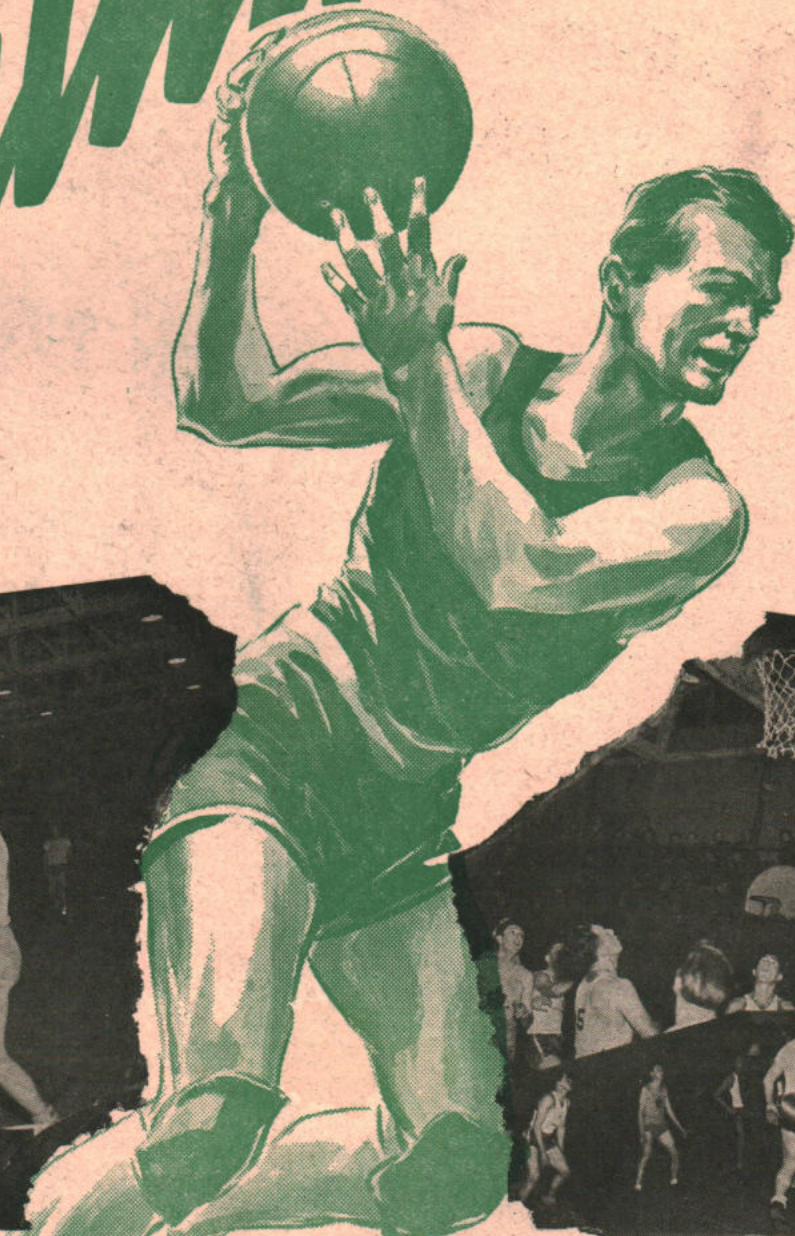
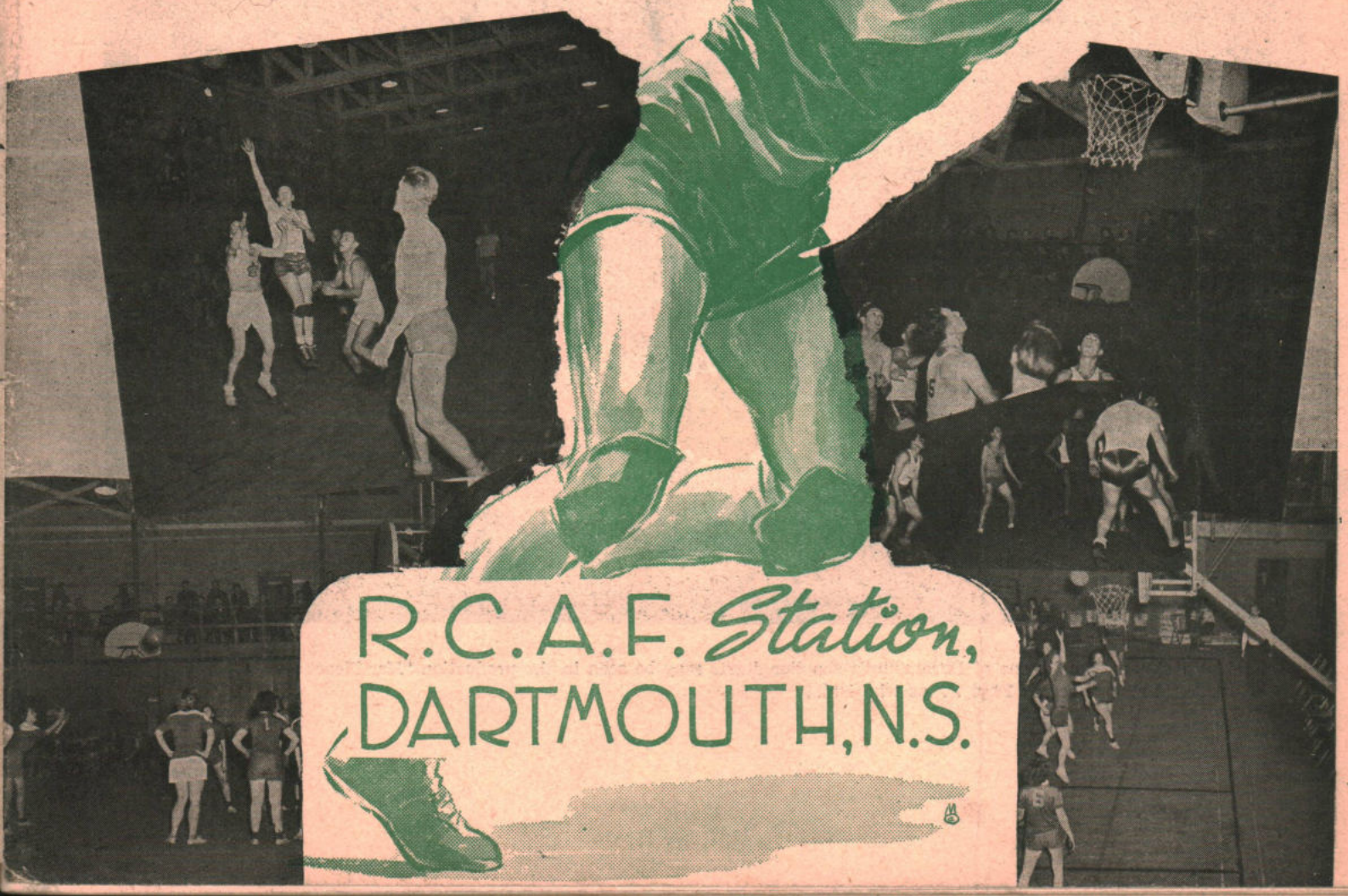


FEB. 1945
10c.

Thumbs Up!



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



Good luck!
to the Boys of
Dartmouth -
Phyllis Brooks



Comely Phyllis Brooks one of Paramount's shaplier stars may be seen in the production "Her Heart In Her Throat" if your interested in seeing more of Phyl . . . as who isn't?

War Staff College Head Accompanies Members On Visit



Air Commodore Gordon Wait, Officer Commanding the War Staff College which body pays regular visits to this operational station, on this occasion came along with the course when they made their latest visit the last two days of January. Another high ranking officer who also watched the display put on for the visitors was Major General Young the Quartermaster General of Ottawa. The distinguished guests are shown as they reached the Marine Dock with the AOCinC, AVM G. O. Johnson, CB, MC.

NOW, ABOUT THE WAR

I awake with a start,
And jump in my shoes;
I drag on some clothes,
Not a minute to lose.
I dress on the run
So time I might save;
I then reach the latrine
Where I wash up and shave.
I rush through my shave
And carve up my face,
Then, set sail for chow
Like I'm running a race.
As I come 'round the turn,
I slow up my gait
For it's the same story over—
"Hurry up and wait."

After standing in line
For half hour or more,
I'm to eat what at home,
I would throw out the door.
I force it all down
With a grunt and a rush,
Then, back to the latrine
Where my teeth I do brush.
By this time, I am tired,
And as tired as can be;
This life in the army
Is about to kill me.
It's rush here for this;
It's rush here for that;
I can't see how a man
In the army gets fat.

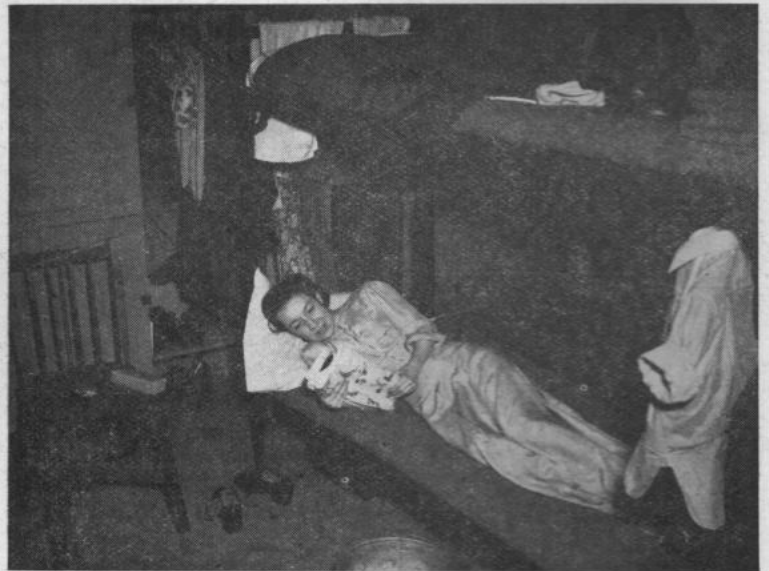
When I get back home,
(Oh, thought so sublime)
Whatever I do,
I shall take my sweet time.
If it SHOULD take an hour,
I intend to take four,
And if there are complaints,
I shall even take more.
So, read, GI's read,
Read and then laugh,
But what I say now,
I say in your behalf;
If everyone rushed
As I rush and roar,
I can't see what the hell
Could have slowed up the war.

—By Dehral Stafford Shelton.
THE REDLANDER U. S. Army-Hawaii



THE WOMEN IN ROOM 13

By "Perry" and Assistants

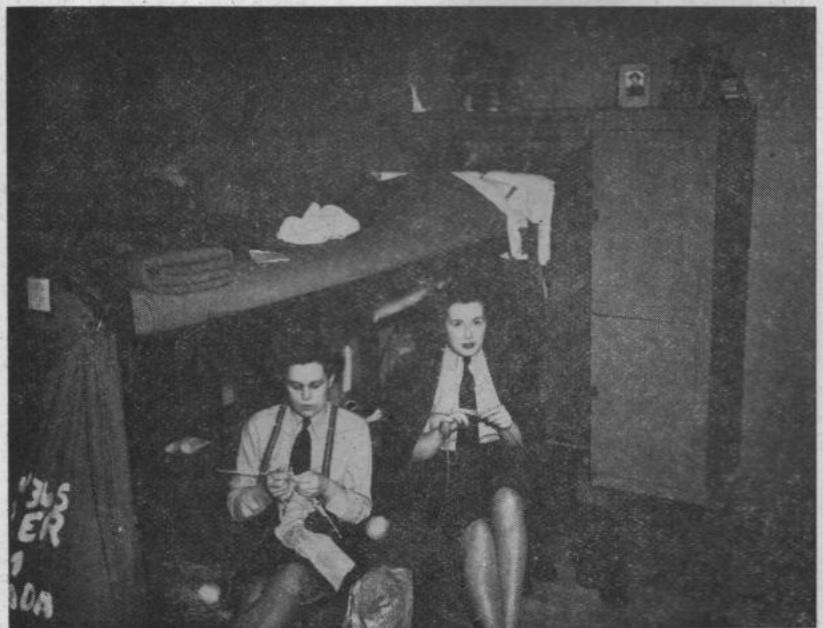


The spotlight "points with pride" to Room 13. Why? We haven't found out yet. But, maybe it because it is Room 13 (the unlucky number) and our breaking a mirror on the average of every other day and still managing to get along. We should really have about 112 years "Bad Luck" lined up against us, but everyone is perfectly happy in here so don't ever worry about things like that.

Now that we have introduced our room, we think it wouldn't be a bad idea to introduce each girl in it. It wouldn't be Room 13 without them.

LAW Gladys Carter whose home is in St. Johns, Nfld. Her hobby is photography and we think we are safe in saying she has snaps of everyone and everything in Newfoundland.

LAW Elaine Kirby who puts in her spare time in the station Orderly Room, is from Newcastle, N.B. She has only been "Mrs. Kirby" for a month and a half and is the young lady the Shower pictured was for.





LAW Theresa Doiron who works in the Accounts Section is also from Newcastle, N.B. This little bit of vim, vigor and vitality is a member of the "Washroom Quartette", but is guaranteed to put a kink in any song.

LAW Iona Carswell, who puts in her time at Sector Ops, is from Harris, Sask. She has been home on leave for about a month but will be back with us soon.

Cpl. Mary Rose of Central Registry is from a little place called Schubencadie, N. S. She is Room 13's Barrack Room Corporal and our alarm clock too. Room 13 would probably sleep for a week without her.

AW1 Jeannie Jeans who works now at the Marine Equipment Depot is from St. Johns, Nfld. Just ask Jeannie to wake you up,—you either get up or she stands you up asleep.

LAW Mary Denyer who works in the Station Orderly Room is from St. Stephen, N. B. Our weather prophet—her morning's greeting never fails to ring out "Is it raining today?" If so, no breakfast for her.

LAW Shenna McLeod who works in Accounts is from Verdun, P.Q. Just ask Shenna how they "do things" in Montreal.

LAW Dot Doane who also works in the Station Orderly Room is from Barrington, N. S. She talks in her sleep, but made us promise not to tell what she says. We agreed that "Gracious Me" we wouldn't.

LAW Dot LeMoal who works at Sector Ops, is the only representative in the room from Vancouver and mighty proud of it.

Cpl. Jean Howard, who also works at Sector Ops, is from Kitchener, Ont. She can always be seen (in the dark) doing those daily exercises, while Dot LeMoal offers her a tempting chocolate.



LAW Terry Tessier works in the Hospital Orderly Room and is from Ansonville, Ont. Just ask her where she got her pink elephant. Bet she won't tell you.

LAW Ruth Briggs, is another who works at Sector Ops, and her home is in Hamilton, Ont. Ruth is one of the few girls who can really go places in a book, knitting faster as the excitement mounts.

AWI Mary Ball, who works in the Photo Section, is from Peterborough, Ont. We don't see as much of her as we used to. Seems she is doing "Temporary Duty" at the Fleet Air Arm.

Also in the "Shower" picture we see LAW Jean Anderson, Accts Section, Shelburne, N.S. who has since been discharged; and LAW Bernice Stronach, Central Re-

gistry, Kingston, N. S., who has also been discharged. Girls from other rooms in the "Shower" picture are: Anne Cholik, Sally McAllister and Reta Saunders.

Faith, Hope—But No Charity

Los Angeles (CNS) — Dolores Lozana awakened with a start. She thought she saw a "thin man" standing at the foot of her bed. She screamed and kicked at the intruder savagely—and fractured her toe on the bedpost.

Turtles Live Twixt Plated Decks Which Carefully Conceal Their Sex

Cleveland (CNS)—Big Oscar, pet turtle at the Rocky River Museum, had just laid an egg. "Guess we'll have to rename him," said the curator.





SMOKES SKILLFULLY BARTERED GETS NEWMAN'S XMAS DINNER - - - ON THE HOOF.

Last issue we published a letter from F/L Frank Newman which the censors really went to work on. His last letter to "the gang" at sector was treated more kindly and as a result we are able to give you a play-by-play description of things with the Tactical Air Forces operating in France and Belgium. It's dated Dec. 4, "Somewhere in France"

... The night I spent on the boat at Halifax really broke my heart. I was thinking about the gang at Sector, ... and to stay cooped up on that boat all evening really was hard to take. Actually we were very lucky to spend only part of 24 hours on board before shoving off.

The trip was very rough but I found out that I'm a good sailor and enjoyed every minute of it. I got a joe job for the trip but it wasn't too bad.

We had about 8-hour train trip after landing. Everyone along the route was very nice to us, gave us tea and cigarettes and chocolates, etc., and nice smiles to keep us happy.

Our first station was pretty grim and we got on very poorly with the R.A.F. It was an R.A.F. station with an R.C.A.F. holding wing.

I got off on the wrong foot early in the game. I was orderly officer and "went to bed" without informing the switchboard operator where she could contact me. That was my story, actually I was down at the village pub.

Anyway it seems that there was an airman's dance and after the dance 20 W.A.A.F.'s missed the transport and the S.P.'s were looking for the orderly officer to authorize special transport, and of course no one could find said orderly officer.

The poor W.A.A.F.'s were 2 hours late getting back to their station and their C.O. complained to our C.O. and of course he jumped on his poor orderly officer. That

Airman M. T. Driver: "How far to Dartmouth?"

Native: "About three miles in a beeline."

AM.T.D.: "Well, how far is it if the confounded bee has to walk and roll a flat tire along?"

was me. To say the least he was very impolite. Some fun.

After about 2½ weeks of that, broken up by 4 days leave in Scotland, we were posted to a T.A.F. and started on our way.

We spent 5 days near London and visited it a few minutes. We really enjoyed London. It's an experience in itself, especially in the blackout. We also heard a few V2's some of them too close for comfort. They really don't worry you though, it's surprising.

We went from there to about 5 days in mud and tents and V2's really close. They would very often shake the ground and tents.

Our mess was an old building with broken windows and a few stray dogs sleeping in front of the fireplace, and a home-made bar, but enough to drink.

Rubber boots and battle dress were the order of the day, and we were under orders to be ready to push off on 1 hour

notice day or night, so that too was a new and novel experience.

We eventually climbed on a truck at 0700 hrs. one rainy morning, carrying a 64 lb. camp kit and whatever other personal baggage we could manage, and we were off on the so called "Great Adventure,"

Our trip across was very exciting but smooth. I tossed for a bed and as usual lost, so I slept on the floor.

We arrived in Belgium and that's where the fun really started. We drove for a few hours by truck and then pilled out at an improvised mess. Lots of gin so we settled down.

The next morning we were split up and I found myself in charge of a truck going about 300 miles and dropping off personnel here and there along the route.

We completed the 1st. day with only the driver, myself and one other chap left. We had by this time crossed the boarder into France and as it was getting dark we decided to spend the night in the next town.

They have a funny system here. There is a food shortage here so you carry your own rations. The military boss of the



town arranged for hotel rooms and we took our rations into the kitchen and had them cooked for us.

We started out about 9 the next morning and decided to detour about 50 miles to visit the Canadian War Memorial at Vimy. It really gets you.

We eventually arrived the following night and here I am at a Sector. I'm on shift with a Sqd. Ldr. who landed on D-day and really knows his stuff — Lots of action and really fun, I wish you were all here.

We expect to move to units like 16RD for training very soon and then I guess we really will go to work in a different zone.

We are living in a Chateau, recently occupied by the Hun Air Force. I haven't been able to scrounge a mattress yet but have hopes.

I draw my cigarette rations and barter them for eggs, etc. I got quite a shock the other day. I made a deal in French for 6 eggs and a duck, for 20 cigarettes.

The duck turned out to be alive and I've still got it (him or her) in a box out in the yard. I guess I'll have it for Christmas, but I have a hell of a time feeding it.

Scotch is 5 francs (12c) per 1½ ozs., and beer is 10 francs per pint so I'll have one for each of you at Christmas.

I haven't seen any of the gang who came over last year but some of the girls here have worked with "Jimmy" Barr. I think he and the other controllers are still in England.

The R.A.F. at this Sector are very nice. Nothing like we were led to expect. They lean over backwards to help us out at work and also see that we are looked after socially.

I hope you have a good (quiet) time at your Sector Christmas and New Year's parties. Wish I could drop in and say hello.

All indications here point to a very lively holiday season but I would still rather be home for it.

Mail delivery is very good here, I've been getting some from Canada in 8 days. Drop me a line sometime when you're working and there's no work.

I'd appreciate seeing a copy of Thumbs Up over here once and a while if it could be arranged. Same address R.C.A.F., Overseas, until we move out of this zone.

I guess that's all for now gang, the best of luck to you all and I hope 1945 brings each of you whatever you want most.

So-long gang,
FRANK.

P.S.

Dear Ted,

The horse really did drink that bottle of orange. Frank.

Ed's Note — The horse who drinks "Orange Crush" was reported in November Thumbs Up.

CAPTURED NAZI GENERAL HAD UNIQUE PRESS GANG TO RECRUIT FOR LABOR UNITS

NEW YORK—When a fat, unimpressive Nazi crawled out from behind a beer barrel in a saloon in Metz and surrendered to a group of GI's he was just another Kraut officer to the men who took him.

He turned out to be Maj. Gen. Anton Dunckern, police president of Metz and Gestapo commander for Alsace-Lorraine. He was the first big Gestapo man we've taken ranking close to Himmler and one of the prize catches of the war, according to Sgt. Saul Levitt, YANK staff correspondent.

Dunckern had been a key man in a key situation. He had been given the tough job of organizing the defense of Metz and from the very beginning, Dunckern never varied from SOP for Nazi police command-

ers in the movies. In fact, his system of organizing labor in the defence of Metz might have been lifted right out of a Hollywood script about the Gestapo.

Discarding all known methods for inducing men, Dunckern devised a new system for rallying Krauts to the colors that was simple as it was tricky.

What Dunckern did was to open the movies, closed for some time. Naturally, everybody flocked to them. Halfway through the show the lights went on. One of Dunckern's men stepped onto the stage, told all the men to sit on one side of the theatre, and the women on the other. Then the men were marched out to the huge Bayern barracks. It was the fastest induction on record.

JAP IS TOUGHER THAN YOU THINK

NEW YORK—The average Japanese soldier is an ignorant peasant & a bandy-legged runt of a weakling who is no match physically or mentally for an American soldier. That's what Americans and Canadians think who haven't had anything to do with Japanese soldiers.

Those who have fought them know better, reports YANK, the Army Weekly.

