



Yuletide Wishes Up!

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



Season's

Greetings

DEC.—JAN
1944—1945

PRICE
10c.

Greetings from our Commanding Officer



Once again we approach the end of an old year and the beginning of a new. While I have associated with you only 1½ months, I was fortunate in being in very close contact with you in my previous appointments at E.A.C. Headquarters and, therefore, have a very good appreciation of the work which you did during this past year. The efforts put forth by this station during the year 1944 cannot be placed second to any other, and I feel that your co-operation to make 1945 an even better year will be an assured fact.

It is my heartfelt desire to extend to all ranks a wish for a Merry Christmas and a more than Happy New Year and that the ageless expression of "Peace On Earth and Good Will to Men" will assume its rightful place in our mode of life.

C. L. Treacarter

LITTLE NECK, N.Y. (CNS) — Arthur Farrell, who looks like Frank Sinatra, was minding his own business in a Long Island railroad train the other night when a girl wearing bobby sox collapsed on the floor beside him after murmuring, "Frankie." His embarrassment was almost as great as her disappointment.

A HYMN FOR THOSE WHO FLY

We pray Thee, Lord, Thou Who art wise,
Be Thou our fliers' guide;
Keep steady, Lord, their ships that rise,
And pilot them across the skies;

Direct them as they wing their flight;
Protect them, Lord, we pray;
Let them not wander from Thy sight,
But through the darkness of the night
Go with them all the way.

If storm and strife they must endure,
Surround them with Thy care;
Be near and make their safety sure,
Defend them, Lord, and keep secure
Our fliers in the air.

We pray Thee, Lord, Thou art on high,
Sustain our men who dare;
Give strength to them who for us fly,
And follow them with Thine own eye;
Hear, Lord, for them our prayer.

OUR COVER

The pert young miss greeting 1945 is starlet Jane Wyman, who will soon be seen in Warner Bros. "Animal Kingdom."



"Say—I heard one today that'll knock your eyes out."



F/L McGUIRE (R.C.)

GOD REST YOU, MERRIE GENTLEMEN

It is the custom, and a beautiful custom, to exchange good wishes for Christmas Day. Those good wishes are usually summed up in two words: Merry Christmas.

There is reason, good reason, to be merry on Christmas Day. The sad part of this merry day is that while everyone insists upon making merry, not everyone remembers the reason for the merriment.

The exchange of gifts, the turkey dinner, the singing of carols, are outward signs of an inward idea. And it is the inward idea that is all-important. And that idea is simply this: that into a world gone wrong came a Person, and he came to make the wrong world right again. He was born. He lived. And he died.

First, he was born. And we celebrate that birth, on Christmas Day.

By human standards the Heavenly Father should have launched His Son in the palace of King Herod, or else in the tower of Antonia, the seat of Roman power in Jerusalem. If He did not do so it was to show that royal purple and military might were not important when weighed against humility and simplicity, or against fortitude, temperance and justice.

Actually the Father chose a stable for His Son, as if to startle the world into learning one great lesson, the lesson that certain visible things and certain human standards weigh nothing against certain invisible things and eternal values.

The Royal Canadian Air Force is a visible thing, and a mighty powerful one, too. But if it be not wielded for the right, for justice, for humanity, for the attainment of life, liberty and the pursuit of true happiness, then it is a useless thing, nay it is a worse than useless thing; it is a menace and an enemy.

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A Merry Christmas to you all and A Happy New Year and with it goes the hope that next Christmas will see us all where we ought to be—at home—among our own families. In the Christmas message this year we can almost hear other words of Christ—"The end is at hand."

You know Lenin, the father of the Russian Revolution, once uttered a remarkable sentence for such a man. His children were in Finland and he was there for a secret political meeting also to spend Christmas with his children. Some of the Bolshevicks sneered at the Christmas festivities—Lenin rebuked them—had a tree set up with the crib scene—and standing and looking at it said, "Jesus of Nazareth was somebody after all."

If Jesus of Nazareth becomes somebody to you—you will know all the happiness of Christmas wherever you may be.



F/L J. COMFORT (Prot.)

TRADITIONAL - - -

"OFFICERS WILL SERVE THE AIRMEN'S CHRISTMAS DINNER"



THEY SERVE THAT MEN MAY EAT

TWO LETTERS FROM LONDON

From former Dartmouthites

UNCENSORED!

425 SQUADRON
Nov. 5, 1944

.....a super nine day leave in London town, from which I have returned flatter than gum on a steam roller, bent, broke, but unbowed. After eight months of rural Yorkshire and its fogs and stuff, the bright lights (figuratively) were a trifle hard on the eyes. We put up at a swell service club, and really made with the feet in order to catch all there was to see.

When you think of London, you think of air raids; so let's proceed to clear that up first. We were in town just thirty minutes when the sirens began their wail of anger for the second time in my experience in these Isles. From then on and for nine days, we averaged two raids each night except for two nights of peace and quiet. Regular as clockwork, sandwiched in between moonrise and moonset (that sounds queer) over they would come between 7 p.m. and midnight and 4:30 a.m. and 8. Fortunately the night defences are so developed that only a fraction of each effort ever reaches London. This fraction is plenty, for a "doodle" wipes out nearly two square blocks, and tears away windows, roofs and ceilings for a mile around. What is infinitely worse is the hush-hush V-2 which is common knowledge here but not yet in the press. This baby is poison, a rocketed many times as devastating as the F-bomb and travelling in the stratosphere and preceding its own racket, unable to be predicted for early warning. These come over during the day and without warning crash down to shake miles of city. Our worst day offered seven in all. Damage is pitifully tragic all over town, around St. Paul's there is absolutely nothing for miles except deep cellars where once stood great factories and tenements. Lambeth Walk and the Eastside are virtual shambles. Regent St., the smart shopping centre, is also hit in many spots. In fact, you can walk few blocks without seeing gaping half-buildings, flak holes or new masonry hiding old scars. Tube stations are still jammed at night with weary old and young sleeping in three tiers of tiny bunks, not three feet from the roaring tube trains. Believe me, my heart was very full as I looked around and talked without paying to many of these poor folk. If only you could see the horror that modern war has brought to such cities, it might shake Canadians at home of their apathe-

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CENSORED!

As a contrast also from Overseas, here's one that Sgt. Ernie Hunt (Sector Ops.) received from F/L Frank Newman, former Sector Controller, recently posted overseas. The censor went to work on it with a pair of scissors so that it looks like a player piano roll. However, we find it was written Nov. 21st, and goes thus:
Dear Ernie:

Well, Ernie, here I am overseas and believe me. It's an experience I wouldn't have missed for the world, and even at that, it's just starting.

We landed in England about one month ago and right now we are waiting to leave at any moment. We still don't know what the _____? have been posted to the _____? It means under _____?

One of the boys who came out with us is going to one Sector with me and the rest are going to a different sector.

The trip over was rough but enjoyable. I got "Joed" to handle traffic to and from meals for about _____? I spent my first tour of duty trying to find where I was working. It's easy to get lost on a ship.

We were well received on landing. The sandwiches, chocolate, cigarets and waves and greetings from everyone at the stations along the line.

Our first station reminded me of the way I had been beefing to the Adj. at Dartmouth to get heat at Sector early in September.

It rained all the time and was very cold but we were only allowed fires from 5 p.m. to p.m. We were in temporary barracks with no foundations and boy! it really was cold. I couldn't help thinking how myself and everyone else at Sector would have bitched about the conditions. You expected it over here, though, and just put on another sweater.

We stayed there 2½ weeks and then went to another holding unit for 5 days. It was good; central heating and near London. We spent 2 days and evenings in London and it's surely something to see.

_____?

After that we came here, and this is really something. We are living in double tents, 3 bell tents inside 1 large tent, and 3 men per bell tent. No heat of course, and 1 lantern for light.

The floor of ours is just slats and the grass grows up between them. Outside the tents there is just good old-fashioned mud. We all wear battle-dress and rubber boots. The dining hall, wash-rooms,

etc., are all tents and pretty well open air.

We have a mess in an old building. We have a fireplace and homemade bar but nearly all the windows are broken and quite a breeze blows through at times. The beer supply is unlimited and the hard liquor not bad. The only trouble is that the bar is run on English currency and we changed most of our money for francs before coming here. We have a lot of fun with exchange but usually manage to get a few beers a day. The bar is open from 10.00 a.m. till 10.30. p.m.

_____? It's amazing how little it worries you though. Someone makes a wise-crack ad that's all there is to it.

That's about all the news for this time. I really miss all the gang at Sector. Often I wish I could drop in on a night shift and say "Hello."

Write me if you get a chance address "R.C.A.F. Overseas." _____?

Best of luck to yourself and all the gang.

REMEMBER?

Sept. 29, 1938—The Munich Conference. Before the conference Hitler said: "Once the problem of the Sudetenland is solved, Germany has no more territorial problem in Europe. We do not want any more Czechs." After the conference he declared: "We have but one wish—to make our contribution to the peace of the world."

Ro-bomb Attacks Here 'Possible' Say Experts

WASHINGTON (CNS)—Robot bomb attacks on the North American continent are "entirely possible," the War and Navy Departments disclosed recently, answering questions raised by stateside newspapers. Such attacks, a joint statement said, "might be launched from submarines lying offshore or from one-way sacrifice flights of long-range bombers controlled across the Atlantic by submarine. If is also possible that attacks might be launched from catapult-plane tenders. It is extremely possible that such attacks could entirely elude Allied sea and air patrols."

S.P.: "Caught on a park bench, eh? What're your names?"

Airman: "Ben Petten".

W.D.: "Anne Howe"



I am grateful to "Thumbs Up" for allowing me space in the magazine in order to have this "chat" with the personnel of Dartmouth, at this time, Christmas, an occasion so precious to all of us, particularly we who know what a white Christmas really means.

I have been with you now, as your S.Ad.O., about 4½ months. I do not know whether this is a good recommendation or not but I would like to say that although the going has been rough at times, I am thoroughly happy here amongst all of you, and regret that it is practically an impossibility to become acquainted with each and every one of you. It is probably easier for you to become acquainted with me, either personally or through the different things I try to do for you, as much as facilities permit.

I wish to take this opportunity to express my thanks to the personnel of Dartmouth for their co-operation and patience with me in the few undertakings I have tried to carry out and also in helping toward the general improvement of the station. I particularly wish to thank those officers, airmen and airwomen who have helped me greatly by very close co-operation and understanding and who have been the main factor in whatever success may have been achieved in any one effort. The S.Ad.O.'s job on a station is not always a happy one and, quite often,

he is called by every name but his proper title which, of course, must be expected if he intends being the S.Ad.O or, otherwise, fail at his job. Personnel often criticize regulations dealing with law and order, on a station, but do not always realize that said laws and orders were laid down for their protection and not for the amusement of senior officers to develop men into puppets. The Service expects every man to pull his own weight and also that common sense should be a foremost factor in his every day job and, if we only realize what an easy life we lead at the present time, as compared to that which awaits all of us on "civvy" street, I am quite convinced that we would all find it much easier living together and would make our station that much happier. Remember that your job, unimportant as it may seem to you, is of the greatest importance to the Service and fully necessary to the complete extermination of the enemies of our country, and the world, and the successful completion of this terrible massacre which this war has been. Lets not quit before the end, as so many reverses have been caused due to over enthusiasm, no doubt well earned, but detrimental to our cause. On the contrary, let's show our faith in our country and those brothers and friends of ours, who face the real enemy daily, that we too are fighting and doing our share of the job here which, after all, is just as important as theirs, under different circumstances. We can't all be in the firing line but we an all do our bit here by not letting our fellow-men down.

Some of us think that our work is unimportant because we are not overseas, that what we do here and on other stations in Canada is futile and that we are simply wasting our time. If this were so,

why shouldn't ground crew personnel consider themselves simply ornaments in the picture of war, because they are not daily risking their lives like the aircrews who chance meeting up with the enemy? For that matter, why shouldn't thousands of civilians think the same way because they too were not in the firing line? We all know only too well that without the thousands of civilians in factories making materials and building equipment for the proper conduct of this war we would have been lost, even with all our sailors, soldiers and airmen daily willing to risk their lives, and give them if necessary, if they hadn't had the tools to carry the job through.

This reminds me, at this time, Christmas, of an article I read recently about a little Christmas Tree. It went thus . . . "The Legend told of the Holy Night when Our Lord was born. All creatures came to worship in Bethlehem, and the trees did likewise. None of the other trees came so far as the least among them, a small spruce. It was so weary it could hardly stand, and the trees with fragrant blossoms, great trunks and leafy boughs all but absconded the drab stranger. But the stars took pity on it, and lo! . . . a rain of them fell from Heaven, and the bright Christmas star alighted in the top of the spruce, and all the rest on it's branches . . . And the child in the manger saw the spruce and blessed it with a smile." . . . I think this little story applies to alot of us as we are all very small trees on a great mass of earth and the Lord has blessed each and everyone of us with the necessary faculties to think for ourselves and to help each other out. We should always remember that it was Christ who said, "The First shall be last and the last shall be first."

Those of you who will be going home for Christmas and will be with your families are very lucky and we hope you will think of us who will have to remain here in order that the daily routine of our station may be maintained unimpaired. I would like to take advantage of this occasion to wish to you all a Very Merry Christmas, whether you be home or here on the station, and, if you are forced to remain on the station, I do hope that your stay will be a happy one . . . There is one thing I would like to say to those who will be remainig behind . . . We appreciate it and regret we couldn't let you go too.

1945 is at our doorstep and, this time last year we were practically convinced that we would all be home before 1944 expired. Unfortunately, the Gods of War decided otherwise, and They, have great power over the situation. None of us can, at the present time, predict what the outcome of this war will be, nor can we give

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DARTMOUTH MARCH PAST



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

—Pope

By "Ted"

It's practically time to depart for Christmas leave and darned if we can seem to get the Christmas spirit as we sit here in the little Thumbs Up office in the Rec. Hall thinking about Christmas in general, with the sun (no foolin') streaming in our west window. The vista is a familiar one . . . the sea plane base, then the strip of water forming the Eastern Passage and McNab's wooded hump beyond, while away across the harbor is that famous Eastern Canada port of _____ (shush, name withheld). Then on further masts and funnels of countless ships of all types—smaller craft hurrying about—signal lights blinking from harbor control towers . . . and withal not even enough ice or snow to cool a cocktail. It looks about as much like Christmas as Frank Sinatra does Santa Claus. However, there is much about the station which lets us know that the holiday season is near. Apart from the unmailed pile of Christmas cards in front of us at the moment and the complete gift list shopping to be done, there have been a few of the fortunate ones (with some "annual" left to add to the furlough of five days) who have already left with "Merry Christmas's" wished all round. Many of the sections, too, have started decorating in the customary manner, and although tree ornaments are scarcer this year, the ingenuity of the boys and girls is not, and the result has been fine-looking work to remind those of us who have to stay over the holiday period of Christmas's in happier times, and many a pang, too. The Rec. Hall is a picture, having been decorated Christmas style for the W.D.s "Formal."

In another column you can read all about that dance, which from all reports was the tid-bit of all time hereabouts, with special plaudits for the super de-luxe brand of sweet 'n hot dished out by our dance group of the station band. Your correspondent missed the W.D.s dance, being away at Cornwallis with the hockey team, but we did hear the same orchestra

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AIR VICE MAR'LL. JOHNSON PRESENTS AWARDS

The last parade of the year was in reality the A.O.C. in C's Parade, since it was an occasion when A.V.M. Johnson Air presented honors and awards to many of our personnel. The prize honor came to F/O David M. Coates of Toronto, who received the George Medal for his actions in rescuing his mates from a crashed aircraft in England, November 1st, 1942.

F/O Coates enlisted in September, 1940, after training at No. 2 Wireless School

Calgary, went overseas in 1941, where he was successively on operation duties in the European Theatre with a Torpedo Bomber Bomber, a Meteorological Flight, and an Anti Submarine Squadron.

At the same Parade 145 Squadron's O/C W/C Pete Delaney received the Squadron Crest from the A.O.C. and there were ten operational wings given out. The A.O.C. in C and the C. O. inspected the parade following the investitures and presentations.



The Ancient Game of Hockie

By BERT PERRY

Communication to the Editor: *Dear Frank—As you know, I have been engaged in hockey research for a number of years, particularly on occasions when you call up on short notice and want a story for the programme. Some years ago, while delving into a number of ancient magazines in search of something about the origin of hockey, I came across a story that threw a great deal of light on the subject. I am sorry that I failed to record the name of the publication and the date of the story. It didn't seem important at that time, I was more interested then in the origin of the game in Canada, something that also seems to be dimmed by the years. Hockey is recognized everywhere as Canada's great national winter sport, but the truth is it didn't originate in this country, but in England. It was brought to Canada by British redcoats who were garrisoned at Kingston or Halifax or some other North American defence base where ice was available. But hockey really dates back centuries before that. What I propose to do here is give you the legend of its origin as near as I can recall it, based on the article I read nearly 30 years ago.

