



Thumbs Up!

R.C.A.F. Station,
DARTMOUTH, N.S.



NOVEMBER

10 CENTS

M - M - M - - -



Marie (The Body) McDonald was a model, a showgirl, and a night club singer before Hunt Stromberg signed her for a leading role in "Guest In The House" released by United Artists.

editors' page



"To God, thy country, and thy friends be true."—Vaughan.



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The Dartmouth Photographic Section.

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GENERAL McNAUGHTON GETS CABINET POST

While politics are not as a rule of particular concern to service people generally, the recent cabinet crisis within the Liberal Party over the Zombie question has brought the subject to the fore with a bang. And if it is of any interest to the Government, their chances of being returned to power were an immediate election called would be about one in ten if personnel here are any yardstick of public opinion. It is difficult to see how an elec-

tion can be avoided, either. The spectacle of a government torn with internal strife and facing a thundering storm of criticism across Canada can hardly be said to be representative of the majority opinion under our system of responsible government, according to general views held on this station. The chief regret of the serviceman seems to be that Canada's revered and highly respected General McNaughton should endanger his reputation by becoming embroiled in the political stew. The Halifax Mail interprets the feelings of most people on this station when it says editorially:

No; General McNaughton has not enhanced his reputation in accepting what Colonel Ralston has refused longer to tolerate. That is the view that will be taken by the Canadian people. It is a pity—but there it is. And the Canadian people, and the press of this country, were more than kind to General McNaughton during the controversy that swirled about his retirement from command of the overseas Army early this year.

Thumbs-Up staff writer Cpl. Norma Dick was assigned to the task of presenting both sides of the Zombie question, if any. Her views, which are published on this page, are pretty much "dynamite" but she is supported in them by what a good 99.44-100% of Dartmouthites think . . . and just to be fair about it, says Norma, she dug up a letter from a Zombie setting forth the arguments for the defence. It makes laughable reading as a letter, but if the thoughts expressed by the writer

(who was anonymous, according to Overseas Mail) are those of the other 70,000 Zombies in Canada's NRMA army, it becomes far from humorous. Especially to the thousands of Canadian families who have already suffered the loss of loved ones in this war.

"ZOMBIES"

By CPL. NORMA M. DICK

With the resignation of Defense Minister Ralston the world this week turned its eyes on Canada. In the very midst of the Seventh Victory Loan drive, came this news—news that could not but leave a bad taste in the mouths of Canadians. Civilians and Services alike were asked to make an "all-out" drive for Victory. "If you aren't making a sacrifice, you aren't giving at all!" ran the general thread of the Loan speeches.

An "all-out" drive! . . . The words on the lips of bitter servicemen became a farce—a satire of Canada's war policy. Was THIS an all-out drive? This coddling of a group? This useless waste of men overseas to defend the Zombie soldier?

Eyes turned toward the Army. Toward the sleeves of every soldier. And on many sleeves there was a conspicuous absence of a very important emblem, the two letters reading simply: G S.

Surely, said the voices of questioning service men and women—surely the Government will do something now. Well, we service people are waiting for the answer. Waiting not so patiently as we once would have, but we wait.

(Continued—Please turn to page 36)



Col J. L. Ralston
On A Visit
To Station

Over to you - - -



Our late Commanding Officer G/C H. M. Carscallen is shown signing over our bodies and chattles to the care of his successor G/C C. L. Trecarten the Commanding Officer of RCAF Station, Dartmouth, N.S. The new C/O comes from Milltown, N. B., and has had many years of experience with handling the many complex problems which are every-day life on an operational station such as this. His last post at EAC where he occupied the desk as the important Senior Administrative Officer. Previous to that time G/C Trecarten was in the Aeronautical Engineering branch and is of course a pilot on the General List. All of which goes to make an officer well versed in the main departments which compose a flying station. The entire station personnel extend a hearty welcome and a promise of the some co-operation furnished G/C Carscallen. No one could ask for more and it is hoped that it will make his duties here most pleasant.

OUR COVER

Several well known local lads are doing yeoman service with the Peregrine Combines, who are showing Halifax fans some rugged Canadian football this fall. You will be able to pick out Jack Pumple, Fred Thomas, Jack Vogt and Jack Murray from the group. Two Navy men are also shown—Lou Aldrich at centre and Ivor Wynne.

Victory Orgies Barred By N. Y. Mayor

New York (CNS)—Mayor Fiorello H. LaGuardia has expressed sharp disapproval of plans attributed to a few groups for unrestrained celebration of V-E (Victory-in-Europe) Day.

"There is one thing I am sure we will not do, should not do and must not do," the Mayor said, "and that is indulge in orgies of hilarity, in all sorts of demonstrations that are disorderly and destructive, for the war is not over. Even after we have defeated Hitler and conquered Germany, there are still our boys in the Pacific."

Sweater girls make excellent school teachers. They outline things so clearly.

At the "Good Bye" party to G/C and Mrs. Carscallen in the Officers' Mess the presentation of a silver cocktail shaker was made to the C/O and a lovely basket of roses to his charming wife. The latter presentation is shown above with the "boss" looking pleased about the whole thing.

OFFICERS HONOR COMMANDING OFFICER AND HIS LADY





Our Orderly Room and Staff.

THE CO'S. GEN STAFF

The Headquarters orderly room in all its glory (feminine) is pictured above and the staff commencing with F/S Parslow in the No. 1 spot is (2) Cpl. Goselin, (3) Cpl. Saunders, (4) Cpl. Campbell, (5) AW. Strickland, (6) Cpl. Fran Haigh (twice this

issue and once last Thumbs Up pages are graced by Fran's comely features. We'll be accused of press agentic if we don't watch out). (7) LAW. Denyers, (8) LAW. Cruickshank—all smiling their prettiest.

It says right here in black face caps—**WE'RE SORRY TO SEE YOU GO, SIR.** On the other hand we are all happy that AFHQ has seen the obvious way clear to prepare one of its ablest servants for the job of finishing off the little brown so-and-so's in the second phase of the war. Group Captain Henry Myles Carscallen, D.F.C., who relinquished command Nov. 6th, came to Dartmouth in mid-April of this year and we can say one unique fact about him: Never once did we hear anyone from an AC.2 on up say an unkind thing about him, or in any way refer to the "old man" as anything but a "Good Joe." That sort of a reputation, combined with the fact that he is damnably efficient, is about as rare as a pearl in an oyster. Wherever your duties take you, sir, just remember that there are several thousand folks who call Dartmouth home who would be glad of the chance to tag along. Good hunting, wherever it may be.

THE PADRE'S CHAT

Hello everybody—this is Comfort again, not very comfortable about your attitude to Worship. We have lots of room in the Chapel on Sundays that ought to be taken up.

In the discussion group the other night, the need for a more active Christianity was mentioned and you know that depends on you. You know Christianity can work wonders in the world if it is really lived and made active and that is your job. A watch however perfect will not go unless it is wound. It is the same with your Religion. Unless it is wound up by prayer and sacrament it won't work. The Church which changed a hostile world into a Christian word was made of ordinary people. You are now the church—all who profess to believe in Christ. The Church which has done great things in the past can do them again. It all depends on you.

Rise up, O men of God
The Church for you doth wait
Her strength unequal to the task
Rise up! and make her great.



This is RECORDS where they always have "something on you"



A.W. Jeans "Newfie" is the home country.

(1)—Sgt. Lewis,
N.C.O. i/c of our
Central Registry.



(3) Left A. W. MacDonald from Ship Harbour, N. S.



(4) Right A.W. Fisher—a P.E.I. gal.

... "Written in a pessimistic mood" ...
—From the Diary, F/S John Anthony (Tony) Leach.

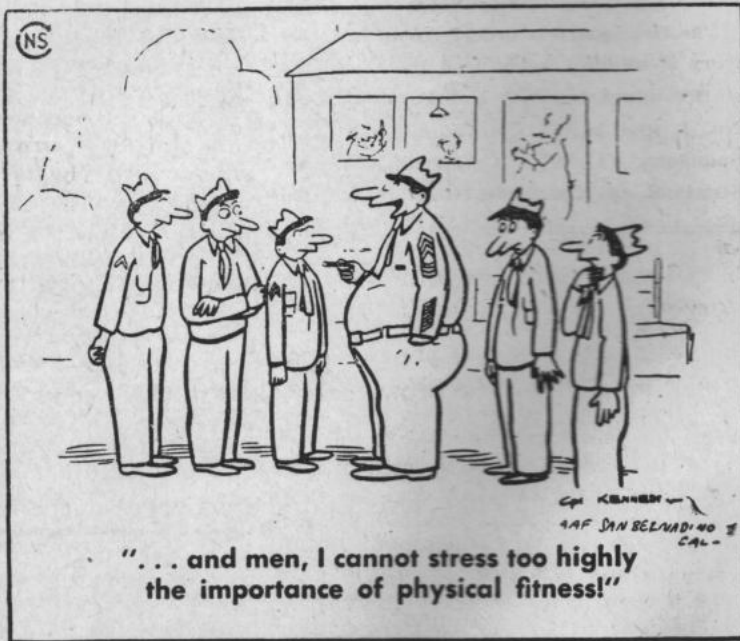
PER ARDUA

I do not think he died for God or King
Or with the outworn boast of "Death or Glory",
Nor do I think tomorrow's world will sing
Heroic chapters of his too brief story.

He passed, resenting that he had to die,
Fighting to live, until his final breath
Was lost in timeless limits of the sky—

And the sun smiled warmly on his death.
Yet, will you say his going was in vain,
If you shall see in not far distant years
The greatness of this nation live again?
Born from your lonely anguish and your tears.

F/ Tony Leach. Toronto-22—a rear gunner who was killed in action over Germany, Sept. 27, 1943, on his eighth mission. F/S Leach was a graduate of Bishop Ridley College, St. Catharines, and was a brother of Sgt. Molly Leach of Sector Operations, Dartmouth.



"... and men, I cannot stress too highly the importance of physical fitness!"



CENTRAL REGISTRY
 Our Station "Clearing House" and the pleasant staff who operate it



Missing when picture was taken —
 LAW. Parkes



Top left—LAW. Stronach—Top right (3) Sgt. Dow—
 (2) Lower left—LAW. Stewart.
 Lower right (4) Corporal Rose. Centre—a general view of C. R.



War Front Humour In Caricature Hits a New High

It seems that everywhere there are soldiers, sailors or airmen there eventually appears a unit newspaper, or sorts, and justly emerges a cartoonist to pen the funny side of life as viewed from inside a uniform. Some of the present crop of World War II artists have already annexed fame far in advance of anything ever achieved by last war comic artists with the possible exception of Bruce Bairnsfather who's "Old Bill" was legend, mainly because of the more modern methods of communication of to-day, and the fact that (especially with the U.S.) publication of unit magazines or papers has been greatly encouraged in the World War II, thus providing a field for the artists to show their wares. Time magazine recently contained an article on the Ottawa-born William Carnet (Bing) Coughlin whose portrayal of a hopeless soldier known as Herbie has the readers of the Canadian Army's Maple Leaf chuckling. It has also noticed that cartoons by Les Callan late of the Toronto Daily Star are appearing in the Maple Leaf also. On this station we are fortun-

ate in having several such as LAC Mildenberger and S/L Jack Byrd mighty handy with a pen.

The American forces have the advantage of some of the foremost professional comic strip artists in the business to provide for their army's news-sheets and, characteristically, the Washington authorities have gone into the matter of distribution of stories, material, and cartoons for service papers in big-time fashion. Camp Newspaper Service (of which Thumbs Up and many other Canadian service mags are grateful benefactors) is a big organization, set-up in New York on the lines of a peacetime newspaper feature syndicates. It issues a "clip-sheet" each week which contains, among many other useful things to an editor, two cartoons which are as familiar to GI's as the front

Ladd Field, Alaska. — Cpl John Seth of Ladd Field received a letter from his wife containing an intricate drawing. "This," the letter explained, "is the way the dashboard of our car looks. Do we need a quart of oil?"—(CNS.)

door at home. Sgt. Sansone's "Wolf" and Milton Caniff (pronounced Kan-if) Male Call with the curvaceous Miss Lace is the starring role. These two characters are tops with servicemen (and women) everywhere. In fact it was once, decided, by those guiding the destinies of Thumbs Up at the time, to drop the two features. The resultant howl that went up would drown out a Harvard in coarse pitch. It was still reverberating when we took over the paper, so naturally Male Call and the bland-expressed Wolf went right back in. Now we get letters like this The Editor, Thumbs Up.

Dear Sir: Just wanted to drop you a line expressing my pleasure in finding Milton Caniff's "Male Call" back again between the covers of our peppy "mag." It was like old times to gaze upon the fair form of the "delectable" Miss Lace and it helped my morale no end.

Here's looking forward to many more issues of "Thumbs Up" with "lotions" of good wishes to the editor and staff.

AN INTERESTED READER.
 . . . which goes to show you how to win friends and make sales.

(Continued on Page 35)



Such labored nothings, in so strange
a style
Amaze the unlearned, and make the
learned smile.

—Pope

By "Ted"

We wonder how they missed it. . . .

News from Paris via Camp Newspaper Service is to the effect that the Stars and Stripes, U.S. Army daily, is being published in the Paris plant of the New York Herald Trib which was found to be intact and unused during the four years of Nazi occupation. In another printing plant they even found captured German paper and ink to publish with! Those Yanks always were lucky. Speaking about Paris, many unusual stories are coming to life of those who lived through the years of terror to tell them. Toronto-born Dianna Prevost (formerly Dianna Meridith) and her French husband were two who weathered the storm. During part of the occupation Madame Prevost had a gang of German officers take squatters' rights in her beautiful chateau. Says she, "We experienced no actual brutality from them. The only time they terrified us was Christmas night when they got tight and shot out the windows." . . . Sissies! They ought to see some of our flat-hats on a blitz—and usually not nearly so important as Christmas.

The Paris story we liked best, though, is Ralph Allen's (Toronto Globe and Mail) concerning the British Army medico who walked the streets of the French capital in his best British Army major's unie twice weekly for over six months. Much to the Huns' embarrassment, Major Brian Hosford of Turnbridge Wells, Kent, prisoner of war, found that as camp M.O. he could qualify for two 5-hour passes weekly by giving his payable. Doning his best and well-pressed uniform he would stroll the well-known Parisian boulevards to the distraction of the Teutons and amusement of the civilians. In all that time, he says, only once did a German soldier on MP ask to see his pass and on that once occasion two Nazi privates were so crossed up as to who and what he was that they finally decided that discretion was the better part of valor, smartly saluted the splendid officer and buzzed off.

We liked the story in the U.S. Army newspaper "Redlander" concerning the two who met in the English pub. "Aye say,

Maisie, are you 'avin wun?" he queried. "Naw," replied Maisie. "It's just the cut o' me coat."

A cute little Wren from Morreal
Wore a newspaper dress to a ball,
The dress caught afire,
And burned her attire—
Front page, sports section and all.

Its told for Gospel, s'helpus. . . . It developed that three of our better-known officers were making a brief station recco one Sunday afternoon and got a bit off track, never having been checked out on some of our back roads. They ended up in a zoo, of all places. Here they found the strangest collection of foreign and do-

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NURSING SISTER LE BREQUE

N/S Esme LeBreque, one of the station's most photogenic subjects, has departed for Overseas as has also another of our good looking nurses. "Pete" Peters departed for her "Embarkation," and dozens of the LPB's best young bloods promptly departed for the bar to drown their sorrows at the parting. Whether it will mean a temporary lull in the great number of real or imaginary ailments which may have required hospitalization of late is too early to say. We think not, as there are still plenty of reasons why a guy could enjoy a stay in our local hospital so long as he wasn't TOO sick. Best of luck to the two who have managed to hit the overseas list. Sorry, no pictures available of "Pete."

AFTER THE WAR IS OVER

By the Educational Officer's Staff

A great deal has been written and much has been said about rehabilitation. The topic is now well worn, we apologize for rattling the bones again. Ask any airman what he will receive in cold cash if the war ended tomorrow and he will give you a reasonably accurate answer. Of course we are all interested in the monetary side of rehabilitation, but there are other aspects which are perhaps of greater importance and with which we should be more thoroughly familiar—and we refer to the post war educational benefits. Just what opportunities or privileges await the Serviceman when he steps into civies street

Let us take the hypothetical case of LAC Glutz. He is single, 24 years of age and has served one year in Canada and two years overseas.

He left school after completing Junior Matriculation and entered employ of a bank. He completed Senior Matriculation work through the Canadian Legion and Education office during his period of service. Upon discharge what opportunities are available to him by way of re-establishment in civilian life?

He may choose any of the following alternatives:

1. Return to former employment
2. Proceed to University course
3. Commercial or Technical course
4. Business for self
5. Farming or Small holding, coupled with Employment.

However, the matter of choice is not as simple as it appears on the surface. LAC Glutz will receive a rehabilitation grant of thirty days pay and allowance, plus a clothing allowance of one hundred dollars. He will also receive a basic gratuity of \$7.50 for each 30 days service in Canada and \$15.00 for each thirty days of service overseas, a total of approximately \$450. He will also receive a supplementary credit of seven days plus subsistence allowance for each six months service overseas, or, in his case, 28 days pay and allowance, plus subsistence, allowance. This, of course, will be paid in monthly instalments not exceeding amount of his service pay and allowances. LAC Glutz will receive this regardless of choice of option above.

Want To Go Back To Old Job?

If LAC Gultz wishes to return to his former employment, he must make application for reinstatement within three months of his discharge. Off-Duty classes and correspondence courses are available to him, if he does not take advantage

of training courses. He will also be eligible for re-establishment credit equal in amount to the basic gratuity which in his case is \$450. This money may be used as a partial payment of premium on insurance policy under the Veterans' Insurance Act, or may be applied on furniture or on remodelling of home if he marries, or otherwise maintain a home. The re-establishment credit is available and may be drawn at any time during the ten years following discharge. From this credit will be deducted any amounts paid on his behalf by the government, toward educational courses or training.

How About 'Varsity?

LAC Glutz may wish to take a University course. Courses are available leading to degrees in Arts and Science, Engineering or Applied Science, Medicine, Dentistry, Forestry, Agriculture, Commerce, Law, Pharmacy, Education and Music. A number of diploma courses are also available examples of which are Diploma in Business Administration, Diploma in Education, Diploma in Public Administration.

The fact that LAC Glutz completed several educational courses in service indicates ambition and ability, qualities so

necessary to successful prosecution of a course of University standard. In view of his age and background, however, it is not likely that the Veterans' Welfare Officer of Section Board would approve admission to a general Arts course unless LAC Glutz signifies intention to specialize in, say, statistics, or mathematics or finance, or economics, or actuarial science option. In his particular case, a course leading to Bachelor of Commerce degree or its equivalent would likely be more acceptable although consideration would no doubt be given to request for other courses. LAC Glutz would be required to give reason for any change of occupation or choice of profession. In any case, the course selected must have some bearing on past or future employment.