The Jap soldier has great strength & endurance. Jap patrols have been known to start out at midnight & make a point sixty miles away by next afternoon, marching steadily without a break.

In a recent report, the Office of War Information also scotched the commonly held belief that the average Jap is an illiterate dope: 99.6% of the total population can read or write—better than we can say & the average Jap soldier has had at least two years in high school, which is about average over here.

According to OWI, the Jap soldiers are just about our equals in fighting ability, endurance and all other departments except one. Their one fault is lack of individual initiative.

On the other hand, the Japs are hard fighters & dangerous because they place a low value on human life, particularly their own. They have two great incentives to risk their lives: (1) The belief, taught from infancy that their Emperor is divine and that the greatest glory of the Jap is to die for the Emperor and (2) the fear

encouraged by their officers, that if they surrender, they will be tortured and killed.

"THIS IS THE ARMY"

EARNS \$7,000,000

Washington (CNS)— Gen. George C. Marshall, chief of staff, U.S. Army, was presented with the 7,000,000th dollar bill raised through showing of the film "This Is The Army," by Harry M. Warner, president of Warner Brothers Pictures. Paid admissions total nearly 65,000,000.

ANOTHER LANGUAGE

NEW YORK—A GI who ordered abijub in a bar at Teheran, Iran, learned something about the Persian language the hard way.

The word for beer is abijo, Abijub means "sewer water"—and don't think he didn't get it.

The above anecdote is from the Yank's at Home Abroad page in the February 9th issue of YANK, the U. S. Army Weekly.

Worst Advice of the War

Stockholm (CNS) — According to Swedish sources, this advice ran recently in the Berlin papers: "Don't believe rumors. Rely on German war communiques."

Served Him Right

Muncie, Ind. (CNS)—Indignant when a cop threatened to arrest her as a jay-walker, a local lady flattened the officer with a blow from her umbrella. She's in the pokey now.

**HOPEFULLY . . . DEDICATED TO
126 SQUADRON**

1. My sons, hear the advice of my Great Grandfather and forsake not the laws of those who fly safely.

2. For the days of my life are legion, and I have instructed much youth of the land in the ways of the aeroplane in the airs.

3. Verily, men do foolish things thoughtlessly, knowing not why; but an aeroplane doeth nought without reason.

4. Let not thy familiarity with the plane breed contempt, lest thou become exceedingly careless at a time when great care is necessary to thy well being.

5. A wise pilot scenteth trouble afar off and avoideth a forced landing in waste spaces.

6. My sons, obey the laws and observe prudence. Spin not lower than 1500 cubics nor stunt above thine own domicile; for the hand of the Lord is heavy and reacheth far and wide throughout the land.

7. Incur not the wrath of those in authority by breaking their rules; for he who maketh the wrong circuit shall be cast into outer darkness, and whoso flyeth over football games shall be forever damned.

8. As a telephone operator who giveth the wrong number, so is he who extolleth his exploits in the air.

9. For I have watched him do his stuff from the ground. Lo, for an hour I have heard him talk of himself till he thinketh he is the best pilot ever.

10. He is like unto a woman who knoweth not how to say good-bye on the telephone and the truth is not in him.

11. Though he be as honest as the day in all else yet will he lie about his aerial adventures, his chest protrudeth and he makes other men weary.

12. He doth enlarge upon the dangers of his adventures, but in my sleeve shall be heard the tinkling of silvery laughter.

13. Let not thy prowess in the air persuade thee that others cannot do even as thyself; for he that showeth off in public places is an abomination unto his fellow pilots.

30
Commandments
for
Those who fly
and fly away
And live to fly
Another Day

14. More praiseworthy is he who can touch tailwheel and wheels on the ground together, when landing, than he who taxieth into another machine whilst watching a damsel who hath observed his prowess in the air.

15. Beware of the man who taketh off without looking behind him for there is no health in him. Verily I say unto you his days are numbered.

16. My son, another student pilot will come unto thee saying: Harketh not to the words of the Grandfather, i.e., the Adjutant, for he doth: list to me while I tell thee how thou should do and so.

17. But a little knowledge is of times of great danger and thou knowest full well that my teachings are founded on the great experience.

18. Clever men take the reproofs of their instructors in the same wise, one like unto the other with gesticulations, confessing their dumbness and regarding themselves with humour.

19. Yet they try again, profiting by his wise counsel, and taking offense at nought that is said. For whose hearkeneth unto his precepts shall fly safely and shall be quite free from fear of trouble.

20. A reproof entered more into a pilot of sense than one hundred compliments unto a fool.

21. Knoweth thou the pilot who criticiseth NOT another's flying? I say unto you that there is not one who cannot point out another's faults and advise him what he should do.

22. Better is a dancing partner with two left feet, than he who laggeth behind in a formation and keepeth not his appointed distance. For the leader breedeth wild thoughts.

23. As a wet dog who shaketh himself beside you, so also is a pilot who usurpeth thy rightful place when landing in a formation.

24. Though thy leader taketh thee over the city at low altitudes, having no regard for thy personal safety, yet will thou follow him closely, but on the ground wilt thou revile him after.

25. As a plate of soup that is cold, yea even as a kiss from one's sister so also is a flight without objective. It lacketh kick!

26. As a postage stamp that lacketh its glue, so are the words of caution unto a fool.

27. Beware that thou leave not the switches 'ON' when leaving the cockpit lest the mark of Cain be upon you.

28. My son, hearken unto the laws of prudence and forsake not my teachings for the reckless and disobedient shall not habit the earth for long.

29. Hear instructions and refuse it not: thus wilt thou fly safely: length of days and peace shall be added to thee.

30. My son, heed the advice of thy grandfather, do likewise even as he hath done; give thyself to the P.B.I. and it shall come to pass, thy fellow men shall consider thee not the best pilot but the oldest and wise among men.

EX-GERMAN NOW GI.

ENGLAND (CNS) — In May, 1943, S/ Sgt. Walter Cohn was forced to flee from Germany because he didn't see eye to eye with the Nazis.

Recently, as nose gunner of an Army Liberator, he returned to watch bombs drop on his home town of Gelsenkirchen. "It gave me a lot of satisfaction. I know the place like a book and knew exactly where the bombs should fall," he said.

NEWTOWN, Conn. (CNS) — The police have uncovered a new black market here — in bathtubs.

REMEMBER?

On the southern Russian front in the spring of 1944, the Nazis used hundreds of small children as sources of whole blood supply. The children were taken from their homes to hospitals and drained of their blood until they died.

A lot of auto wrecks result from the driver hugging the wrong curve.

**Japs Wire Booby Traps To
Bodies of Marines**

Peleliu Island (CNS) — The Japs wired grenades to the bodies of marines slain in action behind the lines here, so that medics attempting to recover them were mangled in the resulting explosion, according to a report by Maj. Henry Adams, of San Diego, Cal.

20/20

Lansing, Mich. (CNS) — A local resident, wed four weeks, asked the judge for a divorce. His complaint: "My eyeglasses were out of focus when I married her."

The SALUTING BASE

SECTOR SIGS. SR. NCO



F/S RICHARDSON

The Station Personalities reporter is a bit put to it to know just where to start in giving you the gen on chubby F/S A. D. Richardson, NCO i/c of Signals at Sector Ops. His airforce history is all inclusive from that of a member of an Auxiliary Squadron in peacetime to a three-year career overseas where he had all manner of interesting experiences. Then back to Canada where he assisted in the setting in motion of the operational Sector Signals organization which we have here, the first of its kind on this continent.

Suppose we start back in 1938 in Winnipeg. "Rich" joined the 112th Squadron. (You remember those days when no one thought that "there could possibly be a war"). Well, the second week in September, 1939, he found out that there was a war and he was in it. The squadron was placed on "Active" and training intensified. Subsequently the Squadron moved to Rockliffe two months later. Two more months of training and then just five years ago this (Feb.) month, as a member of the 110th (Toronto) Squadron, he was among the first Canadian airmen to set foot in besieged Britain. From then until April, 1943, when he was repatriated, he had a succession of experiences and thrills which only those who were in England "during her greatest hour" will ever know.

During most of Rich's overseas service he was with 416 Squadron with the late W/C Chadburn, D.S.O. and Bar, D.F.C. and Bar, as the first C/O of this top-notch outfit. In the Dieppe show alone they had a record of seven kills and 11 damaged, with no losses, no gun stoppages and no radio failures, which in itself tells volumes

By CPL. H. R. HOW, Repat Depot

Sgt. Jack Byrd, (above), one of the real veterans of Sector Operations at Dartmouth has left for Goose Bay along with Sgt. Ernie Hunt also an original of Dartmouth Sector. Byrd is from Grand Falls, Newfoundland and Hunt is a Montrealler. Both lads were very popular with their sector associates.

He Had To Come Down For Nails

Grand Falls, Mont. (CNS) — "Dinner's ready, dear," Mrs. Frank Rogers called to her husband, who was repairing the roof. Mr. Rogers responded rapidly. He fell through the roof and the ceiling, landing in his regular place at the dining room table.

for the efficiency of the maintenance staff and armourers. There were other occasions, though, when they didn't fare so well. One time when on escort duty with heavy bombers the strength of the unit when the show was over was seven.

F/S Richardson is married and has a young son. His wife is here at Dartmouth with him, living in one of the station houses, which suits him down to the

OFF TO GOOSE



ground. He has had ample opportunity during Blitz days to appreciate the security of a Canadian home.



In the popular imagination Labrador is supposed to be a cold and snowy spot. So is Newfoundland. But this is neither Goose Bay nor Gander. This wintry scene was photographed right out here at the Passage in the middle of last December, and the personnel are the male contingent of Sector Sigs shown out at the east side of the Sector Ops building. First in line with the stiff leg and operational hat is LAC Roydon (the Saint), St. John, while the rugged bareheaded type is Sgt. Al Delaney. The big grin belongs to LAC. Ernie Halton, followed by hooded Sgt. Red Donohee and Sgt. Sandy Brooks. Yep, we got some MEN out here at Sector Sigs. See!

It Just Isn't Done Old Boy

By CPL. H. R. HOW, Repat Depot
(From Crosswinds, R.C.A.F. Station,
Rockliffe)

England in wintertime is like Canada in November: bleak, with overcast skies, and damp cold that penetrates to the marrow.

It was like that when I spent my first 48 in York. After wandering about the walled city for an hour, all the while slowly freezing to death, I came to the conclusion that above all else, I wanted a comfortable seat in front of a fireplace. But I knew not a soul in York. However, I figured, girls have homes, and homes have fireplaces; so all I have to do is to meet a lass.

So I hied to the nearest dance hall. After some manoeuvring, finally I induced an unsuspecting damsel to allow me to escort her home. We stumbled and felt our way along the blacked-out streets. I wasn't at all sorry when she came to a halt.

"I must say goodnight," she said, I thought much too thankfully.

"Is this your home?" I inquired, visualizing just us two cuddled up cosily in front of the blazing fire.

"No," she said, "I live around the corner."

"Well, let me take you to the door," I insisted.

"Oh, no," she protested, "please don't."

"Isn't it customary to escort a lady to her home—at least to the doorstep?"

"No; it just isn't done." The little lady seemed definite on this point.

The vision of the fireplace all but vanished. But the old saying, "If at first you don't" . . . ran through my mind.

"Listen," I said, "I'll be in town tomorrow night. Let's take in a show."

"I'd love to," the lassie agreed.

"Then give me your address, and I'll call for you—at the house."

Of course, I had an ulterior motive. Once past the family portals, and comfortably ensconced in an easy chair in front of the fire, fifty Cleopatras wouldn't move me. I'd just soak in the heat, and thaw and thaw.

"If you don't mind," the girl said sweetly, "let's meet in front of the DeGray Rooms. You know, that dance hall where we met tonight."

I was dumbfounded. This seemingly nice creature apparently was determined to see me slowly freeze to death.

"But why not let me call for you?" I protested in desperation. "Are you ashamed to present me to your people?"

"No, no, it's not that," she assured me. "It's, it's just that such things aren't done in England. That is, unless . . ."

"Okay," I interrupted her, "I'll meet you at the De Gray Rooms."

As I stumbled along in the blackout, my

teeth chattered noisily. I noticed a chink of light in a shop window, so I thrust aside the blackouts, and found myself in a chip shop. The place was crowded, so I leaned against the counter. Next to me stood a nice looking bloke.

"Strange customs over here," I said, by way of starting a conversation.

"Oh . . ."

So I told him of my being out-maneuvred and left out in the cold.

"You say that you actually wanted to call at the girl's home?" the bloke asked, his tone incredulous.

"Yes."

"Are you in love with the lady?"

"No; just with a fireplace."

"Listen, Canada," he said, "you don't know what a close call you've had. Over here, once a bloke enters a girl's home, he's what you say in America 'hooked. Her family considers that you're courting. And when you've reached that stage, there's only one way out of marrying the young lady—death. In ten years I've been in but one girl's home. That was, let me see, six years ago. True, I'm still living, but even yet, often at night I can't sleep for thinking that sooner or later I'm going to get a summons for breach of promise."

"H'm," I said.

"My dear fellow," said my new friend,

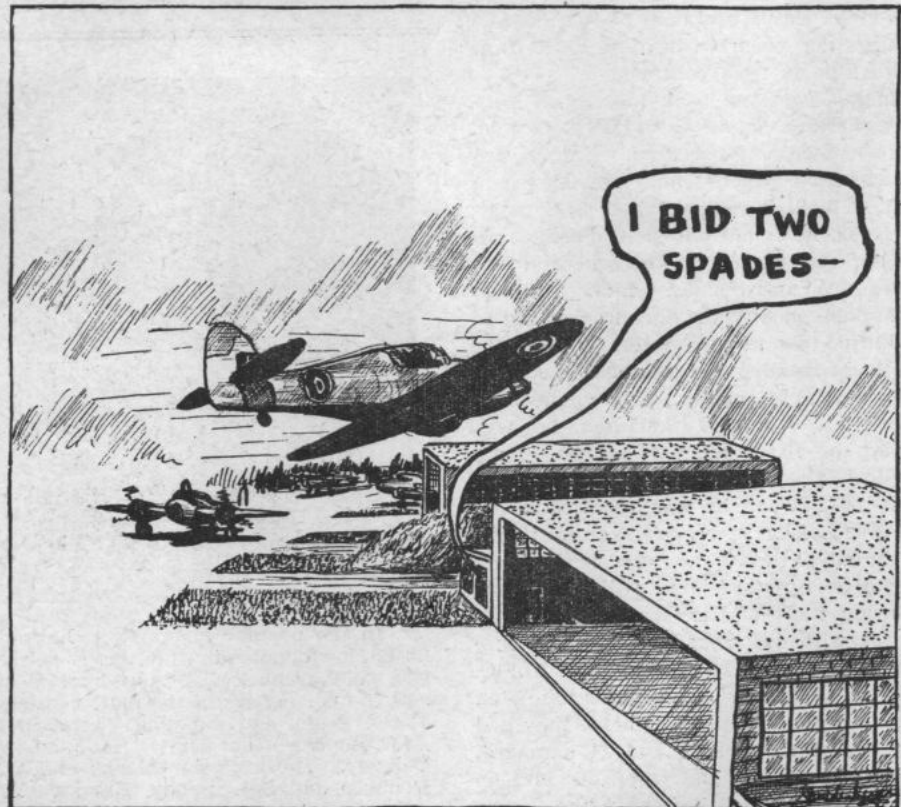


"you look positively pale. Do have another four penny worth of chips. Very warming, they are, and good for the nerves—more so than is a fireplace!"

Montreal (CNS)—Mrs. Jean MacLaren, a grandmother, received a letter from her NMRA board the other day, ordering her to report for duty. Mrs. MacLaren, who has two sons in the service, discovered that the board had mistaken her name for that of a male.

126 HANGAR FOR SURE

by Mildenerger



So You Want To Be a Farmer?

By Ruth Marvin

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THE AUTHOR

Born in Alberta, Ruth Marvin lives in Quebec. Formerly a newspaper woman in New York and Halifax, she is the author of several pamphlets and of network broadcasts on agriculture.

The pictures of starving people from every country our armies have liberated are enough to give men who know how to grow things (and to some who don't) the itch to bet back to Canada and do something about it. It's obvious that our first job is to end the regimes that imposed this misery. The sooner that's done, the better for all. But in off moments, we can't help wondering about our chances after the war, of making not only a living—important as that is—but of enjoying useful lives. And for a good many of us, a life on the land will be considered alongside the other possibilities—each kind of life being weighed on its merits, on the basis of all the facts we can gather.

In the case of life on the land, the possibilities are complicated on paper, but simplified in fact, by a special federal law called the Veterans' Land Act, 1942. This isn't an article to "sell" the scheme. But you're foolish if you discard farming as a possible career or sideline without finding out all you can about these provisions. Let's have a look at them.

Ground-work

The Veterans' Land Act was passed by Parliament two years ago. Not many ex-servicemen have got help under the Act to date. A lot of ground-work has to be done before men can be helped to buy farms that are good enough to meet the high standards set. Necessary surveys, purchases of farms, of equipment and materials, and the setting-up of about thirty-five regional offices across the country are going ahead. This work is being done by a group of people under the Director, Veterans' Land Act, Ottawa. This officer has served Canada in work of this kind for the greater part of his life, and is now employed in the new department of Veterans' Affairs. All the male workers in this Department are themselves veterans. There will be room for scores more to serve their fellow-veterans—the jobs are being held so that those now serving in the forces will have a chance at them. At the same time a good deal of preliminary work has had to be done—and has been done—so that those who are able and willing to buy their own farms immediately after discharge need not wait

for administrative staffs to be found and basic information to be collected.

For Whom the Bill . . .

First: it must be evident that farming is not a knack to be picked up in a summer's holiday—it's a bundle of skills—in biology, in management, in mechanics,—indeed it involves almost every craft from weather forecasting to book-keeping, plus plenty of "exercise and fresh air."

Second: like most other jobs, farming has during the war become more and more efficient, which means that fewer farmers have produced more food. Actually in Canada at war about three-quarters of the number of pre-war able-bodied farmers have grown nearly one and a half times the usual pre-war amount of produce. The product per farmer in many places has doubled. Of course no one expects either the people or the soil to be able to keep the war-time pace indefinitely. But neither can we take it for granted that we shall go back to pre-war levels of efficiency or of reward for farmers.

What does this mean? It means that more care than ever before will have to be taken to see that those who operate farms have the experience and training which modern farming requires. To encourage all comers to take up land would be no kindness to the untrained farmers, nor to the men of the future who must work the same soil.

The Veterans' Land Act helps two kinds of servicemen:

- (1) Those who are able and willing to undertake full-time farming:
- (2) Those who, by reason of training or physical condition, will want to operate on a small piece of land as a sideline. A job in a nearby factory, office, or workshop, or in lumbering, fishing or some other kind of employment will provide most of their income.

The applicant must be a veteran with overseas service or at least twelve months' service in Canada. If he is a disabled pensioner his case will be considered regardless of where or how long he served. He has to have an honourable discharge.

Full-time Farming

A man from 25 to 45 years of age, with two or three years of experience in laying out his own farm work, will have a good chance for assistance in buying a farm or lowering the debt on one he already owns. Naturally, he will be encouraged to go in for the type of agriculture he knows best, whether wheat-farming, dairy-farming, stock-raising or fruit-growing. And his chances are considered better in a region he already knows, and where roads, schools and markets are already developed.

The man brought up on a farm, but who joined up before he was old enough to take over most of the responsibility of management will be encouraged by the Administration to work with his father, or a selected, successful farmer in his neighborhood, before starting out on his own. If you were in your teens when you left a farm to join up, three or four years ago, you'll probably agree that you're a bit rusty. Farming itself has changed some of its methods and markets during the war.

Incidentally, working with a successful farmer a veteran should be able to save up a bit of cash, have a better look at the soils and products—and the gal—he wants to work with, all of which will help make his first few years on his own a little easier.

When he's deciding what kind of farm he wants and where, he may feel the need of a little intensive study (which he may not get time for once he's on his own place). The Veterans' Affairs Department will assist a young farmer to take short courses in one of the provincial agricultural colleges.

There are other reasons, too, why the veteran farmer need not rush out right away to buy a farm under the Veterans' Land Act. Livestock and seed prices may reasonably be expected to go down a bit after the restocking of Europe's farms has got underway. This only means that the cash he has saved and the money he can borrow under the Act will buy more. Another reason to avoid too great a hurry is this: if the land and operations he undertakes don't pan out well, he can't spend his and the public's money twice. By taking a little time and care, the soldier-farmer can get plenty of advice about soils, stocks, and equipment. There is no time-limit, and he can have several years after his discharge from the service, before he settles down on his farm. No veteran wants to buy a pig-in-a-poke.

Farming as a Side-Line

The veteran whose training and inclinations are for a job indoors, but who has a hankering for an acre or two on the

edge of town, where he could bring up his family, is also looked after in this scheme.

In general, he gets the same kind of help as the man who wants to buy a whole farm. But first he has to have a job which he intends to keep indefinitely, in the town of his choice. A disability pension would count like a job, a steady source of income.

How Big is a Small Holding?

Since the Veterans' Land Administration is anxious to see that the part-time farmer has the best chance to do well, they will not encourage him to take a bigger place than he can handle in his spare time, nor a smaller one than he can get a decent return from. Most of these spare-time properties will be between one and five acres in size.

It would be a disadvantage to the part-time farmer to get a place where the taxes were much more than \$60 a year, because the land would have to be very intensively worked to make it pay its way—and intensive cultivation is a full-time job. This rules out a lot of the workable property on the edges of the largest Canadian cities.

Like his full-time farmer friend, the spare-time food-grower can get plenty of help from the regional offices of the Administration as to choice sites and good ways to develop them.

Before settling down, on his small suburban holding, a man may want to brush up on his main job—electrical work, or whatever it may be. He can obtain grants to take refresher training in his work, without sacrificing at all his eligibility for a loan to buy a bit of land.

When starting out on a small holding, the ex-serviceman will not be encouraged to put all his money into some speciality (like bee-keeping, for instance), unless he can show that he knows the business. In time, however, if the speciality prospers, the man may be permitted to develop it.

For Fishermen

Assistance in buying a small holding will also be given to the veteran who in civilian life was a commercial fisherman.

Summing up, the experienced and healthy farmer, the commercial fisherman, or the man with a steady indoors job, can benefit by this Act—making agriculture his full-time or spare-time job. Now let's see how he can help himself.

