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"TAKE OFF"

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FORCE

"SOMEWHERE ON THE PACIFIC COAST"



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W. J. Lang

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A PARCEL FROM HOME

Oh it isn't so much the chocolate bars,
 or the package of chewing gum,
 It isn't the smokes or the book of jokes
 that cheers you when you are
 feeling glum
 It isn't the can of pork and beans, tho'
 the taste is certainly grand,
 Or the milk and jam, though they seem to a
 man, a bit of Canada canned.
 No those are not the important things, in
 that parcel that comes from home,
 That isn't the part that cheers the heart
 when you come and there's a parcel
 there,
 From the folks far over the sea, tho' a
 man when he's all alone,
 The feeling that stays through the endless
 days is: "Someone remembers me."
 Oh a parcel from home just hits the spot,
 in a way you'll never know,
 Till you've stood in a queue 'til it comes
 to you and the Corporal answers
 "No."
 There's nothing today I'm sorry bud, if you
 saw us you'd be surprised
 As we turn from our place with a saddened
 face, and the wind is hurting our
 eyes.
 There is a lot of the boy left in every man
 so it isn't the gifts that you send
 It isn't the value of razor blades, or
 lighter, or fountain pen.
 It's just the thought you are not forgot,
 in the time you've been away,
 Now I'll close and say, do you suppose
 there's a parcel for me today?.

(Written by a lad in the Air Force).

REHABILITATION

One airman, being interviewed on rehabilitation, believed that a brief resume of his pre-war problems might be of some assistance in helping to formulate plans for post-war problems, and, at the same time, might stimulate effort to see that what he and many other lads went through would not happen to another generation.

Joe left high school in the depression year of 1932, and, not being able to locate a job in his home town, and having only a widowed aunt with a small income to support him, immediately set out to look for work in the next city; believing as many other lads did, that work was just around the corner.

That was the start of a long heart-breaking life on the road, and for several long and fruitless years he travelled bitterly back and forth across Canada and the United States riding the rods, half frozen in the winter, dusty and dirty in summer, and half starved most of the time, yet always drawn on and on by the vision of a promising job floating like a beacon in the mirage that kept tantalizingly ahead.

Finally, after several years of aimless wandering, sleeping in jungles, jails, barns and jolting freight cars, dodging policemen who drove Joe and his fellows ceaselessly from town to town, wearing cast off clothes and existing precariously on hand-outs, Joe, at last, landed a job in a stone quarry breaking and loading stone. It wasn't much of a job, but it was a start and kept him on an honest path something many of his comrades hadn't.

Some of his running mates went to Britain, joined the RAF and fought through the epic Battle of Britain, being among the one Premier Churchill alluded to when he said, "...never in history has so much been owed by so many to so few..."

But Joe said his buddies didn't regard the Battle of Britain as tough as the battle of the depression. In Britain they had good nourishing meals, comfortable beds, warm rooms and their pride. And, when they flew over the cities and towns and villages of England they knew the folks down below were all rooting for them, and when they'd taxi in to their landing field the greeting would be "Nice going, buddy!" In the depression when their freight pulled into a town the greeting was usually, "On you way, Buddy!"

Joe says that's all behind him now, and he plans to take advantage of the rehabilitation plan to get a small farm on the outskirts of a town or city where he can get part time work. He doesn't like the risk of tossing his all into a farm, or staking everything on a full time job in the city.

However, Joe believes that there might be more depression, and had an idea that would take up some of the slack.

(Cont'd on Page 3)

Rehabilitation (Cont'd)

He figures it might be possible to keep a fluctuating army, navy and air-force that young fellows out of work could join and in which they would receive both military and civilian training.

In joining they would be obliged to serve at least a year, during which they would be trained for a job in civilian life and after which an effort would be made to secure a civilian job for them. Naturally they would be subject to immediate call-up if a state of war existed.

With such a system we'd always have a trained fighting force with ample trained reserves, and at the same time youth would be spared the harshness of possible depressions, and its wasted and deteriorating effects.