* * *

*Frank Selke, Editor of the Maple Leaf Gardens Programme, Toronto, where this story originated.

This article is written by Bert Perry, who for many years was a Toronto and London sports writer with the London Advertiser, the Toronto Globe and Toronto Mail & Empire. During the last war Bert was a pilot in the R.F.C. and when he ran afoul of Baron Richtofen's Flying Circus, had the ill luck to have his engine shot up. He managed to crash land the crippled aircraft in the only open space near that particular area of the Western Front, which turned out to be an innocent looking vegetable garden. A cleared space of about 250 yards each way. It was the vegetable garden all right, but unfortunately that which supplied the mess tables of the Baron's squadron! Bert spent the rest of the war in a German prison camp.

Bertram M. Perry was a colleague of your editor on the old Globe and a very close friend, so we had a chance to hear first-hand many of his experiences as a last war flyer. One of the most interesting was his part in the sensational escape from a nearby camp of the then Capt. Conn Smythe, the two-war hero boss of Toronto's Maple Leafs. It was Bert who collected the German money for Smythe's escape and by astute bribery of one of the guards managed to get it into Conn's hands for use in getting over the border into Holland. Mabee Bert will write us that story for next Thumbs Up. We'll see.

Thanks to the Toronto Maple Leaf Gardens Program

Back in the day when Knighthood was in flower and the conquering Normans had fairly established themselves in England, there lived in a pretty valley in Monmouthshire a sprightly lad named Connibus, son of the village ironsmith. Connibus of Ye Smythie, he was known as, and being a bright lad he was well and favorably known throughout the countryside. He was not English born. While Connibus was still a small lad, his father had found it necessary to take his family and leave Ireland one night in a small boat and head for England. Probably referee trouble. The little family landed on the coast of Wales, and, in due course, made its way to Monmouthshire, before father felt he had reached a safe hideout.

Connibus liked his adopted home. He liked to roam the countryside and talk with the shepherds on the hills. He liked to fish and hunt and sing and talk with the country folk. His father despaired of ever making an ironsmith out of him, and Connibus, truth to tell, was satisfied to leave that to his brother, who was older than he and taller and more powerful. Connibus was ambitious, though, and he had visions of making a name for himself some day, although he just couldn't make up his mind whether he wanted to be a great soldier of a great minstrel. A travelling band of troubadors had passed through a valley one day and Connibus had been enraptured by their merry songs and the gay sort of life they led. Yet, on the other hand, he was equally fascinated by the great warriors who visited his father's smythie and the fine horses that they rode.

He was always a spectator at the jousting tournaments in the Knight's glen. One of the happiest moments of his life was the day he was called upon to assist a mailed Knight to mount a hooded charger, as fine a horseman and as fine a horse as he had ever seen. Great was his grief, though some hours later, when his hero fell a victim in the final combat to a knight from a neighboring country, a foul fellow if ever there was one. In the winter when the river was frozen over, Connibus would often sit on the river bank and look at the ice. He didn't care for fishing though like some of the country folk did. He sought the wild hare and the boar, but somehow the frozen river fascinated him. He often spoke to the shepherds about it as he helped them mend their crooks or hoquets, as the Normans called the long crooked staffs with which they tended their flocks.

One day while seated on the river bank, Connibus was startled by the galloping hoofbeats of a charger. He turned to see a horseman bearing down upon him. He recognized the knight who had beaten his

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WHO'S WHO IN BIGTIME HOCKEY

SOMETHING ABOUT THE SIX MEN WHO RUN THE CLUBS THAT WILL COMPLETE FOR THE HOCKEY LAURELS

By CHARLIE QUERRIE

Not so long ago it was a common practice for all the big league hockey clubs to have a manager and a coach, and it was always a question when a club won a championship, whether it was the manager or the coach that really deserved part of the applause. To-day, however, with the man-power shortage still with us, all the clubs, with the exception of the New York Rangers, have one man looking after their hockey teams, and even with the Rangers we often find Lester Patrick sitting on the bench with his coach Frank Boucher, especially if the Rangers are in the contention.

Looking over the six men (or maybe seven) we came to the conclusion that one could gather up a pretty fair hockey team if we went back ten or twenty years, (we could easily go back a lot farther) and caught most of the managers at the peak of their career. One would have quite a defence with Lester Patrick, "Happy" Day and Arthur Ross, while a forward line of Dick Irvin, Paul Thompson, Jack Adams and Frankie Boucher would not be sneezed at in the best of hockey circles. Of course, they would be shy a goaler, but we remember when Lester Patrick played goal in a Stanley Cup game and did all right.

Looking them over, we don't mind admitting that we had a lot more fun and excitement, when Major Smythe, "Red" Dutton and Tommy Gorman were roaring up the side-lines. To-day the only two that are liable to break out in a rash, are Arthur Ross of Boston and Jack Adams of Detroit. One can hardly imagine our own Mr. Day, Paul Thompson or Dick Irvin, Frankie Boucher or even Lester Patrick climbing over the boards, and grabbing a referee, but sometimes I think Mr. Patrick might leap over, but as Vice-President of Madison Square Gardens, he generally thinks twice. Personally, I like Day, Thompson, Irvin and Boucher, but (being more or less of a roughneck, words by Frank Selke) I always get a kick out of seeing Ross or Adams burn up.

* * *

BOSS OF THE LEAFS

Clarence (Happy) Day of the Maple Leafs, has always been one of our favorites, not only as a player, but also as a man, and he has certainly made a good job of handling the Leafs. According to the record, Day was born in Owen Sound,

This article by Charlie Querrie, a former great of the lacrosse field and a veteran sportswriter, having served on the staff of the late Toronto News for many years, gives an interesting history of those who guide the teams in the N H L in this year's edition of the Maple Leaf Gardens' programme. With our sharp scissors and pastepot handy we give it to hockey fans as good reading.

and this year Day took his Maple Leafs back to his old home town for their preliminary training. We first saw Day playing hockey with Toronto Varsity and then with Hamilton, and it was back in 1925 that he signed a professional contract with Toronto St. Patricks, and at that time it was my privilege to sign Day to a contract. In 1926 the New York Rangers offered twenty thousand dollars for Day's release, but it was refused. He was captain and star defence man for many years for the Maple Leafs, and in 1937-8 he played with the New York Americans. At the end of the 1938 season, he retired and became a linesman and referee, both in the N.H.L. and the O.H.A. He coached the West Toronto Juniors to the Memorial Cup in 1935 and the Toronto Dominions to a Senior O.H.A. title. He became coach of the Maple Leafs in 1940-1 season and in 1941-2 his club won the Stanley Cup. In this series with Detroit, after losing the first three games, Day gave the experts something to talk about. He benched two of his star players, Drillon and McDonald and won the next four games. Day had quite a tough row last Winter, losing plenty of players, but he succeeded in getting the Leafs into the Stanley Cup play-offs, even winning the only game the Canadiens lost in Montreal, during the entire season. Quiet and efficient, he can still go out on the ice and skate as fast and long as most of his players.

* * *

THE CANADIENS' LEADER

Dick Irvin, coach of the Canadiens, is a Hamilton product, but most of his hockey was played in the West. He played with Winnipeg Juniors in 1908 and with Winnipeg Victorias when they won the Allan Cup. In the Allan Cup play-downs in 1914, he scored twenty-four goals in the four games. Then he turned professional with Portland, but in 1915, he went in uniform with the Army. On his return he was reinstated as an amateur and played with Regina, but joined Portland as a professional again the next year. He then went to Chicago Black Hawks with most of his team-mates. In his first year with Chicago, he finished next to Bill

Cook in the scoring race. The next year Irvin was hurt and retired as a player and became coach of the Black Hawks. In 1931-32 he became coach of the Toronto Maple Leafs and the team never missed a play-off, and won the Stanley Cup in 1932. He is now with the Canadiens and has a habit of digging up a new player every game. We once saw Richard score nine goals in one game at the old Mutual Street Arena. He was a quiet type of player and is the same as a coach. Last year he piloted the Canadiens to the Stanley Cup, and had easily the outstanding squad of the year. They won the National League title, and only lost one game in the Stanley Cup final.

* * *

THE RED-WINGS' BATTLER

John Adams was born in Fort William, and as an amateur player moved from town to town so often, that it was hard to keep track of him. He played Junior and Senior at Fort William, moved to Calumet Michigan, then to Peterboro, and the next year to Sarnia. He turned professional with St. Patricks of Toronto in 1918 and then moved to the Pacific Coast League with Vancouver in 1922, when he led the league in scoring. In 1923 he was back with St. Patricks and then went to Ottawa. In 1927 he went to Detroit, became manager and coach, and is still there. Under Adams, the Red Wings won the Stanley Cup two years in a row. As a player, Jack Adams was always in the thick of the play. He had a great shot and never asked or gave any quarter. He is right into every game when sitting on the bench and takes defeat very hard. A grand fellow off the ice, but a battler in every game until the whistle blows. Maybe the league needs a few more battling coaches like Adams, to stir up a little excitement.

* * *

BIG NOISE OF BRUINS

One could write several books about this Arthur Howey Ross, chief coach, manager and everything else, connected with the Bruins of Boston. Ross was born in Naughton, Ontario, away "back when", but he was first a football and hockey star with Montreal amateur teams before going to Brandon, Manitoba. He turned professional with Kenora Thistles and right away this club won the Stanley Cup from the Montreal Wanderers. He then moved to Montreal to play with the Wanderers, and then went to Haileybury, and then back to Montreal. He moved to Ottawa in 1915, and they adopted a "Kitty Bar-The-Door" to beat Montreal for the Cup. After another turn with the Montreal Wanderers, he quit active playing and became a referee. For one season he coached Hamilton and then when Boston entered the National Hockey League, Arthur Ross became manager and coach, and has been there ever since. His club won

the Stanley Cup in 1929 and also in 1939. The Bruins have been in plenty of playoffs during Ross' reign in Boston. He introduced such great players as Shore, Clapper, Schmidt, Cowley and Brimsek, the goaler, to the game. He also invented a new type of net and is always thinking up new ideas. Ross was a real rough-and-ready player and his Bruins always play the up-and-at-them type of hockey. His success last year with a team that looked to be going nowhere, is a great tribute to Ross' ability as a coach.

* * *

STILL LEADS THE BLACK HAWKS

Paul Thompson, coach of the Black Hawks, has one distinction of which he can be proud. He has lasted five seasons with Chicago, which had a record of firing all coaches and managers at the end of a season. Paul was born in Calgary in 1907, and after playing junior hockey with Calgary was signed by the New York Rangers where he turned out to be one of the smartest left wingers in the game. He was chosen on the All-Star team of 1937-8. In the middle of the 1939 season, he was named coach and manager of Chicago and has been quite successful. Of a quiet nature he builds his team for speed, and Chicago are always a good attraction both at home and away. He does not believe in too much practice after the season starts, but gives his players quite a strenuous pre-season drill. Players like the Bentley boys, March, Weibe and Joe Cooper, were picked up by Thompson and made good.

* * *

PATRICK, A REAL HOCKEY GREAT

Lester Patrick, leader of the New York Rangers, is one of the stalwarts of this hockey game. Born in Drummondville, Quebec, December 31, 1883, Lester Patrick played defence for Brandon and set the precedent of a defenceman carrying the puck the length of the ice to score a goal. During the winter of 1904-5 he played with the Westmount Club of the Eastern Canada League, and the following year joined the Wanderers, helping them to win the Stanley Cup. Captained the Wanderers in 1906-07 when they were defeated by the Kenora Thistles, only to later win it back from the same team. Then Lester journeyed to the West Coast but in 1909-10 he played for the Renfrew Millionaires. After the one season there he returned to the West Coast and introduced professional hockey to that part of the country. They built the first artificial ice rinks in Canada and on January 3, 1912, a three-club Pacific Coast League opened its schedule. It lasted for fifteen seasons without a break. With the expansion of the National Hockey League to take in American centres, the Western teams sold their players to the new Eastern clubs. Lester came East to take over the management of the New York Rangers, making the team one played his hockey in Montreal and played

THE MAN WHO WOULD NOT BE PRESIDENT OF THE N. H. L.

THE KEY

Bas O'Meara, sports editor of The Montreal Star, recounts a visit to Major Connie Smythe at the Chorley Park Military Convalescent Hospital. While the characters mentioned in the article are familiar to most followers of the National Hockey League, there may be a few which have escaped your memory. The background of the opening remarks and the title concerns the scramble for the presidency of the N.H.L. following the death of Frank Calder. Mervin (Red) Dutton, the Calgary Contractor, who had taken over last season, said he didn't want the job . . . Bas O'Meara said he would like it, . . . Major Conn Smythe had it offered to him on his return from overseas. The rest of the cast, in order of appearance, are:

Carlydon—One of Conn Smythe's race horses. He also had Shoeless Joe, Sir Marlborough and Rare Jewel too—remember?

Red—Mervin Dutton, president, N.H.L. (He took it after all.)

The Tobin—Wm. Tobin, former Ottawan, for many years business manager of Chicago's Black Hawks.

(Continued on Page 25)

on a Montreal Junior championship club and later moved to Western Canada. of the best and most colorful in hockey. He now also holds the position of vice-president of Madison Square Gardens in New York. To yours truly, Lester Patrick is a real asset to the hockey game. He always kept his Rangers in the limelight until the war caused a number of gaps in his club; but whether up or down, the Rangers have always proved a great attraction. Patrick is always in the front row when it comes to anything that will help the hockey game, and the league is quite fortunate in having Mr. Patrick around. When one looks back and remembers the great players that Patrick has gathered in New York, Chabot, the goaler, Abel, Johnson, Earl Siebert, Frank Boucher, the Cook brothers, Heller, and later Davie Kerr, 'Babe' Pratt, his two sons, Murray and Lynn, the Colville boys, and the one and only Hextall, he sure provided a lot of hockey talent. Now he leaves quite a bit of the coaching duties to Frank Boucher, one of his star players, who as centre for the famous Cook boys, set up many a record. A good team, Lester and Frankie, and they are quite capable of keeping the Rangers in the front rank of hockey.

AN INTERVIEW WITH MAJOR CONN SMYTHE AS PUBLISHED IN THE HOCKEY PROGRAM TORONTO MAPLE LEAF GARDENS

By BAS O'MEARA

Sports Editor, Montreal Star

I, The man who didn't choose to run, looked at the man who wanted to run but wasn't allowed to, with the same glint in his eye. He had preferred to be a Coolidge rather than a Calder. He was sitting up when the nurse announced: "A gentleman awaits without!"

"Without what?" inquired the man who might have been a general, too, but who would never die in bed.

"Without brass knuckles, or concealed weapons of any kind," she answered, as she ushered in the visitor. The figure in the bed sat bolt upright.

"'Tis himself, the lad what might have been the prez," he said with a guffaw that rattled the casements. It was the old McCoy, the real Smythe, the old storm-rider himself. A little peaked perhaps but the same old lad that once emptied out his pockets down to car tickets to bet on a horse that had once beaten Carlydon.

Carlydon wore the Maple Leaf colors, and anything in those colors that could be beaten had to be beaten by something out of the ordinary.

"How now, Connie, is the old spirit?" countered the man who couldn't run. "Why didn't you take the ticket, or did you think you would be bowling on a sticky wicket?" as they say at Lord's.

"Being president of the N.H.L. is like being vice-president of the United States, though they were ready to give me the freedom of the Detroit rink, a gold-bound copy of the Constitution, the top of the table when the governors got together, a salary that a top jockey would think pretty good."

"There were thirteen in the hunt besides your visitor who didn't actually apply though he did a trifle of canvassing. He was clean bowled when you came in and when Red, after playing hard to get, was stymied.

"They hung up the no others need apply sign when they thought you might be like McGregor and sit at the head of their table.

"It was a pretty gesture indeed and one that I will always remember the nights when the Leafs are wailing about them, and the boys are moaning at the bar, and away from it like in the old days.

(Continued on Page 24)

THE MOANER GOES TO WAR

By ED. FITKIN

(Former Daily Star Sports Writer)

(from Maple Leaf Gardens Programme)

I've never heard and probably never will hear a greater tribute to a living mortal than that paid to Ted Reeve by Major Conn Smythe.

"Ted Reeve is the greatest story of this war," the bed-ridden Major told me soon after his return from the hell of European conflict.

His eyes shining with admiration, he repeated his statement. "The greatest story of the war," he mused. "There's never been anyone like him. Never. What a man! His heart's as big as a lion's."

The Major talked about Ted for the better part of two hours. I've never heard anyone speak with so much pride. Though they were good friends for years, it took a war to create this Damon-Pythias admiration. A war brings out a lot of strange things.

