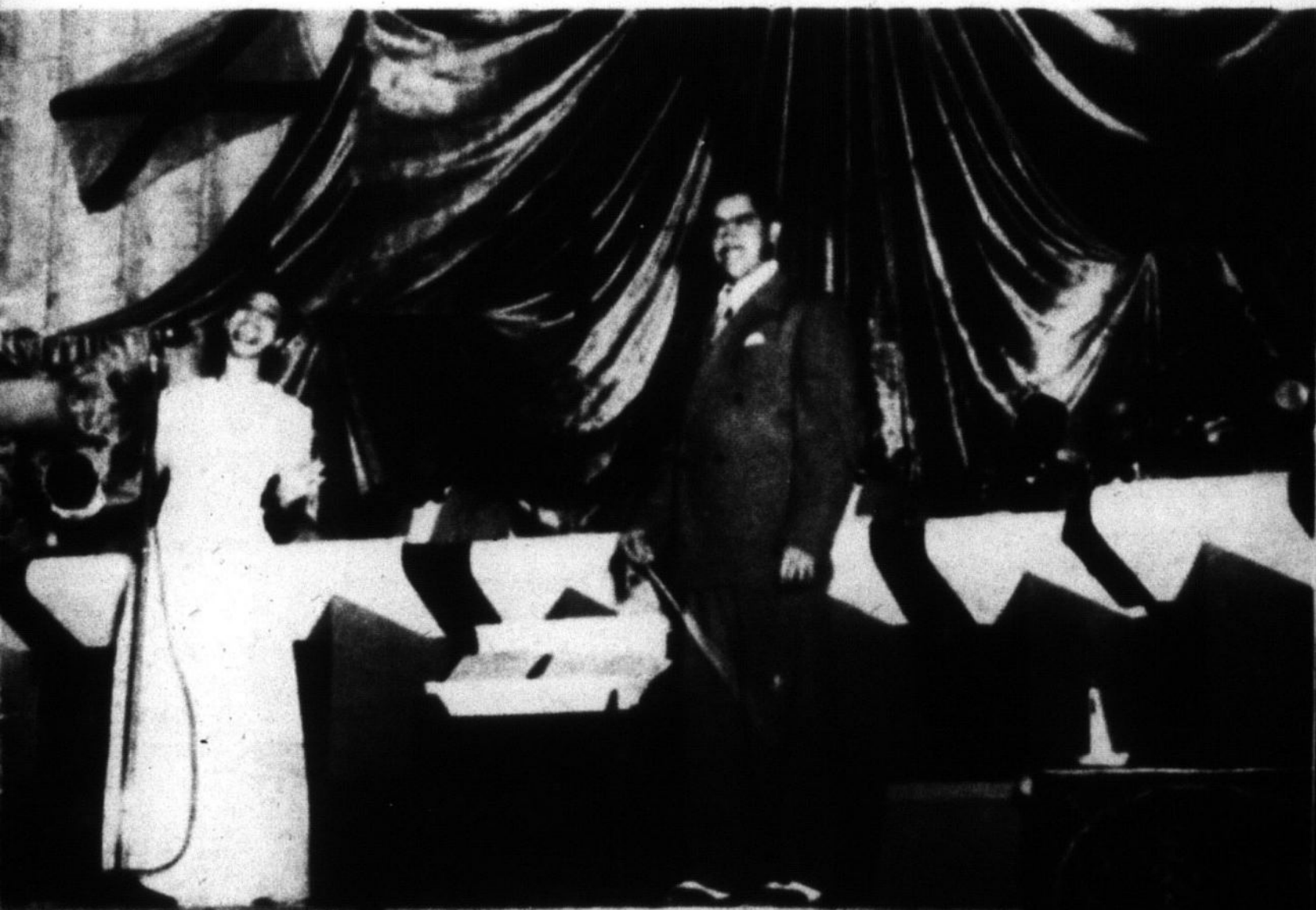


HORIZON

SEPT. 1944

JOURNAL OF THE RCAF-GREENWOOD

No. 1 Five Cents



HEAT WAVE AT GREENWOOD

Published by kind permission of
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Group Captain E. M. Reyno, AFC, our Commanding Officer, is shown here welcoming Air Commodore W. J. Stewart on his tour of inspection.

Message from the Commanding Officer

I am very glad of the opportunity to say a few words to the personnel of Greenwood without doing it on the Parade Ground. First of all I would like to extend my very best wishes to the staff of this paper, commending them highly on their interest and wishing them every success for the paper's future life.

Next, I would like to remind everyone of their more than usual responsibilities to make this station a "going concern" and a credit to the R.C.A.F. When we took the station over from the R.A.F. it was operating at top speed and with efficiency, and its graduates had already made the name of Greenwood well known in almost all active theatres of war. Further, the station had an excellent reputation for the recreational facilities it provided and the deportment of its personnel both on and off the camp. We of the R.C.A.F. then have all these things to live up to, and the co-operation of every Officer, N.C.O. and airman is absolutely necessary to maintain them.

It is necessary to comment on the feeling that seems to be prevalent that the war is already won and that official termination of our service careers is just around the corner. This feeling results in a general slackening of effort in all sections and if allowed to re-

main stagnant can only lead to very serious and adverse consequences. Remember that the war is not over until the last shot has been fired and peace has been signed!

True—our lads overseas are giving an excellent account of themselves these days but Germany has not yet capitulated, and the organizing and policing of the liberated area of Europe as well as Germany itself have not yet begun. Purely from an arm chair strategist's point of view our personnel commitments there will be high and even when all plans have been finalized in that theatre we will have to look in the general direction of Japan. The war is not over yet and there must be no lying down on the job on this side of the water because the lads overseas are certainly not lying down on theirs.

Coming closer to home, I would like to stress the importance of keeping the station clean and tidy. This is your home while you are in the Service and you are expected to look after it.

To continue along in the same vein—remember that when station dances and entertainments are held you are in uniform and if the conduct of any airman leaves something to be desired, then the reflection is against the Service and not the individual.

Finally, I would like to thank all personnel for their sincere co-operation in the rather difficult times of the change-over period. It is not an easy matter to make a complete change of station personnel and at the same time keep it operating at full capacity but the favorable reports received to date indicate that the change over was carried out diplomatically and well. I urge you all to keep up this spirit of teamwork that presently exists if we are to become the best unit in the command.

E. M. REYNO, G/C, C. O.

GATEWAY TO GREENWOOD

Remember the day?



RUSSIAN OFFICIALS VISIT GREENWOOD



The station was recently honored by a visit of two important Russian officials who inspected Greenwood's training systems. They are shown here flanking Group Captain Reyna, with Wing Commander C. C. Moran on the extreme right, Squadron Leader H. C. Stewart on the extreme left, and other members of the party.

RCAF TRUST CO. TO ASSIST AIRMEN

Incorporation of a non-profit company to administer a \$500,000 RCAF benevolent fund to assist airmen and veterans and their dependents in personal financial emergencies, was announced at Ottawa recently. The company will replace three trustees who formerly administered the fund.

The company was formed to expand the work of the fund and to increase the speed with which loans or grants can be made to air force personnel or their dependents in financial trouble.

More than \$200,000 has been contributed by active members of the RCAF

since 1939 and the remainder has been given by admirers of the air force. The corporation's objects were given as:

1. To advise members or former members of the RCAF or their dependents as to the relief to which they may be entitled in cases of financial emergency and to assist them in obtaining such relief.

2. To make loans or grants of a suitable kind to members of the RCAF or their dependents in urgent cases and where relief is not available from any other source.

