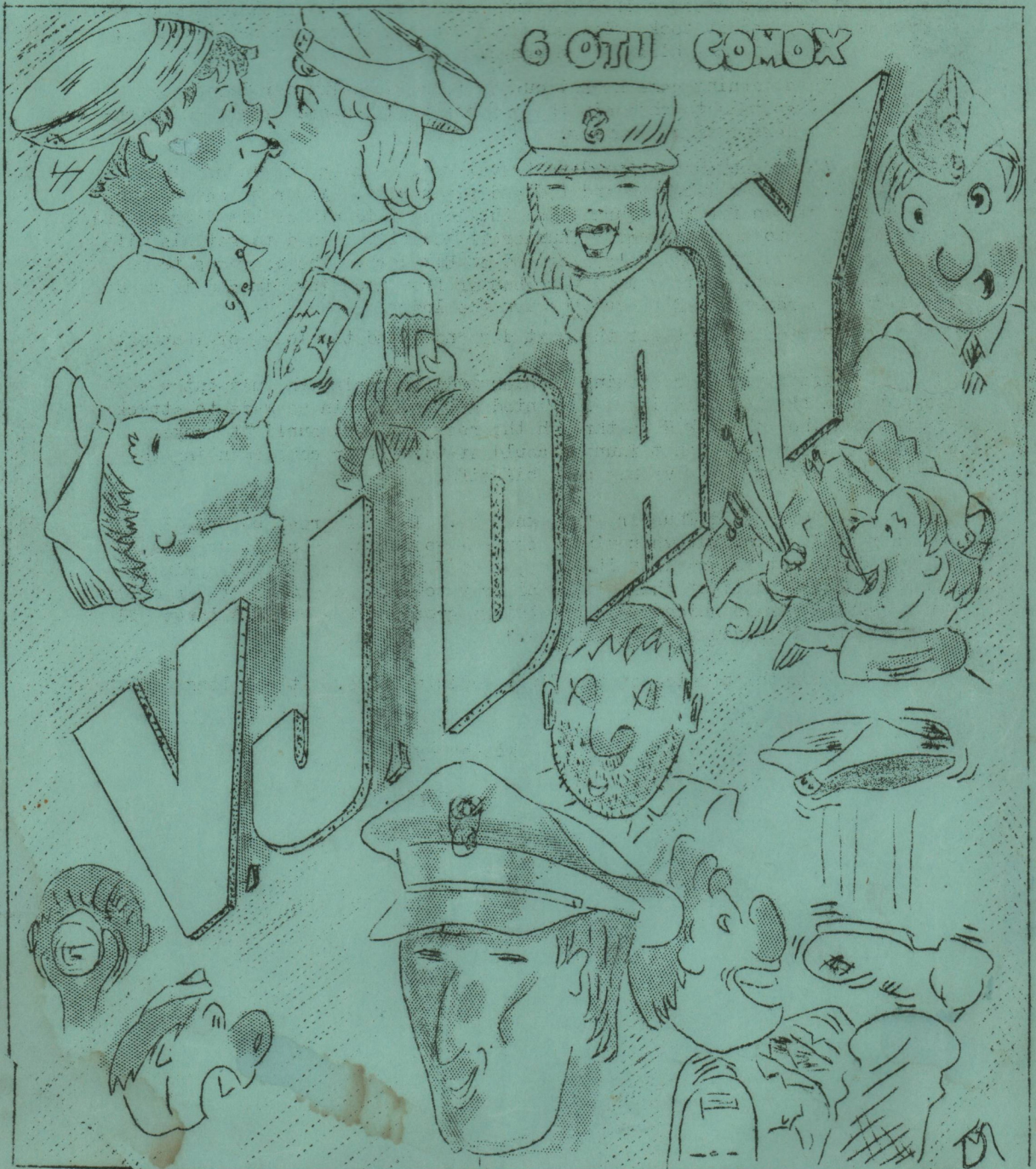


VOLUME 2.

"THE THUNDERBIRD"

NO. 4

SEPTEMBER 1, 1945.



ORIGIN OF THE MEDICINE PIPE

Thunder - you have heard him; he is everywhere. We in the mountains have heard him; we of the prairies have seen him strike our homes, killing and frightening the animals. In short he is bad, this Thunder. He also steals women; this is the worst.

Long ago when the world was young, a man and his wife were sitting in their lodge, when Thunder came and struck them. The man was not killed. At first he was as if dead, but soon recovered. Looking around he missed his wife and it took quite some time to remember what had happened; then he went out to the hills and mourned.

When morning came he set out to find where Thunder lived. He asked all the animals to show him the way but they laughed at him and warned him of the danger of continuing.

After many wearisome days travel he came upon the lodge of the Raven Chief. He was welcomed and fed and given rest. After he had rested he told his reason for the journey and the Raven told him of his dangers and advised him as to how to conquer Thunder if he still wished to get his wife back. Raven gave him a Raven's wing and an Elk Horn. The wing was to be pointed at Thunder. This would stop Thunder from touching him and if need be, he was to shoot the Elk Horn through the lodge.

So the man set out the next day and found the lodge of Thunder.

After much threatening Thunder made to strike the man but was stopped when the Raven's wing was pointed at him. Again he made to attack and the man shot the Elk Horn through the rock wall and sunlight broke through. This was all that Thunder could stand. After complimenting the man for his bravery he gave him back his wife.

"Now," said Thunder, "you know me. I am of great power. I live here in summer, but when winter comes I go south. Here is my pipe, it is medicine; take and keep it. Now, when I first come in the spring, you shall fill and light this pipe, and pray to me, you and all the people; for I bring the rain which makes all things grow and the berries large and ripe, and for this you will pray to me."

Thus the people got the first medicine pipe. It was long ago.

Kla-how-ya,

Sandy.

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A monthly journal published at No. 6 O.T.U., Comox, B. C.,
by kind permission of the Commanding Officer, Group Captain
D.C.S. MacDonald, D.F.C.

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Cpl. Bonham - Secret Registry

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WO.2 Gibson - C.N.T.
F/S Westcott - Signals

ARTISTS

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F/O Hogarth - Retired
F/O Hill - Maintenance
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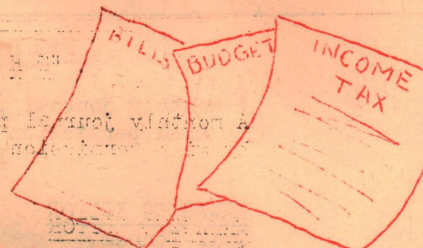
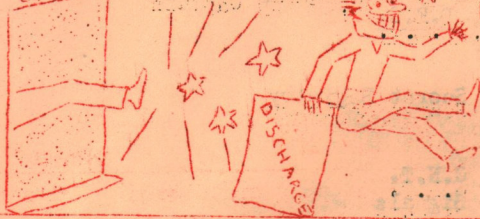
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EDITORIAL

RELEASE CENTER



PAGE

NEXT STOP -- "CIVVY STREET"

The day for which people have been praying for nearly six long years has come and gone. The tumult and the shouting has died, and each one of us is now faced with the more serious task of buckling down and preparing for whatever may be in store for us.

Many of us who will be going back into civilian life may have the beautiful, but fantastic, idea in our heads that "Civvy Street" is a smoothly paved, brightly illuminated street, which is decorated with perpetual joy and hilarity. True, there may be some bright lights and gay music as we wander along, but we will also find many lights that are not shining, many bumps and obstacles marring our journey, and the music we hear may sometimes be very dreary and depressing.

It is great to think of being a civilian again. But it is also wise to remember that being a civilian carries with it many obligations and responsibilities which cannot be sidetracked simply because we once were in the service of our country.

Canada owes us the right to earn a comfortable living, according to our natural abilities and ambitions, but it does NOT owe us anything more. As long as we realize this, and act accordingly, "Civvy Street" will be a pretty enjoyable place to live. Otherwise, we will probably find that there is a severe shortage of acceptable accommodation.

OooOooOooOooO

As in mostly all phases of station life here at Comox, "The Thunderbird" also has had to face the difficult task of trying to carry on in the face of many losses in essential personnel. Four of its most conscientious supporters left the Station before work for this month's issue commenced, in the person of LAC Borrowman, F/O Hogarth, F/O O'Sullivan and F/L Barrett.

LAC Borrowman, posted to Boundary Bay, was a faithful plugger ever since the newspaper first went to press, and he spent many long hours doing the cartoons and drawings for the inside pages of our paper. It was he who did such an exceptionally fine job in drawing the portraits of our monthly personalities. It is no easy task cutting such portraits on a stencil, as those who have done such work will promptly verify.

F/O Hogarth, the Education Officer, who has been retired, contributed constantly to the newspaper. In addition to being the author of "South Of The Border", he wrote many other articles of various types, and was always available for suggestions when needed.

F/O O'Sullivan, who has been posted to Patricia Bay, B.C. wrote "Gas, Oil and Tears", and also acted in the capacity of Associate Editor. Mr. O'Sullivan really did a grand job of assembling Maintenance Wing contributions and his help will be missed.

F/L Barrett, the Unit Personnel Counsellor up until recently, has been posted to No. 3 R.D. He was the originator of the column "Rehabilitation Quiz", which answered a lot of questions some of you people will be meeting up with a little later on.

"The Thunderbird" will miss these four main cogs in its machine, to no end. We all join in wishing them success and happiness in whatever future may await them.

.....

NOW



THAT

IT IS ALL OVER

HKNIFE

Note: All personnel expecting to leave the Air Force are strongly advised to carefully read the following article, as it contains many suggestions which may later help you. -Ed.

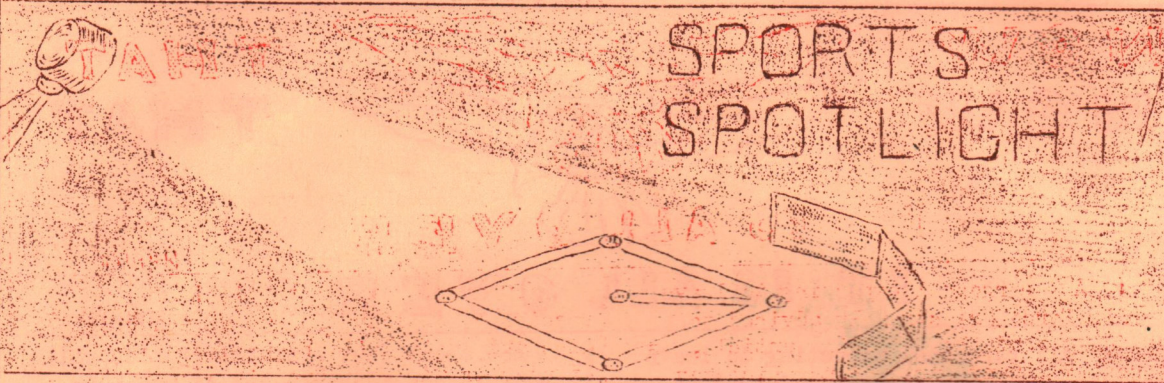
Well, the Japs are licked--at least they have officially offered to surrender on our terms, though there seems to be some delay owing to the unwillingness of some Jap Generals to believe they are through. The thing is that very most of us are going to land on civvie street with anywhere from three to six years of military service behind us, during which time we have lost touch with the trials and tribulations of civil life. There is going to be a period of adjustment that will be pretty tough on a lot of us. We are going to miss the cheery companionship of our fellow airmen particularly. Of course, there will be the Veterans' Organizations which will offer membership to all veterans and there we will be able to meet old friends and rehash experiences and so retain some little bit of our service remembrances.