I remember the consternation that gripped Toronto's newspaper and sports fraternity when we were told that Ted Reeve had been accepted into the Canadian Army, had gone into Smythe's 30th Battery (anti-aircraft) as a gunner at a buck-thirty a day. I mentioned that to the major and asked him how The Moaner swung it.

He indulged in a deep chuckle. "That," he said, "is a military secret." But it was Reeve's insistence and his final conquest of military barriers that planted the seed of what now is a great friendship. Smythe couldn't say enough about that.

"Ted had everything wrong with him physically that you could imagine," he said. "His legs were bulging with varicose veins, his hips were battered, his shoulders were broken and cracked and chipped from lacrosse and football, his feet were flatter than Aunt Jemima's pancakes. But there was nothing wrong with his heart."

The Major shifted to a more comfortable position and for a moment his eyes darkened. "When I think of what Ted—he had two operations to try and get into the army before he got in—when I think of what he did, what he went through, and then think of young fellows getting rejections for minor ailments and thousands of other able-bodied men being kept in Canada when they are so badly needed over there, well it just makes me wonder. It doesn't make sense."

He stared moodily at the ceiling for a spell, then: "With all his ailments, the old man proved to me that if a guy has guts he can stand anything. He hasn't missed a parade, never reported sick, didn't duck out of anything that the other lads had to do. And let me tell you he is the greatest thing that ever could have

THE MOANER COMES HOME

One of the pleasanter pieces of news within the past three weeks was that in which the daily papers reported the arrival home from the wars of Gunner Edward Reeve. There will be universal joy this Christmas in the vicinity of Glenmanor Road, Balmy Beach, Bowles Lunch, The Evening Telegram and the Oxford Hotel Beverage room not to mention the Press room and the Gardens. As this article by Ed. Fitkin intimates, few more popular sportsmen than the Moaner ever came out of the Queen City—nor a more congenial companion. Those who may be termed "good friends" of Ted Reeve are legion and most fortunate at this time to be able to sit again at the marble top table of the Bowles AC for a traditional New Year's breakfast. That is something that your Editor will sadly miss—Welcome back Ted—It's really good to see you home.

happened to the Battery. I've never seen a bunch of men idolize anyone so.

"In France, he became sort of a Father Confessor to the boys who were unfortunate enough to get wounded. They'd pour out their hearts to him. Ted would do anything for them and encouraged them in everything. If they were blue, he'd cheer them up with a wisecrack. He'd

help them write letters to their girls back home. I remember last Christmas I found myself all alone and feeling a bit homesick. The rest of the Battery was out celebrating, but I knew Ted would be around somewhere, so I went looking for him. And you know where I found him? Down in the ward with the sick and the wounded, telling them stories that made them forget their wounds and helping them write letters and giving them cigarettes and so on."

The Moaner has been a shining example to the rest of the Battery ever since that epochal day in 1941 when he took leave of his typewriter at the Evening Telegram, wrote "30" to the daily output of "Sporting Extras," said so-long to his wife, that equally grand person known to everyone as "Al," his baby son and his big dog "Boze"—an airedale whose escapades frequently were detailed by Ted in his column. When I say a shining example, I mean in every way except dress. As Major Smythe worded it: "Ted is probably the worst dressed soldier in the war. He never would shine his own shoes and if they were shined, it was probably only because he gave some young punk two-bits to do the job. That, itself, was a job because Ted takes size 13's—we had to get him special shoes—and every time a



polishing job was attempted, it would terminate halfway through. There never seemed to be enough Dubbin to go the route."

But if Ted was a trifle lax in appearance, it never seemed to bother him. Or for that matter anyone else. He got away with murder, as the boys used to say.

"He used to wear his hat plunk on the top of his head," Smythe laughed. "Never over one eye. But right up on the top of his head and it made him look all the taller. I guess he'd stand 6-2 slouched, 6-3 erect, and he looked at least 6-6 with his cap on. He certainly made a great landmark for the boys in the battery. They used to say they could see him for miles."

When the Battery moved to the West Coast on its first "action" assignment, The Moaner wrote a column for The Tely that began: "Somewhere on the West Coast—." There was hell to pay for that. Smythe was ordered to reprimand Ted for revealing the Battery's location. He did so. Reeve took the "blast" respectfully and without a word. The next time he wrote, he started off: "Somewhere Beyond the Beyond—."

"He made one remark in his stories from the coast that I thought was a classic," Smythe said. "He was writing about the 'dangers' the Battery was being exposed to and he said, 'Who cares about the Japs? One step off this path of ours and we're in 12 feet of quagmire!'"

The Battery came back from the Coast to Petawawa and then received the long-anticipated order to proceed overseas. Ted Reeve was afforded the honor of leading the march out of the camp. "And I was pretty proud," said Smythe, "as I watched the old man go to war."

In England, the Battery moved from place to place with regularity, taking up coastal and inland defense positions on every side of the "tight little isle," including Hell's Corner—the territory in and around Dover, the most blasted spot in the British Isles. The Moaner took all the hops, all the difficulties that arose, in stride, spent his spare moments managing a softball team that had won 166 straight games; reading books and philosophizing. Mostly he read books and philosophized.

"We often sat for hours under the stars and talked," the Major said, reminiscently. "One night something happened that made me realize that we're all brothers under the skin."

That was the night Ted pulled out a letter, was reading it without comment until he suddenly snorted out a "Well, dammit" and, turning to Smythe, said:

"I've never asked for a leave yet but I'm afraid you'll have to give me a good, long one, so I can go home."

"Why," queried Smythe, "is something wrong?"

"It sure it," muttered The Moaner. "The grass at home is two feet thick, and there's

no one around to cut it."

Smythe blinked.

"Of all the co-incidences!" he said, waving a letter he had been digesting. "My wife writes me that the grass up at the cottage needs cutting so badly, she doesn't know what she'll do. She can't get anyone to cut it and if it doesn't get cut soon the cottage will be hidden from view."

"Well, well, well!" chuckled Ted. "Looks like we'll both have to get leave."

The Battery went into France on July 11—a month and five days after D-Day—and received its first taste of battle conflict on the third day. It wasn't much of a taste, at that. Eight Jerry planes came over.

"You never saw anything like it," Smythe laughed. "As soon as the alarm sounded, the whole Battery went into action. We had 12 guns spaced over a quarter of a mile and I nearly swooned when I saw the size of the gun crews!"

Every anti-aircraft gun was completely surrounded by what was virtually a small army of men. The boys had waited so long for this big moment that no one wanted to miss having a hand in it.

"It was like the ninth inning of a ball game with the home team rallying," Smythe said. "The whole Battery was out there, yelling its head off, telling the crews where to aim, and roaring like mad every time a Jerry plane got it."

Oh, yes, it was a big day for the Battery. Seven planes were shot down and the eighth high-tailed it for home on the double.

Who shot down the planes? Spitfires accounted for five and batteries some distance away blasted the other two out of the sky! The hard-firing hard-yelling 30th didn't get one!

They made up for that later, in spades, however, but Reeve used to kid the gun crews by claiming he was the first man in the Battery to shoot down a plane. "You guys with all your fancy calculations and stuff," he used to snort. "Shucks, all I had to do was to take one good look, up with the gun and bingo! Down she went."

In the bitter fighting around Caen, the 30th boys saw their first dead Germans and also netted their first prisoner. The two events were co-related.

The dead Jerries were covered with blankets and left until a lull in the battle afforded time to bury them. Some of the younger bucks with natural curiosity would lift the blankets for a look at the deceased Huns.

We don't know whether Reeve was one of the crowd but quite a shock was in store for one party of curiosity-infected batterymen.

"They lifted a blanket to look at a dead German," Smythe laughed, "and the guy suddenly sat up. You never saw a more startled bunch of bucks in your life!"

The "dead" Hun—a "recce" scout actu-

ally—was the Battery's first prisoner.

Smythe "got his" on the 23rd of July when Jerry planes hit an ammunition truck. That was a tragic night for the Battery. A lot of grand boys were killed. It was double tragic night for Smythe, for his wounds meant the end of active participation in the unit he had fostered.

But somewhere over there on the road to Berlin, Ted Reeve and his pals are carrying on, are fighting inch for inch, yard for yard, mile for mile for freedom, for peace and for the things that all of us hold dear.

And how can we lose when there are great guys like The Moaner around to lead the way?

They said he'd never get to war, but they were wrong. A guy can do anything when he's got the heart of a Ted Reeve.

(Continued from Page 3)

The Royal Canadian Air Force is made up of human beings, and the measure of its potency and its accomplishments will spring from the measure of the men and women who go to make it up.

An airman or airwoman who is not obsessed with an idea, an idea wholly contained in the lesson of Christmas, is a liability to the section, the unit, and the service.

Go down to Bethlehem, your airmen, you airwomen, and throw off your irritations as you go. Throw off your disappointments, your boredom, even your just anger, and see what you will find. You won't find puffed up pride and grasping power "going your way," but you'll find deep wisdom and crystal simplicity arrived before you. And right before your face you'll see a little King; and lo, He will be the King over all kings, and His Father is the Lord of Hosts and the God of Battles.

Little Boy Blue go down, with your horn

And the sheep from the meadow, and the cow from the corn

Will show you a stable, where a Soldier is born.

And who knows, maybe a real soldier, in blue, will be born among us, pushing a broom or guiding a plane, right by our side. And he, or his like, will be our pride and the measure of our might. Watch him, especially when he smiles, for over his head the angels will sing. And they'll sing our song, our soldier song, our battle song "Glory to God in the highest, and peace on earth to men of good will."

F/L J. L. McGuire.

LONG BEACH, Cal. (CNS)—The will of Ellis Scates, 76, leaves \$250 to a local church—with this note appended: "St. Peter, Take Note!"

W. D. FORMAL ONE OF THE BEST

Fun and fantasy hit the Station Wednesday night, Dec. 13th, with the biggest and best W. D. party yet held here.

The Rec. Hall camouflaged beyond recognition was the focal point for all festivities. Gay red and white streamers spiraled in a mad peppermint stick candy effect from the ceiling and decorated tables ranged around all sides of the dance floor where fun-seeking couples danced to the strains of Dart's favourite orchestra—the station band. (who incidently were tops).

Two giant Christmas trees stood guard at either side of the stage decked from top to bottom with bright lights and scads of you-can't-buy-them-now-there's-a-war-on glass ornaments, lending a cheery atmosphere to an already cheery gang.

Most of our W.D.'s turned out in mighty swish gowns possibly exuding glamour on all sides, proving that a heck of a lot of feminine pulchritude is hiding under G.I. blues.

Around eleven o'clock when the party was well under way, the evening entertainment began. A quartet led by F/O Ken Norman, a recent loss to civie street, gave out with some jive much to everyone's enjoyment with emphasis on the jitterbugs. Then Cpl. Gord Douglas played one of his and our classical favourites only to break off immediately afterwards into a sweet and sentimental modern which LAW Audrey Moore treated in her own special manner. A new man in our midst, Sgt. Pat Patterson (Scoudouc) turned on a bit of solid boggie-woogie and by that time the climax of the evening—FOOD, had very unobtrusively put in an appearance on the tables. Needless to say quick work was made of the tea party sandwiches, cakes, olives, celery and coffee which had originated, (hard to believe as it is) in the mess.

Dancing continued until 1:30 but a highlight in the evening was when W/C Janin (THE VOICE) sang "This Is a Lovely Way To Spend An Evening", which expressed our sentiment perfectly.

So ended the first W.D. formal. We hope its a prelude to more and soon.

Last but not least by a long shot—tons of bouquets to the committee and all the folks who lent their time and energy to making the dance the great success it was. Your hard working committee was, by the way, Ann MacFarlane, Mary Molson, Maggie Phillips, Pat Low, and Marion Parks. Thanks for as well evening kids.

P. S.—There's a nasty rumour spreading around that there was a bunch of mistletoe hanging over the floor, (dead centre). Too bad you fellows missed it—What a' we saying—this is leap year! Woe's us—foiled again!



PICTURES
OF KERBY—
McCALLUM
NUPTIALS
STATION
CHAPEL



WEDDINGS

Kerby-McCallum

On Friday, Dec. 8th, in the R.C.A.F. Chapel Douglas Ernest Kerby of R.C.N. V.R., son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Kerby and Edith Elaine McCullum of R.C.A.F., W.D., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. McCallum were united in the bonds of Holy Matrimony. We extend to the Bride and Groom our very best wishes for their future happiness. This is a case of the Navy and the Air Force getting together and they looked very happy about it.

Hayes-Lindsay

Hayes Michael Murray, Marine Section and Eleanor Pauline Lindsay of Sec. Ops. The Bride here forsook the R.C.A.F. Blues for a very pretty wedding dress full-length in white and looked charming. The Bride's father and mother made a special trip to

be here for the wedding, so the father gave the bride away. Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay are from Toronto where he is connected with the Toronto Police Dept.

DROUGHT HITS AFRICA

A North African service paper, which is on our exchange list and of which we are very fond, U.S. Army Zero Beat, reports thus: "Due to lax supplies of beer in Cairo, the supply of same here is critical and, unless EM (we presume Every Man) co-operate with the PX (Post Exchange, or Canteen to you) by buying only what they can consume on the premises, it may have to be rationed. As soon as shipments arrive from the States to replenish lean stores in Cairo, beer will again be available in larger quantities." . . . Even as Dartmouth, pals.

126 Christmas Frolic Gala Affair



THUMBS UP'S CAMERA GAL ATTENDS 126 SQDN. PARTY

Everyone seemed to thoroughly enjoy themselves at the 126 Squadron dance in the old Officers' Mess. The station photo-section captured a few of the highlights. The C/O, W/C Gus Young, and W/C Janin were among S/L Kelly's head table guests. Also noted in the crowd shown are S/L Skip Henderson, F/L Hutchison, F/O Bill Budd, Cpl. Libby Johnston, S/O Priest and F/L Gillespie (who incidently has been posted) and of course the members of the fighter squadron who attended to a man, together with their wives or girl friends. The committee ran off many novelties and other entertainment features which were enthusiastically received. One of the lucky number-winning couples are shown as well as LAC, Bell, who had a fine repertoire of comic songs.

Why do you call your girl zero?
Because she stops at nothing.

(Continued from Page 5)

you a definite date as to it's expiration but, we hope, we sincerely hope, that 1946 will have left the war clouds months behind and that we will all be back with our own people, in our own surroundings working hard rebuilding our country and, our one and only aim being that of a greater understanding amongst our peoples and making our country a better place in which to live, thereby, through our very sound efforts, Keeping Canada Ours.

A Merry Christmas and A very Happy New Year to all of you and, if in turn you wish to reciprocate, please just give me your utmost co-operation throughout the coming months of 1945 and, I guarantee, we will have the "Happiest Station". I can't do anymore than give you all my time. All the Best

Sign in an Airforce haberdasher's: "Hats altered to fit any promotion." . . . An American GI writes from Italy: "My only regret is that I have but one life to give my country—which if I had two I'd feel much safer."

The original gold diggers were forty-niners, but most of the modern ones are thirty-sixes



**DARTMOUTH
EIGHTS
OF THE HALIFAX
SENIOR HOCKEY
LEAGUE**

"Your Team"

Photos by Cpl. Seere, R.C.A.F. with exception of that on lower right next page which is by Gayes of Halifax Herald and Mail.

Currently performing before sell-out crowds in the Halifax Senior Hockey League are three of the most powerful bands of hockey players in the Dominion. Two teams are Navy outfits, one from H.M.C.S. Cornwallis, another from Halifax, and on these pages you see the lads who perform in R.C.A.F. livery, the third entry. Many of the Airforce players have won their spurs in the top bracket of the hockey world, the N.H.L. Others have been prominent members of the world's best amateur teams. All bring a deal of pleasure to R.C.A.F. personnel generally

and to this station and 8 C.M.U. particularly as a team worth supporting in the fight for eastern honors. Top left of this page is shown three prominent players. Big Jack Pumble, Roy Conacher and Eddie Bush await the signal to take the ice in the opening game of the season which incidently the R.C.A.F. took handily from the highly-rated Cornwallis team. Carl and Frank Ripley (twins) of Amherst, N.S. and George Bell of Moncton are the Maritime representatives and are going great guns this season. The view below shows a bit of fact action around the sail-





ors' net with Carl Ripley, the farthest player in the picture, being supported by Bill McEwan (7) in the attack. Gaye Stewart, the great Toronto Maple Leaf star currently the Cornwallis' big noise, is No. 15. The next page shows a group of the boys before the game with the good old Airforce spirit of "thumbs up." Left to right we see Pat Desbiens, right winger,

and his pal, Jack Schmidt, centre, former Regina Junior and Boston Bruin. Reliable Art Upper is next, who plays defence, then Don Stanley, one of the fastest skaters in the league, and next Dave Kemp, who has been sensational in the Airforce nets in every game. Two Port Arthur buddies are next in Bill McEwan and Bert La-

prade, while George Coops, battling defence, reclines in the foreground.