3. To create an organization that will be ready to handle necessary ad-

HEDGE-HOPPING Among The Sections

SIGNALS MAINT

With the advent of our new O. C. of Sigs Maint, F/O. J. C. Schuyler, our section has finally become RCAF; but in a small section the obvious is screened by personalities—and our sixth hangar habitat has harbored many. Several RCAF chaps have been here many months and it is a tribute to their good natures that they have withstood the friendly, inevitable jibes pointed at them when they formed a minority group.

So to get back to individualities, we remember how Cpl. Philips, LAC's Jack Brown, Gimbert and Firth opened the score on the boat list. Other quickly followed until at the moment Cpl. Jacobs, LAC's Murray, Howard and Sheyers remain to carry the RAF standard. It is even rumoured that

assistance for members of the RCAF or their dependents after the war.

4. To promote interest in the fund among the public and among RCAF personnel through the organization of provincial and district committees.

5. To prepare plans that will assist in providing education for the children of RCAF personnel who are casualties in this war.

The assistance is to be provided for cases which do not come under existing governmental compensation systems. Air Marshal W. A. Bishop is honorary president of the new company, with H. O. Norman, financial adviser to the RCAF, as president, and Air Marshal Robert Leckie chief of air staff, as vice-president. A board of 15 directors, including representatives from each province, has been elected.

Corp. Jacobs will soon be on the boat, but I am forgetting that fiction has no part in this article.

We were all sorry to lose W/O. Taylor, but F/S. Langan is a very worthy successor. Already he has inspired much confidence and around him a happy and efficient section is resulting. Many newcomers fresh from No. 1 Wireless School are having their first taste of practical aircraft work. The new fledglings are: AC's D. W. MacLeod, E. W. Mitchell, R. P. Newby, C. Seely, J. V. Papat, G. R. Fraser, O. Clayton, W. Renning, J. Crump, S. Sim, B. A. Schoaker. With the powerful nucleus of Cpls. Titus, Crossan, LAC's Thompson,immel Reinhardt, Beattie, Campbell, Coffey, Hayton, and Johnson (all RCAF old-timers at Greenwood), they should quickly get the gen and settle down to play an important part in Sigs Maint. It was as far back as May, 1943, that pioneers Titus, Hayton, and Johnson arrived here.

Cpl. Annand and his cohorts are with us to illustrate the mysteries of Radar, and they too have fitted into our pattern with harmonious results. Incidentally, they should be running out of reading material any day now, but that is deviating from the record.

Finally, thanks to the section for the privilege of allowing the RAF to write this account, and from the few of us who remain, we extend to F/O. Schuyler, F/S. Langan and all their indomitable men of the RCAF our very best wishes for their own and the section's success.

GYRO GEN

Greetings from the instrument sec-

tion. This being the first issue of our new station paper, we wish it all the success it deserves, there being no reason it can't top its predecessor if we co-operate.

Giving a thumbnail sketch of the boys in our section, who would be more fitting to head the list than our genial "chiefy," P/S. Black (no nickname at present but waiting for the opportunity to lamp one on him) who is a likeable guy, with a capital L. Vic hails from Winnipeg and was in the T. Eaton's optical dept. there. Formerly stationed at Lethbridge, he liked the town so well that he wants to go back after the war. While appreciative of a good joke, he still can't understand Voor-schmidt's quaint sense of humor. Who does?

Next to be dragged over the coals is "top" Sergeant Silverman. Also hailing from Winnipeg, 'Manny,' or 'Geeze' was at Summerside and spends his time thinking up new ideas and gadgets. His home in Middleton now, he wants to settle in Pump Handle, Sask. after the war. Still reputed to be a sore subject is Sgt. Sproule's last 48 at Kentville. There is a lot of fog in these parts, isn't there? Bouquets of diapers to Grant on the recent addition, he being home now admiring the latest, a son.

Fred Simmonds was noted the other evening in Middleton with a pair of ladies' shoes under his arm. They say he intends in this way to prevent his wife from getting about . . . the story goes that she was working in the Legion in town and he lost track of her . . . that after frantic searching he discovered her where every young wife should be—home. There's tension in the territory around George West these days . . . is his daze due to faulty kidneys,

sluggish liver or something on his mind? You guessed it, the cigars are to be passed out about the middle of October. Lastly, but shortly we hope when will Archie (now under Pop Block's guidance) get his fans?

SERGEANTS' MESS

You know the place—where one or two bridge parties are in progress in the corner every noon hour while the rest of the boys sit in the easy chairs and discuss the dry time that we have been bearing up under lately.

Since the last edition of a magazine on this station we have lost the majority of the members on our mess. Reports from the station and community rated their activities very highly. As fairly new members to Greenwood, we thank the RAP Senior NCO's for building up the mess in both its reputation and facilities. It is indeed our duty to get together and keep up or even better the record. We had a dance or social a couple of weeks ago.

Let's get behind the boys who are trying to put these things over by getting out and meeting some feminine company that the erks seem to have little trouble discovering. They are welcome visitors to our mess at all times; enough said . . .

To play cards we must have chips; to have chips we must have a memo in the agenda book. How about it?

Colder weather is just around the corner, in the anonymous writer's estimation and that fireplace will surely come in handy. You will never get warm though, lads, sitting beside a bunch of rocks outside . . . so lets get cracking. This is the first edition of the station newspaper as a Canadian unit; let's get our full share of the use of it by supporting its editor



WE GO DANCING

You don't have to be told, where or when the cover picture was taken; but for the record we must say, that this shot was made Monday, July 31st. Hi de Hi! What a night that was! Cab Calloway and his famous Cotton Club Orchestra played for approximately seventeen hundred dancers up at the Drill Hall. The music was hot, played in the style that only Calloway can play it; and the crowd loved it. Jitter bugs were in their element, and even the older and more sedate of the crowd were "in the groove" as result of the torrid tempo coming from the eighteen piece band.

Miss Dotty Saulters shared the vocal spotlight with Cab Calloway in a manner that can only be described as lightly terrific. The dancers on the floor and the gang crowded around the band stand may have thought that they had previously heard hot drumming, but any previous experience was wiped out in the minutes, when J. C. Heard really gave out in a long break. A high spot of the night came when the Calloway company played "Begin the Beguine."

The Dance Committee under F/L Wood and Wes. Wright of the 'Y' did a grand job. The new arrangements in the Hall for checking of coats and for the refreshment counter worked out very well. A special vote of thanks is due to two RAP Airmen—LAC. Jack Taylor and LAC. Bill Upfold—for the

very hard work they did in decorating the Hall, which looked better than it has ever looked in the past. The stand, drapes, pennants, flags, spot lights, floor and p.a. set were 110% perfect.

In a few, well-chosen words our Commanding Officer, G/C. E. M. Reyno, APC, thanked Calloway for playing and the many people for coming. He promised, that—"—if possible more name bands will be brought here for dances in the future, since tonight proves that this is the type of dance wanted." This statement brought forth loud cheers and hearty hand-clapping. We look forward with keen anticipation to the next attraction along this line, and already we are polishing up our dancing slippers.

"MEET THE NAVY"

Saturday, August 5th, the Concert Party from the original "Meet The Navy" show put on two performances here. Scheduled to arrive in time for an 18:30 hrs. production Thursday night, the troupe landed here along about 19:00 hrs. Friday! As the RAP say, "We thought we'd had it," but the Ratings and Wrens were billeted on the Station and at the Middleton Legion Hostel respectively, and Saturday night were all back stage of the Regal varing to go.

