

VICTORY



VOL. V

No. V

MAY — 1945

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PUBLISHED BY PERMISSION OF WING COMMANDER M. D. McFADYEN



Victory Editorial Staff

Editor-in-Chief.....F/L GENGE
Editors.....F/L BISHOP, F/O GAIN
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Publicity Managers.....S/O WHITBY, F/L BISHOP
Secretary.....S/O WHITBY
Photographer.....F/S KIDD
Sports Editor.....F/S McCRAE

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.

"VICTORY" is published monthly with the aid of funds from the Airmen's Canteen.

— Copies may be obtained for 10 cents per copy —



Corporal Connie Conrad

In that particular corner of the Equipment Section which handles all stationery and publications and the never-ending amendments and amendments to amendments you will find the pleasant person of Cpl. Conrad.

Connie was born in Saskatchewan near Prince Albert. Until she was thirteen a farm near Saskatoon was her home and then her family moved to Ladner, a busy little delta town situated at the mouth of the Fraser River, in British Columbia. Completing her High School education here she attended U.B.C. for a term but, deciding to become a teacher, changed to the Vancouver Normal School. Upon graduating, Connie returned to her home in Ladner and commenced her teaching profession in the Delta Jr. and Sr. High School, remaining until her enlistment in the R.C.A.F. (W.D.) in July, 1943. As a matter of interest to personnel who have been stationed at Boundary Bay, the school where she taught has since been converted into a "Hostess House." Many girls and boys in uniform have

been entertained where once chalk, blackboards and text books were the order of the day.

After Basic Training at Rockcliffe and an Equipment Assistant's course at Trenton, Connie was posted to Calgary where, for ten months, she worked in the Publications Section until her subsequent posting to Alliford.

While at Calgary Connie attended a Handicraft Course in Leatherwork at Banff and this training has prompted her to sponsor a class in Leathercraft which, held in the W.D. Canteen, is enthusiastically attended. Her favorite sports are badminton and tennis but her chief interest has always been music. Once pianist in the station orchestra, Connie now entertains the W.D.'s in the Canteen or helps the choir when not busy with her Handicraft classes. At the recent Western Air Command Arts and Handicraft Exhibit in the Vancouver Art Gallery, her contributions were not only well received but were prize winners.

EDITORIAL

As this edition goes to press, the name of our four-year-old paper is fast becoming a reality. At least Victory over the negative forces of freedom is at last in sight.

The organizers and original staff of Victory magazine are now scattered throughout the Dominion and overseas. No doubt they are still voluntarily serving on the staffs of other station papers and displaying the same spirit of optimism and faith exemplified by their naming of "Victory" back in the dark days of 1941.

At least two of our previous staff have paid the supreme sacrifice toward achieving our paper's name. To them and to the thousands of others, we who face the post-war world owe a tremendous debt. It is our responsibility to see that Victory, this time, is more than a name. Defeating an aggressor in combat only represents

the first phase and is just the beginning of final victory.

We in the services have volunteered our lives toward the completion of this first phase. But, in defeating Nazism and Facism, we have only won the RIGHT to build a better world where men can live peaceably together without fear of aggression and without fear of economic distress. As we enter the second and positive phase of victory, we must use the same courage and determination to see that this war has not been fought in vain. Let us aim to become better citizens of our own community and display an active interest in the welfare of our neighbors and neighboring states the world over. Victory Magazine was begun by a staff interested in bettering the welfare and morale of others. Final victory can only be won the same way.

● LIBRARY

"Apartment in Athens", by Glenway Wescott, has been called the first considerable work of art to emerge in American literature from the Second World War. Let no one be frightened away from the book by such high praise. It is an absorbing story, told with the utmost simplicity, of ordinary people trying to live out their daily lives under the shadow of the horrors of war. It is a war story that is different. There are no grandiose battle pieces, no flamboyant and heroic figures, no romantic love affairs, no pyrotechnical displays of profane virtuosity. There is nothing spectacular about the story, but there is great humanity, great truth, a great horror and a great warning in it.

Mr. Wescott has never been to Greece. His story was suggested to him by a Greek refugee. You will, therefore, find no attempt to create local colour. He sets the action within the four walls of an apartment in Athens during the German occupation. Yet these few rooms, as the story progresses, become the home of oppressed people everywhere. Here lives the Helianos family. The father

had been a mildly successful publisher whose business had been ruined by the invasion. He is something of an intellectual, kind and sympathetic, not very brave. His wife is a hypochondriac, nervous and resentful. His son, Alex, is wild, strange and vindictive. Leda, his little daughter, worries Helianos because her mind is backward. She hardly ever speaks.

Into this little household comes the German officer, Captain Kalter. He is very efficient, works very hard, has no bad habits. He is in the quartermaster-corps and chooses their house because it is conveniently close to his headquarters. In his coldly impersonal, cruel, arrogant way, the Captain subjects the family to every conceivable indignity, makes them wait upon him hand and foot . . . "hurt feelings and fatigue and aching entrails, the body sore and the soul sore, and the round and round of domestic difficulty, the tired mind moving from one little trouble to the next with a little jerk like the minute hand of a clock."

In the spring, Kalter goes to Germany on two weeks' leave. The Helianos family at first feel relieved but as the days slip by they are more and more oppressed by the thought of his return. At last, he comes back; a Major now and somewhat changed. He looks worn and tired. The restrictions which he had placed on the family are eased and he even holds conversations with them. Little Mr. Helianos begins to relax. He makes the Major tell him the cause of his changed attitude. Kalter, while on leave in Germany, had learned of the death of his son in Russia, and then his wife had been killed in an air raid. In one terrible moment, wise, kind, humane little Helianos condemns Hitler for bringing tragedy upon the world. That moment is the undoing of the little Greek. He is turned over to the military police.

Major Kalter, grief-stricken over the loss of his family, methodically sets his affairs in order, leaves instructions for the death of Helianos, walks quietly into his room and shoots himself. Here is the final warning.



Mock Wedding at Shower for LAW Frankie Dundas in W.D. Lounge.

● Education

Many people have recently been asking for more vocational education in the schools. This has certain merits. For to find out what one is fitted to do and to secure an opportunity to do it is the key to happiness. Nothing is more tragic than failure to discover one's true business in life or to find that one has drifted, or been forced by circumstances, into an uncongenial calling. When one does work which has no appeal to him, neither his heart nor his mind is in the work.

Now the business of education is to discover what each person is good for and then to train him to mastery of that occupation. However, there are certain pitfalls into which vocational education may fall. To determine in advance some future occupation for each person, and then to prepare him strictly for this, will injure his chances of developing all his potential abilities. We must watch that no educational program be accepted which develops only machine-like skill in routine lines at the expense of all the qualities of planning, observation and problem-solving that make an occupation give us real satisfaction.

Vocational education must not be merely trade education, a means of securing technical efficiency only. If democracy is to survive and flourish, this narrow trade education is insufficient. Included in any vocational education program must be science, economics, civics and politics—all things that make a man a better member of a community. It must be wide enough so that the individual can re-adjust himself to ever-changing conditions of life, so that he will not be tied down to one

narrow trade from which he cannot escape. Man must not again let machines be his master.

But the preparation of the ex-serviceman for any vocation can have many of these so-called frills removed. The adult airman is not the same as the high school boy. The experience gained in the service has been a broad general education in living itself. He has learned to re-adjust himself to many novel and strange situations. He has seen how others, widely separated in space, are living. His ideas about what he wants to do are much clearer because he has tried several things in the service. So, for him, the best training is the kind which gives him proficiency in his trade as rapidly as possible.

In order to help the serviceman along in choosing a profession or trade, the air force has set up the counselling procedure which determines in a general way what field an airman should enter. The educational services then try to help the individual to take the first few steps along the road to the job he has chosen. These are for the most part correspondence courses, of which more than one hundred are offered. There are courses in all high school subjects, in many university classes, in a wide variety of trades and professions such as forestry, selling, refrigeration, radio, engineering, accounting, money and banking.

On the station itself, various classes of an exploratory nature are offered. They give the airman a chance to browse around to see what he likes, well in advance of his return to civilian life. Such courses are typewriting, shorthand, bookkeeping, woodwork, welding, sheet metal work, leathercraft, sewing, public speaking, job relations training, art, conversational French and photography.