At the left below we see Admiral Murray and Judge J. Elliott Hudson, league president, who officiated at the opening. Lower right is one forward line combination which was prominent in the first game, Pat Desbiens, Carl Ripley and Don Stanley.



Hockey's Unsung Heros'

(from Maple Leaf Gardens Programme)

By **BOBBY HEWITSON**

(The Evening Telegram, Toronto)

"The referee and the linesmen shall be thoroughly disinterested parties."

So quotes the National Hockey League rule book.

Now break down the word "disinterested" and you find it means "free from the considerations of personal interest or advantage; not influenced by selfish motives."

And there you have the answer why referees and linesmen never get applause for a good decision like players do after a good play. The answer as to why they get abuse rather than praise.

Around them sit thousands of fans. With them on the ice are the players of two teams. On the bench are the substitute players of those two teams. None of those except the referee and linesmen is "free from the considerations of personal interest or advantages; not influenced by selfish motives."

Their thought is victory for their side. If they gain the slight advantage by the leniency of a referee, they are happy. However, for those who are happy, there are always someone on the other side who dislike the official. So it goes throughout the game. One side and the other.

But always the referee is in the middle. There is no stage when both sides are happy about him. He's part of the game and they know it. But every so often they feel they could well do without him.

Referees, like hockey players, are not all of a calibre. There are good ones, and some not so good. Some who rise to the top rank and then slip back—just like hockey players. Some who raise to the top and remain there—just like hockey stars.

And the National Hockey League has had a lot of good officials. Yes, great officials if we may be permitted to use the word.

Fellows like Cooper Smeaton, the late Louu Marsh, "Mike" Rooden, "Mickey" Ion and right now "King" Clancy. Smeaton, Marsh, Rooden and Ion stood up under the grind for many years. Clancy is but a newcomer. But under Ion's coaching he seems likely to stand up under the grind. 'Bill' Chadwick, too, is a good official. Make no mistake about that. But he's new to the game, or new in the sense of being called a veteran.

The job of a referee and the life of a referee are not easy. Unlike a player who has the association of team members the season through, the referee's life could be termed a lonely one. He is not sup-

posed to associate with the players any more than necessary between games. This does not mean he is to ignore the players entirely. But he is supposed to remain aloof from them as much as possible.

So when he travels he travels alone. When he lives in a hotel—and refereeing is pretty much a hotel life from late October to late March—he plays pretty much a lone hand. Especially is this true of the present trend of refereeing where only one man is used.

In the old days when referees worked in pairs things were better in respect to companionship. They could compare notes, share their griefs, and generally discuss the rules and get a better understanding of their own versions as to how such rules should be interpreted.

I have been often asked whom I consider the best referee of the lot in the National League over the years. That question I have never answered and perhaps never will. Because I have never been able to convince myself to name one. Fellows like Smeaton, Marsh, Rodden and Ion were all-notch officials, who played a lot more important part the development of the program than anyone cares to give them credit for.

They worked in the days when refereeing was a lot more difficult than it is now.

Players were tougher. So were the fans. and the regulars played practically throughout. Thus bitter personal feuds developed, and with the rivals more often on the ice, there were naturally more personal clashes. Now with larger squads, coaches can remove players from the ice when it seems a penalty might develop. In those days coaches could not do this. So the feuds had more feeding ground.

While not wishing to name any one referee as being the greatest of them all, our personal attachment towards the late Lou Marsh cannot be admitted. It was Lou Marsh who talked Frank Calder into taking yours truly into the N.H.L.. Frank had to have a lot of convincing, because he was apposed to little fellows as referees. All his staff had been of greater physical make-up and he believed that size was necessary to stand up under the strain of fan and player criticism.

But Lou it was who finally put the idea over, and while our first N.H.L. game was in Ottawa with "Mike" Rodden as partner, our first real test of standing up under trouble came in the old Mount Royal Rink in our second game when Canadiens-opposed Ottawa. Marsh was with us that night, and with the Canadiens down 2 to 0 in the
(Continued on Page 24)



Hockey Legendary Figures

From Maple Leaf Gardens Programme— what another!

By BAZ O'MEARA

(Montreal Star)

Every so often the question comes up as to who received the greatest hockey salary of all time. On a quiz program ninety-nine people out of a hundred would immediately plump for Eddie Shore. He was reputed to have extracted \$12,000 one year out of Art Ross and his associates, which all must admit would rate as the greatest major extraction since Aunt Matilda had all her teeth yanked at one sitting.

There would be no \$64 prizes handed out for that answer. Dunc Munro topped him for several years. Believe it or not, the portly Dunc drew \$22,000 a year for three years when the legendary Maroons back in the days when that "rock 'em and sock 'em" aggregation was in its starry heyday.

Shore got it on a straight contract, or so we are led to believe. They also say he got \$5,000 extra by devious routes. The Shore has since made more money than Munro in a single year, but then he was club owner, rink lesee and trafficker in players.

Munro was one of the most sought after amateurs of the old Granites. He was one of the biggest catches, made more attractive by the fact that he weighed well over two hundred pounds on the rush.

All the Granites fancied themselves in those days. Earliest to succumb to the pro lure was Hooley Smith, who for a mere \$3,000 signed with Ottawa. A week before he had actually signed his contract he was offered \$4,000 by Canadiens. Hooley had given his word. He wouldn't break it even though in those days contracts were not so binding as today. That gives you a slant on pro hockey players in general. They are reputed to be hard-boiled as a rule, but once they give their word they abide by it scrupulously. At least that has been our experience.

Munro signed a strange contract. He accepted a dollar and a handshake, guaranteeing him \$9,000 a year. With it was thrown in the Forum programme, a lush piece of property at the time. Then he was given a bonus of \$3,000 each year when he signed. Canny Dunc went through the ceremony several years in a row. The programme brought him \$10,000 profit all the time he had it.

So Munro goes down as the man who made the most money for actual playing. There were many who were well above the \$7,500 figure established some years ago as the salary limit. Nels Stewart was one. He made \$10,500 for several years. Leo Dandurand recently revealed that for

quite a few years Morenz and Joliat drew \$10,000 a year.

Back in the days of the fabulous Renfrew Millionaires the great Fred Taylor drew \$4,000 for a season of sixteen games. Lester and Frank Patrick each received \$3,500 for the same term.

Art Ross once received one thousand dollars for a game in the silver country and he took a terrific belting from Harry Smith for the money. Ross was quite a financier and stepped into a little town like Pembroke to get and earn \$500 for a single game.

Last year Sweeney Schriener stopped out West and picked up some \$500 of easy money for a few games, but back many years ago his figure was easily beaten by a hockey player, long dead, whose name won't be mentioned here. He had a dispute with his club over an expense bill incurred when he had failed to come back with his team on an out-of-town trip. His club struggled along without him, but they encountered disaster. Before he would come back into action he demanded a cool one thousand dollars.

The money was actually made up by fans with nothing other than sentimental interest in the club. He received the money two hours before game time, went

out and saved the title, in the best fictional manner.

Though hockey was a better paying game, Newsy Lalonde, the fabulous player-financier, never received as much for playing hockey as he did lacrosse. He received \$5,500 for his best season in lacrosse for twelve games, while he never received more than \$3,500 for his best playing season in hockey.

Billy Gilmour, of the old-time Ottawa Silver Seven, played as an amateur for years, spurning gold for glory. Billy was a classy top-drawer sort of guy who was allowed to charge bills to the club. His champagne bill was something to wonder at. He came out of retirement after being six years out of hockey—listened to the dulcet tones of Frank Shaughnessy, who offered him \$500 for three games. Shaughnessy was then managing Ottawas. Gilmour's task was to hold Dr. Goldie Roberts, who was reputed to be able to curve a puck. Gilmour scored the winning goal in one game, held Roberts scoreless, retired at the end of the third game.

"I just wanted to see if I could do it," he told Shaughnessy, refusing any further contact with the game and retired to his squash court and a later life of adventure in two wars.



**JUST WHAT I WANTED
FOR CHRISTMAS!**

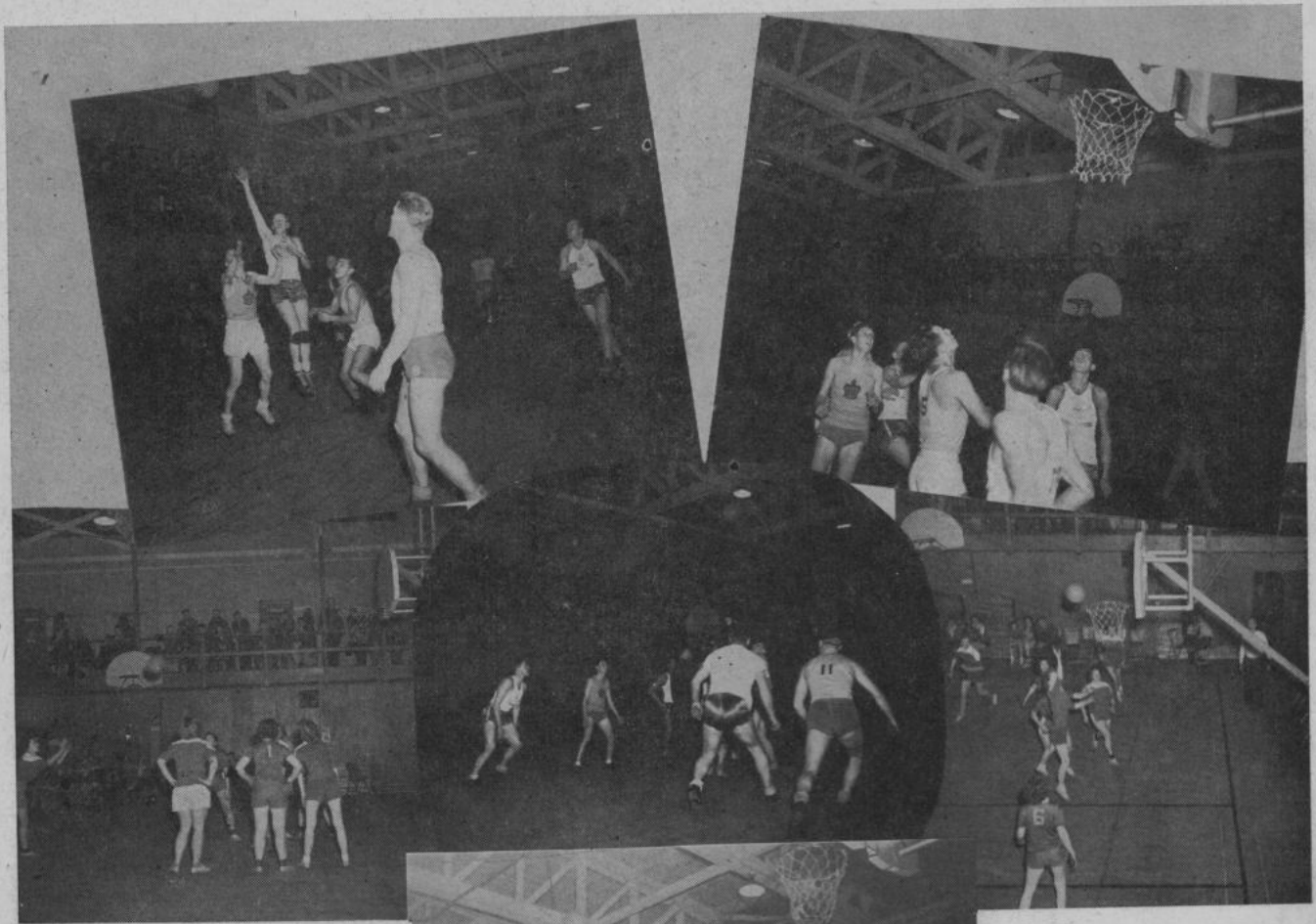
I dream your arms are
about me
And you are home to stay,
But your lovely gift will
keep me warm,
As long as you're away.

**DARTMOUTH
DEBBIE**

By LAC. McVey, formerly 145
Squadron



Big League Basketball At Rec Hall



Thrilling basketball—one of the fastest of all sports and incidently the game which plays to the world's largest number of spectators—is in full swing at Dartmouth. Chief interest is a house league which provides weekly tilts for eight unit teams. At the holiday intermission A-23 (Army) and 11 BR. are tied for first place and right behind them are Joe Penner's Combines and 145. 8 C.M.U. are alone in the third spot while Bell Lake, 121 and Marines are trailing Girls' basketball is reported elsewhere.

The station team went through a pre-schedule series with rivals from Navy, Army and Y.M.C.A. without a single loss. The first game of the regular Halifax Senior League they lost to Y.M.C.A. but on that occasion Elmer (The Great) McLeod, the best basketballer that Halifax fans have or will see for many a day, was an absentee. This season Dartmouth home games are being played on our own Rec. Hall floor. The season was opened auspiciously by G/C Trecarten tossing the first ball between Army and Dartmouth. Action shots of the game appear above. On the same bill the local W.D. team and A-23 girls played a thrilling preliminary,

the Army lassies nosing out "Perry" Periard and Co. in the last minute, 14-13. In the men's game Dartmouth took the soldiers handily, 39-27.

A powerful pack of cagers form the local squad. Led by S/L Elmer McLeod and backed up by LAC. Ted Poulton, LAC. Chiling, LAC. Brown, F/O Don Stanley (the same), LAC. Wiselberg, F/L Lutes, LAC. Watt and LAC. Oates, the Air Force look like the team to beat in the league. We are looking forward to seeing some grand action this winter and perhaps a championship team for Dartmouth.

NAVY FLIER SHOOT'S DOWN"

PHILIPPINES (CNS) — In one hour and 35 minutes of aerial combat during the early stages of the battle with the Jap fleet, Cdr. David McCampbell of Los Angeles shot down 9 enemy planes, plus two "probables."

The remarkable record raised Cdr. McCampbell's individual total to 30 enemy planes, and placed him among America's top-ranking aces. The 32-year-old flier leads an air group whose Hellcat squadron already is credited with shooting down 273 planes.



W. D. SPORTS

GILBERT SAVES—AGAIN - - - and AGAIN!

BASKETBALL . . .

Under the capable management of Cpl. Periard (Met. Section) the W.D. station league started some time ago. After some discussion and shuffling of the sections into "even" teams, the three decided upon are Sector Ops., Sector Signals, and Headquarters. One half of this league has been finished with the Sector Signals on the top and H.Q. at the bottom of the standing.

An outstanding player has been discovered in Betty Hallman (the gal who made such a good impression on the ball diamond). Hurry up and get out of that old hospital, Bet—your team needs you. Incidentally, Corporal Periard is also in hospital—appendicitis, no less. A speedy recovery, Persy.

There is also a station team which plays the A23 C.W.A.C.s every week; these games are played alternately on the two floors—our own and that beautiful cement job they have at A23. The mainstays of this team are Periard, Graham, Atkinson, Minnes, Low, Johnson, Lee, Molson, Stalter, Hallman and Emerson. With practice we should be able to work up a strong team.

All this, of course, is in preparation for an entry in the Halifax Ladies' Inter-Service League after Christmas — if the girls last that long.

BOWLING . . .

On Thursday evenings between seven and nine the bowling alleys are a popular spot for both girls and boys—for the girls because it means that besides an evening of bowling (which is fun in any girl's language) they can go really collegiate in the fav'rite skirts 'n' sweaters). The W.D.s have six teams in the league—Sec. Ops., Sec. Signals, Met. Section, H.Q. Equipment, H.Q. Signals and H.Q. The scores are high (it says here in small print) and the competition is keen. Met. Section are leading the league with 15 and Sector Ops are runners-up with 14.

There is open bowling every afternoon and Friday and Saturday evenings, so come on out and really start mowin' down them pins! Sports clothes are O.K., gals.

VOLLEYBALL . . .

Our hoped-for hour of volleyball is not attainable, because it seems we have to have an organized league before we can have the floor. So the best a gal can do is get in on some of the boys' practice games—not very satisfactory, because the boys don't trust us when it comes to setting them up, but it's fun, anyhow. "Watch those light shades!"

The girls had also hoped for a hockey team but lack of players at the moment seems to rule this out.



Much to everyone's surprise and consternation, Halifax Navy have turned up with a team of hockeyists in the Senior series which have already beaten the highly-rated Dartmouth-Eights twice. The games were played before capacity crowds at the Forum and the fans are still talking of the thrilling brand of hockey dished out. It

would have been pleasanter here had the Airforce been in the winning column, but there was no denying that the tars were stout fellows in the clutch—particularly in the net where Gilbert broke the hearts of our snipers time and again with sensational saves. Here are three occasions which illustrate what we mean.

INTER-SQUAD'N. RACE ON.



Sunday afternoon, Dec. 10, the Dartmouth Inter-Squadron Hockey League got away to a great start and at the Christmas recess three teams, each with two games in the win column, are bunched for the league lead. Marines, Radar and 11 BR. are the outfits who have yet to taste defeat. Headquarters have one win and one loss. E.A.C. and Combines have each lost one game while last year's champions, 8 C.M.U., and the Fighter Boys of 126 have been beaten twice each.