Storms of applause greeted the seventeen numbers, which they did to the delight of the two houses. The wail-cries were loudest for Marg Smith, Lee and Sandra the dancers, and (naturally) for the twelve lovelies in the chorus. Seemed too bad, that these girls were only out for the one number, and many-an-Airman sighed for one more number by them—or at least an encore!

We liked Lt. Dean's accordion playing, the singing of Anna Leigh and

the numbers by the instrumental quartette; but above all—we'll be a long time forgetting the imitations of Lt. Grant, and in particular, his tale of Number 128. Every item on the programme was good, and there is no doubt that this Navy Show had a lot of talent from which to draw.

Sorry that Louis couldn't get some pictures of the Show for this mag—; but he was out of flash-bulbs at that date. Sorry too, that we can't give a boost to every one of the guys and gals in the show. However, we will not be sorry—if we can only see some more entertainment by the same crowd. Come again, Navy! Greenwood's "Welcome Mat" is always turned rightside up for you.

RECREATIONAL HANDICRAFTS COME TO GREENWOOD

Sometime ago the R.C.A.F. asked the Y.M.C.A. War Services to look af-

ter and encourage Handicrafts at the Stations, on which the 'Y' is providing services to R.C.A.F. personnel. Through the Toronto headquarters the 'Y' lined up a very extensive programme, which is being carried out in the various Airforce Commands by travelling 'Y' supervisors, who specializes in getting Hobby Snops started. Mr. Willard Trafford is one of these men, and we were all pleased to have him here from August 7th to 26th.

You can see Willard and Wes Wright in the picture on this page. The 'shot' was taken by Looie in the Lounge Section of the Airmen's Canteen, where the Handicrafts' Exhibit drew many interested fellows night after night. Willie and Wes are holding up a case, in which wood-carving was on display, and Willie was giving one of his in-

HOBBY LOBBY

An attentive group receiving instruction in working plastic as a hobby.



... Mind

teresting lectures and practical demonstrations to a group of the boys. By the look on their faces, we'd say that a typical Trafford tale was just being told.

At the exhibit large numbers of men listed their names as wanting to work at various Hobbies. And then, a meeting was called to get a Hobby Club formed. Here are the results of the elections to the executive:—Honorary President, S/L. R. Ellis; President, LAC. Duffort; Vice-President, LAC. Willis; Treasurer, LAC. Coulson; Secretary, Wca. Wright, YMCA.; Woodworking, LAC. Godfrey; Camera Club, LAC. Sanders; Leatherworking, LAC. Bastine; Art Club, LAC. Hadley; Plastics, LAC. Alemany. These, then, are they, who will direct the Greenwood Hobby Club through its embryo stages. That the Club will grow rapidly, we have no doubt, and that it will be wisely guided is a surety.

This time of going to press sees the Hobby Club executive busily engaged in preparing accommodation. If you have seen one of these men racing around with a pencil in one hand, a sheet of paper in the other, and a wild glint in his eye, the chances are on to one that said individual was just figuring how to improve the three dark rooms being made out of the unused Pigeon Loft, where the Camera Club will hold forth—or he may have been computing space available in Barrack Block 41, where two rooms have been set aside for the other Crafts. Your reporter has just come in from touring both of these sites under the enthusiastic guidance of Jay Duffort and Sandy Sanders. These boys are really 'hep' about the grand spots allotted for the use of the Club, and from their description of things to come, we feel confident that the Hob-

... **Body**

by-riders will soon be proud of the places, in which they will be working, and of the materials, tools, etc. supplied.

All of the executive members keep telling everyone that to be a member of the Hobby Club doesn't mean that you must have had previous experience. On the contrary, this Club is designed primarily to help YOU get started along some line. So, if you've ever had an urge to paint, a desire to carve or whittle in wood, an ambition to develop films, a craving to make plastic jewelry, a dream of building a bit of furniture, or a thought of making fancy leather-work — why, brother, just forget that you're a mere novice! Get in touch with the Chairman of your particular Hobby or Hobbies, tell him what you want to do, and he will see to it that you are given help and instruction. You will be able to secure the material you need and there will be tools for you to work with—and then you're off on the way to the thrill of creating a product yourself. Believe you me, there is nothing that can beat the enjoyment of off-duty hours spent in creative building.

To close, let me just give you a glimpse of what to expect from the Hobby group. First, the members will be making products that they may use, sell, or give away to friends at Christmas time. Secondly, there will be a Greenwood Hobby Fair—in preparation for the third big event, which is to be an exhibition in Halifax of the best Handicraft work done in the various Stations of Eastern Air Command. (That's all for now, George, I've got to go and polish up the plastic model aeroplane I'm making!)

LITERARY BRIEFS

CRITIC'S CHOICES ARE IN YOUR LIBRARY

In the August 14 issue of LIFE you may recall seeing the list of Books selected by Dr. Canby as the best for the years 1924—1944. Dr. Canby is a member of the selection committee for the Book-of-the-Month Club.

Our Station Library has a large number of the chosen group. Here are the titles of a few:

- Arrowsmith—Lewis.
- Mathematics For The Million.
- The Bridge of San Luis Rey—Wilder.
- The Last Puritan—Santayana.
- Shadows On The Rock—Cather.
- For Whom The Bell Tolls—Hemingway.

The complete list is available in the Library.

You Can Help

The Library Committee is anxious to receive suggestions from station personnel concerning books that YOU want.

Leave your suggestions with the Station Librarian.

. . .

BOOK REVIEW

The Station Library at Greenwood fulfills a very necessary and popular want, and it certainly enjoys wide support. Apart from a wide selection of books, both of fact and fiction, chosen to satisfy all tastes, most of the well known magazines and newspapers are also to be found there. Every effort is made to obtain new books, and, in this column, in the Station Magazine, one or two of the latest additions to the Station Library will be reviewed from month to month

"D DAY"

In June last year, John Gunther,

whose "Inside Europe," a best seller of the 30's, is now regarded as a contribution to the history of that tragic decade, left New York, and, three days later, arrived in Africa. He has written down his experiences in Algeria and Tunisia, in Sicily and Malta, in Cairo and Ankara; and his new book* is a fascinating description of the War in the Mediterranean as it was in the summer of 1943, in the days when the Allied Armies, having driven the enemy from the African Continent, now carried their invasion on to the soil of Europe. In these days, when events are moving so rapidly and places which took all the headlines yesterday are now almost forgotten it is interesting reading to learn how all the grand strategy was worked out in the secret headquarters at Malta. In the 16th Century, the Knights of Malta hewed out caverns and tunnels in the rock for the defence of the Island; in 1942, in these same caverns were the secret headquarters of Generals Eisenhower, Alexander and Montgomery, of Admiral Cunningham and Air Chief Marshal Tedder, and, here was planned the attack on the Axis power in the Mediterranean.

Mr. Gunther was fortunate to accompany General Eisenhower when the Allied Commander-in-Chief first set foot in Sicily a few hours after the invasion and demanded to see a Canadian officer—they had landed on a Canadian beachhead—so that he might welcome Canada to the Allied Command. This book gives intimate pictures of the Allied Commanders. Many have read of General Montgomery and his Eighth Army, so called, as one officer jokingly said, to make the Nazis believe there were seven more. The famous "Monty," it seems, neither smokes nor drinks, has Oliver Cromwell as his ideal and takes a crate of chickens with him wherever he goes so that he may always have fresh eggs. His Senior Officer was General Alexander and these two great commanders described as one the "Canon" and the other "the Shell" won the author's profound respect and admiration. Palermo, Catania and Syracuse and other names recall the first great struggles in Sicily and the be-

ginning of the invasion of "Festung Europa." This book also gives some account of the wretchedness and poverty and misery of the people who seemed to have lost all spirit and emotion save the urge to satisfy the hunger Fascism had brought them; even the fall of Mussolini did not appear to Gunther to arouse them very much.

