



Air Force Blanks U.S. Army 12-0 In First League Clash

HOLLINGER, MILLER STAR FOR RED-SWEATERED FLIERS, TALLYING FIVE

The Royal Canadian Air Force sextet got off to a flying start in the Inter-Service Hockey League when they shut-out the U.S. Army 12-0 in their initial game of the season at St. John's Arena, Feb. 4.

The flyers testing out the American defence in the early minutes of the game rapped in two quick tallies when Walker, flashy right winger, took the puck from the face-off, knifed through Morrelly and Wilcox on the American blue line and dented the twine for the first. The second was scored less than two minutes later by Miller, second line centre, on a pass from Hollinger.

The Americans then tightened their defences and held the Air Force for a scoreless ten minutes.

Breaking away from his defence at the thirteen minute mark, Goodice, 175 pound guard, intercepting the puck tore through the Pepperrell boys to make the score 3-0. Before the bell, ending the first period, Miller again from a scramble in front of the American net was able to get his stick on the puck to register the fourth and last goal for that stanza.

One penalty for high sticking was handed out to Kovich of the Pepperrell team in the first period.

The second period started out much like the first for the less experienced Yanks, with McKinnon of the Air Force banging in the fifth tally of the game in the opening minutes of play.

The Americans fought hard to keep the score from soaring at the hands of the fliers but their rate of climb remained at a constant speed. Bax-

ter, tricky centre, banged in his goal at the half-way mark from a scramble in front of the nets, and Larry Hollinger, playing coach of the Air Force team, added two more on passes from Miller and Pelyk before the bell.

No penalties were handed out to either side during this frame.

The third and final stanza was a repetition of the first and second with Elliott counting two and Craig and Hollinger one each respectively. The score at the final bell rested at 12-0 for the jubilant airmen.

TEAMS

U.S. Army		R. C. A. F.
Baere	Goal	Richardson
Morelly	L.D.	Woolfrey
Wilcox	R.D.	Pelyk
Petus	Centre	Baxter
Bertnick	L.W.	Elliott
Kovich	R.W.	Walker

Subs—

U. S.—Tornstrom, Zivgus, Flynn, Jones, Doucett.

R.C.A.F.—Goodice, Lindsay, Cohen; Boyle, Duffy, McKinnon, Craig, Hollinger, Miller.

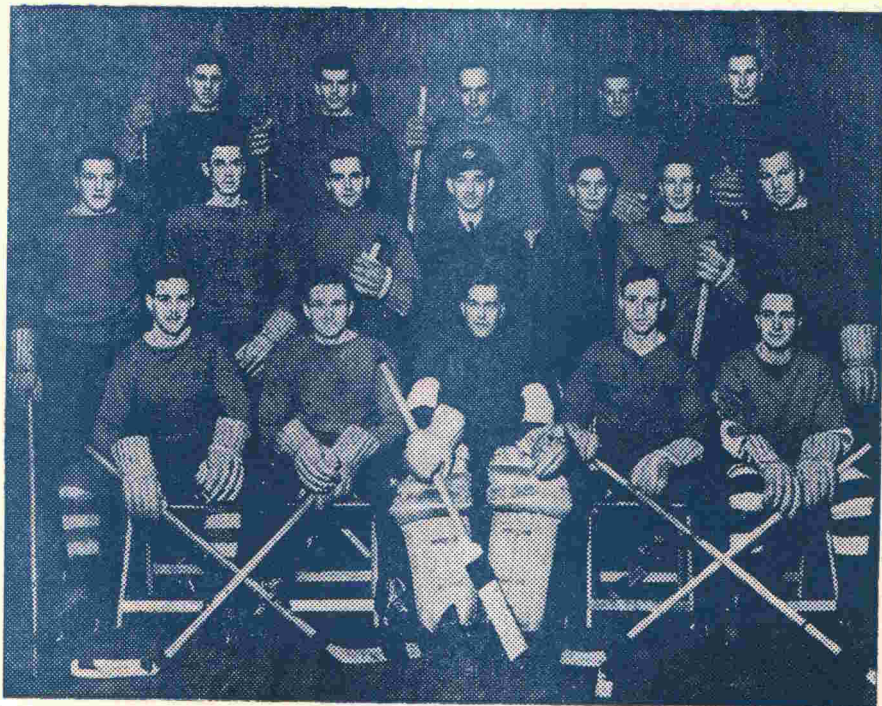
Summary—

First Period

1. R.C.A.F., Walker (Miller, Hollinger).
 2. R.C.A.F., Miller (Hollinger).
 3. R.C.A.F., Goodice (Boyle).
 4. R.C.A.F., Miller (unassisted).
- Penalties: Kovich.

Second Period

5. R.C.A.F., McKinnon (unassisted).
 6. R.C.A.F., Baxter (Walker).
 7. R.C.A.F., Hollinger (Miller).
 8. R.C.A.F., Hollinger (Miller, Pelyk).
- Penalties: None.
9. R.C.A.F., Elliott (Baxter).
 10. R.C.A.F., Hollinger (Craig, Pelyk).
 11. R.C.A.F., Craig (Miller, Hollinger).
 12. R.C.A.F., Elliott (Baxter).
- Penalties: None.



R.C.A.F. HOCKEY TEAM

"SLEEP, BLESSED SLEEP"

OR "THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE"

By E. W. DUNLOP

Sleep, blessed sleep, that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care. That is Shakespeare's word of the subject. Well, Shakespeare never slept in our barracks or he would get up in the morning to find that the sleeve would be entirely ravelled out and the rest of the sweater too.

Let us assume that you have had a couple of hard days or nights and decide to go to bed early. Little do you know the fiendish tortures that are to be inflicted on you. At 8.30 or so the barracks is quiet and deserted except for a few men quietly and sedately reading, writing letters and dozing on their bunks.

With a sigh of content you stretch out, and close your eyes. In a few minutes you discover that the light above your bunk shines in your eyes enough to disturb you. Turning over on the other side you discover that the one two bunks down does the same. After some earnest consideration you arise, clamber onto the top bunk, and unscrew the bulb, burning your fingers slightly on the hot bulb and narrowly escaping a fall to the floor.

Stretched out again, you settle down, but sleep does not seem to come easily. Little problems come to mind and you find that you are wide awake. At 10 when you are dozing off, a large group of men proceed through the barracks, apparently on horseback. Shortly afterwards a group fresh from the canteen gather in the hallway and sing old favorites loudly and out of tune. Presently they disperse, several entering your room. They heave greatcoats on top of you and settle down on surrounding bunks, vigorously expounding their views on various subjects. Occasionally they enquire if they are disturbing you and laugh uproariously at your lurid answers.

At 11 the graveyard shift begins to stir. They bustle around busily and finally leave after half an hour's intense activity that seems to involve moving pianos or other large objects around, slamming doors and talking in loud voices. The lights are turned off and the room becomes as quiet as the tomb except for men coming and going from the washroom. They

bump into your bunk, shine lights in your eyes and enquire if you are getting up at 6.30. They are not at all abashed by your discourteous and profane answers.

Shortly after 12 those who have been in town return. Several thousand of them tramp through again jostling your bed. A few more trips back and forth to the washroom and low voiced conversations not quite loud enough to hear, reduce you to a state of high nervous tension and you approach complete mental collapse. Grinding your teeth you mutter curses and think longingly of various forms of agonizing torture that you would like to inflict on your fellow man. Occasionally you voice your thoughts which are received with hearty laughter. About this time the five to twelve shift comes in full of noise and good humor. By then you have reached a state of martyred resignation. A believer in fresh air opens all the windows and turns off the heat. By 2 quiet has been restored except for a small minority who snore, grind their teeth or talk in their sleep.