Each Sunday afternoon there will be three games and another game on Tuesday evening with the schedule resuming Sunday, Jan. 8, at the Halifax Forum.

To the hockey fan who likes his winter sport with a dash of smaltz there is nothing like the Inter-Unit Hockey League. What the lads lack in polish or ability they more than make up for in earnestness and

the old college try. Many of the lads who feature this league were candidates for the Senior team and the fact that some of them are not up there now is only because of a super-abundance of experienced material on hand. Their play is being closely followed and if they continue to show the form which has marked their work in the two games thus far, it won't be long before they will be getting a call from Roy Conacher to turn out with the Seniors for practice.

Wing Commander Langman, Commanding Officer, 8 C.M.U., was given the honor of facing off the puck to start the 1944-45 season and is shown dropping the disc between the opposing Headquarters-8 C.M.U. centres. An action shot in the game wherein 8 C.M.U. are shown tallying their lone goal of the afternoon is the second picture.



STATION THEATRE

Dec. 31—"Adventures of Mark Twain"—Warner
 Jan. 2—"Old Acquaintance"—Warner.
 Jan. 7—"Hitler Gang"—Para.
 Jan. 9—"Barbary Coast Gent"—M.G.M.
 Jan. 11—"Greenwich Village"—Fox.
 Jan. 14—"Something For the Boys"—Fox
 Jan. 16—"Lost In A Harm"—M.G.M.
 Jan. 18—"White Cliffs of Dover"—M.G.M.
 Jan. 23—"Seventh Cross"—M.G.M.
 Jan. 25—"Kismet"—M.G.M.
 Jan. 30—"The Big Noise"—Fox
 Feb. 1—"Wing on a Prayer"—Fox.

VOLLEY-BALL

Eleven teams are competing for Volley ball honors in the house league which plays at the Rec. Hall weekly. The standing at the holiday break in the schedule shows the closeness of the race.

1. B. Batt'y & 145 Squad'n (tied)
2. C. Batt'y.
3. 11 BR Instruments, Pigeon Loft, Bell Lake, Admin Officers (all tied)
4. 16 R.U.
5. Marines & 11 BR riggers (tied)
6. Equipment.

GERMAN OFFICERS TOLD

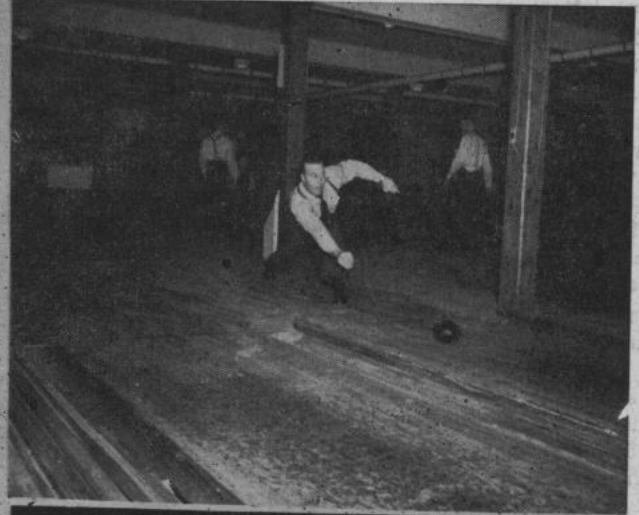
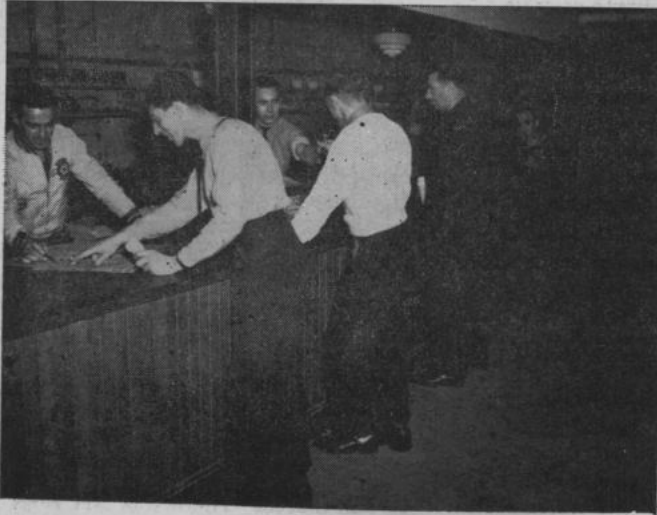
LONDON (CNS) — Additional evidence that the Germans, realizing they have lost this war, are planning for a third try at world domination, is contained in a "super-secret" document described in front line dispatches from the Western Front.

Contents of the document were first revealed to the American press by telephone to New York from Joseph Driscoll, New York Herald Tribune correspondent.

Bearing the imprint of the "Supreme Command of the Armed Forces" of the Reich, the document declares that "every officer has the duty to save himself in an emergency," because the Officers Corps is necessary for "the reconstruction of the Fatherland."

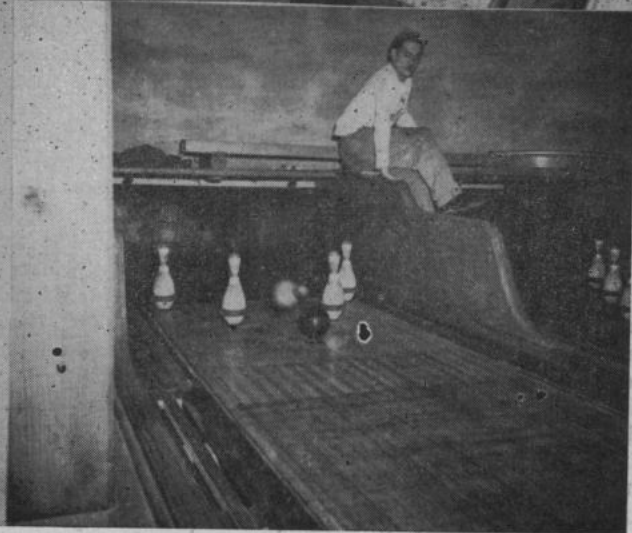
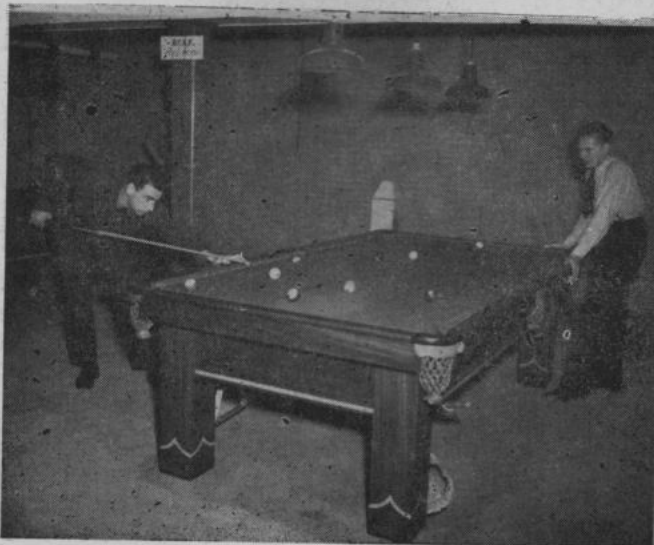
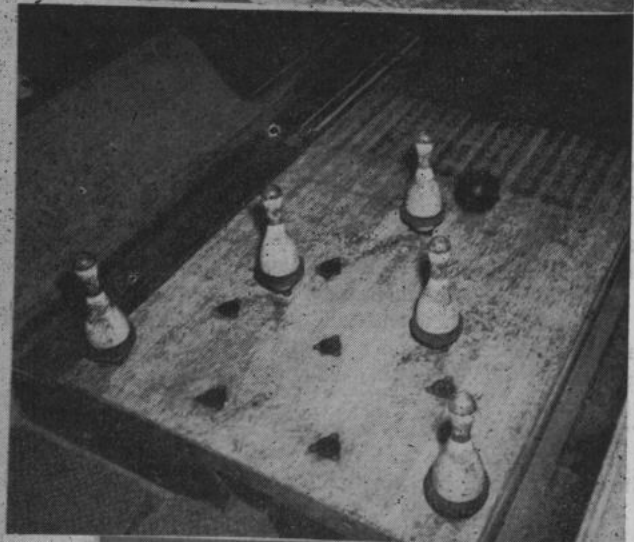
"It was the Germans Officers Corps which most promoted Germany to be the world power in the first attempt in 1914-'18 the document continues. "It was this same Officers Corps which reconstructed Germany for the second attempt to lead the world. It has been foreseen that this second attempt could also fail. The present turn of the war forces us to be extremely conservative with expending our officer material. In order to prepare for this unavoidable third contest for leadership of the world expertly, we need our officers. At all times we have found troops in sufficient quantities."

● Bowling Proves Popular ●



STRIKES 'N SPARES

One of the most popular "deals" to provide amusement to personnel was that in which W/C Janin and F/L Coulter acquired the Recreation Building and Bowling alleys at Clark Ruse. The sport is going over with every section of the station and as was expected is proving a profitable venture which is pleasing since the high rental made the decision to take it over in the first place a bit of a gamble for fairly stiff stakes. Besides the alleys and dressing rooms there are pool tables and an up-to-snuff Snack Bar. Sgt. Galipool is the Manager and is doing a first class job. In the three pictures on the right F/O Smith (Photographic) shows how to roll a strike. Look out there pin-boy!



HOCKEY'S UNSUNG HEROES (From Page 16)

second period Lou conked out with a dislocated shoulder when he hit a hole in the ice and tumbled. He could not carry on.

There we were, a newcomer to the pro ranks, pretty much unknown to players and fans, left alone to carry on.

It was then that Marsh took us in hand, gave out with a strong talk, and sent us out to finish that game alone.

Canadiens immediately—as was natural—essayed to rough it, believing this newcomer would crack under the strain. But behind Lou's talk and long with his encouragement from the rail, we stood our guns and came through with at least a fair show of flying colors.

At any rate Calder was convinced and our name went on the regular list of referees.

So, as said there is always a soft spot in our heart for the late Lou Marsh. He revelled in the going when it was rough and whenever a so-called tough game appeared on the schedule Lou was usually given the assignment.

Perhaps the referee who has handled the most games is Mike Rooden, now back again, in the sports writing game at Kingston. "Mike" feared no one. He played no favorites. He sought no easy way out. And he seemed tireless in his efforts as he refereed night after night during the long season.

Cooper Smeaton, too, will always have a place in our memories of refereeing. He was a top ranker without mistake who later became a referee in chief and helped many an official—including myself—over the rough spots.

And "Mickey" Ion cannot be overlooked in any review of referees. Here was a man who never played hockey, but was a star at lacrosse, who made a reputation for his ability to handle the winter sport. He stood up for a long time under the grind, and was at his best when the going was the roughest. As a partner of "Mickey" on many occasions, I can say there was none any finer when it came to seeing that everyone got a square deal, regardless of crowd rabble and team criticism]

Yes, our days of hockey refereeing brought us a lot of grief perhaps in its time as it does to most hockey referees, but it brought us many pleasant memories of times when under a severe strain you knew you had a partner out there who was ready to back you to the limit and not ready to duck for cover to let you take the entire burden.

The handling of a hockey game in our opinion is the most difficult of all sports because it involves in practically every decision a matter of personal opinion. Team sports, however, are pretty much like that, but in many of them plays are clear cut.

Hockey, with its body contact, is some-

thing else again. What constitutes a body check and what doesn't, for example, is bound to result in varied views. The same goes for a trip.

The referee soon gets to know the smart player who is trying to pull things off behind his back. The player who falls easily in order to make it look like a trip. The player who carries a concealed butt end.

Mind you, there is no referee who will try to say he has never made a wrong decision. Or if there is he is foolish in saying so. The greatest men in the world make mistakes. So why should a referee be an exception?

One referee we know once said he had never made a mistake in an interpretation of the rules. This we cannot believe, either, though it is perhaps possible it might be true.

Star players—great like Shore, Conacher, Apps and others—have made mistakes in their day—so why should the greats in refereeing be immune?

But over the years you'll find that referees make many fewer mistakes than fans, coaches, players, and even governors, who after all "are influenced by selfish motives" on many occasions, while the referee is not.

The remarkable thing about the greats of hockey refereeing is that so few have come from the ranks of the players. So it must be taken that like great hockey players, great referees are born and not made.

Clancy is one of the exceptions, but then Clancy was an exception as a hockey player, a bit of a fellow who played defence when that position was generally entrusted to husky fellows.

But it must not be forgotten that when Clancy started out to referee and had the advantage of great public favor and therefore less inclined to public criticism in his early games, he did on numerous occasions feel the urge to toss in the sponge to quit.

Then it was the steadying influence of "Mickey" Ion came to bear on him and made him continue.

So another season is with us. Another season, perhaps, when referees, as in other seasons, will be looked upon as a necessary evil rather than an important cog in the great winter pastime.

Yes, if stars like Shore, Conacher, Morenz, Joliat, Boucher, Goodfellow and others have been important cogs in the great growth of pro hockey, so the great referees like Smeaton, Marsh, Rodden, Ion, Clancy and others have in their way helped to lay part of the foundation by their modest endeavor to see that no favoritism prevailed.

As one referee put it on an occasion when someone asked him why he continued under so much abuse: "It's easier than digging ditches—and besides the money is better."

THE MAN WHO WOULD NOT BE PRESIDENT

(Continued from Page 9)

"You could have had it just for the reaching, Connie," he was reminded. "Sure and I could have had it, but what would I do as the president when Lester would address me like a public meeting thinking he was Gladstone talking to old Queen Victoria and giving me the old chapter and verse of the Ranger refrain."

"The Tobin proposed you they say and Jim Norris was so excited he forgot to corner the grain market that day, and bought rye instead of wheat. You can imagine his embarrassment when he asked for delivery and got in into bottles instead of bins.

"Even Jack Adams was so enthused he put in a subscription to all the Toronto papers, including the Maple Leaf Programme with double subscriptions for the ones carrying the Lytle line.

"That must have been the day," said the Major with a faraway look in his eye. "It was indeed. There was Art Ross seconding the motion and forgetting the night you wore the top hat and midnight clothes in the Garden, or the AD you put in the papers that almost gave him thrombosis with a trifle of angina tossed in. You never saw such sweetness and light in your life.

"Did the Canadiens rally round me?" he asked.

"Sure, they were all for you, and it was a lovely thing they did, too, because they all felt you had earned the highest honor they could give you, plus an adequate salary, which is an important thing to remember."

"The Canadiens well do I remember them. And how is the O'Gorman?"

"He is his old-time self twice over and wishes you the top of the morning. He sends you a little gift of roses and hopes you will soon meet again on the old stamping ground, where he hopes he will stamp on your toes."

"He was always one for a quip and a jest and tell him I return him the compliment, and to save the last shot for himself. It is like the old times to hear of the boys. Many a night in England I thought of the jolly boys of the N.H.L. who would give you a Roland for an Oliver any time on even terms, or a herring for a horse.

"I slipped over to Ulster a few times and between us and nobody I slipped across the line where I got a glimpse of hurley and Celtic football. There were a couple of guys named Clancy playing the game, and they had the physog of the King, and now I know where he got all that packing that he used to put into proceedings."

"It is too bad you didn't take the presidency, and write your memoirs in the summer time when there isn't so much to do?" suggested the man who had thought that

might be a nice trick if he could turn it himself.

"I couldn't go around to see how the get of Shoeless Joe would be performing, or cut up touches with the boys in the back stretch. Besides I may get better and be in the arm for a spell, and you know I wouldn't feel at home in Montreal.

"You guys would be running around me in no time yelling that I favored the Leafs, which would be all too true, just as you would have favored the Canadiens, which would be truer too," and the Major grinned from ear to ear.

"How is the Moaner?" we veered, because by this time you know the man who wasn't allowed to run was your observer.

"He is his witty old-time self, and for a gaffer of nearly forty summers he was an old sweat to the manner born. They don't build them any gamer or funnier than the old Moaner."

"We have missed him a lot and feared he was going to settle down after the war, and take a chair or something or other the way he has been about those colleges."

"He will take a chair all right, but it will be right up by the old fireside and more power to his elbow," he agreed.

"The elbows must be very powerful, too, after those trips to Belfast," we added.

"What news of hockey? How did Don Arturo conduct himself in the doldrums and Sir Lester? Did they face adversity with sangfroid, or vice versa?"

"They did all right but both had the saving grace to miss as many out of town games as possible, so it was hard to get a morning or evening line on their reactions.

"They say they murmured in the meetings more than a trifle as you may have heard. There is a report that they were slightly miffed to see the Gorman on the ramparts again. Even though Canadiens filled their rinks from check room to top tier."