From Sicily and Malta, the story moves to Cairo where people still talked of the days, a year earlier, when Rommel's Army was but forty miles away and visitors went to the front by taxi, and when the German general had already reserved his suite at Cairo's Shephard Hotel. The author met the King of Egypt in a night club and also learned something of the anomalous position of Egypt in that critical year of the war. From the Nile he flew to Turkey where neutrality was still the official policy, with the Turks taking profits from both the Allies and the Axis and with goods under "Lend-Lease" going in free. "Every day is Christmas here" a Turkish friend told him. The many and involved problems in the politics of Turkey and the Middle East generally occupy several most valuable chapters. The importance of the matters in the post war world cannot be overestimated.

Mr. Gunther returned home across Africa and the South Atlantic. He flew from Khartoum to Nigeria and crossed the Gold Coast to Ascension Island, halfway between Africa and Brazil, and so to Natal, Puerto Rico and finally to Miami—probably the route of the luxury airliners of the future carrying millionaires from Florida to the Nile. He had been away about two months and had seen the war as it was in the hopeful summer of 1943 and he has now written another book of permanent interest and much value.

• "D Day"—John Gunther—Harper Bros.—New York & London.

JOURNEY TO— MARGARETSVILLE

By G. B. B.

If you like the tang of salt water and the taste of dulce, take a jaunt to

Margaretsville nearby on the Bay of Fundy. There are two routes, the shorter being about seven miles on turning off the highway just out of Kingston and going via Melvern Square. This direct route affords a better view of the landscape including a sweeping panorama of the entire countryside and Greenwood at a point just above the radio range towers.

The alternative is to follow Middleton's other main road, the one that intersects the highway at the bank corner, and travel nine miles remembering to take the turn to the right about a mile from town.

On reaching the height of land you'll meet with a cool Bay breeze that is refreshing in summer after the valley heat. Even in warm weather blankets are a necessity at night at this seaside spot.

Margaretsville's main features seem to be its frigid water—reputed to be eight degrees above freezing and most seamen will vouch that that is an understatement—a lighthouse on the point, and delicious ice cream.

Legend states that pirates and wreckers once roamed these waters in the days when the boats freighted up the Bay to Windsor prior to the laying of the railway lines. It is said that they used to douse the lighthouse light and shift it to a different point, causing the ships to run aground and be plundered for salvage. At that time, too, this port was a shipbuilding centre.

There is a breakwater and wharf sheltering a rather stony beach; also a collection of houses and summer cottages centred around two church edifices. At one lodge it is sometimes possible to obtain overnight accommodation but this resort does not specialize in one night stop-overs.

(Continued on page 23)

PIN-UPS, RAF STYLE

By The Editor

RAF airmen, like their North American cousins, also possess a desire to have a paper doll to call their own. The national pin-up craze penetrated staid English barracks quite early in the war. In fact, rather than being backward in adopting these beauties, the airmen even went a step further. This is illustrated at a certain unnamed operational unit in Britain. Members of the RAF stationed here could vouch for its authenticity.

The crew of Flight E, at this base thought they should do something about brightening up the four rugged brick walls of their crew room. It contained only a coke stove used to heat the proverbial English 'spot o'tea.' Curtains were suggested but they drew only exclamations of scorn. This, it was pointed out, was Flight E's room probably for the duration and it had to be done up in something special.

Taking into consideration the isolated location of their unit the airmen decided the decorations had to be appropriate. The only thing that filled the bill was nudes! Today, Flight E's crew room is the art gallery of the station.

The blokes chipped in 'five bob' apiece and purchased four albums of the best collection of modern nudes sold publicly on the market. While these artists' models lacked apparel, nevertheless they had enough propriety to pass the official scrutiny of censorship. Each album purported to represent girls of one particular country—Scotland, England, Ireland and Wales.

Arrival of the album precipitated the most heated argument ever aroused at the station. The printer had apparently made the unpardonable error of

printing the pictures on both sides of the page. This meant one of the young ladies on each page had to be exposed to the cold barren walls. It was this selection that caused the debate; deadlock resulted as every man had his own idea about what constitutes beauty, and the haranguing continued for several days.

The albums yielded a copious supply of red-heads, blondes and brunettes in various immodest poses. Next came the problem of getting them to adhere to the brick walls. English ingenuity supplied the solution—yellow aeroplane dope. The pictures were shellaced to the bricks, every inch of them being utilized.

Word travels fast in wartime and soon the decorative E crewroom was being visited by pilots from neighboring stations. A disaster was narrowly

AIRMAN'S DESIRE

No first edition would be complete without Lana Turner



averted one day when a high ranking officer arrived to inspect the camp. No one, including the station commanding officer, thought about the possibility of his dropping into those particular quarters until it was too late.

The crew were sprawled about waiting for their next flight when the door opened and in walked the Brass Hat led by the Commanding Officer. Engrossed in conversation as they entered, the inspecting officer suddenly stopped talking, his eyes widening in consternation. Airmen jumped to attention, but it was not the discipline that drew his interest. His gaze followed the four walls. Nonplussed, the C. O. grinned feebly as he remembered the 'art gallery,' and waited for the next development.

"Hrrmmph!" sputtered the gold-braid, beginning a close scrutiny of the pictures. "I suppose you lads are responsible for this bevy of beauties?"

"Yes, sir," they gasped in unison, the tension mounting.

"Well," he replied, "keep up the good work! I suppose you plan on expanding your collection?"

They nodded affirmatively, their C.O. smiling.

"Where, may I ask?" continued the officer. "You've already taken up the four walls."

"But sir," one of the crewmen pointed out, "there's always the ceiling!"

"Fair enough, lads, carry on!" The two officers withdrew chuckling.

True to their word, the collection was extended to the top of the room so that now the beautiful figures were always in sight no matter in what position the airmen were reclining on their bunks.

Another minor crisis resulted when the RAF crew came across one of Varga's drawings, the first they had ever seen. These were a rarity in England where paper was at a premium. It was argued that the new arrival had curvatures more perfect than the real live models, therefore it should have a place of honour. A general meeting was called and the new creation drew unanimous approval. Some of the Old Country nudes were torn down in favor of the scantily clad American-designed Varga model. She was proudly displayed in a hallowed spot in the centre of the wall as the prize Pin-Up.

Isolated near the station was a camp of WAAF barracks which was out-of-bounds to all ranks. On the occasion of a station dance, one of the Waafs called at E's crewroom for some tickets. As custom dictates, she was

(Continued on page 21)

SHORT STORY PRIZE

By performing the simple task of writing a short story you can win a five dollar prize. Dig out your hidden writing talent, dream up a brief plot and put it on paper without too many flab words and the \$5 prize will be yours on the jurisdiction of the judges. The story must be original and not necessarily story-bookish; i.e. William Somerset's short narratives are usually about ordinary everyday events made interesting but ending like the unfinished symphony—in mid air! It may take 100 words, being a super-short, or it may take 700, and if it is deemed suitable for publication it will appear in a later issue of your station paper. While tales of your trip on leave will be accepted for print, if newsworthy, nevertheless this contest is designed to bring out the fiction in you. You may draw from true life events for your theme, naturally. Leave all entries at the YMCA office, and mark them Short Story Contest.

