

# • The **INTRUDER**

MARCH 1945.

GREENWOOD, N. S.

Vol. 1, No. 1.

10¢





## Message From The Commanding Officer

First, I would like to congratulate the staff of this magazine for the time and effort they expended to make it possible. The tremendous amount of work necessary to publish an initial issue of a magazine is seldom realized by those who read it. So, to show them how much you appreciate it, you are urged to support it as well as contribute to its columns.

In reviewing Station activities since the holiday season, the sportsmanship and ability demonstrated by the Station Basketball and Hockey teams cannot go unrecorded. Although the final basketball round has yet to be played, the Valley Hockey League is officially over and our Skyliners finished in second place after forcing the Navy winners to the limit in the exciting play-off games. On behalf of everyone on the sidelines, hearty congratulations are offered to all the players for helping to put Greenwood on the Maritime Sports Map.

As you are all aware, by this time, the Station now boasts a new Snack Bar and I hope, by the time you read this, a set of bowling alleys. The setting up of these facilities gave Station Funds quite a financial set-back, so your whole-hearted support is necessary to keep them in operation. The Snack Bar provides a ladies' lounge for airmen's wives and girl-friends, as well as reserved space for officers' and senior N.C.O.s' wives and friends. Mixed bowling tournaments will also be organized and you are urged to co-operate whole-heartedly by submitting names to the Committee promptly and making full use of all facilities provided.

Finally and most important, I wonder how many of you realize that we tied the all-time record for monthly flying hours for this Station in February. Considering the weather we had to contend with, this is an excellent showing which reflects credit to every section on the Station, since it was through the co-operation of all it was made possible. This month, with better weather in prospect, we should break all records, so let's all keep it up—and back up the boys overseas!

E. M. REYNO, G.C.

# GREENWOOD PRODUCES ACES

By W/C C. C. Moran, DFC, Chief Instructor

**H**ELLO Tower. This is PIPESTEM ONE ZERO calling. Are you receiving? Over."

"Hello PIPESTEM ONE ZERO. This is Tower. Receiving you loud and clear. Over."

"Hello Tower. This is PIPESTEM ONE ZERO calling. Runways checked and serviceable. Ceiling O.K. for local flying—instruct Flight Commanders accordingly. Out."

The aircraft, whose radio transmissions have just been recorded, roars overhead making a rapid circuit, and silhouetted against the bright streaks of a breaking dawn, touches gracefully down on the runway leaving a dense cloud of snow in its wake, as it rolls slowly to a stop.

The Chief Flying Instructor completes his survey of the runways and local weather conditions. Satisfied with the prospect, he switches off, and climbs slowly through the narrow hatch, feeling gingerly for each step as he lowers himself down the frail looking steel ladder, until he comes in contact with the concrete surface of the tarmac. As he makes his way to his office, maintenance personnel, who have already wheeled the aircraft out and are anxiously awaiting the signal, spring into action and the air reverberates to the throaty roar of the high-powered engines throbbing into life. Across the tarmac the aircrew, bundled up in their special winter clothing and looking more like something from Mars than from this world, make their way to the already waiting machines. On the flash of the green light, Flying Squadron leap into action, keen with the anticipation of a busy day and an opportunity to wring more flying from an all too miserly weatherman.

Before even the grey of the East gave any indica-

tion of the dawn that was about to break through, the remaining half of the pupils of Training Wing, detailed for ground instruction, were standing smartly at the salute as the RCAF ensign was being hauled up the flag mast, proudly to unfurl itself in the gathering morning breeze. A sharp order of command cuts through the frosty air and the pupils wheel to march briskly across the parade ground in the direction of the lecture hall. Ground Instructional Squadron's day has begun.

Somewhere on the east coast another small cog in a

great war machine has been set in operation, fulfilling its part in a gigantic scheme. Another group of aircrew replacements will soon be one day closer to their ultimate objective—**"OPERATIONS AGAINST THE ENEMY."**

An Operational Training Unit symbolizes the consummation of the aims and ambitions of all aircrew, namely, to take their place in Operational Squadrons. It is a finishing school. Many of the trainees, awaiting for the course at this Unit have waited

years; many are drawn from those whom the Airforce were forced to retain in Canada to carry on with the development of the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan. There has been the important task of training aircrew, but always they have had an envious eye upon their more fortunate class-mates who were lucky enough to get Overseas, many whose names are fast becoming legend. Now at last their opportunity has arrived.