At 4 you awake from a troubled sleep to find that a blizzard has sprung up and large quantities of snow are drifting in the windows on your bunk. There ensues a period of waiting and hoping that someone else will get up to close the windows. Finally in desperatin you close the windows, tripping over a bench and numerous pairs of boots in the process.

Back in bed, you finally fall asleep again in a couple of hours. At 7.30 someone wakens you by violent shaking. You are tired, you are stiff where the draft blew on you through the night and it is too late to get breakfast. With a mutter curse you breakfast. With a muttered curse you venom in your heart, sleep in your eyes, all set for whatever the day may bring.

I WONDER IF....

As oft I gaze, with melancholy eye,
Upon a world ablaze with war,
I often wonder if Man's future holds,
A hope of everlasting Peace;
Or whether war leads but to greater
war

And thus to Man's eternal shame:
Does Man contain within himself,
The seed to find a Union Free?
A Union wherein free men trod,
Untrammelled by Dictator's whims,
Where mighty Nations and the small,
Can live in Peace within its walls.

STATION LIBRARY

L.A.C. McMAHON

It certainly is encouraging to see some of you chaps taking an interest in the Library. The lend-out book looks much better the past month than it did in the previous month. Again I would like to call attention to the books written in French. We have quite a few of these, so you chaps who read French get busy and brush up on your French a little by reading some other language besides English. And that goes for those of you whose native tongue is French. It's for you those books are put there. Make use of them.

Perhaps you have noticed that the books are scattered all over the shelves. Well, we hope to have them straightened out for you in the very near future. All the books written by one person in one place and those by someone else in another place, etc.

We also are making arrangements for a new filing system so that each one of you readers will have a card of your own. When a book is taken out, it will be recorded on your card — when returned, checked off. We believe this system will work better than the one in use at present. Now for some of the newer books in the Library. These include "Blue Water" by Frederick W. Wallace; "The Dragon's Jaws" by Frank Packard; "Anne Boleyn" by E. Barrington. Some of the old favorites include "The Black Gang," a Bulldog Drummond book by Sapper.

One of the newer books out is "The Moon Is Down" by John Steinbeck. The story is about a town in any of the conquered countries of Europe and the actions of the people of the community centred around the figure of its hero, Mayor Order. It deals with the brutal thinking of the Nazi army officials, the many small ways of slowing down the German war machine and how messages reach England from these so-called conquered people. This book should be read by everybody. It is a small book, very concise and interesting and very near the truth of what is happening to the countries of Europe under the German yoke.

New books are coming in all the time, so come on in and see if we have anything which might interest you. If not give us an idea of what you would like to see on our library shelves and we will do our best to put it there.

THE STRANGE CASE OF PHILIP BENSFORD

The group of newly graduated doctors clustered around Doctor Jameson, famed brain specialist, to hear the customary farewell speech for which he was justly famous.

Doctor Jameson concluded. "You are now fully trained in all the up-to-date medical knowledge which Brompton Medical College has been able to pour into your craniums. There is one thing, however, which I most strongly desire you to keep uppermost in your minds. Your medical knowledge now permits you to perform miracles of surgery, medicine and diagnosis—but you also have the knowledge to perform great evil. Keep to the side where you can aid nature cure the ills of the body. To the side which God has destined for man. To make this point more clear and vivid in your mind, I will tell you a story sad, yet frightful; a perfect example of the point I wish to illustrate.

We had at Brompton College, about ten years ago, a chap named Philip Bensford, a most brilliant student who gave all the promise of going far in the medical profession. I took a particular shine to this fellow and took great pride in his exceptional ability to learn and master his studies—also to the way he took to the experimental laboratory work. This ability enabled him to finish his medical course two years earlier than normal.

We, on the College staff, desired greatly to keep Bensford here to continue his laboratory experiments and also, though I did not admit it to him, as my assistant in brain study.

He and I collaborated in our studies of mental diseases, which as you know had not advanced at that time as far as other branches of medicine, and from this collaboration many valuable cures for certain mental diseases were discovered.

We worked together for about two years before I detected anything suspicious in Bensford's behavior. He was always decrying the little time to experiment, accomplish discoveries and the short span humans spent on earth. That, of course, was only normal what I did not know was the hold that this thought had on his mind—a hold that grew to become an overpowering obsession.

His work with me fell off badly and his experiments were being confined increasingly to the study of glandular deterioration. I became alarmed

when he secretly confided in me that his aim was to discover a serum that would prevent this deterioration; a serum which would give him immortality (barring accidents, of course). I was quite shocked at his statement and told him so. He looked quite disappointed and afterwards seldom spoke to me, keeping more and more to himself and his laboratory.

He apparently had some success, for once when in his laboratory, I noticed notes of his—notes which showed that he had gradually prolonged the lifetime of a short lived species of germ until, as his notes showed, they now had a life span of three months. A fantastic increase when you consider that this germ normally lives and dies within the space of an hour.

The rest of the notes were less promising. Action—sluggish. Regeneration—not evident. Feeding—prolonged. But he had achieved his purpose. He had delayed the natural processes of deterioration to a point that if it was applied to the human body would practically make it imperishable by natural causes. Surely, I thought, he has not attempted to experiment it on himself? I gazed around the lab. but did not see him anywhere. Alarmed, I rushed to his rooms and there found that my worse fears were realized. He was sitting stiffly in his chair, his face, his skin, a lifeless claylike pallor. I spoke to him and slowly, ever so slowly, he turned and gazed at me through dull, lusterless eyes. Thank Heavens, I thought, he's not dead. I felt his pulse. It was slow, ever so slow, almost imperceptible. His skin was cold and clammy; his breathing, not noticeable at first, was slow. I gazed helplessly around, my mind unable to think of any way to help him. What was really wrong with him? A stimulant, at any rate, would not hurt and possibly be of some help, and I rushed away to obtain some hot, sugared tea. I forced this down his throat as fast as possible, hoping against hope that it would make some impression on this living mass of grey clay. It did have some effect, for presently his right hand slowly raised and slowly pointed to a notebook which lay unnoticed by me, on his desk. In it I found a pencilled note telling me that he was trying the experiment on himself and if anything failed to use the antidote beside the notebook. Hastily procuring a hypodermic needle from his cabinet, I injected the antidote into his bloodstream. It took some minutes to take effect and then only a perceptible change in his

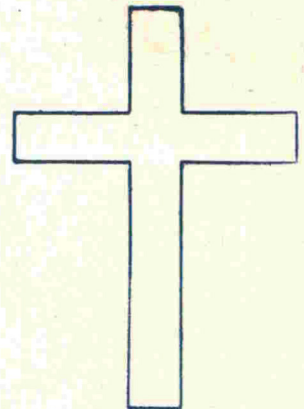
colour was noticeable. For a time I thought he would improve. His lips moved and slowly, painfully he uttered but two words, "I failed."

After that he never again recovered and was placed in the Belling Institute for the Insane. I visited him six months ago and to my utter amazement found that he had not aged a bit. He looked as young as he did seven years ago. On the wall he laboriously scratched "Jameson—destroy formula." It took him three months to do it, the attendant said. He recognized me, and after what seemed an age, slowly raised his right arm and, understanding, I shook hands with him. I will never forget the cold, clammy, dead feeling of his hand and felt utterly sorry that all my medical skill was to no avail in aiding him.

You see, his aim was to delay the deterioration of the body but in doing so he also delayed the mental response of the brain to a point where it now took him six months to figure out a simple little problem in arithmetic.

Two months ago I received word that he had died of starvation, his body unable to absorb, to any extent, the food served him."

B. W. LeROYER, Sgt.



BENEATH THE CROSSES

(Verse based on poem "Flanders")

These are the honored dead;
Perished only in vain,
To win for us eternal peace,
As now we fight again.

They fling to us a torch,
We caught but failed to keep.
This is a stain upon our lives,
How can their souls now sleep?

Till we, who failed them thus,
This torch hold in the sky,
As sons of them we will not fail!
Then they may rest on high.