The Major glanced about him warily as a nurse approached with a potion. "I have a notion that that potion is no lotion," he laughed. "How is my oldtime gloomy confrere from Regina?"

"He is no longer Doleful Dick, but the Happiness Boy from Regina, though at times he lapses into a bit of hockey Hamlet. He has the old feeling that no game is won unless his team is five goals to the good."

"A Maple Leaf hangover no doubt," he mused.

"How did the Dutton do as president? I gather he did a swell job, because they all wanted him back. He suffered much, and he did hockey a great turn pitching in as he did with all those worries on his back."

"It was something to see him buckle down. He was regular Chesterfield and no sofa they could sit on either. He was

full of procedure, a stickler for convention, and as debonair as a diplomat who has just seized a slice of enemy territory without having to fight for it."

"Why did he want to quit?"

"Business for one thing. Nostalgia for Calgary for another. He couldn't make the hay in Montreal, he could pitch on the prairies."

"So now my so near and yet so far presidential friend why did you want to take the toga?"

"Because faraway cows have long horns, a rolling stone gathers no lettuce, and there comes a time when fortune taken at the flood, leads on to green fields and pastures new, with a hey nonny nonny and a hot cha cha."

"A most reasonable ambition taken by and large or on the bias. A true amateur and no mention of money."

"Of course a five-year contract plus an option, with fifteen grand or so isn't exactly something to sneeze at when winter comes and spring isn't so far behind."

"Not that the newspaper business is to be overlooked either. In that business one is an idealist with money secondary, and there is the entrancing job of answering thousands of poetic effusions such as 'well lug, how can you ever see that Richard? Comparing him to Apps is like comparing a washerwoman to the Venus De Milo,' etc., and so forth.

"When one has such a sensitive, poetic nature, such delicacy, such delicatessen, such insomnia, to say nothing of such things as dreams as are made of, you sometimes cry yourself to sleep at such miseries.

"Even the toughest governors should be easy sailing after reading the mail we used to riffle when Canadiens beat Leafs last year—or am I intruding?"

"By no means, my frank fellow, this is all news to me. As the nearest thing to being president without running, your ambition does you credit."

"I'll take the cash and let the credit go."

"Spoken like a true Montrealer. Nothing like environment to sharpen one up." It seemed like time to end the interview.

"Perhaps you will really tell us why you declined to run?" we asked again.

"It was Caesar who said: 'Better to be first in a small Iberian village than second man in Rome.'"

"Do you mean Toronto is a village, and you would have to be second fiddle or would have to fiddle faddle?" we inquired.

"Perhaps you are like George Cohan and would rather be right than president."

Just then the nurse appeared bearing a tray. "I think you had better amscray," she said, and so we went from there still wondering "Why didn't the guy take the office?"

"Don't forget to give my regards to the Rue de Rumor, and tell them I'll be coming round the mountain one of these days

with Happy and Frank and the rest on my flank," came the cheery farewell from the guy who wouldn't be president, but whom they couldn't keep from being a top-liner even if he worked in the hold of a ship.

(Continued from Page 9)

Jim Norris — Grain merchant, arena owner, sports promoter and with a finger in everything worth while in Detroit that Henry Ford doesn't own outright—including the Red Wings.

Jack Adams—Fiery and portly lieutenant of the aforementioned Norris in his hockey enterprises.

Lytle—Andy Lytle, sometimes known as the bad taste in Adam's mouth, who writes sport for the big Toronto Star.

Art Ross—The all-powerful of Boston's busting Bruins.

O'Gorman — Thomas Patrick Gorman, sports magnate and promoter of the most astute type, and all-round good fellow. At present lending his talents to the Montreal Canadiens and their rink, the Forum. Both doing well, thank you.

Roland & Oliver—Species of Army vehicles.

King Clancy—The one and only. An all-time great wherever hockey is played. Now a referee in the N.H.L.

Shoeless Joe—As previously mentioned, a Smythe race horse.

The Moaner—Edward (Ted) Reeve, one of the grander guys in the sports world, as you read elsewhere in Thumbs Up. See "The Moaner Goes To War."

Don Arturo—Now there you have us . . . we don't know the gentleman.

Sir Lester — Lester Patrick, of course, one of sport's most picturesque figures. Besides being manager of New York's Rangers, he is vice-president of Madison Square Gardens.

Doleful Dick — Richard Irvin, chicken fancier, hockey coach extraordinary and to a large degree responsible for the powerhouse who wear (and will wear in future) the historic red, white and blue jerseys of the Habitants.

Richard—Pronounced Reeshard, a young gent who goes places (usually toward the opposition goal) in a great hurry for the Montreal Canadiens.

Apps—Sylvanus Apps. A familiar name to followers of Foster Hewitt's radio descriptions of Maple Leaf games of three seasons back. One of the best centre ice players of them all.

Venus De Milo—Famous as a shapely girl who managed to hold on a wrap-around toga to her hips without any arms.

Caesar—Original Public Enemy No. 1—first name Julius.

George Cohan—An Irishman who can usually be found waving the Stars and Stripes with sound effects.

(Continued on Page 27)



CPL. PAT FALCONER, Librarian

We should like to begin by wishing you a very Happy Christmas and the best of good reading for the new year from this section. During your sojourn here in the coming year you may depend upon us to help you to enjoy your reading hours to the best of our ability. This being the December issue, and the last of the year, we are going to endeavor to give you as complete a resume as possible of our books, both on the shelves and on order.

We already have a variety of new books in for Christmas reading. Included are: Margaret Brent, Adventurer, by D. F. Grant; Montaigne (Andre Gide), A World I Never Made (James Farrell), Boston Adventure (Stafford), Kitty (R. Marshall), The Battle Within (Philip Gibbs), My Mother Wore Tights (M. Young), Time Must Have A Stop (A. Huxley), Hard Facts (H. Spring), The World We Live In (L. Bromfield), Roged Sudden (T. H. Rad-dall), Deep River (H. Buckmaster), Higher Hill (Campbell), 20,000 Years In Sing Sing (Warden Lawes), Brave Men (E. Pyle), Fire Bell In The Night (Robertson), The Green Years (A. J. Cronin).

Apropos of "The Green Years" it may interest you to know that the first printing was 100,000 copies, and the secret of a best seller lies in the fact that nowadays an overtone of religion sells a book quicker than anything else. There is a new Captain Hornblower novel on the way, which we have on order, so watch for it you people that like C. S. Forester. It may interest you to know that the Vancouver "Bookshop" says that "what this country needs is a good five-cent illustrated sex book." We can't imagine why.

We are expecting any day "Crazy Like A Fox," by Perelmen, and we have that beautiful love story by Neville Shute, "Pastoral," the story of Peter Marshall, an R.A.F. pilot, and Section Officer Robertson of the W.A.A.F.

Betty Smith, of "A Tree Grows In Brooklyn," penned a rather clever reply to Jan Struthers' satirical poem on "Trees."

Dartmouth's Bookshelf

Here it is:

I'd rather say I hated fleas,
Than be like youse what runs
down trees.
Where'd I be, I'd like to know,
If oe'r in Brooklyn no tree did
grow?

We often wondered where we would be if we heard one more person ask "Have you got 'A Tree Grows In Brooklyn'?" However, that is over now, and the universal cry is "Have you got 'Forever Amber'?" Yes, we have, one copy, and much as we would like to we can't get more till February, so please have patience and we will soon be handing out "Forever Amber" to all comers with a smile, and an inward sigh of relief.

And now, you poor souls that can't get home for Christmas, how about a spot of reading to take away that nostalgic feeling on Christmas Day? After a good dinner, imagine stretching out on the old bunk with your favorite book—and we will see to it that you get your favorite book if it is our last act. We are sincerely interested in both you and your reading habits, and our ambition is to get you all smitten with the reading bug. It is no end fun. We know some of you "never read," or alternatively, "can't read" (funny, what?) But seriously, now is the time to begin. After all, you will never again have the leisure you have here on the camp, unless some of you are millionaires. We have a grand selection of books here and a nice library, and it is open twelve hours a day (from 9 a.m. till 9 p.m.) So now is the time to take advantage of all this to catch up on current events, current, or classical, fiction, or anything else you are interested in.

This is the time of the year when Dickens comes to the fore. Remember Tiny Tim? Why not renew old acquaintances between the pages of Dickens' books? Or pay a visit to other lands and climates, if Dartmouth, and the weather, don't appeal to you at the moment?

Adopt the slogan, "Read A Book A Week," and be an interesting conversationalist, and a connoisseur on current affairs. Know people, lives and loves of prominent men and women, of today, and of days gone by. We have many "lives" in the library; have you read any of them?

It is fun to be able to remove oneself entirely from this troublesome age at will. Read how they lived in Charles the Second's time, for instance, in "Forever Amber," and compare the difficulties of that day and this, and judge our "progress." When a book could transport you into the

most wonderful places, do not be tied always to the present—but do not choose escapist literature, either. Include books that require thought and concentration. There is NO charge. All we ask you to do, is to bring your books back on time or renew them, and we do the rest.

We are getting more books in all the time, as soon as the publishers release them. So come along and pay us a visit. We do not want to say with Confucius, "Too much books end up on shelf."

Good-bye and thank you for all your co-operation in the past. We will never forget it.

THE LIBRARIAN.

TO THE FALLEN R.C.A.F.

They battled with death and danger,
With stakes that were far too high
Risking their lives forever
Under an alien sky.

Danger was bright and skittish
Swift in the zooming space
Lads from across the ocean
Laughed in her bitter face.

Death is a reluctant spirit
Hearing the women weep
Touched their hearts with sadness
And closed their eyes in sleep

We who pay reverend homage
Know why our reason clings
Heroes stout hearts were beating
Under those silver wings.

PATTON GETS GL.

FRANCE (CNS) — Lt.-Gen. George S. Patton took time out from directing the 3rd Army's offensive against Germany recently to discuss with a corporal his failure to write his fiancée back in the States. The General had a letter from the mother of Ruth Smith, 25, of Philadelphia, telling him of her daughter's distress at not hearing from Cpl. Edward W. Myers, 27, to whom she was engaged. Cpl. Myers was summoned to the General's office from the front by radio. The General recommended he write immediately.

P.S. He did.

ORANGE, N.J. (CNS)—Patrolman Herman Schmidt, of the Maplewood Police Department, whose left ear was sewed on recently after it had been bitten off in a fight with three men, is doing well at Orange Memorial Hospital.

CINCINNATI (CNS) — The front door (locked) of a downtown tobacco store bore this sign: "Out of cigars. Out of cigarets. Out of gum. Out of town."

(Continued from Page 25)

Rue de Rumour—Better known as Sports Writers Row and so named for the good old newspaper habit of taking a guess at anything that the opposition might perchance scoop you on. Sort of a protective double in spades.

Happy—Clarence "Cap'n Hap" Day, popular coach of Toronto Maple Leafs.

Frank—Mayor Smythe's stand-in at the Gardens, and one who Ted Reeve refers to as a "grand little guy" which automatically makes him ace in our book.

The above line-up has been compiled by the Editor (No Personal Liability).

TED'S COLUMN — Cont'd from Page 6

two nights later at the Marine Squadron ball at the Scotian and we can tell you the lads really beat it out. But good!

Speaking about the Marine party, it too may be classed with the station's best efforts. S/L John Howell's committee had things well organized and everyone appeared to be having the time of their lives. By the way, S/L Howell asked Thumbs Up to express his personal greetings to the members of his squadron and to station personnel generally, and to thank all for the co-operation and consideration shown him during the past year. To one and all a very Merry Christmas and a Victorious '45 is his wish. The same to you, Skipper. We think that we voice the sentiments of the station at large when we say that our Marine lads are not only most efficient, but most obliging as well. There was only one thing which might have happened to make S/L John's Christmas more enjoyable and that was that the Dartmouth Eights (he's the president) could have won the last three games of the pre-Christmas schedule for him. It didn't turn out that way, but there is a new year coming, Skipper!

Other parties of note which were held during the last month were the Sector Ops-Signals "night-club," and the 126 Squadron dance. Both events were at the old Land Plane Officers' Mess. Large crowds, good music, beautiful gals, plenty of excellent eats and a copious supply of refreshments.

Here 'N Thar 'N Round and About . . .

The recent promotion party at the Officers' Mess was voted a humdinger for which we tip our cap. W/C "Pappy" Gilbertson, S/L Main Thompson, F/L's Macaw, Hooper, Goldner and yours truly, were the hosts. . . . S/L Wilf Smith, the Command Surgical consultant attached to our hospital here since last spring, has been posted to Toronto. . . . Cpl. "Perry" Periard of the Met section, and one of the most enthusiastic of the Thumbs Up staff, will spend Christmas convalescing from an appendix operation. . . . S/O Marg Kennedy, formerly of Sector Ops here and in Newfoundland, was a 10-day

Temporary Duty attache in the Station Personnel Counselor's office for contact training, before returning to Newfie in that work. Marg is a recent remuster, having just completed a course at Rockliffe. . . . Principal Matron, Squadron Officer J. E. Porteous, from A.F.H.Q., Medical Branch, made an inspection of the Hospital facilities early in December. . . .

Some really grand entertainment arrived from A.F.H.Q. in the person of F/S Harold Cuff and his troupe of Airforce Joe Boys. They played to a capacity audience in the Rec. Hall and it was undoubtedly the best small group show we have seen touring the camps. The unit, formed in 1942, has been touring ever since reaching all manner of stations and detachments principally those isolated posts on the coasts or far north where the monotony of existence seldom varies. Their 90-minute routine of songs, dances, musical offerings and comedy was professional all the way. Fast-moving, spicy, smart and up-to-date. Too bad if you missed it.

SQUADRON NOTES

The Rainbow boys that tow the Drogues report the departure of F/O Reed to Greenwood and F/O Branch to Scoudouc. The squadron Victory Loan committee are being congratulated for their good efforts. F/O Al Noel was in charge, assisted by F/O Wilson, F/S Spurr and the irreplaceable Thumbs Up correspondent, "Troy." F/O Murray, just to show he wasn't superstitious, committed that popular act of matrimony on the 13th and a Friday to boot. F/O Don Stanley, the speedy left wing of the senior hockey team, after a brief session as 121 Engineer Officer, has returned to his former squadron.

ACCOUNTS—One of the Station's Favorite Sections—At Least Twice A Month

Orchids to the station Accounts Section here at Dartmouth. We don't remember in all our travels in the R.C.A.F. coming across one of these most-important-of-all sections where the folks from the top down were so obliging and ready to cooperate in getting you fixed up for leave, travelling claims or adjustments in pay and the hundred and one other little things which go to keep the Joes and Josephines financially happy.

TO THE TELEPHONE GALS

The telephone girl sits still in her chair, and listens to voices everywhere. She hears all the gossip, she hears all the news—she knows who is happy and who has the blues; She knows all our sorrows, she knows all our joys, she knows every gal who is chasing the boys; she knows of our troubles, she knows of our strife, she knows every man who talks mean to his wife. She knows every time we go out with "the boys," she hears the excuses

each fellow employs. She knows every woman who has a dark past; she knows every man who prefers 'em fast; in fact, there's a secret 'neath each saucy curl of that quiet demure looking telephone girl.

If the telephone girl told half that she knows, it would turn most of our friends into bitterest foes. She could sow a small wind that would soon be a gale, engulf folks in trouble—mabee land 'em in jail. She could let go a story which, gaining in force, would cause half our wives to sue for divorce. She could get all the churches mixed up in a fight, and turn all our days into sorrowing night; in fact, she could keep the whole station in stew, if she told a tenth part of the things that she knew. Say brother, now doesn't it make your head whirl, when you think what we owe to that telephone girl?

11 B.R.

F/L A. Cirko, D.F.C., Toronto, wired back from leave for an extension of time to enable him to be married, which shows what desperate measures an R.C.A.F. officer will take to get a few extra days' leave. Congratulations!

A canteen for Flight personnel opened this week in the Airmen's smoke room. Candy, gum and soft drinks are now on sale. Handy, too.

Up to this writing, 11 B.R. seems to be doing very well for itself in the way of sports. The last two hockey games played shows they have what it takes. First game against 121 Sqdn., 5-1; second game, against 8 C.M.U., 7-2. And as for basketball, they are on top of the league.

11 B.R. extends a welcome to the boys just arrived from Gander on an exchange basis. They are: R107608 LAC. Becker, L.; R175812 LAC. Shaw, W.H.; R148161 LAC. Chevrier, J.A.N.; R191173 LAC. Larson, E. E.; R167786 LAC. Thompson, C.H.; R159533 LAC. Archambeault, J.L.; R184675 LAC. Bailey, R.J.

SEMINOLE, Okla. (CNS)—An 80-year-old man, applying for a marriage license, was stumped when asked the given name of his 77-year-old bride-to-be. "I don't know," he admitted. "But," he added thoughtfully, "most of my wives were named Mary."