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printing the pictures on both sides of the page. This meant one of the young ladies on each page had to be exposed to the cold barren walls. It was this selection that caused the debate; deadlock resulted as every man had his own idea about what constitutes beauty, and the haranguing continued for several days.

The albums yielded a copious supply of red-heads, blondes and brunettes in various immodest poses. Next came the problem of getting them to adhere to the brick walls. English ingenuity supplied the solution—yellow aeroplane dope. The pictures were shellaced to the bricks, every inch of them being utilized.

Word travels fast in wartime and soon the decorative E crewroom was being visited by pilots from neighboring stations. A disaster was narrowly

AIRMAN'S DESIRE

No first edition would be complete without Lana Turner



averted one day when a high ranking officer arrived to inspect the camp. No one, including the station commanding officer, thought about the possibility of his dropping into those particular quarters until it was too late.

The crew were sprawled about waiting for their next flight when the door opened and in walked the Brass Hat led by the Commanding Officer. Engrossed in conversation as they entered, the inspecting officer suddenly stopped talking, his eyes widening in consternation. Airmen jumped to attention, but it was not the discipline that drew his interest. His gaze followed the four walls. Nonplussed, the C. O. grinned feebly as he remembered the 'art gallery,' and waited for the next development.

"Hrrmmph!" sputtered the gold-braid, beginning a close scrutiny of the pictures. "I suppose you lads are responsible for this bevy of beauties?"

"Yes, sir," they gasped in unison, the tension mounting.

"Well," he replied, "keep up the good work! I suppose you plan on expanding your collection?"

They nodded affirmatively, their C.O. smiling.

"Where, may I ask?" continued the officer. "You've already taken up the four walls."

"But sir," one of the crewmen pointed out, "there's always the ceiling!"

"Fair enough, lads, carry on!" The two officers withdrew chuckling.

True to their word, the collection was extended to the top of the room so that now the beautiful figures were always in sight no matter in what position the airmen were reclining on their bunks.

Another minor crises resulted when the RAF crew came across one of Varga's drawings, the first they had ever seen. These were a rarity in England where paper was at a premium. It was argued that the new arrival had curvatures more perfect than the real live models, therefore it should have a place of honour. A general meeting was called and the new creation drew unanimous approval. Some of the Old Country nudes were torn down in favor of the scantily clad American-designed Varga model. She was proudly displayed in a hallowed spot in the centre of the wall as the prize Pin-Up.

Isolated near the station was a camp of WAAF barracks which was out-of-bounds to all ranks. On the occasion of a station dapce, one of the Waafs called at E's crewroom for some tickets. As custom dictates, she was

(Continued on page 21)

SHORT STORY PRIZE

By performing the simple task of writing a short story you can win a five dollars prize. Dig out your hidden writing talent, dream up a brief plot and put it on paper without too many \$64 words and the \$5 prize will be yours on the jurisdiction of the judges. The story must be original and not necessarily story-bookish; i.e. William Saroyan's short narratives are usually about ordinary everyday events made interesting but ending like the unfinished symphony—in mid air! It may take 300 words, being a super-short, or it may take 900, and if it is deemed suitable for publication it will appear in a later issue of your station paper. While tales of your trip on leave will be accepted for print, if newsworthy, nevertheless this contest is designed to bring out the fiction in you. You may draw from true life events for your theme, naturally. Leave all entries at the YMCA office, and mark them Short Story Contest.

OPEN ORDER FOR INSPECTION



Airmen of Maintenance Wing being inspected recently by Air Commodore W. J. Seward, accompanied by Group Captain E. W. Reynolds and Wing Commander H. W. Padwick.

CONTEST OPEN TO ALL RANKS!

Design wanted for a Station Sports' Crest in Green and White.

If you have an idea for a novel R.C.A.F. Greenwood Station Sports' Crest, put it down on paper. It may win you a \$5.00 prize! Here are the simple rules:—

(1) Contest is open to all ranks at Greenwood with the exception of the members of the Station Sports' Committee, which group will be the sole judges of all entries.

(2) Designs submitted need not be "works of Art"; but will be considered only on a basis of originality and suitability.

(3) Designs are to be done on ordinary writing paper, and are to bear the Number, Rank, Name and Section of the Contestant.

(4) All entries are to be left at the Sports' Office in the Drill Hall.

(5) Closing date for the competition is Sept 30th, 1944.

(6) It is necessary that colours used be ONLY Green and White. Put the thinking cap on and enter your design NOW! Don't delay!

SPORTS

By "TUCK" MacLEOD

Bases and softballs have all but replaced wickets and cricket balls at Greenwood, and now that the baseball diamond has actually taken over the cricket pitch, this famous old English game has practically died a natural death. One of the most frequent sights at the softball games on the station used to be an R.C.A.F. airmen explaining the different plays and rules to a group of R.A.F. officers and airmen who were watching with troubled eyes the goings on, asking their informant of the R.C.A.F. dozens of questions about the game, and comparing this strange sport with the game of his homeland. Softball has succeeded the United Kingdom game at Greenwood, and the station team has already played quite a few games with other service teams in the Valley. Section teams are also playing in regularly scheduled league games. The R. A. F.'s "Bravo!" . . . and "Yes come on, make two!" have been replaced by the R. C. A. F.'s "Hey, you robber, open your eyes" or "Another decision like that and you're on the boat, have a look, ump!!"

We're not exactly ump's, but we will have a look . . . at what goes with the station sport situation:

Sandlot Scrapings

The station softball team went down to visit the Navy at HMCS Cornwallis on Saturday, August 19, and instead of avenging the 16-13 defeat suffered at the bats of the sailors here in an earlier game, the Airmen took a 10-0 shellacking from the Cornwallis softballers.

The one-hit pitching job by Navy hurler Taylor combined with the nine errors charged to the Greenwood team told the story of the crushing win.

Eleven Air Force runners died on base for lack of hitting by their mates. Their only hit was a scratch single through the box over second by right fielder Green, and the Navy cut this hit off at second, when Green was caught trying to steal.

Burrows pitched for the Air Force. Russ could have used a lot more support at the plate. He walked three, and sent two sailors down by the strike-out route. Taylor, who looked as though he had a no-hitter until Green's bingo in the sixth, walked eight and fanned ten.

Greenwood's third baseman Barker made a nice, if lucky play in the first inning. With a runner on third, the batter lined a low smash right down the line to third. Barker kicked out his foot, trapped the ball with it, then helped on the play that caught the runner between third and home. The Airmen made four nice plays between third and the plate, catching four runners that way. Left fielder Orpin of the Air Force had a tough break in the sixth. He chased a fly into left-center, made a nice recovery on the bounce, but fell as he tried to spin to make the throw that would have stopped the runner at second. As it was, he lost the ball and the runner scored. The other homer of the game should have been an out at first but the ball got through Daniels' legs at short

and the Navy runner came all the way around.

A lot of you Ontario hockey fans would have recognized the gangling first baseman for the Cornwallis team, Bob Goldham. Remember how Bob was one of the most promising of the Toronto Maple Leafs' young rookies a season or so ago?

One of the compromising features of the trip to Cornwallis was the friendliness of the Wrens, who were a pleasant novelty to the boys from Greenwood, where the only girls to be seen are on the screen at the Regal. Our thanks go to the Navy at Cornwallis for making us feel right at home and for giving us a chance to see their station, which is a pip, to say the least.