The size of the forces could vary according to the seriousness of the war, with depepression being regarded as an internal war as serious to our national welfare, and as tragic to many of our youth as war with a conquering nation.

NEW YEAR

All nation celebrate a passing of an old year and the beginning of a new one. Why this is done I don't know, but it is a fact. Maybe people are happy at being a year older and having a year less to live. Anyway, we celebrate the evening of December 31st and the first day of January every year. Most of us make plans for a "Big Do" days ahead; reservations are made and someone's permit bid for. Finally the big event arrives and we are all set to celebrate. By midnight of December 31st we are in a merry state of mind, (usually passed out) and regrets are paid to the passing of the old year and the best of everything toasted to the new year. These regrets and best wishes mean very little. The point is that we had a fine time and a good excuse to have a fine time. We wish we could have a New Year's celebration oftener than every 365 days. Correct?

Well, here is the point to all this nonsense. Today is March 31st; the end of an old year and the beginning of a new. If you do not believe me ask the accounts section, equipment section or the orderly room. If you have not had last year's leave to date - then you have "had it". All the Air Force starts on a clean sheet to-morrow; the New Year Begins. What a grand excuse for us to celebrate. Just because the year is called a "fiscal year" is no reason why we should not toast it in. Think of the fun we could be having to-night if everyone celebrated this event. After all, what is the difference between December 31st and March 31st? (And don't say three months!)

Poor old fiscal year! I feel sorry for you. If no one else will celebrate your arrival, I shall. Besides it is pay day to-day, and the last chance to use the ration permit for March.

STATION LIBRARY

We have had thrity new books this week, all types and kinds. One of them is a book that a number of you have inquired about "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn". In this book Betty Smith, the author, has achieved a complete success in her endeavour to give us a story of family life in Brooklyn. It is a story of tears and laughter, a story of real and lovable people, who had the courage and strength to face poverty and what is perhaps harder, the scorn and sneers of their neighbours. From start to finish, it is full of people, action and style, qualities which combine to make a book seem worth while.

Other titles among the new books are "The Other Half" and autobiography of a tramp, enlightening in its frankness; "Cloudless May" by Storm Jameson, "Land Fall" by Nevil Shute, "The Glorious Pool" and "Bishop Jaegers" by Thorne Smith; "Night in Bombay" by Louis Bromfield and others equally as good.

Are there any budding artists among you? For those of you who are interested, we have a book entitled "It is fun to Draw". It gives illustrations and instruction on every type of art, from cartooning to illustrated advertising.

POST OFFICE

Welcome to our midst Corporal Flint, the Post Office staff are very happy to have you, seeing that our station is growing and the mail is coming in by the bags. Yes sir, this is sure a busy place now-a-days.

For those who have just arrived on the station the time schedule is tacked up in front of the post office.

Don't forget to pick up your mail every day and always remember the folks at home are always happy to hear from you.

"Red"

STATION HOSPITAL

Why does Barbara use so many flashlight batterier? Could it be because of all those letters which she reads so many times?

The Orderly Room has given Cpl. Muige priority to make all phone calls -- Wonder whose pinup girl is hanging in the linen cotes. That must have been a remarkable first air class last week, but how come our instructors have taken to the side roads? -- Smitty wants to know what C.J. stands for -- shoo-shoo-shoo- that Trail Gold dust still troubles Sgt. Hill. Oh boy, wait until the Spring flowers are in bloom! That missing brother hasn't been located yet for McLarty what were the hospital staff (at least two) doing holding up the woodpile last Tuesday night?

How about throwing those cigarette butts 50 yard from the front door step, fellows?

We have bid a fond farewell to Cpl. Olive and Ted Hancox. We will surely miss them. Olive has gone to Vancouver and Ted to Edmonton. Good luck to you also, Sgt. West.



ACROSS
THE
TABLE
AT
THE
WALDROF

Flight Gerlick is happy once more - he has found out how many we are feeding, but I could have told him a week ago - we are feeding all of them.

LAC Penman has left us - his air crew came through. We wish him luck.