It is impossible to include here the pictures or names of all the trainees who have passed through the portals of this school, or even a mention of the decorations and honors which they (cont'd. back cover)

PILOTS	NAVIGATORS	Enemy Aircraft	
		Dest.	Dam.
W.C. Bartock, DFC and Bar	P.O. Bruce, DFC and Bar	7	1
E.L. Boomer, DFC (Missing)	---	1	1
E.L. Cleveland, DFC	---	10	1
F.L. Jasper, DFC	---	6	1
F.L. Walker (Missing)	F.O. Roberts (P.O.W.)	1	
F.L. Harper (Missing)	F.O. Ross (Missing)	4	4
S/L Kerr (Missing)	F.O. Clark (Missing)	5	3
F.L. Sawyer	F.L. Howell	1	3
F.L. Cotterill, DFC (Missing)	F.O. McKenna, DFM	4	1
F.L.C. J. Evans	F.O. Hamblestone	1 1/2	
F.O. Harvie	F.O. Alexander	5	1
F.O. Bowhay (Killed)	F.O. Taylor (Killed)	1	
F.O. Reid, DFC	---	8	7
S/L Gray, DFC	F.O. Smith	10	12
F.L. Parsyde	F.O. R. T. Egan	4	
F.O. Hill (Missing)	F.S. Bosch (Missing)	1	
F.L. Johnson	---	1	1
S/L Anson	---		1
F.L.H.E. Miller	Sgt. Hopper	3	
F.O.R.D. Thomas	---	1	1
F.L. Phillips, DFC	F.O. Job, DFC		
F.L. May (Missing)	(Doodiebugs)	10	
F.L. Lorlain	" "	10	
F.O. Woolley (P.O.W.)	" "	10	
S/L Leppel	" "	10	
		11	40

## The INTRUDER

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## HOW TO JUDGE BABES

(The following was contributed by one of the judges who sweated over photographs of 60-odd entries in the Beautiful Baby Contest).

Wes came into the office wearing a large smile. "Congratulations. You've been elected."

"To what?"

"As an official of the B.B.C."

"But I don't know anything about radio—in fact, a mike always scares me."

"Well, there's only one Mike in the whole shebang—just one teeny, weeny little Mike, and you wouldn't be afraid."

"One mike in the B.B.C.! What do you mean? The B.B.C. is a big outfit, and besides it's in England, and it's the C.B.C. here."

"What are you talking about?" Now Wes was as confused as I was.

"You just told me that I had been elected as an official of the B.B.C."

"Snap out of it. I mean of the Baby Contest."

"Oh," said I, raising one eyebrow. "a Bachelor's Baby Contest. But does the C. O. approve? After all, I mean—"

"No, no, a Beautiful Baby Contest."

It was some time before they brought me around. "Look," I said, "can you see me the target of all those ever-loving parents, not to mention their labours of love? It would be like shopping for a pair of nylons in downtown Middleton."

"But it's only photographs."

"And I don't have to see the parents, at all at all?"

"No."

"Well, that's better. Who else is in it?"

Sunday night the four of us gathered in Wes's small office. Wes backed the truck up to the door and staggered in under a pile of photos, out of which we were to select just three.

Time passed. We got down to business. To me, the first one was easy. The photo was so large that no matter where I looked, I could see that sweet child. It was far and away Number One for me and I put it to one side. Wes said "No, no. That's not in the contest. That's a Hurrell photo of Hedy Lamarr."

I still thought it was the best-looking babe in the bunch.

Then we picked three, finally, and called the Service Police.

## EDITORIAL

With a new name, new design and new staff, we are beginning a new phase of station magazine publication; and one, we hope, that will not wash out as others have done, though through no fault of their own.

Peace will bring an end to worse things than this, so we hope to continue publication of *The Intruder* until Greenwood ceases to be a training unit.

To the Commanding Officer for his support, and to F/L Shapiro and the entire staff, our thanks for co-operation, help, and advice in the production of this initial issue.

