

Put a frame for that  
Picture if you can.

Our Motto:

"STRAIGHT TO THE POINT"

**R O U N D E L**

Season's Greetings

R. C. A. F. Station  
Bella Bella, B. C.

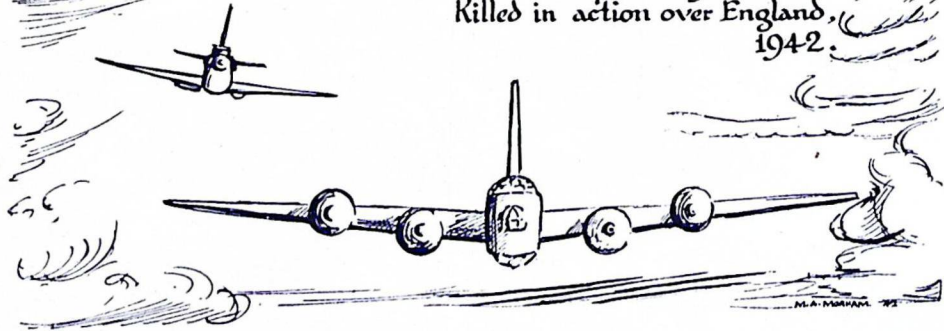




## HIGH FLIGHT

Oh, I have slipped the surly bonds of earth,  
And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings;  
Sunward I've climbed & joined the tumbling mirth  
Of sun-split clouds — & done a hundred things  
You have not dreamed of — wheeled & soared & swung  
High in the sunlit silence. Hovering there.  
I've chased the shouting wind along & flung  
My eager craft through footless halls of air.  
Up, up the long delirious, burning blue  
I've topped the wind-swept heights with easy grace,  
Where never lark, or even eagle, flew;  
And, while with silent, lifting mind I've trod  
The high untrespassed sanctity of space,  
Put out my hand, & touched the face of God.

John Gillespie Magee. R.C.A.F.  
Killed in action over England,  
1942.



Published by the kind permission of  
Wing Commander D. E. Galloway

Honorary Editor: F/LT. R. E. JOHNSTON

Managing Editor: SGT. L. G. LARAMEE

Editor in Chief: F/S. J. WHIDDEN

Supervisor and Editor: DON MCGEE, Y.M.C.A.

Staff Photographer: F/S. PERRAULT



*The Editorial Staff.*

## ... Editorial ...

**T**HIS is our Christmas Issue. We have endeavoured to make this number very special, with pictures of your activities and of ours, with our best ghost writers contributing. This copy will be printed in Vancouver, without the goodwill of Pacific Mills behind us; the pictures will make our special edition cost much more than those which have preceded.

Advertising in our Station papers is now a revenue of

the past, for soliciting advertising is forbidden us by Headquarters.

Christmas is near at hand. The Christmas most of us remember, perhaps, is one spent at home or with friends, gathered with us in a spirit of good fellowship never found at any other time of the year. Some of us remember loved ones, wee tots, past Christmases we have spent with them, and their all important Santa Claus and Christmas tree.

This year many of us will not be home. Many of us will not be with loved ones. The war, we are fighting for future Christmases; for our loved ones, and perhaps for their existence; may keep us on the job, in the line of duty.

But remember, we are fighting for happiness, for our homes. What greater Christmas gift can we give those same loved ones, than the privileges of enough to eat, and more, the pleasures of peace and time for entertainment, even if we must pay the cost of not being there with them. The greater love folks at home will have for you and you, when Christmas morning comes, when the tree will be shaken down for its gifts, and they know you and you make this Christmas and future Christmases possible.

But wherever you may be, you will still be with friends; friends we have made these last months. What a grand Christmas we can spend in the good company of these friends, especially with the knowledge our loved ones at home are able to celebrate without fear for the future.

Our hope is that you will like our Christmas Edition. When we compiled the material and pictures we thought of it as a year book. It will be a year book for you and for us also.

We'll be celebrating with you. Merry Christmas and a grand New Year.

F/S. WHIDDEN,  
*Editor-in-Chief.*

# A Message . . .

from the Commanding Officer



**I** T IS with pleasure that I accept in giving a message to the personnel under my command at R.C.A.F. Station, Bella Bella, B. C.



I feel that the general standard of efficiency on this Station is most high and I should like to take this opportunity of expressing my appreciation to the Airmen, N.C.O.'s and Officers who have at all times given their best toward this end. It is only by efficient co-operation, loyalty and mutual understanding that an organization such as this can produce the desired results. I am confident that the spirit of determination and the will to perform each task efficiently and well is prevalent within all ranks on this Station. It is my intention that the now high existing "Esprit de Corps" shall not be impaired in any way.

In closing I wish to take this opportunity in offering my congratulations to the Editors and all those who have contributed to this edition of the Station paper and to the many fine editions which have appeared during the past months.

My sincere wish to all of you and your families, is a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year with success in all your endeavours during 1943.

WING COMMANDER D. E. GALLOWAY,  
*Commanding Officer.*

## « Introducing the Roundel »

A FEW months before I came to this Station, which was over a year ago, I had drawn a rough sketch of what would be the front page for our paper.

I still had the idea in mind when I got here. A few weeks after my arrival I contacted the Station Adjutant and after several months we got our staff together.

Some were doubtful about starting a station paper in an isolated station, but with the co-operation of some of the boys, we went to press for the first time in April, and since then with the help of the Pacific Mills' Office Staff, we have put across six editions, every one better than the other, and finally this, our Special Christmas Issue.

Thanks are due to the photo section for their co-operation in taking the pictures for our special issue or it would never have materialized.

Being on the Editorial Staff of the Station paper reminds me of this true story:

"Approximately eight years ago, I nearly landed a job with one of the leading Montreal newspapers. When I say nearly, I meant that I had the job but had to refuse it on account of the family (you know how families are), they thought of it as being too dangerous. That's a laugh, you say, well, my first assignment as a potential reporter was to cover accidents, fires and murders. So I never got

to be a reporter! I guess it's still in my blood otherwise how did I get entangled with this paper?"

Magazines, newspapers, means freedom, freedom to explain ourselves. Once that liberty is gone, gone is man's purpose of living, of making this world free and fit for free men to live in.

The writing and editing of a newspaper is a difficult job, however big or however small, especially if you never have done the job before. But by the congratulations we have received from various people, I think, all in all, in our small way, we have not failed in the pursuit of our ideas: A successful Station Paper.

I only hope that when we leave this Station (sooner or later) this paper will carry on, and that someone will pass the Torch over to our successors.

In concluding, I must thank our various Commanding Officers who have gladly co-operated with us in order to make the ROUNDLE the best station paper on the Coast.

Our thanks to our present Commanding Officer who took the necessary steps to get Western Air Command's permission to put this special issue over.

Thanks one and all. *Season's Greetings.*

SGT. L. G. LARAMEE.



## A Nos Compatriotes Canadiens-Français

Nous sommes très heureux, à l'occasion de cette Edition Spéciale de présenter nos souhaits très sincères de Joyeux Noël et d'Heureuse Année, à tous nos compatriotes Canadiens-Français, faisant partie de cette Escadrille.

Beaucoup d'entre nous avons eu le plaisir d'être ensemble pour plus de six mois, quelques-uns même un an. Nous n'avons pas eu le plaisir de rencontrer socialement plusieurs d'entre vous, et nous nous sommes si bien assimilés avec nos compatriotes de langue anglaise, que plusieurs d'entre vous semblent croire que nous ne sommes pas des vôtres. Il est d'occasion de vous rappeler ici, le proverbe suivant: "Où que vous alliez, vous trouverez toujours un Canadien-Français," et la guerre n'a fait qu'accroître ce dicton. Plusieurs ne seraient pas ici, si la guerre n'était venu déranger vos plans. Nous sommes entrés en guerre volontairement, pour défendre les mêmes idées de liberté que les Anglais, les Américains, les Tchèques, les Polonais, etc., ont soutenues pendant des siècles.

En ce pays, où près du tiers de la population est composée d'habitants de langue française, nous avons joui de la même liberté de religion, de pensée, de parole et d'écrit que si nous avions été en pays Français. Pour cela, nous devons être reconnaissants du "Fair Play" Britannique, et prêter notre talent et nos nombreuses ressources vers l'ultime victoire.

Nous vivons dans un pays bilingue, qui restera bilingue et qui demeurera toujours à bilingue, en autant que notre coopération est et demeurera volontaire, et sans arrières-pensées.

Nous sommes assurés de la victoire et, quand l'ultime moment sera venu pour demander les comptes à nos ennemis, nous leur dicterons les mêmes termes qu'ils ont essayé de dicter dans tous les pays tombés sous leur domination.

En terminant, continuons, mes chers amis, à nous entendre comme les Nations Unies ont si bien su le faire.

F/S. PAUL GAUTHIER.

SGT. GUY LARAMEE.

# "Weather Can't Dictate Our Movements"

THE caption of this article, though "fixed" by the Editors, is indeed appropriate of the Squadron.

This Squadron is primarily a reconnaissance squadron, and introductory, reference must be made to the Allied Intelligence Service and its efficient compilation of information concerning the number, formation and movements of the enemies' land, sea and air forces. It is to assist in the gathering of such information, information which is vital to the successful application of our own assault forces, that the reconnaissance squadrons are put into service.

When one sees, and perhaps with wonderment, aircraft departing from this base day in and day out, with seemingly little regard for weather conditions, it must be borne in mind that negative reports concerning enemy forces are not without importance, and the element of surprise must be deprived to the enemy. It must be remembered too that naval forces are adroit at capitalizing upon weather cover, to complete movements in weather of unfavourable visibility.

Because of the nature of their duties and the tasks which confront them in carrying out those duties, an exceptionally high standard of efficiency is demanded of the personnel comprising a reconnaissance squadron. Initially, members of aircrew selected for reconnaissance squadron duties are chosen from that group of students possessing above average ability. Upon arrival at the squadron, after basic training at an Operational Training Unit, the Aircrew are further schooled in the duties of the squadron, and the type of equipment in use.

This Squadron is justly proud of its record and devotion to its purpose. To insure the maintenance of that record, a progressive course of air and ground instruction is undertaken by all members of the Squadron, instruction not only pertaining to their individual and specialized professions, but the allied trades too. (It has been said: "When Command wants a job well done, this Squadron will do it.")

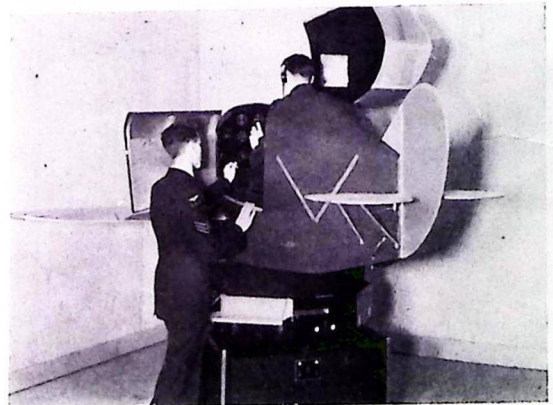
S/L. J. McNEE.



S/L. J. McNee.



Plotting Next Patrol (Homing Pigeons)



Under the Hood with Sgt. Wilson.

# The Padre Says ---

BY THE TIME this special number of our Station Paper reaches the relatives and friends of our Airmen we shall be almost in the midst of the Christmas season. Many homes will be rendered happier by the arrival at that time of a father, a husband, a brother, or a son. The duties of the majority of those serving on this station, it will readily be understood, will not allow them to enjoy a period at home during this happy Festival, as the Feast of Christmas is not recognized by the Nazis and the Japs. I hope, though, that those who are on duty here, as well as those who are more fortunate, will not shut their eyes to the real significance of Christmas,—that it is the Birthday of Our Lord.

You have paid me the honour, on many occasions, of showing that you appreciate my presence with you in your hours of leisure and of merry-making. I am looking forward to this Christmas festival, for I know that there will be many social hours, but I am also looking forward to a



*The boys visiting the Padre in their spare time.*



*A chat with the Padre; a good habit.*

full recognition of the significance of the Christian festival on your part. A Christian is always a happy man, but he is also a man of duty. Let us at the Christmas Festival pay full homage to the Prince of Peace and sing with meaning and with joy the beautiful words of the old Carols, after which our social celebrations will be doubly blessed:

*"O Holy Child of Bethlehem,  
Descend to us, we pray;  
Cast out our sin, and enter in;  
Be born in us to-day."*

That God may bless every one of you and all those whom you hold dear is the prayer of

ALEXANDER PATTERSON,  
*Your Friend and Padre.*

A seasoned tale spinner was discussing various merits of carriers. "I'm curious about your carriers," said one, "how fast are they?" "To tell the truth I don't know," said the other, "we've never really opened them up. All they're required to do so far is keep up with their planes."

\* \* \*

When a certain chap went home on leave recently and rang the bell of his mother's house, a new butler answered the door. "Is Mrs. Joe expecting you?" he asked. "Mrs. Joe was expecting me before I was born," he replied. "I'm her son."

As this is written, the Red Army is holding grimly to the ruins of Stalingrad. Meanwhile, poor Dr. Goebbels is suffering from an acute shortage of alibis.

Pierre Laval is obviously in a shaky position. His program has failed to please, and he is about to hear the bad news from his sponsor.

Nazi propagandists now refer to their enterprise as the "New Europe." The word "order" has been dropped, for some unexplained reason.

The Nazis complain that the Russians shoot boiling oil at the German soldiers. Even a self-invited guest deserves better treatment than that.—HOWARD BRUBAKER.

# « OUR STATION DANCES »

## Entertainment ---

ISOLATED as we are we have to depend on ourselves to a very large extent for our entertainment. Stations in the Vancouver and Victoria areas can call on Concert Parties, Celebrated Artists and 48's for their entertainment but such is not ours. Nevertheless, in addition to three shows each week we have occasionally had some outstanding events to entertain us.

Lack of the fairer sex makes it very difficult for us to have dances. We have to depend on our good friends in Ocean Falls for transportation and the ladies. They assure us that the ladies do not present a problem, but with gas rationing, transportation prevents us from having more than the occasional dance. This fact tends to make them more interesting and both dances that we have had have really been appreciated. Sergeant LaRamee has done most of the work with the decorating committee, and others too numerous to mention have contributed to the success of these dances. We wish we could have more of them.

