

VICTORY



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THE COVER

Through the efforts of our artists, the "VICTORY" cover was designed as a tribute to the late Kwuna, the deer, and in salutation to Kwuna II, a young fawn found at birth.

The totem, embodied in the design, represents the adjacent environment and typifies the customs followed by the natives on the Island.

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"VICTORY" is published monthly with the aid of funds from the Officers', Sergeants', and Airmen's Canteens.

— Copies may be obtained for 5 cents per copy —



Squadron Leader Benson

THIS MONTH'S "VICTORY" SALUTES SQUADRON LEADER BENSON,
OFFICER COMMANDING No. SEVEN SQUADRON



HERE are many things for which tribute could be paid but foremost are his winning of the Air Force Cross and "Ops" Wing. These awards represent no small expenditure of energy and application and are just recognition of responsibility well-shouldered.

In 1929, Tom Benson's parents, looking for wider vistas, left their native England and came to Canada, settling in Prince Albert, Saskatchewan. There Tom attended grade school, graduated from Davis High School and afterward took a course at Business College. His pitching ability, well-known at Alliford Bay, was developed while playing with the local baseball teams at this time.

In October, 1940, Tom enlisted in the R.C.A.F. and journeyed to Victoriaville, Quebec, to attend the first class at that school. It was tough going there but, fortunately, his stay was only three weeks and he returned to Prince Albert for elementary training on Moths, practically in his own backyard. Then came his Service Flying Training on Cranes at Saskatoon. After his graduation in August, 1941, Tommie converted to Stranraers on posting to O.T.U. at Pat Bay.

Another change came with his posting to Alliford Bay with No. 6 Squadron in November of 1941. While here at that time he was doing precarious patrols in the hazardous Shark. However, his stay was short and he left in December, 1941 for No. 7 Squadron, then at Prince Rupert. It was in May of 1942 Tommie received his F/L, and with the exception of a three-months' Army Co-Op Course at Pat Bay, he remained there until the Squadron was moved to Alliford Bay in April, 1944.

His good work and steady application were rewarded with another promotion to S/L in July, 1944. Further recognition of his qualities of leadership was given when he became Officer Commanding of No. 7 Squadron. S/L Benson has maintained and improved the efficiency of the squadron and shown that this appointment was a wise one.

Tom's hobbies are flying, sports, and being Mayor of Dobbieville, where he and his charming wife have made their home.

Though it is not an easy job to be a capable Officer Commanding and still be popular in your squadron, S/L Benson has accomplished both. He's a grand fellow!



7 B.R. NAVIGATORS

Meanderings in Dobbieville Education

By GRACE STEVENS

With the days getting longer and brighter as old Sol climbs higher above the tree tops, Dobbieville continues to have its face lifted. The hole at the gravel pit grows larger and the road through the village gets better and better. In spite of the roar from the exhaust of No. 9 C.M.U.'s truck the residents on Marine Drive still find it possible to sleep in until almost noon. The wood-choppers have to go farther afield for their wood now as they are getting their yards cleaned up. Frank Roots and Charlie Best have pretty well cleared up the alder along the beach. Hammersley's wood pile has the neighbors looking that way with envious eyes. Good thing they have a watchdog to guard it for them. Don Gain and Jack Westdal were noticed doing a good job on Len Bishop's wood pile. They promised "Bish" that his Jean wouldn't freeze while he was away taking that Controller course at WAC.

Cy Fairholm wears another ring of braid and his "OPS" wing on his uniform. Ella Debby tells us she is having a collar for her coat made from that otter skin you see drying on the side of their cabin. Good hunting, Addison. Also noticed walking our paths and by-ways, with or without a gun, on one of those rare fine days, were the Bill Martins and the Ringers in search of - - - - Spring? We hope it won't be too long now before Marion Davis and others of us can find some wild flowers in the woods.

Johnny Major and Bill and Frank Jaenicke are having fun these days showing off the merits of Dobbieville to the new small fry. We wish they wouldn't wade in our rain barrels though.

We regret the departure of one of our most popular couples, Betty and Jim Martin, after three years with No. 7 B.R. Squadron. Ethel Benson entertained at a charming tea in honour of Betty. Also rumoured leaving us are Estelle and Bill Younge, who may be moving across the Bay.

A welcome to newcomers LAC and Mrs. McCullough and son Fred; Sgt. and Mrs. R. McDonald and son Kenneth; LAC and Mrs. V.C. Trenholm; LAC and Mrs. S.L. Templeton.

CONDOLENCES

May we offer our condolences to F/L and Mrs. C. Fairholm on their late bereavement.

When it comes to Educational Courses for Service Personnel, this station can boast of a good record.

For a station the size of Alliford Bay, there are some 300 registrations for Station Night Classes and Correspondence work. Of this figure, 75 belong to the regular Station Night Classes which include, Typing, Bookkeeping, Shorthand, Welding, Woodwork, Leather Work, Metal Work and Hobbies.

Of the straight correspondence courses, there are some 255 registered in Academic subjects including Junior and Senior Matriculation and University work, while the remainder are taking Bookkeeping, Mechanical Drawing, Soils and Field Crops, Horticulture, Music, Business Arithmetic, Automotive Engineering, Principles of Radio, Poultry Raising and subjects given by the Provincial Correspondence Schools.

This is a very good record and it shows what a great number of the personnel are doing to fit themselves for civilian life. When the day comes for demobilization those who took courses will have something to show for the time they spent in the Forces, besides their regular training.

The courses given on the station are available to all who want to sign up for them, and so are the C. L. E. S. Correspondence courses. It is not too late to start now. It is better to be prepared for the competition in civilian life when you return to it. Why not drop into the Educational Office and get the information that you want on the courses that you are planning to take? There are plenty of courses open to you and all free of charge. Do not wait too long as the war may finish before you have made up your mind, and we, who are willing to help you now will not be able to then. There is an old saying that goes like this, "He who hesitates to take a course now may be lost in the world of to-morrow."

GRATITUDE

Her secret gold, cupped-white,
Scatters skirlfuls of perfume
Through the room,
And I breathe pure delight.
Who knows
How to thank a rose?

WORK IS A PRIVILEGE

So many are inclined to look upon work as a burden and a curse. It can be both, but so can everything else in the world which is beginning to learn its A.B.C.'s.

In recent years we have become too familiar with the man who shirks on the job, who does not finish what he starts, who feels that anything is good enough. He thinks that he is stinting on toil so as to have more pleasure, whereas he is really turning his back on one of life's greatest satisfactions.

Another error made by so many is in thinking that the particular sort of work they do is the best in the world and should have the most honor. The man who works with his hands looks down on the man who does only mental labor and vice versa. The artist who paints day and night for three days and then takes the rest of the week off is considered shiftless and slightly insane. The individual who sets aside part of each day for thinking has a hard time convincing others that he is quite normal. Yet is it all good, honest work—if it is honestly done—and all necessary.

It is not the kind of work or even the result of it which is important; it is the doing of it WELL. Perhaps someone else will pick it up where we left off; perhaps it can never be finished. But that does not matter. For the time being it is ours and we can pour into it all our hopes and dreams and knowledge and skill. It is good even when we are working only for ourselves and our families, but when we can know that we are working for all humanity—then indeed we are equal to the gods.

It does not matter either, whether our particular job is big or small. If it adds one little drop to knowledge, if it raises the level of mankind by the least degree, if it causes one soul to say: "That comforts me," then nothing can surpass it in importance. But leisure is important also and the best use of leisure is to employ it in doing a different type of work. Change of occupation is the most satisfying rest outside of sleep.

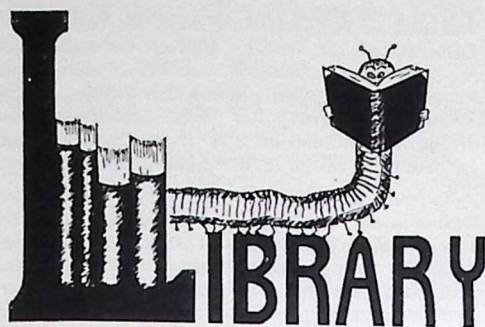
We are inclined to take work too much for granted; to look on it either as a nuisance or an enemy. It is one of the best friends we could have. If everyone were suddenly forbidden to do any labor at all, even while still provided for, we would shatter the heavens with outcries against such hardship and injustice. Then if a few at a time were allowed to go back to work, we would consider them among the privileged of the earth. And that is exactly what they should be.

W. J. McGUIGAN, F/L.

Leathercraft Group

Should you be interested in Leathercraft, wander into the Reading Room of the W.D. Barracks on a Tuesday or Thursday evening. There you will see the Leathercraft Group in action. Sheepskin, pigtex, leather cement, and tools lie about. The members are busy at various activities — learning the art of glove-making, cutting out moccasins, or thonging the edges of book-covers or bill-folds.

Despite the lack of tooling leathers due to wartime requirements, many useful and attractive articles have been completed. These have not only proved acceptable as Christmas or birthday gifts, but have also provided recreational work during leisure hours, and the skill and knowledge acquired may prove useful in civilian life.



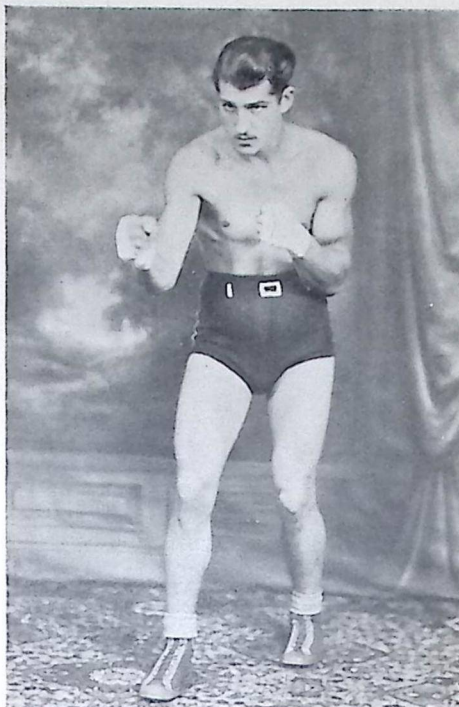
The launching of the last great Russian offensive, the capture of Warsaw, and the consequent drive through Poland across the Vistula into Germany, once more brings into prominence one of the most perplexing of the post-war political problems—the status of Poland as a nation. We do not know whether this unhappy country is again to become a pawn in the great game of "Realpolitik" now being played out in its final stages in Europe, but we are only too well aware of the elements that are already at cross purposes among those in whose hands the fate of Poland lies.