J. A. FETHESTONHAUGH.

"Fathers Mk. II"

MEMORANDUM

MOVIES AND INFORMATION

On Thursday evening, January 21st, approximately eight hundred airmen and W.D.'s gathered in the Recreation Hall to witness a demonstration of a 35 MM motion picture projector which the Station Fund Committee were considering purchasing for the recreation hall.

This was made possible through the courtesy of Mr. Marshall, who provided both the equipment and the complete show. Mr. Marshall experienced considerable difficulty getting to the station due to the storm, and, contemplating a delay, the S.A.O. arranged a talk outlining the difficulties in getting a station organized and established to supply additional recreation for the enjoyment of all.

Squadron Leader Badgley stated it seemed that personnel were unaware of the many difficulties in organizing any new station, and that Torbay was no exception, rather that it was faced with greater obstacles than others, due chiefly to transportation, which caused a delay in construction, thus retarding the availability of necessary facilities.

Squadron Leader Badgley outlined the administration angle other than normal duties, and explained the operation of the Station Funds and its breakdown into the various branches and sub-committees. He also spoke on the distribution of funds which are derived from the profits of the Canteen and are returned to the airmen in kind such as extra messing, entertainment equipment, furnishings, etc.

He also stated that, in his opinion, the Committees were to be commended for their efforts and amount of time expended in endeavouring to please everyone, and that due mainly to their efforts, the standard of morale had steadily improved. To emphasize this point, he remarked that he was aware of three airmen who, having served a period of time on this station, had had their names submitted for posting some months ago. These airmen had since requested that, if their posting should come through, that an effort be made to have it cancelled. This fact alone speaks well for the spirit of the station. He then called upon Flying Officer Young to outline the operating of the Canteen.

CANTEEN

Flying Officer Young gave a very concise and enlightening resume of the Canteen service. The turnover for the month of December, 1942, was

greater than the combined business for the year previous. Difficulties were encountered in the procuring of stock but at the present time steps are being taken to overcome these difficulties. At the present time there are 147 articles for sale in the Canteen. Soon we plan to have everything necessary for the needs and comfort of the Airmen on the Station.

ENTERTAINMENT

F/O Home gave an explanation of the functions of the entertainment committee. The president is appointed by the Commanding Officer and the members are appointed by the Airmen themselves. Their duty is the arranging of dances, movies, debates, concerts, etc. A maximum of entertainment for a minimum cost. Part of the Canteen profits, which have been small, have been allotted to the committee to carry on its work. As the space available for entertainment is limited, the growth of the Station may make it necessary to break the dances down into sections. It has already been found necessary to run two shows each night.

Through the kindness and co-operation of the Y.M.C.A. we have been able to have movies tri-weekly. Plans are now underway to purchase our own movie equipment, two 35mm machines. At first it may be necessary to make a small charge but eventually it is hoped that all entertainment on the Station will be free.

MESSING

F/O Home again spoke to the meeting on Messing. He explained that 50 per cent of the Canteen profits had been spent on extra messing. Extras such as canned fruits, pickles, spices, ice cream are not supplied on rations and must be paid for out of non-public funds. No extra messing is collected from the Airmen. Shortage of personnel and equipment make it difficult for the kitchen Staff but they are doing their best to keep the boys and girls satisfied. The shortage of dishes in the Mess makes it especially difficult as it is hard to get replacements owing to shortages of supply in Canada. Breakages have been very high and as over 3 per cent must be charged against non-public funds it leaves less for extra messing. So the less broken, the more we have to eat and the more we have to eat off. Please co-operate.

SPORTS

F/O McMaster gave a brief outline of the sport situation on the Station.

It was pointed out that there was a tremendous increase in athletic activity on the Station since last summer.

Then the sum total of sports consisted of a baseball team with possibly 15 players taking part. At the present time there are more than 400 airmen and airwomen taking part in one sport or another every week. The present programme includes inter-section volleyball (10 teams) badminton every Wednesday and Saturday. The boxing team has a workout three times a week and a station basketball team and a station hockey team are entered in the inter-service league. A ski club is at present under organization.

Lack of playing space and equipment present many difficulties and everyone was asked to co-operate with the committee in making the best of the facilities available. When the drill hall is finished many of these difficulties will be overcome and at that time Torbay will have the finest sports set-up of any Station anywhere.

Squadron Leader Volk as the concluding speaker appealed to every one to take every precaution possible against fire, especially the "Smokers." Make sure that cigarettes are butted and deposited in a metal container. Attention was directed to the large number of fires which have recently occurred in the vicinity.



SUCCESS OR FAILURE

Things are possible or impossible according to how they are viewed, because success must depend primarily upon the state of mind. To get along very far in life it is necessary to have faith, sincerity and patience with the consequent confidence and clearness of vision.

It requires constructive and optimistic thinking to succeed and only destructive and pessimistic thinking to fail. Choose as we may between success and failure, we can achieve neither without careful preparation.

Success is not to-morrow or next year. Success necessitates going in the right direction, and to fix our eyes resolutely upon a given goal shortens the distance of its attainment.

SERVICING HIGHLIGHTS AND HUMOUR

H—— Servicing presents itself once again with a new editor to give our readers the "dope" on what's gone past at the hangar, and news "hot off the press."

Although this is somewhat a new experience for me; nevertheless with the excellent suggestions submitted and the many characteristic incidents that take place, we will without a doubt take our position with the other sections to give you choice morsels of scandal, gossips, and what goes on in our happy "slappy" group, who spend most of their time keeping our mighty aircraft in the air.

This month's collection of chatter starts off with sincere congratulations to our boys who are sporting a well deserved promotion in rank. And those stripes are not exactly "fog" to you "bums."

Three hooks are now with Paterson, who has taken over the responsibility of the "red party," to guide and authorize.

I'll bet Pat can hardly wait to have them admired by his intimate travelling friend, the hostess on T.C.A. And by the way are you still looking forward to that box of Laura Secord candy. How about it Pat? Or is a large chocolate cake more inviting, especially if it has connections with 'Badger.' Or do you wish to argue that point, ol' boy?

Taylor's lanky frame of 6ft. one and 7-8 is also supporting a rank of sgt. He is the big boss of the black party and seems well pleased to take over the position from Sgt. Baker. "Honest Sid" is now second in command and we all hope to see a flight sgt. fitter in our midst very soon to help out our superior N.C.O. F|Sgt. Maffey. Pretty soon Sid will be pestering "stores clothing" for a larger bonnet. What say "honest"?

Handshakes also go to Sgt. Collins, who has in the meantime been transferred. . . .No not off the station. . . . He is now on the strength of maintenance. See what can be done about those hydraulic leaks, "Shorty." I was thinking maybe if you flushed the system out with "Newfy Screech" it would clear things up. What do you think, Cecil? Or is that stuff too valuable to waste on one aircraft.

To our newly christened cpls., congratulations go to Griffiths, Shackleton, Baker, Bunker, McCannell, and very soon we hope to be shaking the hand of L.A.C. Jones, either on a muster to aircrew or a promotion. Best of luck, C. D.

Our newly made Cpl. Griffiths is now also a member of the maintenance staff. Now we are sure our aircraft will be turned over to us in a ship-shape condition.

Considerable anxiety was caused as to the celebration on the part of our 'peaches.' Whoever it was for, certainly must consider themselves 'tops.' If getting inebriated has anything to do with coinciding the category of this unknown person. Or were you simply liquidating yourself because of the fact you have been here 14 months or is it 16? Better watch yourself Leo or you'll be after getting yourself a wooden overcoat and on your way to the rock garden at Gander.

Sgt. (have a luke Kerr) is also a lost member to our servicing squadron. He is now applying his efficient experience and talents to our mark I and II in maintenance. Best of luck Tommy, and may you like your new job. Always remember us.