But, it won't be the same, as we all realize so we'll have to adjust ourselves. The wife or mother is going to be overjoyed to have us back but they will be puzzled at some of our acquired habits and mannerisms. It is up to us to try and remember that service life is strange to them in many ways and that we should stop and think always that it will be easier for us to accede to their wishes and customs than for them to change to ours and there we have an opportunity of promoting harmony and good will. Now when you are on civvy street, many problems other than adjustment arise. First, you want to establish yourself in some business or job that will be secure. It will be hard for one reason, because many of us came directly into the service from school and have had expert guidance and care since. You will find that you have a new freedom of action. That's all right, but at the same time there will only yourself to make decisions on policy and procedure. There is only the rule of social requirements and propriety to guide you. You won't be able to call up the S. Ad. O. or the Adj. and ask what shall be done about this or that problem, but it will have to be decided and acted upon yourself.

How about your gratuities? You will receive a considerable sum of money on discharge which will be used to make some of your dreams come true if you are careful. Some want to invest in business; others in homes or new cars and so on. But don't forget, there are a bunch of clever people who are organized and waiting for you. They will have new schemes, businesses and property to sell you. Before you invest your money in anything, stop, look and listen! Try and figure out why they want to sell. The way you should look at it is, if the business or property is such a good buy and makes as good a return as they they will say, why should they sell it? It would seem foolish on the face of it to one who analyzes it properly. O.K., they offer a good reason for the sale, and you decide to buy, but stop again! Is the business or property entailed in any way? Here you should get a trustworthy real estate agent or a lawyer to represent you and to search records and titles to make sure everything is above-board. Sure, it will cost some money, but it is better to pay out twenty-five or thirty dollars than to lose a thousand in sharp deal. You may think you are smart enough to watch these things but you must remember that the people you deal with are experts in their line. You can't expect to know all the twists and turns they can make any more than you could expect them to know your particular business, as aero engine, radios, etc. So take a tip from one who knows and when you hit civvy street, let your watchword be "Stop, Look and Listen", and get expert advice on any proposition that is offered you. If you do this this, you will find that the path won't be so long or the road so hard, back to normal life, and that eventually the sharps and slickers will fold their tents and disappear.

In as much as this will probably be the last issue of this paper, and actually will be the last for many of us who expect our discharges soon, we will take this opportunity of wishing one and all Bon Voyage and good luck on your advent to civilian life. Cheerio!

---The End---
 Passenger:- "Why did they build this station so far out of town?"
 Station Agent:- "They wanted to get it near the railroad."



W.D. FASTBALL

Another Trouncing

(Boundary Bay 15 - 'Daks' 3)

The visiting 'Bee Bees' from Boundary Bay swamped our Comox 'Daks' beneath a 15-3 score in a game played at Comox, Friday, July 27.

Scoring 6 runs in the first inning, the 'Bee Bees' showed the local fans how they have been able to build up a ten game winning streak against other service teams. Adding to their score in almost every inning, while keeping the 'Daks' well in check, the 'Bee Bees' won by the comfortable margin of 15-3.

The 'Daks' are a better team than the score would indicate, but lacked the experience of their more polished rivals. At times, though, our 'Daks' do show promise of turning in a victory one of these days.

VICTORY! (Coal Harbor 14 - 'Daks' 15)

Our 'Daks' finally won a game, when they defeated Coal Harbor 15-14 in an exciting game at Coal Harbor, Sunday, August 5.

Displaying some real team spirit, along with a weird mixture of good and bad Fastball, our 'Daks' came from behind to take a comfortable (?) 11-5 lead at one stage. To make the game more interesting, they gave away their margin, and went into the last inning trailing 14-12. Opening up a new box of team spirit, our 'Daks' scored 3 runs while holding Coal Harbor scoreless, to win 15-14.

It was a thrilling game all the way with the result in doubt until the final put-out, but the 'Daks' fighting spirit provided the margin of victory.

How to Win Friends and Influence People

(Alliford Bay 10 - 'Daks' 9)

The Comox 'Daks' made another entry in their 'LOST' column, when they journeyed to Alliford Bay on Friday, August 10, to lose a heart breaking 10-9 decision to the Bush Station Girls.

Starting off on the wrong foot, the 'Daks' were trailing by a 4-0 score at

the end of the first inning. From then on, they played a good imitation of Fastball, to tie the score and finally take a narrow lead. During these hectic proceedings several discussions about the rules were straightened out by the 'Daks' coach. Obviously feeling that this was merely influencing people - and NOT winning friends, the 'Daks' decided to do something about it. Taking a chapter out of Dale Carnegie's book, they presented the Alliford Bay girls with 3 runs and the ball game, by a score of 10-9, making everyone on the Bush Station happy once more.

It was a close and exciting game all the way, and a tough one to lose, but the 'Daks' all agree that it was a pleasant and enjoyable trip.

FASTBALL for FIVE INNINGS

(Courtenay 14 - 'Daks' 6)

For five innings of excellent Fastball the Comox 'Daks' were leading the visiting Courtenay 'Belles' by a score of 3-2 in a game played Thursday, August 23.

Unfortunately it was a 7 inning ball game. During the last two innings the 'Belles' trotted out their heavy artillery, got excellent co-operation from the 'Daks' fielders, and scored 12 runs. The final score, Courtenay 14 - 'Daks' 6.

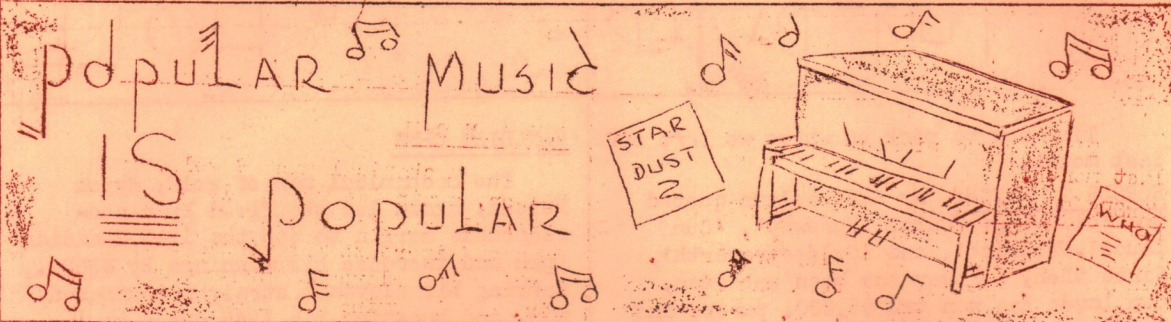
The 'Daks' have lost several games to Courtenay in the late innings, but are hoping to turn the tables on their rivals in future games.

ARCHERY

Now is your chance to learn the age-old sport of Archery, the sport which Dan Cupid also plays. There is one exception, however - the Target, which incidently is not a heart.

So Girls, in spite of the fact that our Strong He-Men Airmen select all the lighter weight or pulling bows, it doesn't mean that you can't learn the art of this sport. This sport is not only good for you but is also fun and is fascinating.

For instruction and times, contact your W.D.-P.T. & D.I. - Draw your Archery equipment from Sports Stores - Then you will be well on your way to fun.



While bouquets are being freely handed about these days, giving credit to various people and factions for their part in winning the war, this columnist would like to step out on a limb and hand out some credit where it is definitely due - but where it is not generally rendered.

I refer to an old and tried profession which has been going full steam ever since the war first started, in spite of all the many shortages of manpower and materials: the business of composing, publishing and popularizing modern music.

Now, I realize that there are plenty of people who do not exactly relish modern music, as rendered in the form of jazz, fox trots, blues numbers, ballads and swing, but even the most skeptical of the skeptical probably have no aversion to dancing to this same music, and, if they are questioned enough, will probably break down and admit that there are millions of people in North America; not to mention in other parts of the world, who not only appreciate this type of music but who idolize the many talented performers who make it their business.

To say that the war would not have been won if the recording of Glenn Miller's Orchestra playing "Lamplighter's Serenade" had not been disc'd, would be a gross exaggeration, but who will deny that many lives have been saved, many years of war averted and many hearts made happier by the beautiful melodies and inspiring lyrics of to-day's popular music.

The very fact that there is hardly an adult in Canada or the United States who does not consider "Bing" Crosby practically a personal friend, or who does not realize that Benny Goodman plays a "hot clarinet", is just another indication that modern music is as much a part of Americans and Canadians as baseball, hockey or football.

The armed forces realized this at the beginning of the war when they recruited such outstanding orchestra leaders as Glenn Miller, Rudy Vallee, and Artie Shaw, all of whom were asked to utilize their musical talents while in uniform. Before his death, Glenn Miller's military orchestra played American modern music to the Germans in France via the air waves in attempts to encourage the Nazis to surrender. The Japanese were aware of the prominent place music has in the lives of Americans, as they played recordings of popular music in their propoganda broadcasts directed to American ears.

Since the outbreak of war the United States Government has encouraged such great musical stars as Frank Sinatra, Francis Langford, Bing Crosby, Jimmy Durante, and many others to visit the far-flung corners of the globe and entertain the service troops. These entertainers were also used as a means of selling more and more War Bonds.

What is the reason for this unparalleled penetration of popular music into the feelings of our peoples? The answer is, it is only a natural reaction to the spirit of the times. Just as Ted Lewis and his "Is Everybody Happy?" represented the spirit of yesterday, so to-day Cab Calloway and his "Hi-de-ho" is symbolic of present day life.

Prior to the war, songs were mainly concerned with that wonderful emotion, love, although such songs as "Flat Foot Floogie", "The Music Goes 'Round and 'Round", and "The Three Little Fishées" did manage to make their way into the popular field.

(Continued on Page 24.)

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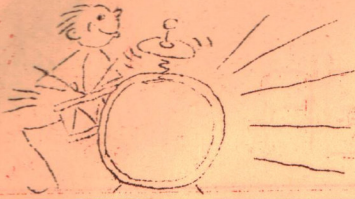
If a woman is an hour late in returning home, and her husband is worried, she is flattered. If a man is three hours late he is angry if anyone is worried.

