

# The "Commander"

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY  
THE ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE  
SEA ISLAND, B. C.

Vol. 2—No. 27

September 15th, 1945

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Contributions, which are always very welcome, can be handed to any of the Staff or taken to the Editorial Room in the Administration Building (Phone 101).

**Security Note:** All characters, places, Units or aircraft if and whenever mentioned in this magazine are purely fictitious—unless otherwise stated—and have no connection whatever with any of the foregoing which may happen to exist coincidentally at any time, past, present or future.

Which ought to keep us all out of trouble!

## OUR COVER

Designed by our Staff artist, LAC Court, it reached our desk a few days before LAC Scopp's story "We Conduct a Tour." Although there was no collusion between our two talented contributors, we were immediately struck by the similarity of their viewpoint: the one pictorial and the other verbal. We are sure our readers will enjoy both.—Ed.

## EDITORIAL.

### "PEACE"

As we pen these random thoughts, the radio is re-broadcasting the Japanese surrender ceremonies which we heard overnight.

Somewhat significantly, it seemed to us, the terms of surrender were signed on the U.S. Battleship "Missouri" in Tokyo Bay, another exemplification of

the delightful sense of humour possessed by our American Allies. "I'm from Missouri—I've gotta be shewn," is a well known American saying. Well, the Japanese have been "shewn" and we hope it is for all time. We wonder if the choice of the "Missouri" was purely fortuitous and we like to think it was not.

The end of the war came suddenly, and even historians will be hard put to it to decide how much the atomic bomb, or the declaration of war by the Russians, or the imminence of the vast Pacific fleets or internal dissention of the Japanese peoples at home had to do with the swift breakdown of the Jap forces.

Doubtless all these had their moral effect, but for our own part, until it is proven otherwise, we shall credit the cataclysmic effect of the terrible new bomb, from the devastating effects of which people are still reported as dying horrible deaths.

We can but thank God that Hitler purged so many of Germany's ablest scientists as being non-Aryan during the early stages of the war or the chances are that some of them might have succeeded in splitting the atom before we did. Had Nazi Germany possessed the secret ahead of the Allies, it is certain they would not have used it as discriminatingly as we did, and the whole world would have been held in thrall for generations by the "Master-race"—a master race no longer but an exploded myth.

And now the world war is over and soldiers, sailors and airmen and their feminine "opposite numbers" are being returned to civil life with a speed which one might call indecent were it not for the fact that most of those being "demobbed" are anxious to

change their uniforms for the more comfortable if less glamorous clothing of the civilian, mostly in shades of green if the tailors can be believed!

"Welcome the coming; speed the parting guest" is certainly being lived up to by the Air Force, especially the latter portion, even as the former enjoinder was obeyed in earlier years of the war.

To those who are returned to civvie street, we wish all good fortune, and good hunting both for jobs and homes or for a successful continuance of a war-interrupted education.

To those who are remaining perforce, with the rear-guard, those necessary types who have to "clear up the mess," we can only say "God bless you. Be patient for your derby approacheth nearer daily."

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# OUR SPORTS DAY

The sun smiled its gladdest, Hirohito grinned his saddest, and 10,000 people observed the end of the war at Sea Island on August 15. The day, that had long been planned as a giant sports day, turned into a victory celebration second to none in the Province.

Long before the scheduled opening hour the first of the 750 visiting cars had found their places on the parking grounds. The canopied grandstand was already filled with every hospital patient who by virtue either of health or persuasion could manage to wangle permission to get there. The Commanding Officer's box was graced with the presence of Air Vice-Marshal Heakes, Air Officer Commanding. And the bleachers were crowded with the rest of us and our friends.

Prayers of thanksgiving for victory were offered by Padres F/L Maika and F/L Faris before G/C St. Pierre, Commanding Officer, declared the day officially open and the full program of sports got under way.

Prize seeking was definitely the order of the day but it was not confined to the field of recognized athletics.

While the more energetic sought honor and reward at the tracks the more mercenary minded sought reward only, at the treasure hunt booths which formed the midway. That the hunt was not always fruitless is amply proven by the story of the senior NCO who allegedly cleaned up \$220 and the satisfaction of breaking the bank at one of the "found-money" tables. The break was merely a temporary one, however, and the game continued. Just how much of the original \$220 was included in its final loot has never been ascertained.

Even the tiny toddlers were in a gambling mood. Under the supervision and through the connivance of Flt/O Dunn they dug for their treasure in a sand pile and usually they parted with it immediately at the "races." Three ponies were on hand offering their services at ten cents a ride.

WAC Band was present too in full force and extraordinarily fine form. They obtained an attentive hearing and much applause despite the opposing discords of a bustled lady, a bewiskered



S/O MacDonald winning the High Jump with 4 feet, 5 inches. S/L Moran in the background with F/L Meika, judging.

villain, and a third musician who seemed to have lost most of his outer garments in the games of chance.

A six-hooked NCO and a regulation dressed clown wandered about, too, to test the legality of all the entertainment and even took a turn or two at the high jump just to be sure it wasn't asking too much of the regular contestants.

Towards the end of the program F/O Pue was given a chance to display the superiority of his eating ability over that of four other officers. As a reward for gobbling six soda biscuits in record time—and whistling—he was provided with an enticing chaser the sight of which sent many of the crowd off to the canteen forthwith.

A dummy husband stood up well under a barrage of rolling pins from the hands of would-be Maggies and the prize in that contest was carried off by Mrs. McLeay, wife of one of the station's own corporals.

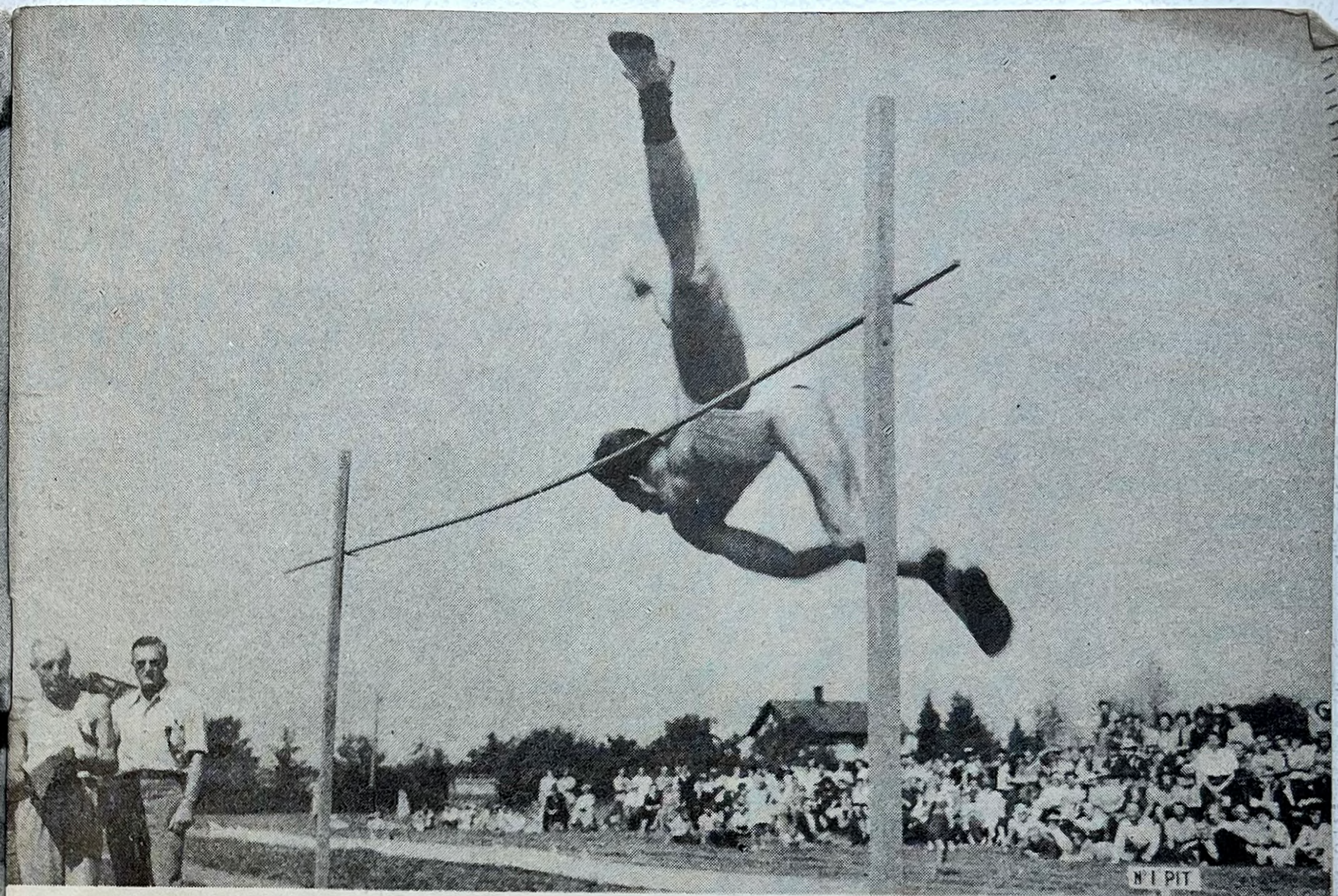
At the end of the sports program 2500 persons repaired to the airmen's mess to sample air force food and to comment enviously upon the lack of nothing.

The midway took advantage of the lull to move itself—booth, ball, and bouncer—to No. 165 hangar, where it

prepared to form a side attraction to the grand dance which completed the celebrations.

There it suffered only a temporary set-back while the Commanding Officer drew one single ticket from a barrel containing 5,000. He declared Mrs. G. Dixon of Kerrisdale the winner of the 12 bouquets, the smell of which had pried 20 cents from many a hopeful soul during the previous two weeks. It was FI/L MacRae who during that time and in that particular field had never ceased to work, advertise, cajole, tempt—and collect—a grand take of \$1000 towards the building of a snack bar. Mrs. Dixon was not on hand to receive her prize, but there was a noticeable thinning out of the crowd as volunteers came forward to offer their delivery services.

Another scarce commodity in the form of Nylons went to Natalie Shandreau and Margie Lilge, both of whom with their partners, Nick Anthony and Al Bailey, respectively, carried off the prizes for the best performance of that particular type of modern acrobatics which seems the best proof yet that Darwin had something there. The judges, Tim and Irene, professional jivers from downtown, then showed how the really hot could wiggle,



LAC Olafson of 22 SRD winning the men's High Jump with 5 foot, 10 inches in a spectacular manner.

and were wildly applauded for their demonstration.

The floor show was rounded out by a smooth performance of roller skating ballet by skaters Florence Chapman, Jeanette Rennie, and the team of Shirley Webber and George Thompson.

The floor show, like the dance and the sports events, was given the added attraction of a truly five-star emceeing performance by Len Chapple, who with unwearying enthusiasm kept up a steady stream of fresh and engaging patter that held the day together from the opening gun to the national anthem.

Credit for the success of the day in general goes to the various supervisors and especially to the following members of the sports committee: F/O Brown, WO1 Mathie, Don Magee, F/S Price, F/S Kitchen and F/S Rooke, all of whom were working unremittingly on the field for a full week before and for two days after the big celebration.

### ADANAC RIA RAMBLINGS

We're still at the same old stand—and we don't want you to forget us during September, because as long as you're around, we'll be having our special programme of events.

### YOU DON'T WANT TO MISS:—

Our Fall formal which we are romantically calling a "Shine On Harvest Moon" party.

NOR . . . our corn-husking dance (that's only the theme, you won't have to really skin them!) around the latter part of the month.

AND THEN . . . there is always our games night complete with surprise packages and a few rounds of bingo . . . which we know you must be expert at since the "Wings of Victory" display!

Of course, refreshments are the order for the above splashy parties, and they promise to be extra "refreshing." If you can't make any ONE of the parties . . . you'll know the dates by the "Y" calendar . . . try just dropping in and relaxing with a book, a gal, or the juke box. We have luscious Dinah singing "Along the Navajo Trail" . . . Bing and his "Just say that I'm a Friend of Yours," and more and MORE!