Cpl. Spencer has completed his commando training and claims he is able to break in the toughest pony on the ranch back home. That is of course if the sand storms in Saskatchewan have not moved the home-stead.

Is it true "Spence" that they have bull-frogs out that way that are ten years old and are unable to swim a stroke, on account of the lack of water. It's pretty grim. . . .no. . . ? Anyhow we are glad to have you back with us once again. We sure missed your swet warble and whistle you would give forth with whilst deep in slumber, when we would retire to our "sleeping bags" in the hangar.

THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW

Where L.A.C. Howard managed to get the seal skin knee boots. What connection has he in Labrador? Clopclop, here comes "Swampy."

Can't the "blue party" personnel (sorry. . . no names mentioned) keep their home town girl friends interested in waiting for them to return. Engagement rings must be very economical or either "Cupid" must have

submitted an E-42 and received a speedy return on the shipment of arrows . . . and is wasting no time in planting them during your absence.

Sorry, fellows, all is fair in love and war. Remember, boys,—absence makes the heart grow fonder—for someone else. Aint it the truth."

Before ending I wish to make clear that any similarity to persons living, or on the strength of our Servicing, is positively coincidental. And I hereby claim to answer no questions until I have seen my lawyer.

All donations will be kindly received and appreciated. Please submit early and avoid the rush in censoring.

Well, let's get "crackin" fellows. We have to get those "kites" ready to hunt "subs" in the early dawn. Wonder what the weather is going to be like before the sun rises?

See you again for the next edition.
S'long.

SGT. BOBINSKY.



MEMORANDUM

January 18, 1943.

Commanding Officer.

Library Committee

1. President—M. J. McNeil, S|L.; members—F|L A. R. MacIver, F|O F. Templeman, Sgt. J. Lane, Cpl. K. Dearden.
2. The Library is now in full working order. An average of twenty books are taken out daily.
3. Two hundred books, (fiction) and twelve technical, have been added during the month of December, all donations, with the exception of the technical volumes.
4. The index card system has been adopted and is quite satisfactory.
5. As far as can be seen, the library will have to continue under present conditions, for, because of lack of material, building operations have been held up.
6. We are grateful for assistance and support received to date.

M. J. McNEIL, Squadron Leader,
President, Library Committee,
R.C.A.F. Station, Torbay.

SLIPSTREAM

By WEST

In the world of fighter pilots all their activities have been controlled by the song of "Slipstreams."

As the Xmas season approached the fighter boys continued on in their usual confident fashion. Fully satisfied that Slipstream would guide them through this time of "REVELERY" and into the New Year.

Now Slipstream is ever present, faithfully guiding and caring for the boys.

There is one exception. The month of December. She is silent, she goes to rearrange her song for the new year.

So on the first day of December her song started to fade, growing fainter as the month rolled by. But we did not notice so gradually did she fade and so swiftly were we caught up in the heady excitement of the coming season.

Now there are those that have not learned their lesson well and need Slipstream to guide them every minute.

It is rather comforting to know that each and everyone of us is guilty of over indulgence in some manner throughout this season, be it merry-making, food liquids or selfishness.

But we were all clear on one count, that of over-indulgence in the 'true' spirit of Xmas. And again we were not alone!

As a result we received that universal present. That feeling of emptiness—of something important happening—something that we should be taking part in, but unable to grasp the right threads.

We chosed madly to get in the groove, sending Xmas cards, buying presents, having parties, etc.

Xmas eve arrived. As the afternoon wore on, one by one we drifted away to ourselves to think it over alone. It was comparable to making an aeroplane out of parts and not having the "heart," the engine. We had parties and presents but not the "heart" of Xmas.

As darkness fell and we prepared to leave for supper the wind began to blow. "NO," not the wing—we hear a song. "IT IS SLIPSTREAM" tearing madly down the runway on a "scramble" to our rescue. Her song is REJOICE! REJOICE!

Ah! Now we know. It was "revelery," "revelry" with us. So simple,

yet it had eluded us, until the day before Xmas.

It was with a feeling of confidence, of being in the "groove," that we slept that night.

Even "MOTT" was saying softly to himself—"She is paying now, BYE."

Now that we are on the beam again, it is only right that we should retrace our steps and tell you about our Squadron party.

The date, Dec. 23rd; the place, ye old local nite club; transportation, a huge canyas covered lorry.

A sleigh drive on wheels, but it was fun, our complete party travelling as one. One means unity, and unity is the symbol of our squadron. What all have striven for and boast that we have attained.

Upon arrival at the club, our mode of conveyance did not evoke as much surprise as it would have had it been original. You see, Gilmartin and MacDonald pioneered the idea last year and we just adopted it.

When we had our tables and nicely settled down, it was decided to push them altogether to maintain our "unity."

The introductions came first. And here we welcomed into our squadron Sgt. Kimball from New Brunswick, Sgt. Trujillo (junior) from Colombia (S.A.). The Dominion capital, "Ottawa," sends Sgt. Hill.

Down from the North — North of Sudbury travels P/O "Bud" Young. Toronto, the city that so many would like to see this Xmas, sends P/O "Jack" Boyle.

Greetings to you all. May you find happiness and that unity of which we are all so proud.

The party was well under way, all were having a merry time.

The good music and excellent floor was very attractive. You had to rush to find a place to dance.

Once, as Sgt. West 270 was standing by the door, the "Skipper" wizzed by and shoved something into his hands saying hold "it" for me. Now 270 just looked at "it" muttering "it couldn't be! it couldn't be!"

The Adj. P/O MacDonald inquired 'dryly' it couldn't be what? It couldn't be that the "Skipper" had a silver anniversary, could it? asks "270."

The dining room was smartly decorated. F/Sgt. Hayes was greatly attracted by the long curtains that covered the windows as a matter of fact. He was playing hide and go seek' with them. That is he would hide 'stuff' behind the curtains on the window ledge. But Sgt. Branton

would play the "go seek' part ahead of Hayes. Ha! ha! Anything for a laugh, says W.O.2 MacIntosh.

Yes, we were royally entertained. F/O 'Pop' Parsons and Sgt. Trujillo demonstrated what happens when 'North' meets 'South.' One carriers the other. Which was which we are not quite sure at this moment. F/Sgt. Kussiar (the mad Russian) really let his hair (rather his handle) bar moustache) down and gave his version of how to "hep to the jive."

Oh, yes, we have one other new member. "Singleham" F/Sgt. Lundherg's gremlin. He captured it himself while on a local flight. A very bad actor, Singleham, hasn't even been to a "gremlin" school. But more about him later. After our Professor F/Sgt. Dean decides which type of gremlin Singleham is.

We were very sorry that F/O Patinsons, F/Sgt. MacKenzie and Gerwing were home on leave. We hope that they had a swell Xmas.

And so—as our party draws to an end, we would like to extend in this issue appreciation to F/Sgt. Goodwin and his armament section for their co-operation with each other and with us. For their keen personal interest in their work and the contributions that they strive to offer to maintain squadron progress and unity.

It is also fitting that W.O.2 Painter be mentioned in this issue, for his skillful interpretation of the ranks of W.O.2 in our squadron. He has found that often elusive thread. A common contact and mutual respect between aircrew and Technicians.

It is especially gratifying to Junior N.C.O. pilots to know that our chief technician and squadron discip's attitude is you do your job and I'll do mine. When we step over the traces he knows how to ease us back in—without any waste of words or loss of that mutual trade respect.

Hats off to you W.O.2 Painter, and for other technicians of our "Unity for other technicians of our "Unity Squadron."

HERE AND THERE

ROTA NOTA ACTIVITIES

Monday—2030 hrs. Public Speaking.
 Tuesday—2100 hrs. W. D. Section.
 Wednesday—1900 hrs.—Reading and Writing and Studying (quiet).
 Thursday—1900 hrs. Study Club.
 Friday—2030 hrs. Bridge.
 Saturday—1900 hrs. Free Night.