.....

The girl who thinks no man is good enough for her may be right but she is more often left.

.....

Jive



Jotting's

O R
NOTES TO YOU

Greetings, Gates! A word or two of the doings of the station orchestra. As with the rest of the station we are beginning to lose our members. Murray "Moo" Howdon left on August 20th. Moe is going back to Toronto and is planning on taking a college course in Architecture. He has been replaced by Danny Levy, just posted from Pat Bay, who hails from Hogtown. Any Toronto fans have probably heard him playing with Jack Evans at the Sea Breeze there. Others have probably noticed and heard him at our station dances when he takes off on some solid stuff.

We also are losing our third trumpet man, Jimmie Young. This cat just took the fatal step on August 10th to a slick chick from New Westminster and is planning on settling in Vancouver.

The third man who is leaving us is Ray Gorge son, who has been blowing the baritone sax for the past couple of months and who also got off on piano at the Officer's Mess on Saturday nights. He is returning to Banff.

Good luck fellahs. We'll be seeing you on Civvy Street very soon.

We have a new member just in from Boundary Bay, who fills in our brass section with some fine trombone work. Jack "Slush" Craven is his name. Welcome to the station, Jack. We hope you will enjoy your stay with us.

We'd like to toss a bouquet right about now to Ted Shadbolt, our piano player, for his very fine arrangement on our theme, "Jealous". His double time ending is quite novel, starting with a drum chorus by Danny, and ending with screaming brass (also public!!). Another of Shad's arrangements is on "Terry's Tune", a little ditty composed and written by our merry maestro of music, Terry "Mop-top" Terrance.

We have just augmented our library with some of the newer tunes of the day, also a couple of Tommy Dorsey originals which jump to the titles of "Fluid Jive", "Knock it Down". The pops include "Along the Navajo Trail", "Love Letters, and "I'll Buy that Dream". We hope you'll like them.

Many thanks for the fine musicianship exhibited by the Western Air Command band on Open House day, both during the afternoon and also for the dance in the evening. We got many kicks out of their efforts.

The Friday night doin's were resumed on August 24th, so don't forget to straggle in early, won't you, h-m-m-m-m? The jive starts jumpin' at nine in the P.M. so don't forget to bring your own cotton battin'! All in all this group of musicians (?) co-operate excellently and can be classified as one big, happy family. (Lay that whip down, Mop-top, you can't make me sweep the band room floor!).

..... The End

A sober, sincere minister was putting everything he had into a sermon on the evils of drinking:

"And in closing," he said, "I would like to say that if I had my way, all the wine, liquor and beer would be dumped into the river."

Then after a brief pause: "We will end our service by singing 'Shall We Gather At The River'."

Sidney: "What's this I hear about you going with one of these goody-goody girls?"

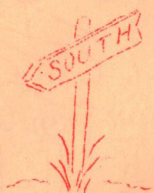
Sam: "You're right, every time I park the car she says, 'goody-goody!'"

A drug house recently received the following letter from one of its customers:

"Gentlemen: Please send me six bottles of your wonderful nerve tonic. My wife was so nervous that nobody could sleep with her, but now, thank fortune, after taking one bottle of your wonderful remedy anyone can sleep with her. Please rush this order."

Visiting Minister:- "Well, well, I can see you're a bright little man. And how high can you count?"

Boy (proudly):- "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, Jack, Queen and King."



SOUTH OF THE BORDER



(SECOND THRILLING INSTALMENT)

Much enraged, South of the Border, drew his pistol and hammered on the door with the butt. After a few seconds the door slowly opened, and, to his amazement, revealed an empty passageway. Nothing daunted, our hero strode boldly across the threshold and made his way to a small, but richly furnished room. Seating himself, he shifted his quid of tobacco to the port side of his face, and called loudly for beer. Immediately the curtain on the far side of the room parted, and a sultry-looking wench of some nineteen summers (or thereabouts) glided towards him with a bottle of 'Burtons' Ale in each hand. She had practically nothing on but her reputation and, from where South sat, it looked like a pretty good reputation. And why not? But we are getting ahead of the story.

"Senor", she whispered in a voice tense with fear, "you 'ave come to take me away from the clutches of Don Carlos ze devil, no?"

Carefully combing out the remains of last night's dinner from his moustache, South replied cautiously, "Well that depends."

"Senor", she cried, "for three years I 'ave dreamed of the day when a so 'andsome caballero as you are such, would seize me in ze arms and carry me away to safety. Tell me, could you be zat man?"

"Babe", replied South, "after one look at you I made up my mind. I shall take you up on your proposition and forget about this country. Maybe the Air Force can use the place some hundreds of years from now."

Scarcely had he uttered these words when the door was thrust open and the tall, dark figure of the Don appeared, his swarthy face writhing with rage. Taking in the situation with a glance, he drew his scout knife and crept like a cat towards the surprised couple. South, however, was not idle. Oh, no! For, in his excitement, he had swallowed his quid of tobacco and was now making a valient attempt to retrieve it with the aid of a portable stomach pump.

- WILL THE DON COOK SOUTH'S GOOSE?
- WILL SOUTH RETRIEVE HIS PLUG OF TOBACCO?
- IS SOUTH COVERED WITH INSURANCE OR IS HE JUST NATURALLY REPULSIVE?
- IS THE MYSTERIOUS MAIDEN THE DON'S WIFE OR JUST A TRAVELLING FOLLIES GIRL DOWN ON HER LUCK?

ONLY TIME WILL TELL. DON'T MISS THE NEXT BLOOD CURDLING INSTALMENT IN THE OCTOBER ISSUE OF "THE THUNDERBIRD"

Making love to an old maid is like rubbing hair tonic on a wig.

.....

"What color bathing suit was she wearing?"

"I couldn't tell. She had her back turned."

.....

A bee dies when it stings you, but a girl keeps on trying.

.....

A politician is a man who divides his time between running for office and running for cover.

Publisher: "Did you cut down that farm story to a thousand words?"

Author: "Yes, sir. Even the cow gives condensed milk in it."

.....

Fiancee:- "Would you love me just as much if I told you I was broke?"

Girl:- "You aren't really, are you?"

Fiancee:- "No."

Girl:- "Certainly I would, darling!"

.....



ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

Dear Mr. Sofonovitch:

I am an IAC joe stationed at Comox. Two years ago while I was stationed at Toronto I fell in love with a girl whom I became engaged to later. While stationed on the west coast I received a parcel with the engagement ring and a note to say that she had fallen in love with an army joe. I wrote back and stated that anytime she changed her mind to let me know and we would go ahead as planned in the first place.

In the meantime I have become engaged to a girl in Victoria and have our wedding date set. The other day I received a letter from the first girl stating that she wanted to apologize and carry on where we left off.

My question is, should I go back to the first girl whom I love very much or should I go ahead and marry the girl in Victoria whom I also love?

G.D. Joe,

ANSWER:

You have a problem, Mr. G.D. Joe, which may be hard to solve, but between the two of us I think we can reach a sound conclusion.

First of all, let me say I am convinced that you are desperately in love with both of these girls. Some authorities disagree on this subject, but I, Ivan Sofonovitch, believe that love such as you possess can re-occur many, many times during your lifetime. Do not feel badly that you are in love with the two girls at once. There are very few people who are not, especially amongst the married set. Secondly, I would advise you to forget the promise you once made in a moment of weakness. When you made the promise you were living in the world of fantasy. Now you are in a world of reality.

The one question which comes up is, which of these two girls loves you the most? The girl from Toronto once loved you, but her love died when the army joe came along (as usually happens). I feel

that she could never love you again and you could never trust her. Probably her soldier friend left her and she now wants to cry on your shoulders. Such is often the way with women.

The western girl has accepted your ring and has indicated she might love you, but how much? Perhaps she wants you for your money.

My suggestion is that you stick by the Victoria girl for a while longer, keep your eyes and ears open, and both hands on your pocket book. If the time should come to give her the air, don't hesitate a moment. As long as you are using the same ring for each engagement, you have nothing to lose and everything to gain by looking elsewhere for your mate.

Ivan Sofonovitch,

.....

Dear Mr. Sofonovitch:

I am an airman on this station who up until recently had the affection of a very beautiful wife. This condition was changed when I started taking home editions of the "Thunderbird" for the little woman to read. Now my wife hardly looks at me. With a voice trembling with emotion I asked her what had come between us. She gave me a scornful look, Mr. Sofonovitch, and said, "Why can't you be like "South" of the Border?"

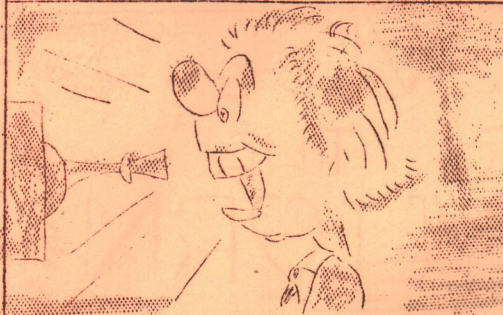
My problem is this, should I try to imitate the peerless qualities of "South" of the Border, or try to make my wife realize that no man can be that good. I am very worried as I think my wife is contemplating divorce action, naming this fictitious character as co-respondent.

Yours in agony,

IAC Winterbottom.

ANSWER:

I am sorry, IAC Winterbottom, but you could NEVER begin to imitate the style of "South" of the Border, and the author has been discharged so he will not be around to coach you. Your only hope is to read "Laura Secord" and insist that your unruly wife walk through the wilderness of B.C. with one of our local cows, to free "South" from death at the hands of "Lon Carlos". This is your only hope, I am afraid.



EMME
GENNINE

REMINISCENSES

When my very last button is polished
And my "Glad Rag" is folded away,
When the final roll call is answered
At the end of my last Air Force Day.

When my nick-name is only a memory,
When my chums have all drifted apart,
When I've lost my habit of grousing;
And wear hats that are pretty and smart.

When the last time I've saluted,
And my "hair-do" is something to see;
Will I recall with a longing,
Those days as a W.D.?

When I never get up before sunrise
Nor retire 'til long past sunset,
Will I miss the sounds of reveille,
Or will I be glad to forget?

Could I slumber more soundly at night time
In a bed that is soft, wide and deep,
Than now when the bugle has forced me
To a bed that is narrow and steep?

When they tell me that my job is finished
And I've gone on my last parade;
I'll pick up the threads of my old life,
And enjoy the peace we have made.

When old veterans gather together,
In the comradeship they retain,
We who shared in their trials and laughter
Will be sharing their memories again.

!.!.!.!.!