This is your station magazine. It will be no better or worse than you choose to make it. It is our hope to see every unit and section represented. Thus for a presentable and acceptable magazine, we ask your co-operation.



Pictured above are the four offspring of Corporal Farrell, whose place of work is the Post Office. They are, reading in the usual direction, Peter, Alphonsus, Roderick and John. Three-year-old Alphonsus was the winner of the Beautiful Baby Contest, held in January. Runner-up was LAC Elphick's daughter, Joan, and third prize went to ACI Johnson's two-and-a-half-year-old daughter Marilyn. Judges were S/L Soden, F/L Richards, F/O Heath, and YMCA Supervisor Wes Wright.

## THIS IS STATION YMCA

Here are the men behind the mike! Every week-day, Monday through Saturday they bring to the Airmen and Corporals eating dinner a one-hour programme (1130 to 1230 hrs.) of peppy music and latest Station News and Views. On the right LAC Jay Duffort looks over a new album of Tommy Dorsey recordings. Next to him in the picture, and seated behind the desk is Wes Wright, announcer-in-chief and general manager. Beside him sits Cpl. Drooly Bowman, announcer u.t. and vowel-fumbler. And on the left is Sgt. Stevie Stevenson, who writes the daily Sports Round-up with all its names of players, who have hit the headlines over the preceding night's games at the Drill Hall.

This scene shows the studio during an actual programme and here is a word-picture of how these programmes are concocted. At 10:00 hours, Wes sits down at Tippy-the-typewriter to pound out the day's script. First comes the announcement of the Regal's feature with its stars. The 'phone rings. It's Ed. Goucher of the Legion Hostel in Middleton to ask for a plug for his Dance that night. O.K., Ed!

Ring goes the 'phone. Switchboard wants to have a certain LAC paged

to call a certain operator on a long-distance call. O.K. Checks the P.A. and finds to great chagrin that it's not working. Wishes he had a monitor on it, so he could tell these things right from the Office instead of having Lloyd Bayette run a shuttle-race between Mess and the Regal Theatre building. Quickly calls up F/Lt. Ehapiro, whose W.M.'s of Signals are responsible for installation and maintenance of the set. A Corporal suddenly appears from Signals, and with deft hands speedily repairs a short circuit.

It's 1130 hrs. now, and a stirring march played by the famous Goldman Band is the first record. Follows then a programme of variety music, which is carefully watched every day so that no piece is played too often to become boring. The Entertainment Committee's grant from N.P.F. has supplied the makings of a good library of phonograph records, and everything from Spike Jones, to Harry James, to Frank Sinatra, to Dinah Shore, to Nelson Eddy can be had at the moment.—Three records are played, then "Good Tuesday (or whatever day it is) afternoon, everyone!"—and so through records and announcements which all help to make the noon-hour meal go down all the better.



F/L Arch Martin, DFC

## Annual Banquet Hears Martin

F. L. O. A. Martin, DFC, senior navigation officer on this station, was the guest speaker at the Annual Banquet of the Volunteer Firemen of Kentville, held in that town on the night of February 28. F. L. Martin, who has two operational tours to his credit, has shared in the destruction of at least six enemy aircraft with his pilot, F/L Jasper, DFC, also of Greenwood.

The senior navigator's subject concerned intruder operations as carried out over Western Europe, and he traced the growth and final crowning success of Canada's most famous intruder Squadron.

The intruders were originally formed as interceptors of German bombers, en route to home bases after raids on England the speaker said. But near the end of '41, the German bomber effort diminished, and crews met with little success though sitting night after night on readiness.

With the advent of the Mosquito, fortune began to smile on the intruders, the speaker stated. Given suitable weather, the crews began low-level daylight attacks, ranging far afield into the Baltic, into northern Germany and southern France. The Squadron began to rack up almost unbelievable scores, and new aces like Johnny Caine, Bob Kipp, Don McPadyen and Charlie Scherf, emerged overnight. In a period covering several months in 1944, the Canadian Intruder Squadron shot down more enemy aircraft than all the rest of Fighter Command put together, F/L Martin said.