Line-ups:

GREENWOOD — Newman, c; Burrows, p; Smith, 1b; Padden, 2b; Daniels, ss; Barker, 3b; Orpin, lf; Neale, Green, rf.

CORNWALLIS — Clements, c; Taylor, p; Goldham, 1b; Gray, 2b; Quennell, ss; Gilbert, 3b; Williams, lf; Dunah, cf; Green, rf.

Before the softball game, the boys saw a baseball game between the Halifax Navy team and the Cornwallis hard ball team. The Halifax club, one of the best teams in the Halifax Baseball League this season, won an 8-3 game after beating down a 3-1 lead established by the home team in the first inning.

A six-team softball league on the station finished its first section last month when Flying Control defeated Maintenance in two-out-of-three games. Maintenance played without their pitcher and two other key men, who were away on leave when the finals were played off. The second

part of the league is now in full swing. Besides Flying Control and Maintenance, Hurricanes, Signals, Allied Trades and Army Searchlights were the other teams in the first section of games. Because of postings, the Army team has been forced to drop out, and the league now is a five-team set-up. Drop down to the softball diamond some night and see one of these games. There is some good ball played in this inter-section league. Your section team could also stand some of the good old support you rooters could supply.

Mudhole Manoeuvrings

Say, do all of you Greenwoodites know that there is a swimming hole on the station? Yep, just like that old swimming spot back home somewhere. In case you don't know where it is, it's back of the Regal Theatre, across the soccer field. One cool night last month a swimming meet was held at the pool. In the 100 ft. free style (open) race, P/S. Gasei won, trailed by LAC. Kowalchuk and LAC. Feldman. The time for the 100 feet was 18.3 seconds. In the 100 ft. breast stroke (open) LAC. Blackstein led the list with LAC. Feldman second, and LAC. Newman third. Their time was 21.2 seconds. P/S. Gasei, who used to be a Canadian champion at pushing himself through the water, gave a swell exhibition of the back and breast strokes. Any time you happen to take the urge, call around at the pool.



Horseshide Highlights

From our press box overlooking third base, (really just room 15 of barrack block 23) the baseball diamond is beginning to look more like a diamond than just an idea or a plan on paper. Let's hope that before long there will be a station team. When and if there is, the boys will find lots of opportunity for games throughout Nova Scotia, because this part of Canada has always been known as the baseball center of the Dominion when it comes to non-professional baseball. Now that quite a few service teams have been formed, more competition than ever is offered in the various leagues. The old standbys of Nova Scotian baseball are still up there with the best. The Springhill Fencebusters and the Liverpool Larrupers have been the universal names in amateur baseball in the province for a long time. Springhill, especially, has been the baseball center of the Maritimes, developing many fine stars of the game. Many of them are still playing in the leagues. If you're talking to some oldtimer who loves the game, get him to tell you about the Fencebusters of eight or ten years ago. You'll hear names like Dinky McLeod, Danny Beaton, Art Crawford, Siki Leadbetter, Art Bonnyman, Lawson Fowler and a lot more. All except "Bonny" are still tossing that old pill around the circuit. So, you can see there is lots of baseball waiting for anyone who wants to play it. Let's get a station team going and show the bluenose baseball boys that all good players don't come from Nova Scotia. And . . . for those of you who just like to watch the game, there'll be a chance for you to help to get the field in shape so that you can enjoy good baseball. Be down there when an appeal comes to you to help. Base-

ball fans and well as players can do a lot towards bringing baseball to Greenwood by helping to fix the diamond when volunteers are asked for.

WORLD SERIES

Next month, the 41st World Series will bring to baseball fans all over Canada and the United States the great Fall classic once again. Whether the Yanks, Browns, Tigers or Red Sox win the right to play the Cardinals for the baseball championship of the world, there will be lovers of the game to argue that the best team didn't win. Predictions as to whether this is Billy Southworth's year for the title, or whether one of the American League teams will score an upset and keep the Cards from the hall of fame again will fly until the last ball is thrown to the batter in the last game of the Series. A few fans will see the game, but the great majority of us will have to be content with "RED" Barber's word-pictures. War or no war, baseball has lasted another season, and the number one feature of the season, the World Series, is with us again. A lot of the game's greatest stars have gone into the Services, but others have stepped into the spots the DiMaggio, the Williams, the Pellers and many other greats of the game left.

It looks as though the Cards are the team to beat this year, and I don't think any American League team can do it. As for the team that will play the National League champs, the race is too tight to show which club will win out. My choice is the Yankees, but they can't win every year, and three other teams are clustered behind the Browns, who have been the surprising team of the year, pre-season predictions giving them third or fourth place. Whatever team wins,

followers of the annual Series will be watching it with just as much interest as ever.

The important thing is that this climax to the season has won out against war conditions, to bring sport fans another look at the finals. Station baseball fans will forget for a while that there is a war on, as they eagerly listen to, or read about the 1944 World Series. See you in the radio audience, I hope. Anybody got any ideas for a radio I can hide inside the drawer of my desk and sneak a listen when the "boss" isn't watching?

Racquet Report

By the time you have read this the tennis tournament will have reached its climax. Names have been received and a draw has been arranged for the tournament which will be played on the tennis courts on the parade ground behind the post office. Maybe you like to play tennis, or maybe you like to watch the game. Whatever class you come under, here's an opportunity to see some tennis played by some fellows who know what the score is on it. Watch for announcements about the next tournament and plan to see what kind of tennis players we have on the station. See you in court(s).

Seck-or-punch Snippings

The station soccer team, all of whom are now either back home or "on the boat," went down with the softball team to Cornwallis on the nineteenth of August to play the Navy soccer team. After a tough battle, (and which soccer game isn't a tough battle?) the sailors won, 2-1. A couple of the Airmen got bashed up a bit, but what's a bit of bashing when a soccer game is played? We haven't seen much soccer on the station lately, and as yet there don't seem to be any

signs that a league is planned. For you new lads on the station, the soccer field is behind the Corporal's Club and Regal Theatre.

HERE AND THERE. . . . For the information of table tennis players, there are tables in the lounge at the Drill Hall. Maybe we can get a tournament going in this sport. For any of you who think table tennis is a sissy game, play about five games with an expert and you'll think you've been running for days.

We have seen a few lads tossing the football around the field lately, and that means someone is interested in the game. Won't be long now before the season rolls around. . . . By the way, there are also two snooker and one billiard table in the drill hall if any of you new arrivals at Greenwood are wondering about this game, this is the low-down for you. The cost is just a dime an hour for either snooker or billiards. The rooms are in the Drill Hall, next to the lounge. . . . By the Airmen's canteen we've noticed a few lads tossing those horseshoes around. Now there's a really old sport. Guess it's still one of the favorites, though the station sports committee has had lights installed so that horseshoe fans can enjoy the sport after dark. . . . It's plain to be seen that a lot of boys who were stationed in Newfie are at Greenwood; cribbage is played. It's been said that nine out of ten Newfie - used Airmen can play cribbage. If they don't know how when they go over there, they learn fast. . . . Well, this is all for now. If any of you lads have any questions on station sports, drop them into the "Y" office addressed to the Sports Editor of the station paper, and I'll be glad to see what I can find out.

HIGHER IDEALS

ed his letter this way, "All the saints salute you, especially they that are of Caesar's household." Can you imagine what it must have been like to have been a Christian in Nero's retinue?

Those were the days when men fought to the death in the Colosseum to amuse a bored Emperor, and the flaming bodies of Christians illuminated the scene. And we think that we have a hard task holding on when our decent ideals are knocked about and battered!