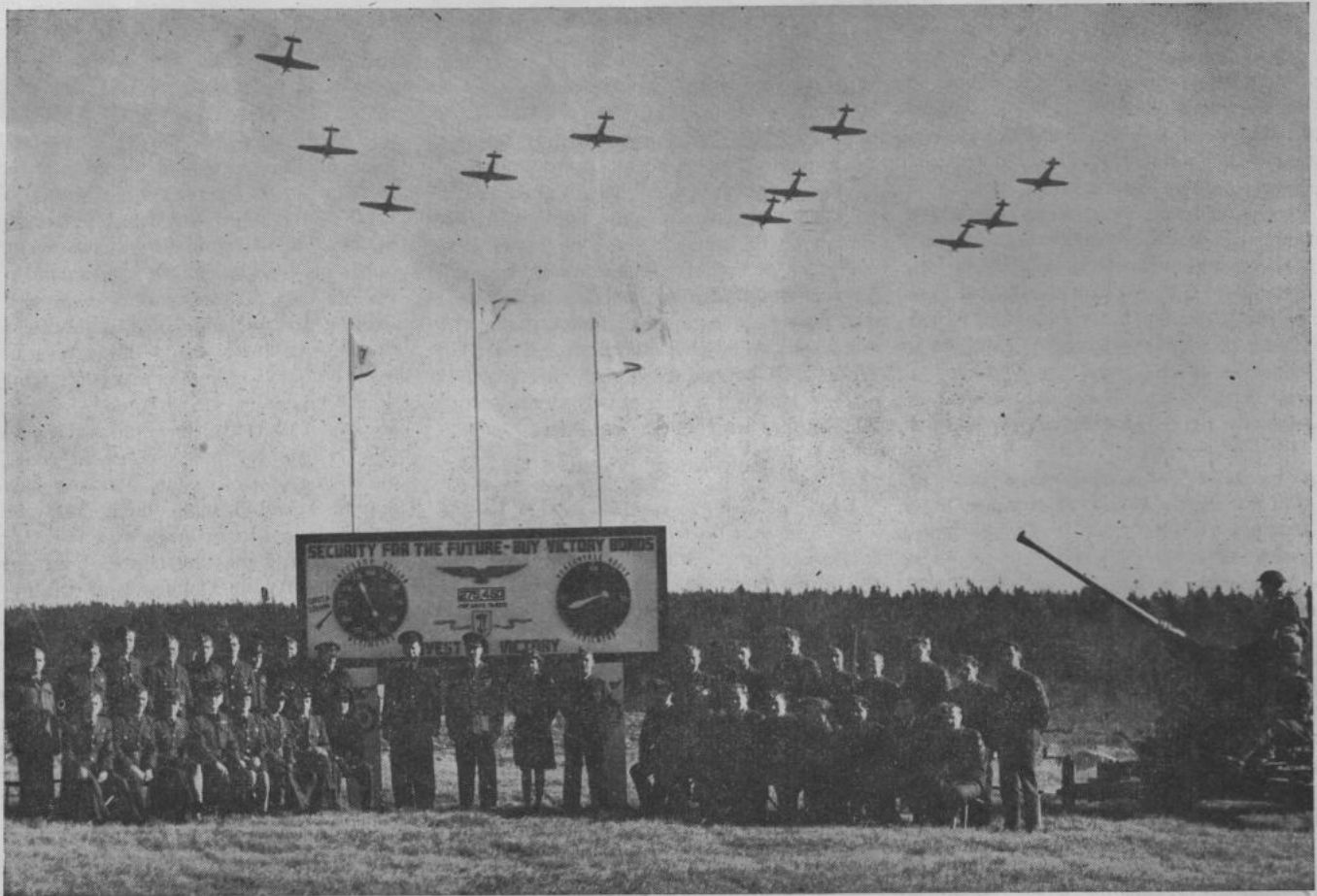
LAC Glutz may hesitate about entering a University or College and taking classes with men several years younger. Have no fear Joe, in the years following the war there will be many of your own age group taking courses in the same institution. Even today there are many veterans of World War II taking courses in Canadian Universities. Don't hesitate making application due to financial difficulties—that

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"General Von Schlimiel is tied up at the moment.
Would you care to leave a message?"

OVER \$300,000 INVESTED IN VICTORY



The 7th Victory Loan set a new high for Dartmouth Station with the amazing total of over \$300,000 subscribed by Station personnel. S/L Fred Kelley and his Victory Loan Committee who did the "selling job" are pictured above while our Hurricane Squadron fly a formation VII in their honor.

The Nazi Soldier---Thin and Shabby But Still a Dangerous Fighter

By Camp Newspaper Service

Here are a few things GIs learned about the German soldier during the fighting in France and Holland

1. He fights hard and with courage. But when the going gets tough, he's likely to quit.

2. He doesn't like to fight at night And that's a good time to go out and get him. You can pick out his position better at night by following the line of the tracers from his machine guns. By day it's hard to see him because he fights behind hedgerows and his powder is smokeless.

3. He is very tricky. If you give him a chance to pull a fast one on you, he'll go ahead and pull it. Watch him when he surrenders. German soldiers have been known to surrender with a white flag in one hand and a potato masher in the other. When they get close to you they

are liable to let you have the grenade right in the face.

4. He's inclined to be trigger happy. Sometimes he will fire aimlessly just to build up his courage. Generally, however, he's a good shot and a dangerous man with a gun but he's no match for our men with a bayonet.

Physically, this 1944 edition of the German soldier is thinner and shorter than the 1940 model. The early Superman is dead, or wounded, or guarding the front at home. His successor on the fighting fronts is a lesser man, physically and psychologically, according to reports printed in Stars & Stripes and other newspapers abroad.

GERMAN SOLDIER, 1944 MODEL

Gone is the arrogant fanatical Nazi who laid waste the entire continent of Europe.

His place has been taken by a smaller, shabbier, less enthusiastic and more bewildered soldier—a man who doesn't want to fight so hard, but who still knows how to do it.

To sum it up, the German soldier today isn't the fighter he once was, but he still is quick and smart, he's tough and he's wicked. Don't let him fool you.

KISS N' TELL

It was a gorgeous night — the moon came up out of the ocean and shone on the young couple strolling along the railroad tracks. The fragrance of the spruce tree and woodland flowers filled the air—ah Dartmouth in the spring! Soon the young couple found a scheduled spot (they are quite numerous) and were shortly entwined in tight embrace. "My great big handsome Corporal", she finally cooed—"where did you learn to kiss like that?"

"Siphoning gas."

Don't put people on a pedestal. Help them increase their stature.

How To Win Friends and Make WDs---Well, Annoyed

By J. M. MACINTOSH

It was a hot, dry day, early in August, 1942. Princeton on the north bank of the St. Lawrence and sixty miles east of Lake Ontario, was thriving with tourists. It was then and there, that I actually woke up and thought that I would like to see the world. Next day I enlisted with the R.C.A.F. and became a world traveller at twenty-one.

When I arrived in Manning Pool, Toronto, I was lucky as there was a spare bunk for me in the Sheep Pen. Most of the fellows felt awful when the boys yelled "Haircut!" but I didn't as I really did need one. What did burn me up, though, was when one ignorant fellow asked if I was from the West!

It was the happiest moment of my life when I received my "partly worn" blues.

Inside of a month my natural ability was noticed and I became an instructor in precision drill, not to mention my rapid promotion to Corporal (UNPAID). One afternoon while drilling my devoted flight on Tip Top Field, one of the outstanding lads in the flight came to me for advice. "Please, Corporal," he said, "there's something of great importance I wish to speak to you about." "Well, John," I said, "I'll be glad to help you in any way I can. Drop around to my room about 6 p.m. after I detail my men for Duty Watch." "Thank you, Corporal", said John, and a look of gratitude come



over his face.

I had just showered and had settled down to read the wonderful works of Shakespeare, which had been my favorite since boy-hood days, just like Gene Turney, when I heard a faint knock at the door. I knew at once it was John Jacobs and called to him to enter. As he did so, he tripped over one of my thick Oriental rugs and reached out to steady himself. In so doing, he tore down one of my expensive Venetian blinds. I was annoyed

at first but pressed the bell on my desk and two AC's quickly appeared. I told them what I wanted done and the damage was soon repaired. I began to talk to John when I was interrupted by another knock at the door. However, it was just an AC wanting me to recommend an off-duty pass. I did so readily as I knew what it was like when I was an AC. "Well John," I said, "what's on your mind?" "It's like this, Corporal," he said, "I've been going with a girl for three years now and

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C.N.E. DIRECTOR MARRIED

Of international interest was the New York wedding of Elwood Hughes and Peg Willin Humphrey. Mr. Hughes is the general manager of the Canadian National Exhibition while Miss Humphrey was also prominent in the entertainment world. She was executive secretary for the New York World's Fair and co-director of Cleveland's Great Lakes Exposition of 1936 and 1937. Elwood Hughes is widely known in Toronto military and sports circles, having been sports director of what used to be the world's greatest annual fair for 26 years and its general manager for four years. With the coming of the troops to Toronto's Exhibition park and the turning over of the big buildings for barracks purposes, Elwood Hughes was drafted by the Department of National Defence to look after the needs of the forces in training there. Mrs. Hughes is credited with the happy coining of the word "Aquacade" for the famous Billy Rose Water Show, one of the high spots of the N.Y. Fair.

LAW NANCY SMITH and GUEST STARS AT STATION DANCE



Dartmouth's Drum Marjorette, Nancy Smith shows them how the baton twirling act looks when an expert does it. LAW Smith is attached to the Photographic Section here.



When Louis Bobb of the F.F.A. sits down to play everybody stops what they are doing to watch and listen. Here he is doing a recent station dance entertaining with his own special brand of sweet 'n hot.

:-: REHABILITATION :-:

By SGT. A. ROBERTSON

Canada is well in advance of most countries in her planning for the rehabilitation of her ex-service men. Already most of the plans are in operation and many thousands of discharged men and women have taken advantage of them.

Back in December, 1939, the Prime Minister of Canada appointed a Cabinet committee to study the problem of demobilization and rehabilitation. This Cabinet committee, under the chairmanship of the Minister of Pensions and National Health, appointed in turn an advisory committee, made up already of deputy ministers and senior officials of the Civil Service. Under this advisory committee, sub-committees of experts in various fields were set up to deal with specific problems arising in the program of retraining. The work of most of these committees has been completed, their recommendations have been sent in to the General Advisory Committee for approval. The recommendations approved by the Advisory Committee were then forwarded to the Cabinet Committee and then took the form of legislation. A great deal has already been made law and changes for the better are continually being made.

The following outline will give you an idea of what has been made law and what you can expect when you are discharged.

When you receive your discharge you will be given a thorough medical and dental check. If you are fit, you will receive your rehabilitation grant of one month's pay and allowances, one hundred dollars clothing allowance, and your fare home or to your place of enlistment.

Free medical care is given to all men for almost every disorder arising within one year of date of discharge. If the disorder is caused by service, the hospitalization is free. Dependents' allowances will be paid.

If you are temporarily incapacitated or unable to find a job when you are discharged you may receive the out-of-work benefits for any period up to the length of service with a maximum of twelve months. The benefits are \$50.00 monthly for a single man and \$70.00 monthly for a married man.

A great many men will wish to return to their old jobs. If you return within three months from the date of your discharge, the employer is required, with certain reasonable safeguards, to reinstate you in employment "under conditions not less favorable than those which would have been applicable had enlistment not taken place."

In addition to your rehabilitation grant and clothing allowance, you will receive a sizeable gratuity which depends upon your

(Reprinted from The Drift Recorder,
No. 5 A.O.S., Winnipeg, Man.)

This article more or less covers the same ground as that on Page 7 but there are enough new angles on a very timely subject that we thought it worthwhile to give it to you from the Manitoba angle as well as the local.
—Editor.

length of service in Canada and Overseas. For every month spent in Canada you receive \$7.50 and \$15.00 for every month spent overseas. For every six months overseas you will also receive a sum equal to seven days' pay and allowances. In addition to the grant and gratuity mentioned above, a re-establishment credit equal to the amount of the gratuity is available for certain specified purposes.

If you wish to brush up in your old trade or learn a new one, the Government will help you. You may take vocational courses up to one year in length and your fees will be paid. You will also receive a subsistence allowance of \$60.00 a month if you are single and \$80.00 a month if you are married, while undergoing training.

Some fellows were not finished high school or were ready to enter a university when they enlisted. If you are one of these fellows and are the "keen type" you may receive one month at school or university free for every month you spent in the Service. Your fees will be paid and you will receive subsistence similar to that already mentioned in the preceding paragraph. This is a wonderful opportunity and you should prepare yourself for it.

DAFFYNITIONS:

Girl — a creature who is fond of pretty clothes but is not necessarily wrapped up in them.

Cemetery — a place filled with people who thought the world couldn't get along without them.

Half-breed — a man with a cold in one nostril.

Wave — a Grable-bodied Seaman.

Strip-teaser — a gal who never puts off tomorrow what she can put off today.

Politician — a guy who pats you on the back so he'll know where to stick the knife.

If you have a subject or two of high school to complete, you may take them now while you are in the Service. You will then be ready to enter university when you are discharged. Your Education Officer can get courses on academic or vocational work free for you.

The Veterans' Land Act has made a very good opportunity for a man to establish himself either in full time farming or on a small holding coupled with employment or commercial fishing.

If you have two years farming experience you may take advantage of full time farming. You are allowed to choose your own farm and may borrow up to \$6,000.00 to become established. If you take the maximum loan and fulfill all your obligations the Government will absorb \$2,320.00 of your loan. Smaller amounts are available for men who wish to have a house and a few acres in a low tax area. To take advantage of this offer you must have a job in town which will enable you to meet your payments. Similar assistance will also be given you if you wish a small holding coupled with commercial fishing.

Preference in employment is provided for members of the service who wish to enter the Civil Service and other employers are being encouraged to adopt the same policy. Also, to help the service man find a job, an Employment Service has been instituted in all main centres across Canada. A Welfare Division and Citizens Committee have also been established in all centres to help you with your re-establishment problems.

Your Education Officer or the Personnel Councillor has the "gen" on this rehabilitation and the details, which have been omitted from this article, may be obtained by calling at his office in the Rec. Hall or the old Admin. Bldg.

PARDON HIS SOUTHERN ACCENT

NEW YORK—Mrs. Eurnice H. Rhyne, complaint clerk for the post engineer at Tyndall Field, Fla., took a call from a northern GI who said there was no hot water in his barracks.

Expecting the usual cause—lack of oil in the heater—the native Floridian asked: "How's your oil?"

"We's all just fine", said the G.I. "How's you all?"

No Hurry, Old Boy

Boston (CNS)—After thinking it over for a number of years, Joe Pallotti, a local resident, has become an American citizen at the age of 93.

GI Joe and Josephine Will Get Plenty of Jack Or So It Seems

....SO THUMBS UP SENT F/O Moe RENOLDS OUT TO FIND OUT WHAT THE GALS AND BOYS WERE GOING TO DO WITH IT WHEN THEY GET IT.

What are the boys and girls in the Service going to do with all the money they get on discharge? With this question uppermost in his mind, last week, a "Thumbs Up" reporter was sent running around the station to querie a cross-section of the Personnel on this pertinent point.

The Reporter, on his "Gallop Poll," was somewhat amazed to discover that many an Airman and Airwoman did not have a clear picture of just what Rehabilitation and Mustering Out Pay schemes were in store for him come Victory.

Therefore, before releasing the results of the small survey let us first outline a rough idea of what the powers-that-be intend to give YOU on Discharge.

First of all there is the allotment of \$15.00 a month for each month of Overseas Service and \$7.50 a month for each month spent in Canada. Then, there is an additional \$100 for clothing allowance. This amount along with a Pre-Discharge payment and a Rehabilitation Grant as well as other Gratuities will make up a tidy sum.

Suppose you've been in the Service for three years and spent half of this time Overseas, then, on discharge you would be eligible to receive something like \$500.00 plus.

This \$500.00 plus — was the yardstick

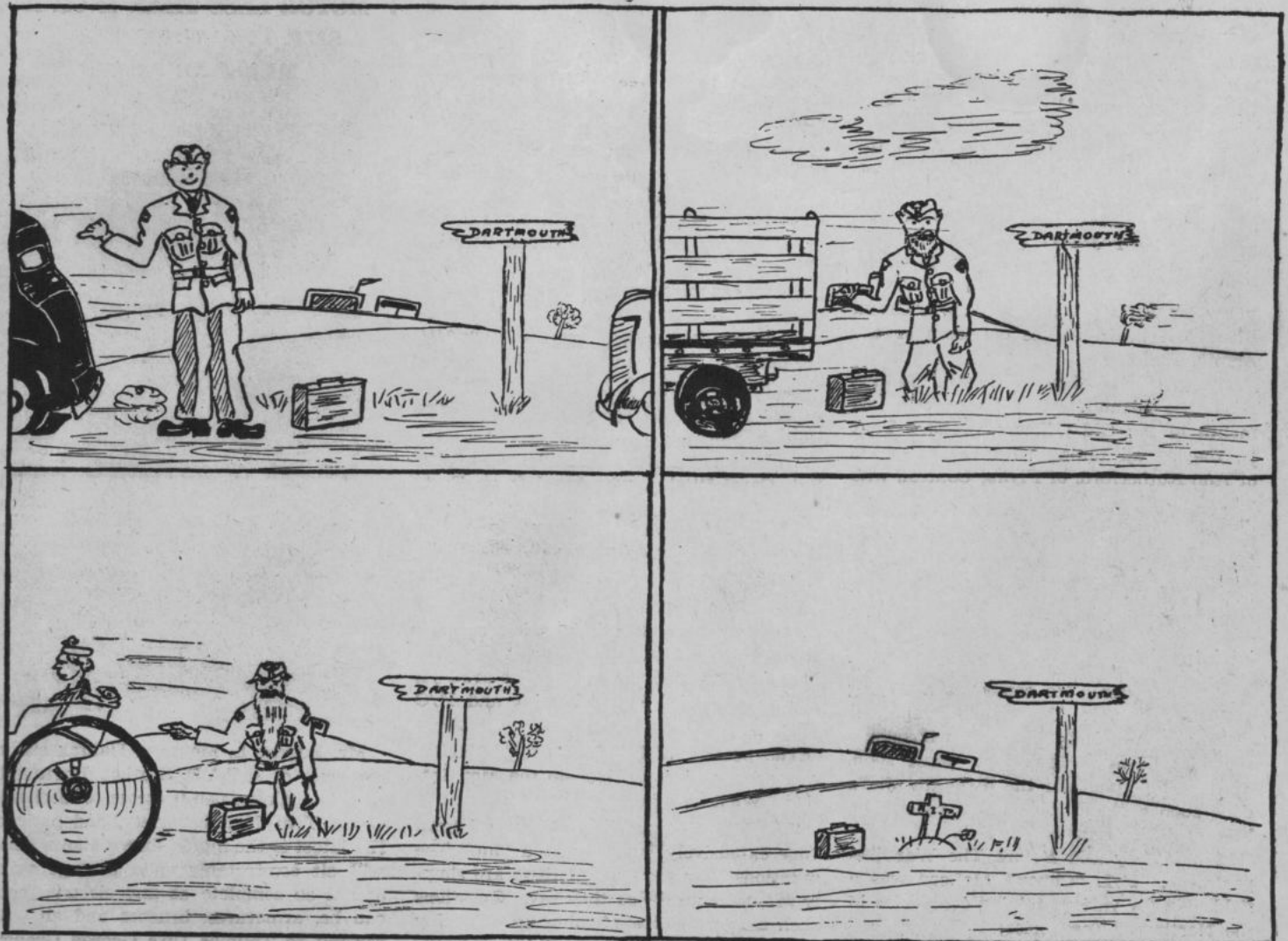
used when asking the following members of our fair station the vital question: "What'll You Do With The Money You Earn?" Now, to the tune of "Ta-Ra-Ra Boom V-Day," here is what some of the lads and lassies intend doing with their Mustering Out Money:

SGT. WAG RON PHILLIPS, 26, 11 Squadron: We pinned Ron down between 1 and 2 Hangars to ask him what he intended to do with all the moola that would come him way. He was quite close-mouthed but we finally dug out the fact that he'd been a gold-minner at Timmins and intended staying in the mining business after the war. He wants to use his Mustering Out Pay to take him through a course in Geology at any leading Canadian university.