We want to keep on counting you out at Sea Island amongst our special friends, so don't make it too long between visits. And if one minute you're an R.C.A.F. lad, and the next an Ex . . . well come along anyhow, because Adanac House wants you too!



Flight-Lieutenant O. S. Sostad has an educational chat with Sergeant E. G. Jensen.

#### **FLIGHT LIEUTENANT O. S. SOSTAD**

In 1943, AC2 Sostad's ambition was to become a flight lieutenant. In 1945 F/L Sostad lumps together his airforce philosophy of today and his hopes for tomorrow in this one statement which he utters with vehemence:

"As a teacher in Vancouver I taught from 8.45 to 3.05 every day, had a 48 every week-end and three months' furlough every year. That is the objective of my post-war planning.

He is not so anxious to return to this dream existence, though, as to pass up a chance of going to Germany with the army of occupation, but he is a bit doubtful if that hope will come to fruition.

F/L Sostad's airforce career, like his civilian life, could never be described as run-of-the-mill.

He was refused a commission with the intelligence branch in 1943 so he joined up as a potential radio mechanic. He completed his basic training at Edmonton; but his radio course at Saskatoon came to a premature end. During the next three weeks, as a C.T. at Toronto Manning, he became familiar with the intricacies of messing with emphasis on clean dishes and clean floors.

The promise of Flight sergeantcy and "A" grouping lured him away from that and into the trade of clerk educational (testing) with the Aircrew Trades and Selection Board. He got two hooks and "B" grouping. Though his third hook came shortly afterwards he never did get

the crown. Instead he was commissioned in August of '43 and as a protesting PO was sent back to the prairies.

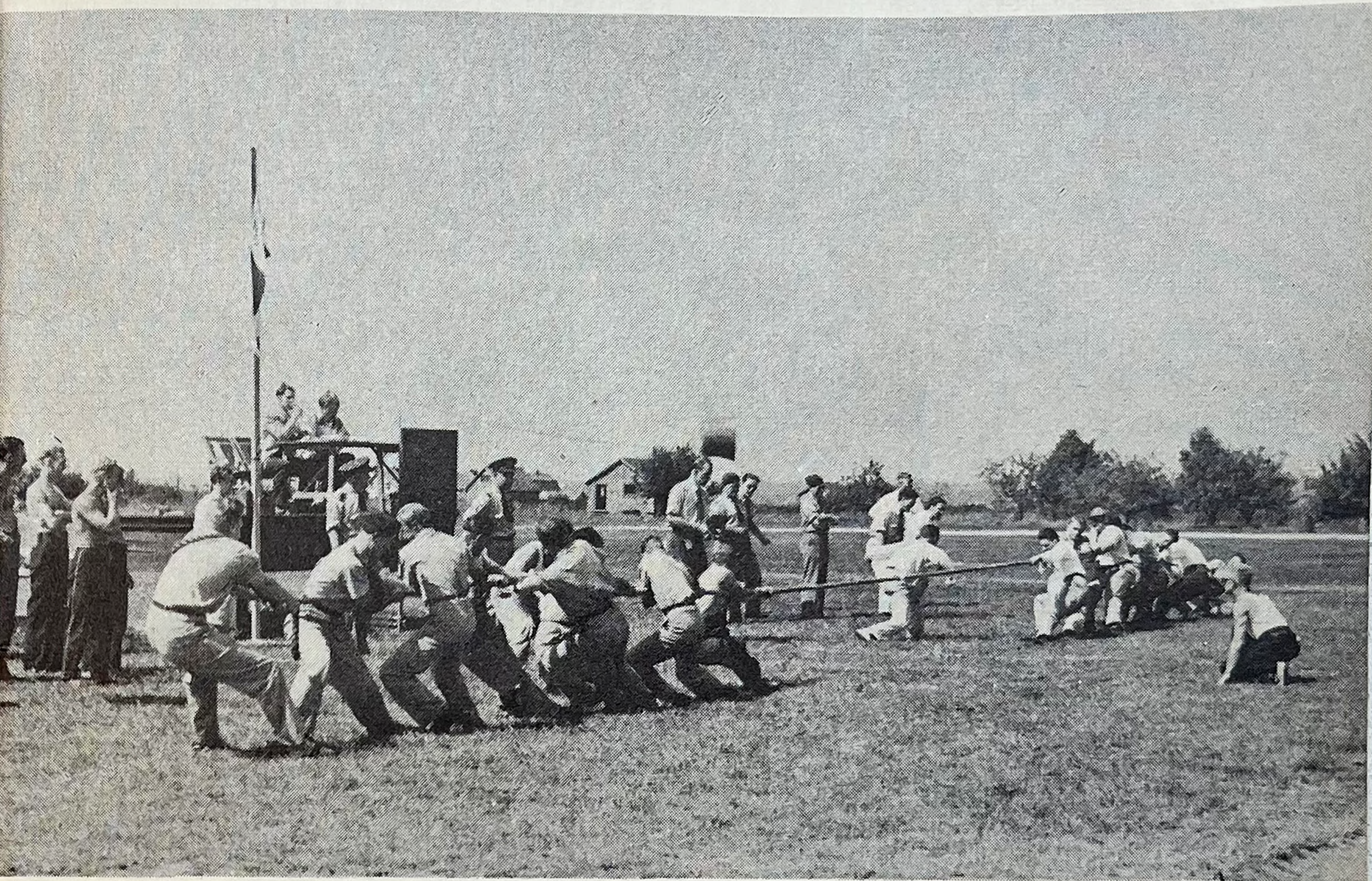
At MacDonald he teamed up with F/S Kitchen for a short time. Then followed ten months at Dafoe and in mid 1944 a posting to Sea Island, which has been more or less permanent except for four months at Coal Harbor. It was while there that he was awarded his flight lieutenancy, three years and eight days after enlistment.

Though listed as an Educational Officer, his "joe jobs" have been many and varied and at present he is deeply involved in a programme of vocational training on the Station.

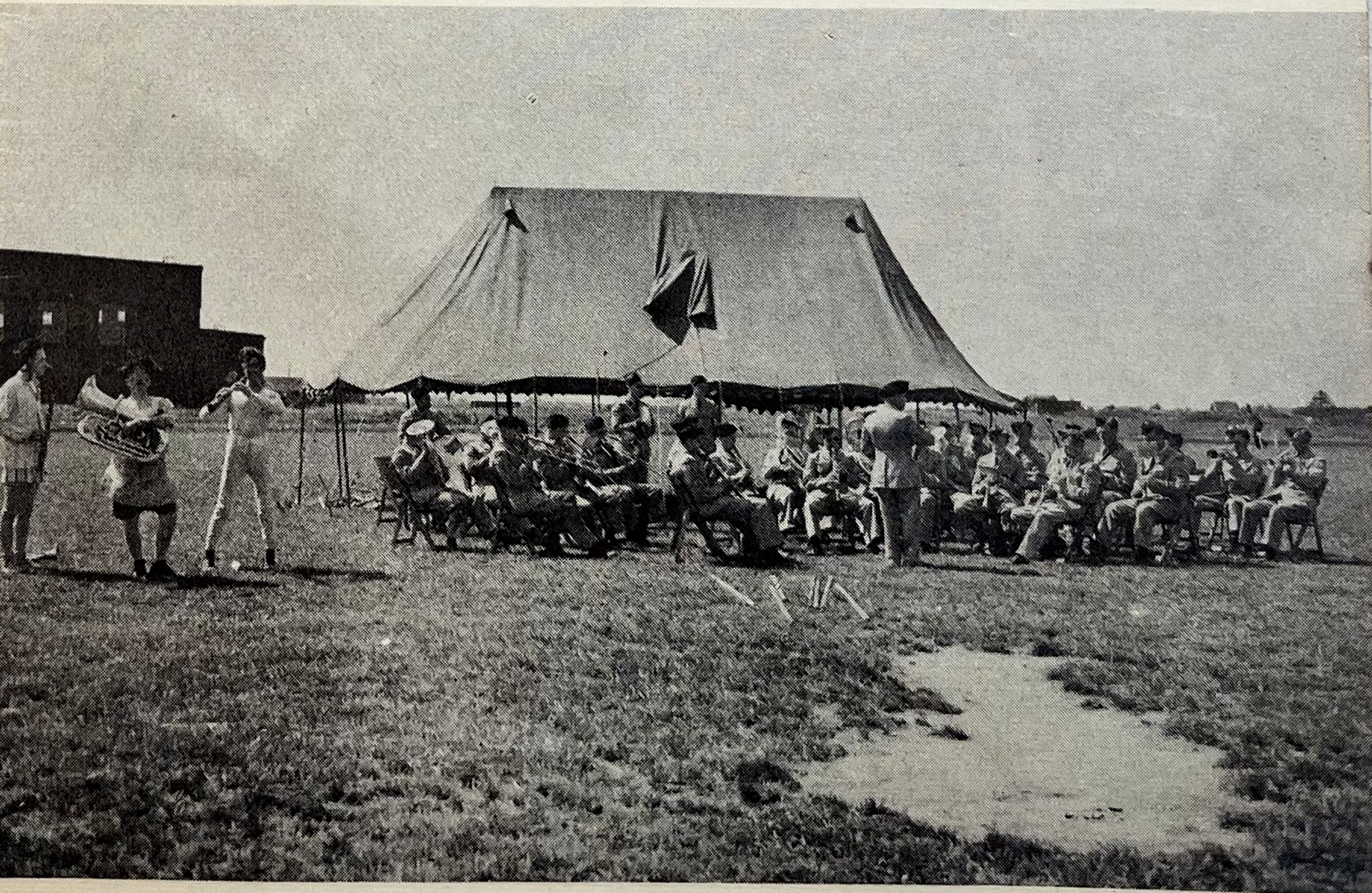
The civilian life to which he looks forward with such fervour seems in the past to have been more glamorous than tranquil. Graduating from the U.B.C., he took post-graduate work at Universities in Geneva, France, Mexico and Chicago, and learned to converse in seven languages in addition to English.