Those who are interested in the problem will find among recent additions to the library, two books which give a revealing picture of the Polish people at war. "Squadron 303," by Arkady Fiedler, is a vivid account of the exploits of one of the Polish squadrons serving with the R.A.F. during the dark days of the Battle of Britain. The author depicts in simple, direct prose the highly individualistic temperaments of various members of the squadron, their indomitable courage, their fanatical zeal in tracking down their prey, their implacable hatred of the Germans, their almost superhuman skill as combat pilots, their devotion to the cause of freedom. There is the story of P/O Jan Donald who "smiled three times," once for magic, twice for victory, and the third time for the escape miraculous. We are told, too, about the gallant Sergeant Frantisek who had to fly alone; who finally grew afraid of the ground which at last revenged itself upon one who loved the sky too much. There is a piece of fine writing in the book "The Cloud," where the spherical cumulus becomes alternately the foe and the friend of one of the pilots. In the concluding pages the author asks for a tolerant understanding of the Polish people and says: "Since the Poles are not different from other decent nations, after the war they can be of great service to humanity, not by making exalted declarations and expressing high-flown aspirations, but through practical achievement. Just as the Polish airmen have served Britain during the most vital month of her existence. Provided always that their fate is not decided by people who do not know and understand them."

"The Story of a Secret State," by Jan Karski, is the Book-of-the-Month Club selection for December. It makes known the astounding details of the organization and operation of the Polish Underground. Its author, according to Clifton Fadiman, "is a young Pole, one of many millions who have been scientifically and systematically tortured by the German people. He differs from these millions in two important respects: unlike most of them, he is still alive to tell the tale and he has the ability to tell it."

The story, sometimes as unbelievable as the most lurid of dime novels, sometimes as factual and documentary as a government report, is at once a tribute to the increasing resistance of the ordinary Polish people, among whom were no quislings, and a savage indictment of the barbarous cruelty of the German oppressors.

PERSONALITY OF THE MONTH



LAC Paul Joseph Brenner of the Fire Hall is the man to have on your side in a fistic fray. Born in Montreal, Paul grew up on the prairies where he got that fighting instinct which won for him, among other titles, the Dominion Middleweight crown in the amateur division.

In 1935 he was one of the top-notch wrestlers in the amateur ranks, holding the Saskatchewan Middleweight title. He might still have been a wrestler had it not been for an accident at the Regina Y.M.C.A. Brenner was working out when a well-known fighter came in and ordered him off the floor, saying, "Let a man work out who knows how." Brenner was an inexperienced boxer but his answer proved he had plenty on the ball. "Maybe I don't know how but I can warm your leather for you." One word led to another, and finally they donned the mittens. Brenner proved his statement by administering a sound shellacking.

That impromptu bout altered the situation for Brenner. A fight promoter, who was in the gym at the time saw that he showed plenty of style. He talked to Paul and in two weeks Brenner had given up wrestling and signed for a preliminary bout against another beginner. He won by K.O'ing his opponent.

There were a few unimportant bouts after that but his big chance came against Al Rhineland from whom he took the Dominion title. Later, in defending his title, he scored three K.O.'s in two nights. In 1937 he tried out for the British Empire games, licked the Nova Scotia and British Columbia contenders, but missed his trip to Australia when he met his match in Paul Dyzandra.

In 1938, he fought Jack Cummings and emerged from the ring with the Dominion Middleweight crown. After that he retired from the fight game but he was not forgotten. The reputation he had gained as a fighter had spread. His fighting instinct had not suffered any let-down and he entered the card for the British Columbia Championship in 1941. The five other contestants, on hearing that Brenner was on the list, withdrew, and he won the B.C. title without trading a single blow. He took the Canadian

IN THE NEWS WITH THE SANDSPIT KIDS

Now that some of the old timers have left and most of the gang have returned from leave, the kids are beginning to look forward to the coming spring. We sure miss Cpl. Balkwell and his 13-month-old record of not having left the Spit and good old "Doc" Duesbury who was always willing to lend a helping hand. We wish them both the best at their new homes.

Time out to extend our best greetings to Floyd Price who is stopping off en route to Toronto to pick up a lovely maiden.

Now that our new Control Tower is complete, F/O Milliken (our O.C.) is beginning to see some results of his never-ending labour. Alliford now realizes that Sandspit is on the map.

Our Station Sgt. Major, WO2 Bill Fike and his flying control boys deserve the orchid of the day for the dandy job they did in painting their new headquarters.

Allan, Neuert, Warwood and Tasker are some of the new additions to our Wireless section and we are glad to see that these boys fit right into the crowd. Yes—the Spit is growing and as long as the old spirit of the Sandspit Kids stays with us we will be well away. Our Christmas dinner is still being discussed.

Now that we have our piano one can hear Junior Dean tickle the ivories in true Boogie Woogie fashion. Our Junior is something that Alliford hasn't got.

Firefighters Lou Auvache and Bud Gerth have really got the crash-crew business down to a science. They guarantee to put out any fire with eighteen hours notice.

Mr. Stevens and his YMCA boys at Alliford have gone a long way in helping to improve the recreation at Sandspit. We would like to take this opportunity to extend our heartiest thanks.

Johnny Long and "Rags" Orum are doing a great job in running the Station Canteen. Who says that the flying control boys can't do two jobs at once?

A mid-January gale played havoc with our trees and telephone lines but veterans like George Denike and Ed McWilliams were in their glory helping to restore things once again.

As another Sandspit report comes to a close we would like Alliford to know that the kids out here are in there pitching—and we have a bunch of good pitchers at that, too.

M. GUBERMAN.

title by K.O'ing the other finalist, who was from Alberta. A month later he lost a close decision to the American National champ.

In 1943, Paul joined the Air Force as a disciplinarian, but remustered to fire fighter, hoping to see some excitement. He received his primary Air Force education at Toronto Manning Depot and while there copped the Eastern Command all-service title in the Light Heavyweight division. From Toronto he was posted to Trenton and then to Vancouver and No. 3 R.D. In Vancouver he fought with Elmer Shanks, who is remembered in the hearts of fight fans for his brilliant performances. Unfortunately Shanks lost his life in an accident a short time ago.

In 1944, Brenner won the B.C. Golden Gloves, the American Golden Gloves, the Air Force Championship, the Canadian All-Service Title, and the Dominion Title. He certainly earned the rest he got here at Alliford Bay.

By the time this article appears Brenner should be down south taking on all comers. We at Alliford Bay say, "Good Luck, and keep knocking them down ! !"



W. D.'s ON A JAUNT

JOB RELATIONS AND YOUR FUTURE

Canadian and American War Industry had a severe problem. Factories and mammoth plants could be rushed to completion, machines could be built and mass production systems set up. The unemployed could be absorbed, women brought into industry in greater numbers, and the full potential strength of the nations be developed to produce the terrific amount of war equipment required, BUT, men, women and machines were useless unless someone with the know-how were on hand to direct their efforts.

Men who were just good machine operators were suddenly called on to become foremen and then section heads, with no background or training to help them deal with their unaccustomed problems. Women who had never previously worked at anything were called on to direct entire departments after only a few months' experience as workers, because there was no one else available. Because of the sudden expansion of such industries as aircraft production, responsibility and authority were thrust upon the shoulders of untrained, inexperienced men and women. For a time there was a wastage of effort. Huge quantities of materials were wasted throughout the country because the workers were not properly instructed or because the work of different sections was not properly tied in together. Changes in design or methods of production caused temporary chaos. Heavy labour turnover and personnel difficulties added to the headache. Washington took a hand in solving the problem. They developed a training programme to handle the three fundamental problems:

1. How to instruct "green" workers to do a new job quickly and efficiently.
2. How to break down a major job, such as building an aircraft, into small, easy jobs so that any type of labour could be fully utilized.
3. How to train people quickly to carry responsibility and to exercise wise authority over other people.

The three-phase programme was immediately successful in American industry and was then made available for training the U.S. Forces. The Canadian Government made representations to Washington and secured the use of the programme for Canadian war industry and the Armed Forces.

This training is now available for all Canadian industry, the Forces, and Rehabilitation Plans under "Canadian Vocational Training" of the Canadian Department of Labour, and is arranged under three separate courses:

Job Instruction Training.

A method of developing ability to instruct someone else how to do a new job more quickly and better.

Job Method Training.

A simplified method of breaking down a job to improve efficiency. How to make the best use of the manpower, machines and materials available.

Job Relations Training.

How to handle human relations problems using a scientific yet simple method.

The Department of Labour, working through the Technical Education Departments of the provinces, has put this training into Canadian industries of every type from the Atlantic to the Pacific, to the everlasting benefit of workers, foremen, superintendents and company officials. The three courses have been applied to the Armed Services with excellent results and the benefits of the training will continue long after V-Day.

Job Relations Training is particularly valuable to everyone. Not only for war conditions but also for peace. It teaches a simple method of handling the problems that arise in personal relationships and will help you this year and also in succeeding years no matter what work you are engaged in.

The writer was fortunate in being detailed by WAC to represent the R.C.A.F. at the first

Job Relations Conference held in Vancouver. Officials of the leading British Columbia industries were there; Aircraft Production, Power & Pulp, Oil, Neon Industries, and a Vancouver Dairy. All were intent on deriving the fullest benefit from this training in order to adopt it throughout their plants.

To me, the benefits of the course were immediately apparent in the daily work in the R.C.A.F. but the first major realization came in a most unexpected way. At home, with my family. My son, an air-gunner overseas, came home, medically discharged as a result of a bad crash in England. After the first two rosy weeks of his homecoming, we were both surprised and dismayed. He, to discover that nothing was the same. He was still 19 but the whole world had changed and he could not seem to fit. His old air-crew pals were gone, all the things that had formed his life were gone, yet somehow he had nothing left of his previous life as a boy. I, to find that I had a human relationship problem of the first importance developing right at home.

A young fellow going back to civilian life deserves a certain amount of sympathy. After a very short time nothing is as he expected it. In some astounding way his personal liberties are less; he is actually more restricted in almost every way than he was before. His civilian work seems changed. The old place, and the new place, and each new place after that all seem so tedious and boring. He is certain that he must have worn rose-colored glasses before he joined up because everything is now so drab and dreary and uninteresting. The people he used to know, his old friends, are not there. Or, if they are, they have changed too. Alternately he is bored and then terribly lonely. He is surprised that he no longer finds people interesting. He is quick to anger, quick to resent and prone to simply walk away—from jobs, from people, from anything. In short, he just does not seem to fit and he is unhappy.