Rehabilitation plans have priority over
all other gossip these days. We hear
everything from new business ideas to
"going back to the farm". From the
general run of "Rehab." conversations,
we imagine that the Personnel Counsellor
should have plenty of live material for
a good book, by the time he gets through
filling out R307's.

!.!.!.!.!

We can't begin to keep up on individual
"good wishes" to those W.D.'s who have
received their final papers - so, from the
ones that are still here: "Good luck,
and All the Best On Civvy Street" to all
you gals on your way back.

!.!.!.!.!

After nearly breaking her neck to get
permission to wear civvies when she was
in uniform, one Ex-W.D. writes: "I feel
like one very tiny bubble being pushed
around in this mad whirlpool of unemployed
humanity." Maybe there's some truth in
that saying "The grass always looks
greener on the other side of the fence."
Anyhow we hope that all you W.D.'s are
good swimmers - 'cause it's going to be
a case of "sink" or "swim". P.S. - The
Personnel Counsellor says that the breast
stroke gets you there the fastest.

!.!.!.!.!

Stewy: At the beginning of the war, the
Labor Minister assumed that two
women were required to do the work
of one man, but to-day the sexes
are graded as equal.

Marty: Yes, and if the war had lasted
much longer the real truth would
have come out.

!.!.!.!.!

We note Pat. Pearce limping around,
bedroom slippers and all, and making
her daily trips to the M.O. Pat claims
a horse stamped her foot when she wasn't
looking: playing post office, no doubt.
Are you sure you didn't get it caught in
a door, Pat. Anyhow, we all hope you'll
be able to make the next station dance.

!.!.!.!.!

If the airman who left his glass of beer
on a W.D. Barrack Room window on the
night of August 24th wishes to have his
glass back, he may claim same (minus the
beer) at the W.D. Office.

!.!.!.!.!

"Have you ever done a lick of work?"
demanded the angry housewife of the
tramp.

"Lady," he retorted, "if you think asking
dames' like you for a bite to eat ain't
work you's don't know what work is."

!.!.!.!.!

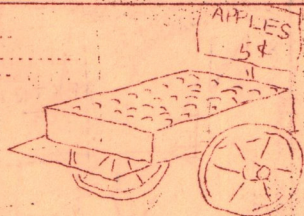
St. Peter - "How did you get here?"

Now Arrival - "Flu."

!.!.!.!.!

POST

DISCHARGE



PLANS



by your Rambling Reporter.

Now that the war is over, nearly everyone on the station is thinking of civilian life and what it may hold in store for him or her. In order that personnel stationed at Comox may have a fair idea of what some of our local inhabitants are planning to do, the Thunderbird's Rambling Reporter has interviewed numerous officers, airmen and airwomen to secure their ideas on this important subject. It is hoped that the following report will aid YOU in selecting your future vocation:

F/L Yule - Station Adjutant
Intends to enter Child Welfare Work

Sgt. Doe - S.W.O.'s Office
Will be a shepherd.

G/C D.C.S. MacDonald - Commanding Officer
Plans to be radio announcer for boxing bouts in Madison Square Gardens.

F/L Magee - Training Wing Adjutant
Aspires to be a big-time politician.

Almost all L.A.C.'s and Corporals
Intend returning to their former jobs as presidents of corporations, superintendents, general managers, and foremen.

Sgt. Cowie - Disciplinarian
Has job lined up as bouncer in the Castle Beer Parlour in Vancouver.

Cpl. Craig - Discharge Office
Aspires to be a professional crooner.

Sgt. Blair - Central Registry
Plans to rejoin Vancouver underworld.

S/L T. B. Jones - S.Ad.O.
Will remain in permanent Air Force.

Almost All Pilots
Will accept anything that comes along.

F/S Costley - Education Office
Will go back to University for two years. As a sideline, plans to open up Finance Corporations all across Canada. Says there's good money in them.

Sgt. Kitney - Signals Section
Has invented an Apple Polishing Machine to be used exclusively by R.C.A.F. personnel. If you intend to sell apples after your discharge, see Sgt. Kitney at once.

L.A.C. Flaherty - Radar Section
Anticipates being a scientist.

F/S Darling - Training Wing Disciplinarian
Hopes to become professional Hog-Caller.

Cpl. MacKenzie - Records Office
Intends to play professional basketball.

F/S Gooding - Electrical Section
No definite plans. Had picked out a corner in Vancouver but found that Sgt. Blair in Central Registry had all the corners sewed up.

Almost all W.D.'s
Find themselves husbands and settle down.

L.A.C. South - Equipment Accounts
Is going into movies as hero in a series of films based on that celebrated novel, "South of the Border".

Cpl. Gardiner - Equipment Accounts
Will be South's booking agent. Will grow beans on the side.

F/S Bowes - Discharge Office
Plans to enter the ministry. Figures the experience gained while working for F/L Henderson has done him a lot of good.

S/L Reid - Equipment Section
Hopes to become a Travelling Salesman - via aircraft.

F/S Stewart - Airmen's Mess
Is going to run the Government Soup Kitchens all over the country. There will be some big lineups.

F/L Young - Education Officer
Desires the job of Minister of Finance.

L.A.C. Fleming - Central Registry
Is very anxious to become caller-offer for an old time dance band in Windsor.

F/S Hamra - Link Trainer
Will resume his bookie business in Toronto.

L.A.C. Braithwaite - Central Registry
Wishes to be a bouncer at the Palais Royal Ballroom in Toronto.

Sgt. Goward - Training Wing O.R.
Intends to be a movie critic.

WO.2 Regan - S.W.O.
Will manage a night club.



The 'OLD CROCKS' certainly were too much for the 'YOUNG CROCKS' the other night. We are, of course, referring to the Station Championship games between the Officers Old Men and the G.D. Links. In winning the two scheduled games on Friday and Saturday they proved they were not as old as their name applies, but still had plenty of life and wallop. All in all, these games proved the best entertainment to date in the field of sport - they were close enough to keep everyone on their toes and some outstanding play and patter was handed out.

oooooOooooo

Highlights of the 'OLD CROCKS' vs 'YOUNG CROCKS' game were 'Mike' Darling's sensational error, the pinch-hitting gag that the G.D. Links nearly pulled, and 'Ollie' Goldsmith's stellar talking performance. Let's have more games of this kind.

oooooOooooo

F/S JOBIN, Maint. Descip., whose discharge just came through, is the happiest man in camp. He will now be able to put out that famous joke book, 'Jobin's Side-Splitters'. He figures he's been quite selfish all these years keeping all these jokes to himself when the world at large would greatly appreciate them.

oooooOooooo

Now that the war is over, it would be a splendid idea if our station would put on free shows and dances as a parting gesture to the personnel on discharge, funds to cover same to be taken from our every-swellng Station Fund. The boys would really think that it was a wonderful parting gesture.

oooooOooooo

We have it on good authority that all training on this station is going to either stop or keep on and that the station is going to close or remain open. Any more information of this kind that your rambling reporter is able to find out will be announced to the world the minute it is sanctioned by the BIG THREE - The C.O., S. Ad. O. and the Station Adjutant.

oooooOooooo

F/S L.J. Costley, Education Office, is trying to find a best man for his wedding on September 29th. Everytime he picks one out he gets posted. My suggestion is that he ask the Commanding Officer or Squadron Leader Jones to be his best man, and be sure of it.

oooooOooooo

R270198, Sgt. Wiedewult, and R260198, Sgt. Bishop, are certainly going around steady these days. It may be that they missed one another a great deal when 'Weedy' was on leave that they're showing this overabundance of affection. Wedding bells should ring anytime now.

oooooOooooo

If you want to better your score on the 25 Yard Range, consult LAW Peltier, of Room 2, W.D. Barracks.

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NEXT MONTH I'LL SEE YOU IN THE CASTLE BEER PARLOR, VANCOUVER - L.J.C.



STRICTLY FROM HUNGER

by Oz.

This introduces a new column by the author of "Turf Patter", and any resemblance to any other column, real or fictional, that appears in "The Thunderbird" is purely a case of looking over somebody's shoulder.

AIN'T IT THE TRUTH?

"It takes two to make a marriage - a single girl and an anxious mother".

"A woman's strongest asset is man's imagination."

"Time tells on a man, especially a good time."

"Remember the good old days when silk stockings were well within the reach of all?"

"She had reached the age where her voice was changing from "no" to "yes"."

"Women are wearing the same things in brassieres this year."

SHORT STORY:

Officer stops bush veteran: "Don't you know you are supposed to salute me?"

"Yes, Sir, I know, but I'm A.W.L. and I don't want to be conspicuous."

HIT SONG OF THE WEEK (RCAP VERSION)

"Let's take the long way to the Release Centre."

BUY LINES

"We fix flats" was the slogan a Chicago store used to introduce a new type of brassiere.

POET-TIME

Rabbits are a funny race,
The way they act is a disgrace,
You'd be surprised if you but knew,
The awful things that rabbits do -
and often too!

WELL SAID

"Her sweater showed every inhale and exhale."

With the war over, here is my impression of the Ten Commandments, Air Force Style:

1. Thou shalt not take the name of the Chief of the Air Staff in vain, thou shalt not question his decisions, even though thou art presently on a bush station.
2. Remember the Sabbath Day and keep it holy, six days shalt thou work and do all that is necessary, but on the seventh day, the Sabbath, and, providing no exigencies of the Service exist, thou might be lucky enough to have a 48.
3. Honour thy Parent Unit.
4. Thou shalt not kill thy Senior N.C.O. even if he hath cancelled thy off-duty pass.
5. Thou shalt not have two wives, for this createth great confusion in the Accounts Section.
6. Thou shalt not steal, for this causes an inventory check.
7. Thou shalt not covet Air Force property; by this is meant, thou must not borrow the M.T. Section for thy own transportation.
8. Thou shalt not gamble, for this results in a double loss of thy pay, from the game itself and the forfeiture that follows.
9. Thou shalt not indulge in profane language if discharge fails to come in.
10. Hear what the Chief of the Air Staff hath said, abide ye by it, and perhaps some day thou shalt get thy L.A.C. paid for.

Well, that's it, readers, except that I wish to remind the Editor that not only can Bing Crosby sing better than Sinatra, but he also has blood to go with it. See you at the \$5.00 straight window.

Oz.

LET'S DEVELOP

MUSIC BUSINESS MEDICINE

CANADIAN TALENT

Figuratively, approximately fourteen million American tourists visit our vast Dominion yearly, in normal times - - and vice versa, thousands of Canadians have crossed the border for a chat with our American neighbours. But, have you ever stopped to realize how many of these Canadian neighbourly "chats" have grown into American citizenship. Nearly three and one half million Canadians have left Canada in the last forty years to take up residence in the United States - enough to almost re-populate the four Western provinces.