The control engineer gestures, the red light flashes! You're on the air! Norm Stevenson, Drooly Bowman, Wes Wright and Jay Duffort give out with the daily noon broadcast.

## Maintenance Matinee

Hello, fellas — let's group around for a minute and look over the recent happenings in the Wing.

Last week gave us the first smoker of the year. There was plenty of food, plenty of beer and plenty of headaches the next day. We borrowed Bob Fairbrough from the Accounts Section (that's all you could borrow!!) He played the piano while the boys harmonized.

F/L "Three Bellies and a Bottom Carpenter" has returned to our happy circle. Needless to say you'll be hearing his boisterous voice yelling for me to sharpen his pencils.

See where LAC Affleck has recovered from his Christmas leave. I asked him if he was sick. . . . "No Sir," he said, "just got married." The hockey season has ended. A number of the players were from our Wing — you needn't know their names — just look for the patches over their eyes.

See where F/Sgt. Tisdelle's boys in No. 6 hangar won the basketball championship. They beat the W.D.'s in the finals.

There was a batch of new records bought for the hangars. "About time," someone said. Guess you didn't realize that a few more were borrowed— (permanently!). We'll try and keep up with the times — a couple of records a month.

M.T. Section had a promotion— Goodwin has his flight. The crown will match the color of his hair.

Egt. Hamelin, your friend the discip, is having new teeth made. Don't dare ask him a question. He spits the answer at you.

John Branchuk, our gift from our American Neighbors, is having his troubles with O.C. Repair, who can outshout him, outweigh him and who chased and was chased by Rommel, when MacArthur was down under. These two are great friends, tho'.

What Sgt. Discip. in No. 7 Hangar, on his way out of the Drill Hall the night of the Maintenance Smoker, mistook a friendly hog wrestle in the snow, sponsored by the N.C.O.'s of No. 6 hangar, for a good black and blue free for all, and rushed (well, at least weaved), to the nearest phone and called the S.P. wagon? Was it fear of a Norwegian snow bath that halted him on the threshold, from further investigation?

Little F/L Maskell, alias "The Whip," has left for overseas. Wonder who the new slave driver will be?

Guess this is all for now, fellas. Let's have what news you have; for every bit helps. —P/O Gord Kay.



*Plucking the turkey from the oven is S/O Henley, Station Messing Officer. Too late for a lynching, fellows: she's left.*

## Station Bids Henley Farewell

Early in December, Section Officer C. Henley was welcomed to this station where she assumed the responsibilities of Messing Officer. Her friendly smile and gracious way soon won for her a host of friends. Her understanding manner makes it a privilege to work with her.

S/O Henley was born in Halifax. Her early education was acquired at Eheet Harbour; later she attended Mount St. Vincent Convent. In 1934, she graduated from Mount St. Vincent College with a Bachelor of Science Degree. Upon graduation, she taught Household Economics at that College for a year. Then, being attracted to the mercantile world, she spent two years managing a hotel and summer resort. Returning to Halifax, she became Head Dietitian at the Halifax Infirmary, where she served for six years.

Then, she entered the ranks of the R.C.A.F. as an AWI. At Dafoe, Saskatchewan, she served as an AWI and Corporal for two and one-half years. Proceeding from there to Yorkton, Saskatchewan, she was promoted to the rank of Sergeant. On January 26, 1944, she received her commission and was delegated to the position of Messing Officer at No. 6 R.D. Trenton, Ontario, where she served until coming to Greenwood in December.

When not engaged in the task of satisfying the exotic tastes of hundreds of airmen, Section Officer Henley derives pleasure from music. She is an accomplished pianist.

## The Cause For Which We Fight

It is preposterous to say, that by winning this war, regardless of anything that may come afterward we shall not have accomplished a great and good purpose, commensurate with whatever cost it may entail.

We shall have preserved our independence as a nation.

We shall have kept our friends, and helped to keep our friends alive.

We shall have preserved a world in which democracy can live.

We shall have turned back the greatest threat that has ever arisen to the spiritual and moral values of civilization.

All is not lost when this is true.