Peace will not Mean Plenty

After five-and-a-half years of privation the British people are wondering when they are going to enjoy the amenities of normal life. The following review by a London press correspondent shows that for the United Kingdom, at least, there will be a long time-lag between the end of the war and the resumption of peacetime standards.

FOOD RATIONING: As far as food supplies are concerned, the United Kingdom is now in the tightest year of the war. Prospects for even small increases in rations are almost out of the question, and rationing will be continued long after V-Day. United Kingdom food reserves have been so seriously depleted to send supplies to Europe they are already down to the minimum.

TRAIN SERVICES: There will be a long wait for better train services. Reasons for this include a shortage of locomotives (we have already sent one thousand to Europe and most of those in the U.K. are overworked), overhaul transport traffic, and priority for important freight such as housing materials. There is no hope for dining cars or pullmans for months after V-Day, because even after their military uses end they will need renovating.

CLOTHES RATIONING: Nobody knows, but experts in the trade expect very gradual easing, though rationing will remain for a long time.

LADIES STOCKINGS: Supplies will probably increase by about fifteen per cent. within three months from the defeat of Germany, but they will still be rationed. The quality at first will be no better than at present (fully fashioned stockings are very rare). Of course, no silk or nylons will be available.

CLEANING AND PRESSING: The biggest firm of cleaners in England say there is one unsurmountable problem in their industry—labour. When partial demobilization takes place after the defeat of Germany the position may be easier. But it will be a slow business.

These exploratory classes may point the way to a definite vocation. If not, then they are intended as a hobby, something which will provide pleasant leisure-time recreation in the age of high power machinery which we have now entered. If a man is so unfortunate as to follow a calling which is dull and uninteresting, he can make his life rich and full of meaning through spare-time activities which he can work on at home. Here, he gets the satisfaction of planning, thinking and problem-solving which are denied to him in his job.

But the ideal situation is still the wise choice of a job and a broad vocational education properly carried out. The job itself will then yield intense satisfaction to the worker. For such a worker has been prepared for intelligent living in a modern world.

REC. HALL RAMBLINGS



Here I am thinking of leave—fresh milk, street cars, night clubs, civie clothes, new faces—ah me!

The sports highlight of the month was the battle of the century in floor hockey between two great teams—Misfits and Maintenance. It was a two out of three series but only went the two games, Misfits winning both by one goal. The second and final game went to four overtime periods and it was a lulu! The hall was jammed to the rafters, in fact including the rafters. Steve did a swell job on the announcing and yours truly—well, I'll give you a tip—don't ever try to referee floor hockey as long as you're in your right mind. There were so many stars on the floor that night that to pick any individuals out would be unfair to the other players. The goalers were terrific, stopping shot after shot. Britton for the losers played an especially good game. Baker, Loos and Buchanan played heads-up all the way. Petrie and Pop on defence played a clean and heady game.

Baseball is in bloom. Committees are being formed, equipment is here and more on its way, leagues are being drawn up and there will possibly be sixteen teams with three all-girl teams for variety. The diamond is getting into shape with most of the wood off, so now all we are waiting for is good old sol to do his stuff with the aid of a bulldozer. So start warming up those arms, fellows and girls, and we'll see you on the diamond.

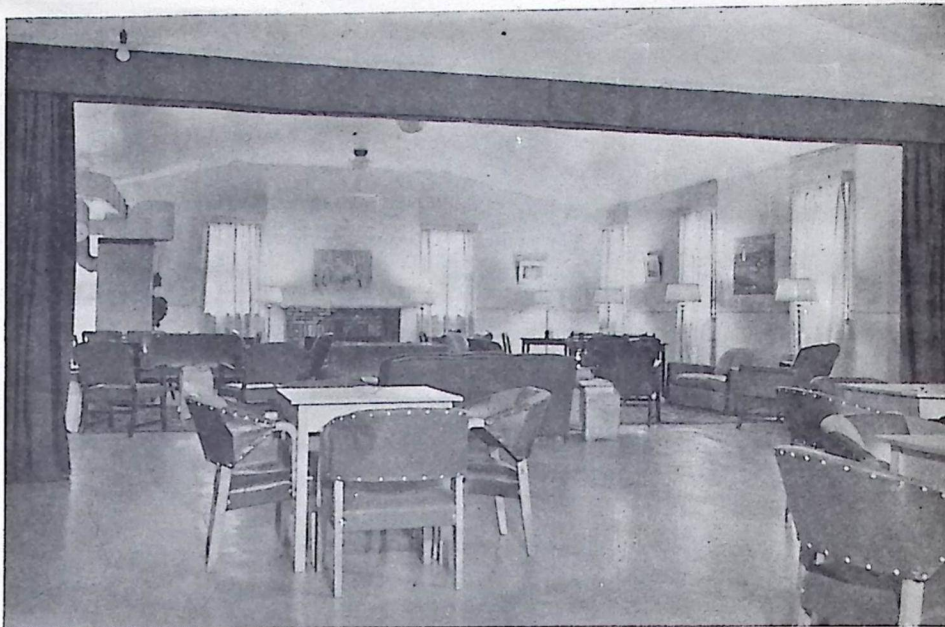
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Leave postponed. No fresh milk, no street cars, no night clubs, no civie clothes, no new faces—no nothing—no more!

"MAC."



- Newly Decorated Airmen's Lounge -

- - VOX OPS - -

Don't let last month's column kid you—you'd almost think the boys were glad we girls arrived in the section (ask Sturge—he'll tell you!) In some ways, though, I guess they are. Who goes on flag raising? Who attends parade? Who takes E-42's down to equipment? Who gets stuck for the cokes? Who's joed to write this column? T'aint Superman! And as far as the aircrew taking a keener interest in the Operations Room . . . Ha, ha, know any more funny jokes! (Right in there like a burglar, stealing Fluff's stuff—sorry, Signals.) What about the joker who came in one night, saw me sitting there, right about turned and shot out of the room muttering "My Gawd—wimmin!" We sure get flattered right and left. Anyway, if it wasn't for us, the Ops Room would be mighty shortstaffed just about now.

F/L Bishop and Sgt. West decided they'd had about enough of the bush, so they left us for the bright lights of Bella Bella (and Ocean Falls?)—just temporary though. F/L Hall and his hat (may they never be parted!) have gone north for a short while but will be back any day now. At the time of writing F/L Slaughter is in hospital with a pain in the neck (no reflections on the hospital staff, of course!). Congratulations are in order for Jack who passed the cigars around one day in March (Vi and Aileen were right in there puffing away—they say green is the colour for complexions this season.) Joe Darby is down at Jericho in hospital—hope he'll be out and back pretty soon—we sure miss him. Incidentally, he doesn't know it yet, but he has paid a month's rent on a house over in Charlotte, thanks to Sturge. Could be a house-warming party in the offing?? Guess we'll be seeing Mrs. Joe and daughter this summer.

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Considering the fact us gals have only been here two months we've all been around quite a bit. Scaled Table Mountain the other day and were treated to a super steak dinner and nice comfy chairs. We strongly recommend the transmitter shack for anyone who wants to get away from it all (and who doesn't!) Sandspit has been decorated by our fair forms (!) and faces a couple of times—but that's Em's (Baby Austin's) specialty—you can tell that to the Marines! And then Vi and Gill spent that one sunny afternoon we had, swimming near Kwuna Point—intentionally, too, bathing suits and all. Who says the Ops staff can't take it?

Would like to take this opportunity of saying goodbye to our Navy boys who will be leaving us soon. All the luck in the world to you, Windy, Hammy, Cliff and Harff—you're certainly going to be missed.

Which just about brings us up to date on our personnel so if we don't see you in the near future, we'll be seeing you in the far pasture! Unless, of course, we all get posted—oh, no! not that!!!

Curiouser and Curiouser

Man is a peculiar creature, God Wot! An ambidextrous biped, potentially polygamous by nature. He is said to be divided into three classes by that extraordinary creature Woman: (1) Bachelor; (2) Husband; (3) Husband with amnesia. The first is like unto a lonely island surrounded by a sea of doubt and is apt to submerge under waves of suspicion if approached too suddenly. The second is harmless and the third a dangerous character to be handled with care and discretion.