THE GOOD EARTH

After World War 1 there was neither time enough nor experts enough to make extensive soil surveys, which should have been prepared before veterans were put on the land. In the early twenties some soldiers got good soil, and some got bad. But since 1920 a great deal of Canada's potential farm land has been analyzed. Every acre of land that the Government

is buying for veterans of World War 11 is being examined by experts. Public funds are not going into unpromising property.

One of the first things the Veterans' Land Administration did in 1942 was to enlist the aid of agricultural scientists who know the fertile acres in their own regions. Inspectors were sent to the colleges for refresher courses on soils, and provided with the latest facts on soil evaluation. These inspectors have since appraised over 6,000 properties. They are equipped with soil maps and guides. They also check on the conditions of roads, schools, and marketing facilities in each area.

Going Concerns

Where is the land being looked for by the Administration? This is not a colonization scheme—not a scheme to send pioneers into virgin territory. We have been in the habit of thinking that there are vast untouched areas in Canada that would make rich farms. Maybe. At any rate the Administration does not intend to plant the veteran in bush land, and leave him as a intrepid pioneer entirely on his own hook. V.L.A. is meant to establish sturdy veterans in good communities where their families can enjoy all that life in rural Canada has to offer.

Are the prices being paid for this land too high? It is true that the value of farm land rose rapidly during World War 1 and then was nearly halved by 1939. But during this war, for various reasons, the value of farm land has only gone up a few dollars an acre, on the average. And to offset this general rise, remember that the Administration can buy more easily because it is offering cash, which a private buyer often cannot do. For many months the V.L.A. has been buying farms and small holdings, as a reserve from which veterans may choose after demobilization. No one is limited to the properties held by the Administration, though. You can pick your own place, and then submit the proposal to the Department of Veterans' Affairs for approval of the loan.

Recently one large property of twenty-two quarter sections in Alberta was bought from an owner who wanted to wind up his affairs. This land will be divided into substantial farm properties for veterans. Purchases are being made in all provinces, of farms typical of their district. They are not remote places, but close to outlets. They are bought at what successful farms—many of them veterans—consider fair prices.

When we recall that there are some 75,000 farmers in Canada over sixty years old, with no sons to take over from them, we can see that there will be room for lots of veterans who want to farm. The older farmer has been working hard for long hours; war prices have permitted him to pay most of his old debts. A cash

offer for his farm may make retirement look pretty good to him, in the next few years.

New Areas?

What about the new areas—the Peace River Valley, or even farther afield? Don't forget the settlement in the Peace region has been going on for thirty years, and the best lands are already taken. Of about 74 million acres drained by the Peace, not more than a tenth of the land is thought to be arable. And only a very small fraction of that has been cleared and improved. As we said, this scheme is not meant to turn soldiers into pioneers. In many of the units of the Canadian forces there are men well able to describe at first hand what life in these areas is like. Of course, research will in time develop stocks well adapted to shorter seasons. Roads and schools and other services will be provided. Many a veteran and his wife may want to share in that development. The Administration is concerned chiefly that the man knows what he needs to know about his prospects—and that he can make a go of it.

FIGURE IT OUT

Okay. So the V.L.A. is for farmers, who'll get a chance to buy good farms, and it's also good for fishermen, or workers, who'll be able to buy smaller properties they can make something of in their spare time. They can get lots of good advice. Everybody knows it will take more than good men, good land, and good advice to make the farms work. It will take money. Let's get down to cases.

If the next few paragraphs look as they were cribbed from the High School Arithmetic Book, there's a reason. It's no fun for a man to find out what he might have done (if he'd only known!) when he was twenty-five. If he wants to farm, or to be a fisherman, or just to have a little place on the edge of town, it's worth an hour of his time to figure out the best way to go about it. He's going to spend plenty of time later on doing just that, no matter where he lands. The time to do the reckonig is before, not after.

The full-time farmer can get help to buy land and buildings worth \$4,800. He can get equipment and livestock worth \$1,200. Many a man has started farming on a fraction of this \$6,000 total. What does he have to do?

- (1) He has to make application, giving details of his pre-war experience and military service, as required by the regional office of the Administration. He should do this as soon as he is ready to settle down for keeps. If he has picked out the property he wants, he should tell the Regional Supervisor the details. If he doesn't know of a particular farm he wants, the Supervisor will show him what is

available. He should be in no great hurry to make his choice—look around first.

- (2) He has to make a down payment of 10% of the value of the property of his choice, if it's worth less than \$4,800. If he can't put his hands on enough cash, he should explain what he wants to the Regional Supervisor in any case, so that the Supervisor can look for a more suitable place, or a way to help the man save.
- (3) He will be required to pay back two-thirds of the value of the land and buildings, over a period of 25 years, with interest at 3½%. The maximum payment (supposing the land and buildings cost exactly \$4,800) would be about \$195 a year for 25 years.
- (4) Remember that the veteran paid one-tenth of the value to the Administration of land and buildings as a down-payment and over the next twenty-five years (or less, if he wishes to make bigger annual re-payments) the veteran pays 2/3 of the value of the land and buildings. Who pays the rest? Well, providing the farmer keeps up his early payments for the first ten years, the Dominion of Canada absorbs the rest. It works out a quarter of the property free—worth working for!
- (5) He gets the use of up to \$1,200 worth of livestock and machinery. If he keeps up his payments on the land and buildings for ten years, the Administration then makes him a gift of this equipment and stock. This is even better than it looks, for the machinery that costs the government \$1,000 would cost the individual almost \$1,100.

It will be easier to see how this works out in a real case. This is taken from the records of the Administration—it happened like this:

- (1) This man made application to V.L.A. stating that he had two years active service, and had spent all his life before that on a farm in Alberta. Naturally he wants to return to the same district. The Administration was able to offer him a 160 acres farm nearby. It is less than five miles from town, and has a good house and good water supply. The other buildings are in fair condition. The Administration had previously bought the farm for \$3,000.
- (2) The veteran paid \$300 (10% of land and buildings) to V.L.A.
- (3) Two-thirds of the value is \$2,000 and this he is paying off with 3½% interest over 25 years. It works out at \$121.34 a year or about \$10 a month. He also pays the taxes, which are about \$60 a year.

- (4) We have now accounted for \$300 plus \$2,000 of the original \$3,000. If he keeps up his re-payments to V.L.A. for ten years, the federal government will absorb the difference:

Value — (Down-payment + annual payments) = Conditional Grant.
 $\$3,000 - (\$300 + \$2,000) = \$700.$

This doesn't mean the veteran makes no more payments after the tenth year—but it does mean he has established his family and earned his grant—that is \$700.

- (5) This farmer had undertaken before the war to buy quite a bit of machinery jointly with his brother. (Had he been starting from scratch and needed it, he could have been provided with machinery costing V.L.A. \$1,200—that's about \$1,300 worth to a private buyer. Assuming he kept his payments up for ten years, that machinery and equipment also would be his for keeps. When he had proved he knew how to use it, he would win \$2,000 worth of land and equipment free).

The man who has a non-farming job and wants a small holding takes the same steps. In making his application he should provide details about his regular job—and mention his experience in farm-

ing, if he has any. Normally he would not be provided with \$1,200 worth of equipment, because he could hardly keep it busy in part-time farming, and for a few years yet there may not be enough farm machinery for all the people, here and abroad, who can use it full time.

The commercial fisherman who applies for a small place will show in his application what experience he has in successful fishing operations, in addition to the information given by other applicants. Two veterans who are fishermen will be allowed, if they like, to pool their grants for equipment—boat and tackle. They can get up to \$1,200 each or \$2,400 total, which is a fair start, combined with their skill and experience.

EXIT BAILIFF

Now up steps a man who already has a farm, or expects after he gets home to inherit one. If he owns it outright, he's in clover. Perhaps he still owes money on it, or needs more buildings and machinery to run it properly. He should show the details in his application to the Administration. The V.L.A. is prepared to lend 60% of the value of his land and buildings to pay off a mortgage, to make permanent improvements or to buy stock and equipment—but in no case more than \$4,400. Interest will be charged at 3½% and the



"Sometimes I wish they wouldn't plan these things on such a large scale!"

loan repaid over 25 years or less, as in the other types of loan.

He may be advanced up to 50% of the value of his land for live stock and equipment only, but not more than \$2,500. And the total of the mortgage loan and the equipment loans is still limited to 60% of the approved value of his place. A specific case will illustrate:

The veteran owns land worth \$7,000. He can then borrow from V.L.A. up to 60% of 7,000, or \$4,200. He wants \$2,000 to pay off a mortgage, on which he has been paying 5%. He has \$4,200—2,000=\$2,200 left for equipment. This \$2,200 is less than half the value of his land, and less than the limit of \$2,500, so he's all right. He gets a tractor and a oneway through the Administration, and they cost him \$1,300. He has now paid off a mortgage—\$2,200; bought machinery—\$1,300; total \$3,300. If the V.L.A. Supervisor considers that he is still handicapped for want of outbuildings or other fixed improvements, he may borrow the difference (between his \$3,300 total to date and the 4,200 limit on his place) to build what he needs.

Obviously, there are endless combinations of loans for equipment, buildings, livestock and paying of debts. Each man should place his own case squarely before the Regional Supervisor and Advisory Committee. They are equipped to help him judge his best course of action under this Act.

Maybe a veteran will say at this point that it looks like the same old story—meaning the Soldiers' Settlement Act after the last war. That scheme is known to have been far from completely successful. But it doesn't follow that all such schemes should be damned. Here are some of the improvements in the model new model, compared with the Great War Act:

(SEE TABLE)

This adds up to one thing—the veteran of World War II can get a better farm for his money—and has a lot better chance to keep it.

Whew! So much for the arithmetic...

After he's got advice, good land, equipment and live stock, what? That is up to the individual. He'll know enough about farming by the time he's settled down (if he doesn't already,) to take a sober view of his prospects. Life isn't going to be any bowl of cherries, much of the time. However, the veteran is getting a better-than-average start.

He'll want to keep up-to-date on methods and improvements. Here the producers' co-operative societies, agricultural extension courses, provincial agricultural representatives, Women's Institutes, farmers' papers and radio programs, and not least his fellow veterans and the local representative of V.L.A. can help him and his wife in a hundred ways.

One of the reasons why farmers must

SOLDIERS' SETTLEMENT ACT (1919)		VETERAN'S LAND ACT (1942)
Average Price of Farm Land per Acre:	\$25.00	\$25.00
Type of land:	Often bought without adequate inspection at a time when farm land in Canada was at an all-time peak price (see graph). For use as farms only.	Bought only after most careful inspection by experts, in a normal land market, and at prevailing market prices. For farms or small holdings.
Maximum Amount of Transaction	\$5,000 for land 1,000 for buildings 2,000 for stock and equipment \$8,000	\$4,800 for land and buildings 1,200 for stock and equipment \$6,000
Down Payment:	\$ 500	\$ 480
Possible Grants	Nil	\$1,600 (1-3 cost of land and buildings absorbed by Crown if veteran does his part) 1,200 cost of equipment granted by Crown on same terms as above)
Maximum Normally to be paid by Veteran:	\$7,500	\$2,720
Interest Rate:	5%	3½%
Maximum Possible Annual Payment:	\$ 525 (about \$44 a month) plus taxes and fire insurance.	\$ 195 (about \$16 a month) plus taxes and fire insurance

keep a sharp lookout on the world around them is because they have to make shrewd guesses, a long time in advance, as to the demand for the various products they can grow. During the war, for instance, the acreage sown in wheat rose sharply in 1940 was low in 1943 and this year is up again. Even more remarkable is the increase in production of high energy foods: milk and milk products have mounted in quantity, beef and egg production have greatly increased. Industry is learning to use more local materials—like wheat for rubber. The need to feed the liberated countries from now on is likely to cause just as great changes in the first few years after the war.

STEADIER MARKETS

If we get a National Health Plan—we already have the National Fitness Act—we may expect that people everywhere in Canada will be more aware of the importance of eating good food. We are apt to think of Canadians as well fed people. There is good reason, however, to believe that nearly a third of our people have always been undernourished, even at the best of times. There should be lots of demand for farm products after the war.

To offset price variation that used to

work hardship on many farmers, the federal government has approved a plan for floor prices—that is, the farmer will have a pretty good idea every spring just how much cash his various crops will pay him when harvested and sold.

LOOK BEFORE YOU . . .

If the veteran can get a good farm, some equipment, lots of help, and a cash income for his labours, what else does he want? Plenty. He wants to enjoy the best in intertainment, he wants his family better educated, he wants to get better medical attention, labour-saving machines for his wife. And especially the veteran who feel need for get-togethers, dances, concerts, comradeship with his neighbours. There are already thousands of new communities of farmers, bought together by radio and by the need to plan war crops—where before the war there were only isolated individuals.

Once the victory of arms is gained, a lot of us will be sorely tempted to get into the fight for food, health, education and better government—and to make things happen. The great thing is to get in where we will be most effective. Whether you're for farming or not, for heaven's sake take a deep breath: reconnoitre before you leap.



—from The Barksdale Bank

DUTY BOAT 2330

By LAW SYLVIA SINGER

(With apologies to the Halifax
H & M "Ferry Tales")

Oh yes, I know all about the good old duty boat—at least as much as I need to. Not who built it, or how many knots it can do, or how well the marine laddies handled it, but what goes on board, especially on the 2330 run from Halifax.

Take the other night for example. At 2025 I come tearing down to the waterfront, across the railroad tracks and along the icy road. Clambering down the slippery steps I discover that the boat is really making like it would appear to were I slightly squiffy. Not so being (at least that night) I boarded her without serious mishap. Of course I almost fell on my face, but a miss is as good as a mile.

Reaching for my cigarettes, I discover a "No Smoking" sign directly under one warning us not to put our feet on the seats. Putting them back with a resigned expression I stumble over a leg outstretched between its owner on one seat and its boot on another. "D----!"

Finally settled, I wait for it to start. Enter two airmen, both slightly under the affluence of . . .

"You know," one whispers confidentially, "I'm a zomble, a zombie in blue. They will never send me overseas. That's why I vote for Mackenzie King."

He stretched out his hand and tried to grasp mine. "Come on, pal, join the Liberal party, Mackenzie King's army."

Just then the pride of the Marine section rose on a wave and dropped just as suddenly. Our friend was jerked to his feet. Finding himself there, he climbed onto a seat.

"Y'know," he began again. His pal pulled him down.

"But I gotta tell these guys how to ----"

"Aw, shut up."

From the far corner—"You Are My Sunshine"—filled the cabin with a distant disharmony.

"And so she says—" from a third corner. And so forth.

Mackenzie King tries unsuccessfully to appropriate my seat. His friend sleeps, snoring.

"You Are My Sunshine" dies out, tries to become "Oh You Beautiful Doll" and gies up the ghost. Two WD's giggle softly to themselves.

Bump, jounce, jar. Up and down. Hard a' Starboard. Half ahead. Full astern and a final bump. Dartmouth Seaplane Base. I rise, fight my way to the stern. One moment the float towers away above me, the next it is lost in the depths below. I seize the exact moment. I step across the cold gray water and stagger up the gangplank, thinking longingly of the time I was airsick in an innocent Ganderberry. The Navy may be doing a wonderful job, but me, I'll take the good old Air Force.

Rhineland, Wis. — Lt. Donald Karr, home from the ETO, burst into his parents' bedroom and yelled "Surprise!" Awakened by this outburst were a couple of strangers who had rented Karr's parents' house a week before.—(CNS.)

GENEROUS COVE

France. — A Yank crawled into a shaft and hollered, "Anyone down there?" After a few seconds a guttural voice answered "Nein."

"Nine, hey?" the Yank retorted, winging a grenade into the blackness below. "Then share this among you." —(C.N.S.)

No Trouble Around Here

Chicago (CNS) — Chicago's birth rate fell to 16 per cent per 1,000 persons during the first half of 1944. The decline was attributed to the absence of husbands in the armed services and the increase of women workers in war plants.

A Friend In Need

Evanston, Ill. (CNS) — A housewife ran to answer the doorbell. En route, she tripped and fell through a glass-topped table. Fortunately for her, the doorbell ringer was selling accident insurance. She bought some.

Like Some WD's We Know

Dallas, Tex. (CNS) — A sneak thief snatched the purse of Miss Pauline Grif-fith, as she was leaving her office. She chased him down the hall, felled him with a flying tackle, recovered her purse and threw him down a flight of stairs.





DOING THE STATION ROUNDS WITH THE EDITOR

Getting round 'n about we see S/L Rowe W & B Officer is back on the job after a long session in station hospital. F/L C. M. Smith (Radar 145) is back home in Toronto on obtaining his discharge. F/L Howie Salter ex-Queens U grad, is the new Engineer Officer Asst to W/C Gus Young —replacing F/L Fleming, recently posted. F/L Bill Peters technician at 16 RU last summer has returned & with his posting back here F/O Glen Frith goes to a Labrador station which it is said is within handshaking distance of the North Pole. We welcome back Bill & feel sorry for Glen.

In case you wonder why the station was devoid of cheering amber brew on Tuesday, 23 Jan., it was because the

freight handlers in the Halifax yards refused to work at unloading the cars that morning. They didn't have any rubbers!

F/O Fes Fairley formerly with 11 BR spent a January week-end on the station visiting old pals. F/O's Jake Broad & Doc Price of 126 have left for a 6-week Admn. course . . . at Toronto! It's really tough on the lads since both call the Queen City "home". F/O Bill McDermind who was an Instructor when the Hurricane OTU was at Greenwood, has joined 126 Fighters here. He has extensive overseas experience. F/O Pat Packard was in the seventh-heaven with a posting back overseas. He is now on embarkation leave at his Montreal Home. The personnel Counselors department have moved from the old Admin. Bldg. to the former Officers Mess LPB & Accounts has moved to the old Admin. Bldg.

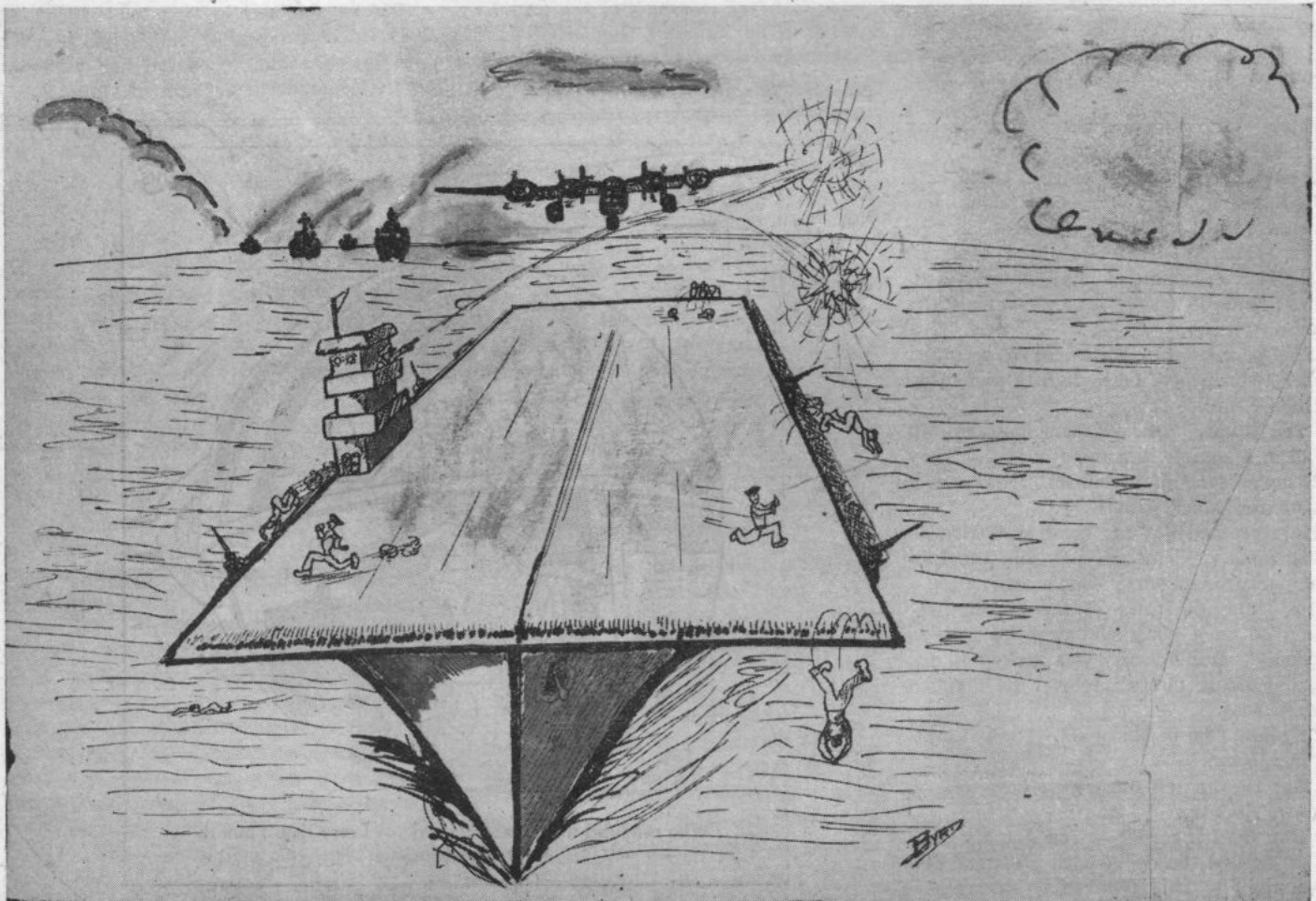
An Airwoman stood at the Pearly Gate,
And her face was scarred and old.
She stood before the man of fate
For admission to the fold.

"And what have you done?" St. Peter said
To gain admission here.
"I've been a "W.D" she said for many
and many a year."

The Pearly Gates swung open wide
When Peter touched the bell.
"Come in", He said, "and choose your
harp"
You've had your share of Hell.
Anonymous.

STATION NEWS—11 BR Pays friendly call on Baby Flat-Top

By J. Byrd.



Sector Wackies Wintering Well

HUTCH'S HUTCH, N.S., Jan. '45 (Special to Thumbs Up for all old Secaor folks) — With transportation, food, 48's, dates, the vagaries of 126 pilots and the weather still the same old problems, country life at Sexy Ops goes on in much the same tenor as before you left. A few improvements noted here and there, principally in the Black-Jack technique of some of the characters and in the dish-washing ability of the replacements we have for the discharged WD's. (They're just new yet and anxious to make an impression).