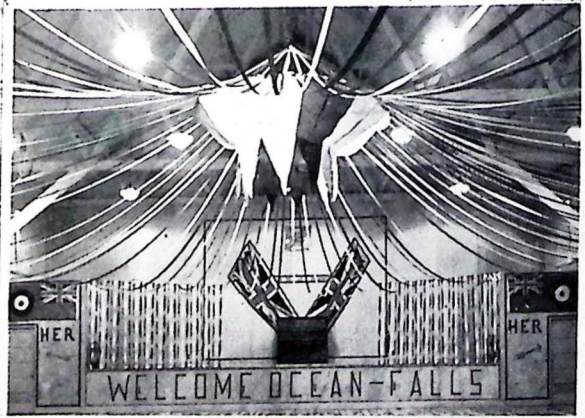
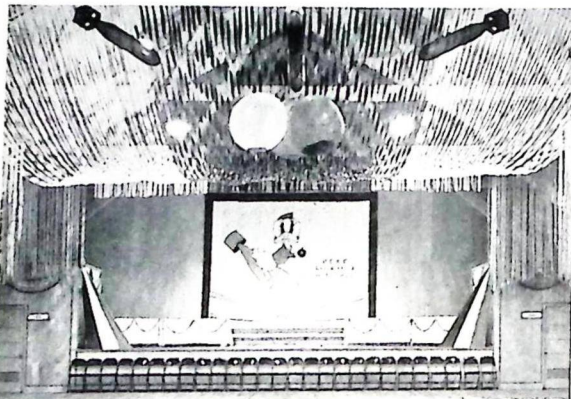
## GUEST ARTISTS

They are few and far between at Bella Bella but we've had one. On September 5th the Canadian Y.M.C.A. War Services presented Captain Frank Guy Armitage in "Dickens and his Queer Folk." In a one-man performance Captain Armitage thrilled the large audience with his impersonations of the characters of Dickens and his ventriloquist act. We were indeed fortunate to have such an outstanding artist as our first guest.

We are trying to complete arrangements for a concert party from Ocean Falls to visit us and the Patricia Bay Band are expected within the next week or so. Things are looking up.

## CONCERTS

The most recent concert produced quite a number of hitherto unknown artists on the station. The two-hour programme was very well received, which gives encouragement to make another attempt. The presentation of "There'll Be Changes Made" by the Security Guard was particularly well received and Cpl. Marsh deserves a bouquet for writing the scrip and producing the skit. We hope it was a case of more fiction than truth because the WAAF's are coming??



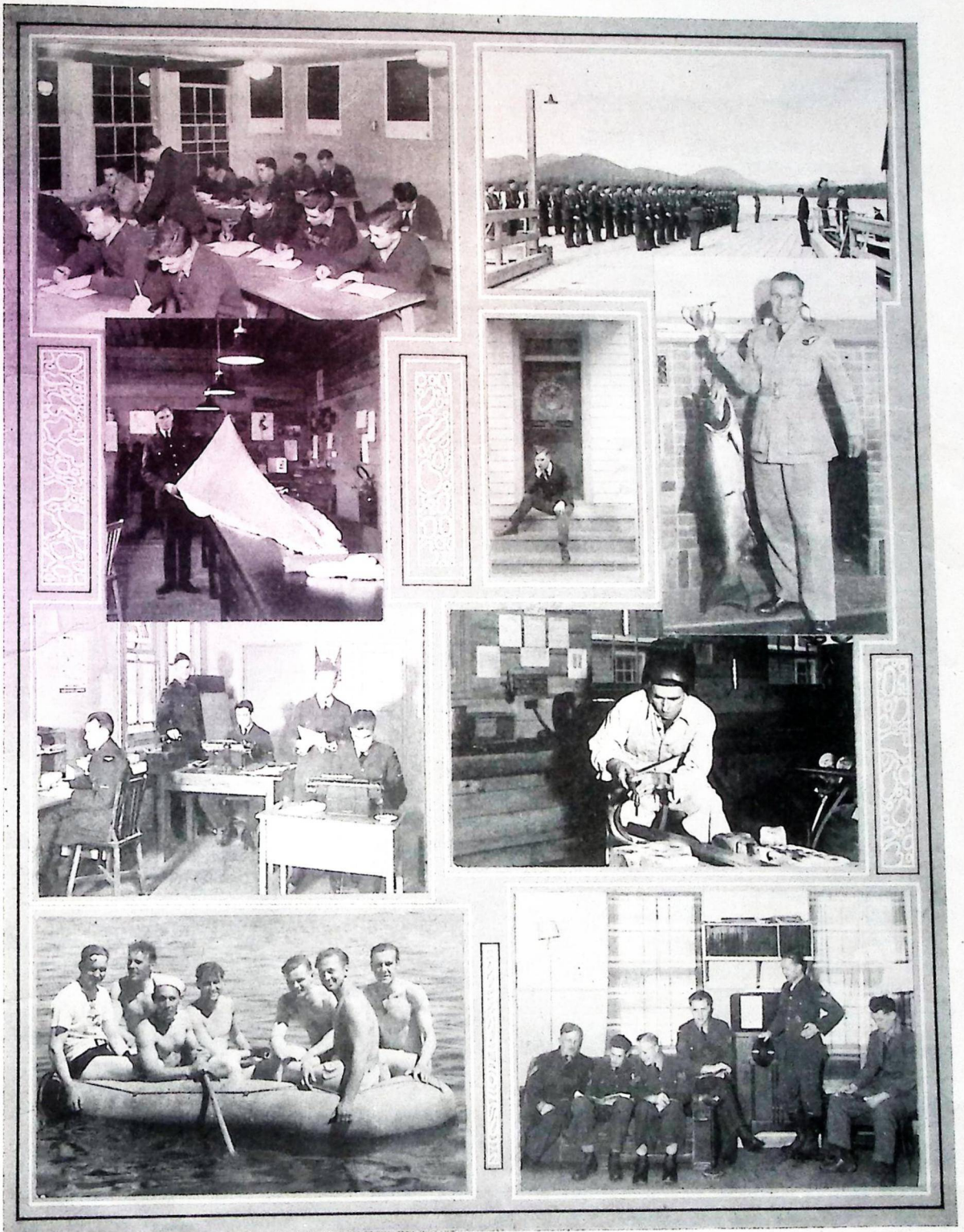
Top—Bombing—good fun.

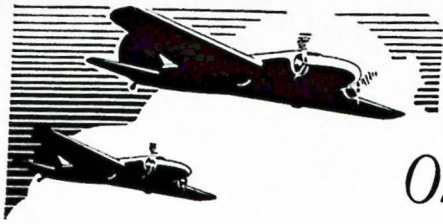
Bottom—Many familiar faces—how many do you know?

Top—The crowd and L.A.C. Foster.

Bottom—A first band at decorating our ball.

# « STATION SNAP-SHOTS »





# Wings on Duty

## Our Short Story

By F/S. J. S. WHIDDEN

THE undulating beat of twin engines droned through the giant bomber far over the Atlantic. The bomber and crew of four men had left their base some three hours earlier and the crew were relaxed, for this was an early morning patrol and the time was only nine o'clock. The air gunner was lying on the couch, the "sparks" and navigator were dozing in their chairs and even the pilot was flying on "George." The wireless broke suddenly into life. A coded message was coming through. In a sleepy manner the pencil of the operator traced out a short sentence: another—then—end of message. This was not a routine message which the wireless operator knew by heart, so the next few minutes were spent in turning pages and decoding the wire. The bomber meanwhile roared onward. The airgunner dozed, the navigator, who had been momentarily awakened, again slept.

"Hey!" the "Wag's" yell of surprise and excitement woke the crew to the sleepy alertness. In a trembling hand the message was passed to the pilot. Reaching down he pulled the alarm bell. "To action!! Stations!!" How often had the crew rehearsed gaining their positions for action, how slow their legs moved, how clumsy their actions seemed, now the real battle was imminent, for the message read: "Aircraft 863—a German battleship reported near your position; spot ship if possible, report position and follow. Watch for enemy aircraft."

A fierce spirit of elation burst over the bomber's crew. Underneath in the bomb bays the bomber carried two 1100-pound bombs, semi-armour piercing. Follow the raider?—To a man, the crew immediately resolved that, sighting the surface marauder, a dive-bombing attack would follow. Headquarters had not forbidden them to bomb. Of course they might fail and the changes of escape were very slim, for modern battleships were very well equipped with anti-aircraft defence, but as the air gunner put everyone's thought: "We are the North Atlantic Squadron."

First, the German "scourge" must be found. While the navigator checks the aircraft's position and plots a circular course between the suspected raider and the convoy, the remainder of the crew sweeps the vast expanse of ocean to the horizon for a glimpse of unfamiliar ships. The pilot, an irascible Scotchman, cried, "The drinks on the chap who first sights the devil," for he knew how the victor would love to set up the drinks and brag, and being Scotch and the pilot, he knew he wouldn't be the person.

The vast carpet of ocean swept below—how peaceful it seemed! no one could guess death hung suspended in the water below, one type above, one under surface. Sud-

denly an exclamation broke from the air gunner, "I see it!" A long, sleekly-cut shape appeared on the horizon; the air gunner had seen the smoke earlier but being rather stoic had not reported before. The pilot also saw the object. In a moment the giant aircraft was swung into the new course and altitude was tossed overside as the nose was pushed down, and literally sweeping the waves, the bomber creeps up on the unsuspecting ship. The camouflaged aircraft could scarcely be seen against the dirty brown sea, for the day was dull and the wind roared its song to drown engine sounds. When but a short distance away, too short for anyone but the pilot, it seemed the captain pulled up the aircraft's nose, opened the throttles wide and rose over the battleship in a zoom that the crew afterward swore could not be duplicated by any fighter. As the aircraft bucked over, the two bombs were released in salvo. Immediately on releasing the deadly missiles, the captain again nosed down his aircraft in full power, to escape if possible, in the same manner as he had approached.

What pandemonium broke out on the ship! The first bomb fell short—but the second deadly cargo fell, not down the funnel, where fiction would have it, but, nevertheless, in a vulnerable spot, not to actually harm the ship but to injure her steering gear, so vital, so necessary. As the aircraft rose, engines screaming the battleship's guns rose yammering, anti-aircraft pompoms, all armament possible to train on the destructive force on wings, but the time was too short, the aircraft was gone, there were no direct hits. The attack had been too sudden, for it had been across the ship and there were too many angles for training the guns: however, the machine guns did better for they were more easily managed.

With many bullet holes in her, the aircraft wallowed away. The aircraft on the ship was not damaged, but the catapult was jammed, being on the rear of the ship. How seriously damaged was the ship's steering gear? One control was blown away, the ship would not answer her helm and she began to wheel, slowly at first, but then more quickly, a great wide circle. Repairs could be accomplished, but would take a half day and the time couldn't be spared, for even now she was being hunted and a direct report of her position would bring her enemy down like a pack of wolves,—and a direct report would certainly be sent by the escaping aircraft. The Commander cursed his gunners, cursed his luck, cursed the enemy, even thought of cursing his fueder, his God. The ship swept in great circles.

(Continued on Page 28)

# A Story of a Transfer

**A**FTER being 13 months in my last station, I finally had convinced myself that I was a permanent fixture. Everyone else was thinking so, so I took it for granted.

It was 10:00 hours Dec. 12th, 1941. Suddenly someone nearly knocked me down, grasped my hand and started pumping as if he were working the whozzle pump on a Delta. Says he: "You're transferred." Says I: "You're crazy, that's impossible, where to?" Says he: "Bella Bella, Houla Bella, you're transferred somewhere on the West Coast." Well, you bet I was surprised, my heart missed a few beats. (If only I had known, eh!) "How do you know?" says I. Says he: "I was in the C.O.'s office when the phone call came through from Ottawa." I was still dubious, so I carried on with my work, changing a Wasp engine. Half an hour later the Maintenance Orderly Room Runner yells my name throughout the hangar. I nearly dropped the engine on my feet. "Take over," I said to one of my men. "I'm transferred," although I was still joking; this time, I said to myself, this is the real thing.

So I get to the runner and says: "Yes, Baldy, what is it?" "The C.O. wants to see you." "What for?" says I. "How should I know?" says he. "Alright, alright," says I, "I'll find out for myself." So I waltzes into the C.O.'s office and salutes him and say: "You sent for me, Sir?" "You're transferred." "What's that, Sir?" "You're transferred." "Where to?" "To Villa Villa or Hella Bella, I do not know exactly; it's somewhere on the West Coast. Are you glad?" "Glad!" I says, "it's the best thing I've

heard since I've been on this station." "Well, there you go," he says.

I had only a few hours to pack, get rid of a car and get a train in Toronto for Vancouver. After a monotonous trip (!!) I finally got to Vancouver with quite a few more fellows heading for the same place: Bella Bella.

We reported at Jericho Beach. "Stick around," they say, "you'll be leaving around 4 o'clock." So at 4, after having waited so long, we thought (myself and two other fellows) we would go down town for supper (and a little medicine, of course); it gets dam chilly at night on those boats, I was told.

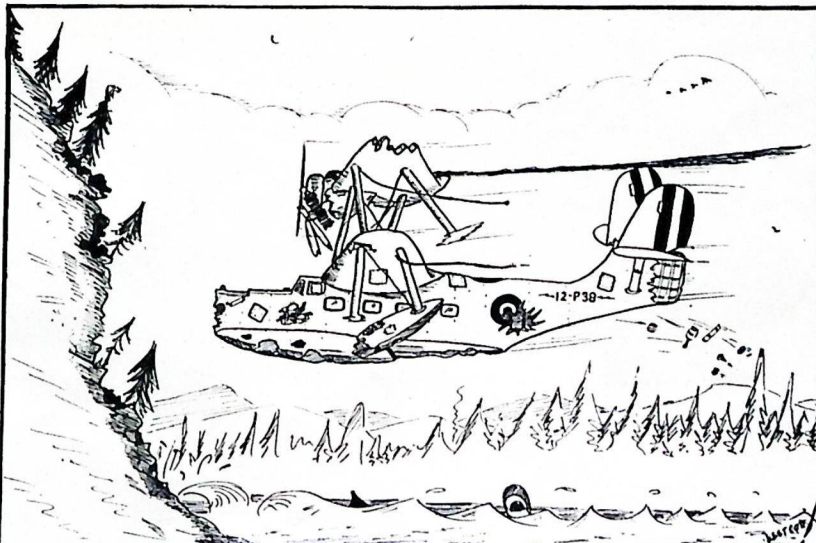
So around 9 that night we hops the boat, which didn't leave until 11 o'clock the same night, yes, the same night, just imagine, right on time!!! (about seven hours late). As we passed under the Lion's Gate bridge, we said goodbye to civilization and how right we were.