To transform Man of the first class to Man of the second state add a little Woman under favourable conditions. To these two experimental subjects add a few drops of the well-known catalyst, Tincture of Amour, distilled on a starlit spring night by Messrs. Cupid, Man in the Moon and Co., unlimited. If any affinity exists between the Man and Woman the experiment can be expected to be successful. N.B. Most men have an affinity for many women, many women to few men.

Before introducing Woman she should be so conditioned as to diffuse a soft and winning glow and should her intellect burn with too bright a light this radiance must then be carefully shielded lest Man evaporate and be seen no more. Gentle words of adoration should bubble from her lips yet must the cunning of her flattery be not too obvious lest Man congeal in doubt and fear, nor yet too sparing lest he run in boredom.

Violent effervescence may be observed at varying stages of the experiment but should one or both of the subjects become inert the experiment can then be justly called a failure.

Subtle changes are demonstrable in Man of the first stage now rendered Man of the second type. He shuns the vivid companion, the rowdy night life and cleaves unto the fireside and domestic felicity. The fantastic hat, the brilliant lipstick which once served to enhance Woman now becomes to him an irritation when worn as a decoration for Wife. He will be seen but seldom with the companions of his Bachelor days unless he be found in a club where Woman is excluded.

Should the gentle glow of the Woman, now Wife, change to a harsh and searching light, should the gentle sounds issuing from her lips become a noisy clangor corrosive in action upon Man's soul he may then evolve as Man of the third type. The experiment by secondary and delayed action has then become a failure.

Quad erat demonstratum. Man is a peculiar creature, God knows!

POOR GRANDPOP

Grandpa: "I miss the old cuspidor since it's gone."

Grandmother: "You missed it before—that's why it's gone."

STRICTLY STRIKER



Lou Striker

Lou Striker is that hunk of man in the above photo. Lou is a Winnipegger both by birth and place of residence.

Lou started his lifting career in 1939 just before war broke out, and he trained so well that in 1941 he became instructor at the Y.M.H.A. in Winnipeg. Here he instructed mostly on just building a healthy, clean body, concentrating mostly on the boxing-gloves and weights. Later he took part in the Winnipeg Police Bouts where he walked away with a few prizes and was runner-up to Nick McCarr, Manitoba Lightweight champ.

One of Lou's best proteges was Paul Mahara, well-known to hockey fans of the Trail Smoke-eaters.

At 140 pounds Lou was pushing a mere 240 pounds above his bean, and since then he has filled out to 160 pounds, solidly packed over his 5 feet 7 inches.

LAC Striker is getting back into shape after three years of Air Force life. He says this is the first station he has been on that has a set of weights, so now-a-days if you hear groans and moans from the Maintenance Barracks you will know that he is trying his skill and strength.

"Frequent water drinking," said the advising sergeant, "prevents becoming stiff in the joints."

"Yeah," replied the airman, "but some joints don't serve water."

A Reasonable Request

FOR EXTENSION OF LEAVE

Dear Sir:

On September 18 last I left for 10 days leave at my brother's farm at Red Deer, Alta.

On September 21 my brother's barn burned down, all except the brick silo, which was damaged at the top by the bolt of lightning. That started the fire.

On September 22, he decided to repair the silo right away because he had to get his corn into it. I decided to help him.

I rigged a barrel to the top of the silo so that the necessary bricks could be hoisted to the top of the silo where the repair work was going on. Then we hauled up several hundred bricks. This later turned out to be too many bricks.

After my brother got all the brick work repaired there was still a lot of brick at the top of the silo on the working platform we had built. I said I would take it all down below. So I climbed down the ladder and hauled the barrel all the way up. Then I secured the line with a sort of slip knot so I could undo it easier later.

Then I climbed back up the ladder and piled bricks into the barrel until it was full.

I climbed down the ladder. Then I untied the line to let the brick down. However I found that the barrel of bricks was heavier than I was and when the barrel started down, I started up. I thought of letting go but by that time I was so far up I thought it would be safer to hang on.

Half way up, the barrel hit my shoulder pretty hard, but I still hung on. I was going pretty fast at the top and bumped my head. My fingers got pinched in the pulley block. However, at the same time the barrel hit the ground and the bottom fell out of it, letting all the bricks out.

I was then heavier than the barrel, and started down again. I got burned on the leg by the other rope as I went down until I met the barrel again which went by faster than before and took the skin off my shins.

I guess I landed pretty hard on the pile of bricks because at that time I lost my presence of mind and let go of the line. That let the barrel come down fast and it hit me on the head.

The doctor wouldn't let me start back until September 27th, which made me two days overleave, which I don't think is too much under the circumstances.

Joe Doakes, AC2.

CLASS DISTINCTION

"I have a pain in my abdomen", the recruit told the army doctor.

"Young man", the doctor replied "Officers have abdomens, Sergeants have stomachs. You have a bellyache."

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PERSONALITY OF THE MONTH ARE YOU HAPPY?



LAC Tom Petrie

In speaking of Tom Petrie one immediately thinks of sports. An ardent hockey fan and player, he played on several junior teams in his home town, Port Arthur, making tours into various cities in Canada and the United States. His activities in the athletic field have continued into his service career, having played for the R.C.A.F. Hockey Team at Pat Bay. His arrival at Alliford over a year ago, has proved a valuable asset to both the softball and floor hockey leagues. You will find his name at the top of the list for badminton tournaments, and on the bowling alleys he knocks down a pretty good score.

Tom's abilities are not confined to sports alone; his work as a member of the entertainment committee has done much to promote good fellowship on the station.

Tom was born on New Year's Day, 1918, in the city of Fort William, Ont. After finishing High School he went to work in his father's bicycle shop until the Spring of 1942 when he decided to join the R.C.A.F. as an Armourer (Guns). He enlisted in Winnipeg and was immediately posted to No. 1 'M' Depot, Toronto. After completing his course at Mountain View he was posted to the West Coast for duty, and has been here ever since. Tom married a home town girl, Marguerite Jane Greene, in the Spring of 1943. His ready wit and winning personality ensures his welcome in any section he may visit during the course of his duties. And by the way, his main ambition is to get home to his latest achievement. He will show you a picture of him any time you ask.

In a preceding article it was seen that people react to the disappointments of life by becoming cynical or religious.

Here is the fallacy of becoming cynical that is believing that the purpose of life is to get as much pleasure out of it as possible. This would be the right attitude if you were just an animal. But you have a soul as well as a body. Hence there are joys in life as well as pleasures. There is a world of difference between the two. Pleasure is of the body, joy is of the mind and heart. Edgar Bergen gives pleasure to many people, but none of his most avid fans would ever say he made them joyful. You can become tired of pleasures but you never tire of joys. A boy may think he could never get too much ice cream, but give him the opportunity and he will soon discover that there is just not enough boy. A pleasure can be increased to a point where it ceases to be a pleasure, if carried beyond that point it may become a pain. But the joy of good conscience or the joy of a kind deed done, or the discovery of a truth, never turns to pain.

Furthermore, have you ever noticed as your desire for pleasure increased, the satisfaction from the pleasure decreased? The dope-fiend, to have an equal pleasure, must increase his dose. Do you think a philosophy of life is right that is based on the law of diminishing returns? If you were made for pleasure why should your capacity for pleasure diminish with the years instead of increasing?

Then, too, have you observed that your pleasures were always greater in anticipation than in realization? With the joys of the spirit, it is quite the contrary. The cross is unattractive in prospect, but is sweet in possession. The prospect of thirty pieces of silver was attractive to Judas, but possession of them filled him with disgust.

When the first thrill of ownership is gone and your possessions begin to cloy, your sole happiness now is pursuit of more possessions. You turn the pages of your life, but you never read the book.

That is why the strictly pleasure-minded become cynical. A cynical has been defined as one who knows the price of everything and the value of nothing. He will say: "If I had another position," or "if I were in another city," etc., I would be happy. In every instance he makes happiness extrinsic to himself. Consequently he can never be happy, but will go on chasing mirages as long as he lives.

If your desires conflict, you can never find the happiness you crave. Despite the advertisements, Dine and Dance, "you cannot do both at the same time." There is an exclusiveness about certain pleasures that they cannot be enjoyed in company with others. You cannot enjoy a good book and a hockey game at the same time. Even the best of pleasures such as the enjoyment of good music or literature cannot go on indefinitely, for human resources are incapable of enjoying them without relaxa-

tion. There may be no limit to our returning to them but there is a limit to our staying with them.