DEARBORN, Mich. (CNS)—After the war the Ford Motor Company will market a new low-priced car which will be 20 to 24 per cent cheaper than the pre-war Ford, according to Henry Ford II, president of the company.

PHOENIX, Ariz. (CNS)—Every morning, the switchboard girl of a local law firm has to chirp: "Good morning! This is the office of Gust, Rosengeld, Divelbess, Robinette and Coolidge."

SENIOR W D. OFFICERS BUSY THESE DAYS---SIGNING CLEARANCES

GOOD-BYE GIRLS

By Fl/O Ruth Jernholm

After the grapevine had been working overtime (unpaid) for some time, the official words came: "Nominal Roll of all married W.D. personnel to be submitted, etc."

So it had come! A wonderful crop of rumors immediately blossomed forth; some even indicating that all the W.D.s were to be discharged within a few months. Don't worry, boys, we are not going to leave you—we are needed for a good long time to come, including the "Second Phase."

As I sit in my office coping with the various aspects a W.D. officer is supposed to cope with, an airwoma comes in. She may be short or tall, slim or stout; she carries a piece of paper in her hand and a positively jubilant expression on her face. Then I know what it is: it is the Discharge! It has come! "Will you sign my clearance?" she sighs. "Happy?" I ask. "Oh, YES; only, now that I really am here to leave I am sorry, too," and the happy expression darkens a bit. But not for long, for no sooner is the clearance signed before she flies out of the office—she is on her way to husband, home, lots of time to go shopping, not to mention pretty clothes and recipes and all the host of other things which are dear to a woman's heart.

Yet, we know that there is also a certain amount of regret. Service life, after all, is a pretty happy one, too—and you have done a good job, a very good job. That must be a real satisfaction for you to know.

Besides the married airwomen, another group of W.D.s here left, or are about to leave, the service for various reasons, such as resuming education, being needed at home, and so on.

To all of you we have the highest praise for the good work you have done here and for your fine spirit. We are proud to have had you in the Airforce and now wish you all possible success and happiness in your new careers.

SECTOR OPS. LOSE TWELVE W.D.'S

The Clerk ops at Sector are a greatly changed lot with an even dozen of the older hands either discharged or leaving before Christmas. Since the orders came that all married W.D.s would be retired to Civvy Street, and the applications of any others who wished to get out of the service would receive consideration, there have been discharges through for Cpl. Lyn (Belsher) Hamilton, Cpl. Betty Laycock, LAW.s Happy (Moffat) Tulk, Betty (Howith) Burrows, Polly (Arbo) Darke, Norma (Rankin) Dick, Peggy (Jamieson) Wilson, Peggy Cross, Emily Barron, Audrey Moore, Pat Girardot and Sgt. Molly Leach. Replacements for these girls have arrived from Newfoundland and from operations at E.A.C.

GLEE CLUB TO CAROL

There is a very pleasant Christmastime treat in store for us on station when the Dartmouth Glee Club start their series of Christmas Carol concerts. Among other appearances they will sing at the Midnight Chapel Service on Christmas Eve and at the Hospital on Christmas Day. Cpl. Gordie Douglas (Sector Signals) is director, assisted by F/L Comfort (Protestant Padre). There are at present from 25 to 35 at the tri-weekly rehearsals.

THOSE PARCELS FROM HOME!

This is the time of year in which old timers are on the mooch for the unwary one who blithely enters barracks bearing a parcel . . . for experience has shown that nine out of ten of those revealing shaped parcels that arrive in the mail have no more camouflage value than a tight sweater! "Well, well, well—Mother has sent along my old overshoes. Ha! Ha!" . . . But nobody moves. That point wherein curiosity gets the better of the owner of the package, know the old timers, is never far away. The technique from then on never varies, with the same result.

A pinch of salt may be improved by dropping it in a glass of beer.

Looking at the three beautiful swimming pools (yes, 3) in the big gymnasium-sports centre at H.M.C.S. Cornwallis Navy Training Centre, we were reminded of a good summer-time story. It was one of those warm days and a Mother had taken her brood of six to one of the nearby Dartmouth Lakes beaches. A goodly crowd was there, it being a popular rendezvous. They swam around a while, then clambering out of the water to the sand, one whispered something in Mother's ear. She snorted, "Why didn't you think of that when you were in the water?"

W.D.s COME TO YARMOUTH R.C.A.F. STATION

Yarmouth, in the past month, welcomed its first contingent of W.D.'s. The station paper Depth-Charge, remarks editorially. It saays . . . "From all accounts the W.D.'s who arrived on this station are quite happy about the way they have been greeted by the airmen. No whistling, or wolf calls around the highways and byways . . . in fact . . . They have been gentlemen." We showed the clipping from the Depth-Charge to one of our Dartmouth W.D.'s who gets around and about. "Humph", she snapped, "there must be something wrong with them because I know lots of boys at Yarmouth who can whistle at a W.D. with the best of them." Aside to Depth-Charge Ed.—the W.D.'s like the odd whistle or two, as you'll find out when you get to know them better.

1914—1918

NEW YORK—The blackwash of the Second World War has flowed into the old forts and trenches of Verdun, famous First World War battlefield, for the third time in four years. This time the blackwash was all American. They are GI bedrolls parked in the old pillboxes, GI laundry hanging from 1918 barbed wire, GI latrines in the ancient trenches.

Names and home towns of both French and American GIs are scribbled on the walls of the old forts which made possible a tremendous defense in the last war, reports Sgt. Bill Davidson, YANK staff correspondent.

The American names are big and black and seem to blot out the others. One of them says: "Austin White, Chicago, Ill., 1918 and 1944. This is the last time I want to write my name here."

Our "Etta" An Airman and Wabbits

There was a girl named Etta
Who was fond of wearing a sweatta,
Three reasons she had,
To keep warm wasn't bad
But the other two reasons were betta!

Two Airmen were sitting in the hospital waiting for the M.O. One turned to the other and said:
"I'm aching from neuralgia."
"Gladtameetcha," said the other. "I'm Taylor from Toronto."

Wabbits is a funny wace
The things they do is a disgwace.
Youd be supwised if you but knew
The awful things that wabbits do—
And often too!

Debert—ASTRA.

YE ANCIENT GAME OF HOCKIE

(Continued from Page 7)

champion in the jousting finals. He realized that the fellow boded ill for him, for he seemed intent on running him down, a gay pastime that knights indulged in in those ancient days.

Connibus quickly rose and scrambled down the river bank onto the ice. The horseman attempted to follow, but the horse was the wiser. It balked at the steep descent and the rider went flying over its head to land head first onto the ice. The knight was wearing his light armour and carrying a shield. His head was adorned with a visor, but his protective covering served him naught. As he hit the ice, his body crumpled onto the shield and lay still and even Connibus was aware that this sour person had sustained a grievous injury if not a fatal blow.

Connibus' first thought was to get away as fast as his legs would take him. The horse was already trotting off in the distance. The boy looked around but there was no one else in sight. The sun was low in the west and the shepherds had sought the shelter of the hills. Connibus approached the crumpled figure, but there was no sign of life. He carried a broken hoquet he had been mending and with this he timidly poked the body. He was startled to see the figure slide along the ice for several feet. Connibus thought that was strange, for he had only poked the body gently. He tried again. This time the figure moved several more feet, apparently riding on the shield.

And then a sudden thought struck Connibus. In a little while it would be dark. He knew that just around the bend of the river, about a mile down, lay the neighboring village over which this brash knight ruled. It would be wise to push the body close to the village so that when it was found the people of his own village, which lay a half mile away in the opposite direction, would not be blamed for having a hand in his death. For Connibus was convinced that the man was dead.

With Connibus, to think was to act. The surprising ease with which the body slid along the ice made his journey a quick

But the knight was not dead. Soon after Connibus had left him close under the shelter of his castle wall that skirted the village over which he ruled, the knight revived and dazedly made his way to the castle, where he encountered a group of his henchmen just starting out to look for him, having been alarmed when the horse returned home riderless.

In a week or so, the knight had fully recovered, but he was a puzzled man. There was a gap in his memory that he could not span. He knew he had not fallen where he had recovered consciousness, but he couldn't figure out how he got there. His shield also bothered him. It had a strange new lustre on its crested side that he could not account for. But he knew that the varlet on the river bank had been a villgaer from the neighboring hamlet, although he realized he would not be able to recognize the lad again. Also, he knew that his horse had played him false. So he had the horse killed. And as a warning to the neighboring villagers he ordered the body taken there and deposited in the high street. He felt that someone in that village would understand the meaning of that.

Great was the resentment of the people of Bandy, for that was the name of the village, when they awoke one morning to find a dead horse parked on their cobbled throughfare. They recognized the animal as the charger of the hated tyrant in the next village, which was known in those

days as Hockleyham. They held a hurried meeting and decided to lug the animal away and deposit it back in Hockleyham.

Meantime, Connibus had heard the news. He alone knew the full significance of it. Making his way to the little group of town fathers who were preparing to cart the dead animal back to Hockleyham, he suggested that the now solidly frozen beast be taken to the river and dragged along the ice as the easiest and shortest route. At first the idea was pooh-poohed, but Connibus was respected as a smart boy and the younger men felt his proposal had merit in it and was worthy of a try despite objections from the older men.

Soon, nearly all the men of Bandy could be seen pushing a dead horse down the river in the direction of Hockleyham. But the word had flashed ahead and the men of Hockleyham were waiting for them. They didn't want the dead horse, either.

Then was witnessed one of the strangest spectacles that England had ever seen. As fast as the men of Bandy pushed the dead horse into Hockleyham's territory, the men of Hockleyham pushed it back. But Connibus had another trick up his sleeve.

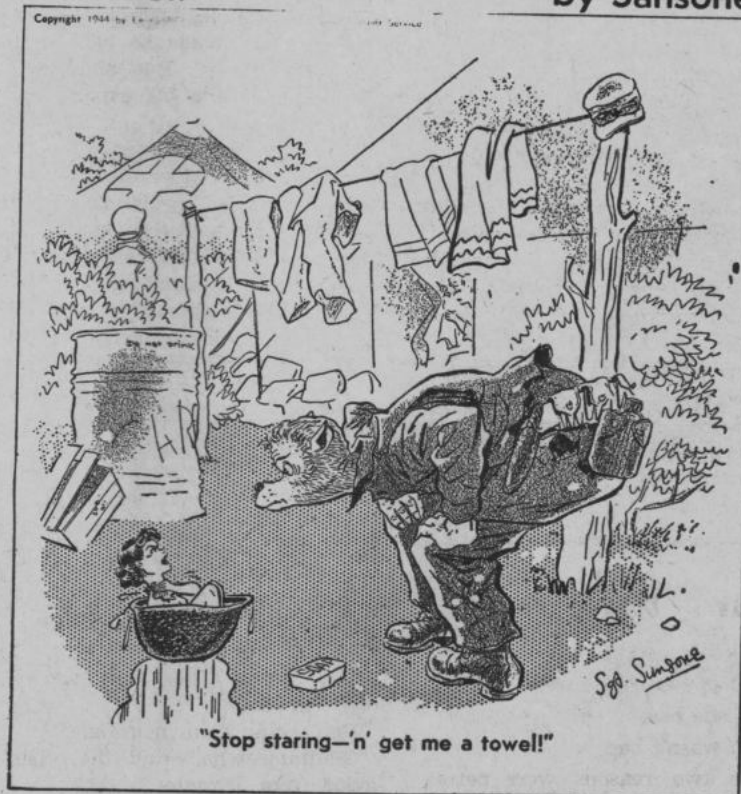
He had gone to his father's smythie and obtained a couple of iron bars. The dead horse had thawed a little by this time and the men of both villagers were beginning to get a little weary of pushing it around. But neither would give in, knowing that it was an endurance contest and the horse



one, and soon he was on his way home satisfied that no one had seen him and none would be the wiser.

The Wolf

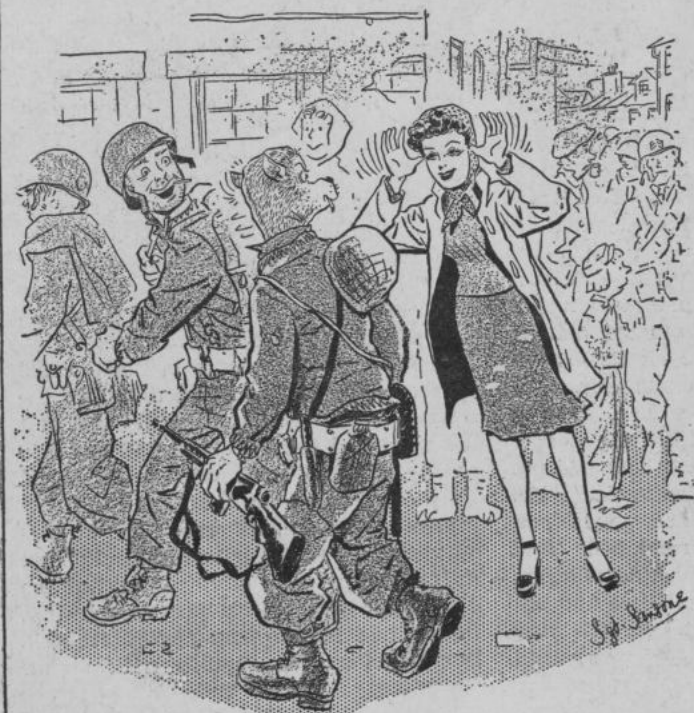
by Sansone



The Wolf

by Sansone

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"Friend of yours?"

would remain in the territory on the side that became exhausted first. But Connibus solved this difficulty and assured his side of victory by slipping the iron bars under the animal whenever it was pushed into Bandy's end of the river. The Bandytes found their task greatly lightened by the ease with which the dead animal slipped along the ice. Long before night-fall they had completely exhausted their opponents and the horse remained in Hockleyham. The men of Bandy went home to celebrate and proclaim Connibus a hero and a youth of great promise.

The frustrated tyrant was furious, but after sober consideration he wisely decided to take no further action. He wasn't any too happy over the prospect of all the facts becoming known, and he was fearful of the ingenuity of his opponents.

Connibus, too, was quite content to let the affair blow over, for he had other things to think about. He was curious about the action of the iron on the ice. The more he thought about it the greater became his curiosity. For some time he busied himself in his father's smythie and one day he stole down to the river and fitted an iron blade he had contrived to each of his shoes. But, alas, the ice was snow covered and his experiment was a failure.

The following summer he was in the army and the next winter he was in Holland. He carried on his experiments there and some of the Dutch burghers became interested in it. The following winter he went back to England again. He learned that during his absence, relations between Bandy and Hockleyham had become more

friendly and in celebration of the incident of the dead horse, the villagers had set aside that day each year on which to stage a contest on the frozen river. Instead of using a dead horse, they used a wooden block. Places were marked off on the ice in the area skirted by each village and first one to get the block over the mark was declared the victor.

But Connibus introduced a startling innovation when the event was held that first winter he was home. Attaching iron blades to his shoes and carrying a shepherd's hoquet, or crook, from which he had cut part of the curved end, he sped over the ice and, with the aid of the hoquet, pushed the wooden block quickly into Hockleyham territory, deftly evading all who tried to intercept him. The contesting villagers were amazed. Again, he was

The Wolf

by Sansone

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"How do you know she's not your type?"

Male Call

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



I REMEMBER A MOVIE I SAW WHEN I WAS A KID... THIS YANK SO-JER HAD SOME GUM - AN' HE TEACHES THIS FRENCH GIRL HOW TO CHEW IT! HE DID ALL RIGHT!...

WELL, THAT MIGHT GET US A LOOK AT MADAME LAMI'S TWO DAUGHTERS! - EVERYBODY IN THE OUTFIT'S HEARD OF 'EM - BUT NOBODY'S SEEN 'EM!



BONE SWAR, MADAME! ... JE HAVAZ HERE BEAU COUP CHEVIN' WAX... MEBBE SO VOTRE JUNE FILLIES WOULD LIKE SOME OF SAME? TASTEZ TRAY BONE!

CHEWING GOM? MAIS NON, M'SIEU!



PORE QUAN, MADAME? GEE WHIZ ...

THAT'S HOW I GOT THE DAUGHTAIRS, SOLDAT!

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MILTON CANIFF

The Wolf

by Sansone

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"Well? Blonde or brunette?"

The Wolf

by Sansone

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"My! How you've changed, Grandma!"

the hero of the day.

And from that time on, the contest between these two villages on that mile or so stretch of frozen river took on a new significance. People come from miles around to see it each year. Of course, after Connibus's amazing performance, all the villagers had him make iron blades for them, and he taught them the use of the specially adopted hoquet. He called the blades skates, a term he had derived from the Hollanders' word "skat", meaning to hurry. The contest came to be known as Bandy, or Hoquet and sometime Hockley, after Hockleyham. As years went on, it became Hockie and eventually Hockey, a name that survives to this day.