Two days we spent on that boat bound northward. It was a nice trip but quite monotonous, a little troopship, that's what it was. On the second night around 8 o'clock we finally sighted lights. Lots of them (it seemed, anyway). Well, we said, it's going to be alright. A little town, shows, dance, etcetera. Yes, but we didn't know it was Bella Bella village. We nearly cried when we turned our backs to the lights and then headed for the opposite shore.

We finally docked, a few dim lights and a few fellows standing around. We spilled out and formed three flights, and then were addressed by the C.O., at that time S/L Carpenter.

"Welcome to Bella Bella." We are still here! Pretty near a year now! But STILL hoping!

—ANONYMOUS.



DE COURCY. "DO YOU THINK WE'LL MAKE IT TO ROSE HARBOUR?"  
OPTIMISTIC CREWMAN "GUESSO, WE DONE IT BEFORE, WE'LL DO IT AGAIN!"

# No Foolin' ...



**R**OOM 7A has the distinction of having had both occupants carried in and put to bed after a certain binge, early too! around ten o'clock.

\* \* \*

Basketball is a real sport up here, one SNCO literally got his teeth into the game. When interviewed later he said "I'm sure I lothed it thomewhere clothe by."

Ed. Note: Found all but one.

\* \* \*

What Sr. N.C.O. when asked for a reason for being late at a mess meeting said "I live in the slough." The Lord of Slough Manor, no doubt.

\* \* \*

What airman, a good fitter, applied for enlistment in the R.C.A.F. for a joke and was told he'd make a good Diesel Oiler? Oh, well, he was a fitter, enuff said.

\* \* \*

Why are certain N.C.O.'s taking early morning exercises? To get into shape to keep up the pace when they get down town?

\* \* \*

Everyone is trying to find the Armament Section's secret of early rising (and Why!).

\* \* \*

I've wondered why E. 42's have to be in for 24 hours ahead of delivery of articles in our stores. We suspect they are trying to find the stuff!! -

\* \* \*

We wonder why Equipment Account's face was red when an A/C inventory was checked recently. The A/C was flying with an extra set of wings, three extra instruments and a spare engine. Perhaps the Cpl. Storekeeper who was going to add two struts to the inventory on an E. 42, might have helped.

Even the stores were set back when a certain F/S asked for size 38 waist and 34 chest in his new aircrew suit, and had to have them.

\* \* \*

It isn't always the best racket that makes the most noise.

\* \* \*

We hear a certain F/S clerk is counting his gray hairs since his new job.

\* \* \*

Who says: "Now in Coal Harbour"?

\* \* \*

Why is a certain newly-married Sgt. building another room on his house? Any new arrival in the family won't need a room of its own for a while yet, Red.

\* \* \*

How did two Sgt. fitters know the W.D.'s were in the Goose when they ran out so fast with the Chocks?

\* \* \*

Three guesses: Who is: Fireball, Marconi, General Electric, General Boothe, Handsome Don, Killer, Winny, Corny, Smitty, Happy, Jackie, Rip, Tubby, Gyro, P/O Jake P/O Hank, Blackie, Cone & Cad, Guy Fox, Red, Dick Tracy, Johnson Mk. I, II & III, The Raven, Mike and Ike, Swish, Gentle Joe, General Lee, Swanney, The Moose, Mines, Me Too, Jeep, Shadow, Mother, Sledge Hammer?

\* \* \*

Why are so many hairbrushes in room 7A, Sr. N.C.O.'s Barracks?

\* \* \*

How long was your last cook with you?

She was never with us, she was against us.



Our Station Mascot.

# "The PEN is Mightier Than the SWORD"

## EDUCATION

IT IS the hope of Air Force Headquarters that all airmen who wish to improve their educational qualifications will take advantage of the courses offered at this unit.

In June, classes in Mathematics, Science and English were organized and have grown in size, until at present there are over 40 enrolled.

In addition to these subjects special tutorial classes are arranged from week to week, to assist the airmen in Canadian Legion Correspondence Courses. We have over eighty airmen enrolled in a great variety of courses including English, French, Metal Work, etc.

There are several studying for their Junior and Senior Matriculation examinations and two of the station personnel are studying on first year university work.

Classes are held every week night from 18:00 hours to 19:30 hours and afternoon classes are arranged for those on night duty.

If you would like to make better use of your spare time, arrange for an interview with the Educational Officer.

R. E. HELMER, *Pilot Officer,  
Unit Educational Officer,  
R.C.A.F. Station, Bella Bella, B.C.*



*A future Aircrew—Sgt. LaCombe and the Educational Officer, P/O. Helmer.*

## ALARMS . . . from the Fire Department

### PERSONALS

CONGRATULATIONS to Jack Fraser and Jim Armstrong, who both recently took another step up: Jack getting his "Flight" and Jim hanging up his "Sgt." hooks. We hope Jack is with us to stay for a while now, as we have seen very little of him since July.

A few changes have been made in the personnel of the Department lately; genial Art Brittain being posted to Boundary Bay (and is he a happy man). Coming in to join our happy gang is Henry Taylor from Kamloops and Bill Winegarden from Patricia Bay.

Sgt. Armstrong, LAC. Bateman and Bates have just complete one year tour of duty on this Station and are "hoping for what?" I wonder if I could read their thoughts now that they have their families close by.

F/S. Fraser, Cpl. Loader and LAC. McKinnon have been around for the past eleven months and have already chosen the Station where they would like to be posted, another month from now, "they hope"!

In Cpl. Loader's case it may be changed, as Mrs. Loader, who is now a resident of our Island Village, has taken a shine to the wet sunshine that is so prevalent here, and she may have quite an influence as to where Bert would like to go.

LAC. Winegarden, our new addition to the staff, has met every boat since his arrival on the Station from Pat Bay a month ago to see if his kitbags are there. At the present time it looks like Bill will be dipping into the old sock.

### IMMORTAL WORDS AROUND THE FIRE HALL

F/S. Fraser: "Oh! for a posting to Saskatoon."

Sgt. Armstrong (playing crib): "Blankety %&!@\\$!! so and so! I cut my card off again."

Cpl. Loader: "Where's all my Fire Picquet tonight?"

Tiny McKinnon—"When I get my harvest leave . . ."

Don Bates—"Hurry up for gosh sakes, it's after six."

Jim Bateman (playing solitaire): "I'll work this out if it takes all night."

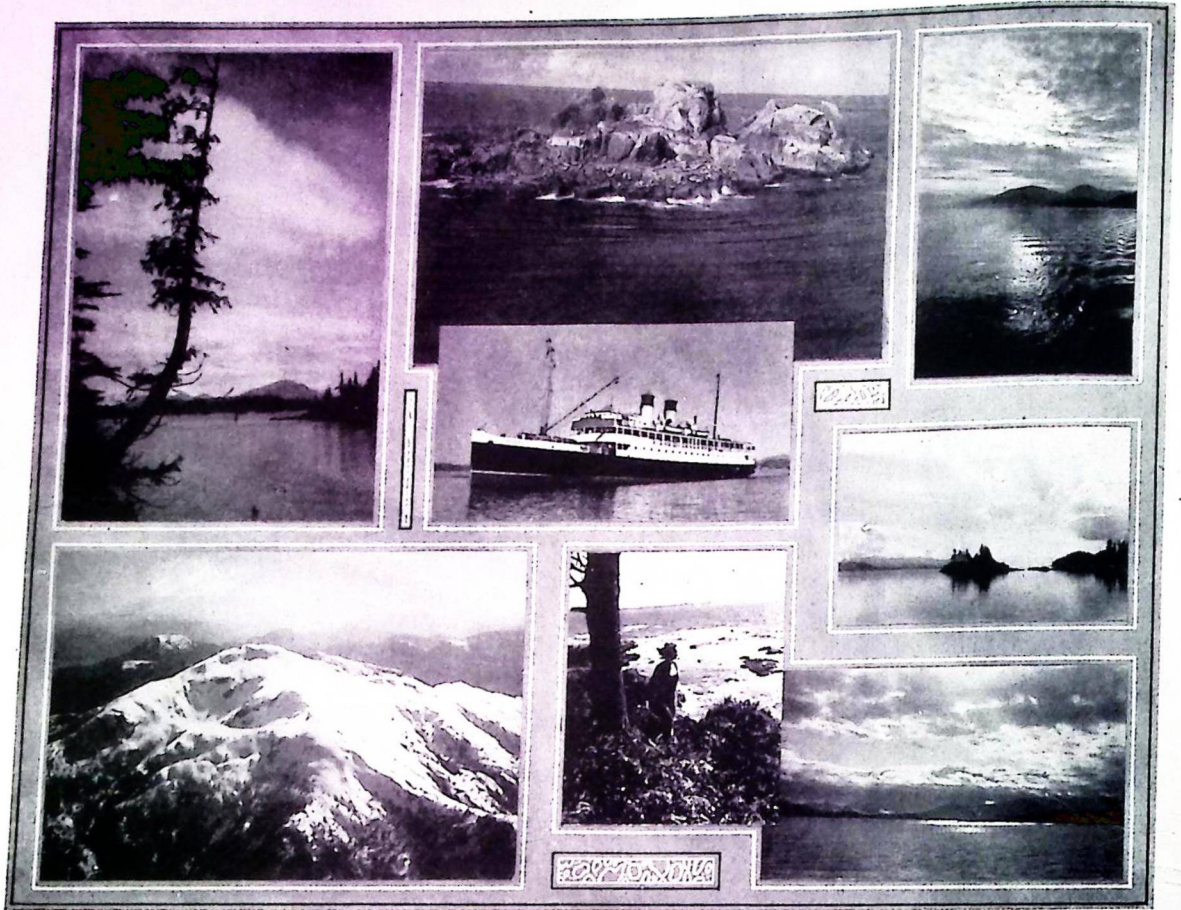
Due to icy conditions over Highway No. 1, Cpl. Loader's Ferry (The Farmerette) has been doing quite well for itself in transporting Mr. Bates and Mr. Loader over to their cottages. Owing to the present deluge of rain, the icy conditions cease to exist and so does the boat.

Tiny McKinnon is on a week's holiday down in the fair City of Vancouver (we think). We are hoping he doesn't get one over the eight and drag a lifelong partner back with him. Although a session over the boardwalk may be a good reducer for Tiny!

### REMARKS FROM THE NEW BARRACKS AFTER FIRE CREW INSPECTION

"Who the H . . . swiped the tin can from my bed light?"

# « LOOKING THE COUNTRY OVER »



*Our Station Adjutant*

*F/L Johnston, R. E.*

# « TECHNICAL NOTES »

THE Editors of the *ROUNDEL* have been pestering me for a week now to write an article under the heading of "Technical Notes." All that I could do in regard to that would be to get a book, read an article, and then put it in my own words, which doesn't make sense. Read the book yourself, boys, get the author's viewpoint, and then if it doesn't make sense ask your Senior NCO. or myself and if we don't know, it's our job to find out for you.

Take advantage of the technical library now set up in Maintenance Orderly Room, the complete list of books available is posted on the notice board and you may retain these publications for a week at a time. Whether you are "C", "B" or "A" Group, it is advisable, if you wish to progress in your trade, to read and keep studying and be up-to-date. I know I do, and you can learn something new every day.

When defects or failures or unusual trouble is encountered in maintenance, you hear of it; to a lot, it goes in one ear and out the other, but don't let it go at that, find out all you can, the cause, the remedy and action taken. This is how you will gain the experience that will qualify you for more responsibility and help you diagnose the trouble, also make you a greater asset and more valuable to any maintenance group.

The other thing that goes hand in hand with this is to remember that any job worth doing is worth doing well; don't sluff on any job regardless of how unimportant it may be; do your best. If you are not sure of what to do or how to do it, that's what NCO.'s are for and NCO.'s ask

their Technical Officer or Warrant Officer if not positive. You will get credit if you ask, take a little longer and do the job right, whereas if you don't ask how, when not sure, you are more likely to do inferior work, you waste time. not only your own, materials, and justly cause doubt when your advancement in grouping or rank is being considered, as well as hinder our war efforts. Don't misinterpret this to mean you are not to use your initiative. Things you see need doing, whether on aircraft, section cleanliness, or putting another man on the right track—go out of your way to do it. Don't always wait to be told by somebody higher up and have them check up on you.

We are all in this for the same reason: *To do our bit*. If every man personally sees to it that he is carrying his own weight, doing the job to the best of his ability at all times, not only will he be fulfilling the standard expected of men in the R.C.A.F. blue, but personally will advance as rapidly as the exigency of the service will permit. Anyway, remember that when working on aircraft at your work, fellow men's lives are at stake, also hundreds of thousands of dollars. We have a good record here at Bella Bella, so keep up the good work, and when a better bunch of good fellows and hard workers get together it will be the gang from Bella Bella.

I would, if the Editors will permit, like to take this opportunity to wish all ranks, their families, a very Merry Christmas and a Happy, Prosperous New Year, and may your every wish be fulfilled in the near future.

S/M. D. JARDINE.

## *Favorite Sayings ---*

OF MAINTENANCE PERSONNEL

Cpl. Hemsworth (Hemstitch): What's this you say you heard about postings?

Cpl. (Cheri) Asselin: Figure it out yourself, Bud.

Cpl. Rioux: Got a letter from the queen.

AC. (Winny) Winarski: You leave me alone.

Cpl. Boehm: Yoo Hoo Winny!

LAC. Cook: I don't give a continental!

Sgt. Smith (Smitty): Are you walking on that a/c with boots on?

Sgt. LaRamee (Raven): Hear the latest: I got a transfer back to the East Coast.

LAC. Blanchette: I break more blankety blank spanners that way.

LAC. Carrick: I think Caird is bushed . . . don't you?

Sgt. Laskey: Have I showed you my Twins?

LAC. (Tiny) McCannel: How about somebody else working in the nacelle.

F/S. Whidden: I'm not happy.

LAC. (Hong-Kong) Long: Oh me! Another Trade Board coming soon.

LAC. Morrison: Pretty grim, I say.

AC. McComb: Got a letter from MOM . . . ???

AC. (Penny) Montgomery: Do you think they will sign my pass?

LAC. Scragg: He wears a pair of Silver Wings.