(Continued on Page 30)

A STORY THAT NEEDS NO WORDS

By Sgt. JACK BYRD





"FROM THE NERVE CENTRE" -- OPERATIONS

by the "PULSE"

News! News! We must have news was the somewhat frantic cry of "the Pulse" as he searched high and low through the Operations Room, Flying Control, Met and the Intelligence Officer for copy of "Thumbs Up" calibre. Follows, then, just one more god reason for those gentry who fight against "Freedom of the Press."

"I'm not worried about the Standard of Living in the Post-War World—it's the Standard of **Loving** that perturbs me," says AW1 Marie Hudson.

The name "Gn. Man" has taken on a new meaning in World War II. Before, it could be used as the short form for General Manager. Now, less menacing, it applies to anyone, from an Acey Duce to an Air Commodore, who is really "in the know" about his job. "Gen" is the abbreviated term for General Knowledge or Information. And "Man" is short the day after pay-day!

A Bum Steer: "He's so dumb he thinks 'Corned Beef' is a pixilated Cow." In those few words you have a W.D.'s "Grand Slam" overheard in the corridors of the Admin. Building.

The girls and boys are still talking about the Administration Party held last month in the Old Officers' Mess! That is, they're all taking with the exception of Ann Rutherford, of Flying Control, who when questioned the day after the shindig just "wasn't talking" for publication!

The Flying Control Personnel would like to extend a hearty greeting to their new O/G S/L Durham!" Corny but friendly eh?

Flying Officer Don Selby is the new Asst. Controller. He comes from Flying Duties at Sydney. Don was the rapid replacement for Bob Duncan who starts trundling Heavy Transport stuff soon. That's "Big Time" for the little guy who's done such a grand job on this coast. The best of luck from us all, Bob.

"What They Did Before The War Department: F/L "Chuck" McLeod was a field man for various mining companies in the Northwest Territories; F/L Gar Harland, Station Navigation Officer, was a school teacher out in Manitoba; F/L Alex

Yule was in the banking business in London, Ont.; WO.1 Ray Corbett, also in the bank; F/O Maurice Reynolds was one of those "adenoidal guys" on the radio out around Regina; LAW. Mary Harrington went to high school in Cape Breton just prior to joining up; Cpl. Marion Weiss specialized in physical training; LAW. Norma Hatherley was a school teacher. So ends the Nerve Center's first Trade Test.

A fine vocal duet can be heard almost any night around Flying Control, when the resonant voice of P/O Max Gauthier singing "I Ain't Got No Money" and "Jinkie" Billyeald humming the obligato to the strains of "Can't Get Georgia Off My Mind." If AW.1 O'Toole happens to be around at the same time it's a madhouse as she goes dramatic with "Tor Bay or not Tor Bay, that is the question!"

The biggest "flap" in some time occurred one night last week, around the W/T Section, when WO.1 Elden literally "blew a fuse" while innocently making toast for his midnight lunch. All the lights went out but some of the Wireless Section were "electrified" by the *(?x?!!((censored)) that went up as the Electrician, roused from his bed, stumbled about in the dark in an effort to make things right again.

We're sorry to have to say good-bye to Sgt. Carol Ritchie, who has left on Posting. Her leaving precipitates the disbanding of the "Hit-Kids" and the Order of the Partly Iron Cross. So long, Carol—all the best!

F/O Pete Huletsky, D.F.C. and Bar, of the Intelligence Staff, is doing a horizontal Tour of Ops in the Station Hospital. New faces around the I.O.'s office are F/L Bob MacKenzie, F/O Marwick and F/O Coates.

The posting of LAW. "Rusty" Playfair was a blow—forcee Five—to the Met Section. We'll all miss her.

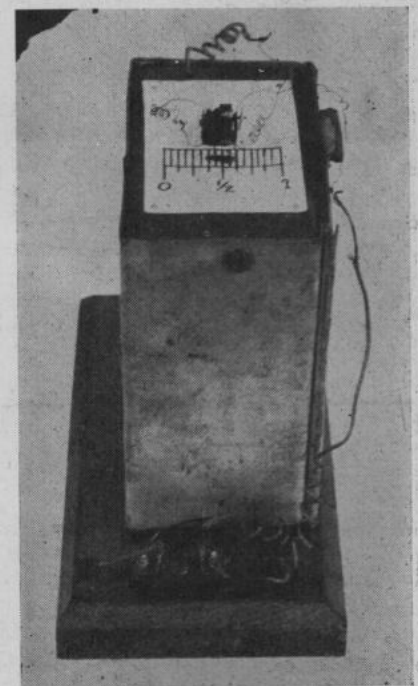
The Meteorology Section is not known very extensively but they do a "lot." The questions they get fired at them are simply preposterous, or so they say. Questions such as Sector Ops phoning up on a day when even the ducks are walking and asking "What are the Upper Winds?"

Everyone knows what C.A.V.U. means, says LAC. Stan Buchan, "Ceiling and Visibility Unique."

There's talk of a Beauty Contest to be held in the Admin. Building to see which Department has the most beautiful W.D.'s. With this bit of pulchritudinous Gossip we begin the wind-up of Nerve Center News. If we get an unrationed "raspberry" from the Editor, over the foregoing, then it'll be the first fresh fruit in Dartmouth this Fall! See you next month!

Even the darkest skies look brighter when we've washed our windows.

**MOTOR LESS THAN INCH IN
SIZE IS BUILT BY E. L.
MEUSE OF W & B**



Mr. Eugene L. Meuse, a Halifax civilian employee of R.C.A.F. Station, Dartmouth, is some shakes when it comes to mechanics of the Tom Thumb variety, and patience. His latest is the motor shown above, which will sit comfortably on a postage stamp and is as complete as any electric motor can be, armatures, brushes and all. According to Thumbs Up's George Graham, "It goes like the devil."

Our Montreal Letter

D.T.'S FROM T.D.

Dear Ted:

You asked me to write and tell you about my Temporary Duty trip to Montreal and about my time off conquests or "How To Live Dangerously On The Home Front." Bend an ear and an elbow and just listen!

We've all heard of "Rosie the Rivetter." Well, Ted, I met her first cousin in Montreal, Barrelhouse Bessie, the Welder. It was love at first fright! I must admit that there was something about her I couldn't escape. It was her size! Honestly, she's so big she gets fan-mail from the Beef Trust. A sweet kid, though, all wool and a YARD wide! She had a haunting bird-like face—like a pelican! At first she was quite cold towards me. So cold that I thought the Stork that brought her must have been a penguin!! But, finally, Barrelhouse Bessie, the Welder, began to thaw out. Now, she carries the Torch for me.

Bessie was a tremendous success at the party we went to that night. It was a Hallowe'en party! If they'd put that baby on a broomstick—what a fighter pilot she'd make.

This night of nights we were all at the Tic Toc—that's not sound effects—were we wound up! Anyway, in case you don't know it, the Tic Toc is one of those power dives that the boys in the Air Force are always going into. . . . Full Boost. I was with Bessie, the Welder, of course. She had me cradled in her arms. My torch-bearer!

After a cheerful round of banter, and fun I finally gathered together enough courage to ask her for a dance. What a fool I am at times. Just a dim-bulb lit up! Yes, Sir, Ted, that was me. Bessie the Barrelhouse, accepted my invita-

REMEMBER?

In December, 1940, when German armies were victorious everywhere, Adolf Hitler told German workers that "this is not simply another war of conquest. It is a war of two worlds. One or the other must go."

No. 1 ON THE WOLF PARADE:

"I'll Be Seizing You, In All The Old Familiar Places."

Merrymakers At Admin Party



Administration Staff make merry at the old Land Plane Officers' mess. F/L Hutchison of Sector Ops was obviously a guest who enjoyed the dancing as seen in the upper left picture. The former C/O had a great time visiting the many parties. He is shown in two pictures. WO1 Collins the Station Sgt. Major has a big group at his table. The type in the extreme, lower right half eliminated by the camera is F/O Fes Fairley who was with 11 BR here and is now in Newfie, just when he was all lined up to become a member of Thumbs Up staff too.

tion and we wended our separate ways onto the crowded floor of gay couples. She was indeed a divine dancer. Just as light on her feet as a feather. And why shouldn't she have been? She had her shoes off!

Then, came the unhappy moment of circumstance. What a stance! Just a female Paul Bunion! She started in to Jitterbug. And she was good—really hep. Now, I don't mind any part of the Art de Terpsichore but, when she started whirling me around her head and yelling "Whee! I'm an Auto-Gyro," I thought her dancing was too modern for me. So I got mad. Yes, Ted, I hit the roof. I told her off, for her un-ladylike conduct, in no uncertain terms, right there in the middle of the floor. Then I hit the roof again. What an uppercut that Barrelhouse Baby had! When the music finally stopped I thanked the orchestra, the Goddess of

Luck and Bessie for the dance! Bessie replied sweetly, "Oh, the pressure was all mine!"

The next day saw the end of my Temporary Duty. There were a lot of other fellows that I knew, at the station. They were feeling pretty blue about leaving! After my dancing session with Barrelhouse Bessie, I was feeling . . . black and blue!

Heed the morale of this letter, Ted, the next time you go to Montreal. Keep your eyes open and don't let yourself run into this weird welder, Barrelhouse Bessie. She'd carry the Torch for you even as she did for me. But, don't let that Torch fool you, brother; it's just a hotfoot in reverse!

Your Pal and Adviser,

WILLOUGHBY.

P.S. I'm not sure of her age but she must be quite old because I overheard her say she was an Ark Welder! Noah fooling!

Rainbow's Smoker Is Big Success

The fall season has ushered in a few changes in the Rainbow Squadron ranks. We have finally lost our popular Father Devine (F/O C. F. Devine), who is now with one of the other units on the Station, and LAC. Harry "Handsome" Hanen has left us for Labrador. As always, our best wishes to you both in your new jobs. We have also the pleasure of welcoming a new Adj. in F/O R. F. Bloomer.

The long-looked-for smoker has come and gone. It was a grand evening and worthy of a repeat performance at an early date. The scene was the old Officers Mess (Land Plane Base) which is getting a reputation like the Maple Leaf Gardens for holding bang-up shows.

Sgt. Burnside, who returned from leave minus 15 pounds, is being asked by all the "stout fellows" how come? . . . The Hooks and Crowns seem to be going around, which is good news. Congrats to new Corporals who are wearing 'em and also to F/S Orchard on his WO.2 and to Sgts. Heard and Spurr on their Flights.

Our ball team, as predicted last month, really showed the fans a brand of the pastime worthy of the squadron support, which accounted for the enthusiastic cheering section who gave them encouragement of a high order throughout the semi-final series with the ultimate champions, 8 CMU. We were not quite equal to the job of taking down the softball title but watch out for us in basketball . . . and mabee who knows, the station Hockey Championship will come our way. Prospects look good at this writing.

—The Roving Rainbow, TROY.

Miss Deane Carroll SCORES!

On October 26th the station was honored with the presence of Miss Deane Carroll, who graciously sang for us in connection with the Seventh Victory Loan.

Everyone will agree that Miss Carroll gave the appearance of a "doll" on the stage and her vivaciousness and charm overwhelmed all those who were fortunate in hearing her. She sang some very nice numbers but her rendition of Gounod's "Ave Maria" was absolutely tops. Unfortunately, Miss Carroll sang the "Ave Maria" at the second movie performance only.

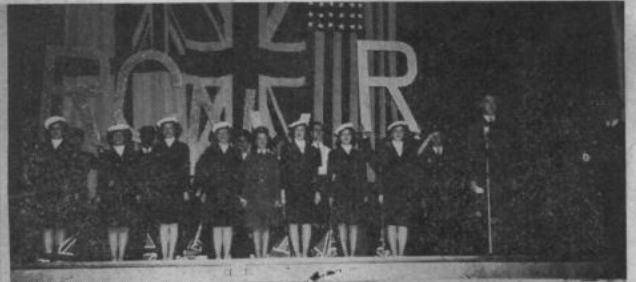
Miss Carroll came here on completion of a ten weeks' tour with the U.S.O., having been down as far as The Keys in Florida singing for the G.I.'s there. She is a radio and stage star with a great future. All personnel join in wishing her further success and happiness throughout her already well-established career.

W. E. M. Says "I Do . . ."



A marriage of some time ago, which Thumbs Up has just caught up with (real news hawks, us) is that wherein one of our local Signals staff, LAC. Edward James (Ted) Christie of Toronto took unto himself a bride, Jeannette Anne MacDonald, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. MacDonald of Kentville. (The bride is as pretty according to her picture as the Hollywood version of the same name). LAC. Christie is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph J. Christie of Fairview Avenue, Toronto, where the couple spent their honeymoon. The marriage took place in St. Joseph's Church, Kentville, Father J. H. Durney officiating.

Navy Show A Hit



A packed Rec Hall greeted the All-Navy show, "Let's Be Salty," when it played a special show for Dartmouthites and the applause and guffaws which greeted the singers and funsters and the whistles of appreciation for the pulchritude of the Wrens must have been ample evidence to Lt. G. C. Harris and cast from H.M.C.S. Stadacona that their efforts were appreciated.

Highlights were the comedy routines of Petty Officer Phil Nichol (above left), the tuneful music much of which was from the pen of the director, Leading Seaman Francis Johns, and the professional touch of the entire company. The sets and lighting effects were the work of Leading Seamen Marshall Smith and Francis Johns, which were both original and good. A first-class effort all the way. The show was written by Roger Greig and Bob Stanway. W/C Maurice Janin thanked the performers on behalf of the station.

If we don't wake up we may break up.

—Good show, Miss Carroll. Hope we see you again soon.

For the information of those interested —Miss Carroll's husband is in the Marines of the U.S. Navy Air Arm. 'Nuff sed.

Dumbkoff Is The Name

Indianapolis (CNS) — Rudy Grosskopf, junior member of the firm of Nutz and Grosskopf, was seated in his office, looking into the street when a man walked by, smiled, waved at Grosskopf, smiled again, then stepped into Grosskopf's car and drove speedily away. Grosskopf hasn't seen man or car since.

WORKSHOPS LADS THINKING ABOUT NEW WET CANTEEN

Illustrated by Jack Byrd.

The trend of the times here is along the line of postings and rather sadly we say "Till We Meet Again" to Cpls. Duffy and Sabourin; LAC's Plunkett and Miller of the metal working dept who have departed for other fields.

The lads in the shop have been putting in a great deal of extra time lately having in mind being well ahead of the work for when that great day arrives . . . the opening of the modernized canteen. It's just down the street from us and our mouths water every time we pass it.



NO HURRY MATE --- THERE WON'T BE ANY LEFT ANYWAY !

We had the pleasure of hearing from Slim Dodge, a former co-worker now at Gander. He finds the present edition of Gander much different from the station when he was there in the early days but is gradually becoming re-acclimated. We shall see that all further communiques from former workshops personnel are promptly issued on arrival, so if any of you ex-Dartmouthites from the workshops are tuned in, send us along a line or two.

Just to refresh your memory of those still carrying on—here are a few of the most heard shop sayings:

LAC. Welch:—"Oh well, there are lots more fish in the sea anyway."

LAC. Phippard:—"Which way did he go, George?"

Cpl. Brown:—"Another week of this and I'll go mad."

F/S Colyer:—"Yep, she gets twenty miles to the gallon."

LAC Johnson:—"How much do you want to bet I can't do it."

LAC's Valle and Martin:—"Happy again."

Well we will sign off now because even if we do all the work here, ours isn't the only section that contributes to the magazine.

See you next month.

T. G. P.

Northampton, Mass. (CNS)—Asked her demoninational preference, a Smith College freshman answered: "I like to be called Betty."

DARTMOUTH GIRL USED IN B. C. VICTORY LOAN PUBLICITY



The Station Adj's pet stenographer, blond Fran Haigh, comes from Powell River, B.C., where most everyone is connected with the big paper and pulp industry centred there. Cpl. Fran's picture on the front cover of the company's house magazine was tied in very effectively with the Victory Loan campaign, we thought. No doubt the natives bought and bought,

with the hope that by some queer quirk of fate a lovely WD was first prize for buying the most bonds. There is an idea Ottawa might well put by for spring when undoubtedly we shall all be again invited to "Invest in Victory." The war news doesn't look nearly as rosy as it did for getting out of the trenches by Christmas.

A.E.M.'s Smart Gams Panic 121 Squadron

By Brooklyn Flat Bush

Say, did yuh ever stop t' tink about why skoits jerned the 'Air Force? Poisonally I tink it was curiosity . . . jist like Leo Durocher seein' how far he can get with them lousy umpires in the National League . . . y'know how dames are—always curious. Take the wife fer insance. She's always nosin' around when I go out t' see what slick chick I might be—well, you guys know how it is with wives (who are necessary babes, of course).

Now take the babes here in camp. Lord knows they'd never of come here of their own free will 'n accord cause they had a yen fer th' jernt. They don't want to miss anythin', that's all.