Weather, of course, is always a moot point at Sector whether it be using same as ops information, or riding in it for an hour or so a day in the firm's Fresh Air Taxi. . . . (Chev-Stake '40). The asthmatic miles of Smitty, Gil and Jim have been added to lately through the change in the entrance roads into the land plane base and the completion of the fencing of the station. The old road across the end of the runway is closed as is also the one from the highway past the Rec hall. The new gate is now opposite the Sea Plane entry, making a direct crossing from one base to the other. There is, of course, two barriers, one for each base entrance with the Dartmouth-Eastern Passage highway traffic whizzing between. On days when the hill from the LPB is icy (which is almost always these mornings) our aforementioned trio of truck jockeys have to be good pray-ers as well as drivers. With no casualties making the green sheets as yet it must be assumed that their supplications have reached the right ear.

Merrily We Roll Along

The pie-wagon seems to be a goner for sure, having been missing for some months now. Old Battling Jenny, which does all our transport jobs, had hoof and mouth disease an was in Pogeys for a spell. Since coming back it has developed a carburetor wheeze and snort which now more than ever identifies it as THE Sector Truck. (As if that irrepressible gang aboard didn't do that already, sez you). High hopes are held that before the Russians get into Berlin and spoil the show that the closed-in VHF truck as promised, will get over its inventory trouble and go into service on the Hutch's Hutch run.

The food difficulties have been finally handed to S/O Mary Priest as o/c Rations (which has the same effect as giving her a hotfoot), for as yet, (a) no sink in kitchen; (b) no ice box or food storage facilities, (c) the little two-burner electric plate has been giving notice of late that it is getting tired of it all, and finally (d) the tin cans in which the ready-cooked meals

from the mess arrive in are becoming frayed at the sides and peeling like a sun-burned boy. It is to be hoped that TABT shots include an antiode for tomaine. Add to the Commissariat's difficulties, the ravenous appetites of Sector night shifts and Lady Priest faces a crisis one of these dull days of major proportions. Maggie (I'm hungry) Phillips on a diet, is the only ray of sunshine for Kitchen Mary.

The controller's staff is down to the bare minimum to the moment with the departure to Civvy Street of Flying Officers Ken Norman and Jack Harrop. Ken left for St. Thomas just before Christmas and Jack Harrop to Toronto early in January. It is now F/L Bill Budd, the well-earned second ring arriivng with the New Year's list.

Many New Sector Gals

There have been great changes in the WD personnel with many new girls arriving to replace those who have obtained discharges. Add to your list of those obtaining discharges among Sector Ops WD's (last month's Thumbs Up) that of Gwen Smith, who left shortly after the New Year. Seven newcomers are now here from Gander, three from Torbay, five from EAC, two from WAC. The Ganderized are Iona Carswell, Phil Collins, Ruth Dixon, Audrey MacEwan, Ruth Biggs, Kay Kildea and Pauline Cunningham. The latter got an especial welcome from the basketball team as she is a cager of ability.

The Bay-Bye Geeruls are Jean Howard, Dot Le Moll and Jean MacLean. Jean is a previous Dartmouthite before going to Newfie. The EAC contingent includes Jean Johnson, Pauline Cheknita, Helen MacDonald and Sylvia Singer, while Westerners (who don't like it here as well as at Pat Bay and we can't say we blame them . . . climatically) are June Lewis and Chris MacPhail. All the replacement WD's we might say uphold the well-known Operations reputation for feminine pulchritude. Old Sector still has very much the girls' boarding-school atmosphere . . . especially on the night shifts.

Those Wedding Bells Will Ring Again

Sector Signals' personnel is pretty much the same with the exception of Harry Vogan, whose return to civil life via the discharge route should have been noted before, since he left us early in December. Sorry to be late with this news as Harry was one of the most obliging and popular of our DSO's. There are a few of Cupid's doings to report! LAW Marney Brealy (Regina) is wearing a nice new sparkler on the third and correct left-hand finger since the Christmas holidays. The groom-to-be is an Army lieutenant invalidated back from overseas where he was very seriously wounded some time ago. After a long session in Toronto's Christie Street Hospital he is now happily well again. Plans for

the wedding are not set yet. Bill Black (Sarge) and Kay Prince, both of the Sector Signals organization, are now "officially" engaged although everyone has been accepting the fact for months now. All good wishes for their future happiness to these sector young people.

Skating parties on the nearby Dartmouth Lakes have been enjoyed by many Sector folks and their friends. Sergeants Doug Sherk and Jack Byrd discovered an ideal spot out near the Receiver and like all news at Sector, it spread quickly.

F/S Bill Bates and MT Driver Jim Cox are Sector representatives on the HQ entry in the Inter-Squadron Hockey League and they and the team are showing a winning brand of the winter pastime. To date HQ are giving the Marine Squadron (league leaders) a hot race for the honors and by the time playoff time rolls around the Carl Ripley-coached boys will be the team to beat, according to observers.

—An effort was made to equip the WD personnel with ski-suits (as with girl MT drivers throughout the Service) to better withstand the rigors of an East Coast winter ride in the open platform of "Battling Jenny," but you probably guessed it . . . someone from the warm confines of a snug Ottawa office vetoed the idea. We never could understand why such matters couldn't safely left with the station Commanding Officer and his staff, who are right on the spot and know conditions and requirements to combat them.

Sector Signals were the winners of the WD Station Basketball League, beating out Sector Ops and HQ girls. Competition was keen but Betty Hallman and Co. were unbeatable. Betty, who is undoubtedly the station's number one female athlete, had a long session in the Hospital but is better again and back after enjoying a spot of leave at her home in Galt, Ont.

We've Felt Like It—Often

Washington (CNS) — Irked when a waiter persistently ignored his order, a customer in a local restaurant knocked the waiter down, dragged him into the kitchen and dipped his head into a pot of noodle soup.

REMEMBER?

On May 14, 1940, the German Luftwaffe systematically destroyed the Dutch city of Rotterdam. On that same day, Robert Ley, leader of the Nazi Labor Front, broadcast to the world that it was Hitler's "irrevocable mission" to bring happiness to the world as he had brought happiness to Germany.

JOTTINGS FROM THE LOG OF 145 SQDN.

Notes from 145 for this month contain a bit of everything including the necessity of reporting one of the most regrettable accidents in the history of the Squadron wherein four well known members of the unit lost their lives. Deepest sympathy is extended to the families of F/O J. M. Smith, F/O R. E. O'Connell, and Sgts J.M. Northgrave and J. M. MacColman the victims, when their aircraft crashed into the sea while on convoy duty. F/O Smith's crew were the only all-married crew in the squadron and at least two of the members have recently been new fathers, which makes the incident the more sad. Smitty was a former Equipment Officer and had attained the rank of S/L before remustering to aircrew and will be remembered by many who were stationed at No. 1 Wireless School, Montreal, or at RCAF station Trenton where he was in the Equipment sections.

Sports note comes from Matchmaker Jack Murray that he negotiating with F/O Don Campbell, (Nav'or of F/L Marriott's crew) for the services of his up and coming 4-year old son Cyril to step in the ring with the Paper-Weight Champ. 26-year old F/O Harry Simmons (42½) who has held the title for some months now. It is freely predicted in fight circles that young Cyril, who has grown to 40 pounds of fighting man, will take the duke should the match come off. The demand for ducats should make Murray's promotion a profitable one.

Getting around and about we have pleasure in announcing the arrival of Rebecca Anne at the London Ont. home of S/L Elmer McCleod last Dec. 6. (Trust Thumbs Up to be the first with the news) We sympathize with F/O Blackie Campbell on his posting to EACHQ. Blackie replaces a WD Officer who was posted overseas. "He Serves—that women may go overseas." The peaceful air of the Officers Mess LPB these days undoubtedly comes through the fact that F/O Gordie Kaye is not with us any more (darn it). He left for Greenwood this last month. Bill Bredt is leading a very quiet love-life these days which will undoubtedly be read with interest by one of our newest subscribers overseas. (Aside to N/S E. L. . . . Helen MacCormack gave us the Ace so pay the lady next time you write . . . and thanks for the subscription).

Willie Allwood has developed a strange new interest. He's taking music lessons and we know why, and so does he and so

We've Got An Army In Italy To--- Remember ?

NEW YORK—When Lt. Gen. Mark W. Clark, commander in chief of Allied Armies in Italy, hears his theatre of operations called the "Forgotten Front", he gets mad, according to Sgt. J. Denton Scott, YANK staff correspondent.

"It's a cinch that the Germans haven't forgotten the Italian front," Gen Clark told Scott in a recent interview,

The Po Valley, the greatest economic prize in Italy, is worth fighting for, and Gen. Clark sees signs that the Germans will fight as tenaciously inside the valley as they are now fighting to keep the Allies outside.

"The Po won't be an easy battlefield,"

predicted Gen Clark, "but I don't think anything could be rougher than these mountains."

Gen. Clark feels that the fate of the Po may hinge on what the Russians achieve in Southeastern Europe. If the Soviet drive beyond Budapest becomes menacing enough, the Wehrmacht may have to withdraw its forces from Northern Italy to avoid being trapped.

But whatever happens, Gen. Clark emphasized, the campaigns on all the European fronts are part of one over-all campaign against "Fortress Germany" with each front contributing to the success of another.

does that extra-luscious music teacher. S/O Verne "Spindle Head" Burkeholder is "Covering the Waterfront" regularly . . . that is the HMC Dockyard section of it. She's cute. F/O Rennie Nelson is getting the glad mit these days since it was announced that he and that smart looking W D in Signals has agreed to chap-

elize. Vely, vely glood taste Rennie.

ADVERTISEMENT:

Wanted, a posting, preferably Moncton or near vicinity. Would arrange an exchange. Apply F/S Jack Young, 145 Sqdn, Dartmouth. All deals made considered final. Negotiations strictly confidential. Urgent.



"Will you sign this requisition for 20 feet of rope, Sir?"

MR. PARKER SOUNDS OFF WITH THUMBNOSE SKETCHES OF LIFE AT 16 R U.

(Intimate notes from a Diary at No. 16 Radio Unit)

They almost lost an operator at No. 16 R.U. the other day. In the dim light of early morning, "A" Shift prepared for duty. Suddenly they realized that someone was missing—Parker. They searched the drains and the ash trays and then someone lifted the blankets on his bunk. "Here he is!" exclaimed the discoverer; and thus it was that another major tragedy was averted.

F/L Penner should have the rules of Basketball changed. Every time one of his boys throws the ball into the basket, it falls out again.

We find that Lac Grant is mentioned in the Bible. The passage reads: "Take up thy bed and walk." Grant comprised by walking without the bed.

Ever since the new murals have been applied, the men have felt more at home in their surroundings.

A select assortment of physical jerks can be seen almost daily in the Rec Hall. Displays are given by Corporals Thompson and Katz, and anyone else they can talk into buying "birds".

When they told LAC Prudden that he should regard the Navy and the Army as his buddies, he was heard to remark: "Come to think of it, I do like to regard the Wrens and the CWAC's as my comrades-in-arms."

Local No. 16 of the Canadian Underground has finally found a voice in the form of their newspaper called "Thumbs Down" which is published under the supervision of the Chief Gauleiter.

All security regulations on the Unit are to be considerably relaxed as it is heard from usually reliable sources that LAC Parker is the latest candidate for the Station Defence Course.

SOCIAL NOTES

A few weeks ago, a shipment of diesel fuel arrived. A hammering was heard inside one of the drums, and when it was opened LAC Davey popped out and exclaimed: "Is this where I vote for McNaughton?" (P.S.—He was looking for Grey and headed North.—pun intended).

Cpl. Atkinson arrived from Tusketa a few days ago to spend a well-earned holiday at this Unit. He is living in the Upper Room.

Cpl. G. L. Gray moved to a new residence in the better section of town. He has been replaced by LAC Low. The question is: Did Low move higher or lower?

Several operators are moving to new posts in the near future. Among those

leaving are LAC's Wiseman, Crowe, Floate, and Smith. They will take up residence among the natives at Gander Bay, Nfld.

Also leaving are Sgt. Buckle, LAC's Quinn and Bradley. It is understood that Quinn is making the journey by parachute.

F/L Peter has arrived from Bagotville. He is convalescing well after his harrowing experiences in the wilds of Quebec.

LAC and Mrs. Hough will be "at home" to their many friends in the new residence on Park Avenue, Dartmouth.

WANTED

A chauffeur, not necessarily experienced. Wonderful opportunity to learn trade at excellent salary. Address enquiries to this column. Note to applicants—There are no WDs at this Unit.

SWAPS

Will exchange used 1944 Liquor Permit for new 1945 issue. First class copies

wanted. Liberal cash bonus. Apply LAC Parker.

LOST, STRAYED, OR STOLEN

One corporal, somewhere in the vicinity of the W.D. Barracks. Answers to name of Les.

POIMS 'N SICH

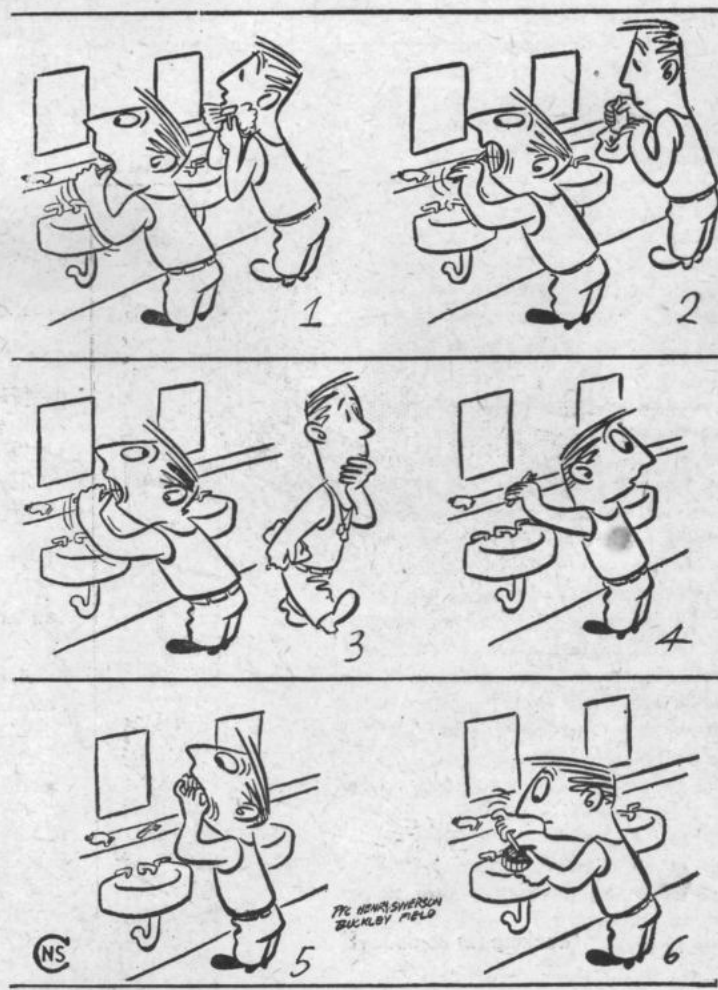
Goosie, goosie, gander,
Whither do you wander?
In the front door,
Out the back door,
All the way to Labrador.

To Buckle, Quinn and Bradley
We say "Goodbye" so sadly
We're sorry you have to leave this way
Please come again another day.
And if you can't come, write,
For if you do we might
Send our mail to you
From now till Fifty-Two.

In the front door,
Out the back door,
All the way to Labrador.

Three times I bow.

C. Edward Parker



The Wolf by Sansone



"EEEEEEEE—there's that mouse again!"

A sailor who has been staying at a fashionable hotel while on leave, was paying his bill. Then he looked up at the girl cashier and asked what that was she had around her neck.

"That's a ribbon, of course. Why are you so inquisitive?"

"Well, babe, everything else is so confounded high around here I thought it might be your garter."

A man went into a bar, ordered a Martini, drank it, chewed up the bowl of the glass and threw the stem over his shoulder. He continued this for about six rounds, then noticed that the bartender was staring at him.

"Guess you think I'm crazy," he said. "I sure do," the bartender, replied, "the stems are the best part."

—Great Lakes Bulletin

"I want to buy a present for my wife." "Can I interest you in something in silk stockings?"

"Well, let's see about the present first." —Hoist.

Triumphantly the new bride placed the dessert on the table. It was an oval shaped piece of covered pastry, about 18 inches long and six inches wide.

"What is it?" her husband inquired. "Why, darling, can't you see?— It's a pie!"

"Rather long for a pie, isn't it?" "Don't be silly. It's rhubarb."

"I think that girl is chasing me." "Why?"

"'Cause when I took her out to dinner last night and the waiter asked her how she liked her rice she said 'Thrown at me!'"

—Beam.

"Here's a letter from your wife saying you are the father of a 10-pound boy."

"Does she say anything else?" "No; except at the end of the letter she says, 'Truly yours.'"

Then there was the man who invented a glass eight-ball for people who like to look ahead.

Airman: "While we're sitting here in the moonlight, I'd like to ask you—"

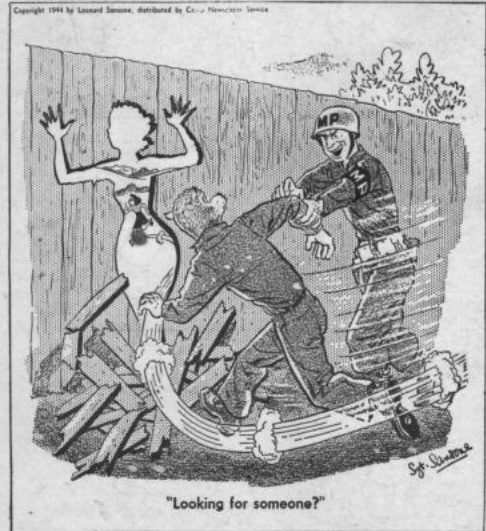
W.D. (breathlessly) "Yes?"

Airman: "Couldn't we move over? I'm sitting on a nail."

Don't Feed The Animals

Antwerp (CNS) — During the Allied invasion of Belgium, cages in the Antwerp zoo were used for temporary detention of German prisoners and Belgian collaborationists.

The Wolf by Sansone



"Looking for someone?"

Male Call

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



"TAKE COVER! HERE COMES THE OLD MAN FIRING FOR EFFECT! HIS HAM AND EGGS DON'T FIT THIS MORNING!"

"HUH? WHAT'S THIS?"



"CAPTAIN! ISN'T IT ENOUGH THAT I AM STUCK IN THIS PLACE INSTEAD OF BEING OVERSEAS WHERE MY EXPERIENCE WOULD MEAN SOMETHING? MUST I BE TREATED TO A SHOW OF INSUBORDINATION AS WELL? DON'T YOU TEACH THE MEN UNDER YOU TO SALUTE?"

"OH, YES, SIR... BUT..."



"I BELIEVE THE INSIGNIA OF MY RANK SHOWS CLEARLY ENOUGH TO CONVINCE THIS PRODUCT OF YOUR LEADERSHIP THAT I AM A COLONEL IN THE UNITED STATES ARMY— YET HE STANDS THERE STARING AT ME!"

"BUT, SIR..."

Well, Slip My Cable



"HE'S A WESTERN UNION MESSENGER!"

Male Call

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



"ON Y'WAY, SOLDAT! I'M HERE TO PRESENT MISS LACE WITH A NAZI FLAG I BROUGHT HER—AND NO HOT WEATHER DOGFACE IS GONNA RED LINE ME!"

"FALL BACK AND GROUP UP WITH YER MAM-ZELS, MUD-EATER! THERE WASN'T NO DAMES ON MY ATOLL A-TALL AND I AIMS T'PRESENT THIS JAP OFFICER'S SWORD TO THE DREAM SCHEME THAT KEPT ME OUTA SECTION EIGHT!"



"WHY— WITH ONE HAND I COULD— SAY, IS THAT A SURE ENOUGH, GEN-YOU-WINE JAP SWORD?"

"SURE IT IS! — BUT BEFORE I HANG Y' TEETH ON Y' VOITIBRAY, LEMME HAVE A QUICK DOUBLE O AT THAT NAZZY FLAG..."

Kipling Didn't Know American Soldiers



"GEEZST— THE KID BROTHER WOULD GO NUTS OVER THIS HERE SUMMER-RYE SWORD!"

"HAM— THE OLD MAN WOULD GET A BOOT OUTA HEINIE FLAG!"



"SAY, MAC, HOWZ ABOUT A BEER WHILEST WE TALK THIS OVER?"

"I WUZ JUST ABOUT T'SUGGEST THAT VERY SAME THING!"

"OH, WELL, A GIRL HAS TO PLAY THE PERCENTAGES!"

Male Call

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



"MISS LACE, THEY TELL ME YOU HAVEN'T BEEN SEEN AROUND WITH MANY MARINES— SO I THOUGHT I'D COME ALONGSIDE AND GIVE YOU A BREAK..."

"WELL, THAT'S MIGHTY WHITE OF YOU, GENERAL! — FIND YOURSELF A BATTLE STATION WHILE I RIG TO REPEL BOARDERS!"



"SHALL WE GET DOWN TO LASHIN' LIPS RIGHT AWAY— OR WOULD YOU WANT ME TO GIVE YOU A FILL-IN ON MY FLUFF LOG?... LESSEE, THERE WAS THAT TRIM BIM IN DAGO..."

"LOOK, GYRENE, WHEN YOU BUILD UP THIS KIND OF PRESSURE SOMETHING'S GOT TO GIVE— AND IT'S NOT GOING TO BE ME..."

Daddy, Would They Bust A Marine For This?



"YOU MEAN YOU'RE TURNIN' DOWN A MARINE?"

"IT'S A MAGGIE, BRAGGY... YOU SEVENED OUT... NO DEAL!"



"DON'T TAKE IT SO HARD, PARD... I WON'T TELL A SOUL..."



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

—Pope

By "TED"

COMMUNIQUE

The greatest mass movement (in retreat) of officers ever to take place at Dartmouth was necessitated through a sneak attack on Barrack Block 58 by superior forces of most vicious enemies. It was not until the heavy chemical warfare division of W. E. Blackie Limited of Halifax arrived in position that the attack was repulsed and our forces were again able to re-occupy the position. Blackie's gas attack was successful from the first and in just 48 hours he won a decisive victory, totally annihilating General Bed Bug and his snipers. Hostilities ended at 17.00, 19 Jan., '45, with all opposition subdued, the refugees returning to their quarters. No casualties were reported by our forces.