LAC. (Bunny) Edgar: Anybody got another box of matches so I can light my pipe?

Sgt. Blackwood: No (censored) AC. can order me around that way!

Sgt. Eichenberger: Just A-Whistling-round.

LAC. Swannel: You're wanted in the office by the Major.

Cpl. Nott (in Stores): Wish you guys would give me some co-operation.

Cpl. McCleod: Yessir, I'll even take AIR-Gunner!!!

AC. Alp: Are you kidding?

Cpl. Stuparyk: Anybody got a cigarette?

And ALL the New Fellows arriving from St. Thomas: Gosh! do THEY really fly?

P.S.: "Any relation to person or persons is purely intentional, so sue me if you want to."

Yerstrewly,

SPARKY.

# They Shall Not Pass



HAVE you ever served on a Station where there were no Security Guards? Neither have I.

Have you ever tried to visualize a Station where there were no Security Guards? So have I.



*They shall not pass!*

It is a very unpleasant thought. If there were none of these essential and hard-working airmen, it would be

very distressing for those of us who had already done our stint of work during the day to have to turn out again at night to see that "All's well."

We are very lucky indeed to have them—far luckier than most of us suspect. An Army on the march may cover twenty miles or so during the day. When they reach billets, certain men are detailed on Guard, that the rest may sleep free from fear of being surprised by the enemy. Yet those men have marched the same distance as their comrades, carried the same packs. See what I mean?

Have you ever noticed the morale and *esprit de corps* of the Security Guards? Perhaps not, but it is well worthy of imitation. Have you ever noticed their teamwork, both in work and play? Have you ever found them missing when volunteers are wanted for a job of work outside their normal work? Have you ever noticed how many Security Guards are represented on sport teams, in concert parties and the like?

I have, and I just wondered if you have too.

Just a thought, dear reader, just a thought—but worth reflecting upon.



## « A Page From My Diary »

Dear Diary:

Once again the canteen is issuing forth its "Strained Music." Such favorites as "Old Mill Stream," "South of the Border" and others are having the pieces that are left of them shredded.

Celebration is in progress, and whom of us shouldn't be celebrating. Today marks the eleventh calendar sheet torn off by us, here at our haven of forgotten and lost souls. December 17, 1941, was to have been an uneventful day in our lives; little did we know of the transaction that had taken place at which Satan had lost Bella Bella to the R.C.A.F.

The strains become louder, the barracks are slowly being deserted, singly and in groups men make their way to the house of merriment. They are calling now, but before partaking of the celebration, perhaps I should refresh my memory as to the more jovial events which have taken place during the course of our stay in the combination of Heaven and Hell. Heaven if you fear feminine presence: Hell if you don't.

Memory will never fail me of that memorable night the two "stiff" airmen staggered out of the canteen and were making their "round-about" way to the barracks,

when they accosted one of their less indulgent friends carrying a bottle, similar to those found "on the hip." Without the usual ceremony of the presentation for a "shot," one of the "stiffs" seized the bottle and began to do away with the contents. The contour of his face changed, groans and moans issued forth, preceded and followed by foul language. When this outburst finally subsided he ventured forth the question uppermost in his mind:

"What in hell's name was that \*!\$??\*! stuff?"

The answer was straight to the point: "I was taking that stuff home for my gas stove."

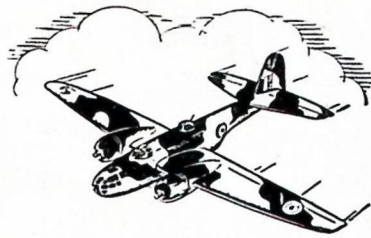
I think that drunk has watched his P's and Q's since.

The barrack is deserted now and I'm alone. From the canteen can be heard voices attempting song. Only a madman would remain in barracks when they return. There is one answer and one very much to my liking. The night is young, the celebration well started. Who am I not to be there. OH, mister bartender, blow the foam off a few more.

P.S.: Don't worry, dear diary, I'll watch my P's and Q's. Good night.

CPL. KLAN, E.

# Dive Bombing



SO MUCH interest has been displayed in this phase of the Squadron's activities that a brief description of a trip over Soulies Pond is herewith offered.

It all begins in the Flight Room, with a request by the O.C. to have an aircraft loaded with practice bombs.

Upon receipt of such a request in the Armament Section, a vast amount of activity breaks out. Where there were previously eight to ten armourers, there now remain only three.

The remaining three armourers seize a mule and drive to the practice bomb shack.

One member of the team is dropped at the aircraft, and his job is to prepare to receive the bombs. He does this by opening the bomb bay doors and cocking the stations. This is done by levers placed at the left of the seat in the bomb aimer's compartment, in the nose of the aircraft. He places one lever at "open." This causes the doors to swing outward. He then places the second lever at "Electric Unlock," enabling him to proceed underneath and cock the stations by hand, which task completed, he now moves the lever to "Electric Lock."

The other two members, having arrived at the bomb shack, fasten sixteen 11½-pound practice smoke bombs to shackles, which enables the bombs to be attached to their stations in the ship; they are then placed on the mule and driven out to the waiting aircraft.

The bombs are now hooked on to their stations in the bomb bay racks, and when they are all in place, the safety pins are removed and handed to either the pilot or armourer who is going to act as bomb aimer.

The doors are now closed, and the aircraft is ready to take off.

On the way to the target, a description of the instruments in the bomb aimer's compartment will make the actual procedure of releasing the bombs clearer to visualize.

On the left-hand side is a panel on which are rows of lights, thirty-two green ones, one red and a yellow one. The green lights are arranged in five rows, and these show which stations are loaded with bombs. The red light goes on, and remains lit while the bomb bay door is open. The yellow light is used for illumination purposes during night flying. Above the light panel are mounted four instruments, connected with similar ones in the pilot's cockpit, namely, an Air Temperature Indicator, an eight-day clock (which McGregor suggested should be an alarm; anyone knowing him will appreciate why), an Air Speed Indicator and an Altimeter. A mike and a headphone set are provided for communication with the pilot. On the right-hand side of the seat is the timing switch.

Upon arrival at the bombing range, the pilot orders the bomb bay doors opened and the electric lock lever to be placed to "unload." The aircraft is now approaching the target, and Joe, who is up for his first trip as bomb aimer, prepares to go into action.

The nose dips, and the island below comes rushing up to meet him. At the pilot's order to "Fire number one," Joe does one of several things. He fails to hear the order due to excitement, and does nothing. He closes the bomb bay doors. He closes his eyes, or to his own amazement he presses the firing switch and watches a bomb fall through the air and explode in a puff of white smoke on the surface of the water. As the aircraft levels off, the bomb doors are closed again, and the ship circles for another run at the target. The bomb aimer now marks on his chart the distance the bomb fell "short" or "over", or in the case of a direct hit, he places a dot in the centre ring of the chart. The procedure goes on until all the bombs have been released.

Upon return of the aircraft, the plotting chart is handed to the Armament section, and Joe starts to relate that in his opinion "Skid" really stands the ship on its nose. Whereupon his colleagues proceed to tell him that he hasn't seen a dive until he goes up with "Jones" or "Schmitz," and so on. The difference between what the pilot thinks should go on the plotting chart and the actual facts are sometimes amusing.

The above happening perhaps explains the sharp division of opinion in the Squadron. The pilots maintain that it is extremely dangerous to be on the island during bombing practice. The armourers, however, still keep to their conviction that the island is the safest place to be.

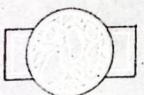
ACI. UPSON, J. C.

We think the Works and Bricks and Maintenance Hangar Repair are overworked. A person has to carry a full kit of tools and have commando training; to get out of one building, stay alive in a building or hangar or get into another; to get through doors with no knobs or latches, or locks, avoid rocks flying through the roof, and avoid hangar doors which are held onto the hangar by the Grace of God. We ask you!!!

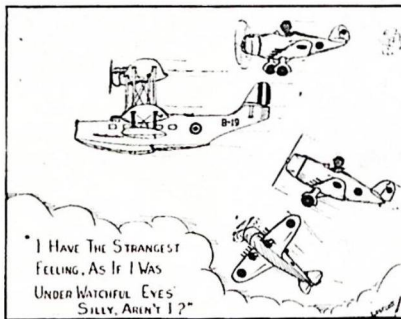
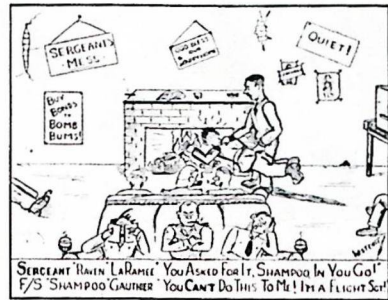
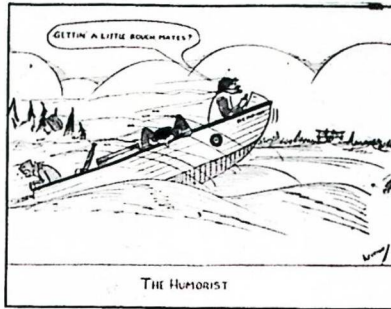
\* \* \*

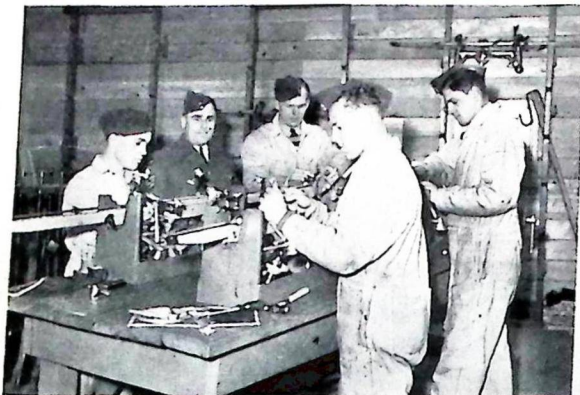
I hear Sergeant-Major Bennett was talking to himself. Yes, but he doesn't know it. He thought we were listening.

# A USUAL DAY



# Our Cartoonist Sketches





Top—Stores Personnel (Let Us Pray).  
Bottom—Sergeant Lee Keeping Close Check.

Top—Storekeepers Caught Red Handed "Hoarding."  
Bottom—Armament Supervised by F/S. Waugh.

## Conversation in the Orderly Room . . . . .

1000 hrs.: Joe: "I want to find a telegram that came in about four days ago. It was about a guy named Doakes."

F/S. Stanyar: "Woodford, did you see a telegram about a guy named Doakes?"

Woodford: "No, but maybe Shonkwiler did."

F/S. Stanyar: "Shonkwiler, did you see a telegram about a guy named Doakes?"

Shonkwiler: "What did he do?"

F/S. Stanyar: "I don't know! Anyway, did you see the telegram?"

Shonkwiler: "No, ask Neal."

Neal: "Don't blame me, I didn't see it. Fotheringham had the telegrams."

F/S. Stanyar: "Fotheringham, what happened to that telegram about a guy named Doakes?"

Fotheringham: "How the hell should I know? Why don't you ask Wey?"

Wey: "Do you guys have to push everything on me? Maybe the Adjutant has it. Shall I ask him?"

Chorus: "NO! Don't ask the Adjutant."

F/S. Stanyar: "Why don't you guys look after these

telegrams? Somebody look for it, eh! Joe, come back later."

*Business goes on as usual.*

1600 hrs.: Joe: "Did you find that telegram I was asking for this morning?"

F/S. Stanyar: "What telegram?"

Joe: "It was about a guy named Doakes!"

F/S. Stanyar: "Never heard of him!"

Joe: "But I was here this morning and you said . . ."

F/S. Stanyar: "Woodford, did you see a telegram about a guy named Doakes?"

Woodford: "You told Shonkwiler to look for it."

Shonkwiler: "Nobody told me to look for it."

F/S. Stanyar: "Did anybody see a telegram about a guy named Doakes?"

*Silence.*

F/S. Stanyar: "Well, Joe, I guess you'll have to come back tomorrow!"

Joe: "But I gotta find that telegram."

F/S. Stanyar: "You heard me! Do you think we've got nothing to do but look for telegrams!"

*And so ad infinitum.* SGT. BRYANT.

# Bush Experiences



*Time Off.*

"Six months" was what they said to me,

"Six months" were the words,  
That was what they said to me  
The day I was transferred.

"Six months," I said, "why that's just fine,

A period for a rest,  
Of all time limits in the bush,  
Why, six months seems the best."

I packed my duffle in a bag  
And kissed my girl farewell,  
For in the bushland far from her  
On my next Station I would dwell.

The first three months, they rushed  
right by,

I enjoyed every minute,  
Of all activities on the Station,  
I was surely in it.

Now I can coast the next three months,  
That was my very being,  
And I remember what we did  
In town when we got going.

I save dough, six months went by,  
As time is known to do,  
But I was still in the bush,  
My transfer was not through.

Then the boss says, "I'm sorry, John,  
I'm afraid it can't be done,  
This transferring people in six months  
Sure has us on the run.

But in another short six months,  
In only just a year,  
We'll have you off this lonely post,  
To live that life so dear."

I said, "Sure boss, you know best,  
I can stay six months more here,  
I can forget the women and the song  
And drink my beer here."

When the short twelve months was up  
My transfer must be through,  
Other chaps were going out,  
Now I'd be going too.

But no such luck: just wait awhile  
Was what they said to me,  
Just wait until the mail comes in,  
That's where your transfer'll be.

Now I have waited many mails,  
I've waited many wires,

In town the Government rationed  
The sugar and the tires.

I've waited many weary months,  
Much more than a year,  
In all I've waited eighteen months,  
And I'm still here.

But we are fighting wars, they say,  
And I must do my bit,  
And if bush living is my part,  
Here contented I will sit.

Now I'm afraid to go to town,  
If they ever let me go,  
The wine, the women and the song  
They sure would cause me woe.

But when I get my journey out,  
When out of here I rush,  
You can bet I'll get caught up  
On my long time in the bush.

Six months I came up here to spend,  
Eighteen months I stayed.  
But if I have helped us win this war,  
What a small price I have paid.

If to do our job where we are,  
And also contented be,  
Is taking a punch at Hitler's nose,  
It's good enough for me.

J. S. W.

## *A Note From the Sick Bay*

SINCE our last writing we concur the thoughts of the Station in welcoming our new Medical Officer, F/L. D. B. Ryall, to our staff.

