?"

Dimly discernable, Bill's voice, cheerful and

(Continued on next page)



KWUNA II WITH OUR PHOTOGRAPHER CORPORAL ACHESON

SWELL TIME

(Continued from page 13)

wide awake, came to his throbbing ear drums. "Good morning, Halititious" (Bill would be sharp as a needle on this morning of dreadful mornings.)

"Morning, wise guy, what did I do to deserve this phone call?"

"Oh, just curious about your welfare, old chap. How was the coming-out party last night?"

"Last night -----?"

Last night. Hal squirmed and shuddered, then tried to recall the various episodes . . . Dance at the Green Gables . . . dancing to a conglomeration of overplayed tunes between a plastic wurlitzer and a smoke-scarred fireplace . . . dancing with whom? There was Betsy, then Pat, then Eloise. Eloise was a good dancer—when she was sober. And then—oh yes—then Jackie. But Bill was becoming impatient.

"Well, what happened?"

"Guess I had a good time," Hal said. "Must have," he added, shaking his head ruefully.

"You seem to have lost your tongue, this morning," Bill ventured. "See you at the Dev. Okay?"

"Roger—Roger."

"Over and out."

"So-long."

Hal gently replaced the receiver, turned and flopped carelessly upon his bed.

Hal reflected. Sure, he'd had a swell time. After five, going on six months in the ruddy bush, he'd expect to have a swell time. Lying on his back, his eyes half-closed, staring at the bare ceiling above him, he'd dreamed of these hours; dreamed of that moment he'd gaze around his room, his own room with his own phone, his own bath, his own luxurious bed. This was to him, symbolic of absolute freedom. That moment had come and was yet to leave; he had magnanimously over-tipped the bell-boy out of sheer joy and gratitude . . .

Out of Hal's confused impressions, one name kept recurring; one name and one phrase. "Jackie, my darling, my dearest darling . . ." that was it. Yessir, Hal sure had one helluva swell time . . .

Days passed. Hal sat, dejected and down-cast, on the edge of his bunk. From his pursed lips one name kept recurring, first violently, then weakly; one name and phrase . . . "Jackie—the tramp, the dirty tramp."

MARBLE ISLAND

One of our scouts has just returned from Marble Island, that rocky outpost of civilization (?) standing stoutly against the lashing gales and pounding surfs of the capricious Pacific. According to his census there has been a decrease in the canine population; only Cindy and Daisy remain. He was not able to tell us what happened to Tweedie or Mike. Maybe some Marble-ite, on reading this, will drop us a line and clear up the mystery . . . Those turkey dinners every month sound very interesting. They are spaced at just the right interval, too. You know the old saying, "You get sick of turkey if you have it every day." Not much danger, eh, fellows? Doc Knutsen, ("I see, I know the score, I've been around") doesn't like fresh paint. I wonder why. Ivan White (How are the Kee Birds, White?) is said to have done a Robinson Crusoe while waiting for leave. "Ivan, Mine Boy" kept track of the days by putting nicks in a tree. He was glad when the happy day rolled around, we hear . . . How's the cormorant hunting, Smitty and Len? Still doing it in the dark? Bill Tait, erstwhile editor of "Alcatrash," was so anxious to leave the island that he spent a miserable two days feeding the fish. Mal de mer, you know. We hope somebody else has taken over the Editorship. Poor Bill had to spend two days while the sea calmed enough to allow the rest of the passengers to board . . . A fond good-bye to F/O Glover. He was a very popular adjutant and all the fellows will miss him . . . Shorty, among others, is on leave. He'll be able to make with the roller skates again. We hear he's going to bring back a special pair for skating on boulders. This we gotta see. Incidentally, Shorty, have a few Labatt's or Molson's for us; we're sick of this stuff they call beer out here . . . And speaking of beer, we hear that a special delivery beer service for Marble is about to be instituted so the boys won't keep running out of this precious liquid. We aren't sure of the details but we heard something about dropping it by parachute or buying a helicopter to look after deliveries. Only airmen over 21 will be accommodated and you must have your birth certificate and a letter from your minister to the effect that you didn't sign the pledge. It's on the agenda for 1947, so you'll have some time to think it over . . . And speaking of liquid, have the Mangy Mechanics paid up

SANDSPIT SCRAPINGS

The name Sandspit is derived from the nature of the soil found at the shore line, along the roads, in the barracks, among the ash trays, between the book ends and in the food. Why nobody plants a spinach patch is most confusing. I have it from good authority that Sandspit is to become the main proving grounds of the Little Gem Sandy-Andy Company on the cessation of hostilities. But really it's fun to go for a tramp on the sandy wastes—one meets such interesting tramps over there.