Touching on various occupations, let us view a few top Canadians who have "gone American":

The Field of Public Service:

In Washington's White House as Administrative Assistant and Advisor on far eastern affairs, we find Nova Scotian born Lauchlin Currie. In the Medical Services of the United States Selective Service is Colonel Leonard Rowntree of London, Ontario, with 33,000 Doctors and 10,000 Dentists under him. Walter Thompson of London, Ont. lays down the law for all business services in the fabulous U.S.A. J. A. Galbraith of Elgin County, Ontario - now with "Fortune Magazine". A most respected and able Senator, Charles Eaton, of Nova Scotia. Malcolm Slight of the University of Western Ontario - one of the top men under Donald Nelson, American Production Czar. Hamilton born Ben Lear, in command of all U. S. Army Ground Forces. Jean Louis Garand, of Quebec, inventor of the famous Garand rifle issued to every American soldier.

The World of Business (the toughest market in the world):

A prominent name in beauty preparations, Elizabeth Arden, whose real name is Florence Nightingale Graham, was born north of Toronto. The originator of "Kiss Proof Lip-Stick", Leslie Young Husband, formerly of Ontario. The founder of the Fuller Brush Co., "The Fuller Brush Man", A.C. Fuller of King's County, Nova Scotia. One of America's great steel tycoons is Cyrus Eaton of Pugwash, Nova Scotia. (Cont'd)

Jiggs:- "How do you make an Englishman happy in his old age?"
Biggs:- "Tell him jokes when he is young."

Thomas Wilson, President of Wilson and Co., born in London, Ontario. Wilson and Co. is one of the U.S.A.'s largest packing houses and has branches all over the world. The largest Department Store in Los Angeles - Bulllocks - the owner hails from Paris, Ont. Behind the Engineering Firm of Coverdale and Colpitts of New York we find Kingston-born William Coverdale and Walter Colpitts of Moncton, N.B. The former President of American Export Lines; the latter director of the Pepsi-Cola Company. James J. Hill from Guelph, Ont. - the notorious railroader and oil promoter in the U.S.A.

On The Entertainment Screen:

Hollywood boasts of many successful Canadian stars - Walter Pidgeon, St. John, N.B.; Norma Shearer, Montreal; Mary Pickford, Toronto; Marie Dressler, Cobourg, Ont.; Ruby Keeler, Dartmouth; Deanna Durbin, Winnipeg; Ann Rutherford, Toronto; Comedian Ned Sparks, St. Thomas, Ont.; Alexis Smith, Mary Livingstone and Yvonne de Carlos, all from Vancouver; Gene Lockhart, London, Ont. - the Canadian Noel Coward; and movie writer and columnist, Art Arthur of Toronto. It is very significant that in the only two motion pictures made of American presidents, Canadians have taken the leading roles in both - Raymond Massey as Abraham Lincoln, and Alexander Knox as President Wilson. Amongst the big names of show business and directing, we find the \$500,000. a year man, Louis B. Mayer, is from St. John, N.B. and Jack L. Warner, from London, Ontario.

On the Radio:

Wilf. Carter was born near Sackville, N.B.; John Hesbitt, the great narrator and story teller, was born in Victoria, B.C. Guy Lombardo and His Royal Canadians hail from London, Ont. Rosario Bourdon and His Orchestra from Quebec. Canadian-born Jean Dickenson, the nightingale of the airwaves; and Ruth Lowe, writer of "I'll Never Smile Again" is a Toronto girl. (Cont'd Page 23)

Spectator: "Hey, sit down in front!"
Drunk:- "Don' be ridiclish. I don't bend that way."

PEACE TIME CONSCRIPTION

GREETING

by -
Sgt. Aish.

PEACE: HOW CAN WE HELP TO KEEP IT?

In other words, now that we've got it, what are we going to do with it? If we intend to keep it, what steps are necessary? What will be our formula for peace? It is obvious that the state of affairs which existed in the years 1919-1939 is not conducive to keeping the peace. By "state of affairs" I am referring to disarmament, sanctions, and turning a "Nelson's" eye on atrocities.

What is the best insurance policy to adopt in maintaining the hard-won and costly peace? What does the man in the street do to anything of value to him? If he is wise, he covers his property with an appropriate type of insurance policy. The premiums may be costly, but if his property warrants the premiums, the cost of preventing the loss of his property is cheap. What insurance can Canadians take out to do our part in holding our priceless peace? The answer is ARMAMENT and MILITARY TRAINING for all able-bodied citizens. Before you, as a reader, violently disagree with me, let us reflect firstly on the cost of a war, and then compare it to the cost of military training and armaments.

How much has this war cost Canada? In dollars and cents, it amounts to many billions of dollars, but I am not wishing to put emphasis on the financial cost; rather I refer to the cost in human lives, human bodies, human hearts, and all the things, little and big, that are sacrificed during wartime. To most of us, the permanent staff at No. 6 O.T.U., this has not been a costly war as yet, but to those who have seen operational activities, the most acute expense of the war is not figured in dollars and cents.

What will arming and a permanent schedule of military training cost Canada? Whatever the answer is, it will only be dollars and cents, and that is something we can all afford. Under this programme, a young Canadian will be called upon to serve perhaps two years of military service, which, working on a basis of the life span being the allotted three score and ten years, amounts to only 2.3% of a lifetime. This is negligible when one recalls that many young Canadians have very recently given 100% of their lives in the grim game of war. Is it not worth while to invest 2.3% of young Canada's life span in an earnest endeavour to prevent thousands of young Canadians paying the supreme sacrifice?

The Atlantic Charter and the United Nations' World Charter have worthy and earnest aspirations, but we must have something with which to back them up. We (the British Commonwealth of Nations in general and Canada in particular) must never again be in the position we were in prior to 1939 when Italy invaded Ethiopia and Japan began to war with China. Under the now obviously useless League of Nations (unarmed) Britain and the U.S.A. were powerless to intervene because, due to their disarmament programme, they had nothing to back up their expressed disapproval of Japan's and Italy's actions. And when Japan and Italy couldn't be stopped, it is easy to understand why Germany ignored Britain and the U.S.A. as any threat to Hitler's territorial ambitions. How different would the scene have been in 1933-39 had Britain and the U.S.A. pursued a policy of heavy armament and extensive military training as from the conclusion of World War I.

(Continued on Page 25.)

"That couple across the street are certainly in love," she told her husband. "Why, every morning I see Mr. Jones kissing Mrs. Jones good-by. Why don't you do that?"

"Why don't I? I haven't been even introduced to her."

MEN WITHOUT MEDALS



The other day in the Airmen's Mess, a chap beside me was lamenting about bush stations, so I says to him, "What bush stations have you been on?". And he looks surprised, and says, "Why, this one." I arrived a couple of days ago and it are is tough. You see I've been at Patricia Bay these past three years."

"So, says I to me, "we must do something. When a person calls a station like this a bush station, things are getting to a strange state. Why, we're only a few hours from Vancouver or Victoria, and have lots of ice cream, bars, beer, W.D.'s, baseball games, etc., etc., etc."

In the Fitter Diesel trade we have had more real isolation than possibly any other trade on the station. This station is probably as civilized as any most of us ever get to, and we only come here to become acquainted again with civilization, so that we can go around where there are women without staring at them as if they are something new. I do believe that the chap who draws pictures of a wolf in airman's clothing must have run across a Diesel Joe, but it also goes for WOG's, WEM's, Radar Joes, Chofs, G.D.'s and S.P.'s who have all had real isolation service.

Picture yourself heading north on a Union S.S. boat, leaving it at Port Hardy, Bella Bella, Alliford or Rupert, then taking a service boat for 6 or 20 hours, and then crawling aboard a row-boat in a rough sea, and rowing ashore. If you are lucky you just get damp on landing on the beach; if not, you get tipped over in the swells and banged on rocks and, not only you, but everything you own, is soaked from now until next month in salt water. And you MIGHT get there; some chaps never did make it. After about six to twenty-four months you leave that island for good, you hope.

For the most part, these islands are small, maybe two to ten acres (about the size of a corral). Maybe when it was made they didn't have time to put a lake on it for drinking water, so all the water you wash with, cook with, etc. has to be run through an evaporator ("Still" to you). If you are lucky enough to get an island with wood available - well, a place that size will use, as near as I could figure, about 200,000 cords of wood a year; so

everyone cuts wood for a long time to get dry wood ahead. If there is no wood on the isle, well, you use a couple of hundred tons of coal from a scow which has been beached.

Summer time is lovely and bright, with occasional showers a couple of times a day. Comes the big day - boat day. Everyone is on dock and finally the boat arrives, we get the mail, the movie films, and the rations; and everyone is happy again. A good show and letters from home help a lot. But it is not always like that. Comes one week - no boat, and maybe a couple of more weeks and no boat, and don't you ever think that the morale of the boys doesn't hit rock bottom, and that they are not browned off! But maybe soon a signal comes and the boat will be here to-morrow. And sure enough next day the boat arrives with more mail, another show, and beer, cakes, and plenty of rations.

But now the wars are over and the rest of the denizens of the isolated stations are coming south from Langara, Marble, Cape St. James, Spider, Cape Scott, and, as this great big world moves around, these lads will get their discharges and go back to their old or new jobs, or start back to school. And I'll bet a codfish to a hole in a doughnut that they will look back on these days at the bush stations as being happy days in their lives. It really takes a man with strong fortitude to stay on one of these places for a year, and some were there nearly two years, possibly never seeing anyone except their own men and a few chaps on a service boat, and a Y.M.C.A. chap like Ollie Goldsmith here (he was there) and an occasional padre or so.

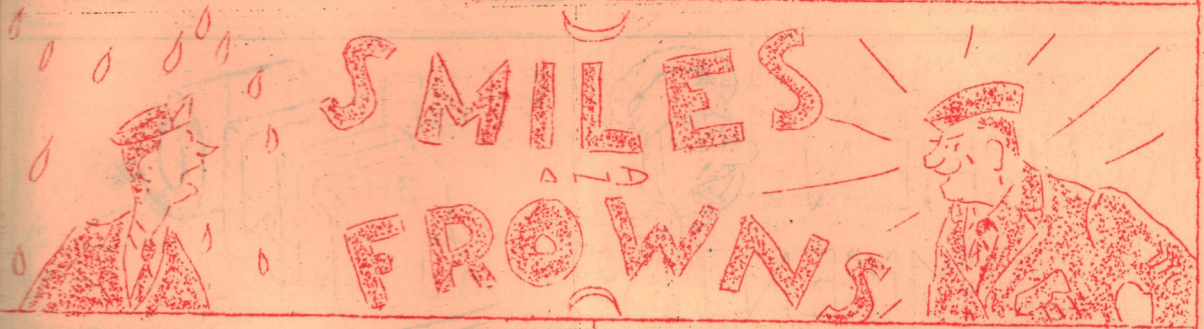
So, when you are thinking of the heroes of this war, just pause a second and take off your hat to the boys on the really isolated stations who also did their jobs, who may be bushed and slightly wacky at times, but who are, nevertheless, staunch and proud Canadians.