On the other hand, the period of readjustment to civilian life is temporary even if difficult and adjustments must be made as quickly as possible. He must adapt himself to meet the new circumstances and conditions before he can feel that he has found his proper place in life, before he can be happy again. Most of it he can do himself because even if he was a boy before he went away, he certainly cannot be treated like a boy on his return. Weakness at the wrong time, forcefulness at the wrong time, just one or two errors of judgment at critical moments—and the personal relations between us would have suffered severely. No one can say what the eventual results might have been. However, with the experience I had gained at the conference, I was able to help the lad without causing the friction I so wished to avoid. Now that it is over, I look back and feel grateful to Job Relations Training.

This "Job Relations Training" of the Canadian Vocational Training for Industry and Rehabilitation, should appeal to all. It yields benefits every day. In many little ways and sometimes in big, critical moments.

When on June 27th, R.A.F. Typhoons attacked German headquarters in a French chateau, they wrecked all but one room. The accuracy of this raid, as of all other R.A.F. precision attacks, was made possible by preceding detailed survey of R.A.F. photographic reconnaissance aircraft.

One aerial photograph by the R.A.F. showed footprints marked in dew across a field. Further investigation proved that hundreds of people used the field as a shortcut to a hidden war factory.

THAT MAN IS NOT LOST or WHERE CAN I FIND HIM?

It has always been a mystery to me how people are able to go from place to place without getting lost. The term applicable is "Navigation."

Upon investigating the conditions more closely I am convinced that a vast majority of us is not too good at it. While conducting a quick survey the other day I was told by each individual whom I interviewed that at some time or other he had been lost. Strangely enough, they were all pilots not trained in the finer points of the profession. Perhaps that is a contributing factor.

The Stone Age man navigated by recognizing prominent objects or landmarks such as his girl friend's cave door, and seldom got lost making his way there. Probably that is how the word "track" got its present navigational meaning. It seems that we do not progress very fast in this field for most of us still use this method of going about our business, in varying degrees. On this station the aircrew trade of pilot somehow seems to gather up those who rely solely on this system.

Scores of times during the past weeks it has been quite difficult to find these "double-wingers" in No. 1 hangar. They have no room of their own you realize, and have been wandering aimlessly about, not going anywhere in particular . . . lost as it were. Prominent-object navigation did not point the way to go and the cold weather hindered things by dictating movement for warmth's sake.

Out of all this chaos there loomed one object of prominence to the more observant types, the navigator's stove. Navigation became the sole subject on the curriculum and the Stone Age method was revived.

Now in these premises there is a lot of "gen" that can be acquired. Swiss naval strategy is reviewed several times daily, with the loss of the stray quarter. This latter was begun by Anonymous and called "The Piper Benefit." About 9:55 a.m. the pleasant warmth and happy atmosphere seem to overcome our welcome friends and they make a quick exit. Thank goodness there is always one of slower mind who gets caught in the daily "coke" toss. His navigation is a failure for the day. (Could it be that we gang up on them?)

Scores of times at present people who are looking for pilots pop their heads in the Nav room only to find their man. For now it seems, true to the saying, these men are not lost. Where can you find them? In the Nav room any time.

"WHO DARES?"

Take them up and fly them lads,
Fight till the battle's done;
Take them into the twilight gloom,
Or into the rising sun.
Give your all to your country lads,
Show them of what you're made—
That you're no softie or quitter, now
That your country needs your aid.
There's planes to be flown, so carry on;
Start where I needs stop:
There's lots of targets standing yet,
And lots of "eggs" to drop.
I know you one and all, my lads;
I know for whom you care:
So up you go and finish it lads,
And "thanks" to you who dare.

FAITH MANNING.

Dedicated to Flying Officer "Pat" McClintock who died of injuries sustained when his bomber crashed into the English Channel.



VAN HOUTEN'S CREW

THE MERRIE MEN

Here is a short profile of "Rootin'-Tootin'" Van Houten and his Merrie Men, written in solemn conclave of the entire crew. Since the truth is apt to hurt, all characters presented are fictitious and any similarity to persons living or dead is purely coincidental.

The Skipper, J. T. Van Houten, is a Yank from Portland, who first came to 7 Squadron in January 1942, to fly the old sharks, and was recategorized on Canso "A". With the exception of the O.C., he is the senior member of the Squadron and holds the position of Flight Commander of "B" Flight. He has completed a tour of operations and is the first man in the Squadron to be awarded the Operational Wing. Whenever the crew get a little bored with life in general, the senior second pilot of the squadron takes over and gives the crew a thrill. His name, yes you guessed, it is John "Kangaroo" McKellar from Winnipeg. He came to the squadron in November 1943.

Our able navigator "Slim Jimmy Martin, hails from Edmonton, Alberta, and is the squadron Navigation Officer. He wears the Oak Leaf for being mentioned in despatches and should wear the Caterpillar for bailing out on the East Coast. Jimmy was posted to No. 7 in March, 1942. His tour of operation is completed, although the wings have not as yet been awarded. This lad has the reputation 'of always bringing 'em home alive.

There is much that can be said about the Wags in this crew and much is going to remain unsaid. Our first Wag, Roy Aldous, is the senior Wag in the squadron in terms of length of service, arriving in May 1942. He is one of the quiet retiring types whom we hear very little except when around the various sections of Vancouver. Roy was brought up in Lorlie, Sask. (We haven't heard of the place either, but Roy says there are 73 inhabitants all told including the cats, cows and chickens.) Roy has also completed a tour of operations. The second spot in this department belongs to "Ballet Groggins" McMurtry, who keeps W & B busy making repairs. Al McMurtry comes from Carp, Ont., but built his reputation in Vancouver. He joined the Squadron in September, 1943, and has the Squadron reputation of having his leave application cancelled five times in a row. Last of the Wags, but not the unim-

PAY ACCOUNTS

Despite the fact that three people died of old age in the corridor last week while waiting in vain for a pay parade, the accounts section continues to function smoothly under the genial hand of F/L Nielson, assisted ably by F/O Ball, or Barney and Bill to you . . . if you are in the know.

The pay section, under F/S Sharpe, hands out five dollar advances to all and sundry. So, come early and avoid the rush, preferably on the second Tuesday of next week; and don't forget your Dewey button. LAC Bernie Gillies from Edmonton, and LAC Pete Creighton from Windsor are behind the scenes in this section. In other words, they are the "Joes" when it comes to the pen-pushing detail, buy them a beer, and your pay problems are in the proverbial bag.

Non-Public Funds, that knows-all and tells-nothing department, is run efficiently and quietly by LAC Morrison of Vancouver. Lee is a graduate of U.B.C. and right at home when surrounded by Journals, Ledgers, Quarterly Statements, and LAW Ismon, though perhaps the listed here is not in correct order. Bill Christian and Eric Minton, two easterners (Toronto and Ottawa respectively) are also on hand behind that swinging door to look after NPF matters, so that if you have a bowling prize coming to you, come up and see us sometimes and we'll show you our etchings . . . pardon me, we'll give you your cheque.

Equipment Accounts, under F/S Art Alcroft and Sgt. Savage, keeps a finger in every station pie that has any R.C.A.F. equipment in it. Cpl. Gus Gulliver from Didsbury, Alberta (never heard of it), Cpl. Ray McCabe, an Ottawa recruit, and Cpl. Don Zarfus keep the Equipment house in order. LAC St. Arneau (the Saint to one and all) the genial French-Canadian from Saskatchewan, (how he got located there, so far from the corner of Main and St. Lawrence in good old Montreal, is something of a mystery) and LAC Jimmy Ringer, (the only one of our little company willing to brave life in Dobbieville with his very charming Mrs.) complete the staff.

Two LAWS's, Christ Olson and Alice Ismon lend a helping hand and keep the conversation on a cultural level at all times.

That completes a semi-biographical listing of the accounts personnel here at Alliford. Come in and see us. You may not get the five dollars that you want, but did you ever here the one about the travelling salesman and the farmer's daughter?

LAC MINTON, W. E.

portant is Vic Johnson, who holds the position of chief gunner and scrounger for the crew. Vic comes from Winnipeg, joining the squadron in November of 1943.

The engineering department is graced by two versatile characters, "Robbie" Robinson and "Alarm Clock" Barber. Robbie comes from Palmar, Sask., joined the squadron in September, 1943. Previous to this he did a tour with 8 Squadron in Alaska. From all outward indications, Robbie is the quiet type; but don't let that fool you. We now come to Earl Barber, better known to us as the President of the Lonely Hearts Club. Earl is the curly haired boy of the crew and hails from Carberry, Man., joining the squadron in January, 1944. He runs Groggins a close second in doing the ballet and the crab walk.

Since McKellar, Aldous, and McMurtry have all been posted at least three times to "Y" Depots, the rest of the crew once, anyone knowing the whereabouts of a good posting for such a versatile body of men, please communicate with the captain immediately.

P.S.—The overseas posting came through At press time the crew had still not come back, so maybe this time it clicked.



TEA AT MRS. CRAWFORD'S

How We Do Murder the Language

(Hanover Post)

Faulty expression is a prolific source of "double entendre". Illustrative of how the English language is murdered are these extracts from actual letters received by the Pensions and Compensation Board:

"I cannot get sick pay. I have six children. Can you tell me why it is," . . . "Mrs Brown has had no clothing for a year and has been visited by the clergy regularly" . . . "I have been cohabiting with several officers at headquarters but without any results." . . . "I am glad to say that my husband, who was reported missing, is now deceased." . . . "Sir, I am forwarding my marriage certificate and my two children, one of which is a mistake, as you can see." . . . "I am writing to say that my baby was born, two years old. When do I get the money?" . . . "Unless I get my husband's money soon I will be forced to lead an immortal life." . . . "I am sending my marriage certificate and six children. I have had seven children but one died, which was baptized on half a sheet of paper by Rev. Thomas." . . . "Please find for certain if my husband is dead as the man I am now living with won't eat or do anything until he knows for certain." . . . "I am very sorry to hear that you have branded my oldest boy as illiterate. It is a dirty lie as I married his father a week before he was born." . . . "My son has been put in charge of a spittoon, so now do I get the money." . . . "In answer to your letter, I have given birth to a boy weighing ten pounds. I hope this is satisfactory." . . . "You have changed my little boy into a little girl. Will it make any difference," . . . "Please send my money at once as I need it badly. I have fallen into error with my landlady." . . . "I have no children yet. My husband is a bus driver and works day and night." . . . "In accordance with your instructions I have given birth to twins in the enclosed envelope." . . . "I want my money as quickly as you can send it. I have been in bed with the doctor for two weeks and he doesn't seem to be doing much good. If things don't improve I will have to send for another doctor."

A DAY AT THE BAY

This day which "the Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away" is one I shall long remember.