The fearless band of adventurers defending this outpost of civilization, lead a chequered life. Like us they all aspire to be posted, and lacking that, days are counted between leaves. Is that right, Lou?

If any of you ever had occasion to disbelieve the advertising material contained in the Charles Atlas' School of body-building, take a trip to Sandspit and watch "Junior" Dean go through his paces. What a man, what a physique!

And if Junior gets tough and sets you on your heel, step over to the station hospital capably supervised by "Doc" Duesbury and have a famous Duesbury rubdown (women and children first). Doc was kept hopping last week as a result of four or five melees, jokingly called football games. "Gooby" Guberman, Bud Gerth and Johnny Long claimed "all star" laurels, but they'll get some competition next week; I can wear boots, too! Gooby is famous for his pacifist efforts—his slogan being "Stop your complaining," or words to that effect. By the way, star forward passer of the Sandspit twelve is Bill Fike.

As many of the W.D.'s know Sandspit held another famous dance. The gals came, saw and conquered the wolves, and when I say conquered—I mean conquered! Hower Howard, Marc Lizzee, and Bill Moore were almost carried away but for a sailor who ably assisted the three musketeers back up the ladder to the dock. Better luck next time boys!

There are some rumors around to the effect that quite a time was had by the boys after the dance was over and the W.D.'s had departed. Of course these rumors are doubtfully untrue so just to help squash them here's what we've heard:

(1) Howie Howard scored a sensational touchdown in the recreational room after taking out two chairs, one lamp and a hefty sofa.

(2) The O.I.C. (no name necessary) had trouble getting to sleep as his bed had suddenly thrown in the sponge and collapsed, his lights went on the hummer and his bed clothes had shrivelled up to one-half their normal size. This, so the rumour goes, disgusted him and he's going to give up control work and remuster to fire-fighting. They say he handles a water pump quite efficiently and effectively.

Malicious gossip, all of it, so if you hear anyone spreading such trash folks, just laugh it off; you know it couldn't happen at Sandspit! (Heh, heh, of course not.)

KEN DUNSMORE

their debt to the Amalgamated Brotherhood of Operators, so they can go on taking showers? That West wind blows from Marble to Alliford you know . . . Short Short Story from Marble Island by Charlie Crandlemire, quote to hell with Marble Island, I'm going back in the bush for a couple of days unquote . . . We hope the gang at Marble, Cindy and Daisy included, had a real rootin' tootin' Christmas party, and here's the best for the New Year.

"More people have slipped on applesauce than ever fell on banana peels." — Bernice Bohem.

Smoke Screen From the H.Q. Armament Section

From the Section at the end of the pavement come the remarks:

"Must be my discharge."
 "What is the password as of 1700 hours, I want to work overtime."
 "Never point a gun at anyone unless you intend to shoot him."
 "Jeep, jeep, who's got the jeep?" (Must be a new game).
 "I'll write and let you know how it feels to be a civic."
 "You're talking about the girl I love."
 "Can I hold your gun, sir?"
 "I am going home to see the chip off the old block."
 "Should I take my posting? I've only been here 21 months."

What we would like to know:

Who ordered the three lengths of heavy chain from the Marine Section? No malice aforethought, we hope.

Why does Joe sing "How dry I am?"

Why is F/O Galbraith making a hunting knife? You don't sectionize crows for display purposes, even at Alliford.

Why did the Flight have the keys to the safe at Christmas?

Who took Keown's violin?

Does Cpl. Paton always bowl with a can of milk?

Is it true that Cpl. Downey said "Good morning, Sarge" to a 100-pound demolition bomb?

Who was the girl who kissed "Shorty" Wilkinson for exactly 45 seconds at the dance on New Year's Eve?

Amour-er, I mean,
 Armourer.

OP . . burp . . ERATOR

Local 60 please . . . (gezundheit). I made a visit to the local nervous centre for this article. It's enough to drive a man to drink. I just sat in and listened in at first. This went on:

"The most thankless job in the Air Force," says he. "Hmmm," says I, and I quote. "Here I sit, my thumbs are sore from pushing buttons, my brain is whirring with numbers and nobody appreciates it."

BZZZ . . . Number please. Oh F/L Whosis would like to speak to Sister Whatsis. One moment please.