We owe it to the men who are fighting for us to do all we can to help make a wise and lasting peace. We owe it to them to come out of the ivory tower of our own perfectionism, when compromise is necessary. We shall need patience for the task ahead. Patience and perseverance, and willingness to try to understand other peoples' point of view — and faith, above all else.

And because we shall need faith, let us be done with this talk that we have lost the cause for which we fight. We are winning that cause, winning it splendidly and for the benefit of generations still to come, with every step that brings us closer to Berlin and Toyko.

—N. Y. Times.

If you have troubles and you're feeling blue,

Come see me, the Adjutant, I'll tell you what to do—

I'll sign your passes and I'll get you leave—

When things look hopeless, there are tricks up my sleeve—

I'll rid you of your troubles and fill you with joys—

For, as Maint. Wing Adj.,

I take care of my boys!!

It is with a sense of deep regret that we bid farewell to S/O Henley. On March 12, she left for a Release Centre, thence back to civvie street, where she will assume the duties of Dietitian for Muirhead's Restaurants in Toronto. More important still, a wedding is planned at an early date.

May we extend every good wish, Section Officer Henley, for your future happiness and success.

## "De Shop Mule"

De mule in our angar, she iss yellar wit paint.

A fine ledder seat and tires dat ain't Syntetic. No sir, dey iss pure rubber, De kind you can't buy nowadays brudder.

In de mornings to start er ve always try

But oh vot a chob, oh me oh my. She bucks an she chumps, wit back-fire too

To start er iss sure a hart ting to do.

At last she goes an on chumps Guenet; Wit a shout e say, "De gass iss all et." Dat ol mule, she jes die in er track An some more petrol ve gotta bring back.

Now dis Ernie e verra strong man But dat ol mule she no give a dam. She prance and she snort an Ern can no stay

Vere de seat off his pants go, e can no say.

Again Guenet try; ha, dat Frenchman no fool;

He grab de seat lak a bar-room stool. De ol mule roar, leap high in de air Poor ol Guenet, e minus a pair.

Den out on de drome Guenet e mus drive,

To bring in a kite an still keep alive. But de wheels jus spin, e in heck uff a fix;

Dat ol mule up to some more uff er tricks.

Down to eight angar Guenet e do go; De tarmac she vaas all covered wit snow.

An on de vay back de O.C. e saw Who signals im "Stop" wit a big paw.

De O.C. e say, "De speed law y'know. How come so much faster y'go?" Dat ol mule she grin, she iss smart, She say, "I tak dat O.C. apart."

Guenet e jes sit dere an stare While de O.C. he mak blue mit de air. Dat ol mule she churn an she clank. An knock de O.C. into snow-bank.

Now he O.C. e a flight lou And dat to im you jes canno do. But de mule she no respector uff rank Cos she do it las year to a big Yank.

De M.T.'s good guys an vat dey don know,

De Good Lord above dem, e vill soon show.

But dat ol mule dey send er right back.

Dey say she iss too stubborn to tak.

De O.C.—good guy, dat li flight lou— Of dis e say "I tak-a dim view. Dat ol mule to de M.T. she mus go. Dey fix er right, I betcha, by Joe."

Now she's in de angar, a stall to erself; Ve got er chained down for fear uff our healt.

An ven disa var's ofer, y'kin be sure uff disa.

Dat goddam mule, she'll stay vere she iss.

—Cpl. Alf Scheffel.

## Homing, Please

### Headquarters

We are glad to welcome back our Signals NCO, WO2 Merrill, who has been away, a year it seems, on course in Toronto. (It's nice if you can get it.) According to one of our former boys, his social life also was quite extensive. We advocate more and better supplementary courses in Toronto.

During the past month one of our teleprinter operators, R. H. (Zero) McCullam, recited those all-important nuptial vows to a neat chick from P.E.I. We extend the sincere hope that he has a life-long adventure of love and happiness. Our last reports on two other marriages are that all concerned are doing fine. They involved Frank LeBorgne who married a girl from Middleton and A. W. MacDonnell who married a girl from Kingston.

We extend welcome to our new Duty Signals Officers, P. O Kerr, P. O Power, P. O Leonard, WO1 Kent and WO1 Gillilan, all ex-592 types. We have just learned P. O Kerr's retirement has been approved and wish him the best of luck in civilian life.