A citizen can't live his own life any more without some babe gettin' in the way. Take Spike—he's the guy what sleeps in the upper. Me, I'm in the lower on account of I can't hardly be considered as one of the tall handsome types. Not that I ain't handsome, but there's plenty of babes what prefers 'em on the shorter, more mysterious side—cause as my wife sez . . . see what I mean, a man can't even think without some babe espeshuly his wife buttin' in. Anyhow, Spike was out on a bit of a go the other nite. Tues it was. There were plenty of cute babes there and of course Spike being Spike and quite a guy for dolls got involved sorta with this one jill who kept on askin' Spike his life's history like mabee she was a poisonell conseler or sompthin until he almost hadda insulk her so's he could get into the crap game and she also throwed him completely off beam so that he got squiffed and lost 32 bucks to boot. As if that wasn't bad enuf this dreamboat phones him when he can't even tell where his head starts and the rest of him begins. Such a hangover shouldn't happen to a New York Giant even. This babe wants that he should come to her house for dinner. She lures him on by tellin' him her Mother can cook. — Course the Mother part ain't exactly copasetic but then Spike is an ace guy at puttin' the freeze on Mothers who are kinda superfluous.

What did I start out to tell yuh about? Oh yeah, babes what are in the soivce. The other day one cum walkin' inta the hangar lookin' specially allurin' in a very un-G.I. unie. I tink there's plenty of places where these unies as a regular thing might do with a bit of—well modernisin. This particular frill had done this modernisin—yeah man and how! & was sportin' as luscious a pr. of silk-covered gams as I ever lamped already except mabee on Betty Grable. My wife has been beatin' her gums for months about silk stockin's

bein off the market but I guess this chick had priorities.

Anyhow she marches right thru the hangar to the orderly room with every guy lookin' like the Wolf which is in the Thumbs Up every month. The guys had toned down their langrige for the occashun as we always do when there is a babe around—that's if we happen t' see her in time. . . . Gents of the Air Force like the King sez. Well, in the orderly room she sez she's an Aero-Engine mecanic and the guy who was listenin' at the crack in the door fell flat as J. Benny's jokes some-times. Right on his kisser, too. We throw water on him and get a slug of de-icer flood in him which revives him somewhat and fastlike. When he tells us what caused the Sinatra we can do nothin but look at each other with that dum look on our pans that dogs get when they have eat somethin' which mabee they don't like or when perhaps in the ninth the Giants get lucky and score about six runs on the Bums before Leo can yank the pitcher. Holy smoke! A babe in the hangar for good! That's women for yuh. Always buttin' in and takin' over all the good things outa life. It's moider that's what it is. Now we gotta talk dainty like all the time, and if things go haywire we gotta say "Oh Asparaus" or somethin' just as corney insteda ("**\$%&'()/) (Censored). Cripes if a guy can't even express hisself what kinda Air Force are we gettin' t' be? With some skirt comin' in and snafflin' his job. A helluva note is all I can say. Women!! Just curiosity — that's all, that's all.

BIG BUSINESS AT LOCAL M.P.O.

Far be it from me to tell you the importance of the post-office and what it is doing for you. All whom we have the privilege to serve can decide for themselves, but to give you some idea of the volume of business that we transact for you in a year, we give you a few statistics. Besides the thousands of letters and parcels delivered every month, for the past 12 months ending Sept 30, Dartmouth station post-office sold over \$29,583 of stamps. Over \$133,000 were deposited into your savings accounts and 8,241 money orders and postal notes were issued to the tune of \$146,724. The grand total business being over \$300,000 and believe us that ain't hay. If the facilities for handling this business were suddenly stopped there is no doubt the morale of the station would drop lower than the temperature of Aklavik, and even faster than you whisper Hedy Lamarr.

Here unlike the majority of the sections you find the army and the airforce working side by side, and a few introductions are in order. The writer S/Sgt. Hilchey is the N.C.O. in charge, hailing from "The Island" (spud island to you) and with four years experience in the Army Postal Service. Next in line is Cpl. R. C. Bird from Nappan, N. S., who served four years in the last war, and who is doing his bit in this one. The remaining C.P.C., is "tall, dark and handsome" Pte. Mitchell from

POST OFFICE STAFF



Vancouver, B.C., (look out girls he's a fast worker). His ambition is to get one of those overseas postings you've all heard about. Next comes Air Force personnel greater in number than the Army and whose main yen is to take over M.P.O. 602 in the near future.

Cpl. Armstrong the only RCAF N.C.O. is from Veteran, Alta., and who served many long months in "Newfie" both at Gander and Torbay before being posted here.

LAW Gossi a native of Newfoundland and very proud of the fact passes out the smiles and letters at No. 1 wicket. She has a favorite pastime—Jitterbugging. The Bambrick twins Lillian and Maude are also of the P.E.I. contingent. Lil takes care of the customers at No. 2 wicket—or is it No. 5? Maybe it's Maude at No. 2 and again maybe it isn't . . . in any case between the two they look after wickets 2 and 5 and you can always choose one name with a 50-50 chance of being right. LAW White is at No. 3, another "Islander", but this time Cape Breton. From the Bay Bye to be exact. A decided weakness seems to be the Army, or would it be Navy? At No. 4 we find LAW Minard from "the Valley". Her favorite sayings "Jiggers" and "Jigger-puss"—usually in the right places.

Behind the scenes in the Post Office is AW MacAlpine from New Brunswick, a recent re-muster from Signals having a preference in colors for Navy Blue, the exactly correct shade is worn by the Fleet Air Arm. The little brunette one sees around is pretty LAW Dorothy Quinlan a recent arrival from Scoudouc. Dot's hoping for an early posting to Torbay or St. John's so she can keep an eye on that big chunk of Navy "down thar" who she calls "Hubby".

Switching to blondes, we have LAW Cooper from Collingwood, Ont. She is spoken for through lads. Her husband is the good-looking dark Flight Engineer with 11 Squadron. With the new regulations regarding married WD's being mustered out, it looks like she will get her wish earlier than expected, to establish a home for herself and husband.

There are four airmen in the P.O. The largest in our muscleman L.J.A. Adams. He is also the veteran member of the RCAF personnel on staff, and a general favorite with all the W.D.'s L. H. Rose is another airman who has been here for a considerable time. He's better known as Red and has ambition toward becoming District Director. L. R. Clarke comes from somewhere out West. We are not sure whether Les comes from Winnipeg or Edmonton but in any case a posting to either city would be welcomed. His main problem—even as you and I—is to discover a means to have a few dollars

SGT. JIM HOULDING KILLED IN ACCIDENT

POPULAR SPORTSMAN BURIED
WITH FULL MILITARY
HONORS—OTHER NEWS OF
FIGHTER SQUADRON

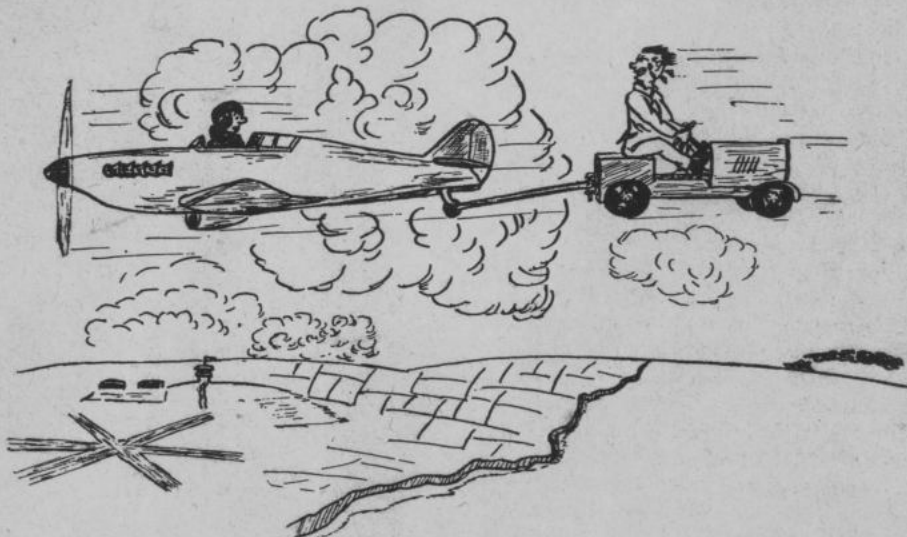
Many happenings this month with the Fighter Boys at No. 1 Hangar, some of it glad and some sad. The good news was the welcoming to the squadron of a large number of new pilots and the sad part, wherein one of the boys lost his life in a flying accident, the first fatal accident to a squadron member since the present Fighters came here last June, and one of the very few such since the unit was formed.

Sgt. Jimmy Houlding of Niagara Falls was the unfortunate victim of a crash near East Chezzetcook when he lost control of his single-seater fighter aircraft while descending from a routine exercise. Jim Houlding had only recently joined the squadron but in the short time had come to be a favorite of all. It was most unfortunate.

two days after pay day instead of one. C. R. Connoly is the remaining airman on the staff. He's another ex-Collingwood member. He is one of the newest members but is already showing that he has what it takes to be a first class postal clerk. You'll like him.

That completes the roster at C.P.O. 602. A letter was received the other day which was marked "If not delivered in 3 days—try like hell on the fourth". Believe it or not we try like hell to deliver them ALL on the first day. Don't take it out on us if T.C.A. doesn't arrive or the C.N.R. is late, but if you're happy—well we'll listen.

IS GEDDES THE NAME?



By Sgt. Jack Byrd.

Te remains following a service here were forwarded to his Niagara Falls home for burial and his room-mate and long standing Air Force friend Sgt. Harbridge accompanied him. Sgt-Pilot Jimmy Houlding was accorded full military honors at this station and at his home in Niagara Falls. The ceremony here was held in the Chapel following which the cortege with a large Squadron escort proceeded to the Marine Dock. The body was then transported by special boat to Pier 20. The squadron personnel again met the funeral party at the Halifax side and escorted the flag draped casket to the CNR station. All the while, formations of fighter aircraft dipped and maneuvered over the procession. It was an impressive ceremony.

On Saturday, Oct. 28, Sgt. James Houlding was buried in the Niagara Falls cemetery with complete military honors. Hundreds of friends and sorrowing relatives were there to mourn the loss of an extremely popular boy. The esteem in which he was held was testified by the beautiful wreaths and floral pieces. The Squadron's was a particularly beautiful one. Pilots "wings" were worked on the background of fern and palm leaves.

Jimmy Houlding enlisted in 1942 and took his Elementary at Windsor, Ont., and Service at Uplands. He won his wings in March of this year and was posted to a Commando course at Three Rivers followed by Ops training at Baggotville with special emphasis on Army Co-ops work of the Tactical Air Forces. Further training along the line was received at Camp Borden and finally Greenwood before his posting to Dartmouth.

The sympathy of the entire station is

(Continued on Page 30)



*I wonder if I'm okay for
the C/O inspection.*

DARTMOUTH
DEBBIE

By LAC McVey, 145 Sqdn.

Occasionally Jim Coleman Gets Away from Sports--and Amusingly

Toronto Globe and Mail Sports Columnist discusses the household problem

When The Female of The Spices gets away on her summer holidays, The Mere Male has an excellent opportunity to realize what a life of languid luxury she had been living during the other eleven months of the year. Egad, it is readily apparent that the frail flower of the family has been doing nothing more exhausting than applying her make-up and flipping over the pages of Vogue while the Mere Male, in his innocence, has been perspiring all day over a hot typewriter.

It is obvious, too—after a few weeks of bachelorhood—that there is really nothing to housekeeping. It isn't necessary to make beds in the morning—it is much more healthy to pull the covers down over the end of the bedstead and permit the sheets to be aired all day.

Cooking is an extremely rudimentary art. All you need is a good can-opener and a tin of soda bicarbonate. Tush, after two weeks we have come to the conclusion that any woman who finds it necessary to spend more than 30 minutes each day on her housework is a hopeless poltroon and a lead-swinging.

What a pampered life! Electric stoves, electric mixers, electric irons, electric dish washers, electric washing machines, and even hot and cold running water in the bathroom. Ah, it isn't like the old days out in Birds Hill, Man., where our female relatives would plunge through snowdrifts in the middle of night, their illumination provided by the light of a single guttering candle as they struggled toward that little wooden house which was situated in a sheltered copse, 30 yards from the main log cabin—40 BELOW zero and in their bare feet, too!

Boy, but it was drafty in those places in winter. The wind always was blowing out the lamp just when you were on the most exciting page of "Rollicking Roy Roberts and the Mad Trappers."

As a final gesture of contempt for the perils of housekeeping, we decided to do our laundry yesterday. (As a matter of fact, the gesture was prompted partially by the fact that our Chinese friends in the washing-and-ironing trade, the Lam Brothers—On the-Lam and Leg of Lam—have been on vacation. They went to the races at Hamilton and are returning slowly on foot.)

Carrying 30 or 40 pounds of slightly dis-

colored bedding and objects of intimate wearing apparel, we cantered down the basement steps to the laundry-room. (Hmmm! Maybe we SHOULD have repaired the bottom step last winter.)

Well, at any rate, after picking up the Coleman body out of the coal-pile, we filled the washing machine with hot water soap flakes, dirty linen, put the plug in the socket and set the machine in motion.

We stood well away from the wringer, recalling a particularly unfortunate accident which occurred some years ago to a maid employed by Aunt Sadie—a dashing and buxom girl who approached that infernal machine with fearlessness but absolutely no finesse.

So, after reading our four chapters of Junior's copy of "Strange Fruit", we ambled downstairs again to release the laundered goods from their soap tomb. (We wondered how the Female of The Species keeps herself occupied if she runs out of good books while doing her housekeeping.)

Recklessly we flicked the switch of the wringer and fed the laundry into the mangles. It was a cinch—just like feeding nickels into a slot machine.

All would have been well if a particularly well-shaped pair of gams hadn't walked past the basement window at that minute. It was purely academic research, but we felt impelled to discover who owned those gams.

Our dallying fingers followed a frayed shirt into the wringer. The only time that we experienced the same sensation before was when we were struck by lightning at an Elks picnic in Edmonton.

We turned off the switch, upset the washing machine, extricated the remains of our hand from the wringer, picked up the mangled digits from the floor, and, then, what do you think we said, fellas?

We said: "Oh, fudge!"

By this time the floor of the basement was covered by an inch of water. We didn't turn off the electric wringer—we'd heard all those stories about touching electric light switches while standing in water. Oh, well, The Female of The Species can turn it off when she returns—she'll be away for only a few more weeks. Gee! but it'll give her quite a shock.

Then, wrapping the stump of our arm in an old towel, we rushed for a place where we knew that we could get suitable medical treatment. It was about three miles, but we ran all the way.

We entered the hall of the building which we sought, and, after coming out

into the bright sunlight, it was several seconds before we could adjust our eyes.

Then we saw a large sign facing us. On the sign were printed these fateful words: "SORRY—BEVERAGE QUOTA SOLD OUT!"

Tiny Republic Aims to Guard Neutrality

Italy (CNS) — The republic of San Marino, the smallest republic in Europe, lies on the Italian peninsula 14 miles southwest of Rome.

Proud of its sovereignty, San Marino doesn't like trespassers. Recently it mobilized its entire armed strength—300 armed men—and posted signs on the edges of its 36 square miles of territory, warning everybody, Ally and Nazi alike, to "Keep Out. This Is Neutral Territory."

Thus far, no one has violated San Marino's neutrality.

Hobgoblins Make Merry At W.D. Canteen Party

By SGT. DOT WALTERS

On Wednesday, Nov. 1, come 2030 hrs., a motley crowd of witches, skeletons, civies, airmen and various other freaks gathered for a session of dancing, apple ducking, feasting and general frivolity at the W.D. Canteen, and was there fun! Rae Gullison was at her charming best as mistress of ceremonies as she and the Entertainment Committee put over another successful evening at the already famous-for-gaiety airwomen's clubhouse.

Only in a pink elephant nightmare would one expect to see such a weird conglomeration of horrible apparitions, but there they were . . . clowns, tramps, ragmen, chefs and the never-to-be-forgotten Red Sweater Girl (whistle). The music was provided by the Fire Hall Band and they were really hot. The main event of the evening was the Conga chain. Led by THE HORSE and followed by hundreds of swaying hips and stamping feet, round and round it went, until at length THE HORSE (with Addy Pineo fore and Mary Molson aft) died a horrible death of exhaustion. They were really tops.

A few of the braver souls took their Saturday evening's bath prematurely in the apple-dunking tub; one lad was up to his neck in water! Others merely rinsed their faces and quenched their thirst.

Paper bags were passed out to all present and the sandwiches and do-nuts therein were consumed in short order with large quantities of coffee. More dances and then . . . the last waltz.

All in all it was FUN! Cheers for the Committee and MORE parties for our canteen.

SPORTS SECTION



DOWN THE
RUNWAYS OF
SPORT
By
"SHINNY"
SHENFIELD
SPORTS EDITOR

At present there is a great lull of major sports on the station, that is from the public point of view. Basketball now completely on the shelf, football in its final stages and hockey just around the corner. Not that our station has gone without sport for now as always activity at the Rec Hall is just as great.

Badminton is first choice with most of the guys and gals, though birds are rationed it doesn't seem to affect as all free time is quickly absorbed. Later in the season tournaments are planned, which are sure to produce keen competition.

Basketball too gets its share of time with workouts three times per week. The house league is now underway with 8 teams representing the various sections. Monday night is for the inter squadrons with all teams in action. It looks like a tight race most of the clubs having in their midst very capable performers.

Three teams stand out so far namely 11 BR, 145 & Combines and we'll stick our neck out to pick the 145's led by Elmer McLeod. Ted Poulton and Harry Chelin lead the Combines while Phil Weiselberg is the mainstay of 11. The station team is entered in the Halifax Senior League and is at present engaged in a pre season schedule and are fairing very well. We hope this team is well supported by the fans, as it features some of the best basketball in the East.

Volleyball is well under way with regular house league. Saturday afternoon sees 12 teams go through a hectic session, producing some close contests. The battle for top spot is keen, 145 lead closely followed by "C" Battery, "B" Drivers and 11 BR Instruments. The battery and drivers teams are from A23, nearby Army centre.

The tennis tournaments with a late start were never completely finished due to conditions of the courts and the breakdown on the backstops. The only tourney

(Continued on Page 24)

MIKE RODDEN BACK AS SPORTS WRITER

Famous referee turns up at his old trade with Kingston Whig—Standard.

By Ted Wright

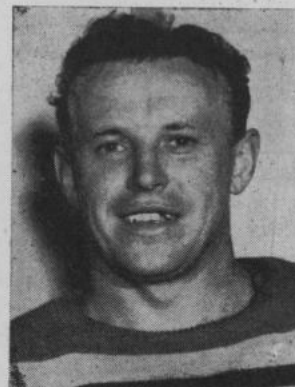
We notice where Michael J. Rodden is back at the scriveling trade which will mean good sports page reading for Kingston (Ont.) Whig-Standard subscribers. The irrepressible Mike was for years one of the foremost authorities on sport in the Dominion and also one of the country's outstanding football and hockey referees.