Our motto . . . Even if there is a hiccough between numbers we still give twenty-four hours service.

BZZZ . . . Number please. No I HAVEN'T got a crock. Try the Sergeants' Mess.

(Still quoting). This is the only male W.D. job in the service. I even get proposals.

BZZZ . . . Number please? 25 right. What's that? Listen Babe, I'm a married man. Cut it out.

I hear enough dope to give advice to the lovelorn. I could make a fortune in the blackmail business.

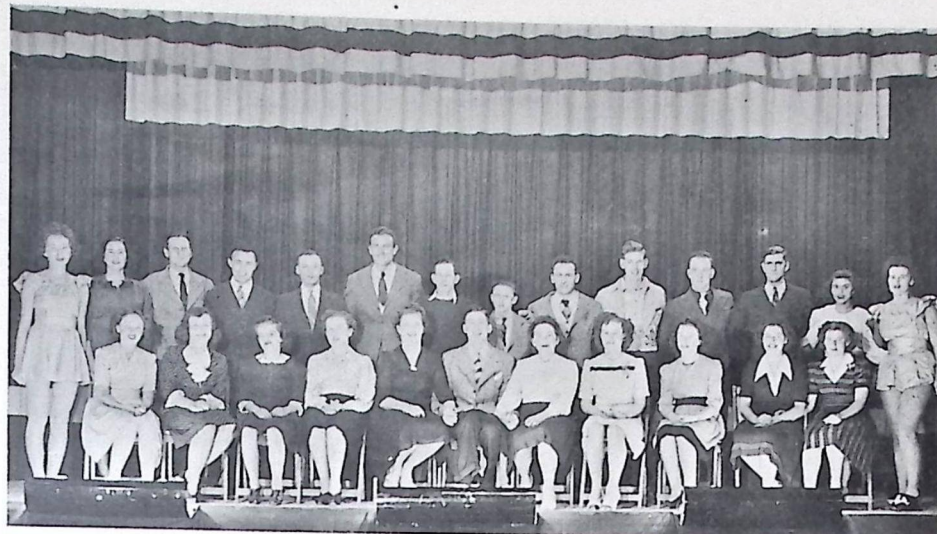
BZZZ . . . Burp . . . erator, your number please? The Airmen's Mess wants to speak to the C.O. You say they are in a stew? Hmmm . . .

BZZZ . . . Hello, Operator. This is the Sergeant Major's Office. Take your hands out of your pockets.

I got a late call from the Officer's Mess. It went something like this. "Shay, opsterator, did you shee my li' pink elephant?"

I had heard enough by then. All I wanted now was a few remarks about the operators and then a hurried exit from that madhouse.

Cpl. Jack Winograsky, whose wife lives at Charlotte City, is in charge, (on charge most of the time). He hails from Montreal. Johnny Parsneau, their one and only woman hater comes from Moose Jaw. (Is it on the map?)



CAST OF CORNZAPOPPIN

He says he thinks so. Don Smithers whose home town is in London, Ontario, is walking around with a wolfish gleam in his eyes. Reports claim that he got himself chained to a female while home on leave. (It's love, love, love). Wonderful? Isn't it? "Curly" Barriage comes from Oshawa, Ontario. He always complains about having to get up for breakfast and working between meals.

The fellows take a dim view of answering "Yes, Sir" and having a woman's voice come back at them. They are still not used to having airwomen on the station.

We express our thanks to the switchboard staff for never keeping us waiting for more than thirty minutes.

As I was leaving I could hear an impatient voice saying "Come on you sleepy !x!?! , how long am I supposed to wait?"

Life is What You Make It

This is an axiom whose roots are deeply buried in the years of antiquity. There is scarcely anyone who has not both heard and used this at one time or another. It may not be rash to presume that many people are unaware of the sound, practical philosophy that is contained in these words.

If each one of us in the Service should apply that philosophy to his or her individual life it would not matter so much where we might be posted, be the place isolated or in the immediate vicinity of a large city. We could make ourselves sufficiently happy and contented no matter where we might be, if we kept that philosophy in mind and made use of it.

So many get themselves down by the idea they have been "cheesed off" or "brownd off." In some instances this may be true but it can scarcely be true in all cases. The individuals themselves often fail to realize that they must do their part in giving their co-operation. If that co-operation is not given, nothing can be done for them. An example will illustrate this. If a man near the point of starvation should have a meal placed before him, the meal in itself is useless to him unless he eats it. That is how he co-operates and unless he co-operates all the food in the world will be of no use to him. Needless to say, such a man is sure to co-operate, at least in all normal cases.