I was fast asleep in my sack dreaming of how I would spend all the money I earned in the Air Force (that's quite a problem with me) when I was awakened by a batman. Whose batman? Why the devil should I ask questions? I felt there was something screwy about this particular day. I was sure of it when the batman propped up my pillow and brought my breakfast. If I'm asleep I thought, why wake up. This is wonderful! Breakfast consisted of two fingers of Scotch, then cereal and ham and eggs. After breakfast I settled back comfortably and ordered a Corona Corona. When I had had a few contented puffs I ordered the batman to take a few letters. One to the C.O. telling him to give all personnel a double 48 and another to the Sergeant-Major warning him that walking around with his hands in his pockets would not be tolerated and if I caught him it would mean the work party. Those details completed I ordered my uniform laid out, buttons polished, boots shone and two more fingers of Scotch.

Finally it was time to get up. I dressed while my bed was being made up hospital style. Patting my magic props, I went to see what the day had to offer. Oh yes, the Service Police! There was something I had wanted to tell them for a long time so I headed for their "House of Horrors." "A very smart salute Corporal. You may go to the hospital and have your shoulder set in place." To the other Corporal, "About the liquor: If I ever catch you searching parcels again, well . . . I don't think the personnel like the idea. And another thing—see that softer mattresses are placed in the cells. I want the defaulters to be as comfortable as possible."

I left the Corporal with his mouth gaping and saw David from the Airmen's Mess coming down the road. "From now on you are in charge of the boys who will be in charge of the chefs. That should take care of any

complaints. Oh, don't thank me. You see, I'm strangely gifted today."

I walked on to the Central Warehouse. They were as busy as bees. I addressed the Sergeant, "Why are you so busy? Send Martin home at once. Give him a forty-eight. No, better make it a seventy-two. Are you questioning my authority? . . . very well then, do as I say. What are you packing? The Officer's order. In the future they will make out their own—the Sergeants' and Airmen's order too. Forget about it. Tell them to come and get their order too. What's that? You say you have to do the W.D.'s too? Mmm, I'll take care of that personally. I have a few things I want to discuss with them. Call the M.T. Section and have them come and load the stuff. They just love loading I understand."

I hummed and hawed like the big shot I was until the truck came and we were on our way. We arrived at the W.D. Canteen and when the order was unloaded I ordered the girls downstairs for a lecture. "Girls," I said, "I have good news for you. I am going to have the fire hydrant removed and there will be no more Service Police at your canteen on open-house nights. In the future you will pay more attention to the LAC's. I don't want to see any of them in the stag lines at the dances. If any officer tries to cut in, just refer him to me. I'll "joe" him. And if there are any secretaries among you I shall interview you one at a time. Ahem, that will be all. You may go back to bed now. Take the day off. I shall be at your open-house very shortly and you had better notice me or I shall become very strict. I must see the Adjutant now and leave orders to let the personnel have their Christmas Leave any time during the year."

In the Admin. Building—what's this! "Waxing floors! Stop at once! Inspection passed. You are supposed to be a fighting man, not a housewife." Ah, there's the Adjutant. "I want to see you." I seated myself at his desk. "Ah, what lovely pin-up blotters you have. A novel idea. Speaking of pin-ups, I want all the pictures of pretty girls removed from the Officers Quarters and placed in the Airmen's barracks. Let the boys enjoy them for awhile. It will increase their morale. I must leave now—never mind saluting."

I sauntered down to the Airmen's Mess and found that the men were having steak again. They were beginning to grumble. I made arrangements for more stew and beans then saw that the G.D.'s were supplied with easy chairs so they could watch everything in comfort. On to the wet canteen. What, no hard stuff! And only two bottles of beer per man! That must be changed at once. I left strict orders with the Canteen Corporal not to let any man out who wasn't sufficiently drunk. Also to bring over all the spirits from the Officers' Bar. With that I was off to see the C.O. and found him ready to go out on an inspection. Boring things these inspections. "Cancel them! The boys don't like to be disturbed so early in the morning. There are a lot of things I want to discuss with you right now I have a splitting headache. I'll see you later . . ."

Oh, my head! What a headache! The buzzing wouldn't stop. It felt as if my head was coming off. It ceased and was replaced by a thumping feeling as if someone were pounding a tom-tom inside my cranium. Thump, thump, thump! Suddenly I began to fall. Down, down, down. It seemed I had fallen for miles, then suddenly landed with a solid kerplunk. Cold tingling shivers ran up and down my spine. I opened my eyes and tried to brush away the cobwebs. "Look," someone exclaimed, "he's had a nightmare. Hey, wake up! You'll be late for parade." "Parade you say? Do you know who . . ." I didn't get any further.

LAC BOB GREENSTONE.



PRIZE WINNING SHORT STORY!

FORGOTTEN JOURNEY

By SGT. J. W. BUCHANAN

I tried to give him the slip in the bustling crowd in the station. There wasn't time now to listen to his old familiar story. But it was no use. A ready smile on his face, and a feigned cheerful, "Afternoon, Mr. Salkover," told me my efforts to dodge the man had been futile.

He asked me how Mrs. Salkover and the two boys were, but I knew he wasn't interested. That man and his confounded insurance! At one time I had weakened and bought a few thousand to help the fellow on his way, only with this man it was like giving a bloodhound a sniff at raw meat. His persistence knew no bounds. The word "no" had no meaning for him. With a half-hearted promise, I savagely shoved his business card in my pocket, and hurried down the platform.

My resistance factor must have been low that day, I thought to myself, as the lush green fields of the Fraser Valley slipped by the Pullman window. I had promised him I'd buy a couple of thousand more. Anyway I did have the forethought to put him off till I got back from Toronto.

That long ride to Toronto and back every October was the bane of my existence. I thought about it with distaste.

* * *

She got on at Banff, and I had been a little annoyed on finding she and the porter both had designs on the seat opposite mine. Her smile was apologetic as she sat down to catch her breath, take off her hat, and run soft hands over her well-cared for greying hair. Considering her probable age, which I thought must be forty-ish, she was rather pretty. Her features were fine, and her skin smooth. A little pale though, I thought.

Her home was New York, she said, but she loved the mountains, and ever since her husband had died, she had gone to Banff every year for a week or two. She was a charming feminine little thing, and quite intelligent. We admired the mountains together and chatted about the virgin wilds of the Banff country, and I was surprised to find the hands of my watch around to ten o'clock so soon.

The next morning was bright and sunny, and breakfast in the diner together was a pleasure. The towering mountains had flattened out into foothills; the green forests had disappeared to leave golden brown fields of wheat as far as the eye could see. Back to my seat after my morning cigar, I was glad to see her sitting there, and by her welcome smile I knew the trip had lost its boredom for both of us.

Afternoon slipped into evening and we chatted and played cards, and walked down to the observation car for a cold drink. We had taken to each other well, only it wasn't hard to see she liked me more than I thought wise. That night, as I battled my way into a pair of pyjamas, in the space so begrudgingly provided, I was glad tomorrow would see me into Toronto, and would be the end of this acquaintance which had taken on for her such meaning.

The suburbs of Toronto were slipping slowly by in the early morning light. As we said goodbye, I could see she was loath to see me go. It had been interesting for me; I was glad I had met her; the acquaintance had served its purpose and now it must come to an end. She had invited me, that

last day, to New York, to spend a few days there, but I had given her some excuse. Now, she said, at least I could tell her what my name was. I reached into my pocket, fully intending to write my name and address on a slip of paper for her, but my hand came across my determined insurance salesman's business card, and knowing it would be safer that way, I gave it to her. We said goodbye, and she was gone.

In the rush of business the days slipped by, and it was with a feeling of relief I boarded the train for home, with my mind occupied with thoughts of family and friends.

* * *

It was in Vancouver's best men's clothing store I always bought my suits. They were expensive, but one of the few extravagances in which I indulged. So when I saw him there, I was surprised. But my surprise changed to consternation when he didn't bustle over to renew our would-be friendship and sell me that insurance I had promised to buy. My curiosity piqued, and knowing that sooner or later he would nail me for it, I walked over to him.

"Hello, Salkover." (No "Mr." and quite casually.) "Oh, no, I don't sell insurance any more. As a matter of fact, a lady from New York, a woman I never knew, must have been a distant relative—died suddenly and left me \$50,000. Sorry, I can't help you out with your insurance any more, Salkover."

WORKS AND BUILDINGS

As we look around our domain, we see that many of the old timers have left, and we gaze upon a lot of new faces which don't seem to be very happy about being here. It's not as bad as all that, boys, so cheer up—the worst is yet to come.

A very likeable personality, F/S Frank Pearce, has left us for No. 9 C.M.U. in Vancouver. We regret the loss of Frank and hope that his successor will be as grand a guy to work for as he was.

Then we have the new additions to our staff—Sgt. Al Hall, and Cpl. Ernie Bellenie, both from Sea Island. You may have seen Al walking merrily around the Station with a plunger in his hand almost any time of day or night. Why? The clerical burden of W. & B. has been ably supported by the broad shoulders of LAC Ransome, who was awaiting the arrival of a Clerk Engineer. Now that Ernie is here, Ransome is recuperating from the strain by spending a few days leave at home.

The signs that are now seen on various buildings on the Station are the results of the efforts of LAC "Shannon" Norfield, our painter who, it is rumoured, thinks more of his Shannon files than he does of his painting.

Another unusual chap is LAC McDonald who is the understudy of our electrician, Cpl. Gamache. We would like to know why "Mac" invariably breaks out with oaths of wrath almost every night around 11 p.m. Is it that he is getting bushed?

Then there is a certain Corporal in W. & B. that you see walking around with a gleam in his eye. Is it news from home or a certain blonde? "Gee, you look sweet, Benny."

Confession

F/O WES McCALLUM

I feel that I must unburden myself of the load that has crushed me these past two years. Perhaps the mere writing of it will relieve the strain under which I have been laboring. I am now on the brink of forty and it seems incredible to me in retrospect that I could have made such an ass of myself.

My wife and nine children are sleeping quietly upstairs. I imagine that my eldest daughter considers me, as a male, a rather dull type. Little does she know that even now strange women look at me speculatively. In years gone by, I knew without being conceited that I was attractive to women. My wife accepts me and I think she is glad she married me—in any case she is happy and we do have fun together.