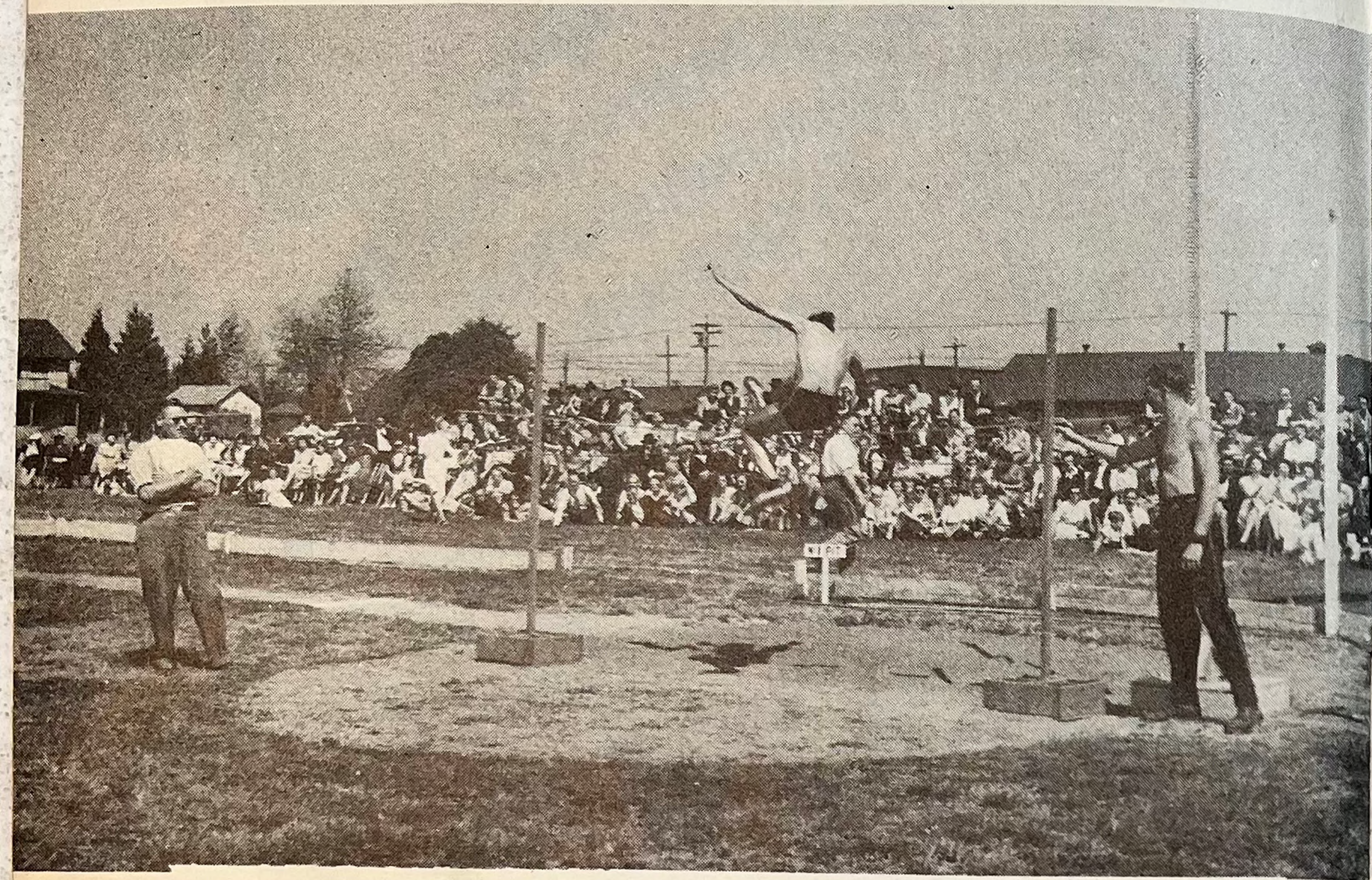
He has been to Europe four times, covered the North American Continent from Mexico to Dawson City whilst being a full-time teacher of French at Creston, B.C., and later at King Edward High in Vancouver, where he was in charge of the drama groups as well as being an active pusher of the fine arts in school and out.

Hobbies? Travel (you might have guessed that!), reading and "the lush in life."



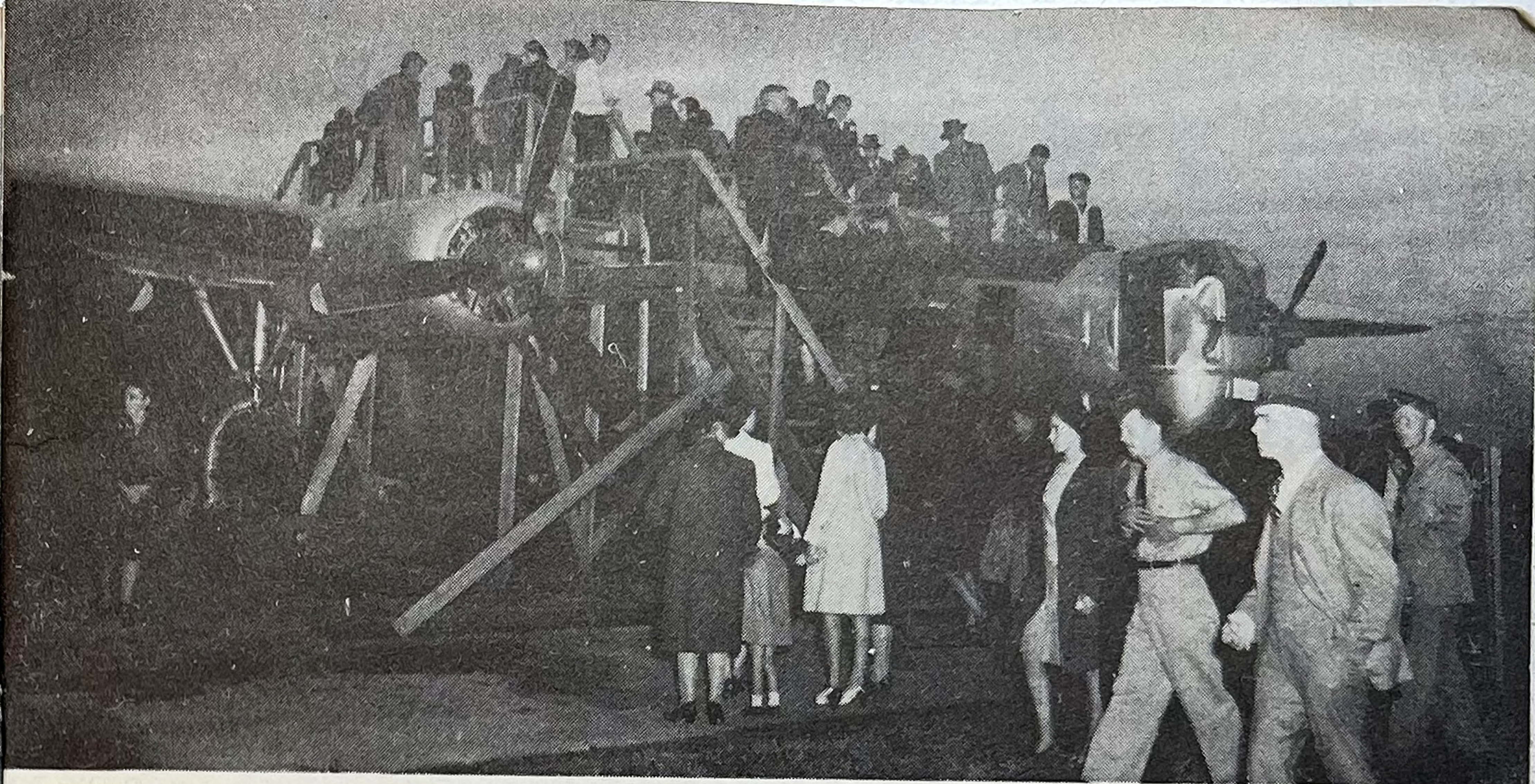
Tug-of-War. 165 Squadron versus 22 S.R.D.  
The W.A.C. Band which played "straight" and the Comedy Trio  
which played "crooked".





Some of the 10,000 Spectators who visited the Station on Sports Day.





"They climbed in and out, under and over and all around" the aircraft. The airman in the right foreground appears to be in pain from answering so many questions.

# WE CONDUCT A TOUR

By Alfie Scopp

The Station is having a "WINGS OF VICTORY" Show and we Joes are going to take part in it. Before it starts, we're going to get it ready, and when it's over, we're going to clean up the mess.

Just like as usual, we set the stage and the High Priced Help take the bows. Ah me—'twas ever thus!

No one is quite sure what the Show is all about but it seems that the "Brass" think the people would be interested in seeing what the RCAF has developed since the War started.

Well, let me tell you that what I've developed is a great big pain in regard to all Air Shows and besides I figure it would save a lot of time and trouble and give the civvies a better idea of our sacrifices if they just let 'em eat in our Mess, but that's not for me to say—or is it? Anyway I've said it.

The first we hear of the display is when our Flight Sergeant lines us up against a wall and says: "All those who don't want to volunteer, take one step back."

Well, the wall holds firm and the Flight says: "Good—I knew you'd all want to help." So in rapid succession I become a carpenter, a decorator, a painter and annoyed (the last named the most often!).

Finally I wind up as a tour director, which means I am to take groups of

people around and explain the types of planes that are on display.

Well, the Show lasts from Friday to Tuesday and by the time Tuesday comes around I'm more than a little beat. For three nights I've been asked the dizziest questions imaginable about the planes; I'm thoroughly brownd off with wings of victory shows and if I never see a kite again it'll still be too soon.

I guess my face shows my feelings, 'cause next thing I hear is a nice voice with a kinda laugh in it, sayin', "Cheer up—it can't be as bad as all that!"

I look up and, brother, it isn't bad at all, for standing before me is the sweetest little chick I ever hope to see.

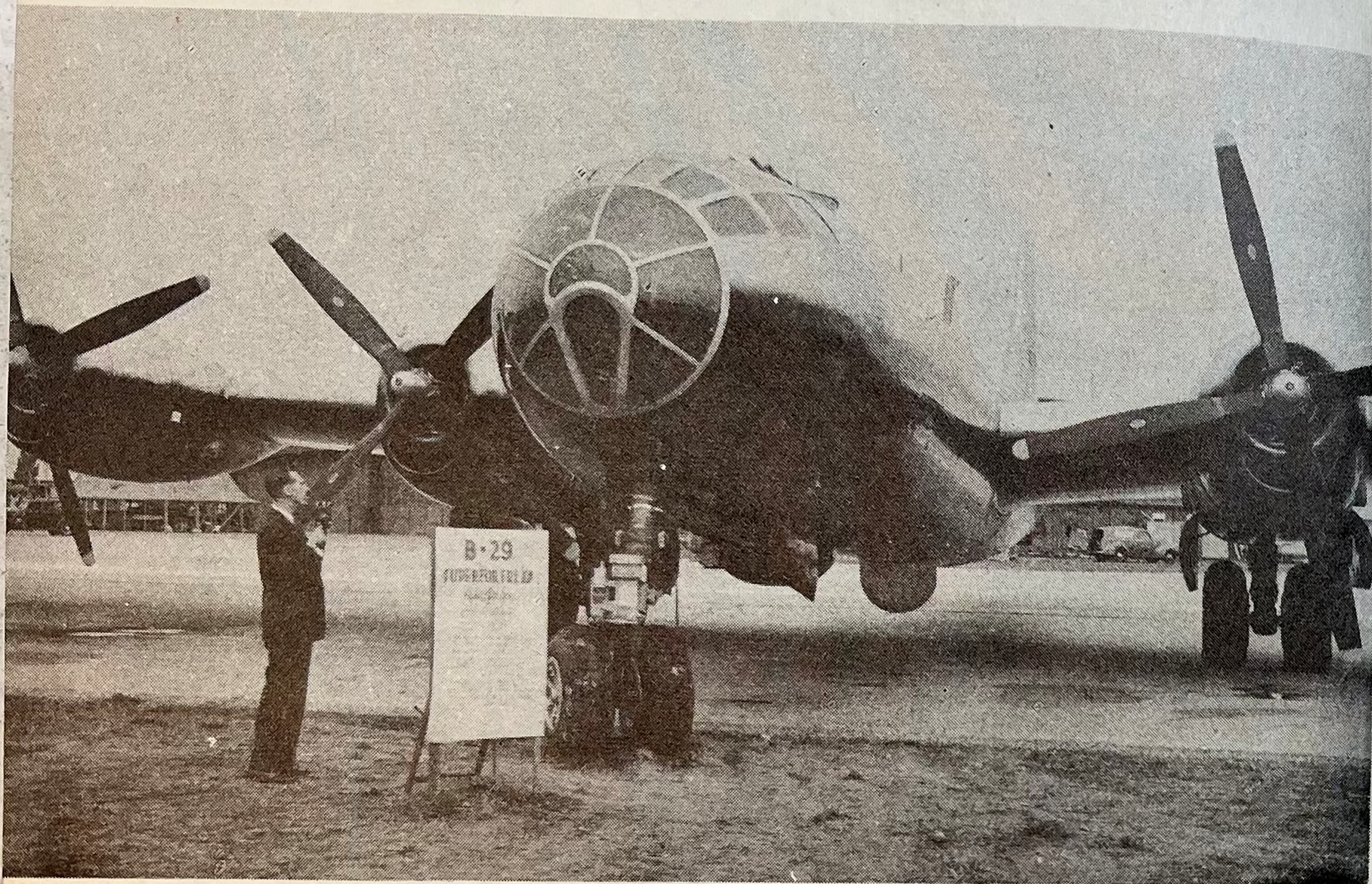
She's got the sorta face my dreams have been trying to look like and a figure that makes me think—never mind what I think—all I can say is that what I'd like about her is my arms.