If each one of us would co-operate and honestly try to make the best of everything we might surprise even ourselves. We should be so busily engaged in adjusting ourselves to surroundings that we would not have time for dreaming about the beauty of life in some other place. After all, there may be just as much beauty, possibly more, in our immediate

environment as in the distant place of our unbridled dreams.

We are inclined to think the other fellow is so much better off than we are but let us not forget that the other fellow often thinks we are better situated than he. This is clearly shown in the poem of the ploughman who stopped his team to watch a passenger train pass by his field. The poet gives the reflections of the ploughman on the passengers and vice versa. The ploughman considered the passengers so fortunate to be aboard the train which doubtless was on its way to some enchanted place. But the passengers, weary and sick of travel on a hot, stuffy train, envied the ploughman who could be so close to Mother Earth and enjoy the pure, fresh air. They thought his life was one continual holiday.

So life is what we make it. We can make ourselves happy or unhappy no matter where we are or what we have to do. Of course if our time in the "Bush" be unduly prolonged that is an entirely different matter and is not treated in this passage. But by and large the philosophy of this old axiom, if kept in mind and applied, would be of great assistance to us.

W. J. McGUIGAN, F/L

MUD AND MUCK FROM No. 9 C.M.U.

I am quite sure I haven't any business trying to write an article, but when you're asked for your say, well, we're from that gang who are always ready to give a pal a helping hand.

At this time if you see any of the boys visiting the M.O. you'll know he is just back from that Christmas or New Year's leave to Vancouver. Understand they had a rough ride back. Was it worth it? I am sure it was, but we're not sailors.

I guess the patients in the hospital will be wondering what all the noise is in the new wing. It's Sgt. Webber and the gang back on the job after the holiday.

The Senior N.C.O.'s on Knob Hill will be able to move around again and put their rooms in order since F/S Fraser and his lads have completed the much desired partitions. Better watch your clothes boys, the painters will be moving in any day. "Wet Paint."

If you intend to take your best girl for a walk on that new concrete road be sure it is set first as we don't want any statues in the way. Just give Don or Ken a break and they'll finish that job in a hurry.

The new ramp at the Officers' Quarters isn't a short cut to heaven. I think the lads have another name they use.

"That's all." See you around sometime.

REC HALL RAMBLINGS

BILL STOCKDALE

The old Rec Hall sure has been put to good use these last few months. Your reporter is a pleased P.T.I. To my knowledge, not a night has gone by without some form of sports and entertainment going on. That is what we want kids, so keep up the good work.

Now to report on Station Activities. First to explain the Volley Ball situation, so that all that are interested in this game can find out the score. It was decided by the powers that be, that we would postpone the opening of this league until after the new year, at which time we would get under way with a fast and furious schedule. Keep this in mind fellows, and to any new members of the station, the welcome mat is out. Get in the swim, and enjoy yourselves.

BADMINTON

After a slow start, due to lack of the necessary implements, Badminton finally got under way. The duration was very short, but a lot of fun was had by all. Those elusive little birds are really a tough thing to get hold of. We finally managed to get some more in, and it is hoped that these will last a little longer than the last shipment. Anyway, as long as they last, the game will go on. It was with regret that we said goodbye to two of our most loyal players, and rooters. Our Club president Cpl. Ron Wilson and Cpl. Towerzy. These two lads did much to add to the game, and our loss is their new Station's gain. Best of luck to both of them on their new station. The odd night a week that the Hall was free we have noticed the old reliables N/S Bradley-Dyne, F/O Ball, F/O Dyke, Sgts. West, Brown, Chimpko, L.A.C.s Laidlaw, Petrie, Lambert, L.A.W.s Booth, Campbell and Nagle to mention a few of the more avid players. To these few that have their own birds the rest say, good going. I only wish that I could get a line on them, and I might be able to talk them out of them, and give the rest a game or two.