It was just two years and some months ago that I met Joan at a Sunday musicale to which my wife and I had been invited. My wife, being indisposed, asked me to make her excuses and carry on alone. I chanced to sit near Joan and felt for the first time that irresistible attraction I later learned was one of her major assets, or should I say liabilities, for with all her charm I have heard that she is still single and not liking it. Joan is one of those women who have almost an electric charge surrounding her which stirs in all men feelings for her which cannot be called protective. I think it was the combination of her perfume, her figure, her manner of wearing her clothes and the changing expression of her face which in all its phases was seductive; at that time I felt it was innocently so. Under the spell of her barrage I succumbed to a strong temptation to deviate from my normal straight and narrow path and I ventured to ask her for a luncheon date. She accepted and from then on there was a series of clandestine engagements which culminated in that last evening the memory of which even now brings a sharp stab of pain.

I was seated in Joan's beautiful living-room waiting for her and thinking that for all her seductiveness she had not as yet yielded perceptibly to my amatory advances but that it was just a matter of time and she would really be mine. She came into the room and paused momentarily at the table by the door. I saw that she was wearing a dark red tea gown, its material clinging to her figure as anything in its right mind would. The dress suited her dark complexion and black hair to perfection. I greeted her and my eyes paid her the compliment that she expected and her glance accepted the compliment, thanking me for it. We sat together on the chesterfield in front of the fire and while conversation lagged, Joan seemed more accessible than usual and I felt that this was the time for my maximum effort.

As I held her closely in my arms her perfume filled my nostrils. I became intoxicated. I removed her small pearl ear-rings and from then on I was in a daze. Eventually I felt Joan yield and I took my lips from her throat to drink fully from her lips when I barely noticed a quizzical look on her face.

"John, may I ask you a question?" she said.

"Yes, Joan," I replied hoarsely, somewhat alarmed at conversation cropping up at this juncture.

"I've just noticed that your shirt is two and one-half shades whiter than my slip. Does your wife really use Rinso?"

A soldier had just completed a 30-mile hike. He went into a barber shop and slumped into the chair. "Give me a shave," he said.

"You're too far down for a shave," said the barber.

"All right," said the soldier wearily, "give me a haircut."



THE HOSPITAL STAFF

Characterizing No. 9 C.M.U.

By TIMBER

Would you like to follow me through a typical day in the bush with No. 9 C.M.U.? Now that we are all properly dressed in bone-dry and work boots, let us go down to "Skunk Hollow," (Oh no, men, we aren't going to see Daisy Mae) the meeting place of the bush whackers.

Upon entering the room you are greeted with the cheerful snoring of working men. (We even saw wood in our sleep.) Let's sit down beside the fire and await the coming of our chariot. While sitting around, our discussions usually lead us to the common topic of the fairer sex. Yes girls, the boys of C.M.U. enlisted, so you could earn your wings.

When the boys have all boarded our chariot, the ride to our place of employment is one that gives you a thrill that is only received on a Giant Dipper, the only difference being that "George" gives this ride free.

After being tossed about until you think that your right foot is your left hand and vice-versa, you arrive at a spot, a conglomeration of rock, timber, and water. This, my lad, is the makings of the new road.

Now, let me introduce the boys as they untangle themselves after their buggy-ride. From left to right we have the "Bull of the Bush," Sgt. Bent, who hails from New Brunswick. Doug is the boy who is running the show as far as the road is concerned, and let me hand him a bouquet for the wonderful job he is doing. (Boy, that should bring "Timber" his "B" group.) Trudging along stalwartly behind, we have our "oomph" man, not only on the tractor but also with the ladies. Introducing, in the driver's seat, Sgt. Hoffard, who comes from the city of Foothills, Alberta. Hoff is new on the job, but since he arrived things are really forging ahead. As good a man as you'd hope to find on a diesel, too. Right behind Hoff, we find the one and only "Squamish Kit Buzzy" Douner. Buzzy swamps behind the cat and is a natural bushman.

Now, while we wander deeper into this unknown paradise of timber, we find the source of all the noise. We find the boy with the beautiful "head of skin," Cpl. Hill, and

Red Karlson, blasting nature's stalwarts to kingdom come. A little further on, at the controls of tractor No. 2, none other than Momma's little boy, Sylvester Scheil, forging full speed ahead. But look! That creature standing in the rubber suit over there to the right. That's Lila's husband, Curly Saunders. Like Thomas Hardy, Curly is all marked with "mute surmise."

Look out! Someone just hollered "Timber," so that must be Sgt. Manson's gang. (Better known locally as the New Westminster loggers.) The gang consists of Al Daley and LAC Ross, the latter a veteran of Alliford Bay. In fact, rumor has it that he likes it here! (Don't you believe it?) And then we have Harry Delilie from Quebec. Can you believe that this man dislikes our liquid sunshine out here?

A slight breeze has just come up and now a scent of perfume seems to fill the air. Ah yes, I know, I know. The answer to a maiden's prayer, "Pretty Boy" Drexel. Watch it, Bernie, your wave is out of place. I have a mirror handy. Would you like to use it? The stalwart young gentleman on Bernie's right is "Lefty" Pritchard. "Lefty" hails from Canada's central town of Winnipeg. If you need any fancy showcard writing done man, he's the Rembrandt to see.

SATIETY

I would know the crowded city,
With its clamour and its rush,
So I turned me from the high hills
In the twilight's holy hush,
And I took the road that led me
Over dale and over down
To the city of my dreamings
And the turmoil of the town.

I am weary of the city
And the crowds that pass and pass;
I would hear the willows whisper
To the winds amid the grass;
I would know the breath of lilacs,
When Spring walks the haunted glen,
So my eager feet are tramping
To the luring hills again.

OFFICERS' MESS

Since the last issue a number of changes have taken place in the mess. F/L Van Houten and his crew, including Jim Martin, Johnny McKellar, Roy Aldous, Earl Barber and George Robinson got their long-awaited overseas posting. Cam Davidson and Stu Webber have gone to Pat Bay on captain's courses, Jim Easson to Boundary Bay on Libs and Bev Field to Comox. George Elliot and Bob Piper have gone on controllers' courses at W.A.C., Milt Parks is now a budding personnel counsellor at Rockcliff and Harry Nixon is shivering in Dawson Creek (not quite as acceptable as his requested discharge). Norm McAuley is now an A group civilian, the lucky fellow, and Len Bishop and Doug Inglis are away on temporary duty. As far as Bish is concerned, we are not quite sure about the temporary part, but it is understood that Bish and Mrs. Bish are keeping their fingers crossed.

Among the new arrivals are N/S Frostad, F/L James, F/O's Wilson and Craig, and P/O's Doyle and Morin. These characters are being carefully watched; everyone is wondering how long before the first signs of being bushed occur. A reliable source has informed our reporters that the kitchen cat is expecting a visit from the stork any time now. When interviewed a few days ago she intimated that she was confident of breaking the former Alliford Bay record of ten kittens. (N.B.—This record has not been approved by the S.P.C.A., as in her record breaking performance she was aided by a strong following wind.)

The brilliant billiard team of Webber and Elidoros has been broken up by Stu's posting. Just as well, perhaps; Theo must have been running short of quarters. Murray Garnett seems to be the man to beat in the current chess tournament. These circles under his eyes are the result of sleepless nights spent figuring new ways to confound his opponents. Knock rummy continues to be one of the popular mess pastimes, although a lot of excitement disappeared from the game with the departure of Hoper Pickett Parks. Bud Richmond introduced a new game and is constantly on the alert for new suckers. If strange noises are heard coming from room No. 6 in the annex it will be either Buchanan and his trumpet or Allard moaning about thirty days leave and a cash balance of \$36.53. Congrats to our new F/L's: Allard, Bishop, Clausen, Pickett, McCallum and Slaughter, also to Les Corbett on winning the DFC.

A recent meeting of the mess saw the election of Bruce Bryson as P.M.C. and Harold Park as secretary. Mess members are wondering if Harold will realize that his new position calls for a certain amount of dignity, and relinquish his portfolio as "reader of D.R.O.'S". Our new P.M.C., although carrying out his duties in a praiseworthy manner, has one strange quirk in an otherwise unblemished character. He is under the impression that shirts can be ironed in a washing machine. Due to the loss of Cam Davidson and Milt Parks, the fat boy's club is down to three members. The other night Major, Jones, and Simm were heard discussing plans for a new membership drive. A usually reliable informant reveals that H. Wester McCallum has sold the movie rights to his novel, "The White Rat," for an undisclosed sum. It is understood that G. Abe Quirk is being imported to play the title role.

CONSTANCY

I do not ask the clouds to hold
Their restless stormy seas,
To let the sunshine pour its gold
Across low-bowing trees;
For when I feel the windswept air
And touch the clean, wet rain,
I still know that the sun is there
To pour its gold again.

ONTARIO

While having supper one night in the mess one of your staff suggested that they would appreciate an article for the "Victory." Having ascertained that said request had been made in all seriousness the writer rather hesitantly agreed as it had been made by a very attractive member of the opposite sex.

What to write about? Now that was the question. It suddenly occurred to me that a surprising number of people on this station had doubts about the superiority of the province of Ontario over the others in Canada. In fact, some even believe that British Columbia is better!

Remember the days at Manning Pool? "To hell with the East" and "to hell with the West." Those of us who used those words had at that time very little idea of what the balance of Canada looked like. Now the writer feels better qualified to repeat what he said when he joined the air force, namely: "To hell with the West." He has travelled from coast to coast (on the government): he has visited many places enroute (on the government): he is now writing this timely article (yes, and it is still on the government).

ONTARIO. Just the sound of the word would lead one to think of all the glorious things within her boundaries.

Starting in the south with the Niagara peninsula, where else in this country of ours would you find the variety of fruits and agricultural products? For beauty you can stay in the same region as "Blossom Time" is something that people will drive miles to see (when there is gasoline).

Continuing north you come to the farming country. Here you observe farms with buildings that have no par in the balance of the Dominion. Is not this conclusive proof that we have the best farmers with the best land? You don't agree? Why then is it that more bushels per acre of grain are yielded there than any other part of the country?

Next comes that rugged and beautiful country in the northern part of the province. The logging and mining industry are of prime importance in this sector, but who can pass by the beauties that have made it the site of some of the most outstanding summer resorts in this country of ours? Certainly no one who has had the pleasure of fishing in the spring or summer or hunting in the fall or winter would deny that they were in a sportsman's paradise.

The above description certainly does not do justice to the province, but to those who have only seen Toronto I might point out that the province is a little larger than the city. Not that Toronto is not one of the best as cities go. Of course it is, but its merits will be left to another time.

The residents of British Columbia will say, "But look at our mountains" and then gaze with awe at the cold, bleak, barren, snow-covered peaks where they have never been and don't want to go. The writer is tired looking at them.

Next, you come to those indomitable people from the prairies. They amaze the writer. Since they haven't even the mountains to talk about they shout at the top of their voices about "the wide open spaces." They are right, but why do they boast about them?