MESS ELECTIONS

The Officers' Mess elected officers and committees for the ensuing quarter at a largely attended meeting in the ante room of the LPB Officers' Mess, 18 Jan. '45. Wing Commander Pete Delaney (145 Sqdn.) is the new PMC and S/L J. Howell (Marine) is vice-president. F/L Lorne Hutchison (Fighter Ops) is secretary; Bar Officer is F/L Downing (16 RD). Messing Committee F/L Wally Lumsden (Med), F/L J. Comfort (Prot. Padre), F/O Boomer (121 Sqdn.). The Entertainment Committee under the chairmanship of F/L Wilf Royle consists of F/O George Clarke (145), F/O Ken Williams (11 BR), F/L Chambers (11 BR), F/L R. Solomon (126), F/O Lou Langridge (126), and your editor. Accommodations Officer — F/L Roy Moore (Equip.)

PAPA WASN'T THERE— SO ALL WENT WELL

It is said that "Time and tide waits for no man," and hereabouts that adage was thoroughly exemplified on New Year's morning about 10.55 hours when young Master White decided it was high time to make his debut. Not giving a hoot for R.C.A.F. regulations regarding admission to service hospitals of civilians, nor consideration for the fact that Mama was away down at Eastern Passage and Daddy far out at sea someplace on R.C.N. duty—and all civvy doctors seemed to be far away, or suffering from too much New Year's Eve. Nothing was stopping young White. He was in the circuit and about to land and he was sending signals to Mama which left no doubt of his intentions. She understood. Mama, not knowing quite what to do, got in touch with Cpl. "Red" White of the station hospital staff, her brother-in-law. He got in touch with W/C John Calhoun, the PMO. He cried "Emergency" and next thing N/S Allene (Squirrely) Goedike knew, she was

back in the obstetrics, department Slightly off routine procedure for R.C.A.F. hospitals in Canada. F/L Lonan was also in on the big doo about this point but he wasn't needed much. Men are a nuisance at a time like that, according to authority. "It was a cinch," said Squirrely. "The main difficulty at all births—the presence of fathers—was absent from this one." In due course White Jr., all 7½ pounds of him, was born and the event took place without a hitch. The hospital patients and staff, especially Uncle Red, were in a high state of excitement for this was an event unprecedented here at Dartmouth. In Gander and Goose we understand it is an ordinary routine occurrence since the Eskimo and Newfoundland populations close to the bases are treated by the R.C.A.F. Folks immediately wanted to name Mrs. White's Boy . . . and the names chosen finally were Richard Clarence Archibald Franklin. The initials, of course, have no significance whatever. In honor of the occasion a collection was taken up and the tidy sum of \$28.50 started the baby along



life's financial road, which made him at that stage undoubtedly the wealthiest male on the station—what with Christmas leave, New Year's Eve and all. Mrs. White was able to return to her Eastern Passage home by the end of the week and both she and the baby are reported doing fine. Daddy Reg White, R.C.N. is expected home soon to see his new heir.

SUPPORT I.O.D.E. BOOKS FOR THE TROOPS DRIVE

The I.O.D.E. \$300,000 Books for the Troops campaign is receiving nation-wide attention and from the looks of things in the press, editorially and in donated space by large advertisers supporters it, there is little doubt that the \$300,000 objective will be realized. As one station which has benefited no little in its library through the generosity of this organization, may we commend to all the worthiness of this cause. Books and reading form a large part of the off-duty pleasure for service men and women everywhere. It might also be noted that where the Daughters of the Empire are concerned, and they advertise that they will spend the \$300,000 on books—it will be spent on books. There will be no "cut" off the top for administration charges—or pay for solicitors. (It always gripes us to think of the large amount of promotion money required to float a Victory Loan). The work of the ladies who raise this money will be on a voluntary basis as always. Your donations, small or large, will be welcomed. Incidentally we think the I.O.D.E. use good judgment in their choice of books supplied service libraries. The last one we read in our station Library donated by them was a new book by Frederieck G. Lieb, prominent U.S. baseball authority, titled "The St. Louis Cardinals." To all ball fans this book is commended, especially to F/L Jim MacCallum of Station H.Q., who can name you the world's series winners, opponents, and in some cases the scores of games with winning and losing pitchers, from 1905 on. Yet Jim freely admits that he has never seen a Big League ball game!

SKATING TO MUSIC ON STATION

That outdoor rink at the Sea Plane Base parade ground which came into being with the cold weather in mid-January, proved immensely popular with the boys and girls. A searchlight supplied by the Marine Squadron, and the Rec Hall P.A. system provided music. Skates were available free at the sports office. A splendid feature, but unfortunately subject as all else here abouts to the changeable weather. It was great while it lasted.

NEW SNACK BAR COMING?

Plans are well under way for what W/C Janin terms will be THE Snack Bar of all. Contractors have been consulted and everything is set to commence work as



soon as a few temporary changes are set up to do business while construction is under way. Most people hope that they won't wait for a new Snack Bar before improving the hours and the variety of merchandise sold at the present one. It is the general wish that the Snack Bar be open for a period in the forenoon. Many shift workers who like to sleep-in after a late trick the night before, were able to slip over to the Snack Bar about 10 o'clock for toast and Java. The removal of toilet articles and other small merchandise to the Airmen's Canteen exclusively is not popular with airmen from the Sea Plane base who claim they now have too far to walk for their supplies. Perhaps since the help problem is solved by civilians the Winco can see his way clear to remedy the hour situation in any case. How about it, Sir?

ARE THEIR FACES RED?

The Blueberry arrived at Dartmouth the Friday before New Year's scheduled to return on its westbound trip the following evening . . . however weather prospects for more than a few hours were not bright. It was decided to make the westbound trip that night. That of course meant that Cpl. Goselin in HQ Orderly Room had a busy session in store. After a deal of scurrying a full load was lined up, including one of the station's W.D. Stenos (the nice looking blond one.) All was almost ready for departure with the passengers all checked in by TCA when the gal discovered that she was about to spend holiday leave in Montreal with a GI blue coat sweater as her best bib and tucker. She had left her tunic in barracks. F/L Wilf Royle to the rescue! A passing MT was commandeered and the embarrassed WD driven back to quarters for the missing garment During a recent operations day an order was transmitted to all patrolling a/c which read "Return to base at 20.00 hours. What will be your ETA?" The a/c replies were all the same "20.00 hours" The other day a new flying control officer was on duty in the tower. A Norseman came into the circuit and was given the usual runway information and initial clearance. Then on his "final" Tower come over the R/T as follows, "Norseman 76 you're clear to land. Check your wheels down"! We were kidding F/O George Coops about it & he told us of a similar slip of the tongue at Pat Bay where the

pilot of the Norseman went along with the gag and added some of his own which caused no end of embarrassment. The Tower on this particular occasion advised him to "Check his wheels down" and he came back with "Wheels checked down. Coming in on one engine". This bit of information caused the controller to leap for the crash alarm so that when the single engined, fixed undercarriage Norseman landed, there was a reception committee of one crash truck, the Fire Wagon and the Ambulance all waiting for him.

One of the WD officers described another as "One who could find a difficulty for every solution."

BRITAIN'S CASUALTIES

NOW TOTAL 733,000

London (CNS) — This is the price—to date—that the people of Britain have paid for freedom:

Casualties — 733,000, including 563,112 military and 136,000 civilian.

Wealth — Overseas assets amounting to \$4,260,000,000 wiped out a new overseas debt incurred totalling \$9,200,000,000.

Shipping—11,600,000 gross tons sunk. Imports cut in half, exports by more than 2/3.

Housing—One of every 3 houses damaged or destroyed, 5,500 factories damaged, 455,000 houses totally uninhabitable.

Manpower—More than 5,500,000 men in the armed forces; 69% of all men and women from 14 years up mobilized for direct war services in industry. Civilian consumption of goods and services cut 21 per cent.

Taxes—War expenditures of \$25,000,000,000, of which 50% was covered by taxation, including an excess profits tax of 100%. The figures cover only the United Kingdom (England, Scotland, Wales and Northern Ireland.)

Accounts Officers, Please Take Note

Klamath Falls, Ore. (CNS) — "Have some money," the 11-year-old boy said as he handed a passer-by a \$20 bill. The passer-by was E. E. Hufford, who had just lost his wallet containing \$850. The kid found the money and was passing it out to strangers when Hufford showed up. He got back \$600.

Hemingway Joins FFI

France (CNS) — Ernest Hemingway, the American novelist, who covered the Allied invasion of France, has enlisted in the French Forces of the Interior, according to the American Broadcasting Station in Europe. Hemingway participated in the liberation of France as a member of the FFI, the station said.



Basketball



The players are all well experienced and have played on some excellent quintets in past days. A brief peek through the records reveals them as follows:

Dartmouth basketball team has been providing thrilling sport for an ever-increasing number of spectators at our local floor and at various Halifax gyms where the league games are played. We think, along with a good many others, that we have an outfit capable of "taking it all" this season. Come out to the games and see for yourself. At present the team needs little that consistent practice won't provide to make them a first-rate cage team and this matter Joe Penner and Elmer McLeod promise will be taken care of pronto.

S/L Elmer McLeod, "the best in the league," to quote the Halifax press, is playing coach. He's from London, Ont., where as a member of Western U's great outfits he has gained a world of experience at the cage game. We were talking with Elmer one night coming over on the duty boat and naturally the conversation drifted to basketball. Said he, "My dad always wanted me to be a hockey player and used to get pretty mad at me always playing basketball." Well, Pop McLeod, top-notch hockey players are pretty frequent in Canada, but cage artists who can play as well as Elmer are a rarity to be prized.

where he played with Central Y teams. Last year he was high scorer in the Halifax Senior League, playing for Dartmouth, and by the looks of things he won't be far away this year when they add up the baskets. He has a pip of an overhand shot and is an unselfish player.

LAC Phil Wiselberg is the huskiest player on the club. He's a former Mont-realer but he also played a season with Vancouver Stacy's, who are said to be tops. Phantom Phil is a last season holdover with Dartmouth and a mighty useful one.

LAC Harry Chelin is a Toronto Playground grad—from that hotbed of sport on Adelaide West, St. Andrew's. He's another of last season's station team. Plays guard and fairly ruggedly at times. Where he came from, the "hard way" doesn't only mean two fives on a ten point.

LAC Teddy Poulton is from Toronto



Top Row Sam Brown, Ozzie Herschfield, Harry Chelin, Elmer McLeod, Ted Poulton.

Front Row Phil Wieselberg, Ray Oates, Manager Joe Penner, Ken Watt, "Gun" Annett.

(Ed's Note—Sorry Elmer that we gave you that bearded Navy look but with us amateur retouch men its like one of those new cooks—you never how how the cake is going to be until it comes out of the oven.

LAC Sam Brown is from Winnipeg's "Toilers," a fairly potent factor in deciding past Manitoba titles. Besides being a useful forward on the men's team, he finds time to look after the chief coaching duties of the Station WD team.

LAC Ray Oates is another ex-Vancouver Stacy's player. He also was prominent on Wallace War Workers team in the west coast city. He's a bit of a dead-eye Dick when it comes to shooting which is always a big help to one's basketball team.

P/O "The Gun" Annett is the tallest man on the club, and the only American, claiming Rochester, N.Y., as "home." With plenty of the old college try in his make-up, a distinct height advantage, coach Elmer McLeod claims the Gun can become the most proficient player on the team with steady practice. Not being too conversant with all the tricks of the cager's trade, at the same time we can recognize a bit of "something" about his play that makes us think that Elmer may be right.

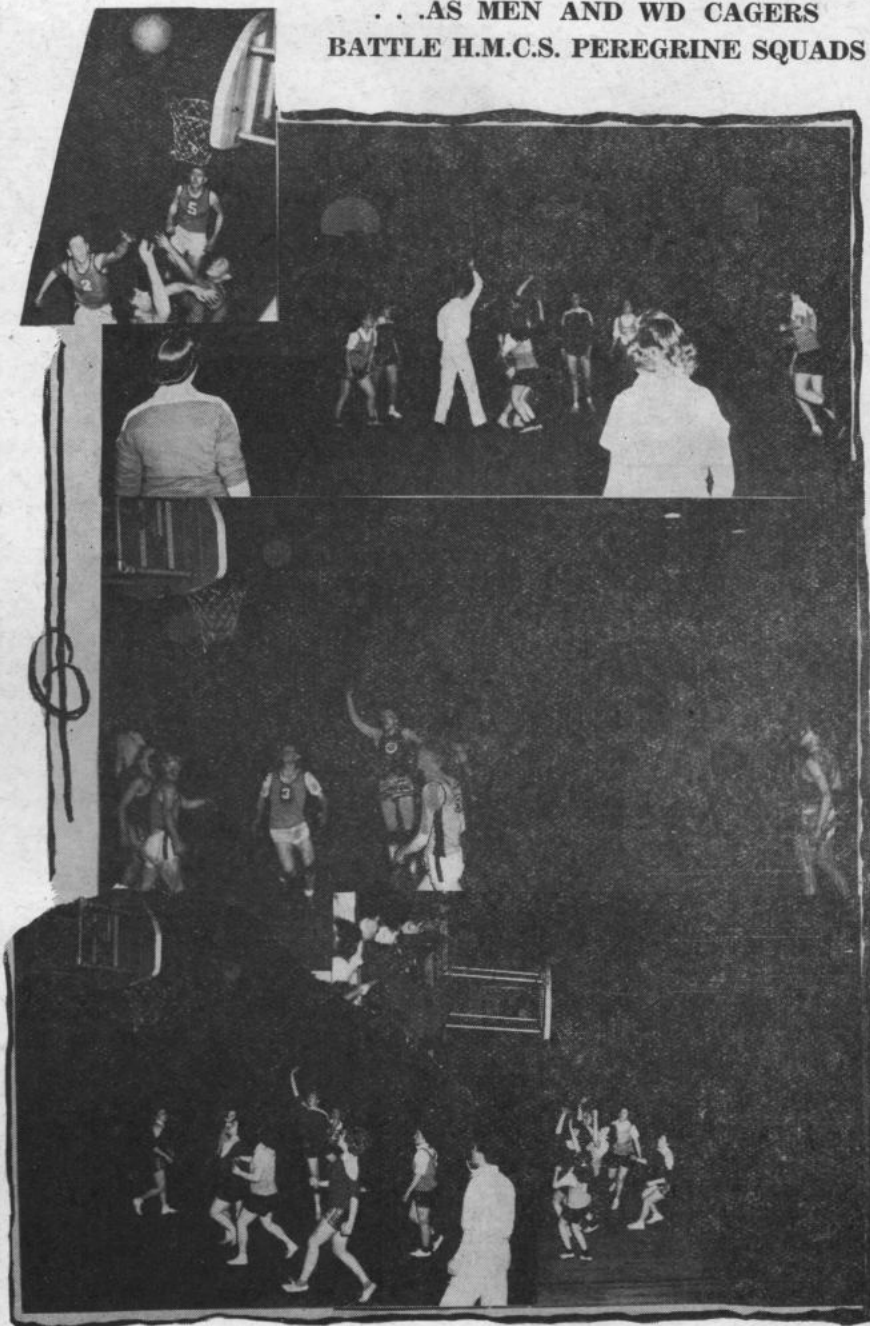
LAC Ken Watt is playing his first season in Dartmouth Blue and making a good job of it. He's also a Vancouverite where he played in Y circles, which in such a centre of basketball as Vancouver means pretty fast company.

Just how long Con Fitzgerald of the Fleet Air Arm will be stationed at Dartmouth is not known but after his first game with the team at Stadacona, Messrs. Penner and McLeod hope that it's for keeps. The former Saskatchewan U player from Saskatoon can go like a Billy Goat with "soup" on its back. (Didya ever see that stuff work on an animal? If not you have something coming. Ask the first gypsy horse-trader you run across to demonstrate). Anyway, Mrs. Fitzgerald's boy is about the slickest ball-handler and with more giddap about him than we've seen for some time on the polished floor.

The above completes the player roster of Dartmouth's basketball squad and brings us to the manager, F/L Joe Penner, who is the curly-haired gent you see on the home team's bench going through those spasms at the "lousy rob-you-blind" referees.

Personally we don't know what half of the fouls are called for in a basketball game, but, on the other hand, we don't think the whistle tooters do either, so it's een and mabee Joe (The Duck) Penner is very correct. Joe's home is Leamington, Ont. (Heinz 57 Varieties, also the Burley tobacco for Buckingham and Winchester cigs. . . . advt.), where he played with the High School and Alumnae teams. Incidentally Joe's right name is Henry, if he gives you a check to cash. Joe's first assistant and in charge of equipment is LAC "Ozzie" Hershfield of the Winnipeg Hershfields. Oz does a bit of coaching of the WD's team, too, being right-hand aid to Sam Brown in this regard.

. . . AS MEN AND WD CAGERS BATTLE H.M.C.S. PEREGRINE SQUADS



The above scenes were taken during the opening basketball games of the Halifax senior league on the local Rec Hall floor. Both Dartmouth teams were victorious over H.M.C.S. Peregrine's strong teams

The Halifax league is composed of three Navy teams (Stadacona, Peregrine and King's), one Army club, and one civilian team from Halifax Y, besides the Dartmouth R.C.A.F. entry. All seem agreed on one point and that is that the strength of the teams this season is fully 50% over last. There will be at least two home games on the Rec Hall floor following the publication of this issue which you are reading. Watch DRO's for dates and time.

DETROIT (CNS)—Suing for divorce, Mrs. Donna Willett claimed her husband gave her 48 black eyes in 2 years.

Better Service Than Our Newsboys Give

Houston, Tex. (CNS) — John Dunlop, sitting on his porch while waiting for his evening paper, saw one floating through the air on a gust of wind. He reached out and grabbed it. After reading it through and discovering he had only the first section, he looked up in time to spear the second which came in on another breeze.

NEW YORK (CNS)—During the cigaret shortage here, the only place you get popular brands was Tombs Prison.



Station W. D.'s Smart Team. Top row, (left to right) Fran Stalter (WOG) Port Hope, Ont.; Betty Lee (WOG) Almonte, Ont.; Tena Parks (P.T.I.) Florence, Cape Breton; Pat Low, (Sector Signals) Winnipeg; Pauline Cunningham (Sector Ops) Toronto, Ontario.

Centre Row, "Emmie" Emerson (with one "M" pliz)—Sector Ops, Toronto; Mary Minnes (Sector Sigs) Kingston; Jean Graham (Sector Ops) Owen Sound & London, Ont.; Libby Johnson (Sector Ops) good old McGill in Morreal; Addie Pineo (Sector Ops) Montreal; Mary Molson (Sector Ops) Montreal; Maggie Phillips (Sector Ops) Ottawa.

Front Row, Sam Brown (Coach); "Perry" Periard, Manager (since losing a bout with old man appendix), Los Angeles; Ozzie Herschfield, Winnipeg.

W. D. BASKETBALLERS HAVING SUCCESSFUL CAGE SEASON

As 1945 pushed 1944 out of the picture the girls basketball games came into the limelight. An exhibition game with the Stadacona Wrens was first on the list on Jan. 17th. It was a hard fought game from start to finish with Jeanie Graham, Emie Emerson and Mary Minnes tossing them in for the Air Force. But even with their combined efforts the Wrens nosed into the lead and defeated our girls by 18-17.

Another exhibition game followed but this time was against the Dartmouth All-Stars. The game was played on the Dart-

mouth High School floor on the 24th. of Jan. The floor which isn't half the size of ours was quite a novelty to our girls but after a harum scarum game they managed to defeat the All-Stars by 25-22.

On the 26th of Jan. the first League game of the season was played at Dartmouth against the Peregrine Wrens. Our girls blossomed forth in their new satin shorts and whether it was the encouragement of the new uniforms or the fast plays our girls were again victorious coming through with a lead of 26-13. This game brought to light a new forward line in the form of Minnes, Low and Graham. The fast passes and tricky plays of these three managed to upset the Wrens guard and add much needed points to our score in the second half . . . Emerson and Johnson, two of our guards dashed through the

lines and scored twelve points between the two of them . . . R.C.A.F.: Minnes, 6; Stalter, 1; Low, 1; Johnson, 8; Graham, 4; Emerson, 4; Cunningham; Malson; Pineo; Phillips; Parks; Lee, 2.

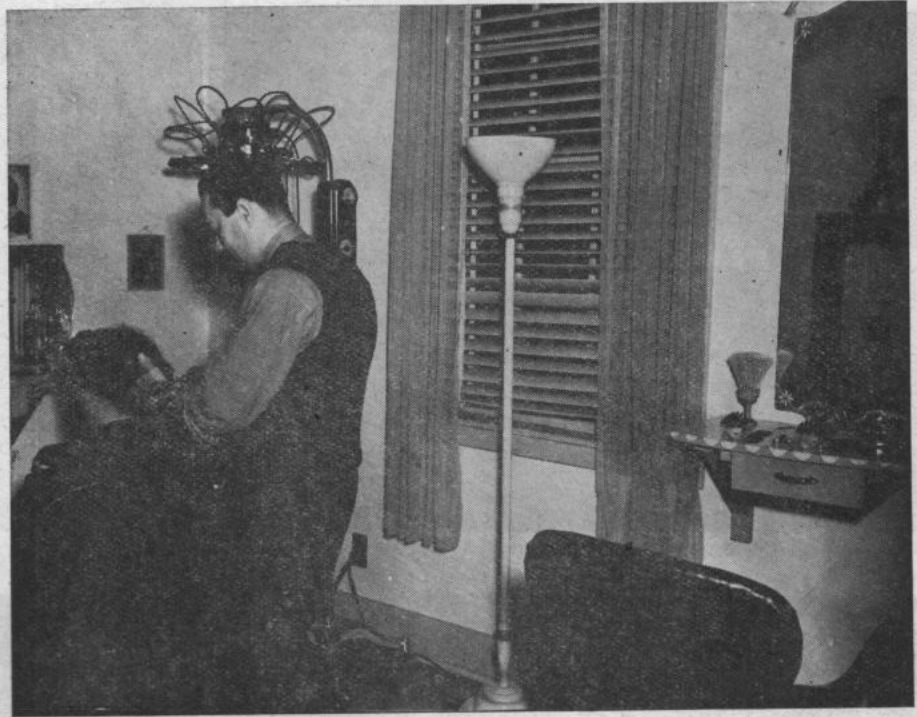
The second league game played against the Stadacona Wrens on their floor proved to be a different story. Our girls just couldn't seem to click but managed to keep the score 5-6 for the Wrens by half time. During the second half the combination of Ford and Thompson from Stad broken through our girls gradually pulling way in the lead and ending the game 15-6. R.C. A.F.: Graham; Minnes, 2; Low, 1; Johnson; Emerson; Stalter; Lee; Cunningham; Parks; Pineo. STAD: Ford, 8; Connelly; Washer; Thompson, 4; Radford; Hewit; Webster; Clare; Drury, 2.