The End. by Cpl. P. Blair.

"What did you go fishing for?"

"Oh, just for the halibut."

.....



What a glorious month this has been all over the world. And what an unusual month it has been at Comox. Out of what seemed to be nowhere there came another V-Day, and with it came another opportunity for the gang to get plastered without taking a Legion course in paperhanging.

It is a toss-up as to which there were most of after the Victory celebrations had ended - empty bottles, hangovers or rumpus. The latter probably had a slight edge.

What a Garden of Eden the aerodrome would have been for a Vancouver junk peddler on Thursday morning, the 18th. For that matter, a travelling salesman selling a cure-all for headaches could have become a Rockefeller overnight.

Even the Japs co-operated with us. Not only did they finally surrender, but they even managed to do it on a Tuesday night. Now to some people Tuesday night is just one more evening of the week. But to others it represents something else - to these people it is the night they have a bad conscience for running off to the show without cleaning the room.

We don't know if the Commanding Officer was happy that there was no barrack inspection Wednesday morning (we rather suspect he was). We do know that many Joes were very happy as they gazed with glee at the dirty, filthy windows, floors, wash-rooms and doors, and cried "Who the ---- cares!!"

The Comox zoot-suiters finally came out of hiding at the dances. One Sinatra-like airman was decked up in a bluish black outfit, brightened by white stripes, and well equipped with padded shoulders. Another fellow found himself moving around the floor in a two-tone zoot suit, complete with a watch chain that extended below the knees. He was wearing a wrist watch also.

By the way, those two bands sounded great during the Tuesday night Open House dance, didn't they???

One of the few rumours that failed to crop up during this month of many rumours was the one about converting the airport into a huge brewery, so tremendously gigantic that the imagination cannot visualize what it would be like. The products manufactured by the brewery would be reserved exclusively for all ex-Comox personnel and would be delivered free on request, anywhere in the world. We think the idea has great possibilities. The G.I.S. building would be an ideal business office. The hangar would be an excellent warehouse. Of course, the Admin. Building could always be used as a washroom.

One of the best stories of the month concerns two airmen of this humble station who asked another airman to place some bets on a couple of horses while he was in Vancouver on pass, which he promised to do. Meanwhile the news came over the radio that their horses had come in, paying off a substantial sum of cash. Of course, there was the usual jumping, shouting and cheering when the news came over the air. But what do you think happened when the airman returned???

You guessed it! The guilty culprit had not only failed to place the bets, but he did not even venture near the race track. The horse-laugh was certainly on them.

Will Rogers, acting as toastmaster at a dinner one evening, was annoyed by the lengthy talk of the man he had just introduced. The long-winded bore finally ended his oratory and Rogers arose and said, "You have just listened to that famous Chinese statesman, On Too Long."

"Fishing?"
 "No. Drowning worms."

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



The following letter has been received from the Editor of the "Recco" Magazine, a station journal published at No. 1 Reconnaissance & Navigation School, Summerside, P.E.I.

"RECCO" MAGAZINE

No. 1 R. & N.S., Summerside, P.E.I.

1. Personnel who were formerly stationed at the above unit are advised that 'RECCO' magazine will be on sale AUGUST 15. This issue contains approximately 30 pages of pictures, depicting many station and off-duty activities. It will prove a valuable and interesting souvenir of your life on 'The Island'. Those who have recently left No. 1 R&NS. will doubtless wish to procure one or more copies as many of them are photographic subjects. Copies sell for 25 cents each. Address your orders: Editor, Recco, No. 1 R&NS. Summerside, P.E.I.

2. It is possible that many airmen have been posted to this station from your unit. If this is the case we will be pleased to perform a reciprocal service for you if you will forward your entry to us."

EDUCATIONAL CLASSES

THE FOLLOWING SHORT CLASSES WILL BEGIN WITHIN THE NEXT WEEK:

1. LEATHERCRAFT
2. PLASTICS
3. PUBLIC SPEAKING
4. BUSINESS ARITHMETIC
5. BOOKKEEPING
6. DRAFTING & HOUSE DESIGNING
7. JR. & SR. MATRIC. MATH.
8. JR. & SR. MATRIC. PHYSICS
9. CONVERSATIONAL FRENCH

PERSONNEL INTERESTED IN ANY OF THE ABOVE ARE ASKED TO CONTACT THE EDUCATION OFFICE, ROOM 19, G.I.S. BLDG. AT ONCE.

Some men smile in the evening,
Some men smile at dawn,
But the man worthwhile
Is the man who can smile.
When all his front teeth are gone.

EDUCATION NOTES

Now that discharges are coming through at a merry old rate, we would like to remind you that if you wish to take any of the correspondence courses offered through the Canadian Legion or any other institution offering courses, you should enroll before discharge. Any course applied for before discharge may be continued in civilian life. We have courses in a wide range of subjects in Academic, Technical, Commercial, Vocational, & Agricultural lines. See your Education Officer today.

STATION LIBRARY

We have so many requests as to when the Station Library is open that we feel that we should repeat them again in the Thunderbird. Please note.

All week days 0800 to 1100
1230 to 1630

Mon. & Fri. 1830 to 2100

As we only have one Librarian it is impossible to have the Library open more. If W.A.C. sends us the other one we're requesting we'll be able to give you day & night service.

The maximum time any book may be kept out is 10 days but they may be renewed. There is a fine of 2 cents a day for overdue books (which goes into N.P.F.) but this is for your protection. The fine is levied so that books will come in on time as other people may be waiting for the book you have out. Please get your books in on time.

Joe: "Hold my rifle, will you?"
F/Lt.: "See her, I'm an officer."
Joe: "That's all right, I'll trust you."

.....

A tricky jane, I'll tell the world
Is little Minnie Marters;
An inviting smile on rosy lips,
But mousetraps on her garters.

.....

"I caught my sergeant boy friend necking," she reported, and her girl friend said, "I caught mine that way too."

.....

A bachelor is a guy who didn't have a car when he was young.

.....

The weaker sex is the stronger sex because of the weakness of the stronger sex for the weaker sex.

.....

LET'S DEVELOP CANADIAN TALENT

(Continued from Page 15.)

On The Radio (Continued)

At the Metropolitan Opera Company, manager Edward Johnson was born in Guelph and the conductor of the orchestra is Wilfred Pelletier of Montreal. The composer of "O! Canada", Calixa Lavallee, was President of the Music Teachers of America.

In The Medical Field: Canadians vary from one of the greatest medical men who ever lived, Dr. William Osler, down to Canadian nurses.

In Aviation: Canadian pilots are making names for themselves - in American Airlines and Trans-Atlantic Division.

Education: Canadians have really hit the high mark - some dozen universities have Canadian presidents, and in others we find Canadian Deans and faculty members.

Canadians also star in America as ace script writers, prolific writers, editors, illustrators, etc.

These are just a few who have made good across the border. Does that not make you stop and think? In one way it's thrilling that in a world of nationalism there is such freedom of opportunity between two nations. But, when you think of the wealth of talent and brains which has left Canada, you can see what Canada has L O S T. A man's art must find it's own level - but why should that level be OUT OF CANADA? What can we do to cut down on the drain from Canada's talents?

The answer lies in the young people of our Canada; we must realize that this country is just starting. We must develop our ideas and NOT let them fall on closed ears. We must shake off the shackles of petty dispute and bickering between Provinces and Parties.

Let the Canada Badges on the shoulders of our Servicemen and Women be our lead; let us all take up our emblem "The Maple Leaf" and really be proud of it - really stand behind it and Canada.

To YOU - the young people of to-day - the young people in uniform to-day - the Challenge is YOURS!

The End

A WITTLE EGG

I wish I was a wittle egg,
Away up in a tree.
I wish I was a wittle egg,
As wotten as can be,
And when some bone-headed sergeant
Would start to shout at me,
I'd frow my wotten wittle self
And spatter down on he.

C.O. - "Who brought you here in this disgraceful condition?"

Joe - "Two MP's, sir."

C.O. - "Drunk, I suppose?"

G.I. - "Yes, sir, both of them."

A rude and vulgar man is one who stares at a girl's figure when she's doing her best to display it.

Corporal: "Why aren't you working?"

Joe Erk: "I didn't see you coming."

And then there's the story about the man who spent a lot of money to rid himself of halitosis, only to find that his friends didn't like him anyway.

.....

An intoxicated gentleman asked a pedestrian, "I shay, which ish the other shide of the shstreet?"

"Why, over there," was the answer.

"Shtrange. I was jus' over there an' a gen'l'm'n shaid it wash over here."

.....

The clergyman was lecturing his small boys on the evils of losing their tempers.

"Never get excited," he said. "Always control yourselves. Try to face everything calmly and with unruffled mien. I never become worked up about anything. For example, see that fly that just settled on my nose? Do I wave at it excitedly? I do not. I quite calmly reach up my hand and gently - - great jumping grasshoppers! Go away - - CONFOUND IT! IT'S A WASP!" he shrieked.

.....

REHABILITATION

Now that all our Personnel Counsellors have been posted to the Release Centre, we of the Educational Branch will attempt to answer your questions and solve your problems on matters of Rehabilitation. We're not mind-readers but we will try to guide you in your post-war plans. If you wish advice along Educational and Vocational lines, we can definitely help you; if on anything else, we can only advise. Pay us a visit.

Now that the war is over, everyone is thinking about good old civilian life. If you have a job to go back to, your only wish is to get out of the service and get back home again. If you enlisted after finishing high school, you are either seeking an university career or Vocational Training. Some feel that they need a refresher course before going out in the world again to make a living. Others do not wish to return to their former jobs but hope to learn new trades and occupations. There are still some - quite a large number - who haven't any idea as to what to do when they get out on their own again. Everyone has a peculiar problem of

his own and each one needs more or less individual attention. Our Government knows that personnel in service will need help to readjust themselves in civilian life and have formulated one of the best rehabilitation schemes in the world. Everyone's particular case is not discussed, but the Government is very sympathetic and very co-operative. Your Rehabilitation today will make a greater Canada tomorrow, so it is really in her own interests that she is willing to do all she can to help you.

You, for your part, should plan your future now. Don't wait until you get up before the Veteran's Representative at the Release Centre. If you have a clear-cut plan as to what you wish to do in civilian life, you'll get all the co-operation in the world. But remember the Government is only going to help you to rehabilitate yourself. You must do your share and you'll find that the Government will do its.

THE END

POPULAR MUSIC IS POPULAR

(Continued from Page 7.)