Further communication to the Editor: So there you have it, Frank. I wouldn't be surprised if some of the decendents of

Connibus of Ye Smythie introduced the game into Canada at Kingston, or wherever it was first played in this country. And some of the decendants of those men are, no doubt, still taking an active interest in hockey today.

I understand that Bandy and Hockleyham have long since fallen into ruin and disappeared from the map of England. They failed to survive the Wars of the Roses, like many other fine old English country places. But the name Bandy survived, and even today in England, ice hockey is known to many by that name. I think it might be a good idea if, in some nook or corner of the proposed Hockey Hall of Fame, a spot is dedicated to Connibus of Ye Smythie and the men of Bandy and Hockleyham or, who fathere Canada's National Winter Pastime cen-

turies ago. There is just one more thing. Even the name of the hockey puck originated centuries ago. It springs from the initial letters of Connibus's action — Pushed Un Conscious Knight.

BLACKJACK

If I stand short
 And the dealer's got em
 My assets graph
 Will reach the bottom
 But if I hit,
 (as I do hope)
 Can I get les than twenty-two?
 Hit me Brother,
 Hell—I'm busted,
 The Deck's agin me,
 I'm disgusted.

Male Call

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



How Vargan One Go With These Things?





A Salty Tale

A gob went to a physician complaining of prolonged headaches. The doctor told him to stop smoking.

"I have never used tobacco in any form."

"Well, then, stop drinking."

"Never touch a drop," said the gob.

"Late hours then when you're on liberty—too many women."

"I'm always in bed by nine when I'm ashore. I intend never to marry—women don't interest me. Now, seriously, what causes my headaches?"

"I don't know," said the puzzled doctor.

"I guess your halo's pinching."

* * *

Sweet young thing on the phone: "Sorry Bill, but I'm all tied up!"

Sgt: "That simplifies matters. I'll be right over."

* * *

A general, watching a young inductee labor eagerly but clumsily over a stump hole, asked: "How long have you been in the army son?"

"Two months," was the reply "How long have you been in?"

The general was slightly taken back but he good-naturedly answered: "Thirty years."

"It's hell, ain't it?" the youngster said sympathetically.

* * *

Running into the former suitor at a party, a girl decided to snub him. "So sorry she murmured when the hostess introduced him, but I didn't get your name."

"I know you didn't said the unabashed ex-suitor, "but you certainly tried hard enough."

The Wolf

by Sansone

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"His girl will be along any minute!"

God made women with a sense of humor so they could love men instead of laugh at them.

* * *

With graceful feet a maiden sweet
Was tripping the light fantastic.
When she suddenly tore for the dress-
ing room door—
You can't trust this wartime elastic.

WIT FROM WASHINGTON

A sailor phoned a Washington hotel one night while on week-end liberty.

"Where can I get a room for tonight?" he asked.

"Where are you calling from?" came the reply.

"A phone booth."

"Pleasant dreams."

Male Call

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



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(Continued from Page 4.)

tic attitude and spur them on to even greater efforts to end this terror. Of the many things that stirred me in this fabulous city, the impact of the devastation left the deepest mark.

I won't go into details of all that we saw and did. Suffice to say that the familiar feeling that I had seen it all before never left me. So many of the named spots were old to me by story, heresay or history, that I almost knew my way around unaided. We saw, to name a few, Whitehall, where the heartbeat of the Empire throbs, from Admiralty Arch down past 10 Downing, the War Offices, Admiralty, Scotland Yard to the Houses of Parliament and Westminster. There, to the tune of Big Benjamin in his stately carved clock tower, we toured the Houses and Abbey. Around and along the Thames Embankment past miles of historic masonry to St. Paul's and vicinity. Other trips took us through Lambeth, Fleet St. to the Tower of London to photograph a Beef-Eater in this land of meat rationing, and on to the famous Tower Bridge. Then through Petticoat Lane where they sell everything in the world except that garment (due to clothing austerity) and past the banking centre and mint of 25 centuries, the Bank of England. We fed pigeons at Nelson's feet, saw famous and infamous Picadilly Circus, cashed cheques at the luxurious Eaton buying office (ahem!) ate fantastic meals at exorbitant prices at Hindu, Scandinavian, Kosher and French restaurants in the Soho, greatest international eating district in the world. This area is definitely black-marketish and you can sample delicacies and luxuries, at a price mind, that have disappeared elsewhere five years ago.

We met many charming people including practically every military and civil attache in the Canadian Legation where my cousin works. Streets are a glitter of stars and gold braid, and had I not been the very democratic airman that I am, my saluting flipper would have been in a sling by midweek. As it was, I just looked 'em all straight in the old school tie and brushed past. The striking thing about London is the fact that it is so cosmopolitan. With the thousands of evacuees, consultates, legations, armies and their numberless staffs and camp lol-lowers, the old city is more international than ever before in its history. Spread lightly with a blackout that is a blackout, add wailing banshees for sirens, dust in some fog, against a background of massive buildings, ruins and scars, and there—Presto!—you have London.

Our night life, too, was by no means neglected. Dances abound in great beautiful halls, clubs for uniforms are plentiful and sumptuous. We listened and exulted to Major Glen Miller at the Queenbury

Club (I'm a member) as he broadcast to the G.I.'s. We danced with Clare Luce (Hollywood star) and met the first Lord of the Admiralty, A. V. Alexander, at the new Stage Door Canteen, opened by Bing Crosby and Anthony Eden three or four weeks ago. We saw all there was to see, did all there was to do, and are now back trying to rub the dazzle from our eyes in foggy, dreamy Yorkshire. Me for another dose of such-like, but soon!

Now comes more service fun and games till Christmas when I hope to partake of haggis once more on a 48 in Scotland. Comes January and my next quarterly leave, and I plan to give my home country in dear old North Ireland a look-see. Seems that all we do is proceed on leave. Actually these are longed-for, happy intervals between long periods of slogging work. Busy as beavers these days again, socking'em for the effort in general. Still

another record for "Les Aluettes". We topped Bomber Command once more by buying 274% of our high Victory Loan quota. Our nearest rivals lagged with a mere 170%; so we feel quite proud. Never have I seen finer esprit de corps than among our lads right here. They surely have pride of squadron and all that as their first consideration. We have certainly added a few fine pages to the history book of Canadian squadrons overseas.

An R.C.A.F. padre, travelling on one of those way trains that stop at every station on the line, was reading his Bible.

"Find anything about the railroad in that book?" asked the conductor, as he reached for the padre's ticket.

"Yes", replied the padre. "In the very first chapter it says that the Lord made every creeping thing."



Halifax Herald and Mail pokes good natured fun at Toronto's latest pedestrian traffic control By-laws.

MERRY CHRISTMAS



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



Thumbs Up!

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

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The staff of Thumbs Up desire to wish
each and every one of you a Christmas and
New Year up to your fondest expectations.
We'd like to thank you all for being so
kind to us, and for the nice things you
have to say about our efforts. While we

We have written no less than four edi-
torials so far—and have, promptly torn
them all up. We don't like feeling this way
at Christmas time—like you we had fully
expected that this year we would pretty
well all be home enjoying the festivities
in the traditional way. However, probably
the most disappointed man in the world
today is not you or I but General Dwight
Eisenhower. With every reason to believe
that his forces were powerful enough and
with sufficient equipment to blast Ger-
many out of the war, he promised us last
Christmas that we could look for "Victory
in 1944." He, more than any other, knew
just what he had at his disposal. He
could therefore make such a promise with
authority. Obviously, the Commander-in-
Chief relied on one thing, though. And
that is that everyone on this side of the
water would keep working. It is just as
obvious from the General's recent radio
speech and from what is happening today
on the Western Front that some people
have let the boys down. This Christmas,
therefore, is a good time to make a few
resolutions so that we won't be in the same
fix next year. Let's think a little less
about seeing Yonge, Peel, Hastings, or Por-
tage Ave., and a little more about getting
the boys parading Unter den Linden. It's
true that we in the service can do little
toward seeing that our troops overseas get
all the ammunition they need, but a good
example of keeping everlastingly at our
job until it is satisfactorily finished would
help. The war right now is in the most
critical stage since '39. It's the "over-
time" period and demanding of our best
effort—superhuman, if necessary. Let's go!

sincerely hope that we don't have to wait
too many months before writing our final
"30," we can promise that as long as we
last George and I will be in there pitching
our best.

J. E. W.

(Just in case you're posted—paste this
in your hat)

' ENVIRONMENT

Old Jacob had an extra house for rent,
And when the village real-estate man
sent

A would-be tenant up from out of
town,

The visitor faced Jacob with a frown.
"How are the neighbors hereabouts?"
he said.

Old Jacob's wrinkled face flushed fiery
red.

"How are the neighbors where you're
livin' now?"

He parried, and the stranger knit his
brow.

"Confounded disagreeable, I must say,"
He said; "that's why I want to move
away."

Old Jacob spat, then slowly shook his
head.

"The neighbors ain't no better here,"
he said.

And so the stranger didn't rent the
house,

And Jacob kept as quiet as a mouse,
Until another prospect came along—
A friendly man who hummed a merry
song.

"I'll bet the folks around here are just
grand!"

He said to Jacob, giving him his hand.
"How are the neighbors where you're
livin' now?"

Asked Jacob, and the stranger said:

"I vow,
They're people you'd be mighty proud
to know;

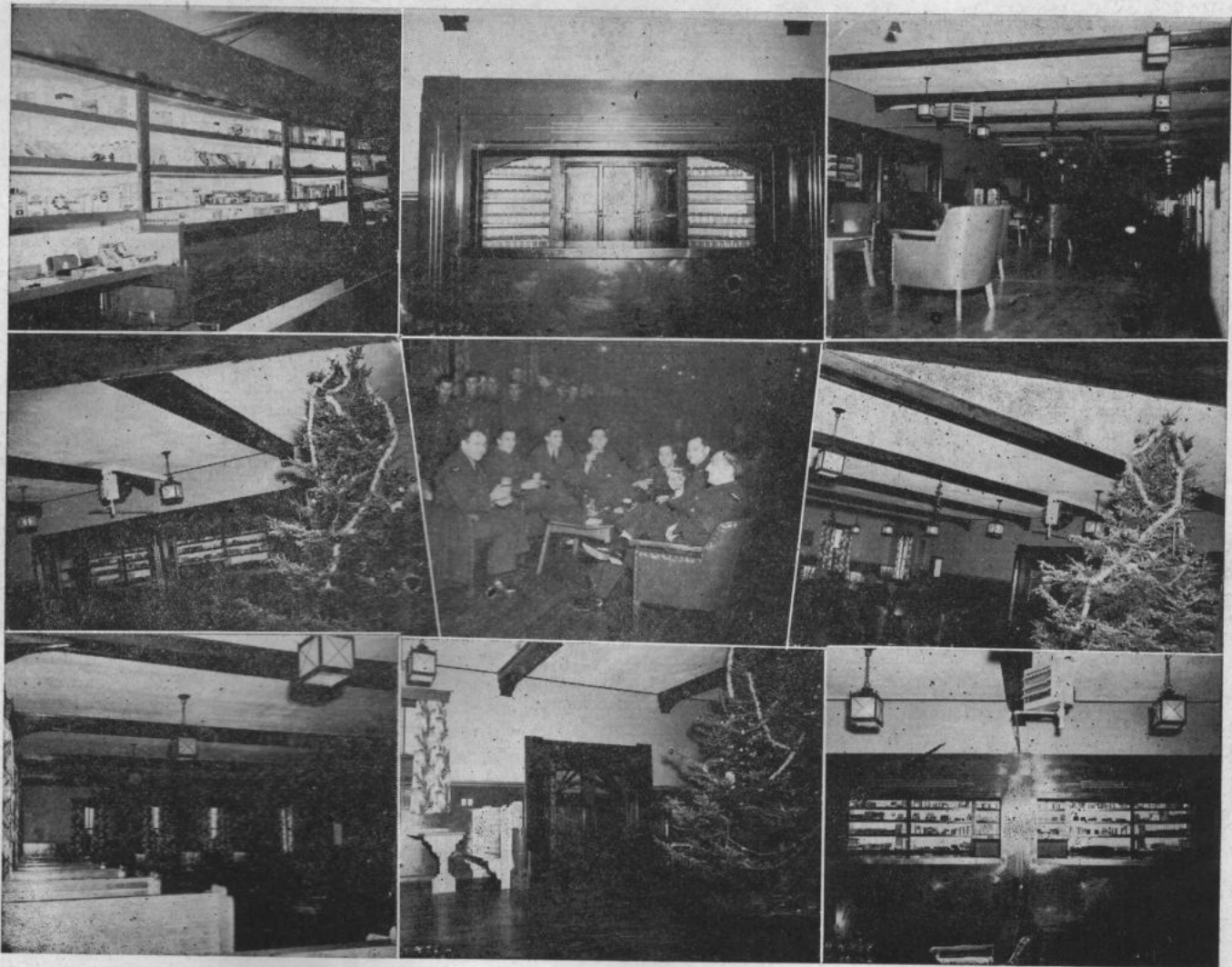
My one regret is that I have to go."

"Cheer up," said Jacob, "ain't no need
for grievin';

The folks round here are just like
them you're leavin'!"

—by AVERY GILES.

NEW AIRMEN'S CANTEEN---The Last Word!



The beautiful new Airmen's Wet Canteen was formally opened for business on Monday, 18 Dec. by G/C Trecarten. The modernistic beauty of the tasteful decorations, lighting effects, seating arrangements and furniture puts this canteen in the top bracket with any camp or station in the Dominion. The work was performed by our own W & B section and is indeed a credit to them.

Male Call

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

THE NAVY'S SHIP AND AIRCRAFT NOMENCLATURE IS OFTEN CONFUSING TO LANDSMEN... SINCE SAILORS THINK OF THEIR SHIPS AS FEMALES, THIS CHART WILL MAKE IT SIMPLER TO UNDERSTAND SOME OF THOSE GROUPS OF LETTERS...

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DD (DANCING DEVIL) A FAST OPERATOR... SHE'LL ROLL YOU IF YOU DON'T LOOK LIVELY



PT (PARTY TYPE) SHE LIKES TO GO PLACES AND DO THINGS... SHE STAYS UP TILL THE SUN GOES DOWN!

SS (SILENT SENDER) WHEN YOU GO OUT WITH HER SHE HOLDS YOU SO CLOSE YOU SELDOM EVEN COME UP FOR AIR!



BB (BROAD BEAM) SHE'S BIG AND TOUGH - AND A GOOD GAL TO BE WITH IN BANDIT COUNTRY...



AO (ALL OUT) SHE'LL GET DIRTY WITH YOU IF YOU DON'T FEND HER OFF

CV (CHARMING VIXEN) SHE LIKES TO TOSS OFF A FEW NOW AND THEN... NO MATTER HOW OFTEN YOU RUN OUT ON HER, SHE'S ALWAYS WILLING TO TAKE YOU BACK...

Leg Log

AR (ALWAYS RELIABLE) SHE'S THE MOTHERLY SORT - NOT GLAMOROUS, BUT NICE TO TURN TO WHEN YOU NEED SYMPATHY



FOR LUBBERS ONLY
 DD - DESTROYER
 PT - PATROL TORPEDO BOAT
 SS - SUBMARINE
 BB - BATTLESHIP
 AO - OILER
 CV - AIRCRAFT CARRIER
 AR - REPAIR SHIP



Thumbs Up!

1945

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

1945

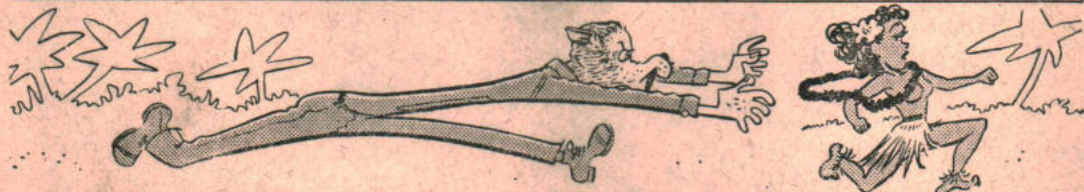


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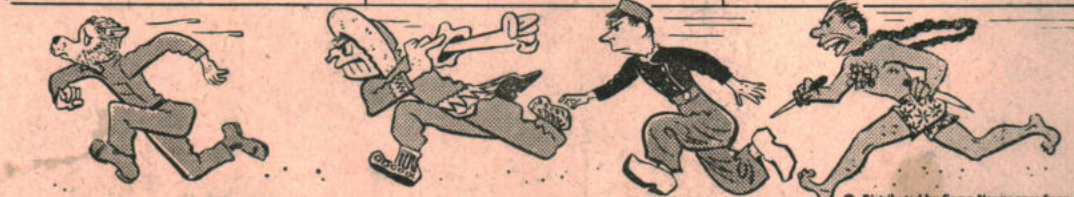
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OCTOBER							NOVEMBER							DECEMBER						
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