BASKETBALL

This game has just completed its first, and I might add, successful league. This will by no means mean the end of the organized part of the game on the Station. There will be a new league starting up in the New Year, and it is hoped that we will get more clubs than ever to participate. The winners of this league were the Wops. Finishing in second place were the Squadron entry the Cansos. These two clubs met in the finals, in a two-out-of-three series, which the Wops managed to take in straight games. In the first game Gregg with 16 points, and Stockdale with 14 points led their club to victory. Davis (6), and Hetherington (4) were the high point-getters for the Cansos. This contest featured some sensational shooting by both clubs. From this writer's seat, the difference between the clubs can be put down to headier playmaking and possibly condition. Slim Gregg of Wops, was unbeatable under the basket. In the second and final game, Wops, again led by Slim Gregg managed to eke out a close win. Point-getters for the Wop entry were Gregg (12) and Morrison, of piano fame, (10). Clarke of Cansos again topped his club's scorers. This was a more closely contested game, in that it featured a close-checking, fast-breaking style of play. Condition and superior play-making again proved the deciding factor. Our new league will be starting up right after the New Year, so to all that are interested we extend a hearty welcome. Come out and play, it will help to keep your waist line thinner.

FLOOR HOCKEY

This game, as played by the Alliford Bay enthusiasts, needs a person of University Education to elucidate on it. It is a combination of boxing, wrestling, rough and tumble Judo, and anything else that you want to

name. So far, there have been no serious injuries, but if it keeps on the way it is going, yours truly will be glad of his posting. The game really has caught the fancy of the Station. Every one, from the W.D.s down come out in full force to cheer their respective clubs to victory. The Squadron, represented by Snafus, Fools and Maintenance finished in that order. The other club to make the final playoff berth was the lone Headquarters entry, the Gremlins. In the semis, which will be a sudden death affair, Snafus will meet Maintenance and Fools will meet Gremlins. The finals will be a two-out-of-three series and should bring out the best hockey seen on the Station. From where I sit, it should be Snafus on top, with the Maintenance entry a close second. But don't take my word for it, come out and see for yourselves. It will be well worth the effort, and I can guarantee you a real exciting evening. There is no better entertainment on the Station. Now to report on some of the more exciting games. For thrills, chills, and lots of strained tempers, the Snafu Dead-ender contest topped them all. It seems that the G.D.s finally found a way to blow off some steam, and also settle a few grievances. Fights were the order of the day, and goals were plentiful. Standard bearers for the G.D.s were Cpl. Biggs, and L.A.C.s Moar, Fitzimmons, and Coldwell (two fights). For the Snafu club it is hard to tell what and who were the culprits, but I would say that it would be between T. S. Taylor and T. A. Cousins. Oh well, it was swell while it lasted, wasn't it fellows. I enjoyed it anyway. I was on the sidelines. In a sudden death playoff game, to settle the fourth spot berth, Gremlins and Wops met. This game featured close and heavy checking on both sides, and a few displays of temper. Butt ends were handed out galore as my poor old ribs can testify. Little Jimmy Wilkinson of Gremlin fame is a past master at this art. L.A.C. Illsley of the same team is one of the most rugged individuals I have ever seen. If there is a pile up anywhere on the floor, you can count on this lad to be in the thick of it.

Well kids, this about winds up the old Sports Office for another issue. In parting, I would like to thank everyone on the Station for their swell co-operation with yours truly, during his short stay at Alliford. I really have enjoyed every minute of it, and it is with regret that I leave. But you know how it is, I love the South in the Winter. So long gang, see you soon.

FLOOR HOCKEY

A great deal of enthusiasm was shown on the station for the Floor Hockey League. Everyone, including the spectators, got a great deal of pleasure, excitement and humour out of this organized mayhem, as the players called it. The last game of the finals, between Maintenance and the Fools, was played in the first week of January.

As the whistle blew the boys positioned themselves for three hard fifteen-minute periods. Then as the game moved along and came swiftly to a close the boys staggered around supporting themselves on their sticks. The game had ended in a tie. Amid the cheers of the crowd it was decided to play overtime; ten more minutes of scars and bruises. The overtime, too, ended in a tie, seven all. By the look of the players they couldn't take much more so someone mentioned playing until a goal was scored. This met with the approval of everyone. Again the boys went out and did their darndest to outdo each other.

Then it happened. The winning goal found its way into the Maintenance net. With the boys near exhaustion the game was over. Someone heard it mentioned that the teams should go down to the Zoo and watch the turtles race by, but . . .

Admitted by all, the game was the hardest

MOANS and GROANS from THE BOWLING ALLEY

Here we are again folks with news and views from the alley of moans and groans. Due to the absence of Cpl. Tony Antonacci, there is a new face behind the counter over which hard-earned nickels and dimes pass nightly (excepting Sunday). Although there will be no new league formed until after New Year's, bowling enthusiasts have not given up their practice. Through my little glass window I have seen many new faces on the floor. Most of them swung right into form after a few practice games. Top-ranking among the high scores for the week of the eleventh was LAC McConville with a score of 320. Close runner-up for that week was LAC Forgie with a score of 305. Many consistent five pin addicts during that time were Belasco and his gang. Turnouts at the alley went down to a new low during the Xmas celebrations, partly because of leaves, and partly because of beer.