Then came the war with its resultant sorrows. The people began to clamour for three main classes of popular music: Firstly, they wanted music that would help them to forget the horrors of war - music as "dished out" by such leaders as Benny Goodman, Artie Shaw, Woody Herman and Jerry Terrence. Secondly, they wanted ballads, with their sentimental words that would help to bridge the gap existing between the folks back home and the far-away serviceman - and they looked to such men as Sammy Kaye, Guy Lombardo and Vaughn Munro to lead the way. And thirdly, they still wanted the good old novelty numbers, such as "Marizy Deats", "Five Salted Peanuts", "Bell Bottom Trousers", "Robin Hood" and "Caledonia".

Now that the war is won, the trend in music will once more begin to change - sooner or later - and songs about the boys being home again, and about the new era of peace will come into the fore.

Yes, this has been a war of tanks, guns, planes, bombs and bullets. But it has also been a war of music. And whether or not you "swoon" to Dick Haymes, or "get hep" to Tony Pastor, there are few of you who can honestly state that modern popular music - the classical music of to-morrow - has not done its share in bringing the world back to its present happy state. The End.

Wandering aimlessly on a lonely road in Scotland, an American at last met up with another human - a kilted Highlander.

"Gosh, pal," remarked the American, "I'm lost!"

"Is there a reward out for ye?" inquired the Scot.

"Why, no."

"Weel," remarked the Scotsman, walking on, "ye're still lost."

PEACETIME CONSCRIPTION
(Continued from Page 17)

A large standing army and big scale military training program in a traditionally peaceful nation is not an indication of belligerence. Rather it is an actively expressed desire to maintain a position and tradition as a strong but peaceful nation in a world at peace, but, at the same time, packing a potential punch sufficient to quell any tentative warring tendencies in other nations which history has proved unworthy of trust in the field of world peace security.

What Canada and Canadians want is peace: peace in which we can, undisturbed, live our own lives our own ways free from the haunting specter of future wars that sap the young manhood of our nation: peace in which to develop this country into the "God's own country" it is capable of being: peace in which to bring up our children as future citizens and not as amateur warriors. But everything has its price, and the price of peace is armaments and military training for all, together with a large standing navy, army and air force.

Which would you prefer, the preceding policy, or World War III?

THE END

POST OFFICE NEWS

(Continued from Page 17)

Lee has decided that there is a certain thrill riding the E & N mail car on certain days of the week. He's not hard to look at either--Girls, don't crowd or you won't get any mail.

These days find our thoughts thinking of our assistant dispatcher and hope and pray that Queenie will soon be up and around again. We miss you very much, kid!

According to a very charming W.D. Sergeant she hadn't been getting much mail before V-J Day.

Your dispatcher made a discovery Saturday night. He discovered that the two women he thought he saw from the Bel Air turned out to be the road closed sign at the main gate. He's bushed! W.A.C. please take note it's not a bush station! How come?

Well, 'till next time,

Cheerio,

Sandy.

THE END

Lord Halifax, in his capacity of British Ambassador, visited an American Army Camp. As he walked along the rows of soldiers standing stiffly at attention, he happened to stop and say a few cheery words to a big buck private.

The sergeant noticed this, and went over to the private after his lordship had left.

"What did the Ambassador say to you?" he asked the private.

"I don't know, sir," said the private. "He couldn't talk English."

The cemeteries are filled with people who thought the world couldn't get along without them.

A musical show with a relatively small cast was playing one night stands through eastern Canada. Houses had been poor. On one particular night the advance sale had been unusually small. The anxious manager was backstage before the show and found the comedian peeking through the peep-hole in the curtain.

"Well, how is the house?" the manager asked.

"Better than Montreal," answered the comedian, "but we've still got them outnumbered."

Social item in local paper:

The annual Christmas party at the Ashley St. School was hell yesterday afternoon.

Personalities

A. of interest

GEORGE H. PARKE

Is one of the key men of Comox Airport whom few would recognize if they saw him. Little does an Airman or W.D. realize that that succulent sausage known as a weiner, liberally smeared with mustard and enclosed in its customary covering of a bread roll, which he or she is about to pop into their mouths at Canteen, beach party or dance owes its mouth-watering and hunger-satisfying properties to the skill of George Parke. Not that he makes the weiner, but that roll is one out of possibly 30 dozen sold to the Airmen's Canteen that day, at ten cents per dozen, fashioned by George's hands in the bake shop of the Airmen's Mess.

That Officer in the Officer's Snack bar satisfying his hunger craving with a hamburger is biting into one of George Parke's hamburger buns, another of his products.

These rolls are actually only a side-line with George. His main work is the preparation of the dinner or supper desserts--the pies, cakes, puddings or sauces.

He has no set hour to commence work. Whether it is seven a.m., noon, or seven at night, George comes in and goes quietly about his work, stopping only at intervals for a cup of tea or coffee, or to join the others at dinner if work permits.

Little perturbs him. On the birth of his third child in July, he was calmly at work as usual.

George is happily married, making his home with his wife and three children at Point Holmes. His height is at least six feet, hair dark; eyes, brown. Raised on the Prairies he has previously visited B.C. before being posted from Dace to Pat Bay 32 O.T.U. early in 1944.

He is well acquainted with British Columbia and can describe many parts. He now thinks there is nothing like this country and will make his permanent home here, somewhere close to the water.

George is a keen sailing enthusiast. He has a boat 16 feet in length under construction. His Scottish origin no doubt accounts for his homely philosophy on life. His pleasures are simple. To him there is no greater joy than to be gliding over rippling water in his boat.

(Continued from previous column)

George Parke has been here since the opening of the station turning out the desserts for the day's meals. At first in partnership with Freddie Watts, he is now assisted by anyone of the chefs whom the Flight decides to place in the bake-shop. This is where he wishes to remain as long as he is in the R.C.A.F.

by
LAC
Walmsley.

THE END

FLYING OFFICER CLAUDE BURKE

Hockey fans may be interested to know that up until a week or so ago a former professional hockey player was in our midst, disguised as a Wag. His name - Flying Officer Claude Burke, who graduated recently with Course 19.

F/O Burke started his hockey career in Moncton, N.B., playing on the same team as Gordie Drillon, who starred later for the Toronto Maple Leafs and Montreal Canadians. He played goal for two years with the Red Indian Juniors in Montreal, later stepping up the ladder of success to play for the Montreal Royals and the Junior Canadians in the Quebec senior hockey loop.

During the seasons of 1938-39 and 1939-40, F/O Burke was goalkeeper for the Montreal Canadians. In 1940-41 he donned the uniform of the Philadelphia Phillies, in the Minor Leagues, and from there went on to the Buffalo Bisons. He has also seen service with the New York Rangers.

F/O Burke stated before he left that he hopes to return to the hockey wars once his services in the military wars are no longer required.

The End

A dashing young L.A.C. named Roy swore by all lover's vows that his Rosie was the fairest maid of all the world, and he would have none other.

"Be mine, Rosie," he pleaded. "If you refuse me, I shall die."

But she refused him, and fifty years later he did die.

THE AIRMEN'S MESS

The Airmen's Mess might well be called the Owl Lunch. We doze but never close; open day and night; hot meals and lunches at all hours.

In addition to the usual meals of the daytime, a meal is served at 2100 hrs. ending thirty minutes later, though there are a few who come after, as aircraft guards, or maintenance men unable to finish their work earlier.

At 2300 hrs. and lasting 'till 0030 hrs. still another meal is dished up, to those going on shift at midnight, or to those coming off shift.

At 0330 'till 0400 hrs. those on graveyard shift come in for breakfast.

These are the scheduled meals. Many are eaten between these hours by Aircrew, who, whether they are officers or N.C.O.'s, are entitled to a meal when they come down from flying.

Other unscheduled, unexpected meals, are postings in. Whatever the hour a newcomer arrives on posting a meal is always assured him or her at the Airmen's Mess. (In this way the chef on duty at night gets to know newcomers to the station, especially any W.D.'s). After the meal the Orderly Sergeant or Corporal tries to find beds for the newcomers.

Some sections, like Signals or Operations and Flying Control, are unable to leave their work for a meal. The night chef makes up sandwiches which the M.T. delivers.

When night flying is on, as many as 18 lunches or more are made up. Why so many are needed is a mystery.

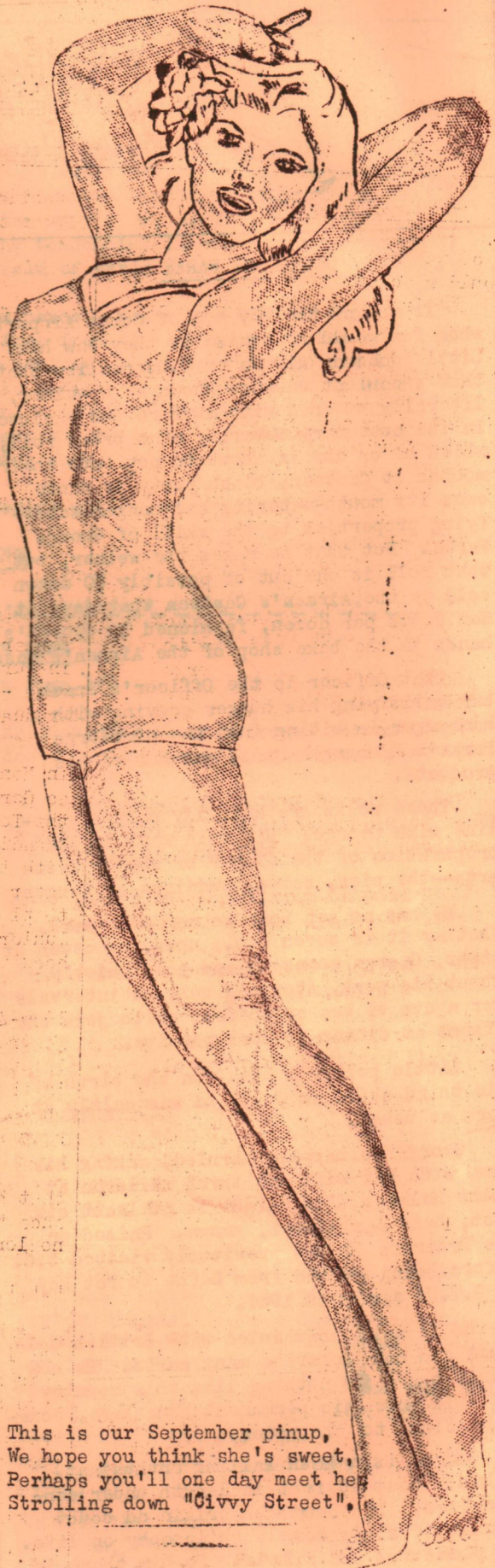
Flying ration lunches could also be classed as meals. A task of the night shift, these vary in number, twenty-five, forty, or even fifty. Consisting of three sandwiches wrapped, their preparation is no small task.