Well deserved promotions have finally arrived for Cpl. Plummer and Hale, who are really old-timers on the Station, representing a year's service—Nov. 15, 1942.

On entrance to the hospital main ward one is impressed by the colorful display on the faces of several of our

steady boarders. Cpl. Hawkes may be mentioned in passing as representing an essence of extreme restlessness, pacing the ward back and forth, audibly venting his thoughts to right and left.

The staff desires to take this opportunity of conveying the season's greetings to the Station personnel, and may the high standard of efficiency to which this Station has attained during 1942, be repeated in the coming year.

SGT. SHERWOOD.

# Spurious Oscillations

SOME people come to fame through their successes, some through accident, and some through press-agents. A favoured few reach the heights by way of a boner. Our most recent addition to the chosen company of the latter is a tall, handsome, good-natured wireless man by the name of Smoky Miller, who spent ten minutes on a recent boat trip answering a blinker beacon with the Aldis lamp.

*A nightly drama: the week's Sleeth is on D.I.'s.*

Sleeth (in the a/c, using the microphone): How are my signals?

Johnny Hayes (in the operating room, on the bug):  
B-rrrrrrrrrrrr

Sleeth—Mutter, mutter—answer by phone please.

Hayes—B-rrrrrrrrrr

Sleeth—Oh! well, you must hear me or you wouldn't answer, I guess it's all right. Good night.

LAC. Courser is having trouble. He complains that since two of his companions got their hooks they won't take orders from him any more.

The occasion on which our flame-haired friend achieved immortality was one night when he and your scribe sat in the "Den of Iniquity" (politely known as the Army & Navy Club) in Montreal. The temperature was around 99.99° F. and the large quantities of beer consumed did not help matters. A soldier—with three sheets to the wind and the other flapping, joined us at our table. He complained of the heat and we told him to take his tunic off. After several dances he still complained. Courser suggested that he take his shirt off. When he stood up to do so, Courser pulled his shirt off too. When our friend stepped out on the floor to dance with boots, puttees, and red and white striped trunks on, hell broke loose.

When Cpl. Griggs came to work with a black eye, there was much speculation in the operating room. A board of inquiry, after reckoning in such matters as the size of his wife and the intensity of the shiner, decided that she climbed a ladder and did the foul deed with a mallet.

At the time of writing our signals officer, F/O Seon, is still absent. The boys expect him to turn up with his familiar grin, towing a houseboat and wife behind him—not that he gave us any cause to worry, but bachelorhood seems to be losing its appeal for the wireless section. Maybe it's the propaganda ACI Campbell spreads around.

Our friends in the bell-bottomed trousers have been raising some real interference on the broadcast receivers in camp. However, Cpl. Milner has promised to sabotage their equipment every Saturday night for the duration of "Hit Parade."

## BELLA BELLA LAMENT

*(With apologies to the Ghost of Francois Villon)*

Where are the ties I used to wear  
With Polka dots and nice red glare?

And the herring-bone tweeds and brown foot-gear,  
But where are the snows of yester-year?

Where are the pals of my pre-war days  
Who helped me squander away my pays?  
All dressed in Uniforms, I hear,  
But where are the snows of yester-year?

Where are the crocks of imported booze?  
And all the brands from which to choose?  
Where are the strains of Eastern beer?  
But where are the snows of yester-year?

Where are the babes I used to woo?  
(Pardon my bragging—there were a few.)  
All married, with several kids, I fear—  
But where are the snows of yester-year?

Where is the milkman who drove me home?  
When I'd done as the Romans (but not in Rome).  
Driving a truck with the engineers:  
But where are the snows of yester-year?

THE OPS BOYS.

## Wandering Joe's Column

WE HEAR . . .

That due to the meat shortage the boys are going to be fed chicken and turkey. . . . That extra messing will soon be a thing of the past. . . . That Cpl. Marsh is hoping the W.A.A.F.'s are delayed for some time. . . . wonder why? . . . That Ghandi is lecturing every evening in the Sergeants' mess, subject India. . . . That LAC. Allen is contemplating matrimony. . . . That LAC. Duncan is still worried. . . . That the Coal Harbour "Shovel" is the best Station paper on the coast. . . .

WE SEE . . .

That Cpls. Wallis and Ayoub are in the running for a third one. . . . That LAC. Blanchette is that way about two hooks. . . . That the piano in the recreation hall is in pretty bad shape. . . . That the grade of films we have been getting lately is improving. . . . That the Guards are going to have their picture taken. . . . hope the camera can stand it. . . . That the cooks really put on a swell do for the boys Armistice Day. . . . thanks from all of us. . . .

WE WONDER . . .

Why some airmen act like "censored" when they see a woman on the screen. . . . What makes LAC. George so calm on issue days and Flt. Sgt. Lewis so important every day. . . . Why the Armament Section haven't a representative on the Canteen Committee. . . . Why there's no heat in the laundry, clothes still wet after three days there. . . . Why Ocean Falls talent isn't imported for our concerts. . . . there's lots and they are willing. . . . Why we don't get other station papers. . . .

Have you read a good book lately? . . . Conrad's "Rescue" is exciting, and "Men of Europe" is well worth your time.  
JOE.

# "ANY COMPLAINTS"

Dear Joe: By S/M. BENNETT

The next time the call comes to make the world safe for Democracy, I'm going to take a crack at the Navy. As you know, I was a victim of Class A. The next time, I want to be in Class B—B there when they go and B there when they come back.

I remember when I was registering, I went to the desk, and my milkman was in charge. He said, "What's your name?" I said, "Young man, you know my name." He barked: "What's your name?" I replied: "August Chills." He said: "Are you Alien?" I said: "No, I feel fine." He said: "When did you first see the light of day?" I said: "When I moved from Toronto to Montreal." He asked me how old I was and I told him: "Twenty-three the first of September." He said: "The first of September you'll be in Australia and that will be the last of August."

A veterinarian started to examine me. He asked me if I ever had measles, smallpox, or St. Vitus dance, and if I took fits. Then he listened around my chest and said: "I think you have a wort somewhere." I said: "Wort, my eye, that's a button in your ear." The Doctor said he had examined 140,000 men and I was the most perfect physical wreck he had ever examined. Then he handed me a card—Class A.

Then I went off to camp and I guess they didn't think that I'd live long. The fellow wrote on my card: "Flying Corpse." I went a little further and some guy said: "Look what the wind's blowing in." I said: "Wind nothing. It's the Draft doing it." On the second morning they put these clothes on me. What an outfit! They have two sizes: too large and too small. The pants are too tight, I can't sit down. The shoes are so big I turn around three times and they don't move. And what a raincoat they gave me! It strains the rain. I passed an officer all dressed up with a fancy belt and all that stuff. He said: "Why don't you salute me? Don't you see what I have on?" I said: "Yes, what are you kicking about. Look what they gave me."

I landed in camp with \$75. Ten minutes later I was broke. I never saw so many threes and twelves on a pair of dice. No matter what I did, I went broke. Something went wrong, even in cards. One time I got five Aces and I was afraid to bet. A good thing I didn't—the fellow next to me had six Kings. Finally I said: "This is a crooked poker game." The fellow next to me said, "This isn't poker, we're playing pinochle." Everything was crazy. If you had worked in a livery stable, they put you in the Medical Department. If you were a watchman, they made you orderly officer.

I saw a guy with a wooden leg and asked him what he was doing in the Army. He said: "I joined up to mash the potatoes." OH! It is nice—five below zero one morning they called us out for underwear inspection. You talk about scenery—red flannels, BVD's—all kinds. The union suit I had would fit Tony Galento. The lieutenant lined

us up and told me to stand up. I said: "I am standing up; this underwear makes you think I'm sitting down." He got so mad at me, he put me to digging ditches. A little later he passed and said: "Don't throw that dirt up here." I said: "Where shall I throw it?" He said: "Dig another hole and put it in that." By that time I was pretty mad, so another guy named Jones and myself drank a quart of whiskey. Finally, Jones acted so funny, I went to the Doctor and told him Jones was going blind. He asked me what we were doing so I told him. He asked me if Jones saw pink elephants. I said: "No, that the trouble, they are there and he can't see them." Three days later we sailed for Australia. Marching down the pier I had some bad luck. We had a Sergeant who stuttered and it took him so long to say "Halt" that 27 men marched overboard. They pulled me out and the Captain came along and said: "Fall in." I replied: "Gee, Cap., call on some other guy; I've just been in."

I was on the boat twelve days—seasick all the time. Nothing going down, everything coming up. I leaned over the railing all the time. In the middle of one of my best leans, the Captain came up and said: "What company are you in?" I said: "I'm all by myself." He asked me if the Brigadier was up yet. I said: "If I swallowed it, it's up."

Talk about dumb people. I said to one of the fellows: "I guess we dropped the anchor." He said: "I knew they'd lose it, it's been hanging over the side ever since we left Halifax." We had lifeboat drill and the boat spilled some of the men when it was being lowered. The Lieutenant gave orders to pull the men out of the water by the hair of the head. I was struggling with the men when one fellow with a bald head yelled: "Pull me out." I said: "Go down and come up the right way."

When we landed overseas we were immediately sent to the trenches. After three nights the cannons started to roar and the shells started to fall. I started to shake with Patriotism. The Captain came along and said: "Five o'clock we go over the top." I tried to hide behind a tree, but there weren't any trees. I told the Captain I'd like a furlough. He said: "Haven't you any red blood?" I answered "Yes, but I don't want to see it." He asked me where I would like to go and I said: "Anywhere it's warm." He told me where to go. Five o'clock we went over the top. Ten thousand Japs came at us. They looked at me as if I started the war. Our Captain yelled: "Shoot at will." But I didn't know any of their names. I guess the fellow in back of me though I was "Will." He fired his gun and shot me in the excitement. On my way to the hospital, I asked a fellow where they were taking me and he said, "To the morgue." I said: "There must be some mistake, I'm not dead." He said: "Lie down, do you want to make a fool out of the Doctor?" Finally a pretty nurse came in and said: "Move over." But that's another story.

Yes, sir, the next time the call comes to make the world safe for Democracy I think I'll take a crack at the Navy.

Love, MIKE.

# Maintenance as Seen from the Office



|| REALLY don't know what I'm going to write about. You see, I left CIVILIZATION so long ago that words and ideas, etc., have become very hard for me to express, particularly on paper.

Here's for a start:

Well! Here we are in Bella Bella,  
Where there's not much night life for a fella,  
Nobody to pat your cheeks and call you honey,  
Not even someone that thinks you are cute and funny.

What a life!!! You ought to agree with me!!!  
Sometimes I think of how nice it would be  
For Squadron Leader McNee and Me (for euphony)  
And, egotism aside, for all of us,  
Even if it was for a little while,  
To leave for Montreal or Vancouver.

Why worry? There's a lot of time.  
Our day is no doubt coming  
When folks, girl friends and all, will say,  
"There's my fella," back from far away.

It may be you . . . it may NOT.  
But, let's hope for our sake  
It won't be long before we are dancing,  
Playing and singing.

To hell with trouble,  
It can take care of itself then,  
Just give me my girl friend,  
Anywhere from here to Cap De la Madeleine.

Hum! I've just read what I've written these last minutes, and I realize that I must have let my imagination erred . . . day dreaming as usual . . . I guess.

Notwithstanding the preceding lines, I really think Bella Bella, and particularly Maintenance Section, is about the best Section I've been to in my four years in the Service. No fooling, the "Boys" in Maintenance are "tops." You can't beat them. For instance, we have our Officer Commanding, Flight Lieutenant L. S. Thompson. Raised from the Ranks to his present important position. He sure knows the score. Also, very popular amongst his co-workers. Knows all kinds of "FIRES" . . . get it? Not at all "IMPULSIVE" . . . Where did I see that word before?

Here's something about another good "Scout," I refer to Sergeant-Major Jardine. He tells me that I'm bushed. (He wouldn't know, he's "bushed" himself.) He cancelled my leave once or twice, and thinks I sleep too much.

Maybe he's right. I sincerely admit, and all the boys do, that he is a "regular" guy. He'll give you a break if you deserve it. I know of many a fellow he has helped . . . but nothing was said about it.

Another man who is a good "egg" is Flight Sergeant "Johnny" Whidden. He won't answer the telephone (which, by the way, would save me a lot of trouble: when coming from the Administration Building). He will tell you that filing letters is a waste of time. (What a thing to say for an ex-schoolteacher). Another thing the "boys" like about him is the way he combs his hair . . . many a time, I had in mind to ask him if he intended to take off.

I mustn't forget to give honorable mention to my great friend, Sergeant "Raven" LaRamee. (Guy, Laurent to his most intimate friends.) An old timer he is (in the Air Force, I mean). Boy! Get out of his way if he went to bed after 10 o'clock the evening before, or if he has received a letter from his wife, telling him that she knows he went to Ocean Falls, etc. It's unfortunate, but I think he's been here "too long." Sometimes he really acts "bushed." Of course, things like that happen in the best of families. I sure feel sorry for Gerald. . . . Know that person? I do.

There are a lot of other boys I could mention here who are the best you can meet. Sgt. Laskey. Ask him how he liked "THOSE" trips back home last summer. What about it, Paul. Sgt. Smith, "Smitty" to most of us, who would appreciate a transfer to Sea Island. Wonder why? After all, is there anything wrong with Calgary? Too close to home? What's the attraction at Sea Island. Know Eich? Sgt. Eichenberger to you, stranger. Well, I'll let you in on something. He is the fellow you always see busy in or around the hangar, or helping the boys to beach aircraft, etc. Good worker this guy. I shouldn't forget the Coppendale Brothers. Know Horace? If you don't, here's how to find out. Whenever you see a "jeep" around the Station, just take a look at the driver . . . after that, you know Horace Coppendale. Good M.T. man, I mean A.F.M. that guy. As for his brother, Max, he's a night worker. Apparently went to Night School. Good scout, Max. He's sure doing a good job on the L. 14's. All in all, all those mentioned and omitted, in other words, the whole Maintenance, is a real good Squadron, to which I'm proud and happy to belong.

So long.

No. 10057, F/S. PAUL GAUTHIER.

*To be Hung in Smoke Rooms and Flight Offices:*

The Lord gave us two ends to use,  
One to think with, one to sit with;  
The war depends on which we choose,  
Heads we win, tails we lose.