Mike Rodden's greatest gridiron teams, strange as it may seem, according to his own opinion, were not his perennial champion Hamilton Tigers of the Interprovincial Union (Big 4), or the earlier Toronto Argonauts and Parkdale Canoe Club star-spangled outfits, but a bunch of kids that Mike used to coach for the fun of it from University of Toronto schools. Mike, we'll wager, will still drop whatever he is doing at the moment, fill his pipe and reminisce with you over the exploits of the 1923 edition of the UTS footballers. They were just a high school team, and slightly on the small side at that, but in all the football we have ever looked at they still stand out as the finest drilled we ever saw.

There wasn't a real individual star in the bunch, but once they got possession of the ball they were all stars. It was a rare occasion when they failed to march it straight through for a major score. Play after play, perfectly screened and timed to the split second would shake loose a ball carrier for ten, twenty, thirty yards in most amazing fashion. Every lad on the field knew his job to the letter, the most perfect example of co-ordination and team play, says Michael J., that he ever attained with a team. Other good UTS teams followed, but none which attained the perfection of the '23 squad.

Mike Rodden, and his fiery temper, is well known wherever sport is played in central Canada. As a young lad of 16, fresh from Timmins, Ont., he attended Ottawa University and played his first senior football. He was a good one then at 16 on a team which dominated Canadian intercollegiate football. A slight difference of opinion between Mike and the prexy at Ottawa resulted in his showing up at Queens in Kingston for the next two years. Coming to Toronto he drifted into newspaper work as a sports writer on the old

LEAVING R. C. A. F.



The news that Jim McCurry, former Montreal Royals' defence star, would probably be granted his discharge before hockey got under way was received with no joy by Conacher and teammates of the local Dartmouth 8's. Players of McCurry's ability and temperament are not picked up every day. A few years ago while playing hockey Jim sustained a fractured skull and last fall in football he suffered a similar hurt. It was the opinion of R.C.A.F. medicos that he should not run the risk of further participation in hockey and possible permanent injury. It is hoped that the rest and quiet ordered will fully restore to his old health a fine sportsman and gentleman. Jim is stationed at 8 C.M.U.

Toronto Globe (now, since amalgamation, the Globe and Mail). He worked under Francis Nelson, the most famous turf authority in Canada and sports editor of the Globe. When Mr. Nelson was drafted by the Canadian Racing Association, Fred Wilson became sports editor. In turn the Canadian National Exhibition took Fred as its publicity director and so Mike Rodden became the sports editor of The Globe.

During his early days in Toronto Mike was seen as an active player on several of the city's best-known hockey and football teams, but it wasn't long before the demand for his services as a coach and referee were such that he gave up playing entirely. When the N.H.L. went big-time with the inclusion of United States cities, Rodden was placed on the staff of referees. About the same time the International Hockey League got underway. M.J.R. was named its referee-in-chief. Since the Ontario Hockey Association was at its best and busiest, Referee Mike Rodden considered it a poor winter when he didn't have at least six games a week in which

(Continued on Page 24)

R.eady For Big Hockey Season

**Roy Conacher Will Be
Playing Coach; Five Other
Pros and Eight Senior
Amateurs Out With the Club**

With the famous Boston Bruin star, Roy Conacher, in charge, the team which will carry the mail for Dartmouth—8 C.M.U. in the Halifax Senior Hockey League this winter lacks little to make it one of the most powerful service teams in the country. Besides the great Conacher at left wing, also seen as ice mates will be no less than five others with professional hockey experience and at least eight others who have performed in the past with top-ranking amateur teams throughout the country. It promises to be a great season with powerhouses lined up by Halifax Navy, the Army and H.M.C.S. Cornwallis to form a compact four-team league operating at the Forum on Wednesday and Saturday nights commencing early in December.

The Dartmouth-Eights, as the local entry will be called, commenced the pre-season conditioning exercises November 6

Roy Conacher



seems to be safely placed in the capable hands of Dave Kemp, who had had a great career in amateur ranks and, according to Coach Roy Conacher, is the equal of most netminders playing in the N.H.L. today. There is a hunt for another capable goaltender on, and all candidates are being carefully watched to provide a suitable relief for Kemp.

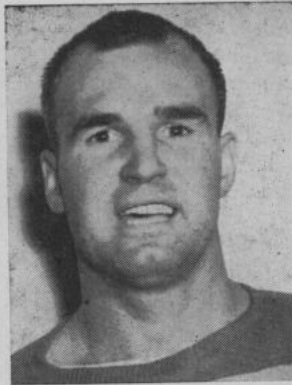
ior squads, and many others, all of whom are receiving every consideration in the search for the best that can be found in the way of hockey material in this district.

The organization and the decision to operate a team this winter was accomplished early in October and S/L John Howell, the O.C. of the Marine Squadron, was elected president of the club. F/O Ted Wright was named manager and Cpl. Roy Conacher, coach. The team, which will operate as area representatives for the R.C.A.F., is being financed by the Area Sports Committee of this district. The station representative on that body, W/C Gus Young, has been conferring steadily for the past month with league officials and it is promised that all will be in readiness as far as the rink arrangements and the schedule to commence operations the first week in December. Lt-Commander Cook of the Navy, Major Ralph Smith of the Army and W/C Young were appointed by the league president, Judge Elliott Hudson, to make the necessary arrangements with the Halifax Navy League and

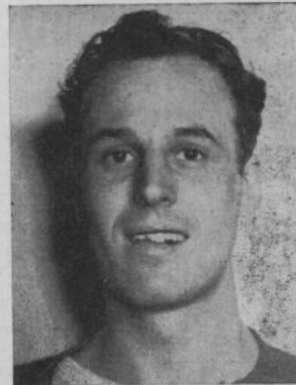
Don Stanley



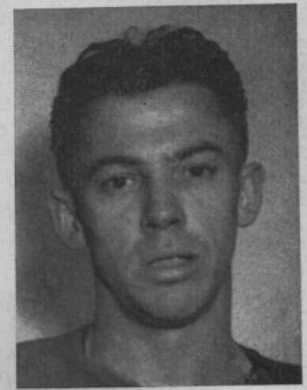
Eddie Bush



Bert LePrade



Dave Kemp



under the watchful eye of the Dartmouth P.T. & D. staff, and by the time this article is published it is hoped that the boys will be flying about the big ice-sheet at the Forum in the more serious workouts.

Those who are training with the team and who look like the best prospects on paper to be regulars this year are Cpl. Eddie Bush, late of the Detroit Red Wings, who will undoubtedly be found at the right defence spot. Other defencemen at this writing include 205-pound Jack (Lil Abner) Puple, former Ottawa senior player; George Coops of Regina Rangers, and Art Upper, for many years an outstanding star of various Toronto Mercantile League teams. The goalkeeping job at this time

Up on the front line the Eights will have all manner of speed and power. In addition to Conacher such well-known snipers as chunky 19-year-old Jack Schmidt, former Boston Bruin centre; Bert LaPrade, the outstanding star of the Port Arthur Allan Cup finalists of '42; Don Stanley, rangy University of Alberta centre player; Frank and Carl Ripley, who were featured members of the good Baltimore Orioles pro team before joining the R.C.A.F.; Joe Evans, McEwan and Bell of 8 C.M.U., a trio with plenty of good amateur experience; Cpl. "Pat" Desbiens, a star right winger, who had a session up top in the big show with Canadiens; Jack Vogt, late of Hamilton, Ont. Juniors; Ray Vezina, who saw service on champion jun-

committee which operate the Forum.

Playing time for inter-squadron hockey which will again operate under the guidance of F/L Hal Coulter is confidently expected to be "same as last year," which means that the personnel generally will have a chance to play their favorite winter sport under ideal conditions whether or no they are good enough for the big team. W/C Young has these arrangements already well in hand for presentiaon to the rink management. All in all, the prospects for a Dartmouth—8 C.M.U. successful ice season are indeed bright.

Asked how business was, the press agent answered: "Colossal! But it's improving."

CANADIAN FOOTBALL IS SHOWN HALIFAX FANS

H.M.C.S. Stadacona and H.M.C.S. Peregrine Combines Provide Pleasure for Servicemen From Upper Canada

Led by the grand little (for an inside wing) chunk of football material, Ted "Trip" Trepanier, late of the powerful Sarnia Imperials, a team known as the Combines have been providing some pleasant Saturday afternoons for the service people stationed in this vicinity. We say service people because Canadian rugby football is a bit new to the natives down east, they being more partial to the English game of rugby. But for the large crowd who watched the Combines and Stadacona play throughout the fall season there is nothing but a great big "Thanks boys" for a little touch of the autumns many of us used to know at home in Montreal, Toronto, Ottawa, Hamilton, Winnipeg, London, Calgary or Vancouver, or wherever it might have been. The Halifax football was not too good, the officiating was some of the worst we have ever seen; the teams not too well versed in their plays and signals; the mistakes were legion—but it was football! The greatest spectacle in the world of sport to many.

The first game of the season was played in the pouring rain and on a field that was mud to the ankles in spots. Combines consisted of players from the Air Force, Army, and Navy of H.M.C.S. Peregrine and had only one scrimmage session prior to the game, but that didn't phase 'em a little bit. They went out there on the famed Wanderers' Athletic ground, clad in little but their pants and sweaters, and played Mike Hedgewick and his Stadacona huskies right through to the final whistle. What they lacked in finesse they more than made up for in fighting spirit. As good senior football such as most of us know it was pretty bad, largely because three absolutely incompetent officials with their weird decisions almost made a farce of the game. Football, of all sports, requires arbiters who are not only letter perfect on the rules but are masters of the game at all times. These were neither. It's a wonder that more players were not seriously injured, for the fists, knees and elbows flew like thistle seed in a prairie wind.

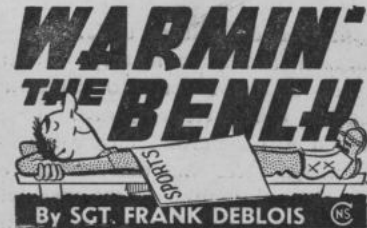
However, it was football and a start. In fairness to the officials it was learned that it was no choice of theirs that they were out there. They did not want the job, knowing full well their shortcomings, but it was a case of the management not knowing where to look for experienced men and took the only likely looking prospects that they could find. That is a dangerous

thing to do in a game with as intricate a set of rules as football and a sport which involves bodily contact on every play.

The second game for the Combines two weeks later was better from everybody's standpoint, players and spectators alike. It was a perfect football day, sunny but cool and with very little wind. The stands were packed and there were hundreds standing around the end of the field. All that was needed to take one back to Toronto Varsity Stadium was Major Slatter's 48th Highlanders' band and a few ticket scalpers working the line-ups at the sellers' wickets. In the two weeks' lay-off some badly needed equipment had been forthcoming so that the boys could muck it with some degree of safety from the effects of moving objects going one way meeting immovable objects coming the other direction in a hurry. But again, while much better than in the opening game, poor officiating resulted in the game almost becoming a tragic affair in place of a pleasurable sport event. Up to the time the officials called the battling warriors to mid-field for a pow-wow the fans were treated to a sight of the R.C.N. ambulance flying on the field to lug one Stadacona athlete to the hospital with what appeared to be a bad leg. One other Stad lad was assisted off the field with a broken arm, bandaged and in splints, and a Combines boy suffering from concussion and face abrasions. Those were the most serious injuries. Several lesser knocks and sprains caused a constant parade of players leaving the game. At best, football is rough and only for the fit, but when you add to this the fact that deliberate rough play is permitted to creep in unchecked, you have quite a mess on your hands before you know it. Bill Smith smacks Jim Brown on the nose and gets away with it. Jim, with righteous wrath, waits for an opportune moment when Smith is engaged elsewhere and plants one on his beezee about twice as hard as he was hit in the first place. Then friends on both sides take a hand and the battle is on in earnest. Somebody usually gets badly hurt. That's what happened in the second Combines-Stadacona fixture before the officials caught up with things and put a stop to the rough play.

However, in spite of these things, those behind the move to bring those of us accustomed to it our Saturday afternoon football game are deserving of our gratitude. Football is a lot like beer. There is no bad beer, some brands are just better than others. We hope that the cleated boots and padded pants have not been put

away for the season yet. One day that battling gang of Trip's is going to knock off the Stads. They darn near did it the last game. To date the Combines have lost two and won none. Stadacona, the arch-rivals, have beaten Montreal Navy as well as taking down the two games with our boys, so far this season.



The Champ Comes Home

Do you think the next heavy-weight champion will come out of the Army?" Sgt. Joe Louis was asked on his return to the U.S.A. from a 6-months' tour of the ETO.

"Sure," said the champ. "Whattaya think he'll be, a 4F?"

Louis fought 96 exhibitions—an average of 3 a week—before 600,000 GI's during his tour. Of all the guys he fought, he said the 2 who gave him the most grief were Johnny Evarb (spell it backwards), a 185-pound quick-as-a-cat amateur from Oakland, Cal., and George (Baby Dutch) Culbertson, from Brooklyn, who tangled with the champ in Italy. "He's the hardest puncher I've faced in years", said Joe of Baby Dutch.

The champ said that his trip abroad was great. "The boys liked it," he said. "I know they liked it, so I liked it, too." But the thing that impressed him most about his trip was the hospitals.

"I was at the front in Italy for a couple of days," he told a group of New York sportswriters, "and I was in plenty hospitals. You don't talk much about them things. But you fellows always write about courage in prizefighting. You don't know about courage. I know about it now. Those fellows got it."

Blue Plate Special

The Army is going to take 70 percent of all athletic equipment manufactured in the States for a period of 3 or 4 months, according to L/Col Eskie Clark. This equipment will be shipped to all fronts for use in a gigantic athletic program now being devised to entertain the troops, Col Clark said. . . . L/Col Bernie Bierman, Minnesota grid coach, has been discharged from the Marines. . . . M/Sgt. Zeke Bonura, the Czar Landis of North Africa, is about to perform the same service for France. He already has organized a couple of leagues in that country . . .

RUNWAYS Cont'd. 21

completed was the men's singles in which P/O Britt defeated Lac Mc Kercher. These two as a team were the finalists in the doubles and were to play Griffiths and Cartledge but play had to be curtailed. We hope an earlier start next year will result in some excellent sport.

Bowling is currently undergoing the best season in Station history. Amid the clamoring of alleys on our Station the Recreation Committee headed by S/L Janin and F/L Coulter sought the Clark Rouse alleys after the disbanding of the nearby aircraft plant. There was lots of "red tape" but the Station were finally granted the alleys, that is to completely take over the Recreation Building at Clarence Park. The league which had just started using the town alleys was dissolved and a new committee organized. Instead of the original 36 teams planned 48 were admitted including 6 WD teams. This new set-up is tops, 6 new alleys within everybody's reach, the best in pin boys, a swell lunch counter and 2 pool tables. It is without a doubt an excellent way to spend an afternoon, a sport where a woman holds her own with the man. Alleys are free every afternoon and all day Friday and Sunday. Arrange a party on your "afternoon's off" and really have a time.

The league still in its premature stages has shown lively interest. Orphans, Hospital, Has-Beens battling for top spot. A tight race is also developing for individual honors. The big three for high average and LAC Podser (Beavers) with 237, LAC Reid (Hospital) 230 and F/L Coulter (Orphans) 228. LAC McDonald leads in the high singles with a rousing game of 361. The season is young and undoubtedly more records will be made as the year rolls on. We hope to keep you posted on all further developments.

DON'TS for BOWLERS

Don't bounce the ball . . . Don't bowl while the pin boy is in pit . . . Don't bowl with metal cleated or hob-nailed shoes.

JOTTINS: The hockey season just around the corner . . . Many notables can be seen daily in the conditioning program carried out every afternoon at the Rec Hall . . . Hope to hit the ice around Nov. 20 . . . The current campaign opens on Dec. 2 . . . HMCS Cornwallis visiting our own "Dartmouth-Eights" . . . It should be a must on your list . . . Canadians and the Leafs appear the teams to beat in the N.H.L. . . . We'll stick by the Flying Frenchmen . . . A highlight on our basketball floor, Betty Hallman's amazing display of scoring punch netting 22 of her teams points in a recent 24-15 victory for Sector Signals

over Sector Ops . . . Congrats to LAC Marcov in winning the Eastern Air Command lightweight championship in a tournament recently held at Moncton . . . Roy Conacher a swell choice as coach of the local team . . . Ted Wright is capably handling the managerial duties . . . we welcome our new command P T & D Officer, F/L Charlie Box . . . Well known college football player . . . Handled the Combines Football Club in fine fashion considering the short time he had . . . A little more practice and this club would have given the Stad Sailors a real battle . . . That 8-2 loss was a tough one.

MIKE RODDEN from 21

he tooted the whistle. When he succeeded Cooper Smeaton as referee-in-chief of the National Hockey League he had to give up many of his minor and amateur league games but he still managed to get in a few.

In temperament, knowledge of the rules, and courage, Mike Rodden was an ideal official. Many are the stories of the trouble which his fearless "calling 'em as he saw them" got him into. One night in Kitchener he and the late Lou March (another arbiter who never backed away from his duty in the face of a hostile home crowd) had to battle their way through a mob gathered at the rink door to "get the so-and-so's." They both calmly approached the crowd and commenced to idly twirl their skates by the laces. The hint was sufficient.

The toughest town, Mike used to say, was Detroit, and to this day it is doubtful if Mike Rodden and Jack Adams, the Red Wings' manager, are on particularly intimate terms even yet. Mike always blamed Adams for the crowd-inciting articles carried by Detroit papers in the early-day publicity campaign of the Red Wings. While it had the effect of "selling" hockey in the city of the straits, it also made a game in Detroit a nightmare to the officials. The least protest visible at the Detroit bench brought the crowd to their feet and their throwing best with either refuse or unprintable epithets. Many lumps on Rodden's noggin were mute evidence of the accuracy of the Detroit throwing arms. Mostly programmes and other fairly harmless missiles, but other times the good old coke bottle would come whizzing down. On one occasion a lady's shoe found its mark on Michael's person.

Detroit of that era had about as rabid a group of characters supporting hockey as those who follow the fortunes of baseball's Brooklyn Dodgers. They also had some rugged citizens known as the Purple Gang with one Bugs Morgan as chief mobster. Their interests were many . . .

gambling was one of them. The run of the mill fans, for the most part more noisy than anything else, were fairly easily controlled by the Detroit rink officials. With Mr. Morgan and his cohorts it was some thing different. These gentry were not particularly concerned in who won — so long as they had advance news as to who it was going to be. Referee "fixing" was a logical move. One day one of Morgan's hoodlums called Mike Rodden on the phone to do a bit of plain and fancy bribing. Rodden listened, amazed, and then promptly "told" the caller in no uncertain words.

Gangsters weren't used to Mike's sort of obstinacy and word was sent Rodden that he would be "taken care of" in true gangster fashion the next time he visited Detroit. It wasn't long before Irish Mike again was booked to work a game in Detroit. He arrived in the city and after checking in at his hotel made inquiries as to where one might find the Purple Gang. The address was a well-known one in Detroit, a speak-easy on Park Avenue just near the Tuller Hotel. Mike walked to an inoffensive store-front which, like dozens of other Detroit blind pigs, made no attempt at disguising the business which went on therein, prohibition or no. The saloon was a long, narrow room with a bar down one side, several white-coated bartenders in attendance. He inquired the whereabouts of the boss. One bartender nodded to the far end of the room where three or four men sat behind a glass partition playing cards. Rodden walked in.