I still haven't answered so she continues: "Aren't you going to take us on the tour?"

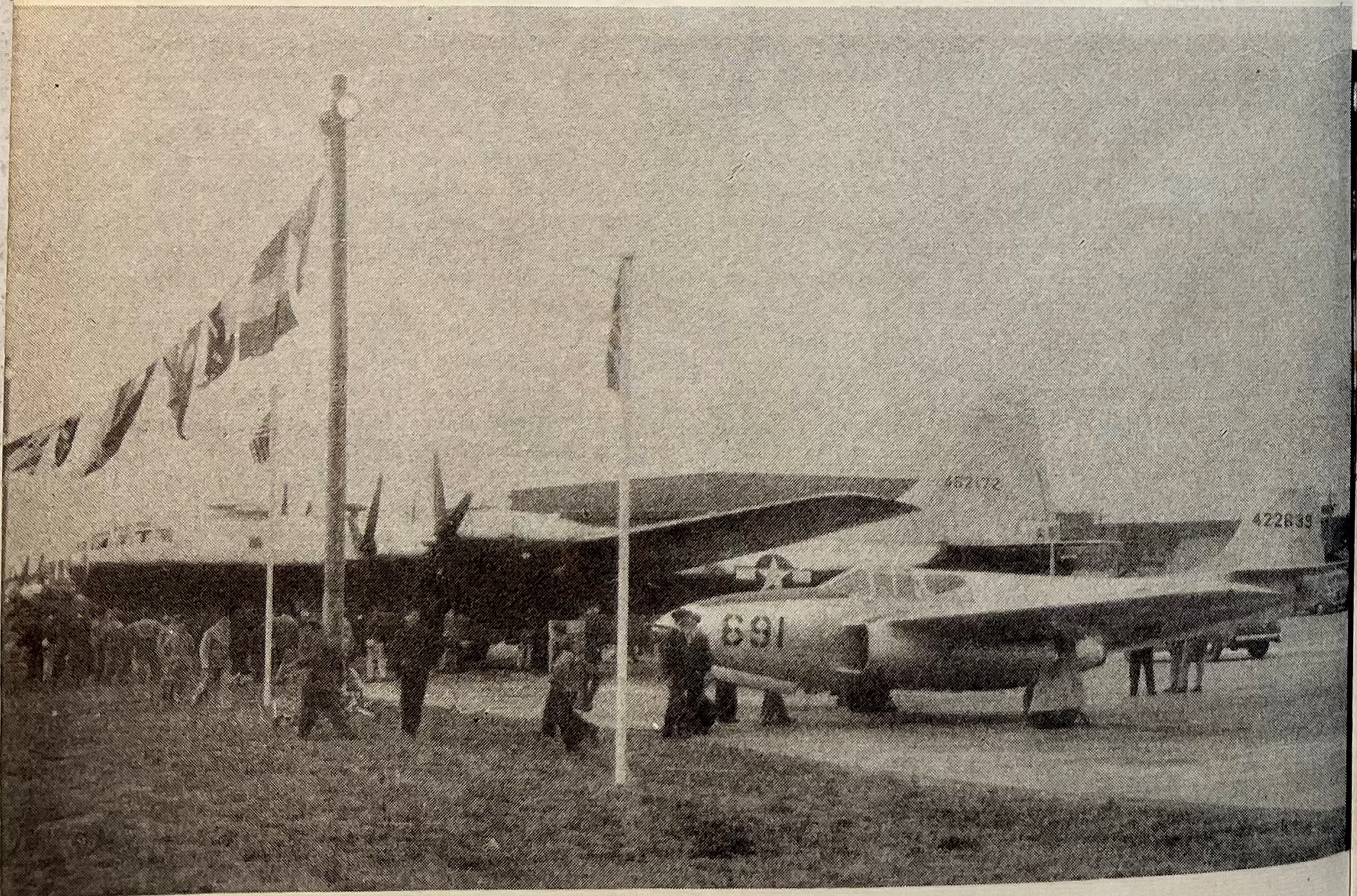
I wonder at the reason for the "us" and then I see she's got a kid about nine years old by her side. "My brother," she explains.

Well, I come out of my daze long enough to get the rest of the group together and we're off on the tour.

The first ship we come to is the "Mosquito" and right away Funny One starts



Two of the big attractions on display. Above is a view of the giant "B-29" Super-Fortress, and below is the new U.S. "Jet-job" as this propeller-less aircraft is popularly called.



asking questions and I give him a couple fast answers and feel quite good, as I see the chick has got that "My! Isn't he clever!" look in her eyes, so I figure I'll make with a few more facts, but before I can go on with the spiel, there's an interruption. It's the kid brother and he pipes up like this: "Oh yes; it's a Mosquito all right, Twin-motored Packard-Rolls-Royce engines, fighter or fighter-bomber also reconnaissance all-wood construction whadyer think the dihedral of its wings are?"

Naturally I don't like the kid getting into my act so I ignore the question and suggest we go on to the Lancaster. This is a fine ship and I've been around them quite some while so I'm all set to give the folks the inside info on the kite.

"This," I tell them, "is the Lancaster Bomber."

"Anyone," pipes up the kid with a wise-guy smirk all over his kisser, "would know that if they can read the sign there."

I'm getting more than a little mad at the brat but I tell myself I'm doing this for widows and orphans and busted crapshooters so I must be nice. The chick helps me along, giving me a real sweet smile and sayin', "You'll have to forgive Johnny; he's such a precocious youngster."

Well, I can't say it out loud but my eyes tell her: "Sister, smile at me like that and I can forgive Johnny anything—almost."

Then I turn to the crowd and go on with the details, or rather I should say, start to go on, 'cause I no sooner get started than Mister Big takes over and runs through the Lanc as tho' he's done a tour of Ops in them.

This same sort of thing goes on all along the line and the genius takes over every ship we come to. I'm just about ready to blow my top and let him know it but he just lets my sarcasm and veiled threats roll off his back.

Finally I make him a sporting offer; I bet he's not fast enough to stick his neck in and out of a moving prop, but this proposition he just ignores and continues with his chatter.

When we come to the B.29 Super Fortress, I wait for a second to let the crowd get an idea of just how huge the ship is, then I get into the routine. I talk for about four minutes, giving them the gen on its range, size, bomb load, motors, wing span, armament, construction and such-like stuff although I'm expecting The Brain to interrupt at any moment.

But he just stands there, thinking deep.

"And so," I finish big; "here before you is the result of years of research and the product of millions of dollars in expenditure."

I see the crowd is very impressed, so I give the kid the benefit of the best of my superior smiles and ask: "Any questions?"

The kid looks thoughtful and then comes out with this:

"What I can't figure out is what's the idea of the Guv'ment spending all their millions developing a ship to carry the biggest bombs and then spend more millions developing an atom bomb that a training plane can carry?"

As these words of wisdom fell from the lips of Funny Body, someone chirps up: "How clever for one so young!" And then his sister turns to me and remarks: "Johnny is so very clever, you know."

I say: "Yes, anyone can see he's got brains," but I neglect to say I'd love to see 'em scattered over the tarmac.

The last ship to see is the Liberator but before we get to it I stop the tour before a bit of my own handiwork. It's a little mock-up of a plane that I made out of wire and paper and covered with funny sayings and queer gadgets. It's really good for a laugh and is attracting quite a bit of attention. I tell the crowd of my part in it and my dream chick exclaims: "Oh! What a fine inspiration!"

"Honey," I answer, thinking back to the two weeks of work it took to get it ready, "it was ten-per-cent inspiration and ninety-per-cent perspiration."

This gets a nice response from the crowd and I'm feeling quite sharp when the Genius chirps up again: "That was good," he comments, "but no better than when I read it in Readers' Digest!"

Then he turns to the mock-up. "Oh look—it's paper!" he says and plants his cute little fist through it.

Well, at that, I'm ready to commit murder but I count up to ten and decide to wait for a better time.

We continue on to the Lib. and I get the crowd around me and answer their questions. I notice the brat's not around and when I hear a noise in the tail of the ship, I figure he's up to no good. I leave the crowd and climb through the bomb bay and look into the tail half. Sure enough it's the kid all right. He's got the emergency door open and he's bending over looking at the ground a full three feet below him. No doubt he's imagining he's somewhere up in the sky getting ready for a jump.

Well, ready or not, he jumps. He's bending down making a perfect target and the way I'm mad at him it's too much for my self-control. My right foot travels sure and fast, getting him right where he sits, and he shoots out the emergency exit and lands howling on the tarmac below.

At the same moment my foot's in action I yell: "Johnny! Look out!" and then bang the emergency door shut so that the people outside will think the door fell on him and pushed him out.

Mebbe I should feel bad about doing this to a kid but as a matter of fact I feel wonderful. I turn to get out and all of a sudden I don't feel so good 'cause standing there looking at me is the chick.

"I saw it all," she said quiet-like.

I look away, feeling terrible. "Joe," I say to myself, "you're a failure. Here was a chance to meet the one and only girl in your life and you muffed it because you let a kid get your goat." I'm really deep down in the dumps when I feel a hand on my sleeve. I look up and the dream is smiling at me and talking to me like this: "You know," she remarks, "I've been waiting for the longest time for someone to do that to that brat of a brother of mine!" Well, I just stand there looking at her and she's smiling right back at me and I forget the crowd and Johnny's howling down there and all I can think of is that it's a wonderful successful Wings of Victory display.

A section of the interested crowd around the aero engine exhibits in the hangar.



When Junior asked his parents about life they told him they had planted a seed and he grew from it. That night Junior put a watermelon seed under the rug. The next morning he lifted up the rug and there was a big black cockroach. Junior addressed the cockroach sternly: "You're very lucky. If you weren't my son, I'd squash you."

A girl who slaps her sweetheart may not want to hurt his feelings as much as she wants to stop them.

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That's why girls' minds are so much cleaner than men's—they change them so often.

## FLIGHT SERGEANT E. E. KITCHEN

One of the most untiring members of the Sergeants' Mess, our Educational Flight Sergeant "Kitch" has been on this unit for 15 months. In that time, he has seen a complete change-over from the slack days in the Rec. Hall through the bustle of last year's Night School enrolments, the formation of the Hobby Group on the unit, Trade Improvement, Group Discussion fights—and now discharges. But he is himself discharged—so he'll miss most of that.

Kitch comes from Winnipeg—the University wanted him to take over the chicken farm there this spring—where he went to the University of Manitoba. He joined up in 1941 as Security Guard and helped the Education Officer at Dartmouth and remustered to Air Crew, but was a medical washout from Jarvis. Then he remustered to Clerk Education and was posted to Macdonald, Manitoba, No. 3 B. & G. Stayed there a year and after temporary duty in Winnipeg, came to W.A.C. and Sea Island.

Kitch's leaving will leave a big hole in the station for those who know him and who have worked with him—the Sergeants' Mess and the Education Office.