Our W.D.s are doing fine, they are a swell bunch of girls, but in the short time they have been here they all have heart trouble. EAW Gibbs' heart is in the M.T. section - we know where. AW Norman's heart has gone with Penny to Rimonton. LAW Parker pined for Cpl. Buck Rodgers but he doesn't tumble. AW McNiccol, we think, misses S-t. "Frenchy" Adams. Cpl. Blake - well boys, just now her heart is in the bake shop - come on boys she can have visitors.

I guess by now everyone has seen Cpl. Terry's cut lip, he has told a lot of stories about how he got it, but we don't believe him. We were wondering if it is husband trouble - could be.

Bear Trap Goldsmit is still not talking - just limping.

Do you think Cpl. Shore and Duffy come over for a carrot top or just carrots?

Some one we are going to miss is AW Larkin. She was one of the most willing workers we have had in our kitchen and we certainly hope she will make good in civilian life - we know she will.

Go easy on the butter boys and girls, or you might only get it on the table for two meals instead of three, the ration was cut you know. The Americans only get it twice a day....go easy.

The ladies of the dining room are doing a swell job fellows and girls, and they are short of help, so if you like their service keep your tables clean and the mess hall in general and I am sure they will give you their best. They do things for you that the cooks would not do, but the cooks get meaner as time goes by. When you finish eating, please take you dirty dishes off the table - it helps.

ACCOUNTS SECTION NEWS

Our three intrepid accountants, Johnson, Headlund and Terry, who sometime ago pushed off so fearlessly into the depth and wilds of United States in an effort to reach the romantic city of Hollywood, finally returned tired but triumphant.

During their short stay in the glamour city they met Judy Garland, Claudette Colbert and took part in a Fox Movietone Traveltalk directed and photographed by the former actor Gilbert Roland.

The lads reported that travelling by thumb is a slow, tiresome method of travel and for the goodly part of the trip had to resort to the less exciting but more certain transport by bus.

On their way they spent an afternoon in Portland and a day and a half in San Francisco where they visited the Barbary Coast and lost Cpl. Johnson. Stricken by the loss of their loyal comrade Terry and Headlund nevertheless pushed doggedly on until they at last reached Los Angeles and Hollywood.

Unfortunately the stars were in an eclipse, or perhaps it was just cursed temperament, but the lads were fortunate enough to see several. Then Gilbert Roland spied their Canadian uniforms and, after much coaxing, cajoled them into taking part in a short Technicolor Newsreel called, "Traveltalk of Southern California"

In the Newsreel the airmen were met by Barbara Stanwyck's ten year old son, who asked them a few questions and pointed out an engraving made by his talented mother in the masonry of the Egyptian Theatre.

Later they visited the Hollywood Canteen where excellent meals and entertainment are served gratis for men in the Services. Here reservations were made for them to visit the Metro Goldwyn Mayer Studios the following day. Unfortunately their time was short and they were unable to make the visit.

Meanwhile Cpl. Johnson was having a hectic time in San Francisco and the Barbary Coast, (the details he refused to divulge but which we can well imagine) but as time grew short and there was no sign of his travelling companions, (he believed they had succumbed to the glamour) he finally set out for Vancouver and arrived a couple of days later without mishap.

Terry and Headlund, returning to San Francisco, were unable to locate their wandering friends, and, fearful of what might have befallen him on the Barbary Coast, but loyal to the call of duty, they pushed on to Vancouver and Boundary Bay.

Two London Charwomen were discussing the inconveniences of the black out. "But it's a necessary evil," said the proverbial Mrs. Malaprop. "Else we're likely to be blasted into maternity."

"'Tis So," said her companion, "But the worst of it is, we'd never know who done it"



WIRELESS SECTION

DITS AND DAHS FROM THE WOGLETTES AND WOGS

Spring is here and the sap is running. Yes, even the wireless operators are running and no wonder, we have two new Signals Officer, A sergeant and a Corporal!

The wireless section welcomes to the station F/L Slipp (recently of No. 2 Group) and P/O Riddell. In the H.C.O. Division we give welcome to Sgt. Wood and Cpl. Squires.