POPULAR WITH W D'S.

Our girls have gone Navy on us after spending a week-end up at Cornwallis. The hospitality shown the girls by everyone at Cornwallis was something to be marvelled at. From the cabins to the fo'c'sle, from pussier this and tiddy that, from the Wrens to the Sailors, from the bowling alleys to the swimming pools a better time could not be had. The highlights of the week-end were the two games played between the Wrens and the W.D.'s. The first one played on Saturday was nip and tuck and a fine brand of ball was displayed by both teams. The Navy had a strong zone defence which baffled our girls for a while but our fast passes managed to keep the game tied up until the last few minutes when a quick pass and set shot put the Wrens in the lead by one basket and the game ended with them still in the lead 15-13.

The next day our girls were out for blood but the Navy held them down to 12-8 at half time. After a hearty pep talk at half time by the coach, Ozzie Hirschfield, the girls were in there fighting and scored two baskets tying the score 12 all. From then on it was anyone game and the Navy team as closely checked. Then a long shot by Adie Pineo brought the W.D.'s into the lead. It was the Navy's turn for a basket tying the score again; then another bringing them into the lead. Within the next 2 minutes each side scored. Then the W.D.'s did it again tying the score. With less than a minute to play one of the Wrens broke away scoring for Cornwallis and bringing them into the lead. Our girls tried but couldn't manage another basket and the final whistle blew with the Wrens still leading 19-17. These two games were the best and most evenly matched this reporter has seen this season. By the time this goes to press our girls will have met the Cornwallis gang on our floor.

This year's station team brings out a lot of the old gang and some new additions. Emie "Emergency" Emerson is one of the old stand-bys and is proving to be quite an asset to the team this year due to the fact that everytime an opponent fouls on her the opponent is knocked out and has to leave the floor and Emie shoots and adds another point to our score . . . Tena Parks, a new addition this season, was almost kicked off the floor at the All-Star game in Dartmouth for making fun of the Referee . . . Maggie Phillips and Johnny Johnson, both new to the team this year, are two valuable guards and have saved many a basket for us . . . Mary Molson is spending as much time sprawling on the floor this year as she did last but we couldn't get along without her . . . Betty Lee and Fran Stalter, both WOG's are invaluable to the team for their steady playing and clessless energy . . . Betty is new this year but this is Fran's second season. . . Adie Pineo another new addition has potted some lovely long shots for us and



LAC BERNARD

Probably more W. D.'s go to see than any other fellow on the station. Bernie is the hairdresser and hangs out in the W. D. Canteen . . . He has been here about a year now and is a great asset to the W.D.'s on the station. Whispy bits and fuzz buzzes have disappeared on those girls that have taken advantage of Bernie's talents. Bernie is from Ottawa where he was a hairdresser before enlisting in February 1942 . . . He hopes to get back there some day. If he gets the posting he's hoping for the girls will all miss him—that's a sure thing.

we're hoping she improves with age . . . Pauline Cunningham is the newest addition to the team and is right there on all the plays . . . Jeanie Graham, Pat Low and Mary Minnes are a combination on the forward line that is hard to beat. We're looking forward to big things from all these girls this season. . . not only in the Halifax League but in the Command League which will be getting under way soon.

Works Equally Well With Permit

Baltimore (CNS) — A high school paper here recently polled the girls at the school with this question: "How do you get a boy friend to date you these days?" Most popular answer: "I borrow my father's gas ration card."

It Was Probably "Local" Too!

Philadelphia (CNS) — A glass of beer cost Mrs. eJan Hoffman \$80 and 10 cents here recently. Mrs. Hoffman, who is only 19, was fined \$50 and \$30 costs for lying about her age to buy a dime glass of foam.

Somebody told us about the girl, who, when asked her war ambition, said, "I want to be an air-raid siren."

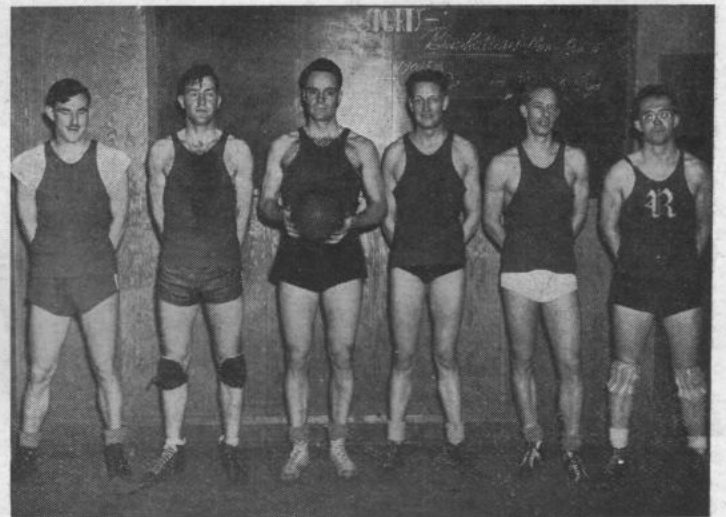
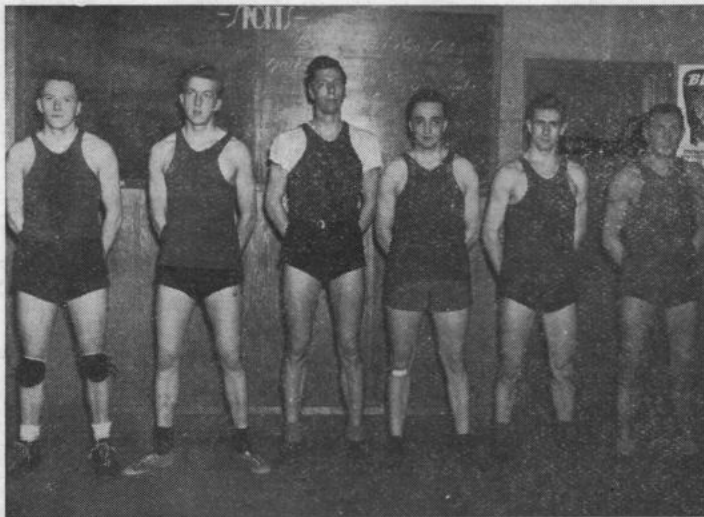
—Trade Winds.

"CRIME DOES NOT PAY"



Mary Molson went out for a time At Barracks, Mary forgot to sign, The "In" book like all good girls do Mary washed windows too true —too true.

Scenes As 145 and Combines Battle For Title---



The finalists in the Inter-Unit Basketball series were Joe Penner's Combines and Elmer McLeod's 145. The first game resulted in a win for the former with big Gun Annett starring. The team as shown (left) Combines—Teddy Paulton, Gordon MacGilchrist, Gun Annett, Joe Penner, "Judge" Killoran and Harry Chelin. (Right)—145 Sqn.—Andy Anderson, Elmer McLeod, Don Stanley, Bill Brett, Doug Livingstone.

INTER-UNIT VOLLEYBALL

We can say that our inter-unit volleyball league was definitely a success. It was organized last October, with fingers more or less crossed, because the game itself is not played to any great extent on most Air Force stations. 12 sections put entries in the league, namely 11BR, with two teams, 145 Sqn., Marines, Equipment, Accounts, Pidgeon Loft, 16 R.U., Administration Officers, Bell Lake, and two teams from A23.

Opening games were played Oct. 21, and every Saturday afternoon from that date to Feb. 10. Because of shortage of players and duties, Accounts found it necessary to withdraw from the league in the latter part of Nov. Each team played three games with all other teams, making a total of 165 league games to enter the play-

offs. The finish of the schedule found the following six teams, listed in order of league standing, all set for the semi-final round: "B" Battery (A23), 11 BR Instruments, "C" Battery (A23), 145 Sqn., Administration Officers, and 16 RU.

A draw was made for the semi-finals, with "C" Batt to play Sgt. Anderson's 145 team, "B" Batt. meeting 16 R.U. under LAC Edwards, and 11BR playing S/L Massey's Admin. Officers. As a result of these games, played as 3 out of 5 series, "B" Battery, 145 Sqn., and 11 BR Instr., entered the finals, played Feb. 10.

It was decided to play a three-team round robin series, each team playing two games with the other two teams. "B" Battery emerged as winners, but only after a real battle with LAC "Red" Jhonson's 11 BR team in their last game. Congratulations to the Army Team. New holders

of the handsome Van Camp Trophy. They played well together, and teamwork definitely is essential in volleyball. Many thanks to all teams in the league, as some teams, although out of playoff position, kept their appointments at the Rec Hall, without fail, every Saturday afternoon. A great many of the players had played very little volleyball before the league started, and it was surprising how fast they picked up points necessary in this game.

The tremendous success which this 12 team station volleyball league enjoyed is due only to the untiring effort and enthusiasm put into it by the energetic manager, Sgt. Art Upper, which is not surprising as Art is an athlete and is noted for giving his best in whatever sport he undertakes whether as a player, manager or general supporter.

DOWN THE RUNWAYS OF SPORT

By "TED"

It's a very long and very sad story indeed that we have to relate concerning our station hockey team. As you will recall—and have on many occasions—at the start of the season the gunfallon and silverware in the Halifax Senior Hockey League was practically nailed to the ensign staff and in our Rec Hall display case respectively. Following the opening game when the pro-packed entry from H.M.C.S. Cornwallis was soundly smacked, Dartmouthites were more sure than ever that this was it. Didn't Halifax Navy have the biggest crying towel that has ever been seen in these parts? Hadn't we just taken the last year's winners handily? Yeah man, bring out the Allan Cup!

But then came trouble. Icing a bunch of earnest young gents in blue uniforms on a December Sat'dy nite, Halifax Navy hung one on the eye of the valunted flyers in no uncertain fashion. "An accident," everybody said. "Wait 'till next game." Midweek, Air Force dropped a heart-breaker on Cornwallis home ice, which was a win in everything but the final score. It was a fighting-mad team that came back the following Saturday to show those Navy types just how the game should be played. They did, until the third period, but the Tars hadn't been reading the papers and hadn't heard of Bush, Conacher, et al. Assisted by some weird refereeing and an opposing team torn by internal strife, Navy tied up the game in the final period and went on to win in overtime. That ended the 1944 schedule for the locals and also the future career of the team manager, the playing coach, a rambunctious ex-big league defenceman, the team's brightest centre ice star and an inoffensive but mighty useful right winger.

AFHQ were the villains in the piece from the hockey standpoint. They suddenly posted Roy Conacher, Eddie Bush, Jack Schmidt and Frank Ripley overseas. Which is O.K. as far as we are concerned, and for the boys themselves—there still is a war to win—but it certainly played the Anvil Chorus on hopes that the R.C.A.F. had of winning major hockey laurels for this winter. F/L Al Campbell of Kirkland Lake and Ottawa Flyers, Allan Cup champs, manfully took over the job of piecing together the remnants. It even looked like he might have some success, too, for in the first game at Cornwallis following the holiday lay-off, the sailors were down to the battling airmen until five minutes to play when two quickies saved their bacon. Fortunes took a better turn for in their next start at home against the Halifax Navy, who had beaten them twice, the R.C.A.F. won out in a thrilling



overtime contest. At last the skies took on a brighter hue. But again, not for long. This victory cost them the services of one of the key right boards performers, Pat Desbiens. The likeable Pat slammed into the end of the Forum head first. A fractured skull was the painful result. Hopes again rose for the airmen when it was announced Pat's place would be taken by Gordie Drillon, former N.H.L. ace, and although hog-fat and out of condition, it was felt by most observers that once he got in shape he would make the R.C.A.F. into a contender once more. It was not to be. Not only was Drillon injured midway through his first game against Navy, but his discharge came along two days later. The airmen took the Navy into overtime once again before bowing out, but the sailors took the duke for the third time.

Feb. 3 the team journeyed to Cornwallis for their final scheduled appearance of the season with one good frontline, one fair one and one well below the standard required for this class of hockey. While they lasted the boys were full value but three snior forwards (not all on the same line) haven't much hope of keeping pace with nine mostly top-ranking pros or amateurs. For 45 minutes the score was 2-1 for the sailors. In the last 15 minutes the homesters rapped in six markers to win going away 7-1. There it stands at this writing. Cornwallis lead with only one defeat and one tie to mar their record. Halifax Navy is second with three losses and a tie against while the R.C.A.F. have only beaten the others once each while losing to them three games apiece. The only bright spot at the moment is that Long-John Puple's threatened posting to Toronto was cancelled. At least when the ex-Ottawan is going his best we have many chances to cheer, for he's a real hockey player. He's as staunch as they come at the blueline and besides being the league's most dangerous rusher on the attack.

Art Upper, the evergreen, and busting George Coops, mates for big Pump, are turning in mighty useful efforts on the Air Force rearguard. The departure of Bush has given these three a greater opportunity to play and at the same time do

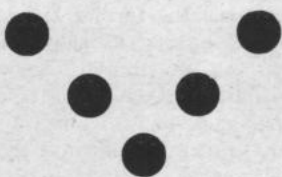
a bit of puck-carrying once in a while. As long as Bush was playing they could do neither since the former Detroiter was about as goal-hungry as they come. He was invariably on the attack which, of course, meant that the other defenceman had to stay back to snuf out (or attempt to stop) the quick breakaways by the opposition. As most of these sorties against the lone defenceman were of the two- and three-man variety, little Davie Kemp, the best in these parts between the pipes, had many a busy evening. Speaking of Kemp, orchids to the little fellow for his grand efforts. Time and again he has prevented the score from mounting to lofty figures, and although it looks as if shutouts for Dave will be as scarce as wins, it is no fault of the former Niagara Falls blond.

Bert Laprade, the aenemic-looking gent who does the first line centre ice chores for the airmen, is having a whiz-bang season. What a team this would be with about two more Bert Laprades'. Don Stanley, who should be the best forward in the league, is having only a fair season, mainly because he's playing out of position. Unfortunately for Engineer Don there are no snipers of ability available for port wing duty and he has been obliged to assume a forward line role which is first of all distasteful to him and, secondly, strange after many years of playing the roving style of a centre. George Bell of 8 CMU is going well on right wing on the first string line with Stanley and Laprade. That, with the exception of Carl Ripley, who is first-class in every respect, just about lets the "Eights" out as a potent scoring threat. With Desbiens out for the season a strong possibility, and Bill McEwan not in the best of health, there are no experienced campaigners available for front line duty. There is always the chance, of course, that one of the youngsters will blossom out into a star, but then again the wish is likely to be father to the thought. Things are definitely tough and the days of miracles past. There is one thing, however, that fans are certain of — any time the boys from Dartmouth—8 CMU climb over the boards at the Forum, they are well worth a visit to watch. They give and give till it hurts. Pasteboards are usually as scarce as AVM's in a pilot's cockpit. (They even cut the ex-team manager off the list for ducats, things are so grim), so if you plan to see any of the playoffs watch for the times of ticket sale at the Rec Hall. About 350 tickets per game are usually available for station personnel.

What Is There About Montreal?

Montreal (CNS) — A local resident was carrying his 2-months-old baby home from the hospital when he suddenly decided that the child was not his. So he left it with two small boys and went back to the hospital to claim another one.

BOWLING



The bowling at Clarke Ruse alleys has still two sections to go before the finalists are decided. The first section winner was Fighters of 126 Squadron, with Has Beens of 11 BR winners in the second round. The four section winners will play off for the title. In the WD Bowling League, met Section won first honors and HQ Equipment second in the finals with two sections to go.

Badminton players, of which there seem to be hundreds any time the Rec Hall floor is available, are organizing a tournament team to play local Navy units. Cpl. Carriere is in charge of the elimination games here and predicts a strong Dartmouth entry will be available for the inter-service series.

The skating rink on the Sea Plane base parade ground, complete with music and spotlights, has proved immensely popular in as much as the cold weather permitted WO2 Allison and his firefighters to provide a perfect sheet of ice. This feature, with skates available at the Sports Store if you haven't your own, will be continued just as long as the weather holds out.

The floor hockey league with the W/C Laut Trophy to shoot for will be well under way by now with eight teams in action on Monday nights. This game has been termed by some as being little short of legalized murder, but the boys like it. Perhaps it's just a case of the noise of the sticks on the floor which makes it look so rough, as there are comparatively few injuries. You can't get hurt in the balcony, in any case. Last year's winners, Sector Ops, are not represented this year, but we have teams from Marines, 121, 126, 11 BR (A) 11 BR (B) and Army A23, competing. Some fun, too!

There was talk of skiing but poor snow conditions caused this sport to die a natural death and was never in the picture. The Bridge club which has been operating regularly has been popular with good attendance at the sessions. The games are played in the Music Room at the Rec Hall on Tuesday and Thursday evenings following the first show.

SCANNING THE HORIZON

Intra-mural sport and Unit hockey have well filled every available date since the New Year with basketball, bowling, badminton, volleyball and floor hockey vieing for interest with the busting eight-team hockey loop which operates at the Forum Sunday afternoons and Tuesday nights.

Before Thumbs Up goes to press the P.T.I. staff hope to have the final games well under way in hockey and have other champions declared and "mugged" for next issue. Just in case it doesn't work out that way, here is the latest in the football situation: The two finalists are 145 Squadron (led by Mr. Basketball himself, S/ Elmer McLeod), and Joe Penner's Combines, made up of players from 126 Squadron and others who are homeless as to basketball affiliations through attachment to the smaller units where sufficient players to floor a squad just a'int. The series promises to be a scorcher. The hockey league will feature a four-team playoff series for the Halifax-Dartmouth R.C.A.F. championship commencing early in March. At present, with an unblemished record, the Marine Squadron is assured of a berth in the post-season series. The other 3? Hard to tell, but we like the chances of Headquarters, 11 BR, and Combines, but don't sell 8 CMU too short as last year's champs may cause plenty of trouble before the Wilson Trophy winner is decided.

The volleyball games have proved a deal of fun for all concerned and a worthwhile feature. The results and pix are elsewhere in this issue, as are reports of Station basketball teams. And it won't be long now, pals, before we hear that stentorian cry "Play Ball!" A happy thought, isn't it?—J. E. W.

Manager Sgt. Art Upper Reviews Progress In Peppy R.C.A.F. Hockey League

Our Station Hockey League is going great guns this year, and at the time of writing seven weeks of the ten-week schedule have passed, and with but three weeks to go before the playoffs start it is impossible to hazard a guess as to who will finish in the four playoff spots. The race is close, and the teams are battling tooth and nail.

Marines, handled by WO2 Hardy and F/S Griffin, are leading the parade with five wins and one tie in six games. They have yet to taste defeat, but they have some mighty tough games ahead of them for the next three weeks, and we wouldn't be surprised if they were scuttled at least once. However, they have a smooth-working team, led by Charlton, Johnson, Cory, Simpell and McEachern, plus a fine goalkeeper in Reiding, and will take quite a crack at that station title.

Radars, in second place, are right on Marines' heels. The players are from 16 R.U., Preston, and Bell Lake, and have been welded into a mighty fine team by LAC Jack Thayer, the burly defenceman, and Sgt. Elliott, who handles them from

the bench. Postings may weaken their team, in that Newman, the high scoring defenceman, and F/S O'Grady, may be moving from this district. However, trust Radars to be in there punching until the last minute of the last game. Their record stands at five wins and two losses in seven starts. Big Jack Pumble has been coaching them, with very satisfying results.

The entry from Headquarters, managed by WO2 "Pat" Doran and coached by Carl Ripley, got off to a bad start, losing two of their first three games, but since then have won three straight to put them in third place. They have played one game less than Radars, but that postponed game is with Marines, so anything can happen. Headquarters would give their eyeteeth to knock off the leaders. They have plenty of power, with Castaldi, Dow, Mosely, Sibley, Potruff, Dow, Bates and Cox showing the way. They seem to be headed for the playoffs but time will tell.

11 B.R., with F/O Hanson and Cpl. White at the helm, started off in a blaze of glory, winning their first three games. Then they did an about-face and lost three, before hitting a winning stride again. At present they are tied with Headquarters for third spot, and hope to keep their winning ways. They have one of the best lines, Boisvert, Doyan and Allen, in the league. Hanson, back from leave, is the fastest man on the team, if not in the league, and much is expected of him. They have a strong defence, a good goalkeeper, and definitely the ability to score goals, as is proved by the team standings shown below.

The 8 C.M.U. entry may prove to be the darkhorse of the league. After losing three games straight, they have reorganized the team, won three and tied one in their last four games, and are right in there for a chance at the title, which they won last year. Harvey Coombs is looking after the coaching chores, with "Trip" Tripanier handling the managerial duties. Gagnon, Painchaud, Bryden, Butler and Monette are carrying the offensive burden, with Bradley doing a fine job on defense. If this club continues to improve as they have been doing, it is going to be hard to convince them that they won't repeat last year's performance.

Combines, composed of players from 121, 145, & 167 Sqn., started the season with a real club on paper, but are having trouble hitting a winning stride. Part of this is due to the fact that not always can they field their best team. Some can't make all the games, because of duties, but their games all have been close-fought contests. Cpl. MacDonald, of 121, was the organizer of the team, but now F/O Perry of 167, is masterminding. Tippen, Perry, Luscombe, McLean all have been playing good hockey for their team, and Noel would have helped no end, if he hadn't in-

(Continued over the Page)

jured a knee a couple of weeks ago. Watt is a tower of strength, along with Anderson, on defense. We have hopes this club hits a winning stride before it is too late.

126 Sqn, with F/S Webb and Cpl. Scissions at the helm, started well, winning 2 of their first three games. Since then, Lady Luck has been dodging them, and they have lost 4 straight. To make the playoffs, for which they have a possible chance, they must win their remaining 3 games, and some of the top teams must lose all of theirs. Nevertheless, 126, also known as The Fighters, live up to their name, because it is a battle everytime they are on the ice. Grobe, Vogt, Killoran, Bennett and Stewart all are playing fine hockey. Win or lose, 126 Sqn. is out there giving all they have.