"One of you guys Morgan?" he asked. "Mabee," answered one hard-faced individual. "Who wants to know?" "Mike Rodden—me," said he, rapping a stubby thumb in his chest. "They tell me that Mr. Morgan is going to shoot me on sight, well, look—whichever one of you guys is Morgan, I'm startin for that door now," pointin to the front of the saloon, "and if you want to shoot now's the best chance you'll ever have, you yellow suffer muches (look in the mirror and say it) . . . but take damn good care you don't miss me!" With which Mike turned on his heel, walked down the room, paused at the cigar counter, bought a pack of cigars and walked out, one of the few living today who ever got away with such an act in a city where in its heyday of gangsterism a human life was worth less than a bottle of the etherized beer they were selling.

Yes, whatever Mike Rodden's enemies might say about him (and he had made many of them with his vitrolic tongue, his equally torrid typewriter and his handy fists), they'll all tell you that LMF was never one of M. J. Rodden's failings. We'll have to start buying the Kingston Whig-Standard and see who's getting the needle nowadays.

PHILIPPINES

By Camp Newspaper Service

The armed forces of the United States have returned to the Philippines to fulfill both a military necessity and a moral obligation.

Even if re-conquest of the Islands had not been essential to future large-scale operations against the east China Coast and the Japanese mainland itself, we would have come under U.S. control in 1898, (following the Spanish-American war) and our government is solemnly committed, by Congressional resolution, to the restoration of Philippine freedom and early independence.

When Gen. Douglas MacArthur left the Philippines in March, 1942, to set up the Southwest Pacific Command in Australia, a few steps ahead of the invading Japs, he vowed he would return. And even in the early black days of the Pacific war, there never was any doubt that that pledge would be kept.

The six-months defense of the Philippines against overwhelming Jap odds by green American and Filipino troops was not only an epic of courage and endurance. It was a military contribution to the cause of United Nations victory of the first order, the full significance of which is only now becoming generally appreciated.

The men who fought in the jungles of Bataan and in the fields and caves of Corregidor gave us the necessary time to recover from the treacherous attack on Pearl Harbour, to prepare for Australia's defense and to set up sea routes across the Pacific. Their fight was hopeless, but it was not in vain.

The first attack on the Philippines came about 10 hours after the bombing of Pearl Harbor, on Dec. 8, 1941. Virtually all

American planes on the islands were destroyed before adequate counter-measures could be taken. Our main bomber force, at Clark Field, 40 miles north of Manila, our main fighter force at Iba field, and our planes protecting the Cavite Naval Base were all destroyed, many on the ground. Cavite was the operating headquarters of the U. S. Asiatic Fleet.

Following a strategy worked out many months before the attack, Gen. MacArthur declared Manila, the Philippine capital, an open city, and, on Jan. 1, 1942, withdrew his forces to Bataan Peninsula 4 miles from Corregidor. The original intention was to hold out for 60 days until reinforcements from the U.S. arrived, but the Pearl Harbor attack made any effective aid to the Philippine garrison impossible.

On Bataan, we were able to put only 2 combat planes in the air at the same time, while squadrons of Jap fighter planes and bombers ranged the skies bombing and strafing our men almost at will. For awhile, 4 light unarmed civilian planes, called the "Bamboo fleet", made regular night flights, bringing in supplies of quinine and other drugs.

The Bataan defenders had only 1 radio direction finder, 1 fully equipped anti-aircraft battery and 1 group of mounted 75's. A squadron of PT boats under L/Com. John D. Bukeley performed heroically, sinking a Jap light cruiser, a 5,000-ton transport and other Jap ships. But we were hopelessly outnumbered.

Nevertheless, while Singapore and Hongkong fell before furious Jap onslaughts, our men—almost all of whom were experiencing their first action—stubbornly held an estimated 200,000 Japs including thousands of battle-tired, shock troops at bay until mid-April. Disease-ridden, exhausted from lack of sleep, with-

out food or drugs, they endured unbelievable hardships. Crocodiles and pythons were reported slaughtered for food. Rice and mule meat was a staple of the diet.

Before the end came, as many troops as possible were evacuated to Corregidor to continue resistance, including some sailors and marines and 68 army nurses. But the Japs captured 35,000 American and Filipino combat soldiers, several thousand non-combatant soldiers and 25,000 civilians on Bataan.

At Corregidor, L/Gen. Jonathan Wainright, who had assumed command after Gen. MacArthur's departure, continued fighting until May 6, 1942, when the last organized American resistance on the islands ended with the surrender of our forces.

Now—two years after they were driven from the Philippines—U.S. forces have returned to the islands. Today, backed by the mightiest military machine ever built by any nation, our troops are there to stay.

POEM-OF-THE MONTH CLUB NEWS

OPERATIONS PLUS, PLUS

Up in the A.M.—7.30 sharp
Shower and dress in the east coast dark
Fog horns moaning across the bay
Should be Roger for ops to-day.

Climb in the truck at 815
Clerk's operational—see what we mean
Hair up in pin-curls—well that's O.K.
Should be Roger for ops to-day.

Arriving at work 'way out in the bush
Mr. Met. Man don't give that ceiling a
push
Only 200 feet? visibility? Say!
Should be Roger for ops to-day.

Pilots on call sleep the whole night thru'
What else is there for them to do?
"Good show hanger, put the kites away"
There'll be no flying to-day.

—CPL. JEAN ATKINSON.

Two little boys were discussing their ages.

"I'm five", said the first, "How old are you?"

"Dunno," replied the second.

"Do women bother you?"

"Nope."

"Then you're only four."

GERMANS PLANNED TO INVADE IRELAND

London (CNS)—German plans for the invasion of England, via Ireland were uncovered recently by the Allies and revealed here. The plans described as complete and detailed, were extensively documented with maps and photographs and were kept up to date until 1942.





CPL. PAT FALCONER, Librarian

There are many discussions being held where the future of the younger element is of great concern, especially those who are serving their King and Country. What are they going to do—and be? How much better is the world to be for the ex-service man and woman of this war? Authorities delve into the problems of education particularly, and justly so, and are planning bigger and better educations for everybody.

But what is education? There are many ways of getting "educated." It was said the other day over the radio that many who had not finished fourth grade turned out to be well-educated men and women, while there are university graduates who can not be considered really well "educated," more a species of parrot repeating word for word what they have been taught without the least understanding. Why? Because their emotions were not touched, they did not feel. Therefore, education is experience, coupled with sense and feeling.

Psychology, philosophy, religion, and the arts, all can be acquired through the medium of a book. Life, both past and present, poetry, music and travel, all help to "educate" you, and in the most interesting way possible. Poetry, for instance, puts into words your thoughts and feelings. It loosens the tongue for you, gives you help and comfort when you feel unable to express yourself.

We can't all be "arty" and go around quoting poetry at each other like the mid-Victorian intellectual. In this day and age we are too practical for that sort of thing, but a few lines read over to oneself now and again helps enormously, and really acts as a wonderful outlet for the emotions.

Life is dull for a great many of us, even in the Service. It is not like the old days when being in the military service meant buckling on a sword, mounting a spirited charger, and going into battle with flags flying. No! Now it means washing dishes

A certain newspaper editor had cause to admonish his son on account of his reluctance to attend school.

"You must go regularly and learn to be a great scholar," said the fond father encouragingly, "otherwise you can never be an editor, you know. What would you do, for instance, if your paper came out full of mistakes?"

"Father," was the reply, "I'd blame 'em on the printer."

And then the father fell on his son's neck and wept for joy. He knew he had a worthy successor for the editorial chair.

—The Beacon, SAOS, Winnipeg.

for some of you—digging drains for others, and many mediocre jobs. But you can travel at will, you can experience all the emotions a human being is subject to, just by opening a book. And whatever you choose to read, you are being educated by it.

This war has brought changes into thousands of lives that were stable and "put." We are taught to live in comparative intimacy with total strangers, and to tolerate the seemingly intolerable. Why not enlarge your viewpoint still further by what you read?

Choose your reading carefully; do not read "Thorne Smith" ad infinitum, try something at the other extreme. Make yourself digest it. Even if you find the going heavy at first, you will grow to like this type of literature and you will also be gaining an education, enlarging your horizon, and bettering your tastes. Though reading about people, you understand them when you meet them. Human nature is a most interesting and diverting study.

"Never judge a book by its cover" — neither literally nor metaphorically. Always read the "for" and "against." Balance the true opinions in your mind. Learn to draw your own conclusions logically, and fairly. You don't have to be a "whiz" at French, Spanish or algebra, to do this—not that other branches of education are ignored, far from it. Don't run with the herd. If John Smith says "Read this, it's good," judge John Smith before you take his word for it. Don't waste your time reading something just because it is John's taste. Your university can be non-existent, but if you read well and educate your emotions while so doing, you will stack up with the best of them.

As Omar Khayyam said, "A jug of wine, a book of verse, and Thou—sitting in the wilderness." While we have to forego the

possibility of the jug of wine, and "Thou," a book of verse and the wilderness (if the barracks are ever quiet enough to be so named) can be had. A coke and a good cigarette can help a lot.

We hope one day to get you all the books you ask for (within reason) and a dream we'd like to see come true is a library and reading room combined—open from morning till night. It may materialize one day, who knows? But meanwhile—we still have time and material aplenty. We have added more new books since the last issue of "Thumbs Up"—here they are; hope you like them. Remember, your suggestions are always welcome.

First Harvest—By Mazo De La Roche.

The Hollow Man—By Bruce Hutchinson.

Lie Down In Darkness—By H. R. Hayes.

Forever Amber—By K. Winsor.

The Emperor's Physician—By J. R. Perkins.

Watch Out For Willie Carter—By A. Naidish.

Ghost Story Omnibus (for you ghost story enthusiasts)—By B. French.

By Valour And Arms—By James Street.

Ride With Me—By T. Costain.

Fair, Fantastic Paris—By Ettlinger.

I Hate Actors—By Ben Hecht.

Sirius—By O. Stapledon.

Papa Was A Preacher—By A. Porter.

How To Read A Book—By M. Adler.

The Seas Of God—By Whit Burnett.

Science At War—By Gray.

On Being A Real Person—By Fosdick.

Reflections On The Revolutions Of Our time—By Laski.

Mackenzie King—By Ludwig.

And many more. There will be more additions before this is in print. Watch for them. Meanwhile, I'll be seeing you in the Library (I hope).

THE LIBRARIAN.

In The Deep-Tar

Jersey City, N.J. (CNS) — Izzy Bani-konis spent his weekly pay check merrily, then, en route home, fell asleep in a 15-inch-deep patch of tar. The tar melted, holding Izzy fast. Twenty-five cops went to work on Izzy with gasoline, kerosene, shovels, longshoremen's hooks and knives and finally removed him from his gummy resting place. At a nearby hospital Izzy's condition was reported as "not serious—just messy."

(Continued from Page 7)

as well be seen, is yours for are asking.

It Costs Dought To Go To College

Financial assistance for University students is quite liberal. Besides the rehabilitation grant, clothing allowance, basic gratuity and supplementary gratuity. LAC Glutz's standard university fees will be taken care of—tuition, registration, examination, athletic, library and laboratory fees. In addition get this, as a single man LAC Glutz will also receive \$60 per month as a maintenance allowance during the period of attendance. One month in University will be allowed for each month of service, so LAC Glutz will be able to follow his course for 36 months! To supplement the grant, he may accept casual employment after hours, and may accept summer employment. By not drawing the maintenance grant for the summer vacation period LAC Glutz could continue his course for five regular sessions and receive maintenance grants while in actual attendance, assuming the academic years cover a period of seven months.

If Glutz has exceptional ability the privilege of attending university with maintenance grant will be extended beyond this period. If, however, his progress is unsatisfactory, the maintenance grants may be withdrawn at any time. The privilege of University courses is not offered as a means of providing anyone "free Parking" space for three or four years.

The advantage of a University education will provide him with ample opportunity for re-adjustment to civilian life and will certainly add to his list of acquaintances, a decided business asset. Other things being equal, a diploma or degree often throws the balance in favour of an applicant particularly in the case of the larger firms and better paying positions.

Business School If You Wish

A rehabilitated airman may not wish to spend three or four years in University. In this case he may wish to take further training in a Business College. In view of his age and past experience, a possible

choice of subjects might include book-keeping, accountancy, or business administration. Again the same financial benefits are available, but may be limited to 52 weeks. If Glutz's course requires an extension of the time, such may be granted, provided of course, that progress remains satisfactory.

Rah, Rah, Rah for Tech

He could also elect to take a technical course with the same maintenance grants available, provided he could satisfy the Board that taking a course would be of benefit to him. It is doubtful, however, if a complete change of occupation would be approved unless a civilian or service experience indicated aptitude in that direction.

Business for Self

LAC Glutz could also go into business for himself, in which case he could use his re-establishment credit as working capital, or to pay up to two-thirds of equity fund for purchase of a business.

Farming and Small Holding

Purchase of a farm would not likely be of interest to LAC Glutz and as he has no farm experience, he would not qualify under the terms of that act. However, the Veterans' Land Act does provide for assistance in establishing a home with small acreage of land outside of the high taxation area.

If this does not appeal to him he may purchase a home under the National Housing Act, in which case the re-establishment credit may be used to pay up to two-thirds of the amount which he would otherwise have to pay out of his own pocket.

Yes, things look good for after the war this time. If you want further references on the subject consult either the Personnel Counsellor or the Educational Officer or read C. N. Senior's "When the Boys Come Home" or Dept. of Pensions: "Back to Civil Life", or Davis, J. E. "Principles of Rehabilitation."

BUFFERS GEN

Howdy folks from what might be called the lost squadron since we Buffers have been out of print for many months now. However with the many changes over the past while it's time we gave you a bit of gen on what's happening in No. 4 hangar.

First off, we all miss our former O/C Squadron Leader Michalski but we notice that he is doing all right in his new post at EAC and is wearing three wide stripes now as a Winco. "The Boss" came up through the ranks and knows all the answers and is one of the most popular officers in the RCAF with both officers and other ranks. His position here has been taken over by S/L Paul Phelan who is just recently a S/L Congratulations sir!

The Aircrew members of the squadron are much the same as formerly, and a great bunch to work with. Our engineer officer is still the deservedly popular F/O Dean who takes the same fond interest in "his boys". Mac our N.C.O. i/c has been busy selling Victory Bonds lately and also trying to keep the "Rambling Wreck" on the road. It's a good thing that Sgt. Browne and Lac Girardine are still available as they seem to be the two most successful in keeping it on the road.

Still here are F/S Rowley and Sgts. Donnelly, Massiash, Fader, Shannon, Elderkin and Browne. Donnelly is beating the gas rationing these days by a bicycle which also has its complications in being much like Mac's car, mostly u/s. Rowley and Massiash are the same two opposites the former as quiet as the latter is noisy. Rumours have it that a "Flight" is on the way for Bill. We hope the rumours are true. Jerry has recently been to Montreal on TD and came back with bags under the eyes that would hold parachutes. Rick and Harley are still holding forth in the "nerve centre" the orderly room in good style while Happy Bilton has taken to giving the newer recruits lectures on the correct method of becoming "cheesed off" Dartmouth style, in six easy lessons.

(Continued on Page 28)

Male Call

by Milton Caniff, creator of "Terry and the Pirates"



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TED'S COLUMN Continued from Page 6
 mestic animals—and an enterprising concession operator. The latter sold refreshments such as hot dogs, pop, oranges and so on—you've seen thousands like it. Well, these brokes came upon the zoo and refreshment stand and stopped for a bit of food (which they needed and drink which they didn't) and were admiring the bears, monkeys, etc., when all at once one Flight Looie saw an enormous head and neck come over his shoulder, grab his bottle of Orange Crush in its teeth, up-end the bottle and drain the contents! The moocher proved to be a black pony of medium size. He (the officer) was just getting over this one when he felt something hitting at the hot-dog he held in his hand. Lookin down, it was a chicken. That was enough. The trio took the hint and left.



GOT HIM !

One of the most important "kills" to fall to Allied airmen in this was that in which Field Marshal Erwin Rommel was the victim of the accurate gunnery of a Canadian and British R.A.F. Typhoon Squadron on June 17 last near Caen, Normandy. Eight "gongs" have been distributed among those adjudged as taking part in the bagging of the erstwhile Nazis "Desert Fox," but it was only after painstaking intelligence work that the winners of the coveted awards were established. A Reuters news dispatch names Wing Commander Baldwin, R.A.F., D.S.O., D.F.C. and Bar, the formation leader. He had with him F/O Pete Langille, Saint John, N.B.; F/L's R. W. Davidge and W. A. Switzer, both of Edson, Alta.; WO. A. E. Sugden of Outremont, Que., all R.C.A.F.

We wonder how much time is wasted by personnel waiting their turn in the Station barber shop. Added up over a month it probably would be staggering. A simple way to eliminate the waiting would be the establishment of an appointment board divided into 15-minute periods. You choose whatever time would be convenient (a day in advance if you like) and you must be in the shop five minutes before the allotted time, otherwise transients who drop in on spec are accommodated. It worked fine on two stations where we saw it.

Hollywood Stars Get Blast Not Deserved

An American army contemporary went out on the limb to dust off some of the Hollywood celebs who have been touring various camps entertaining the G.I.'s and got itself roundly smacked for so doing. The editor of the C.B.I. (China-Burma-India) theatre sheet took on, among others, one of America's best loved movie personages, 53 year-old Joe E. Brown. Said Brown in reply to the charge of "publicity grabbing, hammy routines and dogging it" . . . "I played every spot that was humanly possible to play. I did all a 53 year old man could do. And the China area where I played was a whole lot tougher than most of India." Walter Winchell among others hit for Joe's team. He said "The criticism of Joe E. Brown by an Army editor turned lots of middles. Joe not only gave so much of his time (and health) on various fronts—but he also gave a son!" . . . Joe's son was in the Air Force and was killed in the early part of America's entry into the war.

New Rings N' Things

Promotion arrived thick and fast among the officers lately. It's Wing Commander Maurice Janin now. Also promoted were Paul Phelan (167) to Squadron Leader, "Mike" Mikalski to Winco, Educational Officer Foote to F/L. Solly Solomon and Bill Woods of 126 to F/L. All are hereby wished more and wider ones.

There is a new man in charge of flying control. Just back from overseas S/L Bill (not Bull) Durham is here taking the place of F/L Grant who is being retired

It's nice to hear of F/O Lawrence's (11 BR) good fortune. He lost his wallet with 70 ironmen in it. Same was found and turned into the post office, intact.