# MUMBLINGS *from* MAINTENANCE

66 **I**'M DREAMING of a White Christmas" (aren't we all? We can dream, can't we?). Never mind, fellows, you'll get used to the "Liquid Sunshine" after a while . . . the first 11 months are the hardest. . . . Yipe! . . . Sure are a lot of optimists around these days. . . . Rumours of transfers "before Xmas" are really flying. . . . Cpl. Nott even went so far as to bet a whole dollar that he would get the jackpot. . . . He sure is happy these days. There's a certain French Sgt. in Maintenance that claims he'll be out of here before the end of the month (he's been saying this for ten months now), and then there are two "other" N.C.O.'s (Riggers) that claim after 18 months in the bush they should be due any day now. . . . Never mind, Johnny, I have it straight from Hemsworth that "It" will come any day soon now. . . . Hemmy knows a guy that knows a guy that knows a guy that knows a guy, etcetera, etcetera.

Yezzir! Rumors have top spot in our "Hope Parade" these days. We all agree that as a Station, Bella Bella is tops, but a fellow yearns to see the odd, ah—er, street car (?) now and then . . . (yes, Todd, sidecars too). Who said "What's a sidecar?"

Many of the original maintenance men have since gone to join the ranks of aircrew . . . Remember Cpt. Sibbald, Ashton, Irish, Sgt. Firch, LAC's Baker, Skrove and James? Many more are on the reserve list just a-waiting.

Cpl. McLeod is leaving us on the 17th for I.T.S. . . . We were sorry to see F/S. Hogan leave for No. 2 Equipment Depot, as he was well liked by all. . . . Same can be said of Bill Grealis . . . posted to Toronto. (Back in Canada, eh, fellows?) although it is a good break for both of them.

## HEARD IN THE SMOKE ROOM

No, no, Stuparyk, I can't take your "last" cigarette. . . . Somebody give (Bunny) Edgar another "box" of



## TO THE EQUIPMENT BOYS

I am one of the fortunate boys proceeding overseas and this will be my last opportunity of saying goodbye. I enjoyed working with you fellows and hope that when I get to my new home I will find new friends as agreeable as you fellows were. Thanks ever so much for the cigarette lighter and razor blades. I appreciate your kindness ever so much. Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

AL TARTER.

P.S.—I'll be hoping so see some of you fellows over there.

matches. . . . So you got a letter from the queen! (Penny) Montgomery claims there's no place like "Preston" and he's heading there to get hitched at Xmas time. . . . Good luck Penny. . . . (You'll need it . . . I know). We hear *via* the grape-vine that Otto also took the jump whilst he was on leave. . . . Congratulations to Pop Kelly . . . he is now a proud Pappa . . . (thanks for the cigar, Kelly). Also congrats to Sgt. Blackwood on his promotion . . . nice going, Drifty. . . . We also hear that "Irish" Long has a new one back in town. . . . AC. McComb gets his new choppers any day now and then he's going on leave . . . Watch the dust! Is it true that Chas. Stevinin would rather go to Ocean Falls than Victoria? Art Law and Williams growing handle-bar moustaches . . . Williams had to shave it off because he said it tickled him! Then we hear that Roberts is writing 18-page letters to his Mother (?). Oh! Yes . . . almost forgot to congratulate Cpls. Boehm and McLeod on attaining their hooks. . . . (Yoo Hoo, Winny, sweep the floor) . . . F/S. Charlton reports that his two new ex-Maintenance men, LAC's Todd and Dicken, are doing OK in the Squadron . . . we knew they would make good engineers as they were good workers in this section. . . . Wonder what happened to AC. Ewarts' mail last Sunday??? Some of the boys in this Section are dreaming of a "Wet" Xmas (And we don't mean rain!!!). That's some "Browser" (moustache) that Cpl. Bryson is growing. . . . Scotty Campbell claims that the definition for a Stranraer is "A bunch of spare parts flying in close formation." . . . AC. Foulem has decided that he will ask for a transfer back to Moncton . . . (and then he says WE are bushed!). MacIntosh claims the first four years are the toughest. Cpl. Keller on returning from leave claims that he is glad to be back to camp . . . Oh Yeah! . . . (What about that cute little nurse, "Bill"???)

So until next time, so-long friends. See you next month if "I live that long."

(Sparky) Short, Dark and Bowlegged . . .

CPL. CAIRD.

## *Sign in a certain Maintenance Hangar:*

According to the theory of aerodynamics and as may be readily demonstrated through wind tunnel experiments our type of aircraft are unable to fly. This is because the size, weight and shape of this A/c in regard to the total wingspread makes flying impossible. But the same A/c being ignorant of these scientific truths goes ahead and flies anyway. And while keeping Japs at bay, makes lots of work for little fitters and riggers.

\* \* \*

Farewell to: F/S. Tarbot, posted to Pat Bay (hope you like it). Cpl. Syberg, "the Weather Man," leaving us for St. John P. I. (how did you do it?).



## personalities on parade

FLT./SGT. ELEY, R. E.

Well, I guess it won't be long now before we will be saying "Happy Landings" to this happy-go-lucky son of fortune. Yes, sir, this brigand that old man worry has yet to meet will soon be bound for I.T.S. There isn't much we can do to console the lonesome hearts in Ocean Falls or Vancouver, but you know the old story—love 'em and leave 'em. Give those Nippos hell for us, Bob!

SGT. SCRAGGS, A. E.

Al, as he is commonly known to everyone, leads a very quiet and conservative life, but he can sure tear it down and cut loose when on leave. Maybe the wife and kid at home are on his conscience when he is on the station. Quote. "Boy, you should see my kid." Unquote.

CPL. BERUBE, J. A.

Andy is a fatalist. Nothing bothers him and life flows serenely by. Andy just got his first dose of monthly reports and he says the Einstein theory is a cinch after that. A regular Atlas of a man and a tough hombre to be on the wrong side of.

LAC. HALL E. G.

Better known as the "Butter Commando" in the mess. George can talk himself in and out of anything you care to mention, we believe he could sell a speed boat to an Arab. With a gift like that George can make a million after we win the war.

LAC. BRATT, A. W.

Or the "Diamond Jim Brady" of Bella Bella. Art will take a gamble on anything, his motto is "Put up or shut up." He is also quite a familiar figure on the tractor these days and doing a lot of good work.

LAC. MOFFAT, K. J.

Kenny is going to be a pilot. If he spins those Spitfires around the skies the same way he handles the oil truck the Jerries better clear out of the way. Good hunting, Kenny.

LAC. COBURN, R. E.

You've met the type before. The guy that isn't happy unless he is up to his neck in grease and oil. Red loves to take everything apart to see what makes it tick and then try to prove that the designers were wrong in the first place.

LAC. DARGIS, O. F.

Shorty is a human dynamo. Between building a log cabin in the daytime and working in the section at night he doesn't get much spare time. He claims he hasn't slept since 1931 and considers it a waste of time. We wonder if he will be so fussy about working nights when his log cabin is occupied.

LAC. WAUGH, L. W.: *The Keremeos Cactus.*

Tall, dark and silent. The hero of the section. Chief can operate anything that has a wheel and motor attached to it. A person of very dry humour and an ideal companion for a blitz. One of the best cat skippers and crane operators on the coast.

LAC. JACOBSEN, J. J.

Jake is a regular handy man around the section and he is also getting quite a name as a tractor operator. A big strapping hulk that gets around and gets a lot of work done at the same time.



### THOUGHTS FOR A PILOT

The hum of a motor—the drone of a plane—  
I run to the window, it's you again;  
Up in the sky tipping your wings,  
Like a golden bird a message it brings;  
I watch and I wait while you circle about,  
Until all of a sudden the sun blots you out;  
Just for a moment I'll see you, and then  
You're away in the clouds like a bird again.  
It's a wonderful sight to watch from below.  
And I think of you, dear, wherever you go.  
For I always keep my fingers crossed,  
Hoping you won't get grounded or lost;  
Then I pray to God to keep you sound,  
Until you have landed on solid ground.  
Then in the evening, when stars are bright,  
The planes soar up for another flight;  
Like an eagle flashing through the sky,  
You appear like a bird to the human eye:  
Winging its way all through the night,  
You glide back home at the end of your flight.



# CLOCKWINDING SECTION

## REWINDING THE CLOCK

WE'VE grown up with the rest of you. Those of you who were here a year ago will remember that the first Instrument Maker started with nothing. So, lacking equipment, we wound the clocks and threw out the cats, until it appeared to other sections that to be an Instrument Maker all you had to do was to wind clocks.

But visit our section today. We have not by any means complete equipment, but we have enough to take a justifiable pride in our section. Some of our equipment has been supplied through the usual channels, but part of it has been made by ourselves. Handy man in the section is LAC. Bailey, under whose hand anything in metal just seems to grow into shape.

The gadgets we've repaired are so varied and numerous that we are almost ready to say "yes" before we see what you want done, whenever you come with that now familiar question, "Can you do anything with this?"

By the way, did any of those gadgets work after we were through with them?

\* \* \*

The following is a relic from the "rookie" days of one of our number, when six weeks of foot drill had taxed the patience of all, including even the persevering but very effervescent drill supervisor, Flt./Sgt. Lachance:

### A TRIBUTE TO FLIGHT LACHANCE

We fall in line, an' march by t'rees,  
At Manning Depot Four;  
We turn in line, we stan' at ease,  
An' den we march some more.

Our Flight Commander, dere 'e stan',  
Wit' lip drawn tight on teet',  
'E's leetle, but one cocky man—  
Hees voice, she sure ain't sweet!

'E march hees men, "Quick march, by right!"  
'E mak' dem step so well.  
An' den 'e stop de 'ole darn flight  
To geeve dem proper 'ell.

Oh, 'e explain us what to do:  
"You swing dose harm," 'e say;  
"Dat's what I want from all of you;  
I want heem ev'ry day.

"Kip dose ches' out, don' stan' lak' ass!  
An' don' you act for fun!  
You just try it, I tak' your pass,  
You great beeg son-of-gun!"

'E's our Flight Sergeant, an' 'e's smart;  
'E mak' us smarter yet;  
An' w'en we from dis depot part,  
We're good Airman, you bet!

\* \* \*

Since this is the Christmas and anniversary number of our paper, the personnel of the Instrument Section extend to all others on this Station, in sections and individually, our heartiest wishes and our good will.

We have enjoyed your friendly spirit; we have enjoyed your visits to our section, all of you who have honoured us in that way; and now let's go for more of just such friendliness that will make life at Bella Bella worth remembering.

SGT. RATZLOFF.

\* \* \*

## ADVERTISEMENTS

You, too, can have a body like mine! I'll build you up in one easy, breezy lesson. I built Bully Bailey and other greats of the Bruiser World from quite unpromising material. Let me do the same for you for bigger and better bodies: more muscles, corpuscles; pink pigment and loose ligament, contact Lofty Rayment, Inst. Sect. Today. Or Telephone Whee, 123.

Testimonial: "For some years before I heard about Rayment the Body Builder I was just a little boy in knee pants. I lacked all ambition, was listless to boot; in run-down condition and not worth a hoot. It's true Rayment made me a hulking big brute, but now nobody loves me because I'm no longer cute." (Signed) BULLY.

Sgt. Tomlinson's great book, "How to Do Bushed Acts and Influence C.O.'s" is now on sale at all book stores. Prof. B. Bogus Bugeye says: "This volume contains the most profound nonsense that I have been privileged to peruse since the days when I studied Dead Eye Dick for my thesis. However, I must say that it may well prove an invaluable guide to countless novices seeking relief from isolated coastal areas." This book, bound in the new ersatz paper (Cornhusk cover), is unpopularly priced everywhere. Buy your copy today before the corn runs out.

Join A. E. Peeling's Open and to be closed Forum Jan. 14th at 2100 hrs. Open to all who agree with him: those who disagree may as well stay away. The savant, due to his vast fund of facts, will take up, prove, disprove, or leave hanging in air any subject or theory whatsoever from the conception of the first universe through all the arts, sciences, and human endeavours, past, present and future, forgotten (except to the professor), current or contemplated to the ultimate end of all the universe. The eminent sage soliloquized recently: "I'll teach you how to prove by fact that black is white or white is black, or that you can't prove anything because of color-lack."

LAC. Shadd is the unwilling agent for all the tripe mentioned in the foregoing advertisements. Any similarity to advertisements already published is purely coincidental.

# Two Letters from a Rookie to His Girl

Dere Mable:

Having nothing better to do I take up my pen to rite.

We have been here now for three weeks. As far as I am concerned I am ready to go. I told the C.O. that I was ready any time. He said yes, but that we'd have to wait for the slow ones cause they was all goin together. I says was I to go out to drill with the rest. He said yes more for the example than anything else. Its kind of maddening to be hanging round here when I might be over there helpin the Sammies put a stop to this thing.

In the meantime I been doin guard duty. Seems like I been doin it every night but I know what there up against and I dont say nothin. Guard duty is something like extemperaneus speakin. You got to know everything your goin to say before you start. Its very tecknicle. For instance you walk a post but there aint no post. An you mount a guard but you dont really mount nothin. An you turn out the guard but you dont really turn em out. They come out them selves. Just the other night I was walkin along thinkin of you Mable an my feet was hurtin. It made me awful lonesome. An officer came up an he says why don't you draw your pistol when you here some-one comin. An I says I dont wait till the sheep is stole I drew it this afternoon from the Arm. Saregnet. An I showed it to him tucked inside my shirt where none could get it way from me without some tussel, you bet, Mabel. But it seems that you got to keep on drawin it all the time. Then later I here footsteps. I was expectin the relief so I was right on the job. An a man come up and I poked my pistol right in his face, and says Halt. Who goes there? And he says Orderly Officer, an bein disappointed, as who wouldnt I says Oh Hell I thought it was the relief. And he objected to that. The relief Mable—but whats the use you wouldn't understand it.

There was some mistake up north Mable about the way we're built Mabel. Its kind of depressin to think that you could forget about us so quick. Everyones gettin sweters without sleeves and gloves without fingers. We still got everything we started with Mable. Why not sox without feet and pants without legs. If your makin these things for after the war I think your anticipation in a little. Besides its depressin for the fellos to be reminded all the time. Its like givin a fello a life membrship to the Old Soldiers home to cheer him up when he sails. I was sayin' the other day that if the fellos in Ottawa ever got onto this they'll be issuin soleless shoes and shirtless sleeves.