On the eastern side of Ontario lies Quebec. The people that inhabit this province are descended from the first settlers in Canada. If you want to see how the original settlers in Canada lived all you have to do is travel around the province at the present time. With a few exceptions it is an exact replica.

The Maritimes lie together along the Atlantic ocean. Are the residents of these provinces not noted for their sea-faring men? Since the answer must be in the affirmative that only proves the writer's contention that



P/O GARRY QUIRK WITH DEANNA DURBAN

One of our pilots, P/O Garry Quirk, spent part of his leave in Cedar City, Utah, where Universal were making Deanna Durban's latest picture, "Can't Help Singing." The lucky stiff met the cast, including Deanna, as you can see by the picture, and was with them for about three days. He has plenty more pictures if you want to see them.

STAR TIME

When you are out late in Vancouver, you can always look at the Post Office clock, or the one on the Birks Bldg. to tell you when it is time to head back to Camp. Here at Alliford Bay, we have a much bigger clock, visible from almost anywhere, which, while it is even more accurate, takes a little longer to read.

Telling the time from the stars is quite easy, if you know the formula. If you look at the Pole Star, which is fairly high up in the general direction of Prince Rupert, and imagine it to be the centre of a gigantic clock face, with the two "pointers" of the Big Dipper as the hour hand, you can read the time it tells as accurately as possible, and then apply the formula.

This consists of adding to the figure of the "star" time, the number of months past the current year, and doubling the result. This you subtract from 41, after adding as many twelves as necessary to get a sensible figure. They don't count anyway, as 18 would be the same as 6, and you are supposed to know whether it is evening or morning! The figure 41 is correct for this longitude, 40½ being more exact for Vancouver. You can find the figure for your home town on your next leave by experiment. Don't forget to add an hour for daylight saving and that any errors in reading the "star time" are doubled in the formula.

DON NEW, F/S.

there is nothing there and the men have to go to sea to make a living.

From the above it is easy to see that Ontario is THE province of the Dominion. However, the writer feels that some members of this community might disagree with him and since it is the present intention of the Air Force that he remain on this station, his name will remain anonymous. Thank you.

EQUIPMENT QUIPS

The hard sons-of-guns all wrapped up in miles and miles of red tape and absolutely hopeless to deal with who won't give you those flashlight batteries without a covering E42; or agree that your tunic, thrown at you in Manning Depot, is threadbare and splitting at the seams; or send your kit bag out on today's Dakota; or wire for your MFX 300's because you've used them all up and suddenly realize you'll need more tomorrow; or issue sheets and blankets at midnight because you just got in on the boat; or sell you a battle-dress; or long distance WAC because that tire was ordered three weeks ago and isn't in yet; or know at any given time where you can find the Barrack Warden or the Gas man.

Passing through the section you may recognize each department by such classic phrases as:

F/L Burns: "I just signed one of those this morning."

"No issues unless they come and see me first."

"One more posting and I quit."

F/Sgt. MacKinnon: "O.K. but don't let me catch you."

"I'll look into this later."

Donna Gilbert: "Mr. Buuuurns—telephone, Sir."

"I wish you kids would put the file number."

"Flag Raising Tomorrow."

Len Reycraft: "X/?X&Z!b! All I know is what the meter reads."

"You'll have to wait—a tankers comin' in."

Milt Young: "E26 on this guy."

"Oh, Josephine!"

Edna Kelly: "I — hate — men!"

"Weeeeeell—what's there in it for me?"

Jack Livingston: "What the H--- can you do with that many?"

"Come and get it!!!"

Paul Bergeron: "Send a truck over right away."

"Kelly" the Songhee left for Cape St. James at 8:30."

George Pettypiece: "Call at my office tomorrow afternoon."

"Well, you see, it's like this—."

Ann Robertson: "O.K. I'll wire for it."

"Stock Control, Robertson her Sir."

Fran Campbell: "Sorry, nil stock."

"Well, the checking list calls for one."

Sgt. Jackson: "This voucher isn't signed as demanding."

"Eight in stock—see if there's any in Tally cards."

"Connie" Conrad: "Sorry, but these three pen-nibs are your three-month quota."

"Milt, practice at 11:30 tonight."

"Publications, Conrad here Sir."

"Eddy" Edwards: "There's too much fooling around in this office."

"Women ——— Phooey!!!"

Jimmy Ringer: (Accounts) "Oh, Ann here's one that's not posted."

"Well — the book says — ah —."

Mitch Mitchalek: "Catching up on my sac-time these days."

"I've had it—Sea Island, here I come!"

We'll be looking forward to seeing you down our way soon, and we'll be ready with the usual greeting—"YOU CAN'T HAVE IT!"

An Ode To Second Joe

After weeks of nervous tension
After months of incessant strain,
I'm at last to be rewarded
My efforts were not in vain.

The goal of goals has come in sight
That all-important job,
I'm at last to be promoted
Now I'll twirl the left-hand knob.



W.D.'s WORKING ON SHELLS

SOUNDS FROM SIGNALS

Ye olde news from Sigs Section will be slightly less this edition since our good friend, Una, who usually handles this literary effort, has just returned from leave and has been out of touch with us for a short while. However, here I go, sticking my neck out again. First of all, the Ops in Sigs got quite a kick out of the three or four Wags who took a turn in the shop recently. I think they enjoyed their brief sojourn and the girls . . . well! ! ! We had quite a list of casualties of late. Two little girls went to Comox for a spot of leave. Not being used to rich civilian foods, these gals became ill for a short spell. However, they returned, a little paler perhaps, but none the worse for their short escapade into unfamiliar culinary delights. Our good friend, Abe Gold, trumpeter in the band, lost his appendix the other day so his cheery smile is missing from the section. Hurry back, Abie, we could do with a few of your smiles. The male section took quite a walloping last month with postings removing from our midst, "Phil" Phillips, Bill Evans, and very shortly Stan Burns, Jack Cammer, and Ivor Mills. We also lost some Wems—good fellows, too—Joe Friend, Dave Friesen, Benny Berger, Sgt. King. However our new Wem Sgt. Jerry Kincaid has a friendly smile (hasn't he, girls?) and as soon as he gets to know us better—well—he'll begin to wish he had never come here at all. Hello to our new girls, Audrey, Ann and Jackie. Wonder how long they'll retain their bright smiles here. There are a couple of sad little WD's in our section today. Just think—the Adjutant sent them a personal invitation! Tough luck, kids. By the way, the girls think our three new sailors are quite cute, especially "Honey." I wish that little Frankie would keep better tab of her "Tiny." Every time I see her, she's rushing by like the wind trying to find him. Who can blame her! What with the recent flock of postings, we're hoping that they don't take our "Micky" away from us. Oh shucks! I'm going to run off this poem and say goodbye for this month. I hope the poem is not prophetic!

OH MIGHTY BREW (Dedicated to the Wet Canteen)

Hot or cold, wet or dry,
Rain or shine they get in line,
Two per man, drink it down,
Drink and watch the sober frown.

Praise the Lord and pass the lager,
Praise and pass the mighty brew,
Keep the Canteen steward hopping
Till he's run your ration through.

Then the beer you go a scroungin',
Peek in every cubby hole.
But what's the use—darn his hide,
He's gone and hid the rest outside.

In the dead of night he rises,
Mindful of the sleeping joes,
Back he comes with pockets loaded,
And the ration quickly flows.

BOB GREENSTONE.

THE FATE OF THE WOGLET AFTER THIS WAR

These Morse men of the dreary coast,
Full proud although they never boast,
Are pretty dumb and very numb,
In fact they are a bunch of bums.

They thump their key
And yell with glee
To see the perty electrons hop
Oh fiendish Wogs gone off their top.

They yank the knobs and twist the dials
And bang the phone with childish wiles
Then all goes dead they're full of dread
And call the WM from out of bed.

These parasites should all be killed,
Their empty heads should all be drilled
And hung for souvenirs beneath
A tough old shank of Air Force beef.

ANONYMOUS

(I don't believe it, it
must be a WM).

SPRING TRAINING AT ALLIFORD BAY

By the time the next issue of Victory rolls around Spring Training of the Big League Baseball Clubs will be well under way, and the Pay and Accounts Boys wish to serve notice on all and sundry that they are going to have a ball team this year that is going places. (If only to Prince Rupert for more beer).

Several former big leaguers or thereabouts will be added to the roster of the team by the addition of members to the Staff in the persons of F/S Sharpe, Cpl. Don Zarfes and Lac's Minton, Gillies and Christian. In Cpl. Don Zarfes the team has an elongated first baseman who should give good competition to Chris Gregg, that long elongated person, should he turn up with some opposing team as their first baseman.

Before signing off with this ominous notice we wish to say that from the umpire all we want are fair decisions. Of course, should they not be in our favour there would be no use of him coming on pay parade. Too, a bad one called against the Officer's team might mean getting on the peg for anything and everything contained in K.R. (Air), and the Discp's. Section could be mighty slow in making out that all-important leave pass. The Hospital and Dental sections are also in a position to mike it mighty unpleasant—which all adds up to baseball being once again in the air and the Umpire's lot a most unhappy one. It looks like a banner season coming up.

LAC CHRISTIAN, W.E.
Pay & Accounts.

Armament Ramblings

Our new addition to the gang, LAC Shearer from Edmonton, is here on his second visit. He recently celebrated a blessed event. We wonder if he is up here to recuperate. LAC Petrie is back from leave. So what? Honestly tho', we are glad to have him back and once he gets the taint of civilization worn off he will be as good as ever. Is it still official business that he keeps the wires busy between here and Ucluelet? We want the truth, sir, or a reasonably accurate facsimile. A quartette of armourers is seeing spots in front of their eyes—it seems an epidemic has set in. Some people call it bridge, but not the way we play it.

Cpl. Paton: "One no trump."

LAC Shearer: "Two hearts."

LAC Keown: "Wonder what he means by one no trump?"

Cpl. Downey: "Just a mniute, fellows. It all depends on this last card I pick up."

LAC Shorty Wilkinson finally decided that 21 months was long enough. He took his posting and headed for the bright lights. We hope they shine as brightly as he expected them to.

The days of chivalry MUST be over. A certain F/S and a W.D. were seen coming down the trail with a .303 rifle. Who was carrying the rifle? Sgt. Shemko left for a trip south. He had a gleam in his eye and a little black book in his hand. Look out, girls. There will be a lecture in the wash-room annex by Cpl. Downey. His subject will be "My Trip Across Canada," or "From Berth to Berth on a Pullman."

Business has picked up at the .22 Rifle Club. Everyone is welcome, so come on down. And as the airman said when he got the sweater from his girl friend, "So long."