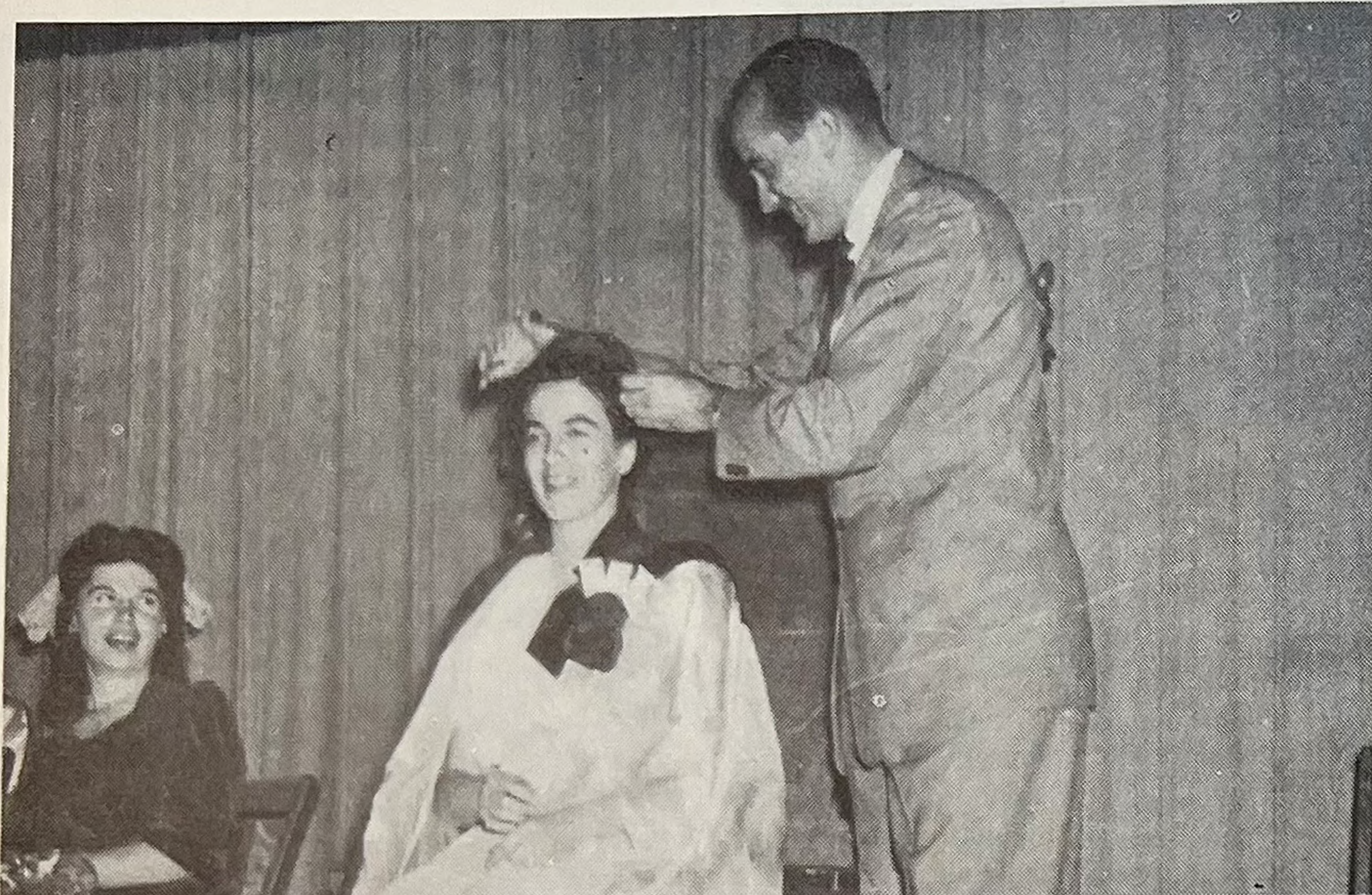
Good luck, Kitch! and thanks for your fine job of work on this unit for the R.C.A.F.



Flight Sergeant E. E. Kitchen seems to be enjoying a telephone chat. Note the halo!

F/O Aro presides over a "game of skill" on the midway.





Movie Star Lee Bowman crowns Miss Cornett as Carnival Queen.

**No. 22 SUB-REPAIR DEPOT**  
 (. . . the 8 R. C. Branch)

"Happy Days are Here Again" insofar as personnel other than clerks are concerned. . . . The flower of Discharge suddenly burst into bloom the other day and the "ticket" finger swerved to point to "who, me?" and so the rush to civvie street has begun with a vengeance. . . . Jerks (whoops, I mean clerks) hereabouts are bustling to and fro getting in each other's way in a vain attempt to intercept and satisfy the quiz fiends, with possibly a sneer here, a guffaw there or a mumbled curse some other place. . . . Co-operation, tho', is hitting a new high and the recipients of discharges are sent away with the usual slap on the back, and words of good cheer, then the poor hard-working clerk sweats back to scan with anticipation and optimism the latest discharge quota. . . . Meanwhile the propagandists and rumor-mongers are "going to town" with resonant voice. . . .

To add bags to the eyes, lead to the feet, or a straw to the camel's back, the already depleted staff of the O.R. is taking a beating too. . . . LAC "Ed" Seminiuk, Sgt. J. H. Saville, F/S (Red for short) McCallion, and F/O (Acting Adj.) Firth have all become candidates for civvie street and have left or are leaving at this writing to take advantage of their clothing allowance. . . . "GOOD LUCK, Fellas" and we hope it won't be long till we join you in the realm of cuffed trousers, polka-dot ties and the housing shortage.

A ray of sunshine split the veil of wishful thinking the other day, though,

for one W.D. Corporal. . . . She now supports on her ring finger a huge, sparkling stone (complete with ring) and the devitrified look has left her eyes. "CONGRATULATIONS, CORPORAL CUMMINS!!! and we all join in wishing you the BEST OF EVERYTHING. . . . Speaking of matrimony, etc., the writer took in a wedding the other night and when the time was ripe for kissing the bride in question, I boldly stepped forward and lamely planted the yum-yum on the gal's lips. . . . As one guy (a hospital assistant, no less) said, after the modus operandi . . . "The operation was a success but the patient cried. . . ." (Corny, eh?)

One Flight Looie returned from leave up north a couple of weeks ago. . . . What- Squeamish at Squamish??? . . . (Squamish, that's where the buildings stand up and from the right, number . . .) Great place, the north. . . . We wonder how the tunnel-building concern with the object of connecting Vancouver with Squamish and the PGE (standing for Pretty Good Effort) is coming along, as the roads available are famous for rattling teeth, cars and sweater gals (mostly squaws). . . .

That seems to be the latest from this epicentre of industry, so until next month . . . "HAPPY DISCHARGES" . . . and we'll leave you with the following bunk picked up from an enthusiastic dischargée . . . "She was only a lumberman's daughter, but her legs were oke . . ." (oke, get it? . . . hum-n).

## BROWSING ABOUT THE LIBRARY

By Corporal G. F. Johnson

Eighty-nine new books have been added to the library since the last edition of the C-Ylander hit the stands. The majority of them are best-seller fiction but there is as well a goodly number of the more educational variety on such diverse subjects as to interest almost everybody.

For instance we have five new books of home plans, two vocational guidance studies, and a new and exhaustive volume on plastics. There is the philosophy of Lin Yutang and there are the letters of Alexander Woollcott, a political exposition by M. J. Coldwell, leader of Canada's C.C.F., and the brilliant satire on politics in general by Bernard Shaw.

There is a biography of Jan Smuts, Mathematics for the Million, People and Policies of Latin America, Art Metalwork and a discussion of consumer economics, books on Badminton, Tennis, Table Tennis and Basketball, postwar plans of the United Nations, lessons in the life of Lord Vansittart and "Marriage Is a Serious Business."

On the distaff side are two cook books, a book on housekeeping made easy, books outlining business opportunities for women after the war, the history of

nursing, aeroplane hostessing, the life of a female private Hargrove and two volumes on how to be more beautiful. Superfluous of course but quite authentic, we gather, since one of them is written by no less glamorous a personage than Joan Bennett herself.

And that isn't all. We can hold up the New York Times list of best sellers and proudly shout "We have them." Here they are: Pride's Way, Purple Heart Valley, A. Woollcott, his Life and World, The Happy Time, That Girl from Memphis, Wine of San Lorenzo. Black Boy, Desert Island Decameron, Pleasant Valley, Liana, Ask No Quarter, Sex Marriage and Birth Control, The Wide House, Immortal Wife, The Ballad and the Source, The Upstart.

That is only the beginning. Other titles new and not-so-new-but-hardy, cover the whole field from Maxim Gorki to Tiffany Thayer and H. Allen Smith. It is worth your while to look them over.

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During an excursion into the best seller "The Wide House" we made the acquaintance of Taylor Caldwell, this month. We learned among other things that she is a woman and a beautiful woman, too, who wields a pen as bold and forceful as the most manly of males;

The Commanding Officer welcomes the Visitors.



that reviewers are describing her as having arrived at the top rung amongst American novelists; and that she can create the most vicious characters that ever bombed their determined ways through the lives of everyone else. We were so impressed with "The Wide House" that we immediately dug up three other of her works, "Dynasty of Death," "Arm and the Darkness" and "The Eagles Gather," and were disappointed in none.

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The recent death of Franz Werfel brings again to the fore his two most recent novels, "Song of Bernadette," which was made into such a successful picture, and "Embezzled Heaven," which

provided Ethel Barrymore with a not-so-successful play last season on Broadway. The book is considerably better than the play apparently, for it is standing up well under the test of time. Both these novels are in the library.

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And a reminder that we still have one of the best technical libraries on any Air Force Station. With discharges flying about like split atoms, and just as elusive to some of us, it seems a good time to brush up on the work to which we expect to return. There are few trades about which we haven't at least one technical volume. You are invited to investigate.

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### **FLIGHT LIEUTENANT W. V. WALMSLEY**

Flight Lieutenant Walmsley came to Sea Island as Station Adjutant a couple of months ago from Coal Harbour and his competence and cheerful good nature quickly made an enviable place for him here.

He came to Canada from England, where he received his education at Bolton Grammar School, in 1922, and prior to 1938, when he was Secretary of the Aero Club of B.C., which trained P.O.Os for short Service Commissions with the R.A.F., he had been Accountant and Credit Manager for Vancouver and Regina business houses.

In 1940 F/L Walmsley was Assistant Manager of No. 8 E.F.T.S. at Sea Island and acted in a similar capacity with No. 18 E.F.T.S. at Boundary Bay.

In May, 1942, he joined the R.C.A.F. and became Assistant Admin. Officer at that same Station, being subsequently posted to Ucluelet as Adjutant and then as Adjutant to the Aircraft Assessment Board at W.A.C., H.Q.

Thence he was posted to Coal Harbour and eventually to this Station, where either as a civilian or as an Air Force officer he has had a great deal to do with aviation.



## AUGUST SPORTS

Our August 15th Field Day and Carnival, of course, overshadowed most of the sports events for the month. The Declaration of V-J Day the day before the meet was at first feared as an element that would have a disastrous effect on attendance, both competitors and spectators.

On the Wednesday following Tuesday's V-J Day, however, it turned out that we had one of the most successful Sports Days in the history of the Station. A swell day, a swell crowd, and swell competition in practically every event on the programme.

Photographs showing some of the winners and competitors are shown elsewhere in this issue.

August also saw the defeat of the Sea Island Fastball Team to W.A.C. Team in the Inter-Service Finals. It wrote finis, however, to a grand team of fellows who had battled their way to the top from the very bottom, and during the actual playing of the final game four of the players

had their discharge and clearance papers tucked away in their pockets; although cleared and headed for home and civvies, they had stayed behind to finish off the ball season as a team.

This team spirit was mainly due to the Sports morale lifting and coaching efforts of F/L Maika, who took over the coaching job of the team when they were really on the bottom step.