If you base life solely on the principles of always having a good time, your life is disorderly and miserable because happiness is a by-product, not a goal, it is the bridesmaid, not the bride — it flows from something else.

Hence you can never have a really good time until you discover your purpose in life. Time is the greatest obstacle in the world to happiness because you are happiest when you are unconscious of the passing of time. The more you enjoy yourself, the less conscious you are of the passing of time. You say: "Time passed like everything else." Maybe therefore your happiness has something to do with the eternal! You can find happiness in time, but you want happiness that is Timeless.

W. J. McGUIGAN, F/L.

Notes From the Airmen's Mess.

We welcome S/O Olga Virstuck, our dietician and chief of staff, formerly of the R.C.A.F. Station in Penhold, Alberta. We hope you will enjoy your stay in the bush, Ma'am.

Among our new chefs we have AC1 "Sam" Angel of Vancouver, who has taken over the bake-shop. He always wonders why you fellows eat so much bread. Is that white scarf around his head to keep the hair out of his eyes or the midnight scroungers out of his hair?

AC1 Paul Lavois from Montreal is our new breakfast chef and will be seen in the morning flipping our flappers. Cpl. Jack Broderick, who has just returned from three glorious weeks in Toronto, can be heard exercising his vocals on "Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life" and "Why Don't We Do This More Often." Cpl. Stenning's new dairy is now in operation, and he is anticipating increased production during the summer months.

"Shick" Bennet gave up bread baking and has turned his hand to making pies and pastries. No doubt his pleasing personality has been missed by those 2300 hour scroungers. Cpl. Towne's favourite saying is, "I want to go home." We have said adieu to LAC Leon Peters who has been posted to 9 C.M.U. Headquarters pending his return to Civie Street. Good luck, Leon.

In closing, the staff wish to thank all personnel for their kind co-operation during the inconveniences caused by the renovating of our Mess.

"The Weather Men Say..." M. T. DRIVER'S DIARY

From the Cloudy Joes

The weather hatchery has lately fallen into ill-repute, and the weather it has produced has caused a lot of bad feeling. Only in the hearts of Aircrew does the weather bureau occupy a special place. For when it rains and snows and blows a bitter gale, the bears all hibernate—with Aircrew close behind.

But woe is us! When you butter one side of your toast the other side beefs because it has to go dry. Confucius say, "you can't please them all." And so, as the summer progresses, with its sunshine and flowers, the worm will have turned, and it will be, "We're cheesed off with you weather birds. Four patrols already this week, and another one now. And no sack time or walks in the woods since April."

In our desolation, we welcome back LAC Ken Dunsmore, even if he was a little late. But you can't blame him—45 days of leave form a big incentive to take just a wee bit more. He was duly put on charge and eye-witnesses declare the drama that attended his appearance before the officer will go down in RCAF legal history.

LAC Graham Campbell, who just left for the East for a little vacation, was pretty glad to get away, and for more reasons than one. It seems that his love life needed a little fanning to bring back the flame, and desiring a good job done, he decided he'd better do the job himself. Good luck, Graham.

Many visitors to the operations building this past month have remarked on the cleanliness of the steps and hallways. They say the track of sanitation leads into the met. office. We wouldn't like to say who's been doing the sweeping, but if you run into "Mop-lip" Bernyk on duty don't say we didn't warn you.

Newt Wolverton, the man with a thousand ideas on how to make money the easy way, spent a few days at Bella Bella. Jack Rush who was here in January is OIC there now. Newt reports everything jake-a-loo at LBB.

LAC's Herb Law and Art Teskey are away in a wave of backwash from the Squamish. The boys are heading for Boundary Bay and civilization and—well, why go into details? Herb had 15 months in la bush and Art 13. In a tearful goodbye scene at the dock the boys said in shallow voices that they hoped to be back soon. We're not quite sure of the date mentioned; something like 1998 we think.

In this issue we would like you to meet the gentleman who took over popular Jack Calder's stand. Name is Findlay, Ivan W., white, married, met. section, for the use of. Damn those clothing parades. Ivan is a Autochthon, (product) of Vancouver. His peacetime profession is schoolteaching, and as a schoolteacher, he has taught in East

Stop right where you are folks! The "Jaenicke Construction Co." is entirely on its own and has no connection whatsoever with the M.T.S. But we do admire your ability to work on your own, Jack.

Many suggestions have been offered on how to beat off the scavengers that are continually molesting our men of the Wet and Dry Brigade, but none of them has proven very satisfactory as yet. The airmen concerned are at present armed with slingshots and other such crude weapons to protect themselves while escorting the refuse to its destination.

Through no fault of our own, a few new faces may be seen behind the wheel of an M. T. vehicle these days. We are happy to welcome from the Prairie Sta-

tions, LAC's Sullivan and Mulligan, and Cpl. Ross Zinn, a young farmer who hails from Youngstown, Alberta.

Another lad who answered the call to the bush is Cpl. Frank Bufton from Vancouver. Frank has a sister on the station, W. D. Cpl. "Buffy" Bufton, and although Frank would like to stay here with her, the Sarg. has other plans for him. We know it is a W. D. that is Frank's interest here but it may not necessarily be his sister. How about that, Frank?

We wish to express our thanks to Sgt. Armstrong and a few of his hospital staff, for their efforts in keeping the cement in front of the hospital spick and span. It was beginning to look as if all the mud on the station was piling up in front of the M. T. Section until Frank came along with his crew and tried his best to prevent such a catastrophe.



Motor Transport Section

Top Row—Lac Pridham, W.L., Lac Piche, M.L., Lac McCullough, A.A.

Front Row—Lac Sullivan, A.J., Cpl. Zinn, G.R., P/O Jaenicke, J., Sgt. Boretta, E., Cpl. Bufton, C.F., Lac Mulligan, D.

Kootenay, the Fraser Valley and the Queen Elizabeth High in Vancouver.

The met. service was first honoured with his talents in January of 1943. As a meteorologist his first station was No. 12 S.F.T.S. at Brandon. From Brandon he went to Bella Bella, where he spent sixteen months, and from Bella Bella up to Alliford.

Mr. F. confesses he's a little musically inclined, numbering among his accomplishments an ability to tickle the ivories; toot the trumpet and scratch the fiddle. But he hasn't had a trumpet to his lips for a long, long time, Bill, so you'll be

in for a big argument the moment you mention "orchestra."

Ivan is a member in good standing of the Skidegate Inlet Commuters Club; Mrs. Findlay residing at Queen Charlotte City. Missing the morning run holds no fear for Ivan. He just puts on his big red cape, takes a few steps and comes flying through the air a la Superman. That, folks, is what winning the Lower B.C. Mainland Broad Jump in your high school days will do for you. Take a bow, Ivan, may your stay here be as pleasant and agreeable as your personality.

WORKSHOPS

Congratulations to our two new corporals; Johnny Johnson, our skilled machinist (A group), and Tony Jasinski, our capable carpenter (also A group). How does it feel to be in charge, Johnny?

Our Sarge, "Mac" MacDonald, who is on leave, sent us a card saying that people are looking "intelligenter and intelligenter" as he nears Winnipeg. By the way, some of the boys still feel the effects of those "ropes" he passed out (no reflection on Mac . . . cigars are hard to get).

LAC "Danny" Danyluck, our young welder (he'll ask anyone to step outside and say that) is doing a splendid job of making ends meet . . . watch out, Danny, before one of those hobby class pupils of yours does you out of a job.

It is rumoured that LAC "Bill" Young, sheet metal worker (rigger), is adding contracting to his already well-established real estate business. What's brewing, Bill? Our wandering "Gummy Gomez" (The Hammer) missed the boat again. Gosh! what has Charlotte got that Alliford hasn't? Or would you rather tell it to the Padre, Gummy? The N.C.O.'s just don't understand.

Our two newly-arrived carpenters—LAC's Lorne Britton and Bruce are slowly becoming accustomed to LAC "Sparky" Gagne's persistent beefing. In regards to the smoke-room manners (in one ear and out the other) the spark plug section (Coffee Shop) has become a dangerous area to enter since LAC "Lou" Striker has taken to hoisting overhead any movable objects . . . Poor Sparky (alias Gerry).