NOTES AND JOTTINGS ON 145

By KENNETH LUNNY

SIRENS:

Latest reports to reach your reporter dealing with the matter of air raids and sirens comes from a correspondent in Gander. According to this correspondent, WO2 Bob Richardson after several successful flights to this remote base has come to the conclusion that the air raid facilities at the station in question are by far superior to those on any other station he has yet visited.

When questioned by your reporter on why he would rather be in Gander in an air raid than here, WO2 Richardson replied:

"It has been proven in the Battle of Britain that sand bags are a great protection in air raids."

"Yes," we cut in, "but surely that station hasn't so many extra sand bags up there to warrant that much extra protection."

"You've got me all wrong," he replied with a grin, "the sand bags I'm referring to wouldn't be much of a protection but they certainly would be a great comfort."

FOOS:

With deepest apologies to Bill (Nut) Hollman, now that the long looked for promotions of P/Os Ross, Bruce and Kirk have at long last come through we sincerely hope that too many FOOS won't spoil the goo. Congratulations you Fooamous people.

IT CAN HAPPEN HERE:

When Sergeant "Chick" Appel returned from the hockey practice last Monday afternoon he was overheard by your reporter giving an account of the game to his room-mates.

"I gets the puck, see, and I skates around behind my own nets. I gets up some speed and before I know it I'm at my own blue line. I stick handles past the opposing right wing, sweeps over to centre. I still got the puck. I'm coming in on the defence. I'm coming closer, I swerve over to the right, then to the left. The defence are right in front of me and before they knows what hits 'em I'm flat on my back."

COBRA:

Now that Sergeant Shephard has arrived on the station the latent talent

of many undiscovered flying aces is gradually becoming uncovered to awaken in a new light.

"There I was flying fifteen feet above the ground, 250 m.p.h.," related F/S P. A. Corbett, "suddenly a shout came over the earphones, 'Watch the high-tension wires.'"

"What did you do then," I inquired.

"I pulled the ship up into a vertical climb, shoved the throttle forward, then nosed her down and banked sharply to the left and as I paused to wipe the dripping perspiration from my forehead, Shephard came along and turned the darn LINK off."

OH! FOR THE ALPS

During a blinding snow storm the other day F/O Robinson, as he wended his weary way up to the hangar, was heard to call out above the roar of the howling wind for the assistance of a St. Bernard dog. "My God I'm thirsty, my God I'm thirsty, my God I'm thirsty."

No dog came to his assistance. When he arrived at the hangar he partook of a healthy drink of water and joined the S.P.C.A.

OUR TO-MORROW

A great deal of press space and radio time has of late been given to discussion of the topic "What shall we do with Germany after we have successfully brought this war to a close? An equal number of men of both high and low position in national life have voiced opposite opinions. It might be well for us to bring our powers of thoughts to bear on the important subject.

In undertaking such a project let us make our approach with moderate and temperate mind, let us not confuse this state however with the coolness born out of ignorance of our subject, or from a feeling of the remoteness of the land in question, many who boast of such a collected and calculating mind, are in reality, the possessors of an imaginative and disinterested intellect.

A person of this category may be more easily led to side with the group who wish to rid the world of Nazism and its leaders, but who also wish to give the German people a chance to slide from under the punishment that justice has in store for them. Let this group project their thoughts into the reality of the awful distraction of some two million Poles, let them see a ravished Russia and a famined

Greece; may they feel the awful burden of the atrocities being enacted around the globe. In their desire to see justice tempered with mercy let them be fully aware of Germany's history as a warring nation.

Those whose approach is made with a fiery desire to see all Germans exterminated, should temper their drastic impulses with some good hard thinking, for few, if any can make a clear, fair-minded decision while aflame with a burning hatred. Our peace discussions should not only centre in avenging for a time, all the suffering brought about by this aggressive nation, but should provide the best means that human effort can produce to ensure that these people will not be called upon to go through the same agonies in another twenty years or so.

There has been a tendency on the part of some to exaggerate our responsibility, in part, for this present struggle, by the peace terms we drew up at the close of the 1918 struggle. In spite of this over-emphasis, it does contain a degree of truth, it would therefore appear that our peace pact should have as its principal aim the laying down of a foundation that will allow future generations to build thereon. That this foundation may necessitate a severe and just punishment of the German people is not improbable, however, if during that period of chastisement ways and means can be found to germinate in these people a philosophy of life, new to them, would it not add to the world's security?

Many may ask, why should we of the rank and file bother to discuss a problem whose solving is not in our hands? True the articles of the covenant will be ours, only as they are true expression by our leaders of the people they represent. What is more important is this, in the world of tomorrow there will be a need of men and women in every walk of life and in every profession, who having thought through this problem will bring to this new era a sympathetic understanding that prompts them to offer their trained services to the world at large.

That we may be part of this body of people who seek to build from the present ruins a more sane and human world, we must prepare for whatever field we choose, and we must start that preparation now!

B. M.



WOMEN'S DIVISION

This is rumored to be the first appearance of the W. D.'s in a column—and that brings on a reminiscent mood. Memories of those other first times in the Air Force—and what memories they are!

For instance, that last day at home when you stood and looked in the cupboard and saw that brand new evening-dress going down on its knees, begging to be worn, and realized it would be out of style when you could go back to bare shoulders and pale pink taffeta and ruffles about the skirt. Romance seemed to die—quickly and painfully and with a ghastly thud.

And there was the day when you loaded yourself and two suitcases on the train (and how quickly you got rid of that second one after trying to carry or drag or push it across station platforms and onto buses) and saw the other girl recruits and each one looked at the others very gingerly and everybody decided the safest remark was 'where are you from—Oh, do you know so and so?' And then things suddenly brightened when you discovered she knew the fourth cousin of your great-aunt's stepdaughter whose name you weren't even sure of—but it was some sort of link anyway—and just then you needed any link.

There was the first sight of Rock-cliffe—with the rain cascading down and the mud cascading up—and a bare barracks room without even a curtain of any kind, let alone your frilly ones at home—and a pillow that seemed to have all the spirits permanently flattened out of it—and the sight those first nights of the girls getting into the uppers, climbing up by suit-cases or window-sills or by hoists from the girls below or simply by sheer persistence and a determination to win through—and 6.30 bugle, in the absolute pitch-dark.

And there was the first time you got within smelling distance of the mess, the first time you drank issue coffee and decided a new and strange beverage must have been recently invented which you hadn't heard about. That was the week they served parsnips five days in a row (but come to think of it that happened more than just a first time—some day a long essay must be written, enquiring into the reasons for the deep attachment between parsnips and cooks and the deep hatred between parsnips and airmen. Maybe the kitchen loves them because they only have to

prepare a few of them for the meal, knowing that even that amount won't be eaten anyway.

Those first meals took you perhaps fifteen minutes—but you found yourself well out of step with the rest of the mob, and within a few days you had caught the rhythm and your time was, say, four or five minutes. You discovered, too, that it didn't do to say gently and carefully—'would you mind passing the bread, please?'—the first times you tried that you went without the butter and salt, until they happened to be coming down the line to another, wiser soul. Buttering a piece of bread suspended in mid-air was another trick that didn't take long to learn—and, according to mother, is going to take too long to unlearn.

But the most harassing first time of all was the morning that new uniform went on. Skirt and tunic were no real problem—nor the stockings, although to eyes used to suntan chiffon, they seemed a shade that might be called starless midnight. But that collar and tie!! Now that commonly comical sight in the movies of some poor soul of a man wrestling with his shirt did not seem funny in the least—he was a kindred spirit, a fellow martyr pinned to the stake of a collar by his stud and lashed there securely by his tie. In fact if the girl in the next bunk who had learned to tie her brothers' ties (this was a baffling part of the whole mysterious rite—that boys didn't always know how to tie ties themselves) hadn't rescued you in the nick of time that stake you seemed to be tied to would have been long since burnt to a cinder by the heated efforts your arms were making. There was the day, too, when you were first persuaded to try a stiff collar and you arrived at mess with your finger punctured from pushing your tie-pin to find that breakfast was over and they had had extra good pancakes and you were so mad that in the excitement your tie slipped quite off the back of that bewitched collar and you had to start all over again and parade was in three minutes.