Seen from the crow's nest . . . LAC Chimko showing Ivy just how it should be done. It's all in the stuff you put into it says he. Betty Clayman, the pin boy's dream girl is determined by hook or by crook to master the game. From what I have seen she is doing well. Keep it up Betty, practice makes perfect. . . . Allow me to make it clear to all and sundry that what happened in the bowling alley during Xmas festivities will forever be in my mind a thing of lasting beauty. Especially when a joe takes the place of a ball and is rolled down the alley for a perfect strike.

News for the ladies. Prizes are being awarded through the courtesy of Booby Prizes Inc. for the highest scores of the week. Incidentally some of the lads should hide their faces in shame when some of the scores are compared. Come on fellows, don't let the women beat us out. We would like to see more of S/O Whitby around the premises. Come on and knock them down, we'll set them up. Since prizes have been awarded to the girls, the turnouts have improved considerably. During the week of the eleventh LAW Gracey came through in nice fashion with a high double of 427. Her bowling partner LAW Perry came through with a nice score of 235. Very good for the ladies. This week we have seen some adequately good scores from Sgt. Hamlet—290 and Sgt. Dronyk, a high double of 351. This week in the men's division, a new figure has just recently arrived on the station in the person of Pte. Boivin. He astounded everyone including myself with a high score of 335 to nose out LAC Tadman, who had a score of 305 for top place. McConville, that man of miracles, did the trick again last week after coping high singles the week before. He came through with a high gross of 512.

Bowlers are keeping in good shape, and the competition is getting stiffer. . . Getting fellows to act as pinboys is getting to be quite a problem. Come on fellows, get in there and help keep the alleys going strong. Perhaps we can have pin girls. . . .

I'll sign off now. Until we meet again keep knocking them down, we will set them up. Let's ring in the New Year with some really good scores. To all you bowlers who have been trying hard for high scores, keep at it. Best of luck and we are looking forward to another interesting league when Tony Inc. comes back.

and cleanest of all the games that have been played at Alliford even though there were many cuts and concussions. There is still doubt in many minds as to who is the winning team, so, with new teams starting up, let's get in there and prove the point.

"Thack".

Farewell to 1944 . . Welcome 1945

Farewell to 1944 . . . That bewhiskered old gentleman who arrived on our Planet with high hopes for a brighter future for his earthlings. When the whistles began to blow, the shouting, the stamping of feet, the flares in the sky, and the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" began at midnight he bowed his head in defeat and slowly made his way to the portals of heaven to make his report. He didn't like what it was he had to report but it was his job. He didn't like the idea of having to report that men were still fighting each other . . . That there was still much suffering and bloodshed in the world. He was thinking of the best way to make his report when he met a little fellow who was heading in the direction from which he had come. There was something about the little stranger that he instantly liked. This, he said to himself, is my successor. Little Mr. 1945. New hope and courage flowed through the old man. He liked the way the little fellow carried himself. He gave the impression that he knew his business. The little fellow was travelling quickly. The old man turned to watch him go. He watched until he disappeared into the clouds. A few moments later the sound of a celebration could be faintly heard. The people below were welcoming the little fellow with the Ambassador of Good Will Ribbon wrapped around his body. He was welcomed that way once himself but that was a long time ago. He turned slowly and continued on his way, but this time his back was straighter and there was a gleam in his eye. He had done a good job after all. The free people are still cheering. They still know right from wrong. They are still determined to show warlike people the right way to live and be happy. Of course he had succeeded. That was to be his report. He was happy again.

Meanwhile, little 1945 was surveying his job from among the clouds. He saw on one side of the world destruction and suffering, on the other side, people hurrying about busily building planes, guns and tanks to conquer the people who had wrought destruction. He decided then what his big job was. He was going to help those people who wanted peace. "Peace in his time" became his slogan. He grinned and retired to his office among the clouds. There was work to be done and no time to waste.

And now back to the material world and Alliford Bay. Arrangements had been made to welcome the New Year. The Rec. Hall was nicely decorated. The orchestra on the stage was getting set for a big night and the Wet Canteen had been opened through the courtesy of the Commanding Officer and was already jammed with boys from the Sault St. Marie and Sudbury Regiments. They were getting in the right mood for the celebration.