The transmitters are now hooked up and the WMS have everything under control once more. This only means on thing - more work for the WOGS, and true enough it is why just take a look at Frankie Dundas. The new PT ED PT Circuit is so nerve racking that Frankie sayed right on the station on her last 45 to rest up - we have our own ideas about this however.

LtAC Currie walked into the barracks the other night and everyone was amazed to hear him claim that the airforce is not such a bad place after all. Of course, any man that can scrounge 66 days leave out of the R.C.A.F. in four months - well no wonder.

A tasty morsel was enjoyed the other evening when some unknown benefactor brought around some fried oysters (erstes in Brooklyn). However there was no one who ventured to answer AW Haslett's quiry when upon daintily talking a bit and thereby exposing a mysterious looking cross section of the bivalve asked "My God! what part of the oyster is that?"

"Q" FOR HOMER TO BY

Letters! The idea seemt to have hit all the boys at once. There's no less than four characters around the table pushing each other for elbow room. Anytime now we should settle down for a bit of concentration. There are three bags of candy to satisfy our appetites and two beautiful women (photographs cuss it) for inspiration so the epistle receivers should be due for some terrific literature.

Somerville finally made it. Made what you say! Why the man got a new pair of pants. And not only that but he got a whole new uniform! Now the W.E.M.s can throw a party and have a mass turnout. "Brother!" says Slim. A mass turnout will mean close to 20 fellows now.

Yes sir, there have been 6 new W.E.M. additions to the little old section this week and we'd like to extend greetings and a welcome to them. You won't find us too bad a bunch after you get used of the idiosyncrasies of Meagher, Whitfield and Sparrow and learn to ignore the preposterous demands of F/S Anderson and Sgt. Kernahan. They'll tell you anything if it gets the work done. Just forget it as soon as they tell you to do something and you're bound to get along fine.

Of the new bunch the only one that I know by name yet is Harry Mardas. He is naturally outstanding, though, as he is tall and built like the proverbial brick out house. He was sent over to Tech Stores today and came back pushing a wheel barrow. With a rare good nature he took it in his stride and said "from A.C. circuits to wheelbarrows in one hop - Gadi!" They came here straight from Wireless School. A good bunch but they had F/S Anderson scared to death when they marched in on him en masse. The Flight stayed awake all night wondering what to do with them - "Ah! the transmitters!"

We presume Sgt. Major Hansen is mighty proud of Room 7 this week. Did you notice the oil on the floor Major? But let me tell you we had one hell of a job finding any oil at all and when we did it seems that we swiped it from two other rooms so may be in the face of our hardships, you will overlook one or two poorly made beds Hmmm! We even washed the windows. When I walked in tonight the first thing I saw was Joe Pollack industriously polishing a pane of glass and singing, "No love, no wonder" to his reflection. He was tired tonight after re-erecting a couple of antennas that he and Russ Wice of the M.I. section misjudged with a truck. It took Joe and the boys about 4 hours to fix the damage and Doug Forster was overjoyed to hear that they broke his needle-nose. Those are pliers - he isn't deformed.

Johnny McQuaig think that he should pass the WOG Column over to one of the W.D.s on the grounds that they would know more about the girls than he does. But a man's point of view can be very interesting too Johnny and those Woglettes are mighty purty critters. Now take that little gal - but I'm interested in W.E.M.s it says here.

There is a lot more dirt but Meagher is on a 45 and I can't remember it. Take that Meagher.

Out!

"Fortenstat"

Lacy, our black cook, was explaining why she was getting a divorce. "When yo' comes right down to it, day ain't rightly nothin' de matter wid Clarence - nothin' a'tall. Its jest date I done lost mah taste fo' dat man".

F/SOT. WESLEY, R.V. (WES)

This week's personality is a very recent arrival on our station and though he may not be known to many as yet, we will all get to know him as he is the Clerk Admin. running H.Q. Orderly Room.

Wes hails from the home of Social Credit - Edmonton, Alberta where he first saw the light of day in 1921.