Being in uniform brought up the subject of salutes—"All officers of his Majesty's and allied forces" you were told eight or nine times per day. The next few evenings in town were night-marish. The first solution was suddenly to develop a fabulous, all-absorbing interest in store-windows—it was amazing what you could find an interest in—bottles of stomach pills, samples of farm machinery, in-

tricate-looking pieces of plumbing, eight-piece dining-room suites with an extra chair thrown in if purchase completed by Friday! The next solution was to salute every stiff hat that came by—until you ran into eighteen American privates in a row and everyone seemed to be gagging over a big joke—and you realized you were it. But gradually the problem of salutes got itself solved—until finally your thumb pricked when those certain uniforms came along and your right arm went up of its own accord.

In fact, pretty soon, well all the problems managed to get solved. And when you started drill you realized you really had got into the Air Force after all. But it had all been darn good fun anyway.

F. G. H.

THEN BLOW YE WINDS

In case you've ever wondered what the mets do when they look up at the sky with a fixed stare, or send up little red balloons or watch the rain-drops as they fall - - -

Oh, a gang well met for a day that's wet

Are the meteorology girls,
With thermometers and psychrometers
While the wind whistles through
their curls.

They can estimate and interpolate
To the nearest degree Fahrenheit
Or watch a balloon sail up to the moon
By means of a theodolite.

Chorus

Then blow ye winds, heigh ho,
Observing we will go
The atmospheric pressure and the visibility
We're off to a Marsden square
Through the saturated air
With a centigrade and an alidade
For meteorology.

Oh we know all the clouds one by one
and in crowds

From the ground up to the sky,
Covius, nimbus and stratus, alto-
cumulus, castellatus,
As north, east or west they fly.
There's precipitation on every station
And we must know how to define
A drizzle that's slight or a rain that's light
From fifty to nine-nine.

Oh the sun did shine, present weather
was fine

And the ceiling was eighty-four,
But the corporal said as he shook his head

It isn't four-tenths, it's more.
The wind was a gale by the Beaufort scale.

The thermometer fell down low,
As we counted millibars by the light
of the stars
Obscured by the drifting snow.

W. W. W. WIT WITHOUT WISDOM

By F|SGT. "NEWT." LEJAMBE
WHO WOULDN'T FIGHT!

Terrace, B.C., has a patriotic police department that goes in heavily for displays of all sorts of posters designed to advance the War effort. So it comes to pass that nailed to the centre panel of the door through which unhappy miscreants must enter on their way to the cells is an impressive placard done in bold white letters against a bright red background: "Freedom is in peril, Defend it with All Your Might."

A MINOR TRAGEDY

We met on vacation,
We shared the days,
I liked her eyes,
She liked my ways;

We met on vacation;
Danced and swam or
Talked of the moon
And its constant glamour;

Our love was thrilling,
Our love was sport,
And, like our vacation,
'Twas rather short.

A TOAST

Here's to the man
Whose blood-sweat-tears
Is pinning back
Those Axis ears.

AND THAT ISN'T ALL

When we get through with the Japs
They'll be shorter than ever:
They'll be short of ships—
Short of empire—
Short of cash—
And short of breath.

THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW

Why we don't hear F|Sgt. Todd's Golden Voice in the mornings any more. They tell me that it takes our Maestro quite a while to clean up the mess after he has rendered his version of: "Love In Bloom" in B flat. Come on now Toddy don't let us down, and let us hear those sweet melodious strains again, we'll help you clean the mess.

How Mac., sometimes called Mouse, found his way back from Torbay the other night. They tell me that after spending about an hour climbing on the cow, the beast headed the other way. Nice going, Mac., how

many quarts did you have? I mean milk.

When they will be able to produce different flavoured raisins. Lordy, but we're tired of raisin pie. 'Twould be nice to have orange, lemon, strawberry and many other flavours of raisin pie, don't you think so, boys?

SO LONG FOR NOW, GANG

Until we meet again in our next issue let's see you do your part to take apart the Axis.

And don't forget fellows that man is an animal that walks on two legs—except on Saturday night.

ROBIN HOOD AND HIS LITTLE BAND

On October 13th last, four young men breezed into town on posting to Station. After two days here, they were whisked away to the Group on temporary duty.

"What's your trade?" asked a senior N.C.O. at the Group. The four looked at each other and finally one said, "Oh, we're the new band." "Oh yes, I'm awfully happy to see you," was the very exultant reply as he handed each man a 'peachy' new broom.

"Oh well," said the boys as they set their brooms into their familiar to and fro motion, "Robin Hood had a band too, but they didn't play music either." Unfortunately, at that time, there was no one to play the piano, so our heroes were musically marooned for two months.

Finally, on Dec. 12th, (fanfare and drums) a brow-beaten, dejected looking character stepped off the train, heavily burdened with luggage. He had bags under his arms and eyes, too. Upon reporting he was, as were his predecessors, greeted enthusiastically with a hearty hand-shake and a sturdy broom.

After a few weeks of musical muteness, the little gang of five men arrived back to their original station, on Dec. 24th.

The band personnel consists of Russ Sturgess, on Tenor Sax, who hails from Toronto. On drums, may we present Earl Langill from Ottawa. Sarnia lays claim to our trumpet player, Gene Cares and D'Arcy Shea claims he and his fiddle emanate from Montreal. Toronto sent along Verne Duncan, on piano.

There you have it, fellows, five men good and true. Fiddle-dee-dee!

ARE YOU?

Are you an active worker,
The sort that would be missed,
Or are you just contented
To be a name upon the list?

Are you chummy with your comrades
And mix in with the flock
Or do you lounge about the drome
To criticize and mock?

Do you ever go to visit
A comrade that is sick
Or leave the job to someone else
And talk about the clique?

Think it over comrades,
You know the right from wrong
Are you an active worker
Or do you just belong?

MAINTENANCE MUTTERINGS

All who participated in that fast-moving, hard-hitting volleyball game between a special W.D.'s team and our own "flashy" aggregation will long remember it for its many high-lights. It would be unfair to pick out individual stars amongst our opposition, for all the girls had our team going around in circles. Was it chivalry on the part of Curby, Brown, Baxter, Lyons and others that cost us so many points, or just a desire to prolong the game? Just what was Serg. Rogers doing? Perhaps he was allergic to both pink and yellow.

Good luck to all who received their just rewards this month, and became of news sergeants and corporals.

Valentine's Day is of special significance for Cpl. Dave Kenny, for him it sees Cupid's work accomplished. As wedding bells ring out, Dave, we all join in wishing your bride-to-be and yourself the very happiest of years to come.

Our barracks block no longer enjoys the luxury of a quiet half-hour before falling into deep slumber, the reason being the return of Cpl. Croucher and his inexhaustible supply of so-called jokes. Seriously though, welcome home, Cpl.

So-long for this time.

—B. M.

LET'S GET TOGETHER

"Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean,
And the pleasant land."

RHYME CARRIES ORIGINAL MEANING

This rhyme may not be quoted as it was written by the man who first applied it to paper, but it still carries enough of the original meaning to accomplish its purpose here. Numberless articles could be written about those few lines, but I am going to approach it from the angle of co-operation. It is a subject that has been talked about, written about, and dreamed about, probably as much as any topic that could have been chosen, but it is, never-the-less, good for what follows. Whereas the author of this choice little bit of wisdom chose to be universal, it is this writer's happy wish to try and put over one little point.