WORKS AND BUILDINGS



Welcome to Flight Sergeant Fredricks, the new foreman of Works and Buildings, who has taken Frank Pearce's place. Things are already beginning to hum with activity.

Cpl. Ernie Bellennie is enjoying a few days in Vancouver with his wife and child.

LAC (Shannon) Norfield is in Vancouver enjoying a few days well earned rest. Am I right Sid?

So the lights going out at midnight bothered you eh? You couldn't finish a letter or story? Gee that is too bad. From now on you will be able to read or write till daylight as the electricians have just finished installing a new power unit.

Lac. Ransome has finally whipped his W. & B. stores into shape. If your section needs light bulbs, see him. "Better send a WD for them, Maxie will do anything for a girl," says Cpl. Dupuis.

Cpl. Benny Dupuis is back with No. 9 C.M.U. We are sorry to have lost him. Best of luck from the W. & B. Gang, Benny.



Equipment Section

LEFT TO RIGHT — Front Row: LAC Reycraft, LAC Webb, Sgt. Edwards, F/L Burns, F/S McKinnon, Sgt. Jackson.
Centre Row: Cpl. Bergeron, Cpl. Pettypiece, LAW Gilbert, Cpl. Conrad, LAW Campbell, LAW Johnston, LAW Robertson.
Back Row: LAC Sergeant, LAC Johnston, Cpl. Gulliver, Cpl. Kelly, LAC Young, Cpl. Norman.

EQUIPMENT QUIPS

Our happy section is known to most of you already, partly through the last few copies of Victory, but mainly through personal contact with our different departments. You are probably one of those lucky people who gave Kelly or Milt Young worn shirts under summer kit for another part worn shirt under summer kit; or pounded irately for half an hour on Paul Bergeron's door only to learn, "No, your kit bag hasn't turned up yet. May be on tomorrow's Dakota"; or wondered what to do with those duplicate E93's that Anne Robertson and Johnny Johnston sent back (it's okay, we would have thrown them in our own waste basket but wanted to give CR a little business); or tried to get into Rusty Johnson's tailor shop via Tech Stores and were thrown out on your ear; or sat patiently while the operator tried all eight phones and finally gave you Donna Gilbert's charming voice down at the back telling you, "Cpl. Conrad hasn't come in yet"; or tried every day for two weeks to get a few rolls from George Pettypiece in Barrack Stores; or watched Sgt. Jackson hand your long awaited order of spark plugs across the counter to the

M.T. section instead of to you; or wondered what's the attraction at Cape St. James for "Mac" MacKinnon (it's strictly business and the latest news is that Mac has lost all his hair); or asked Fran Campbell to help you check an aircraft and found that you had eleven dinghies on your charge; or gone away empty-handed because Jack & Jack Inc. (Livingston and Webb) are taking stock in 26HK; or sizzled Eddy Edwards' earlobes because you can't find Len Reycraft and you're right out of gas; or found that it doesn't pay to let Eddy Burns in on a racket (we wonder whether maintenance has discovered a substitute for Cells Dry 1.5 volt yet).

If you haven't yet had the pleasure of meeting us drop around sometime. We are at home to friends between the hours of eight and five seven days a week, and welcome all callers (unless it's coffee time) with a smile. Cheap rates with special spring clearances starting now in Kelly's Bargain Basement. Your memories of Alliford Bay will be happy ones if you were lucky enough to deal with the Equipment Section. We'll be seeing you!

❖ SERGEANTS' MESS ❖

Thanks to Mac and his incessant heckling, here are the "doins" from the Sgts. Mess for the month.

We extend our welcome to the newcomers and say "cheerio" to members of the old gang who have been posted or have moved across-the-way to the BIG HOUSE. The best to you boys in your new surroundings.

Believe it or not we are soon going to be able to boast of having the best mess on the west coast. Changes are away to a good start, with the new ante-room and addition to the dining-room almost completed.

The Commanding Officer is at bat for a new wing to the kitchen. Thanks to No. 9 C.M.U. and the boys that lost some of their precious sack-time, the painting is nearly finished.

We cannot pass up this opportunity to compliment Bill Miller and staff for their meals. Keep up the good work, Bill, and we'll get you a deferred posting.

THE SEWING CIRCLE

Greetings from the S.E.W.'s. This is the Safety Equipment Workers' first appearance in the Victory, and their appearance in the Air Force isn't much older, for everyone wonders what those big letters, S.E.W., mean. Well! they mean just about what they say, and the boys down here sew anything from torn parachutes to wild oats.

First, we have Cpl. Jack Selvage, I/C, who is well known as the "voucher boy." One of these days I'm going to follow this Casanova and find out what the attraction is. Then we have Lou Rintoul, whose wife (sorry girls) resides in Skidegate. From Detroit hails Russ Furniss. Russ won't believe that everything south of the border is U/S. A new addition is P. F. "Dave" Randall who has been in the Air Force so long that we don't know whether he is wearing ribbons or hiding behind a picket fence. Last of the S.E.W.'s is yours truly.

The boys who did the good job of holding the fort before we came are still doing okay. They are the fabric workers; "Cpl. "Eddie" Edwards, now on leave in London; "Mac" McCormick, well known in sports; and "Drummer Boy" Junior Mears. If any of you fellows bail out, count ten, pull the ripcord and then get the gong, an investigation will probably find Junior looking for a lost drum stick.

We don't know what started this in the first place, but did anyone ever look at the moon and wonder if anything with such an innocent face could start an argument? Well, it did! Maybe I'm just a lover of nature, but I still say that there's no moon like a good old country moon. The boys try to tell me that a moon's a moon any old place, even if it has to compete with so many city lights that you have to look twice to see it. Would anyone like to join our argument? Surely I don't stand

● DOBBIEVILLE DOINGS

By VI JAENICKE

DOBBIEVILLE will soon celebrate its first anniversary. April of last year our men were chopping their way through timber where our little village now stands, to make a clearing big enough to build a house on. Changes are ever the order in Dobbieville and more have been made in the past few weeks by removing stumps and trees, so that the people who live on the creek now have a road. We expect to see the odd Victory Garden here and there . . . Welcome to our new residents. Three new cabins are under way . . . Congratulations to Bill Jeffs, Les Duckmanton and Jack Hammersley, our new P/O's. Congratulations to the Roots, who were presented

with a baby daughter recently. We are pleased to have the Ringers back and trust they enjoyed their leave at home in Toronto . . . The Majors and son, John, have gone home to Winnipeg where they will spend a few weeks' holidays . . . Glen and Marion Davis recently spent some time in Vancouver . . . Ethel Benson has some grand souvenirs of Alaska which her husband brought her . . . Stevens, Hammersleys and Bests have made a god job of their stairs leading up the bank and Frank Roots is making a rock terrace in front of his house. And so we go on, improving our cabins, making them more like home.



The Rock Cut at Dobbieville on the Sandspit Road

alone in its defence.

That's just about what makes things tick here in the S.E.W. section, and it's so-long until next month, with a friend-

ly reminder to the boys who might bail out . . . "It don't mean a thing if you don't pull that string."

"WAG" WAGNER.

● The Army Point of View

To do justice to the Army and remain within the bounds of security; or to truthfully portray the natural human outlook which even the long-suffering soldier takes of the rain and isolation of Canada's Western fastnesses, and still remain within the bounds of decency, is well nigh an impossible task. But like any staunch soldier of His Majesty's Canadian Army, a duty has been pointed out, an order give, and so it must be done. Like the American See Bees, the difficult may be expected immediately, but the impossible may take just a few moments longer.

Among the men of the Soo Suds stationed here we find all of Canada represented. Boys from Prairie Provinces working and training side by side with boys from Ontario and Quebec, from the Maritimes and from British Columbia. Farmers and machinists, clerks and truck drivers, jewellers, accountants and radio announcers all united by the common bond of their country's need.

Unlike our American neighbors, Canada's Air Force and Army are two different services. But it should be pointed out, to the credit of all members of both forces, that the ready co-operation and friendly attitude in the face of a common enemy has enabled the two forces to maintain their individuality and still unite to make the great striking force which Canadians in uniform have become. This is no less true in great combinations of Armies and Bomber and Fighter Commands than in our own small part of the war here on the West Coast.