Mark McElligott, telephone operator, is back with us after treatment in hospital for a smashed knee. The hockey team missed him, too. We hear he was quite a problem child in hospital and practically monopolized the hospital's telephone.

### Radar

WO2 Locke recently arrived from the West Coast—Vancouver to be exact. He has made certain comparisons about the weather. . .

Cpls. Annand and Spicer have been posted overseas and were replaced by Cpl. Hobson and LAC Monkman.

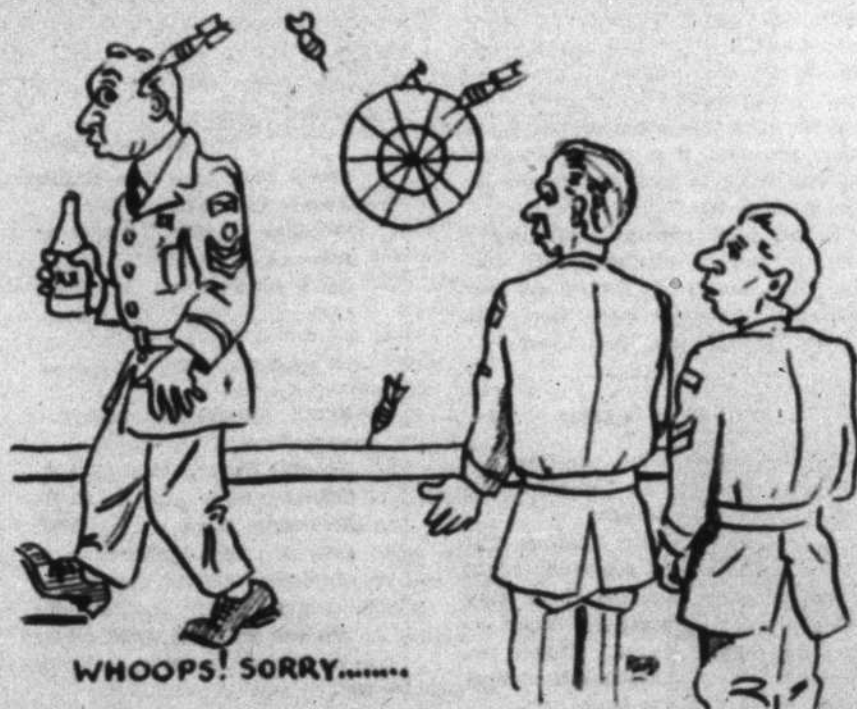
Radar section has gone on a 24-hour basis, and Sgt. Denson is taking a maths course so he can figure out how to work in four eight-hour shifts in one day.

We hear AC Johnston, a former W.M. here, came first in his class at the telephone maintenance course in Montreal. His fine background of training at Greenwood, no doubt!

### Signals Training

Last week P. O Jenkins entered the section in a tired but happy condition. Questioned by your reporter it was revealed that he had just returned from an extended trip to New York city. Regarding his activities in the metropolis P. O Jenkins said, "I have nothing to say."

(Continued on Page 13.)





## The Padres' Corner

by Padre Branch

Come evening you or I may be the centre of a little group in our mess. It will be the last night on the station. Our retirement or discharge will have come through and we will be going on a few weeks' leave before reporting to the release centre.

I walked around the station some time ago with one of the men who was transferring to the army. We talked and reminisced of his years in the service, recalled the "old days" in the RCAF before drawing a curtain on them, to go on a new stage. There is something sad about quitting the service, no matter how much we may have kicked at times and even wished ourselves out of it. After all, you can't live this airforce life for years without finding in it many a pal you hate to leave; and few of us really want to forget every association of our service life. As a matter of fact, if we are not trying to kid ourselves, we will easily admit that, on the whole, we have been happy in our work and our work has not been a hard job. Many will find it difficult to earn a living, as it must be earned at times, because they have not been shouldering a heavy load in the last few years.