MAN TO MAN

The expression "man to man" is a common one, but this little variation, "man with man" seems to be more in order here, and as Churchill, Roosevelt, Stalin, and Chiang-Kai-Chek have all said, time and again, this is requirement number one for winning the battle against the common foe. Of course huge bombers, large guns, and heavy battleships are all very necessary to do a job of this kind, but they wouldn't be worth a thing if they were not properly manned.

LACK OF CO-OPERATIVE SPIRIT

If the navigator on a Flying Fortress handed a plotted course to the pilot, and the pilot in turn disregarded this in favor of his own judgment, where would everybody be? This would be a decided lack of the co-operative spirit, so essential to the fighting air team. Fortunately, this doesn't happen. It is not just the bomber crew that calls for pulling together. The rigger and fitter; the armourers; the kitchen staff; in fact everybody in the whole organization have to put their best foot forward, just as far as it will go.

WHAT THEY EXPECT

You may say to yourself at this point "All they expect from me is hard work," but that is the wrong attitude. The powers that be expect you to get just as much recreation as is possible, and certainly as much as you need. They supply a staff of physical training instructors, who are very decent fellows, and only too

glad to advise and instruct you. They go a long way out of their way to arrange contests, games, and to supply equipment, covering all the popular sports in their season.

PLAY THE GAME

He can, and does all this for you, but there's something he **can't** do for you, and that is, play the game. Your organizer's job is no picnic, and the reward he gets is only what you put into the effort yourself.

If you, brother reader, happen to be interested in yourself, and you're a funny individual if you're not, YOU have also a splendid opportunity to educate yourself, devoting a few hours each week to the subject or subjects you feel yourself best qualified for.

BEST INSTRUCTORS

The R.C.A.F. boasts some of the best instructors and teachers from coast to coast. They will help you along over the rough places, and you should avail yourself of this fine chance to make up for the time lost, since you joined the service.

DON'T WASTE TIME

So men, read a book, play a game, keep yourselves fit, mentally and physically. Give your comrades a chance to help you, and in return lend him the hand he may need from time to time.

Whether you're in the air or on the ground; working or playing; let's do it together.

"LIZZIE CHATTER"

Due to circumstances beyond his control the one and only reporter profoundly regrets to state "That through duty I was unable to write Lizzie Chatter this time." So through the well known scrounge you have all the choice pieces of news from all the lizzie laddies.

Congratulations are in store for Cpl. D. D. Reavie on his recent promotion. Good luck and carry on the good work.

Regrets and good wishes are sent from the men of this Detachment to Al "Stinky" Schrank on his recent posting to that distant land faintly recalled in our memory as Canada. Good luck Stinky. We wonder if he kept his date in Ottawa?

To L.A.C. "Digger" Grinham we extend our heartiest congratulations on his recent remustering to A Group. You are "A" man now Digger! Also our congratulations go to L.A.C.

Carbray and L.A.C. Fortus on their recent remustering to B Group.

It is with our deepest and heartfelt regret that we announce that F/O Tripp, that popular young officer, who served the Detachment well, has been posted away. We can only wish him the best of everything, as we will miss his quiet smile and tall stories about his everlasting fight against the Gremlins. We also state that the rumble club has had but only one contribution since he left.

It is with great pleasure and pride for us to state that one of the oldest and best liked officers in CAC is now with us. To many of the old fellows this is a happy occasion. We wish him a very pleasant and not too long a stay.

THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW

Who and why was the Corporal that spent his New Year's leave on the island? By all rumours he spent a riotous time. But what with?

Why does Corporal Reavie limp?

What L.A.C. Gilbert knows about the Gremlins?

Why we don't have road signs to guide certain men home?

Who is the LAC who requires no further incentive than a cork from a bottle of four star to seek our wabbit twacks in the back 50's?

We are glad to announce that the Senior N.C.O.'s of the Unit survived the Xmas and New Year's celebration without any major mishap.

To F/S L. P. Cozens (just call me Moldy) we welcome back from a very extended sick leave. It is rumoured that he is wending his weary way back and forth from the W. D. barracks. Could it be that he is interested in someone far away from home? We still wonder. Wahoo.

Sgt. Hudson: Is this the principal reason you didn't leave this fair land transportation, or are our fears realized? Do we owe your company to a certain girl with the light brown foo? Don't take it too hard, Gil, it will all come out in the wash.

If you ever read A.F.R.O.'s you will see at the bottom "Save paper, save words." Well, I will do exactly that and will say goodbye until next issue.

"Y" NEWS**WEEKLY PROGRAMME****Sunday—**

11:00 hrs.—Protestant religious service in Recreation Hall. R.C. religious service in Airmen's Canteen.

18:30 & 20:30 hrs.—Movies in Recreation Hall.

21:30 hrs.—Boxing Classes in unused side of Airmen's Mess.

Monday—

19:00 hrs.—Inter-sectional volleyball league games.

19:30 hrs.—Weekly Card Club in Airmen's Mess.

20:00 hrs.—Station Basketball Team practice following volleyball games.

Tuesday—

17:00 hrs.—Ski School. Truck will leave Recreation Hall at 17:00 hrs. and proceed to hill at Middle Cove. Equipment will be supplied through "Y" office.

18:30 & 20:30 hrs.—Movies in Recreation Hall.

21:30 hrs.—Boxing classes in Airmen's Mess.

Wednesday—

20:00 hrs.—Station Hockey Team plays at St. Bon's arena in Inter-service Hockey League.

19:30 hrs.—Mixed Badminton.

Thursday—

17:00 hrs.—Ski School. Truck leaves Recreation Hall at 17:00 hrs. sharp.

18:30 & 20:30 hr. Movies in Recreation Hall.

21:30 hrs.—Boxing Classes in Airmen's Mess.

Friday—

20:30 hrs.—Airmen's Weekly Dance in Recreation Hall.

Saturday—

17:00 hrs.—Ski School Truck leaves Recreation Hall at 17:00 hrs.

19:00 hrs.—W.D.'s Sports Period.

20:30 hrs.—Mixed Badminton.

BADMINTON and TENNIS

Sufficient raquets have been supplied from the "Y," but owing to the shortage of birds, play has been somewhat limited. Owing to this fact, it has been suggested that possibly some other games might take the place of badminton until such time as a further supply of birds could be secured. Equipment is available through the "Y" office for Deck Tennis and Paddle Tennis. Paddle Tennis is a comparatively new game, and is played under the same rules as

lawn tennis, but on a smaller court. If you are interested in having a game of Deck or Paddle Tennis, come to the office, and ask for the equipment.

SKI SCHOOL

Since quite a number on the station have shown considerable interest in skiing since the snow began to fly, it was considered that Instructional Classes in the "fine art" might be appreciated. Your humble supervisor was successful in passing the Ontario Ski Zone Instructor's Tests in 1940, and will be on hand every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday to offer suggestions that—I hope—will enable you to enjoy more fully the joys of skiing. Eight pairs of skis, poles, and boots have been secured from our American friends, and these will be available from the "Y" office. Boot sizes range from 6½ to 10. If you are interested, turn in your name to the "Y" office. Truck will leave the Recreation Hall on these days at 17:00 hrs.

CARD CLUB

If you are interested in playing cards—any kind of cards—within reason of course, let's see you over at the Airmen's Mess on Monday nights at 19:30 hrs.

BOB LOW,

Y.M.C.A. Supervisor.

**BOMBS 'N BULLETS**

Howdy byes—how y'all?—lend an ear! Hast noticed the new "Fethers" in the section? Art Fetherstonehaugh—"Fethers Mark II (the poet)—Yep and Eddie's still with us—(that's Fethers Mark I)—the dude—"Mark II." Welcome, bye!

Bob Harris quoting the "lil woman's" latest bulging epistle gives us this gem (?)—"Hear about the little moron—who looks thro' key holes in glass doors!" OW!