The E.A.C. entry, although yet to hit the win column, have played some fine games, and deserve special mention. Guided originally by F/S Muir and at present by WO1 Worrall, they have managed to ice a better-than-average club, considering the few airmen from whom to select an entry. To begin with, they had no goal-keeper, so F/L Lukes took over the duties, and did a fine job. Then he moved up to a wing position, and F/S McNeil took over the net duties, and looks very good. Hartling and Muncaster, on the forward line, have played good hockey, and two new players, Slaunwhite and Burns, out for the last two games, are as good as any forwards in the league. WO1 Joel, on defense, is doing well, and also works on the advertising end of the league.

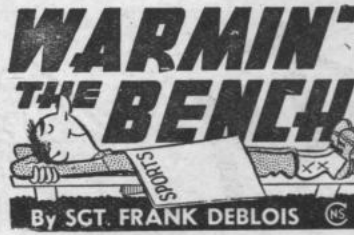
It's a mighty fine league, folks, and if you haven't been over to the FORUM, in Halifax, as yet, make a point of going to support your section teams. Three games every Sunday afternoon, beginning at 1400 hrs., and one game every Tuesday at 1900 hrs. Referring is done by members of the Senior team, and is being handled well, with few, if any, complaints from the teams. Playoffs will start the first week in March, and believe you me, the teams sure are battling for one on the top four playoff spots.

Below is the league standing as of February 6.

Teams	Played	Won	Lost	Tied	Points	Goals		To Play
						For	Against	
Marines	6	5	1	1	11	23	14	4
Radars	7	5	2	0	10	22	13	3
Hdqtrs	6	4	2	0	8	24	15	4
11 BR	7	4	3	0	8	34	23	3
8 C.M.U.	7	4	3	1	7	21	24	3
Combines	7	2	4	1	5	21	21	3
126 Sqdn.	7	2	4	0	4	16	25	3
E. A. C.	7	2	5	1	1	14	40	3

Kinda Young

New York (CNS) — Willie Sheppard, and his three-year-old brother Ronald killed a bottle of wine between them, then



The U.S. Government's edict closing all race tracks for the duration and its order calling for reclassification of all 4Fs in organized athletics may KO all sport in the U.S.A. for the duration. Tough, hey?

Most people are most interested in the effect of the government's action on baseball. Last year the big league players batted the ball around to the edification of nearly 10 million customers. This year there may not be players enough to field 16 teams.

Professional baseball is walking the gangplank. The only thing that will save the game now is a Presidential Green Light similar to the one President Roosevelt gave it two years ago when he said "go ahead" and play.

In the wake of the President's call for National Service and additional legislative methods to force the nation's 4 million 4Fs into war plants, baseball is in a bad way. There are 281 4F players in the big leagues. Without them the game seems doomed.

Among the 4F players in baseball now subject to reclassification are Whitey Kurowski, Mort and Walker Cooper, Johnny Hopp, Harry (the Cat) Brecheen and Ted Wilks of the World Champion St. Louis Cardinals; Phin Weintraub and Bill Voiselle of the New York Giants; Augie Galan, Dixie Walker and Manager Leo Durocher of the Brooklyn Dodgers; Bob Elliot of Pittsburgh; Hal Newhouser and Paul Trout of Detroit; Buck Walters of Cincinnati, and Tommy Holmes of the Boston Braves. If these men are drafted you'll see Ty Cobb back in centre field for Detroit, Babe Ruth in right for the Yankees and Connie Mack behind the bat for the As.

Baseball officials and some pro football magnates, too, have insisted that, come

what may, their leagues will continue. Branch Rickey, president of the Brooklyn club, says he will field a team of 17-year-olds, grandfathers and two-headed pitchers. Tim Mara, owner of the New York Football Giants, threatens to use only men over 38. He has three of them already, in Arnie Herber, Ken Strong and Mel Hein.

There is little chance that Washington will halt baseball entirely, the way it stopped horse racing. But there is a strong possibility that there just won't be enough players to go around. One thing is certain: Ball players are going to be very reluctant to leave war plants and farms to scamper around on the diamond before stands full of jabbering fans.

The major league magnates, registering optimism, are grinning like gargoyles, but they aren't fooling anyone. "It's a long way till April," one club owner said hopefully, indicating that by the time the season begins on April 17, everyone will have forgotten all about this problem. Fortunately few people share this attitude.

Right now baseball can do itself and the nation a favor by facing the future honestly. If the big leagues can field 16 teams next year, swell. If not, so what? Things are tough all over.

BLUE PLATE SPECIAL

Babe Ruth, the world's finest fat man, has been named the greatest athlete of the past quarter-century by the Connecticut Sports Writers' league. . . . One man who doesn't think the Babe rates the award, however, is Hub Pruett, the ancient Red Sox pitcher who fanned Ruth 16 of the 18 times he faced him one season. On the 17th time, the Babe popped up, and on the 18th he slammed one out of the lot. . . . Ottawa's Sgt. Hec Kilrea, veteran hockey star, was wounded in action in France while serving with the 1st U.S. Army. . . . Pete Gray, one armed outfielder of the Memphis Chicks and now the property of the St. Louis Browns, won the annual award of the Spokane Sportsman's club which includes a one-grand war bond. . .

San Francisco (CNS)—Mrs. Rosalia DiMaggio, mother of Sgt. Joe DiMaggio, became a U.S. citizen recently when she passed her naturalization tests. Papa DiMaggio flunked, however, and will have to try again in three months.

(Continued on Page 35)

INDIANAPOLIS (CNS)—Johnny Ryan, a professional bondsman, fell asleep and started snoring in court. He was awakened by the judge, who then fined him \$16 for contempt.

Madison, Wis. (CNS) — Quentie Oliver, 9, fell into a well while trying to rescue his puppy, which had fallen in earlier. Attempting to rescue Quentie, a fireman fell in. All were rescued finally.

passed out cold behind a stove. At a local hospital they were treated for alcohol poisoning, sent home to bed and a milk toast diet.

Society



"Stuffy MacPherson"

Y.M.C.A. War Services Office,
R.C.A.F. Dartmouth, N. S.,
February 1945.

To all the personnel of R.C.A.F., Dartmouth:

Greetings from your Y office.

The Y.M.C.A. has not put an appearance in Thumbs Up for some time now and we thought it would be a good idea to start out with an open letter to all the gang to let them know just what our plans are for the New Year.

First, of all, have you been in the Y lately? If not, we would like you to make a social call and acquaint yourselves with the Y program. We have a new office in the Rec Hall which we would very much like you to see. There is lots of space in which to kick around, so drop in as soon as possible and let's get acquainted.

For some time now the Y staff has been in a state of flux with one supervisor leaving and another taking his place. But we have a staff which will be on the station for some time, we hope. Remember Ray Gullison?—well she has made the big hop and from all reports she is doing a grand job and having herself a big time as well. She is safely esconsed in London where she is smiling benignly on the lads "over there".

Now to meet some of the new members of the Y.M.C.A. staff—firstly (ladies before gentlemen) we have a lovely young

Y. M. C. A. Programme Varied and Interesting

lady whom a number of you already know. She is Norma MacPherson, better known as "Stuffy". Stuffy is a new member of the War Services staff, having just been discharged from the R.C.A.F. where she held the rank of Section Officer. For some time she was stationed at EAC and Gorse Brook, and she liked this neck of the woods so well she asked to be posted back here when she was taken-on by the Y.M.C.A. So we have a converted Upper Canadian who will be a very great asset to the Station. The job of the woman supervisor is to associate with the W.D.'s on the station, but we have a feeling the lads won't suffer too much in-co-far as "Stuffy" is concerned.

The other new-comer to Dartmouth is also a veteran of World War 11. This is Bert Lett. Bert is from Ontario, but we won't hold that against him because he has been in the Maritimes for over a year and likes it. Bert was with the Canadian Army as a Lieutenant and then transferred to the R.C.A.F. where he reverted to AC2 to become a student-pilot. After 16 months with the R.C.A.F., he was discharged for medical reasons.

Bert is the musician of the gang and has had considerable experience in staging musical shows and plays. It is his hope, and ours too, that the personnel of Dartmouth will come forward and let him know the talent which is on the station so that we may go into production for a new Station Show. So if you have any talents what-so-ever, drop in and see Bert Lett because he is only too willing to help you in any way he can musically.

This completes the line-up of Y personnel. We are all set to go to work on new programs and entertainment, but, we need your co-operation so, once more we ask you to drop in and have a chat with us at your earliest convenience and see what we have to offer.

We'll be seeing you soon,
(Signed) W. K. Robinson, (Robbie)



Bert Lett

HOBBY SHOP

A super craft shop has been set up in E Block (Old Wet Canteen) where it is possible to make any thing from a watch strap to a baby's rattle. Woodwork, Lethen works and plastics. Williard Trafford, the Y.M.C.A. Handicraft Supervisor set this shop up while here on T.D. and it is now open all day and every night. Don't fail to see the set-up and make arrangements with our qualified staff to start the classes in handwork which are open to everyone, or just potter around in the craft most interesting to you.

We were sorry to see Willard Trafford go, because, as most of you who met him know, Will is really tops as a sport and is a human dynamo where handicrafts are concerned. Whenever Williard visits there is an aura of good cheer and fun. We will miss him very much.

TALENT WANTED

If you can play a musical instrument, sing, dance, or take part in dramatic sketches, please report your talent, no matter how small to the "Y". A series of "Jeep Shows" are in process to one of these groups.

What is a Jeep Show?—It is a group of four or five people with talent who can perform primarily in the hospital to give the patients a bit of diversified entertainment. You don't have to be professionals. Just come in. Probably all you need is a little practice and a bit more intestinal fortitude.



Entertainment



v.w.d.

Y.M.C.A. PROGRAM DAY BY DAY

Monday: Discussion Group. Guest speakers and debates. Refreshments. 2000 hours in Rec Hall.

Tuesday: Bridge Class. If you want to learn the game or just brush up on it, come down on Tuesday and have some of the experts give you a hand.

Swing Session: your favourite bands playing your favourite pieces. Jam session every other week with bands made up of station personnel. Rec Hall at 2030 hours.

Wednesday: Dance in W.D. canteen. A very informal dance with the girls of the station. A lot of fun with novelty dances. 2030 hours to 2330 hours.

Thursday: Bridge Club. This is your chance to win a prize and have some really keen games of your favourite pastime. Tournaments will be arranged and refreshments are served. 2030 hours in Rec. Hall.

Friday: Musical Appreciation Hour: A chance to hear the classics as you like them. We have a large library from which to choose. There will be commentaries on the lesser known works so that you may become more familiar with them. 2000 hours Rec. Hall.

Saturday: Station Dance a dance for the station at which there is lots of fun and good music. Novelty dances are featured and a floor show is provided. 2030 hours in Rec Hall.

Sunday: Fire Side Hour. An informal gathering of the lads and lasses in the W.D. Canteen where we will have a different program every week with features such as Bingo, quiz programs. Recordings (popular and classical), sing songs and refreshments. A really new and diversified programme every week.

After the first show Sunday night in the W.D. Canteen. Everyone welcome.

COMING EVENTS

E A C MARINE SQDN.

DANCE

NOVA SCOTIA BALLROOM

THURSDAY

March 1st

DANCING 9 - 1 a.m.

END OF DISPUTE STARTS DISCS OFF BIG CO. PRESSES

According to the December issue of Canadian Coin Machine and Amusement World (trade paper for juke box and coin machine operators), a few hours after the agreement was signed between President James Caesar Petrillo, czar of the American Federation of Musicians, and the RCA-Victor and Columbia Corporations, maestro Vaughn Munroe gave the downbeat for the first instrumental music to be recorded by Victor in 27 months of bitter warfare with the A.F.M. boss. Incidentally the number that Munroe's men gave out with was the Trolley Song, which immediately shot into first place in juke box popularity, shading Bing Crosby's "Don't Fence Me In" by a narrow margin. The new agreement will sound the death knell (for the time being anyway) of the ancient revivals which have been conspicuous choices in music boxes this past year.

The battle between Petrillo and the recording companies started over the union's demands for royalties on recordings made by their members. After holding out for over a year, Decca and about a hundred of the smaller discing concerns gave in to the A.F.M. demands and signed. Columbia and RCA-Victor held out, however—even taking their case to the White House itself. They finally had to accede or go out of business. Neither a request from the President of the United States, nor orders from the Government War Labor Board budged the truculent Petrillo. He knew what he wanted and got it. "This is not a victory for the American Federation of Musicians but a victory for all organized labor." It is predicted by President Petrillo that the tribute enacted from the recording companies will amount to the sizable sum of \$4,000,000 annually, which is said to be earmarked for "educational and beneficial" purposes for the A.F.M. members.

With the signing of peace terms, Victor, the largest of the waxing concerns, launched into a tremendous programme in an effort to catch up with the great amount of music which has been pigeon-holed pending a settlement of the dispute. After

Vaughn Munroe's trolley recording the piano classical artist Jose Uturbi took over the studio and recorded a "Red Seal" of Morton Gould's "Boogie Woogie Etude" and the same composer's "Blues," which is one that we are most anxious to hear for two reasons. One is that Uturbi plays it and worth a listen if the tune was Mary Had A Little Lamb. The other is Morton Gould's Blue music. He's good is Mort.

At the time of writing, according to our same source, Canadian Coin Machine and Amusement World, these are the tunes which are gathering most nickels. As stated, Vaughn Munroe's Trolley Song and Bing's Don't Fence Me In, hold one and two spots. I'll Walk Alone—Dinah Shore, Estillita—Harry James, Dance with Dolly—Russ Morgan, I'm Making Believe—Ink Spots, Music Makers—Harry James, You Always Hurt The One You Love—Mills Brothers, There'll Be A Hot Time In The Town of Berlin—Big Crosby and Andrews Sisters, Snow Fall—Clyde Thornhill, Too Ra Loo Ra Loo Ral—Bing Crosby, Together—Dinah Shore, Into Each Life Some Rain Must Fall—Ink Spots, Celery Stalks At Midnight—Will Bradley, There Goes That Song Again—Sammy Kaye . . . all of which makes us to ask whereinell's the VOICE is who can cause all-night waiting queues of bobby-socked morons at his New York theatre? A guy's whose efforts can't place one in 15 of the country's most popular recordings is a poor bet for our dough.

Station Shows

MOVIE SCHEDULE FOR FEB. & MAR.

Feb. 15—"Gung Ho"—Univ.

18—"Merry Monahans"—Univ.

20—"Marine Raiders"—R.K.O.

22—"Hail the Conquering Hero"—Paramount

25—"The Very Thought Of You"—Warner Bros.

Mar. 1—"Sweet And Low"—20th Cen.

4—"North Star"—R.K.O.

8—"Sign Of The Cross"—Para. Century

8—"Sign Of The Cross"—Para.

11—"Uncertain Glory"—Warner

13—"Dough Girls"—Warner

15—"Babes On Swig Street"—Univ.

THEY CALLED THEM PROFITEERS LAST WAR

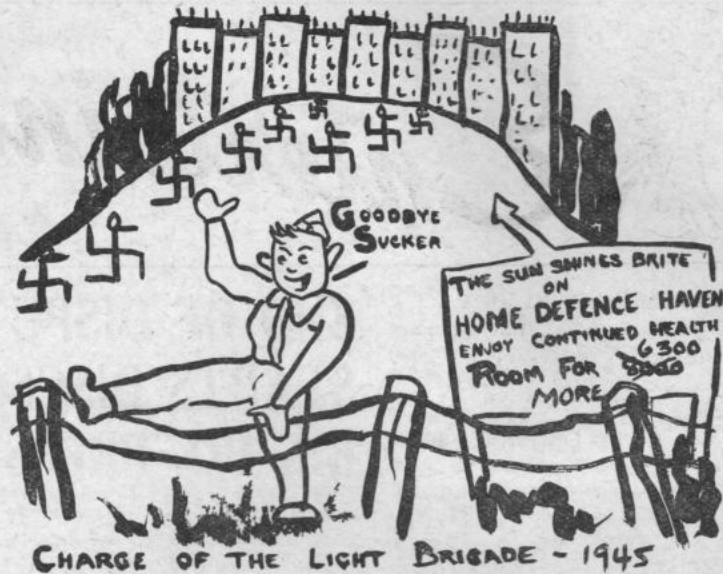
Two of our Dartmouth lads while home on holiday furlough found Canada's champion clip-joint, so they tell us. Since both report about the same place, at different times, and for different reasons, we think maybe these characters have something. Hull's Standish Hall is the place. Here's the gen. A Dartmouth LAC took his girl friend over the Chaudiere Bridge from Ottawa for a bit of Quebec night life, to the stately Standish. He checked his coat and left two-bits for the gal. They then extracted \$1 cover charge. So far so good. Being seated at a table Airman Joe ordered two quarts of brew d'Molson (adv.). He was advised that there "was no beer." Taking a quick gander around at the well-filled tables he asked, "What are they drinking?" "Beer," was the reply, "but you'll have to see Martin (head waiter) about that," and the waiter tossed a thumb in the direction of the hotel's maitre d'.

"Seeing Martin" involved passing that worthy gentleman 50c in return for a little blue slip of paper which read, "OK—2 beers" (signed with initials). Returning to the table he again ordered the beer, surrendered his slip of paper and \$1.10 plus 15c tip for the waiter. In due time of course with dancing and what-not citizens get thirsty. So again the waiter was summoned and once again the same result. 50c to Martin plus \$1.25 for two quarts of beer, including the tip. "That," according to our informant, "added up to \$4.75 already, and I was scared to death that the waiter would bring around a menu for I only had about five bucks and change. I said I was sick, and I wasn't kidding."

We thought the \$1.05 a quart, not counting the admission or tips, which our friend had paid, was bad, until we were talking to F/L Shag O'Reilly, when he returned from leave. He also visited Standish of an evening. He paid the admission charges and usual tips and ordered two double Ryes (probably 2 oz. drinks which cost \$5.15 for 40 oz. in Quebec). Shag's bill read \$3.50! We remember a fairly recent issue of Life magazine where the Stork Club, New York's hoity-toitist, was featured. The price of their finest imported Scotch was in the neighborhood of 70c, or for the same quantity as O'Reilly had, \$2.80. The ordinary domestic Ryes and blended liquors were far less expensive. It would seem a good move on the part of the authorities of all three services to put such a place out of bounds.

Who Bit Who?

Woonsocket, R.I. (CNS) — Fined \$10 for biting a policeman, a local resident has appealed to the State Supreme Court. He claims he has no teeth.



THE CHARGE OF THE VERY LIGHT BRIGADE

"Ottawa, Ottawa,
Send reinforcements!"
So toward the battlefronts
They sent sixty hundred.

"Forward N.R.M.A.!"
On to the ships," they say,
"On to the battlefront."
THIS sixty hundred?

"Forward N.R.M.A.!"
For unity we pray,
Yet all the country knew
Some one had blundered.
Theirs was a steady cry
"Can't see the reason why,"
Theirs just to dodge not die
Away from the battlefront
Ran sixty hundred.

M.P.'s to right of them
M.P.'s to left of them
M.P.'s behind them
Guarded and wondered.
Stormed at by press who tell
Of riots, strikes, and what-the-hell,
"Flee from the battlefront
"Over the fence!" they'd yell,
Scrammed sixty hundred.

Arms of their tunics bare,
Please note: no G.S. there,
Daniels who wouldn't dare,
Seventy thousand stay-homes while
All the world wondered.
"Sent like a G.S. bloke!"—
Right out of line they broke;
With shame we remember
Frightened fleeing from the smoke
Of battles that thundered.
A few followed through, but not
Not sixty hundred.

M.P.'s to right of them
M.P.'s to left of them
M.P.'s behind them
Searched where they'd wandered.
Stormed at by those who tell
How our real soldiers fell
Canucks who'd fought so well,
Who'd died on the battlefront
Unafraid to face the hell.
Too few are left of them
All G.S. hundreds.

When will their "glory" fade?
Oh! the mad dash they made.
All the world wondered.
Honour their flight today,
Glorious N.R.M.A.
Great sixty hundred.

Clean Out Your Wallets, Boys

Omaha (CNS) — Among the divorces filed here recently was one by a confessed pickpocket. He claimed he stole a sailor's wallet, found his wife's picture within.

Why Don't Somebody Tell Me

Springfield, Mass. (CNS) — Charlie Anderson, 7, was incredulous when his father informed him that he had a new baby brother. "Wow!" exclaimed Charlie. "Does mummy know about it?"

Works Both Ways

Indianapolis (CNS) — Guards at the Indiana Women's Prison rubbed their eyes when they spotted someone climbing over the wall into the prison. It was the prison engineer. "Forgot my keys," he muttered.

New York (CNS) — When Bandleader Woody Herman's cook threatened to quit, he enticed her into staying by writing a song—"Stay Awhile"—and dedicating it to her.

Dartmouth's Bookshelf



Cpl. PAT FALKNER, Librarian

This being the initial effort for the year 1945, we ought to be scintillating, witty, and what have you. In other words, on our toes, but to be frank, there doesn't seem anything startling to relate in the book world, since the near panic caused by "Forever Amber" and the intervention of Christmas and everything. I suppose this is the result of all the excitement of the holiday season. However, we have welcomed quite a few new members into the Library and we are very happy to do so. We endeavor to be THE "gloom dispellers" via the "book route," so try us, ladies and gentlemen. As we have said many times before, now is the time to get the reading habit. And we repeat, all for nothing, if you play the game according to the rules. The bogey man (3 cents a day fine) lurks in the background, waiting to catch the tardy but we are not hard-hearted, if funds are low—we "put it on the cuff"—so do not be afraid to bring your books back, however late.

New Books

We have just received a stack of new books at the time of writing. Many of the new "current events," also biography and fiction. Some of them herewith: "Bases Overseas," by G. Weller; "Total Victory," by S. King-Hall; "Pipeline To Battle," by Ranier; "The Compleat Smuggler," by Faerjon; "The Beasts Of The Earth," by Karst; "I Must Have Liberty," by I. DePalencia; "The Life And Times Of Diane De Potiers," by Seeley; "Smash Hitler's International," by Taylor, Snow and Jane-way; "Commodore Vanderbilt," by W. J. Lane; "Masters And Men," by P. Guedalla; "The Letters Of Ellen Terry and Bernard Shaw," by C. St. John; "The Two Marshalls," by P. Guedalla; "Only The Stars Know," by D. A. MacMillan; "Clive Of Plassey," by A. M. Davis; "The People Of India," by K. Goshal; "Russian Year," by Pruszyński; "Great Soldiers Of World War 2," by H. A. De Weerd; "Winged Peace," by Air Marshal B. Bishop; "It's Always Tomorrow," by St. John; "Gliding

And Soaring," by Sitek and Blunt, and many others.