There are two bright thoughts in our minds as we see the last night coming. The RCAF has almost finished its job and it has been a job well done: this means that we can look forward to the end of the war this year. We may not have been important cogs in the machinery, but we were cogs anyway. The other thought is the hope that in the peace to come we will be meeting again the pals of our service days. I don't think that I miss my guess if I say that we can expect some pretty good get-togethers.

by Padre Paterson

There is an old saying that, "One with God, is a majority". This is just putting in other words what the Bible says, "If God be for us, who can be against us?" And St. Paul says the same thing in yet another way, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."

There are those on the battlefields of the world who can bear witness that these promises are as real and as vital to-day as they were two thousand years ago. They testify of a peace and a strength which nothing can overcome, and which has come to them through committing their ways unto the Lord.

We can have that kind of confidence, security and victory. But there are conditions to be met:

"Wait on the Lord". Field-Marshal Montgomery has declared, "Gentlemen, I read my Bible every day and I recommend you to do the same". General Dobbie, the defender of Malta, has said, "I have for many years made it a practice to ask God's help in all my problems, great and small, professional and private. The help He gives is very real, and I can assure you that it is a very practical and real thing to seek and obtain His help in army life."

"Be of good courage". Victory is ours; we may be confident of that. But the victory is not of our own achieving. "We are more than conquerors, through Him that loved us."

### STUDY IN FAITH

The following notice appeared on the board in the officers' mess directly after a recent pay parade:

On pay parade today, Tuesday, 27th February, I overpaid somebody \$20.00. Would all officers please check their money in their possession. Your co-operation is anticipated. Thank you.

(Signed) Senior Accountant Officer.

P.S.—He got the 20 bucks.

## To The Red Cross

Some days ago, thanks to the efforts of the ladies of the Kingston Red Cross, some sixty sweaters and pairs of socks were distributed to airmen on the Station lucky enough to hear the first announcement about the distribution. Hundreds more could have been given away if stock had been available. But due to the fact that overseas forces must be supplied first, only a limited number of those welcome sweaters and socks can reach Canadian training centers.

This is an expression of appreciation and thanks to the Red Cross for the work that it is doing for all the armed forces, everywhere, and a special thanks is offered to the ladies of the Kingston Branch for their efforts on behalf of the station. The parcels of sweaters and socks were picked up at the hall in Kingston at a time when the Red Cross workers were at work: several ladies were busy on a job for the military hospitals. Seeing them bent over the long tables, cutting and sewing patterns of cloth, was a forceful reminder of what is going on in every city, town and village in the Dominion, where loving hands are busy providing comforts for Canadian men and women in uniform. And that is only one department of worldwide Red Cross activities. They range from the kind heart who spends her leisure hours in knitting a warm sweater for some unknown lad, to the Red Cross Nurse, the Angel of Mercy of the bloody battlefield. In the hell of a world war, the Red Cross is a genuine flame of the fire of Christian Charity.

### SUPPORT YOUR STATION PAPER

Here's what your new Station magazine is costing:

16 pages @ \$9.00	\$144.00
4 covers @ \$10.50	42.00
Extra color	3.00
Cuts	100.00

Total \$289.00

Here's where the money is coming from:

General Station fund	150.00
Officers' Mess	25.00
Sergeants' Mess	15.00
Sale of 1,000 copies @ 10c	100.00
Total	\$290.00

We are printing 1,000 copies; to break even we must sell every one!

# Meet The S/L Here » » »

Greenwood's new Snack Bar was officially opened at 18:30 hours on Monday, 19 February, when the Commanding Officer cut a multi-colored ribbon barring the door in the presence of a large number of officers and



airmen. This act highlighted a brief ceremony which included a shot of gunpowder from a signal mortar, the sound of which reached every corner of the camp, and several selections from the drum and bugle band.

Since the opening, the Snack Bar has proven immensely popular with station personnel. There are good reasons for this, naturally. The food and drinks are good, the atmosphere is pleasant and informal, and station regulations have been relaxed to the point where patrons may bring wives or girl friends to the Snack Bar any evening. Hours, incidentally, are 18:30-23:59 daily. Officer in charge is F/O C. Goodwin.

The new rendezvous is located in the building formerly occupied by the wet canteen, in the rear of the ad-

ministration building. Under the able direction of F. L. C. P. Richards, the interior was first cleaned, then renovated, decorated and thoroughly improved. Today it is one of the most attractive spots on the camp. In addition to the main hall, there are rooms where officers, senior N.C.O.'s and airmen may entertain their guests.