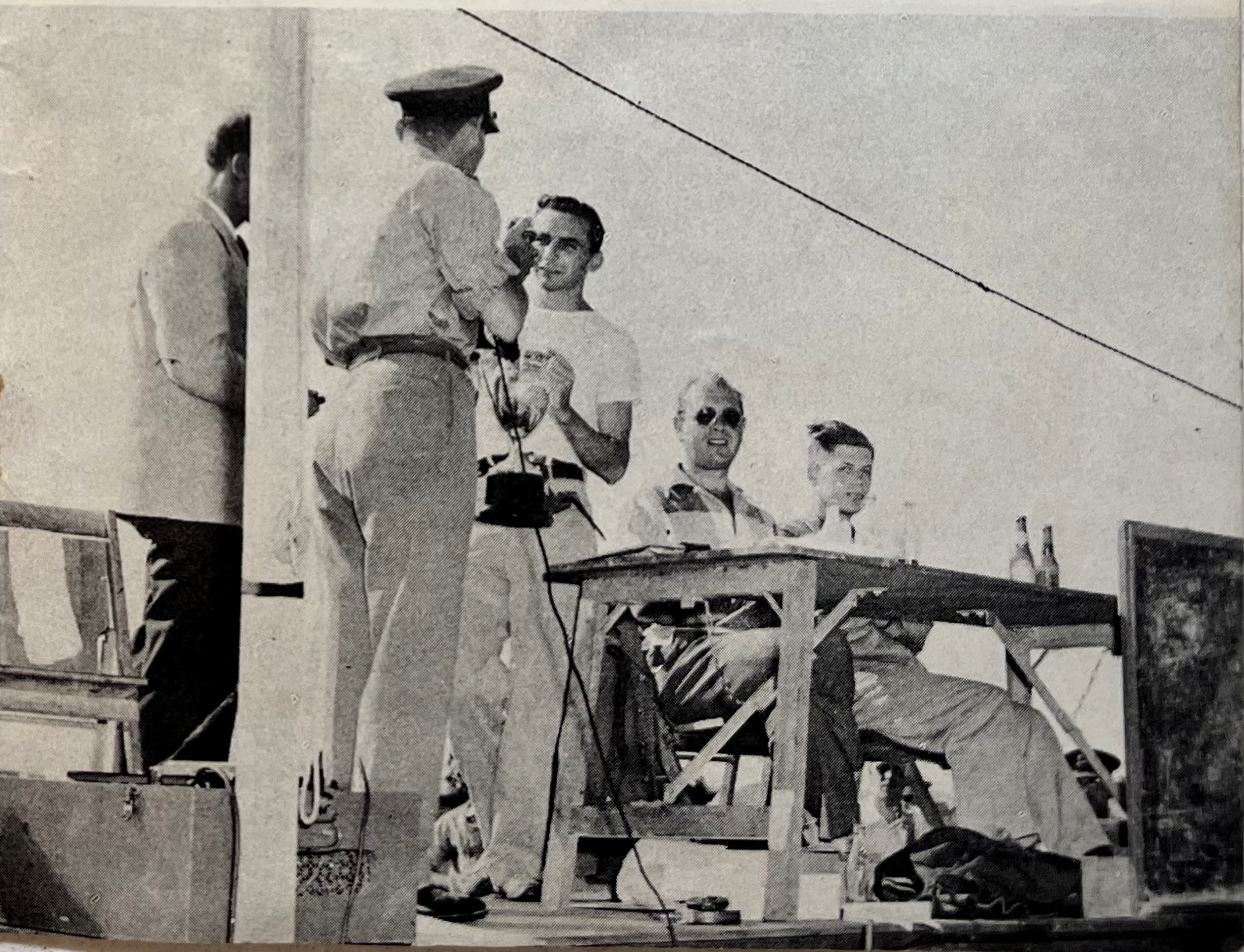
Mike, as he was familiarly named, deserves a lot of credit and the heartfelt thanks of all station fans for the job he did with our Sea Island Ball Team.

## INTER SECTION FASTBALL

After a start at the beginning of the season, with a league of nine teams, a heavy schedule of Inter Section Ball was maintained, but due to postings, discharges, and other movements, the League finished in July with three teams in the running. In the Finals of August the 165 Air Transport Laddies defeated the Motor Transport Boys two games out of a three-game series, thereby winning the Inter-Section Championship.

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Sergeant Sutherland of 22 S.R.D. being presented with the Squadron Grand Aggregate Cup from the Commanding Officer, Group Captain J. M. W. St. Pierre. Sergeant Sutherland also won the Individual High Aggregate Prize.



# Gardening Notes—

By "Horticulturist"

Sea Island has always been justly proud of its gardens and this year they have been possibly more beautiful than ever.

In early May, Flight Lieut. Metford, who is an enthusiastic gardener, volunteered to take over the beautification of the Station grounds, and through his connections with the Vancouver Parks Board obtained, through their generosity, several thousand bedding plants, which were carefully set out to best advantage.

These were augmented by seedlings raised in a small nursery plot behind the Officers' quarters and by other seedlings grown in flats in the Station greenhouse during the early Spring.

Corporal George Crone painstakingly and enthusiastically filled the role of Head Gardener and the experience he gained in Agricultural College has been of great benefit in enhancing the appearance of the Grounds.

Sergeant Renouf of the Service Police was greatly responsible for the floral displays opposite the Guard House, and his loss on posting to Boundary Bay has been felt though others have continued the good work.

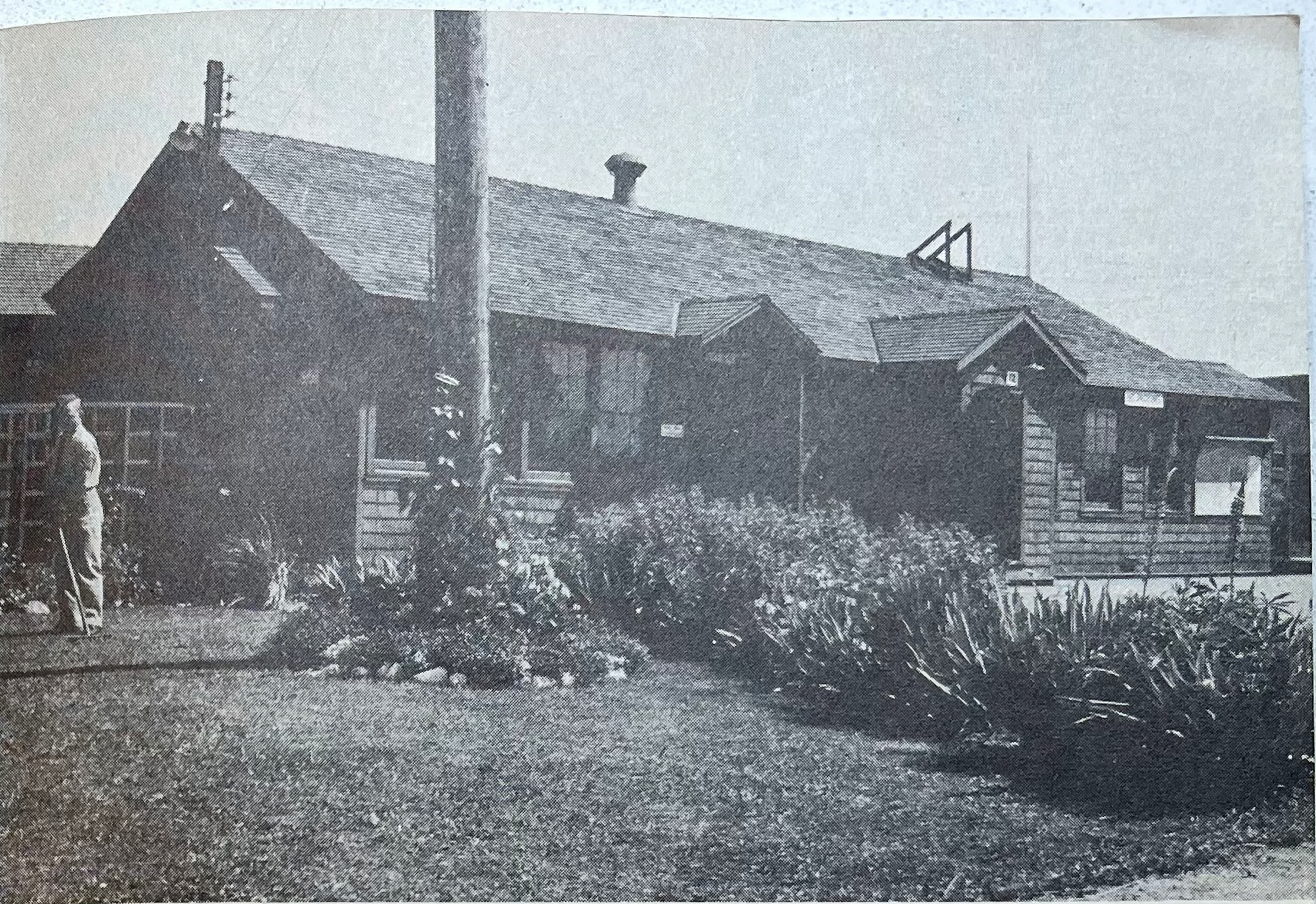
F/L Sid Lane has taken a great interest in the flower beds and bird bath outside the "Works 'n' Brix" Establishment, which has basked in the reflected glory of a myriad assorted blooms for the past several months.

Keeping the lawns cut to a reasonable length has been a difficult matter and it is largely due to F/Sgt. Montgomery, the S.W.O., that sufficient help has been made available for this undesired chore.

All in all, with the shortage of help due to recurrent postings and discharges, the results obtained have been very good indeed, especially in a soil so heavy and lacking in humus as ours.

Corporal Crone inspects pentstemons in front of the Administration Building.





THE GUARD HOUSE GARDEN

### DRIPS FROM THE DARKROOM SINK

In between jobs, leaves, shots for the "C-Ylander," we tried to find time to scribble a note.

"The Old Order Changeth"—The Photo personnel on this station change nearly as often as a fellow changes his shirt.

The "End Men" of our Group photo have left. Jock Fraser to the South Pacific; Norm Barron to his home town in Ontario. Norm is a civilian again. When he left he took with him Mrs. Norm Barron, who became such on July 28.

We shall miss both Jack and Norm very much, and we wish them a great deal of success in their adventures.

Our newest arrival, Harold Smith, came from Toronto, via various stations across Canada. As we don't know him very well yet, for reference we suggest Shakespeare's "Macbeth," Act I, Scene II, approximately line 8, Macbeth speaks.

"What Bloody man is this?"

We have many queries about photography. Here are the most common.

1. Where can I get 120 (or any other size) film?

A. Frankly, we don't know. Just keep shopping around.

2. What is the best film to use?

A. All standard films are good. Our choices are, but not necessarily in this order: Ansco Superpan Supreme, Ansco Finopan, Ansco Plenachrome; Eastman's Super XX, Plus-X, Verichrome; Selo H.P. 3, Selochrome.