This is no time for Christians to be giving up the struggle, and making excuses why they cannot be faithful to the Commandments of God, and to the higher ideals of life.

Someone has said, "If a man does not keep step with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer." There were those in Nero's day who broke step with the rhythm of their generation's march, and listened to the beating of another drummer. Our pagan world cries out today for lives like that. There are plenty who will follow the crowd, the need is for men who will refuse to make the difficult circumstances of a discouraging generation an excuse for personal spiritual collapse.

Under Christ, the hope of the world today lies in a spiritual aristocracy. Those who know the temptations of the present day, but are resolved to be "Christians in spite of everything."

—God send us men,

Patient, courageous, strong, and true;
With vision clear and mind equipped,
His will to learn, His work to do.



**OUR NEW PROTESTANT PADRE,
P/L J. D. PATERSON**

SAINTS IN CAESAR'S HOUSEHOLD

It is never easy to be a Christian. Even in peace time, when things are running along more or less normally, this is true; and it is even more true in war time when the spirit of evil tramples insolently over the better things of life. However, when we have admitted that, there still remains something yet to be said.

When St. Paul wrote from a Roman prison to his friends in Philippi he end-

REEL NEWS

FROM THE REGAL SOUND TRACK

By Johnnie

For the benefit of the new arrivals and for the recollection of the old timers, we recall the early history of the Regal theatre. Seating accommodation consisted of hard collapsible chairs and level floor, the film usually being glimpsed through the part in some fellow's hair; not to mention a hardening of the epidermis on one's posterior due to the aforementioned seats. Installation of the present comfortable seats, along with various other improvements including a slanting floor, were the result of instituting the present admission price.

The latest innovation at the Regal, we hope by the time this has gone to press, will be new projectors and sound system installed. It is also a recognized fact that our theatre is second to none on any station in Canada and Greenwood intends to keep it that way. Thus the admission you pay ultimately makes your evening at the Regal that much more enjoyable.

Now a bit of data from the projection box on the running of the film for the night. The scheduled film arrives from St. John on the afternoon train and is delivered to us by the M/T. section in time for our first showing. Upon receipt by the operators, the film is checked for scratches and other forms of damage. Next it is threaded through the machines and is ready for showing.

For those who might be interested in the mechanics and processes, we shall be describing the threading up and splicing procedures in a later issue. Right now, however, here is a brief

explanation concerning the film itself.

The film is 35 MM, wound on reels approximately 20 minutes in running length. There are also half-reels which take 10 minutes to run through. In the Regal box there are two projectors which handle the reels alternately. Towards the end of each reel there are two marks on the film known as motor and change-over marks. The motor mark appears first and is the signal to the operator to start the motor of the machine taking over. The second mark, which is the change-over mark, is the signal to transfer the sound, etc., over to the new machine, the other machine then being shut off and re-threaded.

The film is so processed that when it is new, the change-over does not interrupt the continuity of the show. Sometimes the sudden shift of scenes gives the impression that a reel has been missed out but this is usually due to previous damage at that particular section of the film and a scene has had to be deleted. Hence, don't blame the operator because reels are never missed out and obviously it is due to circumstances beyond his control.

Airforce gremlins are also found in the theatre projection box but reference to some of their antics will be made in a future edition.

"You may have the fullest confidence in our staff," it says on the safety trailer film, so let me present them to you:

F. L. G. Shemilt, D.F.C., is in supreme command, being responsible for booking the films and all major details. Chief operator is LAC. E. Gilliland who is the premier gen man in the box, assisted by the following operators: Corp. F. G. Titus, LAC's R.

(Continued on page 23)

FILM PROGRAMME

FILM

STARRING

September

25	MAISIE GOES TO RENO	Ann Sothern
26	DUMBO	Walt Disney
28	STEP LIVELY	Gloria De Haven, Frank Sinatra
29	MAN POWER	Ed. G. Robinson, Marlene Dietrich
30	FOLLOW THE BOYS	All Star Cast

October

2	ARSENIC AND OLD LACE	Cary Grant, Raymond Massey
3	GREENWICH VILLAGE	Carman Miranda, William Bendix
5	DAYS OF GLORY	Tamara Toumanova, Greg. Peck
6	ABROAD WITH TWO YANKS	William Bendix
7	BRIDE BY MISTAKE	Lorraine Day, Alan Marshall
9	LOST IN A HAREM	Abbott and Costello
10	THE WALKING DEAD	Boris Karloff
12	HENRY PLAYS CUPID	Jimmy Lydon
13	KITTY FOYLE	Ginger Rogers
14	TIMBER QUEEN	June Havoc, Richard Arlen
15	SUNDAY—COVER GIRL	Rita Hayworth
16	MARRIAGE IS A PRIVATE AFFAIR	Lana Turner, James Craig
17	SONG OF THE OPEN ROAD	Bergen and McCarthy, W. C. Fields
19	BROTHER RAT	Ronald Reagan, Jane Wyman
20	HEAVENLY DAYS	Fibber McGee and Molly
21	LOVE AFFAIR	Irene Dunne, Charles Boyer
23	MIRACLE OF MORGAN'S CREEK	Betty Hutton, Eddie Bracken
24	HISTORY IS MADE AT NIGHT	Jean Arthur, Charles Boyer
26	KANSAS CITY KITTY	Joan Davis, Jane Frazee
27	HOUSEKEEPER'S DAUGHTER	Joan Bennett
28	THIS IS THE LIFE	Donald O'Connor
31	TAKE IT BIG	Harriet Hilliard, Jack Haley

PIN-UPS, R.A.F. STYLE

(Continued from page 13)

invited in, unthinkingly; result—chagrined airmen as they suddenly recalled their 'art gallery.' However, the cause of their blushes didn't last long; her blue uniformed figure was just a blur as she made a high speed about-face, minus the tickets.

Inevitably the attraction of the pin-

ups, or paste-ups as they actually were, aroused the curiosity of the inhabitants of the isolated barracks. Becoming bolder from inquisitiveness, the Waafs were soon constant visitors also.

The crew of E Flight hope that some day their dreams will be solidified in getting Betty Grable, the No. 1 Pin-Up girl herself, to visit their station; that is, if Harry James can spare her.

JIVE

INTERLUDE IN RHYTHM



The two men before the mike are Group Captain Reyno and Cab Calloway, photographed during intermission when our C.O. thanked the famous band leader for playing at Greenwood.

On The Beat

A step in the right direction, with the advent of Canadianism, was the booking of name bands to play one-nighters at Greenwood. Listening out on the airwaves one hears the cheers of thousands of servicemen when a famous band is tuned in as it is now the vogue to do remote broadcasts from camps of the armed forces. Hence a touch of envy when the isolated location of Greenwood is brought to mind. Now we have the solution—evidenced by the interest and enthusiasm shown Cab Calloway, and his ork.