THE END

.....

((((()))

My pinup girl is beautiful
 Upon my locker wall,
 But the satisfaction that she gives
 Is really none at all.
 She has dimpled cheeks and eyes of blue
 And hair of golden brown;
 Her smile is so enchanting,
 And I've never seen her frown
 But she can't dine or dance with me
 Or pass the time of day;
 All she does is hang around,
 And help me save my pay.
 She's a moral uplift, I'll admit,
 And I never can escape her—
 But how the devil can I get any love
 From a blasted piece of paper.



This is our September pinup,
 We hope you think she's sweet,
 Perhaps you'll one day meet her
 Strolling down "Civvy Street".

SOUTH OF THE BORDER

(Third Thrilling Installment)

(Continued from Page 9.)

Note:- Due to the decision to discontinue publication of "The Thunderbird", the following article, which was to appear in the October 1st edition, is presented in this issue.

.....

"Dog of the gutter," snarled the Don, "you shall die."

South of the Border looked at him, a steely glint appearing in his cold blue eyes. "Perhaps," he said softly, "but first, I have here with me a very fine line of merchandise consisting of lighter flints, ladies' unmentionables, and old beer bottles, and it is my belief that you are making a big mistake by killing me and thus automatically blackballing yourself for future credit with my company." Having thus spoken our hero got to his feet and nonchalantly spat out the remainder of his plug of tobacco, which he had finally extricated from his stomach.

Such unparalleled bravery in the face of almost certain death was too much for Don Carlos. "You are perhaps a representative of Timothy Eaton, no?" he queried.

"That is my business," replied South, "and it is also my business to extricate this beautiful babe from your foul clutches."

"Caramba," hissed the Don, "that woman is mine alone and not for any low down peddler like yourself. As soon as her father, who runs one of the local beer parlours, comes through with a sufficient amount of dowry, I shall confer on her the honour of becoming my wife."

"Wal," drawled South, "I kind of like the cut of her jib meself, to say nothing of her poop deck and pilot house, so I'm here to state that she comes with me as soon as she can get her clearances signed."

"Over ze dead body of myself," hissed the Don, relapsing into his native tongue in his rage, "Ho, men. Seize this impudent dog."

Six singing waiters rushed in and after an heroic but futile resistance, South was bound and gagged.

"And now," sneered the Don, "you shall die the death of a thousand tortures. First I shall begin by removing all your teeth with these pliers..."

- WILL SOUTH BE ABLE TO EXTRICATE HIMSELF FROM THIS HORRIBLE SITUATION?
- HAS DON CARLOS A LICENSE TO PRACTICE DENTISTRY?
- WHAT WILL HE DO IF SOUTH HAS A FALSE PLATE?
- WILL THE SINGING WAITERS BURST INTO SONG?
- WILL THE BEAUTIFUL MAIDEN SACRIFICE HERSELF TO SAVE SOUTH?

(Author has been discharged. Use imagination.)

The End

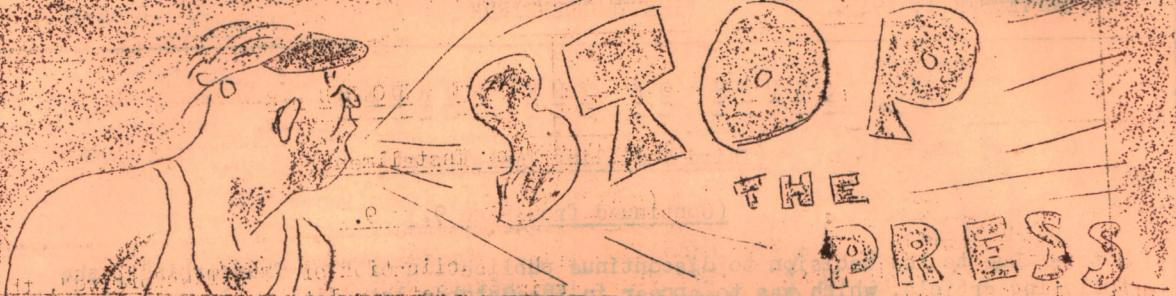
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DELAY IN PUBLICATION - SEPT. 1ST ISSUE

We very much regret the delay in getting this issue of "The Thunderbird" around to you, but it was our desire to include all contributions in its pages, whether or not they were submitted after the set deadline, in view of this being the final edition.
"....."
Every man has his wife, but only the ice man has his pick.

.....

Two Englishmen were sitting in adjoining easy chairs in the cloistered quiet of their club. One looked up from his Times and murmured: "I say, old man - terribly sorry to hear about your wife." "Eh? What's that?" asked the other, looking up from his own copy of the Times. "I said," explained the first, "I was sorry to read that they buried your wife yesterday." "Yes, of course," said the other, preparing to return to his reading. Then he added as an afterthought: "Had to, you know, Dead".



POVERTY STRIKES COMOX AIRPORT

Hard times hit the old aerodrome a whale of a wallop on Friday night, August 31st, when the Recreation Hall was jammed with countless poverty-stricken beggars, tramps and even sleep-walkers, who came dolled up in their best worst clothing to dance their financial woes away, at the Station's first "Hard Times Dance".

A good time was obviously had by everybody there, as they straggled into the dance wearing everything from housekeeping hats to patch-covered trousers. But while everybody may have looked "broke", they were not broken up, as they gleefully tripped the light fantastic to the magic music of British Columbia's King of Swing, Gerald Terrance, and his R.C.A.F. Orchestra. The highlight of the evening was Group Captain MacDonald's highly artistic interpretation of Hawaii dancing.

Special bouquets of flowers should be wrapped up and delivered to "Ollie" Goldsmith, the "Y" man, and L.A.C. Brian Flaherty, who carried out their parts to perfection in making the novelty evening a success. Through their varied efforts, the evening went off without a snag, and Comox's "Palace of the Kings" (known to some as the Recreation Hall) was converted overnight into a Pauper's Dance Hall, adorned with saddles, cart wheels, oil lamps of all colours and all those things that go to make up a typical "Hard Times" dance hall.

FINAL ISSUE - "THE THUNDERBIRD"

This is definitely the final issue of "The Thunderbird".

Up until the last minute before publication, much consideration had been given to the possibility of this newspaper continuing to struggle on for a while longer amidst the turmoil of station changes. However, due to the many staff losses, and the lack of interest on the part of remaining personnel, this has been deemed impossible, without placing too much a burden on the few willing workers available.

The Editor wishes to thank all personnel who, during the past months, have given up their spare time to make possible this and former issues. It is hoped that, if nothing else, "The Thunderbird" has helped to brighten at least a few of your moments at Comox.

COMOX AND DISTRICT FALL FAIR

No. 6 O.T.U. proved on Labour Day, September 3rd that they can do more than put planes into the air, for this station won 1st prize for their exhibit of Wax Beans (Bush) and 2nd prize for their exhibit of Vegetable Marrows, at the Comox & District Fall Fair. The vegetables placed on exhibit by this unit were grown in gardens on station grounds under the supervision of Squadron Leader Underhill and Sergeant Vaughn.

CLASSIFIED SECTION
MARRIAGES

CLASSIFIED SECTION
BIRTHS

LAC Restall, K.D., to Miss Eudora Nilsson, at Raymond, Alta., 1st June, 1945.

To LAC and Mrs. Lowe, a son, James Edward, May 20, 1945.

Cpl. Bishop, L.D., to Miss Ariel May Lennox, at RCAF Stn., Comox, on 18th July, 1945.

To S/L and Mrs. E.C. Kendall, a daughter, Nancy Jane Ann, July 24, 1945.

LAC Beattie, E.L., to Miss Elsie Obermuller, at Courtenay, B.C., on 21st July, 1945.

To LAC and Mrs. G.H. Parke, a daughter, Maureen Gail, July 17, 1945.

F/O Melford Hayden to LAC Mary MacKenzie, at RCAF Stn. Comox, 3rd August, 1945.

To LAC and Mrs. O.C. Ross, a son, James Wayne, July 11, 1945.

LAC Herman, Stanley C., to Miss Ruth Thompson, at Cumberland, B.C., on 9th August, 1945.

To LAC and Mrs. R. Markham, a son, Lester Everett, July 9, 1945.

LAC Young, James A., to Miss Rose Homenuke, at Vancouver, B.C., on 10th August, 1945.

To F/L and Mrs. M.M. Stevenson, a daughter, Lynda Lorene,

To LAC and Mrs. P.J. Wilson, a daughter, Margaret Lynn, July 25, 1945.

LAC Hebert, Joseph C., to Miss Delle Marie Ethier, at Montreal, P.Q., on August 6th, 1945.

To Cpl. and Mrs. J. Leblanc, a son, Lindsay Charles, July 12, 1945.

LAC Bobler, Arthur R., to Miss Patricia MacFadyen, at Vancouver, B.C., 17th August, 1945.

To LAC and Mrs. S.A. Helgason, a son, Gunnar Jon, August 1, 1945.

LAC Rudd, Jack D., to Miss Matilda Kelly, at Langley, B.C., on 28th July, 1945.

FOR SALE

C.G.M. Bicycle for sale. \$25.00. Two extra tires and tubes. Cpl. Kornaga, P., RCAF Station, Comox, B.C.

BIRTHS

OPPORTUNITIES

To LAC and Mrs. H.C. Gatien, a daughter, Florence Mary Lynn, August 4, 1945.

Watches, Clocks, cleaned and minor repaired. Service within two or three days. Barrack Block 26A, Room 8, or contacted at Local 22. Cpl. P. Kornaga.

To Cpl. and Mrs. P.A. Rumball, a daughter, Lynne Eleanor, August 9, 1945.

If you're interested in Leatherwork, visit the Hobby Shop, Room 18, G.I.S. Classes held Wednesdays & Thursdays at 1900 hours.

To LAC and Mrs. Mullinchuk, a daughter, Jo Ann, July 6, 1945.

To Mr. and Mrs. F.S. Henderson, a daughter, Penelope Louise, August 3, 1945.

Are you interested in Photography? Are your pictures always a failure? See F/S Bowes, Discharge office, at once, as he is recognized as one of Canada's foremost Nature Photographers. Service free to all RCAF personnel.

To LAC and Mrs. M.E.S. Bernon, a daughter, Janet Mary, July 22, 1945.

To Cpl. and Mrs. G.N. Parker, a son, Christopher Gordon, July 25, 1945.

WANT ADS

To LAC and Mrs. J.W. Watson, a son, Adrian Donald, July 15, 1945.

Wanted - Two volunteer Librarians to look after the Station Library one night a week from 1830 hours to 2100 hours. Contact Cpl. Jacobs, Station Librarian, G.I.S. Bldg.