The lot of the Infantryman is never an enviable one. His job has none of the glamour of swift, screaming sky battles, nor the terrible grandeur of hundreds of heavy bombers blasting enemy strongholds and supplies. He is the guy down below in the mud and sleet slugging it

out with the enemy, literally at arms-length. He's the lad from next door trying to make himself an integral part of the roadside ditch or handy slit trench while enemy mortar bombs, artillery and machine gun fire make even the lifting of an elbow or foot an invitation to the hospital. Nevertheless there is a certain grim attraction or "air" about the infantry.

One thing I would like to point out, which so many people don't stop to consider. Your infantryman is no untrained joker shoved into a battledress, handed a rifle and moved in the general direction of the enemy lines and turned loose to fight for God and his country. On the contrary, he is the product of many schools and courses. He is taught to handle, to be able to fire accurately and swiftly, to repair and maintain at least seven basic weapons. He is taught how to use these weapons most effectively in all kinds of country and under all conditions. He is taught how to live in the field, how to use country to advance or move back so that he won't give himself or his comrades away to enemy observation. While this learning is going on he is gradually building himself up to a point where he can go at a run all day with no food, water or smoking, carrying his battle equipment—fighting, crawling, attacking; running like mad under cover of his own machine gun fire or crawling like a snake behind low cover to get on to his enemy's flank. Then he marches all night and after a scanty breakfast with the dawn he does it all over again the next day. Then he is expected to come up smiling after a few hours sleep which he snatches after the route march back to camp and six o'clock reveille the next morning.

He is taught to recognize friendly from enemy planes and tanks. He must know the general functions of the whole army group of which his unit is part. Perhaps he is an apt pupil and goes on to learn one of the many support weapons, such

as the mortar, or medium machine gun, or the anti-tank gun or the carriers. But even if he does, he still must maintain his efficiency in all that he has learned before. He has learned to disregard comfort for speed—no stopping to look for a log or plank if a stream needs crossing. He piles in and gets wet—but, he gets across and fast.

Under conditions as nearly like battle as man's ingenuity can make them, he learns to keep his head and his rear end down as bullets and shrapnel and mud fly over him. Smells and realism are carried to the highest degree as your panting, filthy, but still efficient foot slogger controls the impulse to throw up his dinner as he crawls through a remarkably messy job of cattle and hog slaughtering, still on his belly. If he doesn't learn to control himself now, he will not be a very useful soldier when he is thrown into the middle of the real thing.

So you have it. The foregoing is a rough outline of what an infantryman has to learn. To make an efficient soldier requires at least a year's progressive training for anyone, regardless of his I. Q., or mental training or social background. Some chaps just never do make it, either because they are physically or mentally unsuited; but in the main the system works and the product is one tough fighting man. Some break down under the training and are physically handicapped—these are kept to do the non-fighting jobs. The others go out and do the job for which they have trained.

Most of you who will be reading this know far better than the writer the dangers and hardships of the Airforce, but on the other hand no one is in a better position than the infantryman to appreciate the work done by that same Airforce. The one complements the other and the two together make a rare fine fighting team!

SOUNDS FROM SIGNALS

Hello, Gang! The ancient adage that no news is good news may be true in some cases, and it is definitely a case of no news this month. So here goes nothing.

The Trade Test Board blew through here, leaving one "C" Group . . . not mentioning any names but it does go well with my name . . . Tom and Mickey missed their "A," but the rest of the lads who tried for their "B" passed with top marks . . . Oh, well, the Flight said we'll have another chance in three months.

Since her return from temporary duty in Vancouver as a representative of Alliford in the Hobby Show, Dot Merrick has been the quiet, stay-home-at-night type. It seems her heart is 'way down south in Boundary Bay with one, LAC Steventon . . . Dot and Steve brought fame to the bay by copping a few prizes for their artistry in the hobby show. Some shell pieces were entered by a few of us gals, but it takes a lot more than we have to compete successfully with those sandspit kids.

There was quite a storm raging up here for a few days, but all is serene now, on the surface at least. Life seemed

to have no pleasure at all and was not worth the living. All is well again and we are in our usual happy state, awaiting the arrival of a flock of NCO's to take over the "souping" of the shifts. Happy and Harry want to go to Sandspit, and they claim it is to get away from the women. Who can blame them? It must be pretty tough.

Some of the gals are genning up on child care—for future reference, perhaps. It is a lovely way to spend an evening . . . a log cabin, a good book or some knitting, a bit of music, toast and coffee, and then a quiet walk home through the bush from Dobbieville . . . Ah, yes.

Friday the thirteenth did not leave us without bringing some bad news . . . What could be worse than having all leaves cancelled? And for an indefinite period, too . . . Oh, well, we didn't want to go home anyway, did we, kids?

The radio Jackie won in a lucky draw down south finally arrived. We had been waiting for that music box for weeks, and it seems we will keep on waiting, 'cause the derved thing won't work. It is in workshops now, getting the shots. If it does emerge in good order, we'uns will be spending a few eve-

nings at home for a change, with Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, and the rest of them.

So-long for now.

"CHAD."

Maintenance Mutterings

We extend a hearty welcome to our three new corporals, who love the great outdoors (no remarks please!). A sad sack these days is "Bob" Bowman who is posted to Sea Island. Good luck, Bob. "Porky" York and "One Pint Coccia" are the supreme leaders of the dry corporation. "Fats" Jones has started baseball early, but the mess hall is a little small, and potatoes too.

Anyone wishing to learn bookkeeping can contact "Scottie" Cocker, the poker shark and treasurer of the "Night-hawk Club." A fine ship-building programme has started, so get your rental application in early with a down payment . . . and no credit please. Our dashing, darling Ingy Klett is seen frequently escorting a corporal W. D. Nice going, kid. Keep pitching. "Moitle" is the name.

Congratulations to all the Floor-hockey men and better luck next time. You can't keep good men down.

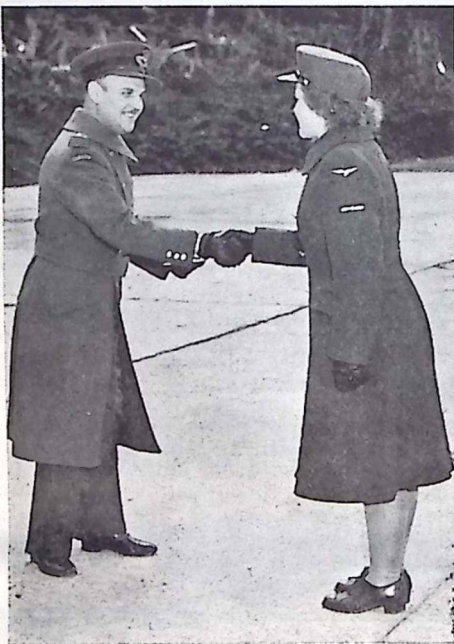
W.A.C. HOBBY CONTEST OLD-TIMER



Alliford Bay's 48 entries won 53 points and gave us 6th place among entries from 15 stations in the recent hobby and handicraft display held by W.A.C. in the Vancouver Art Gallery.

LAC Steventon, our Art Group leader who unfortunately was posted to Sea Island, was a heavy point winner for Alliford with a first in Lino-Cutting and also a third in Advanced Painting.

LAC Fleming of 9 C.M.U. captured a first in Preliminary Painting and LAW Dot Merrick won a second in Lino-Cutting.



W. A. C. Hobby Contests

The Commanding Officer congratulating LAW Dot Merrick, WAC, Hobby Show winner.

Cpl. Connie Conrad, popular leader of our leather work group, received honorable mention for a tooled book cover.

Entries in the contest were submitted by the following people: LAW's Morley, Strachan, Jones, Harries, Evans, Anderson, Miller, Moyer, Merrick; AWI's Chadwick, Nagel; Cpl's Bufton, Conrad, McIvor, Doran, Robert; LAC's Fleming, Steventon, Malo, Ferris; F/S's New and Easton. F/S Rasmussen and LAW Dot Merrick accompanied the entries to Vancouver and assisted in the arranging of the display at the Art Gallery.

"Steve".

Today's cynic is yesterday's idealist who failed to put his ideals into action.

Remember the tea kettle? Though up to its neck in hot water it continues to sing.

It was recently the pleasure of your reporter to interview one of the better-known personalities of the station. We felt that he, being a longtime resident of this base, would be the one to contact regarding present conditions as compared with those of several years ago. With this thought in mind we went to his usual hangout, the mess hall. And sure enough there he was, stretched out on the floor, large as life.