I arrived at the hall a little early and began to mosey around to see what I could see. The boat from Charlotte City and Skidegate had already arrived with the living out personnel. Among the wives attending the gala event were Mrs. Leishman, Mrs. MacDonald, Mrs. Gold, Mrs. Haroldson, Mrs. Dick, Mrs. Bingham, Mrs. Kelly (her husband is overseas with the navy), Mrs. McDonald, Mrs. Martin, Mrs. Tarlinsky and Miss Ramona Talinsky, Mrs. Audrey Parker, Mrs. Andrews, Mrs. Martin whose first name is Mary though no relation to Mary Martin of movie fame, and many others from across the bay and from Dobbyville. There were others too numerous to mention. In short, the hall was packed. The ladies were wise this time. Instead of donning their evening gowns at home and risking the wear and tear during the boat ride, they packed them in suitcases and used the projection booth as a dressing room.

About ten o'clock Mr. Stevens of the "Y" rushed back to his room for a fresh suit of clothes. He came back with his mouth stuffed with sandwiches. He must have passed by the Mess Hall to sample the food. By this time the crowd had begun to gather in earnest and

at ten-thirty the band gave out with its first rendition and the fun had started.

Heaven only knows where the spirits came from, especially after the Xmas celebration, but there were plenty who had plenty—the lucky stiffs. Many of the lads spent a very sober New Year's however. Up in the balcony observing the crowd with a practiced eye was a Fire Fighter who looked rather lonely. Upon questioning him I found that the reason for his sad look was the fact that when the whistle blew welcoming in the New Year he would be twenty-one years of age. He was a New Year's baby. He would much rather have been down there with the crowd enjoying himself, but he was joed for the night and there was nothing he could do about it. LAC Nunn is his name.

By this time the dance was in full swing. The floor was crowded with stags who were concerned with only one thing. Was it or was it not a tag dance. As far as most of them were concerned every dance was.

The W.D.'s put away their uniforms for the evening and turned out for the celebration in grand style. The male personnel were dressed in their Sunday Best No. 5A Blues. Beth Pond did a fine job as vocalist for the evening. The Station Band was really in the groove. Led by F/O Whitby they really gave out with some solid music. To introduce the lads in the band and give them credit for their fine work we had Connie Conrad on the piano, Cpl. Stockdale, George Geegan and W/C McFadyen took turns at beating the skins. The five saxophonists were F/O Gauthier who also doubles on the clarinet, F/O Whitby, P/O Lamb, Cpl. Wragg and LAC Andrews. On the trumpet was LAC Gold and Sgt. Kowalski. F/S Thompson supplied the guitar accompaniment.

From the word "go" our Sergeant from the Motor Transport Section showed us all that he didn't need a truck to do a fancy spin. Sgt. Macarthur of the Orderly Room was tripping the light fantastic in real style and the Post Office gals got used to the idea of dancing three steps with each partner. LAC Chimko and Ivy Ham were completely oblivious of their surroundings. Isn't it grand? Polly, of the Orderly Room was a very popular girl, but from an observer's view, she had eyes for only one. F/O McCallum was playing Canteen Steward behind the Coffee Bar of the Airmen's Canteen. S/O Gratton-Smith was almost completely monopolized by a certain sergeant whose name I won't mention for security reasons. Noticed Cpl. Remple scanning the floor with a gleam in his eye looking for the one or two girls he did not kiss. I wonder why F/O Allard kept retreating to the gallery every now and then, a friendly kiss on New Year's Eve is O.K., but Dolly Johnstone shouldn't blush so. The Marine Section had a whale of a time. At twelve sharp the battle cry of "Dinghy" could be heard throughout the hall. There was a mad rush to get outside where flares were distributed and shot off. The sky became lit up beautifully. It was a sight to behold.

In the hall a fellow couldn't walk three steps without being soundly smacked. My fingers are still clenched together from wishing and being wished a Happy New Year. I must have tasted every brand of lipstick on the market.

The Dance lasted until two-thirty, and there was no let up all the while. Even Daisy was picked up and soundly kissed by a well known Sergeant. But that wasn't the end of the dance for one couple, who were seen—one fairly tall figure and one much shorter—standing in the centre of the Rec. Hall some time later oblivious of their surroundings. Milk man keep those bottles quiet.

All this good natured fun was witnessed by the little man up in the clouds. He is sure now that if it is at all within his power he will see that peace in his time will become a reality, and that his successor 1946 will reign upon a happy world devoid of strife and hardship.