Forgiveness is the fragrance a violet sheds on the heel that crushes it.

7 B.R. WORKSHOPS

Should smoke be noticed pouring from 7 B. R. Workshops there will be no need for alarm. Sgt. MacDonald is expecting to become a proud papa and will be handing out the 2 for 5c. ropes. One of the smokers will be LAC Stan Gomez. "Gummy", a metal worker, had an unfortunate accident since coming here, but he has lost none of his cheerfulness. There is a story about him taking some accumulated leave, before it accumulated, but we won't talk about that.

We welcome LAC Danny Daneluck, a welder from Windsor, Ont. He replaces Johnny Wallace. LAC Bill Conley, alias "Rigger Mortis," has been with us 7 months as a metal worker. He came here from Dorval and although he admits Alliford is not like Montreal he is content to stay here awhile. Maybe he's bushed.

Machinist Eddy Caputo and Carpenter Bill Woodbridge of Hobby Club fame have been posted. We hope to see them, and also Wally the welder, down south some day. LAC Johnson and LAC Bruce are replacements. Welcome, boys.

We have a section little known to most workshop visitors—the spark plug room. An endless line of plugs is skilfully cleaned and reset by LAC Gerry Gagne and LAC Lou Striker. The layout of this room is a tribute to Gerry's hard work. Striker pushes up a 100-lb. weight nightly in barracks. Girls—what a man ! !

AC1 Owen Mears hopes to proceed to St. Thomas on a Safety Equipment course. Cpl. Leon Edwards is still with us at this writing.

Safety Equipment Section has a red hot G.I. Jive Boy—Cpl. Jack "Casanova" Selvage. Jack's assistants are Lou "Rinty" Rintoul and LAC Rusty Furniss, both riggers, one from Pat Bay and one from MacDonald. Rusty says that just looking at so much water here makes him seasick and he isn't kidding.

M.T. DRIVER'S DIARY

I trust you all are living up to your New Year's resolutions. Will all those who resolved to call local 55 less frequently in the future please signify in the usual manner? Silence is golden, is not it?

Our slim French lad from Winnipeg, has recently spent a number of days in the station hospital nursing a fractured toe. He was getting along famously, but after a couple of days took a turn for the nurse. We hope to see you up and around again soon, Ben.

"Mac," our chief mechanic, has been busy lately gathering up his brood and making ready to ship them to Alliford Bay. "Daddy, where is this place we're going to?" asked one of the youngsters. "On an island," said Mac, "so I hope you've read the story of 'Robinson Crusoe.'"

The mad Irishman (and his blarney) from Cape St. James has finally made the voyage back to his unit. Dan O'Byrne has been stranded here for almost a month while awaiting transportation to the Cape. We enjoyed your stay with us, Dan; your helping hand was appreciated by all.

The "Kings of the Garbage Ring" have been slightly handicapped with the St. being out of action, but with the assistance of LAC's Ruzychi and Grandpre, they have the situation well in hand.

Harold Runions, our genial dispatcher, is anxiously awaiting the return of the drivers who are now on leave so that he can visit his family back home in Calgary. (If they ever get back, for sometimes we wonder.) Harold should be enjoying his leave with his folks by the time this goes to press.

We welcome LAC Lalumiere, Vancouver, to our little group.

ART

Sitting back and musing awhile would probably make us realize what a complete community Alliford Bay has become. It could be imagined as a small rough sample of Canadian life ripped from its moorings and dropped here among the trees, rocks and inlets. A pattern of mechanics, accountants, and almost every walk of life in sharp outline against the ruggedness of nature. Keeping up the cultural end of things—the final stamp of a community—there is musical effort, literary effort and . . . art.

For some time now the "creative few" have been struggling with paper, pencil, pen, lino tools, brushes and paints, trying to satisfy the urge to create, to imagine, and to observe. They are not "Bohemian"; they are not merely people who in their infancy drew hazy scribbles on things they shouldn't, later to find they doodled delightfully during telephone conversations and are now trying to do it a little more legally—and with more purpose; but they are people who are trying to say something in their own individual way with the international language of line, form and colour.

The current popular media seems to be the lino print and interesting pieces of work have been attempted. Dot Merrick's ambitious two colour effort, "Young Girl," is in its last stages and shows promise of producing a fine print; Marion Christensen's little deer pattern is a pleasing thing of sound design. Bob Garneau's print of a horse and Steventon's two colour print of a head rounds out the more interesting efforts at time of writing. By way of criticism, about the only thing that could be said is that there should be a bigger attempt at recording our life and surroundings here, rather than just pictures.

Materials for pencil and charcoal drawing, cartooning, water colour painting, lino block prints and silk screen prints are readily available and waiting for you. If you feel the urge to "dabble," contact LAC Steventon who will ladle out any suggestions and materials you may desire. Ask your genial YMCA Supervisor, "Steve" Stevens all about it.

So what do you say? Let's get drawing; let's taste that immense satisfaction of just having created something.

FROM THE RAINMAKERS RETREAT

That alleged lightning storm t'other day turned out to be no less than the "Inimitable Mr. Dunsmore," (as he's locally known) Alliford's own Billy Rose, with an hour's notice to catch an A/C for down South. Pukka gossip has it that he was packed a week before, but was worried about Dakotas, and never dreamed of a flying boat. They say he plans to join up again after he comes back from his three months (approximately, and possibly slightly exaggerated) leave. He was non-committal when interviewed. With chorus-girl acquaintances in every port we don't have to worry about you're enjoying yourself, Ken.

Jack Rush, the man who's path closely resembles a cyclone's, has now girated south and at present is creating havoc at Bella Bella. As OIC down there, Jack, we know things will certainly tick. We're going to miss your dashing presence, as well as your Chamberlain profile.

Mr. and Mrs. Ivan Findlay are the civic newcomers you've probably seen around and thought you'd like to know. An addition to Charlotte, and to the local weather hatchery, we welcome you and hope your stay with us will be pleasant.

Unfortunately, LAC Herb Law is still under the protecting wing of the M.O. Unfounded rumour has it, although Herb strictly denies it as lies, that the trouble is of the heart.

THE OPERATION OF OPERATIONS

The heart-beat of the station (they call it, who work (?) there) is shortly to become heart-beats, the grape-vine tells us. The rumour goes that two of the most exotic WD's on the West Coast are to arrive to become part of the delicate machinery of that section. Already a popular rendezvous with air crew, it will now probably become a new Mecca for beauty lovers.

Jack Slaughter did some eager pacing up and down while waiting for leave.

F/L Bert Hall, the Culbertson of the Officers' Mess, has been the mainstay of that holy of holies, in the absence of F/L Doug Inglis, who is getting a little of the shrubbery out of his blood, doing TD at WAC. F/O George Elliot, of baby-picture fame, the budding new Controller, is also away on a course down South, to bring out his executive talent.

Men and nations come and go but Sgt. Sturgeon goes on forever. "Just back from a damn good leave," he says, where he carried his usual club at night to fend off uninvited female guests. It's tough, Johnny, when it gets over two years in this desolation, but there is a little satisfaction in knowing you're such a good man they don't want to let you go.

Sgt. George West, back from a few days in Seattle, said he had a very quiet time, although we couldn't help but notice the diligence with which he put in that 48 in the sack immediately upon his arrival back. With funeral arrangements already completed it's a good thing you turned over that third morning, George.

Flight Joe Darby, one of the best eggs around, just left for Medicine Hat to meet his wife and little girl. Confidentially, Joe told me that while he is away he is going to get it all fixed so the war will be over, so he can stay away. All power to you, Flight; you can count on the co-operation of "we here."

Three o'clock. Time for cokes—where's Cpl. Chris Gregg. The coin flipping is just a formality we all know, for Chris never fails to lose. But they say he makes up for it, in games of higher stakes.

A tearful farewell to Sgt. "Brownie" Brown and Cpl. Tony Remple; sorry to see you leaving us, fellas.

When she went away, the question was, "Connie take it?" The answer has proven itself in fact. All kidding aside, Herb, hope we see you around soon. The section is all going to pot without the help of your artistic hand.

Bob "Smitty" Smith has acquired a new and more enthusiastic smile lately. Thought at first to be caused by prospects of new and increased sack hours, it now comes out that there is a possibility that West Coast Met Men have a good chance of getting into the Pacific theatre of operations. We're hoping with you, Smitty.

LAC Art Teskey, late of Hollywood and Hellzapoppin', is back to swell our station musical talent, and the hearts of the WD's. LAC's Graham Campbell and George Bernyk, the latter on leave at present, are new comers and we say "Hi". Graham, quiet and efficient, strikes us as the kind of a man who twenty years from now will be signing \$100,000 checks from his palatial offices atop the Empire State Building. Time will tell.

Doug MacDonlad, the baby in the storm centre of activities, has already made a name for himself with his remark in the bowling alleys t'other night when one of his balls just missed making a strike. "I guess I should have used a bigger ball," he said.

REC. HALL RAMBLINGS

This month your reporter has seen some great badminton with Dusty Miller, the champ, and Bob Laidlaw with a couple of cracked ribs, eliminated early in the tournament. In the final game Sgt. Shymko's smashing drives to the back court were terrific but Dusty's net play was a little too smooth for him. The challenge game to which we're all looking forward is Laidlaw and Miller in a two out of three match.

The game with the high sticks and broken bones is being played with great lust and bloodthirstiness, No. 9 C.M.U. and Gremlins being the class of the league so far. However, Snafus and Foes showed a great deal of push and smart passing plays to win one each of their last two games. G.D.'s and Maintenance still have something up their sleeves besides their elbows and before the league is many weeks older should surprise some of the more experienced teams. There were over two hundred in the crowd watching the last "Donnybrook" so you can see that floor hockey has really caught on at Alliford Bay.

Slick basketball is predicted before long as there is an over abundance of smooth players on the station. Passes and shots from all angles are being attempted and usually made. So far, my choice for team play is the Wops who should be right up on top at the end of the season, if they can get one or two more players. Misfits and Cansos have come through with two quick wins in the first two scheduled games with C.M.U. and Wops dropping two to the above-mentioned teams. Brown, Goodman and Taylor are starring for the Misfits and Davis, Craig and Clark play heads-up ball for the Cansos. Laidlaw and Allen are easily the stars for C.M.U. and Craig and Morrison are the high scorers for Wops.