Although he was reputed to be a dangerous rogue when cornered we felt we should press home the attack at all costs; even though we knew we ran the risk of contracting gingivitis or maybe even pink toothbrush. Approaching from our own well-defended positions we struck at his rear, harassing his supply lines and generally creating havoc and chaos. "It's King or chaos," was our battlecry and before he knew what was up, we were all over him like a tent.

"Off to the sweat-box with him, men!" was the command. So inside (and to the right hand corner) of ten minutes he was under the glaring brilliance of the spotlight undergoing a gruelling third degree.

"What's your name?"

"Rags."

"Now don't try to stall around, give us your full name."

"But, honest, fellows, everybody just calls me Rags. It's the only name I've ever known. In the mess hall or the canteen or the show, all I get is Rags, rags, rags."

"Are you telling us your name or referring to the food you get around here?"

"Why, fellas, what do you mean?"

"You know damn well there should be capital letters on all three Rags, not just the first one."

"I'm sorry, boys, I should have said Rags, Rags, Rags."

"There, that sounds better. You're beginning to see the light."

(At this point Rags, your reporter, two S.P.'s and the DAPM break into a high-kicking, two-step chorus line number to the tune of I'm Beginning to See the Light. After five minutes of this they all collapse, Rags taking his former spot under the light.)

"Where were you born?"

"It's only hearsay evidence, but I believe I was born under the hull of the Puffin' when they had her in drydock four years ago."

"Who were your parents?"

"Of all the questions so far, boys, believe me, the answer to that one I do not know."

"We've been trailing you for three months now, and on the night of March 24th we found you with your moll. Do you know what that means?"

"You mean you know all about Daisy

and me?" (this in a weak, rasping voice.)

"You're darn tootin' we do. Now what were you two doing the night of March 24th?"

"Oh, boys, please. Modesty forbids."

"All right, we'll try a different angle. We heard from good authority that you and Blackie have a nice little racket running on this station. Do you deny that?"

"I wouldn't have anything to do with that Blackie. He's a dog!"

"None of that name calling in here, Rags. Keep your language clean and respectable. Do yuz get me?"

"I'm sorry. But when you mention that name I go blind, I tell you, blind. And whenever he comes near I see black."

"So you deny that there's anything between you two?"

"I most certainly do. He's just a big bully. Whenever I get a table in the mess hall where the hand-outs are good he always comes around and muscles in. I hate him. And you know when we had corn on the cob last fall?"

"Yeah, what about it?"

"Well, he had ten ears of corn and I didn't have a single one, and you know what that big bum did? He ate them all himself and threw me the scraps. All I can say is that it was the most dog-eared corn I ever ate."

(The scene is interrupted by the sound of the Camosun's whistle. All but Rags withdraw to the dock where they eagerly await the lowering of the gang-plank which will enable them to rush on board and procure the latest issue of the Superman Comic Book. Rags lies down on the floor, rolls over on his back and with feet vertical, goes to sleep.)

KEN DUNSMORE.

INVITATION

* * *

Have you ever walked in the Forest green

And felt that God was there, unseen?

Unseen among the verdant height

Of lofty firs, an awesome sight.

Or, reaching the crest of some high hill,

Have you gazed below at the water still

And marvelled at its emerald hue

Fused with that of a sky of blue?

To you who have not found these things —

The soothing songs the Forest sings;

The message of God's might that's found

In every inch of sky and ground;

All you with eyes too blind to see,

Put down your care and come with me,

For you'll not find the Life Serene

'Til you have walk'd God's Forest green.

"CHAD."

LOOKING BACK

As one turns the calendar pages back to the early autumn of the year 1943, the roll call of 7BR would have but a few of the present members and their rank would be barely recognizable.

A young sergeant WAG joins the squadron at this time. He is tall, dark, and handsome, breaking plenty of hearts in his stride, particularly among the local belles of Prince Rupert. Known as "Gassy" then, and remembered for his boyish pranks with the boys up on the hill, P/O Gastaldin today is well ensnared by the shackles of a permanent romance. On the 4th of October of that year another P/O WAG arrived in the above-mentioned rainy city. Today, as F/L Simpson, senior WAG, he keeps all others of his trade genned up to date.

On entering Operations one would find a young Controller running his section very efficiently on a 24-hour basis. He was also quite interested in the younger set of the station, discussion groups, post-war plans and a young belle down South. This was F/O Garnett at that time. Wait around until 1700 hours and his relief appears in the well-upholstered form of WO1 Crawford. He is tilling in time before setting out for Pat Bay to assemble a crew and rejoin this well-known squadron as a full-fledged captain.

Another WO1 captain is Boyer, who with Knight and Elliott, the navigator, complete the roster of top N.C.O.'s. A young co-pilot joins the squadron to help fly those long patrols in the early dawn hours. You would recognize him today as none other than "Gruesome Gus Gartside", who is willing to go anywhere at any time at the helm of his trusty Norseman.

Flight Commanders at this time are F/L's Benson, Kenny, Hughes, Doolittle and VanHouten . . . At the head of this strong quintette is the O.C., S/L Dobson.

Looking over the Engineers, we see a sergeant named Jaenecke, fired with ambition and always rarin' to go. His neighbour of today, another sergeant, who answers to Hammersley, is also in evidence around the hangar.

Among the Navigators are a couple of well-known F/L's, namely, Davis and Martin. They have for company in this skilled trade a F/O Fairholme and a P/O Rice.

Looking back to but a year ago, we find F/L Martin and F/L Doolittle as joint Controllers. They are champing on the bit to get back flying with their squadron. Word comes through that 7BR is to be posted. Rumours fly thick and fast—it's overseas for sure . . . Burma, the South Pacific, Africa, or almost anywhere. Everyone is at a fever pitch until the fateful day. The truth dawns and that far-dreamed of palm-strewn island is our own, rocky and spruce-scented Alliford Bay. Everyone bemoans his hard luck and goes on a real bender the like of which has never since been duplicated.

It didn't take long to find that Alliford wasn't such a bad spot after all. The weather was an improvement (which may be refuted by any newcomer here as to how it could possibly be) and the surrounding beauty of trees and moun-

Farewell to Bruce and "Chip"

Those who return to No. 2 E.D. in the near future will find there a touch of Alliford Bay in the person of F/L Bruce Bryson S.M.O. of this station from March 1944, to April, 1945. After spending all his service time away from his home base he is at last rewarded with a post within commuting distance of his wife and small son.



F/L Bryson, former S. M. O.

Although the bush soon becomes little more than a remote interlude in the life of those who have returned to civilization, F/L Bryson's interest in all station activities has been such that if he finds any of the Northern inhabitants wandering about Vancouver's streets or appearing on his sick parades, he will be sure to expect a detailed news report of his old station. We wonder which of his

tains is nowhere surpassed on the Coast.

Time marched on and S/L Dobson (after whom the neat, budding city of Dobbieville is named) saw his greatest ambition (to lead his squadron in combat overseas, snatched from him. This was in the form of a desk job at H. Q. down in the capital of Canada's wettest and foggiest province (where even the home-breds brag about their weather, beer and women). A young reliable took over the charge of making the squadron function as smoothly as his predecessor. He added another ring to his trusty, pitchin' arm and was now addressed as S/L Benson.

Gathered around the fireplace in the Officer's Mess, one can notice but a few more of the old-timers, not in years, but in squadron service. F/L McCallum and his hotshot navigator, Charlie Major, are in this select circle. You won't find any of these old-timers in the N.C.O.'s Mess, as graduation to a flat hat has beckoned them some time ago.

Upon looking back over the fine record of 7BR, one can see a number of conspicuous awards decorating the tunics of her gallant crew members which is ample evidence of past greatness and augurs a future of which any member of 7BR will be proud.

memories of Alliford will be the most vivid. Perhaps those hectic days last Autumn when surgery was booming and anyone still claiming to own an appendix was definitely out of step. Possibly these last few months when the hospital has been undergoing a renovation and the industrious but not silent hordes of No. 9 C.M.U. made the corridors a hazard to all the hospital staff, with piles of lumber and pails of paint. These and many other memories bring to the ex-bush service man that faintly nostalgic air when he leads off with "Well, when I was up at Alliford"

F/L's Bryson and Chipperfield have together made an exceptionally efficient Medical-Surgical team, able at all times to cope with the problems and conditions peculiar to an isolated station. To these two officers much credit is due for many of the recommendations and improvements which have been brought into effect in the Station Hospital and in matters pertaining to Station hygiene. In losing both an S.M.O. and a surgeon who are oldtimers here and in gaining a new hospital the medical section is starting a new chapter in its history which we hope will be as happy as the preceding ones.