3. Why doesn't my camera take as good pictures as Joe's?

A. "My" camera may be a \$1.50 Box camera while "Joe's" may have cost \$15.00 or more—you get what you pay for.

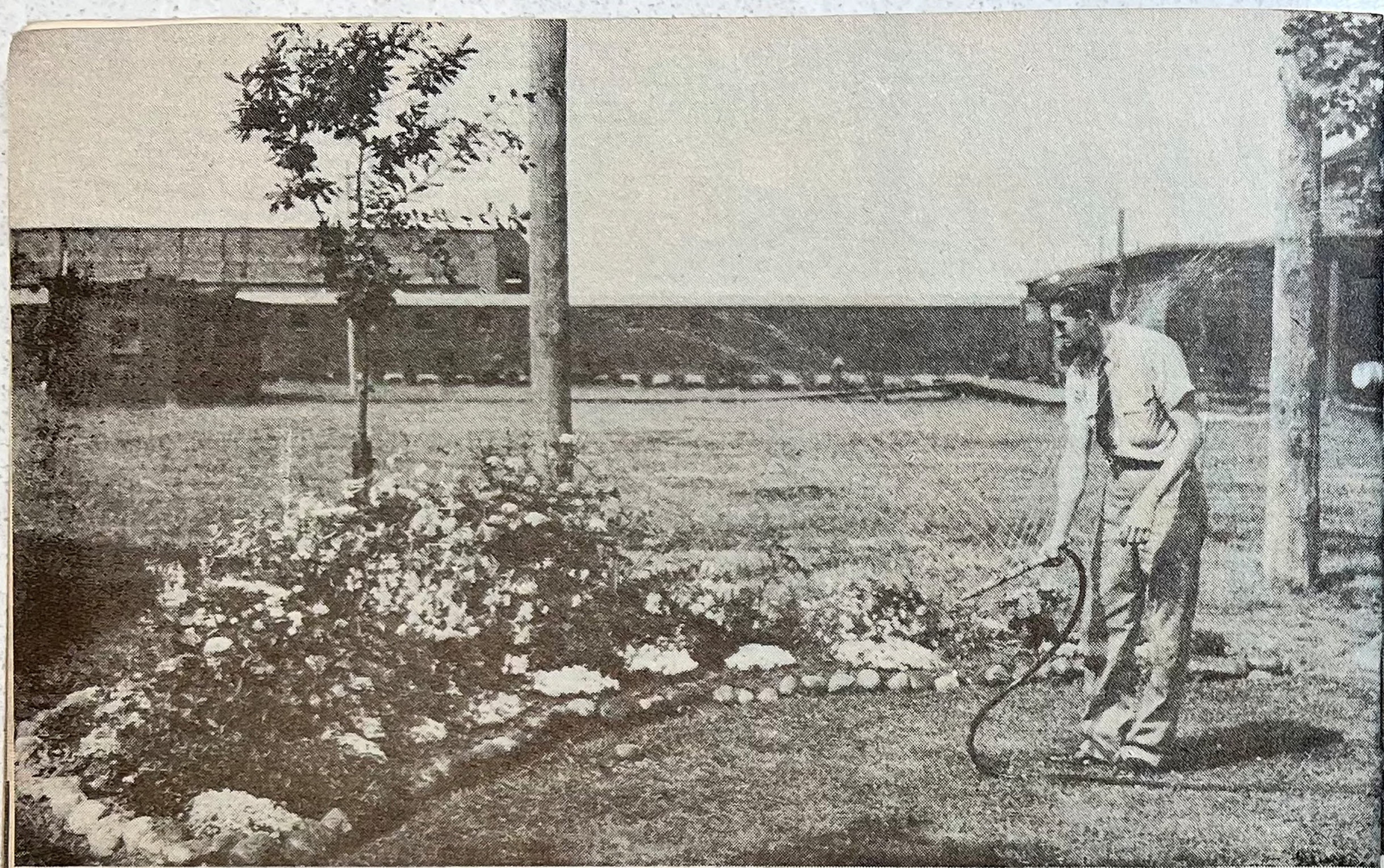
Also Joe may have taken time out to read up a bit on picture taking.

Try "Photography for Beginners" or "How to Make Good Pictures," both published by Eastman Kodak, and cost less than a dollar each.

4. Can you develop film and make enlargements for me?

A. Sorry, A.F.R.O., Command Instructions, and Station Standing Orders all say that we may not do amateur finishing.

Bring your photographic problems to us, we may be able to help you.



A FLOWER BED NEAR THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING  
LAC Gray does a sprinkling job.

## EVOLUTION THROUGH REVOLUTION

By F/L (Padre) D. K. Faris

From Imperial corruption to revolution; chaotic civil war to further revolution; more internal strife followed by ruthless invasion, is the devastating military Chinese picture for the past thirty-five years.

The political picture corresponds. A ruthless despotism was followed by an impotent so-called republic. This period of political tutelage, inaugurated by Dr. Sun Yat Sen, was handicapped by the hatreds, suspicions and ruthless ambitions of the war lords. They disappeared under a new upsurge of nationalism headed by a benevolent dictatorship looking towards full political independence of the people at the close of the war. During the war a heightened flare-up of National renaissance brought new life to the Nation.

And the economic picture? An intensely growing poverty in the last 200 years has taken a needless toll of 240,000,000 lives in the past 30 years. Every square mile of arable land has 1500 persons. The average for alcoholic expenditures per person in Canada is 50% more than the entire income of the Chinese farmer for the year. This poorer-than-Spartan existence has been greatly aggravated by the hardships of invasion. We luxuriated in a wartime boom where the

average Canadian made more in five days than a Chinese did in a year! China with over 40 times the population of Canada has one-fifth of the coal, a fraction of the iron and, in other more important natural resources, fewer undeveloped ones than ours.

What happened during her fourteen years of total war? Huge masses of population have been uprooted. Tens of millions have died of famine. Malnutrition and almost complete lack of medical supplies have seriously sapped the physical strength of the nation. She has suffered a 90% breakdown of her modern transportation. Bewildering disillusionment in her top ranking student leadership class has been prevalent. Constant suspicion and fear of civil war shook her military leaders. Almost complete disruption of industry and foreign trade followed by a 100,000% inflation with gold at \$175,000.00 an ounce has paralyzed her economy.

What Western nation could have taken it? How did China? Her intense flaming nationalism, born in the second revolution in 1927, nourished a nationwide program of reform. This was fanned into white heat at the call to resistance in 1937. But war took its terrific toll of leaders, industries, universities with its attending disillusionments. Although the flame has burned low for the last two



One of the "half-moons" bordering a lawn.

years it has refused to be quenched. A pride of race built over 4000 years of brilliant civilization makes every Chinese conscious of his inborn superiority over his enemy. China, with a genius for friendship, a deep desire for peace and a sense of her place of leadership in the Orient, resisted with a patience and courage beyond our Western impatient imagination. Filled with this strong spiritual sense of her contribution to world civilization and a desire to survive, she resisted fanatically.

And the future? Chiang Kai Shek and his charming lady still remain the strong figures of modern China. A section of a vicious maligning press is given the lie in an article in "Time" a few weeks ago. Madame is almost well again and will soon rejoin her husband. He has recently maintained that major Chinese differences can be liquidated by political means. Recent treaties between Russia and Central Government, increasing pressure from the United States and the revived prestige of U.S. and Great Britain through the use of atomic energy all point to compromise. This is the road Chinese mentality is admirably trained and suited to travel. Her present political set-up is inadequate, but developing. But she has a system of state control of her public utilities and other state controls combined with a measure of free enterprise that shows a keen appreciation of present world trends. Despite her present chaotic economic crisis, her future

would seem to be a moderate industrialization. Her limited known natural resources preclude more. Her greatest asset remains in her land. With improved agriculture, river conservation, reforestation and a moderate industrialization her per capita income can conceivably increase 500%.

**Our Place.** First we must have a just appreciation of the terrific sacrifices made by a country so ill prepared and yet forced to fight for such a long time. We need to spend a little time and thought seeking to understand the Chinese approach to life, her emphasis on "face," her long struggle for national emancipation, her mental, moral and spiritual heritage which offers such a rich contribution to us and the world. Her philosophical and moral code make her a peace pillar in the world. She needs our science. Men with experience in our modern development can bring food, that most urgent necessity of life in this needy nation, by helping them to help themselves. We Canadians, with our wealth of research in agriculture and forestry, have much to give. It's a job for governments. Men, funds and goods are needed. These would build up a Chinese economy making her an enormous world market instead of a starving liability. We must learn to share the world or we dare the world. The latter means atomic annihilation. Can we afford it? Let us pay the price for friendship that we paid for enmity. The interest on the investment will be one thousandfold and more.



The first wedding to take place on this Station was solemnized on Thursday, the 30th August, by F/L Gilbert, between Sergeant Ranahan and Miss Marge McInnis.

The pretty ceremony took place in the Sergeants' Mess and our photograph was taken at the moment when the groom placed the ring on the bride's finger.

From left to right they are: F/L Gilbert, the officiating clergyman; Sergeant Parker, the best man; Sergeant Ranahan, the groom; The Bride; Miss Jenette McDougall and Miss Hope McInnis, the two bridesmaids.

Before proceeding on their honeymoon, the newly wedded pair were hospitably entertained in the Mess.

The Staff of the "C-YLANDER" wish the happy couple the best of everything in a long and prosperous life together.

### MARRIAGES

The following marriages have been solemnized since publication of our last issue and we wish the happy couples everything they could possibly wish for themselves down the coming years:

- ACT J. C. Shields to Miss Grace Isabel Swift at Penticton, B.C., 10th August.
- LAC R. A. Rouselle to Miss Mary Clara Estelle Lewis at Renfrew, Ont., 2nd August.
- LAC J. E. Hanna to Miss Dorothy Madeline Pirie at Niagara Falls, Ont., 18th July.
- LAC L. L. Hammond to Miss Ethel Doreen Anderson, 4th August.
- Sergeant T. K. H. Wong to Miss Juney Kam Sem Lim on 26th July.
- Sergeant C. W. Timm to Miss Elva Velora Altwasser at Yellow Grass, Sask., on 27th July.
- Corporal E. R. E. Hagglund to Miss Helen Mary Ann Sochowski at Vancouver, B.C., 14th July.
- LAC H. W. E. Edmundson to Miss Blanche Leone Tremblay at Vancouver, B.C., on 16th July.
- Sergeant Ranahan to Miss Jenette McDougall at Sea Island, B.C., on 30th August.

### BIRTHS

We offer our hearty congratulations and best wishes to the following on the arrival of  
 —a daughter, Darlene Marie, to LAC and Mrs. W. S. Fisher at Trail, B.C., on 25th July.

- a son, Richard Arnold, to LAC and Mrs. P. A. Strickland at Vancouver, B.C., on 18th August.
- a daughter, Darlene June, to Corporal and Mrs. M. H. Hendrickson at Wetaskiwin, Alta., on 26th May.
- a daughter, Maureen Daphne, to Sergeant and Mrs. J. H. Shaw at New Westminster, B.C., on 16th August.
- a son, George Allan, to F/O and Mrs. W. J. Bailey at Vancouver, B.C., on 7th August.
- a son, Robert Wayne, to F/O and Mrs. R. Duncan at Vancouver, B.C., on 25th July.
- a son, Richard Alexander, to Corporal and Mrs. A. G. McClellan at Vancouver, B.C., on 15th August.
- a daughter, JoAnn Marie, to LAC and Mrs. G. C. Palmer at Vancouver, B.C., on 21st July.
- a son, Kenneth George, to Corporal and Mrs. M. W. McMillan at Vancouver, B.C., on 16th July.
- a daughter, Dianne Lynn, to Corporal and Mrs. J. W. Merrett at Vancouver, B.C., on 30th July.
- a son, David Livingstone, to F/S and Mrs. E. C. Drake at Vancouver, B.C., on 23rd July.
- a son, Richard Alexander, to Corporal and Mrs. E. Simmond, at Vancouver, B.C., on 21st July.
- a daughter, Marilyn Jean, to Corporal and Mrs. T. E. Manifold, at Vancouver, B.C., on 19th July.
- a daughter, Donna Margaret, to Sergeant and Mrs. J. H. Bishop at Vancouver, B.C., on 18th July.
- a daughter, Shirley Irene, to LAC and Mrs. J. H. Culley, at Vancouver, B.C., on 5th June.
- a daughter, Wendy Patricia, to Sergeant and Mrs. J. W. Woods at Calgary, Alta., on 14th April.

The visitors gather in the Airmen's Mess for supper.





"OH! — You Airmen! . . . You are all alike — I s'pose this was just an accident!"

*Walt Disney*  
27/10/43

# Y.M.C.A.



"GOOD-BYE DON."

With the closing month of August we see another change in the Station "Y" Office. Don McGee, popular Supervisor of Sea Island Y.M.C.A. activities, has been transferred to the city offices of the "Y" Area Services as assistant to Mr. Allan Hurst, the Area Services Secretary.

Don, during the past four years, has been right in there pitching for the lads on R.C.A.F. Stations at Bella Bella, Courtena, Comox and Sea Island.

At a minute's notice, he was always able to dig up for Station entertainment anything from a deck of cards, or a piano, to a black-face comedian, and during his stay here with us has made a host of friends. Goodbye and Good Luck, Don. You'll get along.

"HELLO, SID."

Sid Cook, Y.M.C.A. Supervisor from Pat Bay, steps into the Station "Y" Office. He steps into the job at what is probably a difficult time, what with discharges and the host of other entertain-

ment and recreational activities we have experienced just recently.

His first view of the Rec Hall from the outside started Sid wondering how many he could seat for the showing of his movies; his second thought on entering the Rec Hall was how in heck he was going to get through the Hall and to his office. Due to the influx of Army and Air Force personnel workers for the Wings of Victory Show, the Rec Hall had become, overnight, a Barrack Room jammed to the doors with double decker beds.