After six uneventful years of life he breezed through Mount Carmel Public School and St. Joseph High School and finished off his schooling by taking a business course at St. Vincent's Business College.

Upon graduation he went into butchering for three years to learn the trade and then secured a position with Ryan Brothers Butchers.

In 1939 he secured a position with the Dominion Government working in the Edmonton Army Recruiting Centre - Prince of Wales Armouries.

In May 1940 Wes joined the R.C.A.F. in Edmonton and was posted to No. 2 Manning Depot, Brandon for training.

His first posting brought him back to his home town again when he was posted to the R.C.A.F. Recruiting Centre. Successive postings found him at 73 S.F.T.S. Calgary, N.W. Staging Route and then to this station.

Interesting sidelights to his service life were his experience while on the North West Staging route. Here he flew up and down the line opening up new stations - really living a pioneer's life or as he puts it "life in the raw". At one place he slept in sleeping bags in 50 below zero weather. The coldest weather he encountered was 76 below zero at Watson Lake, Yukon. He shaved in melted snow water. His first New Year's Party was entirely bushy. With a panel of food through the courtesy of the Americans and a

barrel of beer, they proceeded to set up a stove in barracks and really went to town (they had no mess).

Wes is a lover of out door life in the country or anything that has to do with out-of-doors. He spent six years collecting birds eggs and nests and learning their habits, haunts etc. He loves hunting, fishing, horseback riding, swimming, and skating so you can plainly see he is a typical outdoor man.

We are extremely fortunate in having such a genial personality on our station and hope his stay with us is a long and enjoyable one.

FIRE HALL NEWS

Here we are again, but unfortunately with little news to report in this issue.

LAC Morrison will endeavor to uphold the honor of the section in the coming festive display at Sea Island. Good luck Red! and leave out the shiner.

Pay day to-day - the boys off shift will no doubt set the town on fire.

We wonder what the attraction is that draws the boys out Langley Prairies and Cloverdale way. Come on Fellows - put us wise.

Our new Fire Chief, F/S Curtis, is on the job. He is a fine fellow in all respects and the Section is proud to work with him.

Whoever said that Fire Fighting is a "Cushy" job should have his head examined, or try working here. What with lectures to Junior G-men, amming the Crash Truck and fire inspection and everything, we have less time off than other sections. When most of you are through at 1700 hours we are still on the job...but don't get us wrong - we love it!

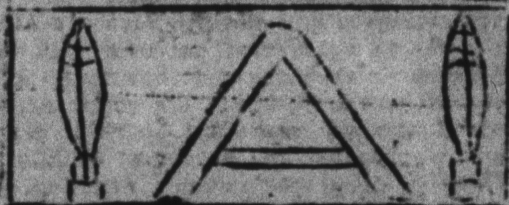
AIRMAN'S DANCE

Another week has slipped by and another Airmen's dance in the Station Rec Hall. A very enjoyable time was had by all, thanks to the kind co-operation of the V.D.'s (N.E. - F/S Gibsch). We would like to extend our sincere thanks to the V.D.'s from No. 2 I.D., the hostesses of the U.S.C. and Ladner, and the members of Marie Abrams orchestra, for coming. A very tasty lunch was served in the Airmen's Mess under the very able supervision of F/S Gerlick and staff. It was noted that the number of S.P.'s was considerably less than last time, and a very good time was had by all. Here's for more, bigger and better dances.

"Three Squeezes"

In a gay and carefree mood, a man telephoned a friend at two o'clock in the morning. "I do hope I haven't disturbed you," he said cheerily.

"Oh no," the friend replied, "that's quite all right. I had to get up to answer the telephone anyway."



BULLETINS FROM ARMAMENT

Our columnist last week presented a very vivid picture of the desperate state of affairs as they were at Headquarters Armament last issue. Another week has brought a great deal of organization and things are definitely settled and orderly by now. Everybody seems to be kept busy and contented most of the time.