While the king of hi-de-ho had a negro band and therefore a hot one, nevertheless I had placed him in the category of a "style" band. It was Minnie the Moocher and St. James' In-

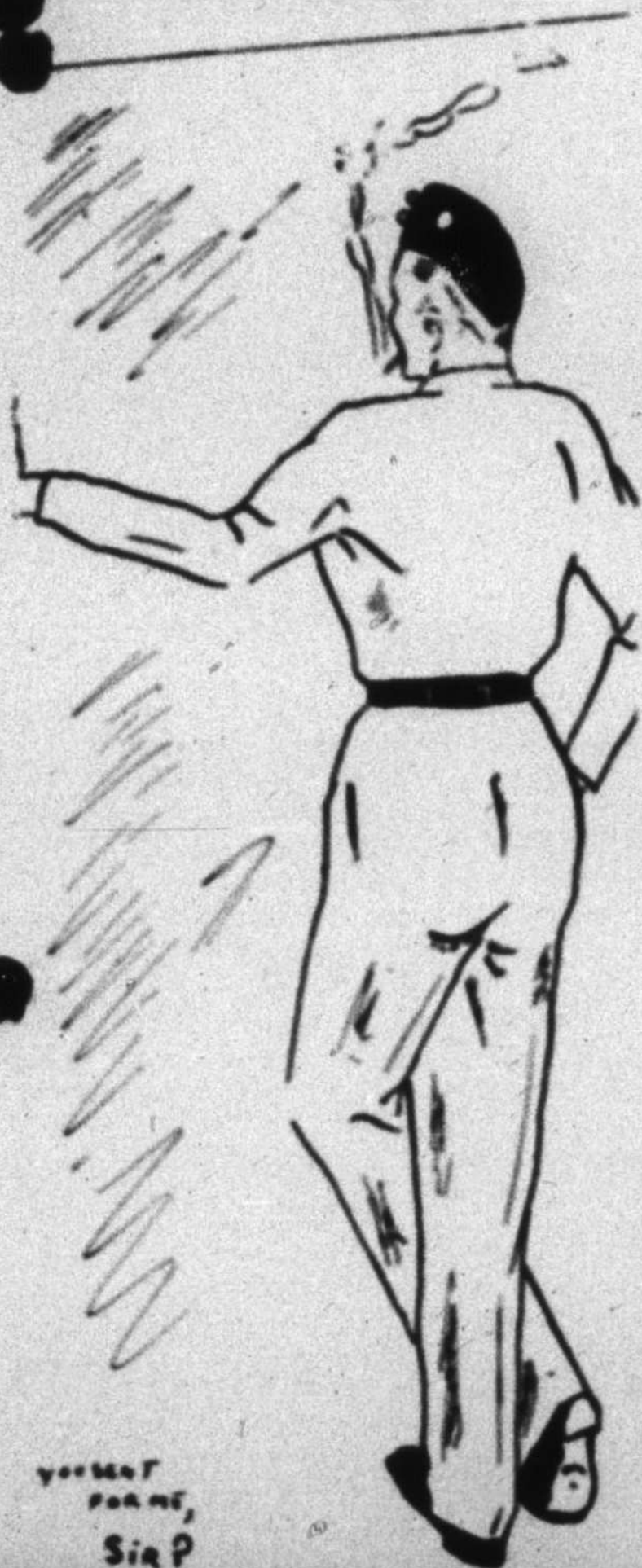
firmery, which means 90% Cab and 10% band, that made his name. So was an agreeable surprise to find Cab ork was a real solid-sounding group with the negroid emphasis on power. Naturally the Maestro himself did justice to his title and obliged by singing but he knew every riff in the music and that baton wasn't swinging off-beat for fun. Cab, by the way, was supposed to have acquired his vocal flexibility from training as a youth for negro opera.

The little darky vocal chick put plenty of rhythm and expression in her melodies; outstanding instrumentalists were J. C. Heard, formerly from Jimmie Lunceford's band, who beat the hides off the drums, and the second trumpeter, to mention one of a powerful brass section. The orchestration of 'Stardust' gave every section a chance to kick out and proved to be one of the best. While unlike the "Duke" (but who is except the white Charlie Barnet!) Cab's band could be likened to Basie's.

Bigger name-bands are in the offing. The larger the crowd the musician see attending, the more they put into their playing because they thrive on enthusiasm. Don't fail to attend the next.

CONCERNING YOU

Success of this new station magazine depends upon co-operation from all ranks and from all personnel. If you have any material to offer along the lines of stories, articles, jokes, poems, cartoons, or photographs, leave them at the YMCA office.

S.W.O. HEADACHES**How is your posture?**

YORKER
FOR ME,
SIR P

JOURNEY TO MARGARETSVILLE

(Continued from page 11)

On a clear day you can see across to Haute Island 12 miles out, with Cumberland county stretching to the north and New Brunswick to the south.

If you want to work up a sweat to the beat of hayseed music, there's a barn dance Thursday night at the pavilion on the point. For an improvised floorshow, a local yokel yodels a few Gene Autrey songs from under a cowboy ten-gallon sombrero, strumming a guitar. Once in a while a 'round dance' is held, but that's just a provincial term for ordinary popular dancing.

The third point of interest is Margaretsville ice cream, famous throughout the Valley for its natural flavoring, being soft and delectable. Just ask for a 'royal'—a three-scoop sundae—and your palate will prove that the praise is warranted.

REEL NEWS

(Continued from page 20)

Dickson, J. O. Johnson, K. B. King. Also important to the smooth operation of the show are the following attendants: LAC's J. R. Bergeron, Prudente, L. P. Beyette, G. E. Penson, Shilling, and Onley. Keeping their fingers on the nightly take at the ticket wicket are: Corp. D. A. Nesbitt, LAC's Bender and Gallagher.

The sound track having run out for now, I'll switch off the projector until next month.

PIN POINTS

By THE EDITOR

THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH—

Enter the new. When an airman behind the counter told me that the canteen had chewing gum for sale, costing a "jit," I knew Greenwood had really become Canadianized. For more than two years the only provincialisms echoing here had their origin in the blacked-out cities of a nation now on the offensive . . . acc stood for battery, mug and iron meant cutlery, 'wizard' in place of 'super,' bloke for our slang 'guy,' 'oppo' for pal, to-meant supper . . . etc.

A Canuck attached to the R.A.F. here probably hadn't realized his loss of these speech mannerisms until they drifted to his ears out of passing conversations of the newcomers; then, as to the man with soul so dead wandering on a foreign strand, they caused nostalgic thoughts and home no longer seemed so far away.

Infinitesimal as these things are, they remind us that as Canadians we have a people of our own, who, though they number but twelve million, have brought our country to the status of nationhood through our fathers' participation in one war, and given it a top-ranking place by the part we ourselves are playing in this war.

On September 10 Canada entered her sixth year of war, just one week in the conflict behind that of the mother country, England. In that week the question as to whether our path lay was the nation's most critical problem of our generation; should we wait and build up Canada's production power, or devote our immediate attention to raising our armed service might? The fortunate decision to enter the fight proved to be the right step in the dark days that followed as the impregnable Maginot Line was outflanked and the British army forced to evacuate at Dunkirk. Canadians were ready then to stand guard on England's shores against any attempted invasion. But our entry into the war immediately helped tip the scales in favor of a future democratic world and set an example for wavering nations or Dominion, specifically the Union of South Africa to follow suit. Since then we have been unified in one common objective—defeat of the Axis, peace, and establishment of our universe on democratic principles.

If you should become depressed, or despondent at performing menial tasks, at your desk, doing D.I.'s, training students, or whatever is your lot, then just pause and remember that until recently, 17,000 homes every 24 hours were being demolished by robot bombs in England. It will be the pause that refreshes you to carry on your duty.

R.C.A.F. Greenwood is an integral unit in Canada's operational training plan and ultimately the efforts of each individual, however insignificant, pooled together in keeping the station functioning at peak, will be felt in maintaining our air supremacy in the invasion skies. It may be the old story of the necessary cog in the machine but, as Greenwood men, whether in Headquarters, Maintenance, or Training Wing we must keep that D-Day ball rolling.