Dr. Bryson is a graduate of U.B.C. and McGill; Dr. Chipperfield of University of Saskatchewan and University of Manitoba. Both will practise in or near Vancouver and New Westminster in those not too distant days of future peace. F/L Bryson's interest lies in the field of Psychiatry and F/L Chipperfield favours surgery. Perhaps in a few years from now if we visit their busy offices, they will be able to take time off to recall the good, old Alliford days, before they whip out our appendices or diagnose our latest mental quirk. "Victory" wishes them happiness down south and an early return to civilian practice.

Hobby and Handicraft

WORK AT ALLIFORD

A new venture is the dress-making group under the eagle eye of "Torchy" Morley who has approximately twelve budding seamstresses coming along in great style.

Station work-shops is a veritable beehive of industry every Monday and Friday evenings as the wood and metal workers go to town. Inlaid articles such as jewel boxes, picture frames and carved mahogany serving trays are having the lime-light at the present.

Besides the many organized groups which are producing articles, there are many lovely pieces of work being done on the good old "buckshee." The recent hobby display held in the library was ample proof of this. The display also served as an example of what an energetic person could do to pass his spare time at Alliford.

"Steve."

Heaven Can Wait

There's a good deal that could be written about the members of the Marine Section and Squadron, but the remuneration for not elucidating is something that can't be overlooked, so with a somewhat cramped style I'll risk my neck on what is available.

All's serene (?) again in the section—everyone knows what they are to do and have recovered from the shock of having a system (?). Orchids to F/O Astrof who left Pat Bay to become O.C. of our section. His first assignment was to establish the "New Order" which was a rather large undertaking. However, we wish him all the luck in the world and may his first success be the beginning of many others.

We also have glamour in the section. Our own "Bob" Laidlaw is becoming keen competition for pulchritude hither-to claimed by Ty Power, John Payne and others. Just remember, girls—he's married. The heart of one of our most conscientious "triple M's" has been in Winnipeg for quite some time.

A rumour has drifted in and, since no resistance has been made, here it is. We understand that the Greek meaning of the word "Sciberas" (the Halacamacadoo guy) is "screwball." How true! How true! Best of luck on your new posting, "Scib." . . . What is it that the hospital boat has besides Marines, that attracts certain station personnel? Just curious, that's all. . . . We've all, no doubt, heard the U.S. Marine's hymn, but I'll wager you've never heard anything like our "Marine Chant"—given to us by Cpl. L. R. Leishman. . . . Spud Glover is interested in anyone who has a potato farm for sale. Naturally, it must be in P.E.I.

JOHNNIE "SMOKE" VREELAND.

PAY ACCOUNTS

With the comings and goings around this office lately, it is hard to tell who's who without a programme. So many have decided to "see Vancouver this summer," as the pre-war travel poster on board the "Slow Motion" says, that we have, as a result of this migration, a complete new stock of joes on hand to handle your financial problems. Would you like a small loan or a low bar bill this month, boys? If so just follow the crowd any day at 3:30 to the Accounts wicket and you will duly receive your five-spot . . . and at no extra charge to you.

Last month the entire payoffice staff prevailed on their favourite Wing-Co's down south to get transferred to Granville Street. As a result we have Dave Sherra and George Garrish handling the acquittance rolls. But don't think you can fool the boys because they are old hands at the game.

Equipment Accounts too has seen some changes of late. Harold Gulliver is down in stores now, under the watchful eye of Edna Kelly. He is having a wonderful time . . . judging by the amount of night work there seems to be in stores . . . Jimmy Ringer replaces Harold in the head office in the Admin Building. Jimmy is just back from a leave in Toronto and even if he didn't get to the Casino Burlesque he claims that he had a grand time.

Non-Public Funds is due to lose its head man, Lee Morrison, any day now. With the Airmen's Lounge finally finished Lee's life work at Alliford is over, and he is due for a posting to warmer climes. That ex-equipment man . . . that bon vivant . . . St. Arnaud, comes in the section with Lee's expected departure. Now the fun begins. Everybody gets a bowling prize.

Our lone LAW is still with us but it is only a matter of time till rings and wedding bells will come her way. Congrats, Izzy, though we knew it all along.

We have a new slate of officers, fresh off the boat from WAC, F/L Ross and F/O Birch. They'll be vacationing in Alliford this summer so you'll be seeing them around the campus.

This brings us up to date in our account of Accounts. The way things are going "over there" we will be handing out rehabilitation grants any day now . . . it will be a pleasure . . . the line forms on the right . . . right after me.

LAC W. E. MINTON.

Personnel Counselling Program

A Counsellor has been stationed at Alliford for eight months now. Many of you have taken advantage of the counselling service while still others are wondering what it is all about.

Briefly, here is the gen. We have all seen how bad it is to be unprepared for war. It is just as bad to be unprepared for peace and the Air Force is vitally interested in seeing that every man and woman in Air Force blue has some idea what he or she is going to do when the Victory is won. Personnel Counsellors have been selected and trained to help you choose a goal for civilian career. In this way you will gain a great advantage over others who are not so well prepared.

You may say, "How can anyone tell me what I ought to do in civilian life?" Well, your personnel counsellor doesn't tell you what to do. His job is to help you to decide. You may not agree with everything your counsellor tells you, in which case you are perfectly free to tell him that you don't. But it should do some good to have a friendly chat about such an important subject and make a thorough scientific survey of your abilities, interests and career possibilities. It is a case of everything to win and nothing to lose.

You may already have definite post-war plans and therefore not feel the need for counselling. But are you thoroughly familiar with the provisions for government assistance? Are you taking

best advantage of up-to-date training facilities? These and many other questions enter into the counselling programme and your counsellor is anxious to discuss with you all phases of your plans.

In short, Personnel Counselling is an effort on the part of the R.C.A.F. to have every man and woman in the Air Force prepared for a civilian career so that when the shooting stops you can go to a prospective employer and say, "This is what I have to offer," instead of "What have you to offer me?"

Your personnel counsellor has been supplied with the best material and training on the subjects available and this service can be invaluable if we work together on it. Simply make an appointment for an interview and we'll have a man to man chat where rank won't matter. Okay? I'll be seeing you.

Your Personnel Counsellor.

Personnel Identification Bureau

"Hello. What? Someone stole your watch while you were in the showers? That's tough. Where did you leave it? Oh, I should have suspected that. Sorry, call back tomorrow."

All joking aside, have you really met the boys who try to set you on the right track? They are not half as bad as they are said to be. The main cog in the Crime Does Not Pay Dept. is F/O Sim, sometimes called everything under the sun when he tries to set you right. Under that tunic he carries a pretty soft heart. Ask those who know. Sgt. Fillmore is the one who forgot to stop growing. I wonder why he wears his hat at such a rakish angle. What's the matter, Sarge, does your ear get cold? Cpl. Wolfe, the daddy of the outfit, has a heart of gold. How is the Light of Love these days? Could it be that she is on leave? Cpl. Jamieson, how is married life? Or should we ask? It's O.K., fellas, his bark is worse than his bite. Why some nice gal doesn't grab off Cpl. Urlacker is beyond me. Cpl. Stone talks a lot but is really a good sport. Any more rumors, Bill? The girls are missing Casanova Gordon, who received his discharge the other day. Good luck, Gordie, on your venture into civie life. We hope you have a grand time.

"Oh darn! Here comes that fella who lost his watch. What? You say someone stole your raincoat in the mess hall while you were having your chicken dinner? When? Last week? Oh, you didn't need it because it wasn't raining? Look, fella, when doesn't it rain for a whole week at Alliford Bay?"
So-long, folks.

"Say, Pop, I got a lickin' in school today and it was your fault."

Pop: "How was that son?"

Son: "Remember when I asked you how much a million dollars was? Well 'Helluva lot' isn't the right answer."

"INVEST IN THE BEST"

BUY VICTORY BONDS