ALLIFORD BAY HOTEL

1333 Raindrop Ave.,
cor. Torrential Terrace

Best house north of Mexico. First class
in every particular

Rates: One gallon per day.

Crap, Chuck Luck, Stud Poker and Black Jack run by the house. Private entrance for the ladies by the ladder in the rear. Special rates for ministers and gambling "profesh". Every known fluid, water excepted, for sale at the bar. Dogs bought and sold. Insect powder for sale at bar. Not responsible for diamonds, bicycles or other valuables kept under the pillow; they should be deposited in the safe. If you are fond of athletics and like jumping, lift the mattress and see the bed spring.

HOUSE RULES

Towels changed weekly. Dogs not allowed in the bunks. Candles and hot water charged extra. Spike boots must be removed at night. Guests are requested not to speak to the dumb waiter. Anyone troubled with nightmare will find a halter on the bed post. If the room gets too warm, open the window and see the fire escape. Baseball players desiring a little practice will find a pitcher on the stand. Don't worry about paying your bill; the house is supported by its foundations. Guests wishing to do a little driving will find hammer and nails in the closet. Guests wishing to get up without being called can have self-rising flour for supper. If the lights go out take a feather out of your pillow; that's light enough for any room.

THE MET JOE'S LAMENT

The bells are ringing
Remarks flow thick
Many are singing
And many are sick.

For it's Christmas Day
At every Met Station,
Merry Christmas they say
And drink a full ration.

But we never ease up,
Our banner flies high,
Our boss would freeze up
If a syno slipped by.

Although all about us
The drunks stagger round;
We carry on glorious,
Amid all the sound.

From Ops comes the controller
Full of Seagrams "86"
From Sigs come the WOGS
In a hell of a fix.

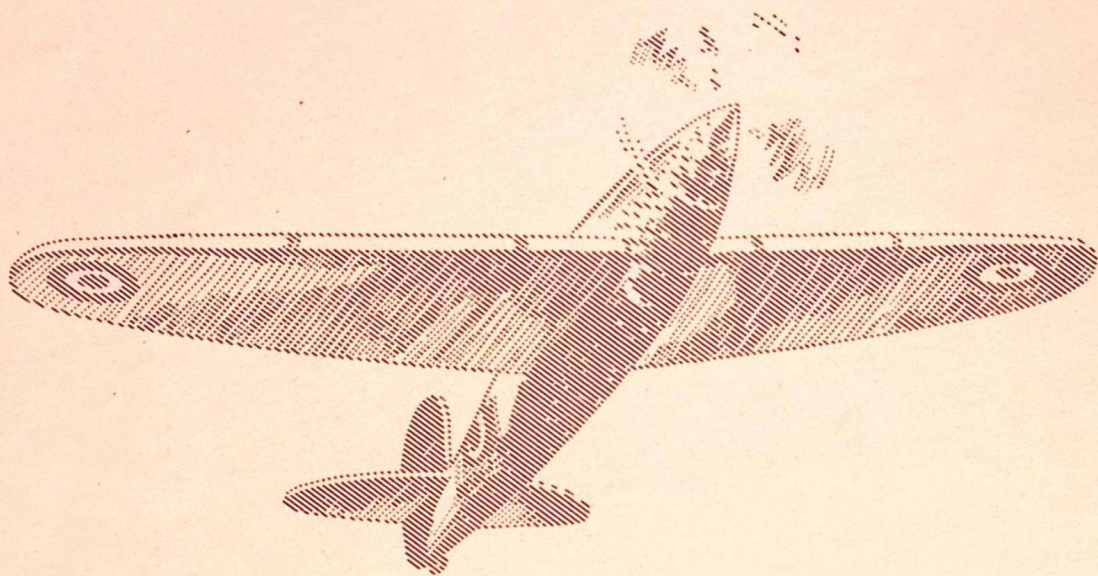
Into our office
They lunge and they lurch.
And sing bawdy verses
Never heard in a church.

And through thick and thin
I plot on and on;
The Map Signals pour in
Til at last comes the dawn.

I spring from my bench
I rush past a Winco
Not giving a damn,
Cause it's my turn to get stinko.
Six hours later
I crawl into my sack,
The Met must go out
And I'll have to get back.

For we know, you and I,
The Airforce will deem
That each Syno we take
Be right on the beam.

So to all you Met Joes
I have one thing to say,
Stick to your job,
You'll be a civic some day.




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