The only complaint the boys have to offer is that the Accounts seems rather slow in getting those pay records through. Couldn't you speed things up at Accounts - these fellows are keeping the rest of us broke. Ask anybody, particularly WO2 Pain about how broke this section has been all week!

You may remember that F/Sgt. Nykyfork went on a very important 48 last week-end. It is gratifying to notice upon his return that the state of morbidness, through which he had been passing has nearly vanished. Nyky seems to be back to normal again. He has asked for another 48 this week end. Feeling it might cure him completely the WO2 granted it. Must try that racket myself some time!

"Canada's No. 1 Armourer," Warrant Officer J.A. Richardson, is back from leave. Both the black-eyes have healed and disappeared.

Sgt. "Ollie" Hall has been seen very little around the section this week. He is H.C.O. i/c the Explosive A-88 and it is rumored that he is going to settle down out there. He was building a house out there back of the runways, and pretty nearly ready for the wife to move in, when they gave him the job of building a skeet range. He was instructed to build it in a hurry. The reports show that he is putting it up faster than the new hangar. Nice going, "Ollie" - you can get back to your house next week.

We wish they would make up their minds at Command about our Armament Officer. F/O Steele has been posted to Kamloops after barely getting acquainted. It is just as well anyway, he could never have gotten used of our wacky H.C.O.'s. The score now seems to be that S/L Ballinger will be in to take over the job.

We would like to introduce a swell fellow and top armourer - Cpl. Brown. Cpl. Brown comes to us from Newfoundland, via Trenton. He has been busy this past week with IAC Eweland making a new bomb release hook - a modification for using Canadian Practice Bombs on the Mitchell. These two have been seen all week in the

workshop at Headquarters pouring over blue-prints and filing away at the modifications.

This sort of thing could go on for hours but we will give all a break and call it an issue. Better save some for next week anyway -- adoo!

HOW TO MAKE DO-NUTS IN TEN EASY LESSONS -

Where can one obtain these lessons? The answer is very simple - the Padre.

It seems that a few girls were detailed to make do-nuts for the Airman's Dance. This was quite an experience for most of us for we had only known of one use for the rolling pin (and it was not for rolling dough either). We were rolling, cutting and de-holing the do-nuts when our most versatile Padre walked in. After listening to him suggest that we do this and we do that, it was suggested by the three of us that he roll out the dough, for by that time the dough was really stuck to the table. Well, he rolled alright (the dough I mean) and almost off the table at that, but he did manage to roll it out to the right thickness.

Because he did it so well, it has been suggested by several of the girls (who are interested in jobs along these lines after the war) that the Padre give us the other nine lessons.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

Sgt. Costley L.J. has without a doubt been taking quite a teasing from certain people working in the Admin. Building and rightly so - for he has been trying to raise a cookie-duster. The only thing wrong, of course, is that when it did start to grow it was sort of on the reddish side. It has also been noted that Sgt. Costley has been, during the last few days, receiving various pamphlets on "The Dyeing of Hair". Anyone with any suggestions on this subject please turn them in at the Editorial Office, and all suggestions will be gladly received and tried---- the best one yet was "Just as well you took it off eh Sarge?"

RAMBLING REPORTER

My deepest sympathies this week go to WO2 Pain, H.A. of Headquarters Armament Section who has suffered a loss too overwhelming for ordinary words to express -

Since the beginning of time, yea since Adam & Eve lost the enchanting Garden of Eden, and on down through the countless ages and periods of History, never was there loss to equal this. And in the pages of History yet-to-be written, the name of Pain will stand out as the greatest sufferer of loss and criminal theft in the annals of the human race. Napoleon's loss of the Battle of Waterloo, and Cleopatra's losing of Anthony will become insignificant and mere shadows of the tragedy of the Sgt. Major's mishap.

(Continued on Page 8)

Rambling Reporter (Cont'd)

How he loved it -- How we all loved it! The treasure of it was so sweet. Isn't it funny how we mortals get in our possession a treasure, and revel in possession of it, only to become far too careless of its value, and finally wake up to find the gem gone -- stolen from under our very nose -- such was the case of Sgt. Major Pain.