Personally I like the one found in David Ormsbee's "Sound of an American"—quote, I stood looking at the girl and then I moved over to her and rubbed her face with my hands and her shoulders"—unquote — neatest trick of the week!

F|Sgt. (the old whipcracker) Woodcroft was heard to murmur to A. C. Kleberg just t'other day—"I've been watching you work and you have a mechanical mind—but why didn't you wind it this week?—all right for you Simon Legree!—only kiddin', honist!

P. B. Generous telling us the "morning after" that "screech" doesn't bother him a bit—whilst twitching violently and stumbling about the section—reminds us of the girl who told us she was vaccinated with a phonograph needle, "But it doesn't affect me abit-abit-abit-abit—Poor old "Practice Bomb."

Ours is, if a bit mad, we claim the most versaltile section on the station—we number among our group musicians, artists, night club entertainers, writers and an undertaker (all a trifle "wacky")—and now Sarge Lambly is making himself the comic of the outfit by dashing in each morning with the latest gag heard from "Rosie the Riveter."

How did F|Sgt. Elsworth get the nickname "Squirrel"? Many of us are known as "Squirrel Bait"—nuts to you!—oops—that sounds bad, doesn't it?

Sgt. "Buckshee" Barnes has "that look" again,—hide the "perspex"!

"Times and Customs Change" Dept.

A. C. Proudfoot, just off "Commando" passes this on to us—when going into battle—"Now then, I want you to come out fighting, use your knees in the clinches, never break clean, and no hitting above the belt." Turn over in your grave, Sir Galahad!

Raised Eyebrows Dept.

Culled from Tennessee (U.S.A.) paper—"Mr K—— never married. He was a member of the —— church, but in later years, due to illness, did not take an active part in church affairs.

Surviving are two sons, three grandchildren, and one great grandchild." Oh well, a man can't be in church all the time.

Guess we'll buzz off now—but first—

So praise the Lord and pass the gravy To the Airforce, Army, Navy!
Our aim: By the end of forty-three Hitler's in hell and the Nations free!

S'long!

(Back to the "corn field").

SPEAKING OF SPORTS

VOLLEYBALL

The current volleyball season has just completed the first round as we go to press. The competition has lived up to every expectation and the first round finds 145 Squadron leading "A" League with 8 points and Security Guard on top of "B" League, also with 8 points. But Signals, the station champs, are right on the heels of the Security Guard outfit with 6 points. With the second round coming up, the Signals threaten to take every game and are already counting on meeting the winners of "A" League for the Station Championship.

HOCKEY

Hockey has really taken a new lease of life on the station. Small wonder, the Air Force has a real hockey team that's bound that it is going to bring the Inter-Service Cup back to the station. It's going to take a lot to stop them.

Army, 2; Air Force, 0

The first league game was a nip-and-tuck battle all the way, with the Flyers carrying most of the play. With but ten minutes left to play, the Army banged in two quick goals from scrambles. The Air Force turned on the heat in the last ten minutes and did everything but score. Good goal-keeping held them out that final hectic period.

Final score—Air Force, 0; Army, 2.

American Army, 0; Air Force, 12

The score itself is indicative of the fact that a revamped Flyer team had plenty of scoring punch as well as a hard hitting, close defense.

St. Bon's College, 10; Air Force, 8

The strong college team got the shock of it's life when the Air Force Sextet banged in two goals in the first two minutes of play. From then on, it was wide open and anybody's game. The 500 or so fans got a real thrill as first one team then another was on top. But better conditioning and familiarity with the rink told the story and the final bell found the College lads 2 goals up.

Navy ? — Air Force ?

The Navy - Air Force game promises to be the game of the season. The highly touted Navy "Blues" realize that they have a real game on their hands when the line of Baxter, Walker and Elliott start to bore in on their defence. The high scoring line of

Miller, Hollinger and Craig are all set to add to their scoring averages (8 goals against the Americans). We're promising the Navy a bit of a shock when they try to break through the hard hitting Pelyk-Woolfrey defense. "Robby" Robbins, completely recovered from his recent injury, will be gunning for his first shut-out of the season and Gaudis, the most effective rushing defenseman we've seen in a long time is good for at least one goal.

The Air Force and the Navy look like the class of the league but it's going to take everything the "Flyers" have got to down the Navy. By supporting the team, coming to the games, yelling your lungs out, you are giving the lads the encouragement they need. The games are played at St. Bon's Arena every Wednesday night, so let's see a real turnout for the rest of the games.

BOXING

The boxing class is going strong three nights a week. Keep your eyes on the notice board "maids" and "byes" because we are planning a bang-up boxing show (and I do mean "bang-up") for the end of the month. Following that a few of the more experienced boxers will be entered in an inter-service card in town. We are still on the look-out for experienced boxers as well as novices, so keep the classes in mind. Tuesday, Thursday and Sunday—2100 hrs. in the unused half of the Mess Hall. Expert instruction guaranteed

BADMINTON

Badminton is more or less at a standstill for the moment because of the lack of birds. But the newly-painted courts are available and the racquets are yours for the asking. We have more birds on the way but if you have your own, there is plenty of opportunity for play on Wednesday and Saturday evenings.

BASKETBALL

The inter-service Basketball league has not proven particularly successful for the simple reason that none of the Canadian teams can stand up to the competition offered by the more-experienced Fort Pepperrell teams. But plans are under way to organize the league on a more equal footing. Our station team is already to go and the high scoring line of Williams, McGregor and Balmer will match anything the other services can put on the floor.

F/O W. D. McMaster,
Sports Officer.

STATION COMMITTEES

Officer's' Mess Committees

President: S/L E. M. Williams.
Secretary: F/C L. M. Kennedy, F/L J. W. Kennedy.

Fire Committee

President: F/L W. F. Orr
F/Sgt. Stott.

Messing Officer

Flying Officer L. G. Home.

Library Committee

President: S/L W. J. MacNeil
Members: F/L A. R. MacIver, F/O F. Templeman, Sgt. Walker, Sgt. Lane, Sgt. Dearden.

Salvage Committee

President: F/L A. G. Dobrashian
F/O W. D. McMaster
F/O G. L. Young.

Blackout Committee

President: F/O J. M. Kennedy.
Members: P/O E. N. MacDonald, F/S Blair (W. & B.), Sgt. LeRoy (Photo), Sgt. Holden (Arm), Sgt. Keleher (Main), Sgt. MacKenzie (S W O), Cpl. Forshner (W. & B.), Cpl. Francis (Main), Cpl. Silverthorne.

Sergeants' Mess

Hon. President: S/L Badgley.
President: W.O.2 Painter.
Secretary: F/S Todd.

Entertainment Committee

President: F/O L. G. Home.
Members: F/Sgt. Smith, Sgt. Harris, Sgt. Scott, Cpl. Medhurst, Cpl. Cooper (W.D.), LAC. Adams, AC.1 Lewis, Bob Low (Y.M.C.A.).

Station Fund Committee

President: S/L S. Volk.
Secretary: Cpl. J. Barr.
Members: S/L M. J. McNeil, F/L A. R. MacIver, F/O L. G. Home (Messing & Entertainment), F/O J. M. Kennedy (Central Warehouse), F/O G. L. Young (Canteen), F/O W. D. McMaster (Sports), Cpl. Rogers, Cpl. Cooper (W.D.), LAC. Bruyere, LAC. Roy, Bob Low (Y.M.C.A.)

Sports Committee

President: F/O W. D. McMaster.
Secretary: Sgt. G. C. MacKenzie.
Members: P/O J. Friedlander, Sgt. Goldstein, Sgt. Rogers, F/Sgt. MacKenzie, F/Sgt. MacGregor, Cpl. Bate-man (W.D.), LAC. Walker, LAC. Trepannier, Bob Low (Y.M.C.A.).