More of **TED'S COLUMN**—Page 31

BUFFERS GEN

(Continued from Page 27)

There are a couple of newlyweds that you ought to know about. Darke and Labreche having said their "I do's" lately. Cpl. Darke figures in the news twice this time having been one of the trio who received "hooks" recently. The others were Seeley and Gagne. The Buffer Bridge Club sessions still go on in time-off period (or any other time that they can get away with it.) Cpl. Seeley, "Hot Shot" Appleberg (or Apples if you prefer), "I betcha" Chavalier and the Truro Kid" Warke make up the foursome.

We had the loveliest fire right out on the runway not so long ago so that everyone could be sure to see what a (Censored) aircraft looked like on fire with crew members spilling out in all directions. No casualties to anyone other than the Government, nice job by the fire fighter laddies and a crash crew. Further details from F/O Moore and F/O Bud Herr.

P/O Pettem is being congratulated on being appointed to a commission, Harry Chelin had a week's session as barrack Joe, and Joe Courturier showed up with a nicely colored eye that he claims to have received bumping into a door (?) to complete then news items except the Squadron Smoker. There was the event of the season. It was held in the old Officers Land mess and could be heard when in full swing at any part of the station. S/L (then F/L) Phelan made a presentation of a watch to "The Boss"—"Dimmer" Smith had everything out of control behind the bar—"Smiling Jack" and his partner "Slicker Dan" Smith put on a swell floor show—everyone got fairly tidley—truly a grand time was had by all. With which happy, slap happy Buffers bid you adieu until next month.

Your scribe, T. H.

MALE CALL

by Milton Caniff, creator of "Terry and the Pirates"

WHAT A STANDING OPERATING PROCEDURE





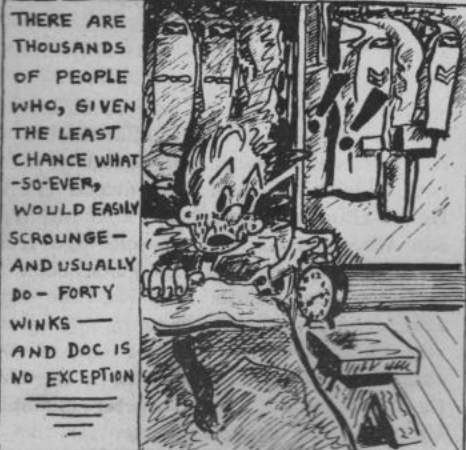
HEY DOC? HERE'S THE CLOCK FER IN THE MORNIN' ... AN' BLESS ALL THE W.D.S' AN' MAKE 'EM HAPPY... AN' OH YES! - TERMORROW'S FRIDAY AGAIN - MAYBE IT MIGHT RAIN - COULD'YA?



P-S-S-T- DID'YA SEE W'AT HAPPENED TO DOC TODAY? WELLL, YOU SEE IT WAS LIKE THIS. HE - NAW! - WHAT DID HE DO? - G'WAN, NO KIDDIN' DID ANYONE SEE MYRT TODAY? - YUH KNOW THAT BABE WE SAW THE OTHER DAYS? - YA - YUH OUGHT TO SEE HER SISTER? - YUH MEAN THE ONE WE SAW DOWN BY THE FERRY? - IS IT RAININ' YET? - THE "AFTER DARK" CLUB GOES INTO SESSION



HEY DOC? - IS IT RAININ' OUT? - SO W'EN THE C.O. ASKS ME - I'M GONNA TELL HIM - YA I'M GONNA - OKAY! - OKAY, YOUSE GUYS! TIME TO GET UP - C.O. WANTS T' SEE YUH THIS MORNIN'? - NAW! - IT AIN'T RAININ' OUT - GUESS I DIDN'T PRAY HARD ENOUGH - Z-Z-Z KISS ME AGAIN, FRAN - Z-Z-Z - I - LOVELY -



THERE ARE THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE WHO, GIVEN THE LEAST CHANCE WHAT - SO - EVER, WOULD EASILY SCROUNGE - AND USUALLY DO - FORTY WINKS - AND DOC IS NO EXCEPTION



WHY DOES (MUMBLE) THE C.O. WANNA HOLD A PARADE (GRIN) ON A NICE DAY LIKE THIS FER - TODAY'S BOND TOMORROW'S VICTORY INVEST - NOW!



O-O-O-H-H - I FEEL AWFUL SICK!



!! TEMPERATURE 110° - 110°! - I TELL YA - I'M A SICK MAN - MIGHT DIE ANY SECOND - THERMOMETER HELD AGAINST RADIATOR



D-DOC - YA GOTTA DO SOMETHIN' - I'M (COUGH-COUGH) DYIN' - I'M TOO YOUNG TO DIE - (GULP) - YUH AINT GONNA (BURP) LEAVE ME LIKE THIS -



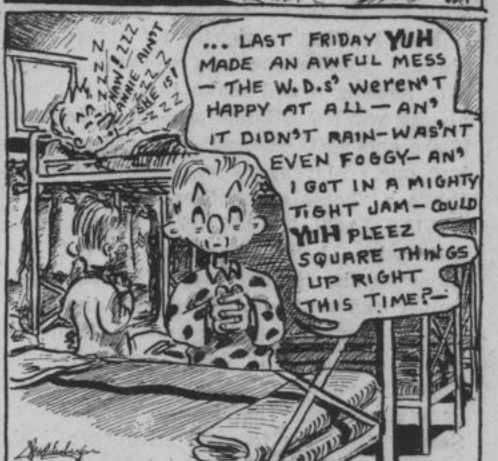
OH NERSE! - I FEEL TERRIBLE - I THINK MY TICKER STOPPED - I FEEL THE END COMING - COULD'YA HOLD MY HAND UNTIL ITS OVER? - A LITTLE OF THIS WILL FIX YOU UP NICELY -



O-O-O-H-H - YUH POISONED ME - THAT'S W'AT YA DID - AN' I THOUGHT YA WAS SO NICE TOO -



I'M GETTIN' OUT'A HERE - THEY CAN'T DO THIS T' ME - WHERE ARE MY PANTS? - WHAT A JOINT! - EEEEN - IS YOUR BLOOD RED? HOW DO YOU KNOW? COME TO THE BLOOD CLINIC AND WE'LL TELL YOU



... LAST FRIDAY YUH MADE AN AWFUL MESS - THE W.D.S' WEREN'T HAPPY AT ALL - AN' IT DIDN'T RAIN - WASN'T EVEN FOGGY - AN' I GOT IN A MIGHTY TIGHT JAM - GULD YUH PLEEZ SQUARE THINGS UP RIGHT THIS TIME? -

MORE ABOUT GI JOE AND JOSEPHINE from 11

AW.1 EILEEN O'TOOLE, of Flying Control, asked so many questions of the Inquiring Reporter that he almost found himself writing his own Post-War Plans into this story. But, Eileen was quite emphatic about how she would use her Mustering Out Pay. She "intends to go back to Normal School, in Truro, N.S., and become a teacher."

LAC. CECIL CHAMBERS, 23, of the Fire Department. This boys hails from Oshawa, Ontario, where he worked at General Motors before the war. He's not anxious about turning out automobiles when this shindig is all over. "Cec" says he's going to take his Mustering Out "Kitty" and put himself through as a pharmacist. That's a druggist to you and I.

CPL. CHARLIE ATKINS, 23, on the Instrument Section staff over at 167 Squadron. Charlie's a native of Nova Scotia. His home is in New Glasgow. The guy's just a home boy at heart. And though he said he "hadn't given the whole idea about the Mustering Out money a lot of thought," he figured that it would come in handy in helping to finance a new home for himself and his wife.

CPL. ALEX STARK, 29, gets out the DRO's and brings it around just before it's time to knock off work and you haven't time to read them. The Corporal was all smiles when the words "Mustering Out Pay" were mentioned. Anyway, "Starkie" intends to go back to Toronto after the war and he wants to use his money to open up a small business—anything in the machinist line.

LAW. MARGARET ORR, 19, brunette and lovely. Margaret's a steno around the Station and one of the most enthusiastic Air Force boosters we've met. She comes from Ontario, too. Belleville's the town. LAW. Orr knew all about the Mustering Out Pay and she knew it wouldn't be just "pin-money." What was she going to do with the money? She was going to buy a horse! That's right, a horse. We thought maybe she was working a gag. But, nothing would shake her story. She'd always wanted a horse and after the war if she gets \$500, she said, she was going to buy one. Margaret's engaged—but then, that's a "horse of another color."

WO.2 JACK EWAN, 36, a Flight Engineer with 11 Squadron and an old, old timer in the Service. Jack's from Vancouver and well established with the Vancouver Sun where he worked, prior to joining up, as a linotype operator. Even though he'll all set after the "duration," Jack Ewan feels that he can put his War Service Gratuity to good advantage. He's going to sock his money into real estate somewhere in Vancouver.

CPL. DEL DREGER, 26, from Edmonton, Alberta. He's been Over There with the Army in the early days of this war. He was in London during the winter of 1940-41. That was the time of the 66-day "blitz." Later he transferred to the R.C.A.F. and wound up back in this country.

Del's a boy they won't have any trouble keeping "down on the farm" after the war. He's already invested some money in a farm near Wainwright, Alberta, and he advises that it's the only life . . . outdoor work, healthy and good money. He's going to put his savings and Mustering Out gratuities right into the farm!

LAC. LEW NAUSS, 29, comes from Chester, N.S., just down the coast. Lew's the boy that gets 'em up in the morning. He's the official Bugler and also on the staff of the Station Warrant Officer. Lew owned a small grocery before he decided to join the Air Force. His post-war plans are big and he's figuring on that Mustering Out Pay to help him along. He wants to take a course in masonry and also wants to enlarge the store, which he still owns. He says he'll put his money into the store first and take a vocational course on the side. Our "Bugler" is going to stay on in Nova Scotia and though he doesn't know for sure whether groceries and brick-laying will mix, he figures one or the other is certain to pay off. "After all," he says, "people have to live. And, they've got to eat to live. Also, they've got to have some place to eat." So you see, Lew will have them coming and going. And his Mustering Out Pay will be working for him and his customers for a long time to come!

Now, it's "Taps Time" for our little questionnaire. If you, yourself, haven't made up your mind about what to do after the war, why not get in touch with the Personnel Counselor, in the Old Administration Building? Let him help you map out a post-war campaign. It'll pay dividends.

A Pip of a Story

Thomas Richard Henry's (Toronto Telegram) column had this nifty not long ago—A girl on a street car had two pips on a brooch on her dress two pips on another on her hat, and ear-rings made of officers pips.

It certainly looked like a case of not being interested in "other ranks."

It was a remainder of a story of the corporal who was trying to date up a pretty girl.

"I don't go out with anything lower than a second lieutenant" the girl said.

"Is there anything lower?" the corporal asked.

She was only a corset manufacturer's daughter, but she lived off the fat of the

FIGHTER NEWS cont'd 17

extended to the relatives and friends of one who, although here only a very short time was already popular as an athlete and a fine lad.

Many new faces are among the Fighter Pilots who are recent additions to the Gaites, F/O H. F. "Pat" Packard, Montreal, who completed a tour of Ops overseas in the Wing commanded by the famed W/C Johnson, D.S.O., and 2 Bars, D.F.C. and Bar. Also here is P/O Roy Gratta just returned from Overseas. Roy, from New Glasgow, N. S., saw service in Egypt, Libya, Tripoltania and England. He was "there" in France on D-Day in the well known wing led by W/C Ray Harris who has the D.S.O., D.F.C., and 2 Bars.

Then there is one of our most consistent members of the Caterpillar Club P/O Al Geddes who joined the Squadron after both Bagottville and Greenwood O.T.U. He's a Hamilton, Ont. boy. F/S Bill Wilson who arrived a few weeks ago from Newfie certainly needs no guide book to get about Dartmouth. He was here with 129 for many months. Long enough to win the heart and hand of one of the charming young ladies who fight the battle of Dartmouth from Sector (Thumbs Up, Oct.) An ideal arrangement as this is one job wherein the wife can pass the Vectors from Sector which keeps hubby strictly "on track". P/O Dave Gray from Dauphin, Man. is another Baggotville-Greenwood product as is Sgt. Moore from Toronto and Sgt. Harbridge from Gravenhurst.

There have been scads of promotions in the squadron during the last month or so, as a result several of the lads have had perennial headaches and the promoted terrific mess bills. Strictly as it should be to keep the boys happy.

There were also two "stag" parties both of them with full boost. The reason for the initial party at the Sea Plane Officers Mess was not clear, the second was to say good-bye to F/O Crompton the Engineer Officer who held the record for pleasing everybody.

ENGAGEMENTS

Station parties seem to be favorite places for announcing engagements. At the Mart Kenny dance it was Dot Simmons (Sector Ops) and Rus Rourke (16 RU) and at the 16 RU party it was Anne MacFarlane and Jack (L'il Abner) Pumble who decided to meld. Lots of them and all that sort of thing people.

Appendage to a notice on the board at the Land Plane Officers' Mess, advertising the formal dance: "Shoes will be worn." . . . Getting fussy.

(Continued from Page 28)

and there are many on that road. A little discretion and our "good thing" will last so smarten up and stay inside where you belong while the party lasts.

See You After The War

From Margaret Aitken's Toronto Telegram column we offer a bit that has to do with those of us in the service that we have to do business with in the civilian world from time to time. It is expressly applicable to almost every war-swelled city, so we print it. Not that Halifax is any worse, or better than any of the others so there is no need for Haligonians to get their neck-feathers ruffled. The complaint is general, but well deserved, that many business concerns completely overlook the fact that the war isn't going to last forever and that they will again need steady satisfied customers to keep the doors open. A new book is published called "Take an hour to say No." by Elmer Wheeler. (Now don't get ideas. It's not about "that" at all).

"In this book", writes Mr. Wheeler, I'm listing all discourtesies, insults, impoliteness and bad service rendered me by business-to-day under the excuse of "There's a war on."

It may be necessary to ration certain commodities like butter and meat and canned goods, says the author, but you don't have to ration courtesy, patience and politeness. If you take a minute to say you haven't got something, instead of shouting the fact exultantly, you have a post-war customer beside you.

"When this war is over," explains Elmer, "I plan to take out my little back notebook to see whom to do business with—what tailor, laundry, hotel, grocery store, restaurant and so forth. Where I was high-hatted or otherwise mauled around under the guise of wartime conditions, then I plan to transfer my business elsewhere."

It's not everyone who has Elmer's little black book, but most of us have good memories. It is nearly five years since the customer was always right and the cus-

tomers is mighty tired of being wrong. "Come the peace"—and also the judgement day for those "There's a war on fellows."

A gal in Massechusetz was acquitted by a judge on a charge of assault and disorderly conduct. She slammed a dish at an impertinent waitress who asked her whether she realized there as a war on. The gal had already had two brothers casualties and a husband serving overseas in this war.

Are our faces read! It appears that a cartoon which we ran last issue which we thought originated here was actually the work of a lad in Moncton, and a story which he had credited to LAW. Periard (now Cpl. if you please) was actually the good work of Sgt. "Hank" Hendershott. The editor humbly begs the parden of the Eastern Provinder's cartoonist, Corporal

Sullivan and to Sector Ops Sgt. Hendershott and at the same time congratulates them on smart efforts at drawing and writing. The cartoon was the one with the library scene and the story concerned the "Funny-paper Ball" at the W.D. Canteen.

Nursing Sister Rita Leach writes from Lachine depot where she is stationed, saying that she likes it fine, also encloses two bucks for a subscription to Thumbs Up. That buys two years' worth, Rita, and we give you fair warning that if the gang of us are here in two years' time it will be because we get so overburdened by mess bills and so deep "into" the accounts section that they won't let us leave until we work it out. However, all kind donations gratefully received and it is nice to hear from such nice people as Rita Leach, small, dark and luscious.



Male Call

by Milton Caniff, creator of "Terry and the Pirates"

Pets Beget Whet Threat



Copyright 1944 by Milton Caniff, distributed by Camp Newspaper Service



VERSE AND WORSE

Jack and Jill fell down the hill.
A stunt that's mighty risky,
If water made them act like that,
By gosh, I'll stick to whiskey!

She was a gorgeous creature,
He was a doting male
He admired her figure in English
And wanted to prove it in Braille!
The Bulletin—U.S.Navy Ammo Depot.

NECK AND NECK

AC2—"I had a date with a chorus girl
last night."

W.D.—"No fooling."

AC2—"Oh, a little."

Girl (pouring out the drinks): "Say
when."

LAC: "Anytime after the first drink is
okay with me."

A drunk, watching a revolving door, saw
a man walk in. Soon the revolving door
revealed a pretty girl stepping out.

"It'sh a good trick," said the drunk,
"but I sthill don't shee what that guy did
with his clothes."

When my girl wrote and asked me for
her picture because we were through, I
answered: "What is this . . . a photo
finish?"

—Mountain Viewpoint.

"Darling", he cried in tender terms,
"I have never loved but thee,"
"Then we must part," the maiden said,
"No amateurs for me."

NECESSARY EVIL

"What'll you do little girl, when you're
as big as your mother?"
"Diet!"

Wife: "Haven't you anything nice to
say about my mother?"

Husband: "Yes. She objected to our
marriage."

A little bird sits in a tree,
Now he flies away:
Life is like that—
Here today, gone tomorrow;
A little bird sits in a tree,
New he scratches himself;
Life is that way—
Lousy.

My lady, be wary of Cupid
And list to the lines of this verse,
To let a fool kiss you is stupid,
To let a kiss fool you is worse.

Girls are creatures who are fond of
pretty clothes, but are not necessarily
wrapped up in them.

The kindly visitor pinched little Willie's
knee. "And who has nice chubby pink
legs?" he queried.

"Betty Grable", replied Willie.

Lady—"I'd like to see some silk for my
settee, please."

Clerk—"Lingerie, third aisle over, Ma-
dame."

Driving up to the house to deliver the
family's seventh baby, the doctor almost
ran over a duck.

"Is that your duck out front?" asked
the M.D.

"It's ours, but it ain't no duck. It's a
stork with his legs worn off from making
so many calls."

—Oak Log.



Rector: "Is that your cigarette stub?"
 Small Son: "Go head, Dad, you saw it first."

"We're going to give the bride a shower."
 "Count me in, I'll bring the soap."

A gentleman is a fellow who steps on his cigarette so it won't burn the carpet.

And then there was the little moron who wanted to put girdles on rumors. You know how those things spread, he sez.

"What ya tryin' to do," asked the waitress as the GI left a nickel tip, "seduce me!"

Sgt.: How did you get the black eye?"
 Cpl.: "For kissing the bride after the ceremony."

Sgt.: "But I thought that was the custom."

Cpl.: "Well, this was three years after the ceremony."

Street-Corner Economics — "How many cigars do you smoke a day?"

"About ten."
 "What do they cost you?"
 "Twenty cents apiece."

"My, that's two dollars a day. How long have you been smoking?"