That it was a treasure there is no doubting. It was the only one of its size in existence -- a 33-4. The week-ends that the S.M., Sgt. Hall and F/Sgt. Gibson spent in finding it were trying ones. All over Vancouver they searched for hours without success, all over New Westminster without success, the full length of Kingway on foot -- Oh it was hard to find! But found it was finally, purchased, paid for, and thrown on the back of the truck to be brought home for "Matilda".

Everybody knows "Matilda". She is the 1923 McLaughlin Buick that he been around here for so long -- the darling of 190 owners. At the time of the tragedy it was in the proud possession of WO2 Pain. It is worthy to note also that, at the time of the purchase of the new tire, Matilda was laid up, due I believe, to the empty purse the owner was carrying around as ballast. Had the car been right here to receive the tire as soon as it came from town, the whole mess would never have occurred. As it happened, the shining 33-4 was placed in the back of the Bomb Truck, and there it lay ever since the last pay day, a tempting morsel for itchy and kleptomaniac fingers. I am sorry to report that at this moment, it is among the missing. Somebody has stolen the tire from the Bomb Truck, right on this station!

The Service Police have been informed, and Sleuth Morgan is once again on the job. Let me appeal to all of you to assist the S.P.s in tracking down this theft. Let the blood of every sympathetic and fairminded person on this station boil with indignation. May the incident not be closed until everybody has looked for the missing tire. The whole Armament section has been ordered out to scour the station area. Give them your whole-hearted assistance. Look under the barracks, look under your sections, look in the ash-bins, look in your locker -- and find that tire!!! A sizable reward has been offered for its safe and immediate return.

When interviewed the Sgt. Major managed to say, "It is a great loss to me. 'Matilda' will sure look funny running around bare-foot!"

EDITOR'S NOTE -- The members of the editorial staff recall in fondest retrospect a memorable ride to Ladner in the Faithful "Matilda". The members wish to extend to WO2 Pain their sympathy, and the assurance that they take some small share of his great sorrow.

STORES DAILY DIARY

Consulting our new Dr. Pursue's Almanac, we find it is now time for us to put away our winter undies. Notwithstanding the rain and cold winds, the good Doctor tells us that Spring has arrived. See page 10, the chart of the seasons, next to the Testimonial of Mrs. Grumble, who states she had a misery in her back for years -- and is now darn near dead.

Spring comes on forever, from the book of the same name. We want you guys from 'Canada' to soak up some of the B.C. sunshine, and enjoy the beauty of Vancouver, now that winter is ended. (Note, she passes the corner of Georgia and Granville every night at 1130 hours -- Wow). Now that spring is here, we would like to give some advice on deportment for a young Airman during this foolish season of the year, when that homely gal next door starts looking like Hedy Lamarr. Not forgetting this is Leap year, which is very very ungood. Still what's the use of us harping, comes the singing birds, the moonlight nights, the babbling brooks (they never having seen the security picture at the Rac Hall) all resolutions will be shot anyhow. Another sucker will be led to the slaughter -- we mean altar. (If our wives read this -- we are just kidding).

The point of all this chatter, is to warn budding Romeos to avoid the unhappy experiences of one of our equipment section. What happens to the Equipment Section, shouldn't happen to a dog. It appears that this party -- name deleted for obvious reasons -- a more or less stranger to Vancouver, parked his car in the proximity of the Sunset Gun in Stanley Park. As almost everyone knows, this antiquated piece of ordnance makes one hell of a racket at nine o'clock. Well, to make a long story monotonous, exactly at nine, just when our friend was expounding on the Theory of Relativity (that is HIS story -- not ours) the gun belched forth, into the silent spring air, its signal in correct Buleva time. Needless to say it startled the lady not end, caused our hero to swallow his gum with an undignified gulp, ruined the mood, and blasted the heck out of an otherwise perfect evening.

The moral of our little story is, to wit -- keep away from time guns. Babbling brooks may tell all they know, but they, at least, don't scare the devil out of you.