Among the lighter books we have "Colliers Collects Its Wits" (Cartoons) and that "H'ampire H'air Train Plan," which we think you should all read, not forgetting "You're Sitting On My Eyelashes," another lot of cartoons to spend half an hour with. Also we got that old book for you, "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," and Streeter's "That's Me All Over Mabel" (last war letters of a GI to his gal).

For the poetry lovers we have "Essays On Poetry," by Squires; "The Lives And Times Of Archie and Mehitabel"; "Stag Lines" and C. Morley's "The Middle Kingdom."

In fiction we have several Zane Grey's, some of Hendry's new books, "For Love Alone," by Stead, and others. On order, and expected in immediately, is Lord Halifax's "Ghost Book"; "In All Thy Ways," by P/O Edwin Gray; "Try And Stop Me," by Bennett Cerf; "Tragic Ground," and many others. Look in D.R.O.'s for lists, and other news about the Library.

Have you read "Young 'Un" yet? Locale of this story is Lake Champlain, in the year 1790. It is the story of three children who were bereft of their mother when their home burned down, and whose bush-roaming father left them to fend for themselves when he found his wife was dead. The author, Herbert Best, is an Englishman, married to an American, and now living in the States. He was educated at Cambridge University, fought through the last war, was a civil servant in Africa for a time. His first book, a boys' book, was "Garram—The Hunter."

Another non-fiction, "People On Our Side," by Edgar Snow, described as "the engrossing story of the forces that are shaping the future destinies of Russia, China and India." So if you are interested in any, or all of these countries, no not miss this book. It is the latest war book imperative designated by the Council on Books in Wartime. We have (as many of you know) "Green Years," by A. J. Cronin. This book is a study of humanity at its best, and one of Cronin's best books. "Roger Sudden," by T. H. Raddall, another book worth reading. A novel on the founding of Halifax depicting the struggle between the French and English for Canada. The love story of Roger Sudden who came from London to Nova Scotia. By the same author as "His Majesty's Yankees."

More copies of "Forever Amber" are on order, so you will all get the opportunity to read the book soon. Have you read Elizabeth Goudge's (pronounced Goozh) novel, "Green Dolphin Street"? This is good reading. And now will you please tell us if there are any books out, that you would like to have in this Library? We should appreciate this, although we try to cater to all tastes, we may be missing something some of you want to read.

Here is a thought for you: The customer was choosing a book at the Library, and the Librarian, (trying to be helpful) asked, "Have you had 'Seven Years With The Wrong Woman'?" "No, twelve!" snapped the customer, "but what's that got to do with you?"

THE LIBRARIAN.

SOME NEW BOOKS YOU SHOULD READ



RAINBOW NEWS

The Holiday Spirit is over but the memory still lingers, and the old chatter still going on about the good time had by all. Looking around we see the old faces leaving the Squadron. Good luck to F/L Tate who went to the Western Air Command. Finally getting their wish, L AC Savigny, LTC Moscovitch who went on Emergency Equipment Course. Best of everything Lads.

See that Mrs. Bob Horton came all the way from old Tennessee to spend Christmas with Bob. They had a lovely time so Bob states in good old Montreal—which my hearties is THE place to have a good time.

What two characters from the Drogue Section, who while on Christmas Leave stopped over at the Big City and really had a nice time being rolled? Little boys should learn not to play with matches.

Flash—Congrats to Doug Potts on his recent marriage. He is at this writing on his honeymoon. All good wishes to you and the new Mrs.

Congrats to WO2 Orchard on his recent

decoration, the British Empire Medal. Still doesn't know why he got it. Modest Man. Well Mostowiak spent New Years in the Big City of N.Y. and has a new waving motion with his hand. Where did you pick it up Mike. Give us all the lowdown.

4-star item—Orchids are due to all in the Squadron for having the best serviceability in E.A.C. for the past year. Keep it up Boys.

The Squadron is really doing fine in the Sport's Field. Really up their on the top—and the prospects are good that they stay there for the pay-off—which is just is should be and so for now I'll sign off till next Issue.

Your Roving Reporter,
TROY.

Allies Landed Million To Smash Nazi Wall

England (CNS) — More than a million men were landed in northern France during the first 28 days of the invasion in spite of the Germans' vaunted Atlantic Wall. Also landed during this time were 183,000 vehicles and 650,000 tons of supplies.

GOING ON LEAVE?

TRAVELLING TIME ON LEAVE FROM DARTMOUTH TO THE FOLLOWING POINTS

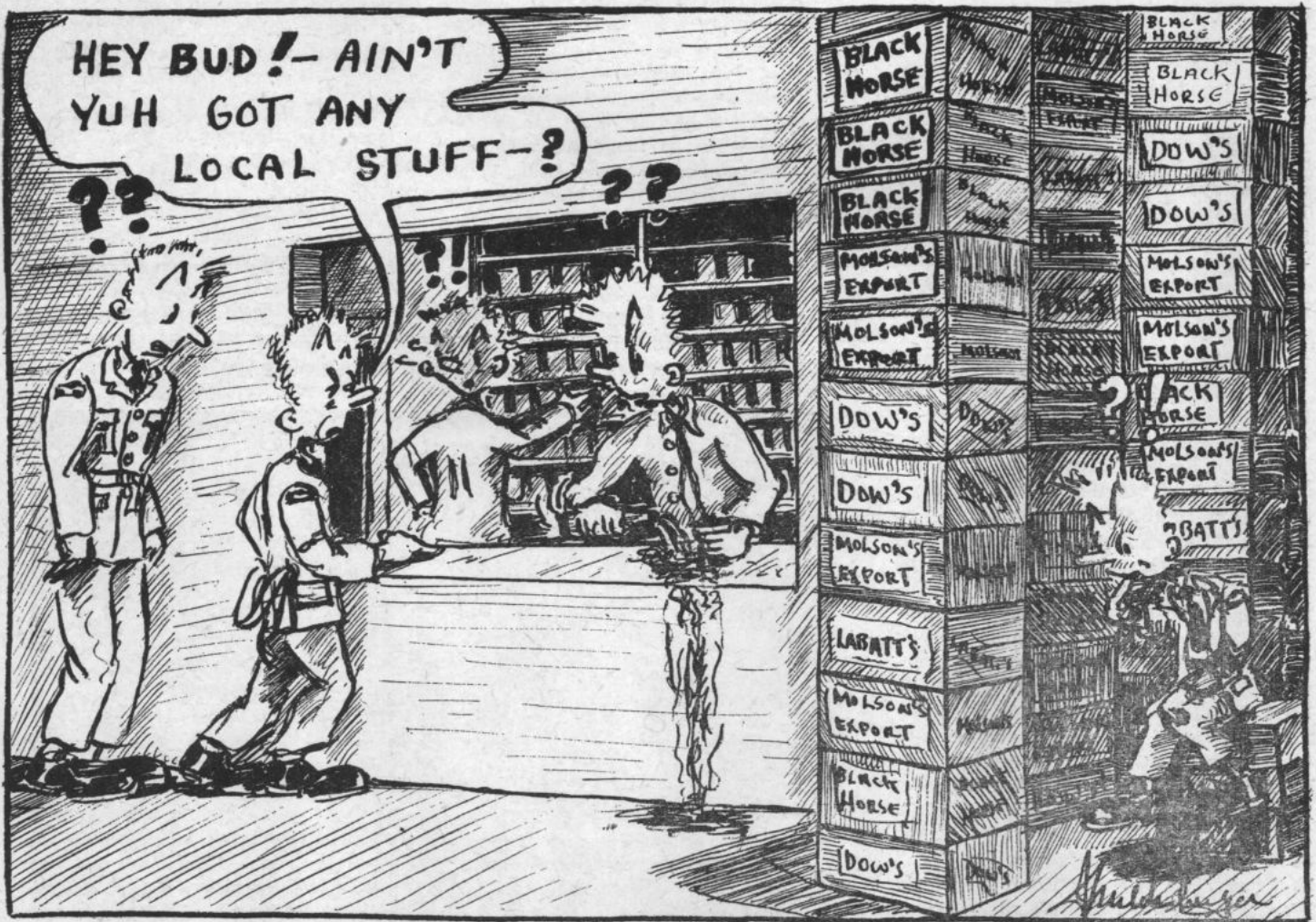
Nova Scotia and New Brunswick (6 hours by train or longer)...	1 Day
Montreal	2 Days
Prince Edward Island	2 "
Toronto, Ottawa, Hamilton, London	3 "
Sudbury, Detroit, and Sault Ste. Marie	4 "
Fort William & Port Arthur	5 "
Winnipeg	6 "
Brandon, Dauphin, Yorkton	7 "
Regina, Saskatoon	8 "
Edmonton, Calgary, Lethbridge	9 "
Vancouver, Jasper	10 "
Victoria, and Vancouver Is.	11 "

Only a stung conscience itches to sting back.

Morals are the backbone of the nation. Are we suffering from curvature of the spine.

STATION NEWS ITEM—Airman complains of the surplus of imported goods in Canteen

by Mildenerger



HOW FAR WILL YOUR C-NOTE GO TOWARD CIVIC DUDS?

The Redlander, one of the better U. S. Army Service Papers, sent a reporter on a shopping tour to see what it would cost to change from GI issue to Civilian habiliments. Since it's just what you and I will be doing one of those fine days soon (praise be), we found brother Redlander's summary a bit of a shock. A check of local prices in Halifax and Dartmouth area correspond closely with the figures below so with your C-note from the Govt. in hand and Mr. Micawber's immortal observation as your guide, go get'em. Just in case you have not read David Copperfield lately, in Chapter 12, Mr. Micawber sounds off thusly. "Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure nineteen ninety-six, result happiness. Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure twenty pounds ought and six, result Misery."

PRICE TAGS MAR THOSE BEAUTIFUL CIVILIAN CLOTHES

If you got a discharge tomorrow, hopped back home and made a dash for the nearest civilian clothing store, you'd come out \$263.10 lighter by the time you had assembled a modest little wardrobe.

A shopping tour to estimate the cost of coming out of the khaki cocoon resulted in the table printed below. Prices listed are not the rock-bottom lowest but are far from getting into the expensive lines.

This is the cost of good, wearable togs for a guy who doesn't want to scatter his savings on anything fancy:

2 suits	\$75.00
topcoat	25.00
hat	5.00
gloves	3.00
muffler	2.00
raincoat	12.00
6 shirts	15.00
6 undershirts	3.00
6 pr. shorts	6.00
6 pr. socks	3.60
2 pr. shoes	15.00
belt	1.50
2 pr. pajamas (remember)?	6.00
garters	1.00

Cost so far, \$179.10, and that doesn't give you things like a bathrobe and slippers—or any extra shirts and underwear while you're waiting for the laundry. But you'll need something heavier than a topcoat this winter. Overcoat \$45. One sport outfit will set you back \$5.00 for the shirt, \$10. for the slacks, \$5.00 for a sweater and \$19.00 for a jacket. Total: \$263.10.

And if you want to weep about it, you'll have to borrow a handkerchief from somebody!

Warming The Bench Cont.

Are Ball Players People?

Although the New York Giants finished a sorry fifth in the National League pennant race, their manager, Melvin Ott, views the season just concluded as a successful one. "After all", he reasons, "we finished ahead of Them Bums" . . . Sporting News' annual baseball awards went this year to Slaty Marion, octopus shortstop of the St. Louis Cardinals, and Bobby Doerr, Boston Red Sox second baseman. Hal Newhouser, Detroit; Bill Voiselle, Giants; Bill Nicholson, Cubs; and Snuffy Stirnweiss, Yankees, received honorable mention . . . Stirnweiss, who succeeded the great Joe Gordon at second, will remain at that post in the Yankees' post-war infield with Gordon shifting to short, according to George Weiss, vice president of the New York club . . . One-armed Pete Gray, Memphis outfielder and most valuable player in the Southern Association, will play for the St. Louis Browns next year. Just before the season ended Pete was visited by a one-armed 9-year-old Los Angeles boy and Gray belted a triple, a double and 3 singles for the kid. . . His second World War is over for Maj Hank Gowdy, Special Services Officer at Ft. Benning, Ga, who has been retired to inactive status. Gowdy was the first big leaguer to enlist in World War 1.

Playful Old Girl

Tulsa, Okla (CNS)—A 93-year-old local resident has asked the sheriff's office to "do something" about his wife, who is 70. She has been "sparking" with their boarder, the old gentleman complains, and what's more — the boarder hasn't paid his board.

What A Break!

Shrewsbury, N.J. (CNS)—Due to the paper shortage, there will be no more report cards for pupils in the Shrewsbury grammar school. Hereafter, the teachers will give verbal reports to the parents of school children.

Detroit (CNS)—The police are holding a pony on a hit-and-run charge here. The frisky little fellow is charged with ignoring a red light and running down two pedestrians.

Dion, Cal., (CNS)—A local newspaper ran this exciting ad: "Owner of a truck would like to correspond with a widow who owns two tires. Object: matrimony. P.S. Send picture of tires".

Indianapolis, (CNS)—When a drunk on a street car invited her to sit on his lap, Policewoman Vivian Tinnel slapped the cuffs of his wrists and led him away to the station house.—A wolf isn't safe any more in Indianapolis.

Monroe, Utah, (CNS)—Citizens of this town are refrained by an old ordinance from dancing together in public places "Unless daylight may be seen between the partners." — That's OK, at Dartmouth as the only time the "jive Kids" ever come close together is when the lad escorts his partner off the floor.

Prairie, S.D., (CNS)—Chief Leonard Foolish Woman—yep that's his name—a lonesome Indian, wants his foolish woman back. He claims his wife deserted him for the glamour of the stage. She's now featured in a side show in Chicago, he says.

St. Paul, Minn., (CNS)—The police here are looking for a clever thief who keeps stealing gasoline from the police patrol car.—Probably he's from Minneapolis, chief.

Toronto, (CNS)—A university professor X-rayed what everyone thought was the mummy of an Egyptian queen in the Royal Ontario Museum, and discovered that it wasn't the mummy of a queen at all, merely that of an antelope.—There is a difference, even in Toronto.

Hard Fighting Ahead

Pacific (CNS) — The hardest fighting of the Pacific war is "before, not behind us," in the opinion of Lt. Gen. Alexander A. Vandergrift, commandant of the United States Marine Corps.

While recent American offensives have brought us in a position to "strike major blows against the enemy's inner springs of power," the days ahead will be "critical for us as well as the enemy," he warned.

Defeat of Germany, he declared, must not be a signal to relax effort either militarily or on the home front.

England. — Sgt. Bennie Sheehan wrote home for some spaghetti sauce. Finally it arrived in a special can. Sheehan heated the can, tasted the ingredients, then gagged, sputtered, grabbed his throat and rolled on the floor. When he recovered he read a note his mother had attached to the can. "Hope you enjoy the tobacco," it read.—(CNS.)

"My hair is coming out, what shall I get to keep it in?"
 "A paper bag."
 —The Key Outpost.

Reporter, interviewing castaway Marine:
 "And you and this lovely South Sea maiden lived all alone on this island for seven years?"

Marine—"Well we did for the first year."

Girls with beautiful pins usually stick somebody.

"The intelligent girl is one who knows how to refuse a kiss without being deprived of it."

Snake Eyes

Taxi Driver: "I take the next turn, don't I?"

Delmore in the back seat with Wahine: "Oh Yeah!"

"Dere goes dat slatternly Mandy Jackson, wid her ten pickanninnies. She sho' do look repugnant."

"Lan' sakes, Liza! Again?"

—Skyscrapers.

You can stop snoring by good advice, cooperation, kindness, sympathy and by stuffing an old sock in his mouth.

Said one smooth airman to one cute trick at a local dance: "Tell me about yourself—your struggles, your dreams, your telephone number."

Two pints make one cavort.

A charming young lady named Hopper,
 Committed a sad social cropper;
 She went to South Bend
 With a gentleman friend
 The rest of the story's improper.

—Skyscraper.

He: "What is home, without a mother?"
 She: "I am, tonight!"

That's Where Money Goes

A soldier upon being asked what he had done with his pay replied: "Part of it went for drinks, part for women and the rest I spent foolishly."

Zero Beat.

W.D.: "Cpl. Brown was at a masquerade last night, but I couldn't tell him from Adam."

Airman.: "My heavens! Did they dress like that?"

If a girl expects to win a husband she ought to exhibit a generous nature or else, how generous nature has been to her.

"It's nice to kiss in a shady parking place, but my boy friend doesn't stop there."

"You mean—!"

"Yes; he keeps right on driving."

"Bill shouldn't have married Irene. Why, in six months she has made him a pauper."

"Wow! Boy or girl?"

"I'm cutting quite a figure," she said as she sat on a broken bottle.

Teacher: "Junior, if I take 59 from 101, what's the difference?"

Junior: "Yeah; that's what I say. Ta hell with it."

"I've got rheumatism in my muscles."

"You ought to see a masseur."

"What's that?"

"A man that pinches you all over."

"Oh, you mean a Marine?"

A corpsman gazed admiringly at the beautiful dress on the leading chorine.

"Who made her dress?" he asked his companion.

"I'm not sure," said his friend, "but I think it was the police."

Bedtime Examiner.

Many a gal has gotten first hand information in a second-hand automobile.

There Are Several On The Camp

Austin, Tex. (CNS) — Cats know more about beauty make-up than women do, according to a beauty expert. "If you want to learn the basic principles of feminine charm, study a cat while she's washing her face," he told a gathering of local ladies. "There's no living thing that knows more about make-up than the ordinary alley cat."



"I was born overseas."

editors' page

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



Thumbs Up!

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

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Recent ruling that RCAF personnel who obtain discharges will be subject of immediate Selective Service call regardless of length of service, will undoubtedly put a damper on the enthusiasm for the return to civvy freedom of Military-age airmen for in most cases a "call" means the army—nothing else. We have no quarrel with such a ruling where it operates in the case of those who of their own accord simply want to get out of the service. The war isn't over yet. When the RCAF was recruited it was on the basis of "the duration of the present war and so long after as His Majesty desired my services". On the other hand we don't appreciate Army Recruiting propaganda & public slurs directed against RCAF ground crew simply because they happen to be in Canada. May all be again reminded that there isn't an airman serving in Canada, with an overseas medical category, who is here by his

own choice. He volunteered to serve anywhere in the world—when required. With the BCATP centred in Canada & with the responsibility of manning, administration, & training vested in the RCAF, it was a natural sequence that a large part of the RCAF would serve on this continent. Now that the extreme urgency for trained aircrew is past & there is a plentiful supply of graduates on the fighting fronts, from certain quarters there comes criticism of the part non-flying RCAF personnel have played in the war effort. They now suggest that air force careers, rank, training, service seniority should be tossed holus bolus to the four winds & transfers effected to the army as infantry re-enforcements. Whether or not the Army Officer spoke with the approval of Military officialdom is not known, but Canadian Press quoted the chief Calgary (M.D. 13) Army Recruiting Officer as stating that he hadn't noticed any great rush of RCAF ground crews to transfer to the army, yet they must know the urgent need. The words and their inference were a backhand slap at the patriotic motives of every airman serving in Canada. It's bad enough at any time to find those in high places in different services airing their biased views openly, but coming as it did at the height of the "Zombie" turmoil it tended to put the RCAF in a very unfavorable light with the Canadian public. Citizens (& those in position to know better) sometimes fail to realize the necessity for from five to ten ground workers for every aircrew either in training or in action.

If RCAF ground-crew, desire an Army transfer or Navy, that is their own business & the way has always been open to them to apply for such transfers. We don't think that it is within the rights of any service to hold themselves up as all-in—all to win the war, nor do we hold with those who through criticism would bring discredit on the heads of any Volunteer serviceman, Army, Navy or Air Force. It is to be hoped that those in authority on Army matters see the light & make their recruiting appeals to airforce personnel on a slightly higher plane than that exhibited by the Calgary Major.

Part of the reason for the lukewarm regard John Q. Public has for the quality of service rendered by RCAF Canada-based troops (and he has a fairly dim view of us as you probably found out when home on leave) results from a Holier-than-thou attitude right within our own service. There is a tendency by some wearers of CANADA badges to look down their noses at those who have been forced

to "do their bit" on this side of the ocean—and also where the wearer of the shoulder flashes happened to obtain his right to wear them in Europe, Asia or Africa, at those who served in Labrador, Newfoundland, Kiska or other Western Hemisphere operations theatre. As can be well imagined the general public, who after 5 years haven't yet got the RCAF rank insignia straightened out, have come to look at the unadorned tunic in much the same light as any army battle dress minus the little GS badge. We think it would have been far better to have adopted the time honored principal of authorizing medal ribbons to distinguish service in the various campaigns or theatres of operation, and leave the CANADA badges for what they were originally intended, to distinguish the RCAF from the RAF who wore the same uniform.

In this command particularly, may be seen glaring examples of the inequality of granting CANADA badges to some and not to others. We see hundreds of cases, where daily routine carries flying crews many hours far over the Atlantic in all kinds of weather. There are any number of other personnel, technicians, administrators, and others whose duties constantly carry them to the far afield posts and stations of the Eastern Air Command. Yet because they happen to be based in Dartmouth, Sydney, Yarmouth or EACHQ, instead of Torbay or some other spot (for at least 60 days,) they can't put up their badges. It would seem to us that it's the same ocean, wherever you start from . . . and just as wet and cold one place as another if you happen to land in it.

A Toronto Globe and Mail story has just been brought to our attention by an officer on this station. If the information which it gives in being authentic, we think it is about the most ungrateful attitude toward those who have served their country in the R.C.A.F. that we have yet heard about.

According to the C&M, the \$100 clothing allowance paid an airman on discharge must be paid back in full if, with six months of discharge, the airman is called up and accepted for Army service. If the airman-draftee hasn't the cash it is deducted from future Army pay.

That one really takes the cake. In another story in this issue is a summary of a shopping trip for civvy clothes . . . and just how far \$100 goes in the process of buying mufti.

R. C. A. F. ENTERTAINMENT CONTEST

\$350⁰⁰ in Prizes for

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-
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