The game that brings out the big boys and us older fellows—volleyball—is attracting large numbers of keen competitors and really drawing the crowds. Maybe it's because the boys want to lose some weight or possibly they come out to see the Adj. and Steve roll around the floor. At any rate the competition is keen and so far the Joes, Milt Parks' team, is on top of the league with the Sergeants and Songhees close behind and Wops, Dakotas and No. 9 C.M.U. following in that order. Games were cancelled Thursday night, 25th Jan., as just when things were going nicely the lights went out. The game continued in the Officers' Mess but as yet the final score has not been submitted to this office. We're going to try again each Thursday hereafter with lights. While on the subject of volleyball—Sgt. Macarthur (Audrey) and her Click Chicks were swatting the ball around with much vim and vigor the other night and should, with a little more practice, be able to enter a team in the men's league. That should really draw the crowds, with such stars as Mona, Susie and Betty making with fast passes.

It's June in January, or Midwinter baseball at Sandspit. The No. 9 C.M.U. nine from Alliford lost to the Sandspit nine in a close game. Except for the interference from aircraft it was a good game to watch, the final score being three-zero.

Maintenance won over G.D.'s in a spotty game with Dobbigin scoring five and Gomez four for Maintenance with a final score of thirteen to two. In the second game Gremlins and Snafus played a three-all tie which was a classic with Buchanan scoring three for the Snafus and Gremlins' first line showing some smart passing plays. In the third game Baker starred, scoring two, while Foes won four to three over No. 9 C.M.U. The league is going great and should improve as long as play is clean and tempers hold.

Drop into the Rec. Hall, "Dine and Dance"

WAG CORNER

The sign on the WAG section door has been there for a long time. It simply reads "WAG Room" which means to most of us nothing but a hang-out for a MK I Joe. This is not true however, as an efficient WAG does not come from a W/S or an O.T.U. Continual brushing up and much experience is the only way a Wireless Operator can become efficient. Each crew of WAG's has the privilege of refreshing their knowledge once a month when our Signals Leader, Bob Simpson, checks the boys out on a/c equipment, not to mention of course our Signals, Gunnery BR Ops., etc. Bob is doing a great job and we all appreciate his efforts.

A little news from the home front—Vic Johnson, Groggins and Roy Aldous have been posted overseas, the lucky stiffs. They have been with No. 7 Squadron a long time and we will certainly miss their dancing. By the way, who was that certain little MK I walking around the hangar carrying a huge book of BR Ops? It seems that Carl Triner is having a little trouble understanding that little not "Switch on the Command Set." Anyway Carl, that explanation about impedance has its possibilities. Bud Harper, Tom Thompson and Jamie Boy are on leave at present. With their absence Gasy, Hobbs, Munro and MacKay are back with us. These four gentlemen seem to take that expression "brighten the corner where you are" seriously. I walked into Wally Cable's room the other night and he said he was very busy as he was charting a patrol for Vancouver. His course was 154 deg. True (allowance for drip taken into consideration) and swimming at a speed of four knots his ETA was about eight days. Let me know when you are leaving Wally—I'll go with you and do the cooking. Incidentally Turk claims when he was only ten years old he could spit farther than any kid on the street. I'm sure Larry will have something to say about that.

Sometime this month a certain F/L WAG will arrive on the station to confuse some of the boys. Let's not go into a flap fellows, remember he was a WAG too at one time.

SERGEANTS' MESS

Welcome back to the Sergeant's mess, Al Garneau. Boy, does the sight of an oil can or the smell of Diesel oil make Taffy Jones' eyes sparkle. Just like the whistle of a Jeep to "Pig-Head" Willie. No, it wasn't the good food that made that sergeant at the steam table smile when he found out on the 30th that she had left on the 29th.

A leave isn't any good to Casanova Soutar. He's still in a dream. What about that, G. B.? Al Summus says he doesn't smoke, drink, or swear, but he says, "I have my fun." Where, Al? We have Jean Jumaga back again. Gee, did she get some nice presents. (Eh, Jean?)

(next door) and the best shows in town, open day and night for your convenience, on Sunset Boulevard in down-town Alliford, between the Mess and W.D. Apartment Baracks overlooking the beautiful Pacific. Why not wipe your feet, roll up your sleeves, and lose some of those bulges? Remember you meet some of the nicest people there—even Dogwatch reporters, and never a cover charge.

I might say in passing that it's great to be working with you guys and gals and hope the schedules please most of you. If they don't drop in any time and we'll discuss it to see what can be done to make everybody happy—that's what we're here for.

"MAC."



"BERNIE" STEVENS

HIGHLIGHTS and MOANS From the BOWLING ALLEY

The moans of the month come from Jr. Mears of the parachute section with three blows in one game. He claims he is giving up bowling, but for how long?

The girls have been knocking off some good scores. LAW Ellard clicked with a high single of 214 and LAW Perry takes the double with 321. The following week Cpl. Blaine came through with a High Single of 230 and LAW Dundas with a Double of 256. Nice going girls and keep up the good bowling. Frankie Dundas' bowling has really improved since her "love-light" has arrived on the station.

The scores for the men have been very good and competition has been keen. Lieut. Lockhart bowled 300 for a High Single and they say he clipped top score previously. Toronto (Hogtown) must have good bowlers and I'm not bragging. The High Double went to F/S Benson with a beautiful 502. Bet Mac helped to spend the prize. The High Single the following week went to LAC Forgie with a wonderful score of 358. For the first eight frames he had eight strikes! He nosed out LAC Chahely of the mess who had a score of 314 which unfortunately couldn't qualify for the double. Too bad Chahely—better luck next time. The double went to our genial P.T.I., F/S MacRae, with a score of 490.

Our ball of fire game 3-11-33 has been resumed and it looks as if the fellows enjoy it. We considered making a league of this game but so sorry fellows, it is a little too wild, so be satisfied to play it on casual nights only.

The most general moan is the condition of the Alleys. The lumber has been ordered but when it will arrive is the \$64 question. The pins are also on order. Bear with us a little longer and we will try to make you all happy.

Yours truly is putting in a plea for information about bowling shoes. If anyone should know where these may be purchased we'd appreciate it very much.

Until the next Victory—keep knocking them down and we'll set them up.

CPL. "TONY" ANTONACCI.

PROBLEM CHILD OF ACCOUNTS

There is much confusion in the Accounts Section these days. It is Spitz again. He no sooner gets himself well established than he is barking for a posting. We try to explain to him that he must follow in his master's footsteps and that F/L Nielsen is spending his thirteenth month here and is "doggedly" trying to keep happy.

What makes Spitz particularly unhappy is that not unlike Daisy's boyfriend, he too has a heart throb. She is a slender little brunette, miles away in Vancouver. And it does make him pretty heart sick to witness the little love scenes in N.P.F. and the "Dark Room." Why sometimes he has come yelping out of N.P.F. crying "I want my Ma!" Everyone knows what he means but love is grand especially at Alliford Bay.

The situation would not be so serious for Spitz if he could go out on leave for a month or so and be with his "Darling-heart" but he had taken his annual prior to his posting—and he hasn't been here long enough to accumulate—anything—neither days or pay.

Spitz is getting the best co-operation of the Accounts Section. The best authorities in Psychology say that the undesirable or untimely interests must be displaced by a desirable one. So, many suggestions have been made. For example if Spitz were strong of mind and body he could enter into the "pin-setting" enterprise with the other boys. It seems a very profitable business. When the lads are asked casually, "And what are you doing these days?" their reply is invariably, "We're rolling in wealth." Aside from the financial benefit derived, it gives them something to think about other than going to Montreal when roses bloom.

Or, if Spitz were the studious type, he could join the circle of the sages and improve not only his knowledge but his vocabulary. Discussions on matters of state do pass time quickly and profitably.

There is always the alternative of spending otherwise long evenings with the boys at 3B, better known as "Little Monte Carlo." He could probably get a few timely tips from his fellow workers.

But none of these suggestions seem to appeal to our friend Spitz. The remedy for his problem will have to come from his master. Since F/L Nielsen has "always been a panty-waist to the extent of liking to iron" why don't the two of them go into the Laundry business? Spitz could handle the washing and the delivery.

THE MASOCHISTS

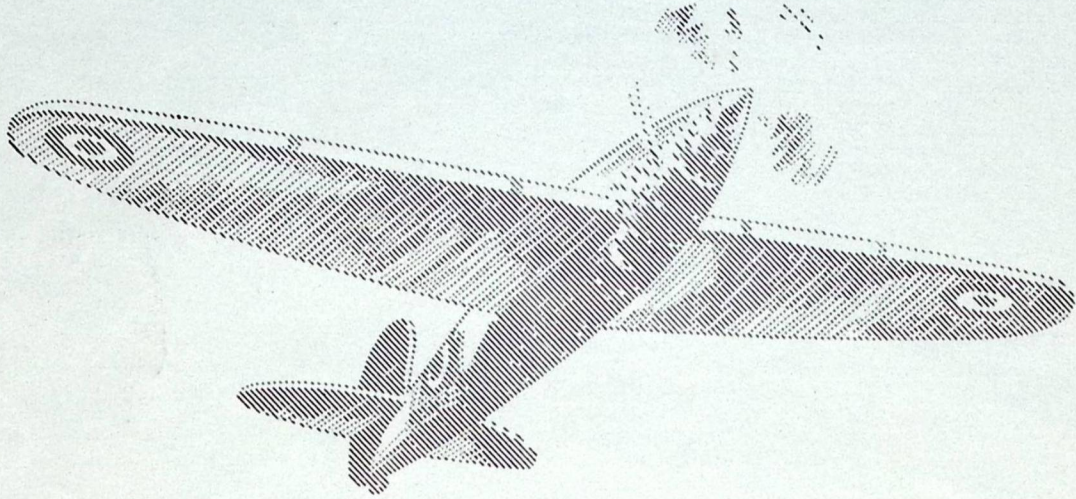
Two plus two sometimes
Equals four
But oftener it's three or more
Or less
Or sixteen and two-thirds
Or life
Or death
Or in-between vaguenesses that shift
And wane
Not plain
Or disappear and stay
Or remain, yet go away.

Bound in cotton (that is wool)
Framed in marble (that is full
of unmarbleness)
These untrue truths
Oh true lies
Sighs
Confuse and vex
Confound and hex
Poor crippled creatures
Clutching, searching for the straw,
The meaning,
Trace of, gleaming,
Seeming.

Cruel? Ludicrous!
Excruciating in a painful
Or a comic way,
They say,
And laugh
And make their bloody, cryptic jokes,
And throw their darts,
Unmindful of the red, raw flesh
Of torn, bewildered hearts
(If spirit can have flesh).

But all these thoughtless wounds
Are self-inflicted.
Aye . . . we do not see that
All are in the same impasse
And therefore each hurts each
And kills himself.

P/O GAIN, D. N.



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