Sid is a man of experience, however, and after serving at Coal Harbour, Cape Scott, Port Hardy, R.A.F. No. 3 O.T.U. and, later both camps at Pat Bay, we know that Sid will be right in there pitching too, and by the time this article is on the press the usual Y.M.C.A. Programme will be in full swing despite recent set-backs.

Welcome, Sid, we think you will like it here.

Little Gordon Miller of 435 East 63rd St., Vancouver, tries out twin-machine guns. No, he didn't fire all those empties, though he would have liked to. (Note the gun-muzzle flashes.)



## TOS SEA ISLAND

Somehow or other we expected a sort of paradise.

To begin with, Sea Island is an appealing name to a mind at all imaginative, and ours had become highly developed along that line recently with so many discharge possibilities floating about.

Sea Island. It could call up any picture from a coral atoll complete with grass skirts and the hula hula, to an anchored iceberg with no company but seals and polar bear. It could even be a station with a moat for a fence and its only drawbridge a Liberator.

It could mean anything, but usually we let our expectations stop with a picture of mountains in the distance and fresh breezes at hand, flowers all around and a general atmosphere of informality, happiness and content.

As for the informality, we deduced its existence chiefly from the groans of envy as Sea Island alumni signed the necessary clearance papers. "Sea Island", they moaned with one accord and in a voice that could have been no more wistful had the paper read No. 4 Release Centre. "Sea Island. You're not just lucky. You're privileged."

And so prepared, we arrived at the 1945 equivalent of the Promised Land. We scarcely expected to find the regulation fence until we realized that of

course barbed wire might be necessary to keep out the uninvited. Otherwise this paradise would be over-populated with angels in khaki drill.

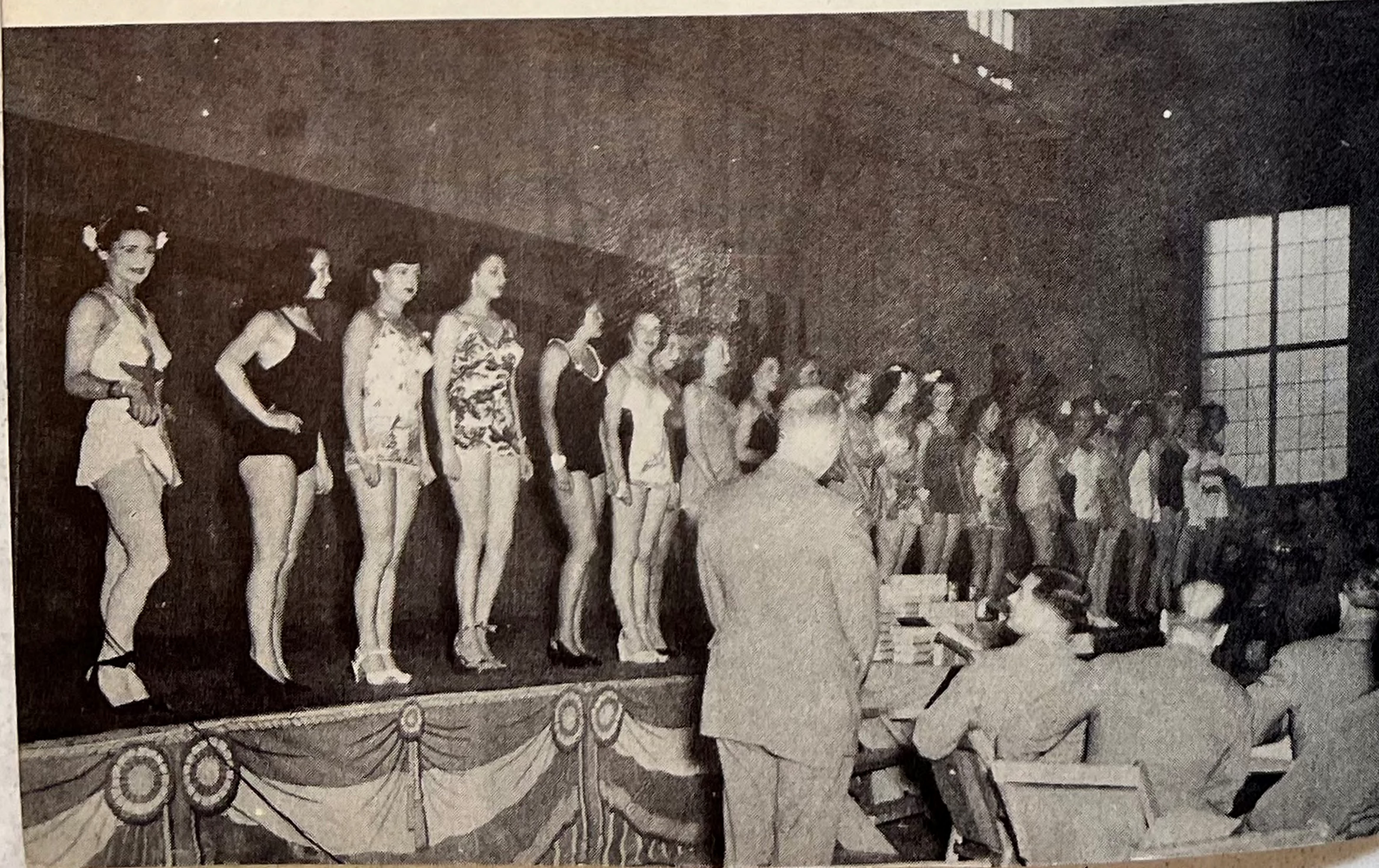
But it seemed routine nonetheless. We had hoped for clearer evidence of freedom.

Highly familiar, too, was the reporting-in slip. But after nine stations which covered a combined clearance field of ninety miles, the compactness of our own little circle counterbalanced any illusion-shattering effect of that routine. The heartiness with which the paper was signed quite met up with expectations anyhow—no surliness and much content. Content conditional, of course, upon the unavailability of release. But that was taken for granted from the first.

Actually the only distinctive features of this much-vaunted paradise were the mountains on the outside and the flowers on the inside and the fact that there was no red tape involved in enjoying them.

That is, almost no red tape. Our enjoyment of the beauties of the admin grounds came to a sudden halt with a shout of "Did you salute that officer?" A hackneyed question, to be sure, but it convinced us we were in a spirit world. Behind us walked an officer, and in the opposite direction, and we could have sworn we hadn't met a soul.

Competitors in the Bathing Beauty Contest. (It rained a little, so it was held in the hangar so they wouldn't get wet.)





Jitter-bugs—and very nice too.

But, spirit-populated or not, the number one rule of the joint certainly had an earthy sound. "No airman shall be so interested in the golden streets as to be oblivious to the approach of traffic cops" was the gist of what we heard at that point. What was heavenly about that?

We were inclined to look upon the whole thing with a complete absence of bitterness, however, when we got into the mess hall on the right side of the steam table. This was a bit of deviation from tradition.

From the minute we entered the door, the ordinary had begun to disappear. Long months of insipid food indifferently served in drab rooms and washed down only with the aid of some hybrid beverage had left its mark. Paradise or no paradise, we just naturally expected that eating in a mess would still be a disagreeable necessity indulged in and fled from as fast as possible. Meals and "noc's" were in the same class in our mind. We had no illusions concerning either one, here or elsewhere.

Howbeit in other ways, though, "here" evidently was not to be classed with "elsewhere" in the matter of meals when

"here" meant Sea Island. Serviettes, condiments, clean tables, window curtains, variety of food, tasty food, tastefully served food and, wonder of wonders, coffee that tasted like coffee. We glanced about uneasily lest in our ignorance we had got ourselves into the wrong room.

For the first time in our service life we dawdled over a meal and enjoyed the usual meal-time grousing, but the grumbling was all uttered with as much venom as a doting parent saying, "Junior just loves to hack up the piano with his tomahawk."

Who could grumble conscientiously in a mess-hall like that anyhow? The way to a man's heart is truly through his stomach and we saw it all now in a brighter light.

We remembered that we were within minutes of Canada's most beautiful city, and we discovered that unnecessary annoyances were really at a minimum and that opportunity for indulging in hobbies was at a maximum. We knew why the place abounded in congeniality.

One hundred per cent. of the alumni could not be wrong. Despite its earthly attributes, it is truly a privilege to be TOS at Sea Island.



The Beer Garden—above.  
And—below—what it looked like next morning!



F/O: Why so melancholy, George?

P/O: Marie rejected me last night.

F/O: Well, buck up, there are others.

P/O: Yes, of course, but somehow I can't help feeling sorry for the poor girl.

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Mary had a little swing,  
It wasn't hard to find;  
For everywhere that Mary went,  
The swing was just behind.

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## WINGS OF VICTORY

By L.S.M.

News is defined as something you haven't heard before—at least, that is one definition of it and it strikes this scribe as fairly accurate.

From that point of view, the fact that our "WINGS of VICTORY" days—all four of them—have come and gone, is not news. Nobody on this Station and few people in Vancouver and points North, South and East thereof, can fail to have seen the various exhibits and the midway and the games and the ponies and the kiddies' playground and all that goes to make a successful carnival.

Therefore, again from the same viewpoint, we do not intend to go into the matter very deeply. Suffice it to say that something like 130,000 people paid two bits to come in and that alone should bring in over \$30,000 for our Benevolent Fund coffers.

How much extra they paid for the various entertainments and midway attractions Heaven only knows and hasn't told this reporter, but we do know the objective was set at \$100,000—all the papers said so—and if we haven't bettered that very easily, everyone will be very surprised.

The 30,000 cars which entered the Station during the four days took quite a lot of anxious care in the matter of parking, but the Service Police did that

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A pinch of salt is vastly improved by dropping it into a glass of beer.

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There are people who are always anticipating trouble, and in this way they manage to enjoy many sorrows that never really happen to them.

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Poor kid! When he was two years old he lost his father and mother. What a crap game!

A patient, asked to give his name, replied, "Jones-Eddie."

"That's an unusual name," the nurse commented.

"That's only my Air Force name," he replied. "My real name is Eddie Jones."

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She: "I'm a Venus de Milo girl."

He: "Yeah, what's that?"

She: "Hands off."

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job in their usual efficient manner and there were very few complaints from motorists, except a few who had lost their tickets and couldn't remember which park they had used.

The pontoon bridge did a very useful job, too, and at times cars were crossing it at the rate of twenty a minute onto the Station.

Somebody said it was a Million Dollar Show and we quite agree. If any civilian firm had endeavoured to stage a show like ours, it would have cost them far more than that; even the labour cost would have been terrific.

One thing that struck this reporter in his wanderings about amongst empty coke bottles and discarded corn cobs (very slippery, too!) was the great good temper of everybody concerned in showing off our exhibits. No matter what dizzy questions were asked—and there were plenty—no matter how one got shoved around—and there was plenty of shoving around in many ways—tempers remained fairly normal, though a bit frayed towards the end, as is only natural. By and large, everybody on the Station pulled his or her weight, though concrete is awful hard on the feet towards the end of a 16-hour day, and did their very best to make the Carnival a success.

If the per capita take was as good as it was on our Sports Day on the 15th of August, the Benevolent Fund will be very well ahead indeed.

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A mint julep is a depth bomb with a southern accent.

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Civilian girl: "Airmen must be a happy lot — whenever you pass one, he's whistling."

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Visitor: "Boy, I'd like to see somebody with a little authority."

AC2: "What can I do for you? I've about as little authority as anybody."

"PICK UP YER DRESSIN'



Above is our artist's misconception of a Precision Squad. Below is the real thing. F/O W. R. Brown, who trained the Squad intensively for the "Wings of Victory" Show, is in the background.

Vancouverites, not usually noted for the spontaneity of their applause, greeted every appearance of the Squad with long and enthusiastic cheers.





The procession of Chinese with Allied Flags (above) precedes the presentation by Chinese actors of the "Lion Dance" (below).