Its gettin awful cold. No wonder this is a healthy place. All the germs is froze. I guess there idea of the hardening process is to freeze a fellow stiff. The C.O. said the other day we was gettin in tents of trainin. Thats all right but Id like to see those steam heated barracks. Youve read about those fellos that go swimmin in the ice in winter. I guess thed like our shower baths. They say

cleanliness is next to Godliness, Mable, I say its next to impossible.

I started this letter almost a week ago. I just found it in my bakin can. They call it a bakin can but its too small to bake nothin. I keep my soap in it. I got some news for you. The regiment is to be dismantled. The C.O. called me over this mornin and asked me where I'd like to be transferred. I said home if it was the same to him. So there goin to send me to the artillery. This is a very dangerous and useful limb of the servus, Mable, I dont kno my address. Just write me care of the C.O.

I got the red muffler that your mother sent me., Give her my love just the same.

Yours relentlessly,

BILL.

\* \* \*

Dere Mable:

I havnt rote for some time I had such sore feet lately. When they broke up our regiment and sent me over, to the artillery I thought I was goin to quit usin my feet. That was just another roomor.

Thanks for the box of stuff you sent me. I guess the brakeman must have used it for a chair all the way. It was pretty well baled but that don't matter. And thanks for the fudge too. That was fudge wasn't it Mable. And the sox. They don't fit but I can use them for somethin. A good soldier never throws nothin away. An thank your mother for the half pair of gloves she sent me. I put them away. Maybe sometime she'll get a chance to nit the other half. Or if I ever get all my fingers shot off theyll come in very handy.

The artillerys a little different from the infantry. They make us work harder. At least theres more work on the skedule. I know now what they mean when they say that the "artillery's active on the western front."

They got a drill over here called the standin gun drill. The names misleadin. I guess it was invented by a troop of Jap akrobats. They make you get up and sit on the gun. Before you can get settled comfortable they make you get down again. It looks like they don't know just what they want you to do.

I dont like the sargent. I dont like any sargent but this one particular. The first day out he says "Prepare to Mount" and then "Mount." Finally I went up to him and told him that as far as I was concerned he could cut that stuff for I was always prepared to do what I was told even though it was in the middle of the night. He said, Fine, then I was probably prepared to scrub pans all day Sunday.

I dont care much for horses. I think they feel the same way about me. Most of them are so big that the only thing there good for is the view of the camp you get when you climb up. They are what they call hors de combat in French. My horse died the other day. I guess

it wasn't much effort for him, if it had been he wouldn't have done it.

They got a book they call Drill Regulations. That's about as sensible as it is all the way through. For instance they say that when the command for action is given one man jumps for the wheel and another springs for the trail and another leaps for the muzzle. I guess the fellow that wrote the regulations thought we was a bunch of grasshoppers.

Well I got to quit now and rite a bunch of other girls. Thanks again for the box although it was so busted that it wasn't much good but that don't matter.

Yours till you here otherwise.

BILL.

## The Poet's Corner

### HITLER AND HIS PAL

**H**ITLER called Satan upon the phone one day. The girl at Central listened to all they had to say. "Hello!" she heard Hitler call, "Is old man Satan at home? Just tell him it's the Dictator who wants him on the phone!"

Satan said "Howdy, Hitler, and how are you?"  
"I'm running hell here on earth, so tell me what to do!"  
"What can I do?" old Satan said, "dear old pal of mine. It seems you don't need any help, you're doing mighty fine."

"Yes, I was doing pretty good until a while ago, When a man named Roosevelt wired me to go more slow. He said to me, Dear Hitler, we don't wish to be unkind. But you've raised Hell long enough, and had better change your mind.

I thought his lease and lend bill was bluff, he'd never get it through,  
But he put me on the spot, when he showed what he could do,  
Now, that is why I called you, Satan. I want advice from you,  
And I know that you will tell me just what I ought to do."

"Dear Hitler, there's not much left to tell,  
For Uncle Sam will make things hotter, than I can here in Hell!

I've been a mean old devil, but not half as mean as you. So the minute that you get here, the job is yours to do!

I'll be ready for your coming, and keep the fires all bright,  
And I'll have your room all ready when Sam begins to fight.

For I can see your days are numbered, there's nothing left to tell,

So hang up your phone, put on your cap, and meet me here in Hell!"

—By an Airman who knew the Gal at Central.

### THE HEART OF THE SERVICE

**W**E ARE not always together,  
And yet we can not stand apart,  
For each multiple branch of the service  
Is the artery to one mighty heart.

We can't all be embellished with glory,  
We can't all go over and fight,  
But earnest and steadfast endeavour  
Will assure is all victory for right.

No matter how dull seem your duties,  
Or how nasty all those little things,  
Your part is just as important  
As the man who is wearing the wings.

What manner of use is a rifle  
If there are no bullets to shoot?  
What's the use of having a bugler  
If he has no bugle to toot?

Johnnie is now up there flying,  
He must depend on you for repair  
Of that speedy winged monster  
That carries death to the axis lair.

When your day's duties are over,  
You want food and a warm place to go,  
It is now that you must think kindly  
Of the man with the shovel and hoe.

So you see we are all tied together,  
Each one of us must do our part,  
To keep the red life-blood flowing  
Through the arteries of this mighty heart.

F/S. DONN SMITH.

\* \* \*

### FOOD FOR THOUGHT

You never can tell what your thoughts will do,  
In bringing you hate or love,  
For thoughts are things and their aerial wings  
Are swift like the carrier dove!

NIP.

\* \* \*

### *How Courteous is the Japanese.*

He always says excuse me please.  
He climbs into his neighbour's garden  
And smiles and says  
I beg your pardon.  
He bows and grins a friendly grin  
And calls his hungry family in,  
He grins and bows a friendly bow,  
So sorry this my garden now!

REMEMBER PEARL HARBOUR!

\* \* \*

Flying well and carefully is a profession.  
Flying well is an art.  
Just flying is work.  
Listen to our pilots complain of overwork!!!

#### WINGS ON DUTY—Continued from Page 8.

The aircraft wallowed. The pilot had received a wound, a machine gun bullet through his right shoulder, and he felt sick. The navigator had escaped unscathed as had the rest of the crew, but how had the aircraft fared? No controls shot away? No! all controls worked. The damage was there, the captain knew it. Suddenly the odor of raw gasoline was wafted into the ship. Everyone's eyes shot to the tank gauges, the fuel pressure. Fuel pressures O.K. The gasoline gauges? That much fuel had not been used, there was half a tank left. The navigator switched to the other tanks. My God! Three wing tanks were emptying! Was one tank left? The bomb bay tank of course had been badly punctured, but yes! one tank was O.K., truth was indeed stranger than fiction. Quickly the navigator computed the amount of gas in the tank left, the consumption of engines and the distance from home. Hurrah! Enough gas, with a little to spare, no emergency landings at the nearest airport; the giant bomber could proceed to its home base. Rapidly batting the key, the Wag sent a signal to Headquarters reporting the position of the enemy ship and its condition. The convoy was over the hill and in no danger from interception from the message. Then with a last look at the crippled boat, the aircraft left for home. The navigator was flying the ship now, the captain had been removed to the couch and had received first aid from the air gunner and was resting quietly. With time for reflection, the air gunner felt elated, he had used his guns to excellent advantage and had probably prevented much more serious damage to his aircraft, very well had he fulfilled his heritage from his brothers-in-trade on flights over Berlin.

With steady flight, using gasoline from punctured tanks until nearly empty, and finally the uninjured tank, the bomber droned home. Every man including the injured captain would have loved to stay with the battleship to see the finish which must come soon. However, all realized the tremendous ovation each would receive on return home, and the envious thoughts of crews left at home, there, that early morning.

Then came the final step in the epoch-making flight. The home base lazily swung below as the giant bomber flew low over, waiting permission to land. The crew could see below, on the ground, the ambulance awaiting the wounded captain and the men, like ants, scurrying to be the first to welcome the heroes as they hit the deck and taxied home. Permission to land, and down swung the bomber; and with several bounces and scruffing of braked wheels, the navigator brought the huge machine to a stop in front of the hangar—not a crew man moved. They were home, yes—but once again each was a mere earthling. Each remembered leaving the field that early morning on a mere routine job, a boring journey, how futile this seemed, leaving their beds so early. Then came the action—where each became a hero, where each had an important part to do, a part indispensable to Canada's freedom and freedom for people to live as individualistic as they wished. Now the crew had returned home, where once again life would assume a monotonous existence until

the Beast be driven out of the world as Beasts must be from time to time while time exists. Each man would be a hero for several days, for memory is a fickle mistress. The moment passed—the captain was gently moved and laid in the ambulance. The air gunner, the wireless operator and the navigator were assisted from the machine, each to make his report to his Commanding Officer—the remainder of the day became history. The station, to a man, examined the aircraft, poked fingers in the bullet holes, used their imagination to relive the battle. Senior officers hinted at medals for the crew, which later became a fact. Later in the afternoon, reports came in of a gigantic naval battle in which the German boat had been sunk. That night, a celebration was held in the squadron canteen at which the crew, minus the captain, became guests of honor, to tell their story. Later came congratulations from Headquarters; and from England for Canada's part in the destruction of the enemy. So ends the great epic story. Patrol bombers had flown many tedious miles, were to fly many more, to no seeming purpose, but on this, their great day, events had proven their usefulness and purpose, so hats off to the North Atlantic Squadron.

#### Cramped Quarters or "A Little Corn"

WHY do they build telephone booths so small that you have to go outside to change your mind? I'm asking you! I've always (every time I get caught in between the mouthpiece and the door) had the good intention (and you know how good intentions are: they always die down after New Year's day is over) to write to the Telephone Companies and ask them to remedy this situation, or should I say this desperate situation. Believe me, it is desperate; why, only the other day there was a case of a lovely young lady fainting in one of those booths, whether it was from her own perfume, the cramped space, or the restricted cubic inches of breathable air, anyway before I could give her artificial respiration (woo, woo) one of those ladies beat me to it, what do you call them, ah, eh, nurses, no, voluntary A.R.P., no, anyway something like that, and she did a magnificent job of reviving the beautiful lady. But who knows, there might be another lovely young lady fainting and until the telephone booths expand (and I still don't know how those three fellows got in the same booth the other day) I'm going to keep a tag on them (meaning the telephone booths, of course).

Seeing that I was speaking about A.R.P., that reminds me of a little story about the butler who nearly lost his job. That same butler was Chief A.R.P. of his county and on one of those trial blackouts, his mistress had fallen asleep and he had to go in and put the light out in his mistress' bedroom. Boy oh boy, what a row! But seeing that he was only doing his duty, he kept his job.

The A.R.P. Wardens are doing a great job in every city and they are very much needed; more volunteers are wanted to fulfil an important part in this war, when no small deeds can be disregarded any more than the "*Faits d'Héroïsme*."

L. G. L.

# SPORTS

SPORT plays an important part in the life of the bush station at which it is fallen our lot to serve. There is very little opportunity (or inducement) for the boys to get out and walk for exercise so that those who feel the need or the advisability of taking a little exercise have to turn to sport. Handicapped as we are without a playing field, we manage to get the occasional game of soccer amongst ourselves on the playing fields of the Indians at Bella Bella. The soccer season is here again and we hope to continue our attempt to defeat the Indian team, who have always proved too strong for us. At Ocean Falls we have been able to hold our own and with the addition of several more soccer players recently posted here we will give a good account of ourselves.

The scope for outdoor activities is limited, resulting in a very full programme for our recreation hall. Elsewhere on this page you will find a copy of the weekly programme for recreation. All of these items are scheduled weekly so there is no reason why everyone can't find enjoyable exercise.

Basketball is unquestionably the most popular sport on the station, a flourishing seven-team inter-section league is ample evidence of this fact. Competition is keen and every game is bitterly contested, so bitterly, in fact, that volunteer referees are taking quite a beating. At the end of the first round on November 2nd the Officers team with six wins and no defeats were on top of the league. The Security Guard team were right behind with five wins and one loss, Headquarters and Signals each had three wins and three losses, while the Squadron had won two and Maintenance and Armament salvaged one game out

## Y.M.C.A. WEEKLY PROGRAMME—R.C.A.F., BELLA BELLA, B.C.

### SUNDAY—

Hours  
 19:15 Sing' Song ..... Recreation Hall  
 19:45 Movie ..... " "

### MONDAY—

13:30 Matinee Movie ..... " "  
 18:15 First Div. Basketball:  
 First Game ..... " "  
 19:30 Second Game ..... " "  
 20:45 Third Game ..... " "

### TUESDAY—

18:15 Second Div. Basketball " "  
 19:45 Movie ..... " "

### WEDNESDAY—

13:30 Matinee Movie ..... " "  
 18:15 Second Div. Basketball " "  
 19:30 Topics of the Day Discussion Group .. Link Trainer Bldg.  
 19:00 Volley Ball, open to all No.1 Hangar  
 19:30 Badminton, open to  
 all ..... Recreation Hall

### THURSDAY—

18:15 First Div. Basketball:  
 First game ..... " "



of the six they played. Two representative teams from the station are being chosen to play against the Indians and Ocean Falls and with stars like P/O. Carter and F/Sgt. Pell to build a team around we should be able to give any team a real fight.

Badminton is an ever popular game, but there is still no one on the station who can take more than one or two points from Cpl. Jim Watt, he is in a class by himself.

Volleyball is played extensively, particularly by the aircrew, and their superiority in this game is shown in our weekly tournaments.

We've had field days which should be rightly called "tarmac" days, for races, etc., have to be held on the tarmac. In spite of the lack of a field these "tarmac" days have been highly successful. We are hoping that when the next track and field season rolls around we will have a field and be able to stage a real show.

Our swim stars displayed their wares in the swimming meet held just before the water got too cold for comfort. Our station is an aquatic station (both summer and winter) and swimming is a very popular pastime (when the sun shines).

If you want a more vigorous sport that will give you an opportunity to increase your knowledge of the manly art of self-defense, why just indicate your willingness to take part in boxing.

Sergeant Max Bennett, our new P.T. Instructor, comes to this station from Sea Island. He is a man with a great deal of experience in his line and will be a valuable acquisition in stimulating interest in sports.