V.D. DOINGS

Sgt. Costley (Hi ya Jackson) thinks there must be something exciting in the life of a V.D. We will endeavor to find out what it is.

Midge swears she was having a wonderful time at the dance last night but the spell was broken when she had to go and change her stockings. Better luck next time Midge!!!

W.D. Doings (Continued)

Now that our Reveille Passes are cancelled we might see more of certain people. It will be nice having them sitting around the barracks with us. Won't the old town look good on 45's though.

It is a mystery how news travels so quickly between Tofino and Boundary but Shirley Tatten knows the system and I am sure will be quite willing to explain it to anyone wishing their mail to go faster than ordinary airmail.

We would like at this time to welcome all the new girls to our station and we hope you will have a pleasant stay (we heard one asking the other day if her posting was through yet).

We haven't seen, much less read, Pat McKensies diary but she lies on her bed and mutters something about "today diary dear, dear diary, I did something," but we never can catch the rest. It will make interesting reading though if they publish the History of the R.C.A.F. after the war. We might even make a best seller of it or discover who 'George' is. He may even be that 6' 4" Southerner she raves about.

Any suggestions on the decoration of the Canteen would be appreciated.

DEAR DAD:

A Soldier speaks:

"So you're sick of the way the country's
run,
And you're sick of the way the rationing's
done,
And you're sick of the standing around in a
line,
You're sick, you say - well that's just fine
So am I sick of the sun and the heat
And I'm sick of the feel of my aching feet,
And I'm sick of the mud and jungle flies,
And I'm sick of the stench when the night
mists rise,
And I'm sick of the siren's wailing shriek,
And I'm sick of the groans of the wounded
and weak
And I'm sick of the sounds of the bomber
dive,
And I'm sick of seeing the dead alive,
I'm sick of the roar and the noise and din
I'm sick of the taste of food from the tin,
And I'm sick of the slaughter, I'm sick to
my soul,
I'm sick of playing a killer's roll;
And I'm sick of blood and of death and the
smell
And I'm even sick of myself as well,
But I'm sicker of a tyrant's rule
And conquered lands where the wild beasts
droll,
And I cure damn quick when I think of the
day,
When all this hell will be out of the way,
When none of this mess will have been in
vain,
And the lights of the world will blaze again
And things will be as they were before,
And kids will laugh in the streets once more

And the Axis flags will be dropped and
furled
And God looks down on a peaceful world."

Courtesy of Colonel S.F. Castle.

Y.M.C.A.

Holmes once said "The nearer you come into relation with people, the more necessary do tact and courtesy become." How true it is in Service life. We are all so much in contact with one another that we some times forget the little things that mean so much. To be courteous and considerate with one another calls for patience and an appreciation of the other fellows problems and trials.

Emerson was certainly right when he said: "We must be as courteous to a man as to a picture, to which we are willing to give the benefit of good light."

The story is told of Count Leo Tolstoy, who once stood upon the corner of a street in a Russian city, when he was approached by a beggar who asked for aid, the great Russian said, "My brother, I would willingly give it, but I have nothing." The beggar went away rejoicing. One of his friends said, "Why rejoice, he gave you nothing." "But," said the first, "he called me brother." We are all brothers and sisters in the service of our King and country, it would be well for us to think of our relations with one another. Are you willing to try and understand the other a little bit more so that he may call you "Brother"?

We have another Concert party coming to the station on Thursday, April 6, called the "Blues Chasers". This should be quite a good show and we hope that every one will turn out to see it. It will be in the new Rec Hall at 20:00 hours. Notices will be posted around the station giving more information about the show. Everyone welcome!

We would like all those interested in Leathercraft to get in touch with us at the Y with a view to forming a Leathercraft Hobbies club.

SHOWS:

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 4, 1944
"WHAT A WOMAN"

Rosalind Russell Brian Aherne
Ann Savage.

Shorts.

SUNDAY, APRIL 9, 1944
"ADVENTURE IN IRAQ"

John Loder Ruth Ford
Warren Douglas

Short: OKLAHOMA OUTLAWS

Buy, Buy, Buy WAR BONDS.