"Thirty years."
 "Two dollars a day for thirty years is a lot of money. Do you see that office building on the corner? If you had never smoked in your life you might own that fine building."

"Do you smoke?"
 "No, never did."
 "Do you own that building?"
 "No."
 "Well, I do."

—The Maple Leaf News

The girdle is an elastic supplement to a stern reality.

A Jap admiral reported to the Son of Heaven:

"We blasted Pearl Harbor, mission not so successful. We blasted Wake Island, success not so good. We blasted Midway Island, no good. We blasted Bataan and Attu no good. We just a bunch of no good blasters!"

"So Al got married on his furlough. Who was the lucky lady?"
 "The bride's mother."

Gold-diggers are paid by the weak.

"Hello, little girl. Want a ride?"
 "No thanks, I'm walking back from one now."

She: "What would say if I told you I didn't believe in kissing?"

He: "Goodnight."

He: "All right ,then, let's get married."
 She: "Okay."

(A long awkward silence)
 She: "Why don't you say something?"
 He: "I've said too much already."

Does your Dad play golf?
 "No, he learned to swear like that in the Army."

"Am I the first girl you ever kissed?"
 "Now that you mentioned it, you do look familiar."

AC2's: "Hello, girls, you wouldn't care to go with us, would you?"

AC1: "Hello, girls, you will go with us, won't you?"

LAC's: "Hi, gals, where are we going?"

Mother. "Son, I don't want to see you going around with that wild girl anymore."

Son: "Aw heck, Maw, she ain't wild. Anyone can pet her."

Sailor, walking into recruiting office:
 "Gimme that ol' sales talk again—I'm gettin' kinda discouraged."

Hotel Clerk: "Of course, you will want running water in your room?"

Guest: "Why? Do I look like a trout?"

Let's get our wives together and have a big time.

All right, but where will we leave them.

Starkle, starkle, little twink,
 Who the hell you are, I think.
 I'm not under the alfluence of incohol
 Though some thinkle peep I are,
 I feel foolish and don't know who me is,
 But the drunker I sit here, the longer I get.

Sgt.: "What do you mean I have baby hands?"

Gal.: "They're just beginning to creep."

Whatever trouble Adam had,
 No man in days of yore
 Could say when Adam told a joke,
 "I've heard that one before."

An old lady had a parrot that was always swearing. She could stand it every day but Sunday, when she covered the cage to keep him quiet. One Monday the old lady saw her preacher coming to call and quickly covered the cage. As the preacher entered, the parrot shrilly squawked: "This has been a d—d short week!"



am very much in love with her." We plan on getting married but my parents are definitely against it as they don't seem to think she is good enough for me, seeing I am in the Airforce. If you could come for supper on Saturday and speak to Mother and Dad, perhaps they would listen to you seeing you are a Corporal." "I'd be glad to do it John," I said without hesitation, thinking of the free meal, "and I'm sure I can make them see things your way." "Thank you very much, sir," he said as he got up to leave, being very careful this time not to trip over the rug.

The following Saturday rolled around around quickly. I was sitting in the Mess with the Sergeants and called an AC over and asked him to deliver a note to AC2 John Jacobs at the same time slipping him a dollar bill. This was the smallest change I had. The lad seemed to think I was a Sergeant.

I met John in front of the Coliseum and we boarded a Bathurst car. We soon arrived at John's home which was surrounded by a ten-foot hedge and had a swimming pool in the rear. His parents were naturally pleased to meet me, and their daughter Jean, really fell for me in a big way. I soon felt like one of the family and settled down smoking Mr. Jacob's imported tobacco.

I straightened things up for John and on his next "forty-eight" he was married. The wedding was a real success and I had my flight standing at attention in front of the church. The papers were full of it the next morning and I thought the full-page picture of me, in color, was wonderful, although I didn't really deserve the front page.

I saw John quite often after that and spent many a pleasant evening at his home or playing golf with Jean. After a month's drill I told the O. C. that the flight was ready for posting. I was glad I would be leaving as I did not want my friendship with Jean to go too far. That girl was crazy about me!

My men were all sent to different schools to learn to read and write, then they would be ready to learn a trade. As I could already read and write a little, I was recommended for a posting to Dartmouth. "What a break," I thought, little knowing what was in store for me. When I arrived here, I was reduced to the rank of LAC. I didn't mind so much, but I did miss my comfortable room in Manning Pool I soon got used to the station and settled down once again I worked hard but promotions were slow. I was lucky to get my "A" group after eight months, but I was expecting that as I knew I was above average when it came to intelligence. The fellows were jealous and would have nothing to do with me at first but as I did not throw my "props" around I soon became well liked by one and all.

One day while I was going down for my mail. I bumped into none other than John Jacobs. "When did you arrive?" I asked. "I got in this morning," he said. "Why don't you move into our barracks. John?" I asked again. He seemed to jump at the chance of this offer, and quickly replied, "Yes, Corporal," from force of habit. "Stand at ease, John, we are of equal rank now," I told him. "What!" He exclaimed, "a man of your intelligence reduced to the ranks!" He stood there dumbfounded.



I ran into the post-office and got my usual bag of mail and walked up to the barracks where I soon found an empty bunk for John. (That was easy as no one would sleep in the same room with me.) John seemed very pleased at the chance of being near me. That night John and I talked over over times. Jean misses you terribly—she really took it hard when you left Toronto, he told me. "I wouldn't doubt it", I replied, "but she'll get over it sooner or later."

"How do you like the station, Mac?" he asked. "Oh, it's alright, (a masterpiece of understatement) but I don't like the way the W.D.'s keep bothering me. You'd think I was a Flight Sergeant. Everytime I go for my mail, they run out of their barracks and beg me to take them out. If I took one of them out, how do you think the rest will feel. Don't answer that," I said.

Women just didn't appeal to me anymore as I had been around with more of them than has a revolving door at Eatons.

The following evening John and I decided to go to the station dance, as it was free. It was the same old story—the girls rushed to the door in a mad stampede when they saw me enter. No, they weren't trying to get out—they all wanted to dance with me at the same time. If they had only lined up in three's, I'm sure I would have tried to give each and every one at least part of a dance. However, I suppose that's the price one must

pay for being so popular?? Surely there was at least one airman on the station as handsome (misprint) as I.

"As you were girls", I shouted, and began to check over the list of dances I had promised, to find that the fifth had not yet been taken.



I climbed up on the orchestra platform and in a loud clear voice I said, "girls, I'm available; the fifth dance has not been taken as yet. If you will line up in threes and give your names to John Jacobs, I will draw the lucky girl's name from the Group Captain's hat." The drill hall was filled with suspense as they waited for the lucky winner's name to be announced. At last the excitement was over, and many a heart-broken girl left the dance when they saw they didn't have a chance. (Fred Astaire has nothing on me when it comes to dancing.) I hope the girls realize that everyone couldn't get the breaks that night, and that perhaps they would be lucky next time. At midnight the dance was over and the last girl had left, after thanking me for the dance she had received.

Next morning I leaped out of bed at 6:30 a.m. with a song on my lips. (Oh, What a Beautiful Morning) I dashed over to the mess hall for the usual powered eggs, and then up to the hanger for roll-call. I had a hard day's work ahead of me as I had to load 11½ lb. practice bombs on a night fighter (Lysander). This had to be done by hand as the hydraulic jack was U/S and I had not found time to repair it due to the other responsibilities that rested upon my capable shoulders.

That afternoon John and I watched a Liberator warming up in No. 5 Hanger. I explained to him they were preparing to test fly it inside the hanger, which is very seldom done—because of the thick fog outside. After supper we went to the

show and then to the snack-bar for a rum and butter sundae.

Most of the next month's evenings were taken up with lectures I was giving on pre-aircrew maths and astro-navigation. The boys found it easy to learn as I really knew how to put it across. One night I decided to go to Halifax instead of going to the canteen to pick up the odd coke bottles. (I made fifteen cents that way once in about two hours.) I put on my number 1 Blues and ran down to the highway to hitch-hike. I could not afford to take the bus on LAC pay. After standing there for a couple of hours one smart W.D. grabbed her chance of going out with me and offered to pay my way on the bus. I really went to town in comfort that night even if I did have to stand in the aisle with my head banging on the roof all the way in. Perhaps that's how I got this way—who knows?



After we got to Halifax I thought the least I could do was to offer to take this lovely W.D. to the show after her paying my way on the bus and ferry. I thought she might even pay on the way back. After she consented to pay her own way, we rushed to get in the line-up at the Capitol. I don't mind line-ups anymore as I found myself standing in them quite often — especially at the mess hall. I

reached in my pocket to take a dollar-bill out of solitary confinement only to find that I had left my wallet in my fatigues—what an excuse. She readily agreed to lend me the necessary fifty cents and in return I promised her a waltz at the next dance, I had a most enjoyable evening—it was cheap anyway. I'm sure she had a wonderful time also. (I must ask her one of these days.) On second thought I don't think I will as it might remind her of the seventy-five cents I owe her.

RADIO PROGRAMS OF SERVICE INTEREST

National Farm Radio Forum CHNS — 2130 Hours

Nov. 20th:

What the Forums Say About Our Land

Provincial Forum Secretaries will take part in this broadcast every fourth week to report what the forums in all provinces have concluded from their discussions during the previous three weeks.

Nov. 27th:

What's Happening to the People?

Three generations of social and economic change in rural Canada.

Dec. 4th:

Can Future Farmers Make A Living?

Economic and social readjustments are necessary. Will soldiers and young people have a satisfactory future in the rural community?

Dec. 11th:

Rural Communities Can Be Attractive

How to make the rural community worth living in.

Dec. 18th:

What the Forums Say About Farming

Mental fog arises from an "all-wet" moral climate.

Wartime Artists

(Continued from Page 5)

The Male Call is the brain child of pleasant-looking 4-F Milton Caniff, who is said to make himself 1,100 berries per week from his main strip, Terry And The Pirates, a favorite in over 250 daily newspapers with an estimated combined circulation of 20,000,000. The magazine Esquire has this to say about Caniff's contribution to the war effort from a civilian morale standpoint:

"Since the so-called comic strip is America's favorite literature and since the Japanese are the villains in Caniff's strip, the value of Terry and the Pirates in keeping the American populace Jap-conscious while Hitler is being polished off can hardly be estimated. . . . As far back as 1937 Caniff began to alert millions of Americans by showing what the Japs were up to."

Milton Caniff is one of the most attentive-to-detail artists in the business of amusing the public. Never a uniform, decoration, aircraft, or piece of equipment appears on a Caniff drawing that isn't authentic to the nth degree . . . so much so, in fact, that on one occasion the U.S. naval authorities were embarrassed to see a very hush-hush piece of equipment reproduced for the world to see in life like perspective. Milt was asked in future to let the I.O.'s have a look at his drawings first whenever there was something technical involved.

Off Limits!

Paris (CNS) — Add resumption of normal activities in this liberated French capital: The proprietors of 180 brothels were warned by police recently to refuse admittance to Allied soldiers. At the same time, the American provost marshal said the most severe penalties would be imposed upon any soldiers trying to enter the houses in violation of the ban.

A statesman is a man who takes responsibility for the state of his country.

Male Call

by Milton Caniff, creator of "Terry and the Pirates"



Plain Identification



ZOMBIES —from Page 1

But—a good publication, a fair publication, strives to give both sides to a question. So here we print a letter taken bodily from that up-and-coming service paper, "Overseas Mail." This letter was printed in the "Letters to the Editor" column. Perhaps it explains a few questions lingering on your mind. Perhaps not!

A ZOMBIE'S LETTER

Dear C.O.M.: A copy of the first issue of your supposed newspaper has just come to hand. I don't see where the news is you speak of, for your paper is full of re-writes from other papers. . . . Congratulations on your Zombie story (Page One, Oct. 21st) which enables our brothers-in-arms overseas to work up a hate for us who remain behind. Why write of that kind of thing? The boys overseas have other things to think about besides Zombies, and people talk enough about Zombies in Canada without annoying the fighting men with fake news. . . . Now, tell me, when the Government asks you to pay your taxes, do you fork over an extra \$5 or \$10 more than you have to? Well, we Zombies are in the same boat. The Government called on us for military service and we responded, willingly giving up our youth and our future to do so. We're doing our duty in Canada, just as our Government has asked us to; and if it decides to send us overseas we will have no alternative but to obey. . . . The Government doesn't need guys like you and Mr. Drew and the Canadian Legion to tell them what to do. They're better informed than you are about what is happening on the other side. . . . Your paper is nothing but a camouflage for the damn Tory Party, which is trying so hard at this moment to set our little population of 11,000,000 at each other's throats. . . . So why do you get tangled up with things that don't concern you? The boys overseas knew all about us and other stuff you're trying to tell them long ago. . . . etc.).

—Zombie from Montreal.

Western Front
and Pacific
Compared

NEW YORK—Which is tougher on the GI—the Pacific campaign or the Western Front?

Sgt. Mack Morriss, YANK staff correspondent, recently asked this question of Maj. General J. Lawton Collins, a veteran of both the New Georgia campaigns and the Western Front. The general's answer came quickly, and with force:

"From the purely physical standpoint, the Pacific campaigns have been infinitely worse for the private soldier. There he has had to live in the heat and filth of the jungle worrying about malaria and the fact that a scratch may develop into a tropical ulcer.

"In Europe, we've been fighting in civilized countries in which we can and do take advantage of the shelter of buildings. There we had heat, rain, mud, jungle and nothing else."

Replying to Morriss' question on the relative fighting worth of Japs and Germans, Gen. Collins had this to say: "The Jap is a helluva sight tougher than the German, but he's not as smart."

Sgt. Morriss, who interviewed Gen Collins, knows both theatres himself, having covered Guadalcanal and New Georgia for YANK before going to the Western Front. His article is featured in the November 10th issue of YANK, The U. S. Army Weekly.

Conductor: "Madame, that child is over 5 years old and he will have to pay full fare."

Lady: "But, I've only been married four years."

Conductor: "Gimme the fare, lady. I ain't interested in your past."

ROLLING THE BONES

When I go in to 'hit the wall'
Do I feel Nervous? Not at all;
More like some doughty knight of old—
Valiant, and uncommon bold.

For a "fin" I roll with perfect ease,
Up comes a seven if you please;
'Now shoot the ten' say I with pride,
'Got yuh' comes from every side.

Again I pass, oh joy of joys,
'Hot dawg' I chortle, 'shoot her boys',
And how they scramble, I think, 'what
luck!'—

After this pass, I'll shoot a buck.

I seize the rocks with perfect aplomb,
And say to them all—'Now five on the
come';

It is a pleasing sight to see
How these suckers throw it in for me.

All faded the bones are in my hand,
I shake 'em round, things sure look grand;
Victorious General ne'er felt like I,
The centre of each wary eye

'Comin' out', chorus they, 'that's right,
say I,

And then I add, 'sweet dice don't lie';
I flip the wrist, out fly the bones,
I can't get over the look on Jones.

'Ha! Ha!' says he, 'look what's here',
My heart sinks down in sudden fear;
A dirty lousy crap sits there,
A two and one, as plain as air.

A "tenner" out I seize those cubes,
And say to myself—'Now clean these
rubes';
'Shoot five', Say I with much less ease,
Again they're on like a pack of fleas.

Need I go on? It will only hurt,
They took my roll, I hocked my shirt;
And all on account of that lousy Jones,
For callin' a crap when I was Rollin' The
Bones.

CHAS. D. STEPHENS,
October, 1937.

Male Call

by Milton Caniff, creator of "Terry and the Pirates"



Everything Went Pink

The Wolf

by Sansone

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"—oh, let's get out of here! I don't understand a word of French!"

Sgt. Sansone

The Wolf

by Sansone

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THANKS TO:
CPL. LEN ZINBERG, ITALY

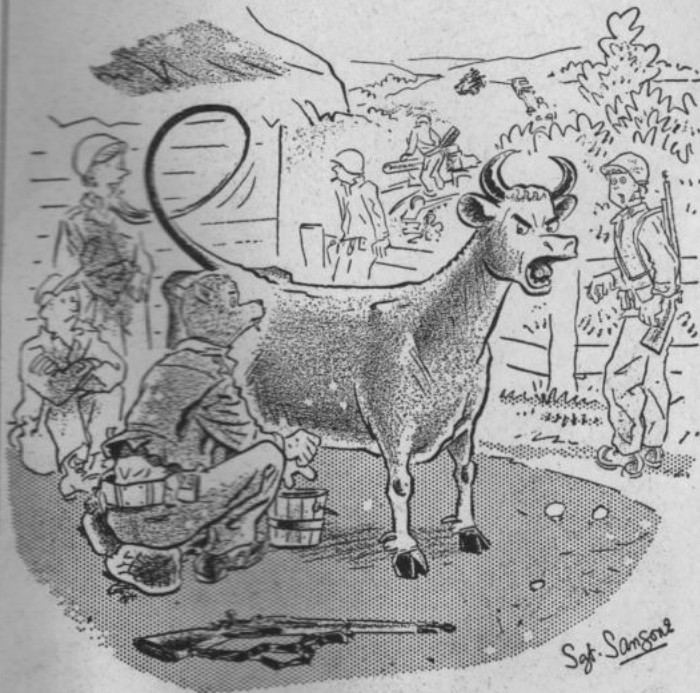
"... but I do not see Meecky Mouse!"

Sgt. Sansone

The Wolf

by Sansone

Copyright 1944 by Leonard Sansone, distributed by Camp Newspaper Service



"Easy, big boy—easy!"

Sgt. Sansone

The Wolf

by Sansone

Copyright 1944 by Leonard Sansone, distributed by Camp Newspaper Service



"Ain't it strange!—I got a feelin' we're bein' followed!"

Sgt. Sansone



COMELY—Comedienne Betty Hutton, now on the screens of the nation in her co-starring role with Bob Hope in Paramount's laugh hit, "Let's Face It", soon will step into the most important role of her career in portraying the famous night club queen, Texas Guinan in the pretentious musical, "Incendiary Blonde". Betty next will be seen on motion picture screens in "And the Angels Sing".

Schedule of Attractions

Nov. 19th.—George In The Home Guard	Col.
Nov. 21st.—Follow The Boys	Univ.
Nov. 23rd.—Christmas Holiday	Univ.
Nov. 26th.—Cover Girl	Col.
Nov. 28th.—This Is The Life	Univ.
Nov. 30th.—Make Your Own Bed	Warner
Dec. 3rd.—His Butler's Sister	Univ.
Dec. 5th.—Cobra Woman	Univ.
Dec. 7th.—Ghost Catchers	Univ.
Dec. 10th.—Gang's All Here	20th. Century
Dec. 12th.—Claudia	20th Century

R. C. A. F. Station DARTMOUTH MOVIES

TUES. - THURS. - SUN.

2 SHOWS

18.30 hrs. and 20.30 hrs.



GLORIOUS DOTTIE—MINUS SARONG