\* \* \*

### THURSDAY—Continued Recreation Hall

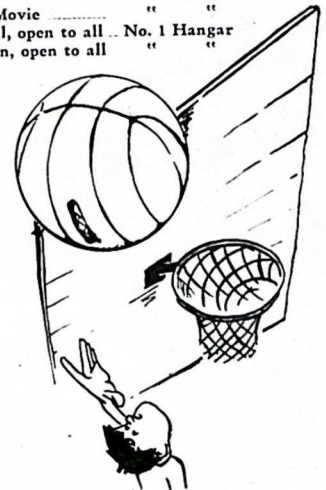
19:00 Bridge Tournament.  
 19:30 First Div. Basketball:  
 Second game ..... " "  
 20:45 Third game ..... " "

### FRIDAY—

18:15 Second Div. Basketball " "  
 19:45 Movie ..... " "

### SATURDAY—

13:30 Matinee Movie ..... " "  
 19:00 Volleyball, open to all No. 1 Hangar  
 19:30 Badminton, open to all " "



# Aircraft Recognition

IT ALWAYS had been our intention to have in every issue of the *ROUNDEL* a page devoted purely to this subject. However, we could not do so in our regular issues because it was mimeographed and not printed, rendering silhouettes to look much alike and thus making such a column useless. We take this opportunity in presenting you in this issue three different types of aircraft:

- (a) The Mitsubishi M.C. 20.
- (b) The Mitsubishi Type "O".
- (c) The Aichi Type 99.

The importance of "Aircraft Recognition" has not been sufficiently stressed on our Pacific Coast.

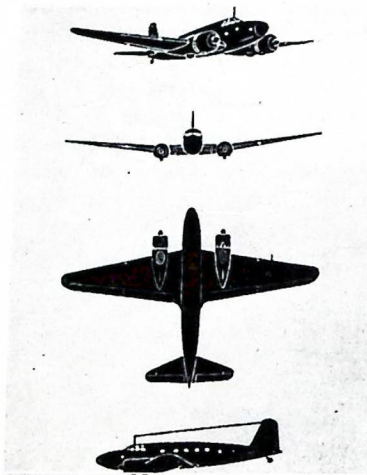
It is therefore an utmost necessity that one and all get themselves acquainted with such silhouettes to the extent that a mere glimpse at an aircraft will be sufficient to determine its nationality, the type and duty called upon said aircraft to perform, whether fighter, bomber, troop carrier, etc.

Especially on this coast we cannot stretch this point of "Aircraft Recognition" too much, because the little copy-cat Japanese has displayed aircraft that are almost the exact replica of American-built planes. And not only that, they do not maintain a standard pattern of camouflaging.

Their method of camouflage vary on every aircraft, i.e., painted golden on top, silver underneath, or ordinary green and brown camouflage, thus hindering recognition.

It is true that they do display the "Rising Sun" on the wing tips and fuselage but it is displayed in such a manner as to make identifying by that means impossible.

Be prepared, be ready, so that you may not only save your life, the lives of an aircraft crew, save an aircraft from destruction, but also will be able to report any incident you may have observed during flying operation to your Intelligence Officer.

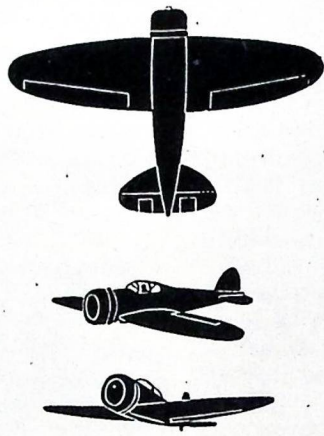


THE MUTSUBISHI MC. 20.

This enemy aircraft is a twin engine military transport, used for parachute troops in the Japanese Army. It is a low-wing monoplane with a wing span of 74 feet. Accommodation for 15 people including crew.

Distinguishing features are: Wings swept sharply back, with marked dihedral from engines to wing tips, fully tapered on both leading and trailing edges to rounded tips. The fuselage is high and thick, extending well ahead of the twin engines, the pilot's quarters being situated exactly between the engines. Note also the shape of the fin and rudder, and their location in respect to the tail plane.

This enemy aircraft resembles, in many ways, an American Transport, the Douglas D.C.-3. Most likely the Japs have copied the D.C.-3, as they have done with other American built aircraft.



THE MITSUBISHI TYPE "O"

This enemy aircraft is known better to us as the "ZERO" fighter, used in the Japanese Army and Navy. It is a single seat low-wing monoplane with a wing span of 37 feet.

Distinguishing features are: the well rounded leading and trailing edges of both the wings and tailplane. The cigar-shaped fuselage, with its high enclosed cockpit, is blunt at the nose to accommodate the radial engine.

Armament consists of two 7.7 M.M. machine guns in the engine cowling synchronized with the airscrew, and one 20 M.M. cannon, protruding from the leading edges of either wing. Any other bulges noticed under the wing may be due to jettisonable gasoline tanks, which are fitted to permit long-range fighting.

There are actually three different "ZERO" fighters in the Japanese Army and Navy. This is due to three different manufactures of the "ZERO." However, they differ very slightly in shape and performance. This aircraft is the best of the Japanese fighters.



AICHI TYPE 99

This enemy aircraft is designed to be used by the Japanese Navy as a dive bomber. Frequently it is also used as a fighter or reconnaissance aircraft. It is a single engine low-wing monoplane, with a wing span of 47 feet and accommodation for two.

Distinguishing features are: The well rounded leading and trailing edges of the wings and the rounded leading edge and straight trailing edge of the tailplane. Trailing edge flaps are fitted inboard of the ailerons and improved diving brakes fitted beneath the wings. The "Spatted" non-retractable landing gear is positioned well out from the wing roots. The cigar-shaped fuselage with its high enclosed cockpit and gunner's position is blunt nosed, to accommodate a fourteen cylinder two row, air cooled radial engine, which is enclosed in a long cowling.

Armament consists of two 7.7 M.M. machine guns, fixed in the engine cowling and synchronized through the airscrew, and one or two free guns in the rear cockpit. The bomb load consists of one 250 Klg. bomb and two 60 Klg. bombs.

# Blitzes in the Sergeants' Mess

THIS is a peaceful view of the Sergeants' Mess as the caption underneath the picture describes it. That state of peacefulness lasts from 10:00 to 11:00 hours when the Aircrew come in for an "early" lunch. Speaking of Aircrew, someone was wondering the other night whether the Aircrews on this station are going to receive medals for action or get them for inaction. This may call for a blitz; and I would probably be the one to be blitzed!

Before I go any further, some of you may wonder why we call our "social meetings" blitzes. Well, it is the same as old Hitler's blitzes: They come unexpectedly and fast. We celebrate when we have reason to or for no reason at all.

In all blitzes, there's always a leading figure, so have we in the persons of "Slim" and Hawkins. They usually take charge starting the ball, no, I mean, the dices rolling; and the first thing you know—we "Roll out the Barrel"



*A peaceful view of the Sergeants' Mess.*

and then those chesterfields you see in the picture so neatly arranged, well the next morning it looks like the whole mess had been used as proving grounds for tanks: it's a mess.

Everything is O.K. and not so noisy until the "Raven" starts taking F/S "Shampoo" Gauthier by the seat of the pants and thereof proceeds to put him in the fireplace as described in the cartoon on page 17. Lucky for him that night the fire was quite low!

Sometimes our blitzes take the form of a Sing Song whereas the "barrel is still rolled out" but in a more quiet way, I should say in a more musical way where everybody gathers around the fireplace with a bottle of beer in their hands and a song on their lips with S/M Max Gauthier as M.C. "Praise the Lord and pass me another bottle."

Amid all the noise, in one of the corners, blitz or no blitz, the usual game of poker goes on and you can always be sure to see around that table: S/M Bennet (the winner), Sgt. Roller, Slim, F/S Perrault and a few others. A few months ago we used to have our bridge table sponsored by F/S Hogan, Sgt. Heron, F/S Woodard and

S/M Edgar, but the team slowly broke away leaving behind only F/S Woodard.

Those blitzes, the members of the mess will always remember, were bombing good fun even if in the morning you felt as YOU had been bombed and said: "Praise the Lord! Never again!"

SARGE.

## Jits and Jolts from the Instrument Section

Beware of the mild-looking instrument man who takes advantage of gullible airmen (and officers). We won't mention his name; however, here's a few of his tricks.

He asked a certain blond and slightly bushed A.F.M. whether the anchors in the a/c were used as practice bombs, then listened, wide-eyed and innocent, while his victim explained at length that "He didn't think so; the armament section seemed to have a good supply!"—Then the other night on D.I.'s, on being questioned by a certain officer, he answered in this legal but slightly incorrect vein:

Officer: You can't D.I. this ship at the gas barge.

Barter: No Sir.

Officer: You didn't intend to D.I. this ship, did you?

Barter: Certainly not, sir!

Officer: How would you like to be in aircrew?

Barter: Definitely wouldn't sir—not in these Aircraft.

Officer: Why?

Barter: Well, sir, consider who service them!!

Officer: I think your riding me.

Barter: Oh, no, sir!

Then there's another about two victims who happened to be on D.I.'s with this "Spanish Inquisitioner." These two were discussing women (queer topic, isn't it?). All of a sudden our pal cut in with "But wasn't it funny when she pulled the grand piano from her lily-white bosom?" You'll doubtless see two airmen wandering around camp with bad cases of lockjaw.

Watch out for the innocent looking Instrument airman, he bites!

There's the one about the humorous Instrument Repairer who welcomed two lads who had just returned from leave (and this welcome was given in the inky blackness of the barracks): "Gosh, boys, you're looking well."

What F/S. painted a "Wet paint!" sign over the top of the paint job itself, and that brings up the question: "Will this paragraph pass the editor's censorship?"

You can get your jitterbug practice now by holding down the drier on the Easy washing machine—or do we really have so many St. Vitus cases in camp?

LAC. JIM STONE.

# « THE BACK PAGE »

WE TAKE great pleasure in writing this last page of our Special Issue. We always have had this "Back Page" in all our preceding issues and this one could be called the "Back Page" of all "Back Pages."

We should take this opportunity to review the last year at this station. All in all, it has been a good year, for myself personally, one of the best I have spent in the service for almost six years. Although far from civilization, we have "put our heads together" and no doubt we have made a good reputation for ourselves and for R.C.A.F. Station, Bella Bella.

I would even go as far as to say that the morale in our isolated station is 60% higher than that of any R.C.A.F. Station close to civilized centres. But, if our station got and maintained its good reputation, it is not only the rank and file we have to thank for it, but also our various Commanding Officers who did their utmost, naming: our first Commanding Officer, S/Leader Carpenter, then W/Commander Farrell, a famous name throughout the country, and now one of the best Commanding Officers I ever had the privilege to serve under, and I'm sure the whole of the station is behind me when I say of Wing Commander Galloway: "Sir, you are Tops."

We cannot overlook the point of discipline on this station. I'm sure the boys never had a complaint against either of our Sergeant-Majors: WO2 Edgar and our present Discip: WO2 Bennett, indeed a good head (and a good poker player). You not only have to be thankful to the Editorial Staff for several of the improvements on this station, *i.e.*, stairways and pathways, but also S/M. Bennett, who materialized our suggestions.

And a word on our Trail Builders; there hasn't been an edition yet in which there wasn't a poem or an article about our so much talked about Trail, the Santa Bella Trail as it is officially known. Hats off to its builders.



## BUCK FEVER ---Extract from a Letter from Home

The days grow colder, the nights shorter, a tinge of frost in the air in the morning. The ducks will soon fly south (all that get past F. Gordon Ingram). The leaves in the North Woods will soon fall from the trees and the deer up around Espanola way will be keeping a wary eye out for the redoubtable Nimrod J. Bernard Ingram. And they will have to look sharp, for every day my aim becomes better, my trigger finger itchier, and in the old Ingram eye there is a bloody gleam. Have a care, all you bucks, does, and little fawns, for I reckon not a care nor care not a care, *we must eat*.

Ah, yes! Willyum, we must eat, and eat we shall. Already my nostrils can scent the odour of venison sneaking out the oven door, can hear the crackle of venison steak searing in the pan; in my mind's eye I can see a

naming but a few: Sgt. Ashworth, F/S. Gauthier M., Cpl. Hemsworth, F/O. Harrison, P/O. Garnett and a score of others. They did a splendid job, and the living-out personnel should be thankful to the Trail Builders of our station.

Yes, some of the boys are so much in love with this wilderness that several cabins have sprung from nowhere and now after a year; more than 40 couples live in or around the Sloughs in a happy little community which I'm positive will grow year after year.

I'm sure most of the boys will remember when we first got here, how handicapped we were with the lack of tools, equipment, the cramped quarters and no entertainment. Well, boys, look at our station today, it has improved 100% and due mainly to what we called "*Esprit de Corps*," the get-together idea that can move anything which is in the way of any progressive people. Let's keep punching together. Let's make 1943 a better year and thus making our station a better place and a better world to live in.

Our hopes would be that we could put out a paper like this one every month instead of our usual mimeographed issues but it would be quite impossible. Firstly, on account of the cost of such an edition; secondly, there isn't any more advertising to be had to share such a cost; thirdly, on account of the time involved in getting such an edition ready.

We could possibly do it, as a matter of fact, I'm sure we could if we were a little closer to a big centre, but we aren't and we'll have to be contented to go back to our mimeographed issues after this one, which anyway will be quite a souvenir for the personnel of this station.

We thank you for your co-operation and we thank every one through whom it was possible to materialize this Christmas Issue.

SGT. LARAMEE,  
*for the Editorial Staff.*



pair of graceful antlers hanging in the parlour, my scarf hanging on one hook, my Homberg on the other. Fly forward, fly forward, O time in thy flight, rush on, O happy day, when I shall board my trusty Ford and northward fly (with blood in me eye). Fugit, tempus, fugit like hell. Swing around, O hands on the clock, quit your dam sneaky creeping. Hurry, hurry, hurry. Will November never come? Must I wait eons? But wait—prepare yourself—oil the gun again (which will be the four hundred and ninth time by actual count)—grease the boots again (the dam things are like the crankcase of my Ford now)—try on the britches again (I live in 'em). Clean the spark plugs on the Ford—check the points again—worry, worry, worry. This is hell, hell, I tell you—waiting, waiting, waiting. But that happy day will soon arrive, ah yes! be patient. Count ten, count twenty, count twenty million. Ah, yes! be patient.

DIT-DAHDIT.

∴ *Autographs* ∴

*"A Friend in Need is a Friend Indeed"*

*Carl W. Carter.*  
*Springhill, N. D.*



Christmas  Greetings 



CAMPBELL & SMITH LTD., Effective Printing  
VANCOUVER, B. C.

*W. H. H. 1918*