The staff pride themselves on being in a position to provide almost any delicacy except full course meals. Prices are rock-bottom, with most items either five or 10 cents. Most popular requests so far appear to be for hot dogs, egg sandwiches, pie-a-la-mode and the inevitable tea or coffee. Milk shakes and gooey ice cream mixtures also sell well.

F. L. Richards declared that the credit for the excellent arrangements goes to the many men who worked long and hard during off-duty hours to achieve their motto that "the best is none too good."



# The Personnel Counsellor Speaks

by F/O Bill Jones, Personnel Counsellor, Greenwood

This article has been arranged to introduce you to the R.C.A.F. Personnel Counselling Programme.

Some of you may have heard a bit about the Personnel Counselling Programme; the rest of you may be wondering what it's all about.

Here's the gen. We've all seen how bad it is to be unprepared for war. Well, it's just about as bad to be unprepared for peace. Briefly, the Air Force wants every man and woman in Air Force blue to have some idea what he or she is going to do when Victory is won. Personnel Counsellors have been selected and trained to help you choose a goal. In this way you will gain a great advantage over others who are not as well prepared.

The fact that the Air Force has a Personnel Counselling Programme does *not* mean that the Air Force thinks the war is over. When the former Minister for Air, Hon. G. P. Power, announced this programme, he certainly had no such idea. It has been said time and time again that the hardest fighting lies ahead. So please don't think that Personnel Counselling has anything to do with the idea that people have that "it's all over but the shouting." We all know on the contrary "it's all over but the shooting."

I want to tell you about Personnel Counselling and how it works. You may say "How can anyone tell me what I ought to do in civilian life?" Well your Personnel Counsellor isn't going to tell you what to do. He's going to help you to decide. You may not agree with everything that he tells you, in which case you are perfectly free to tell him so. But it should do some good to have a friendly chat about such an important a subject and make a thorough scientific survey of your abilities, interests and career possibilities. It's a case of everything to win, and nothing to lose.

I will try to explain in a broad way how the plan works and the steps it follows: first, the Person; second, the Jobs; third, the Opportunities; and fourth, the Assistance. Let's examine each one in turn.

First, the Person. You have to know all about yourself if you're going to select your life work. It's surprising how little we know about ourselves sometimes. We may not know that we have a real ability in some direction, or a weakness in something else. The Personnel Counsellor can help you find out these things about yourself through tests and other means. He will discuss with you your aptitudes—in other words, your abilities—your interests, what you like to do and don't like to do, your service experience and how it can be helpful to the same end.

Then the next step is Jobs. Information is avail-



F/O Bill Jones

able on any occupation in the professions, business, the technical trades or agriculture. The Personnel Counsellor can give you a complete description of any type of occupation in which you are interested, all summarized in a small folder. It includes a list of the abilities required to be a success in each field.

The third step is Opportunities. You will want to know what the opportunities are in the occupation you select, the pay and benefits, the working conditions, chances of promotion, competition. Information on all these important matters may be had also.

Then we come to the fourth step and one of the most important—Assistance. Once you have decided what your goal is to be, you'll want to plan how to reach it. Suppose, for example, you decide you want to be a diesel engineer. You'll want to know how to get any additional education you may need, or technical training, or apprenticeship, or how to get started on any special studies right now, while you're in the Service. Whatever your choice, and whatever training is necessary, the R.C.A.F. is able and ready to help you.

That, very briefly, is what Personnel Counselling is all about. It is an effort on the part of the R.C.A.F. to have every man and woman in the Service prepared

## Lecture Notes

During the month of January there was a change of Educational Officers on this unit. F/O Hadley Brown re-



F/O Hadley Brown

placed F/O Bus Liddell, who retired to civvy street.

Though response to the correspondence courses has been good, F/O Brown is disappointed in the turnout for Senior Matriculation classes in English, Algebra, Geometry and

Chemistry, which are all handled by teachers from Middleton High School. These teachers are willing to take classes in any of the other High School subjects if there is sufficient personnel interested.

On January 1 the courses offered by the Canadian Institute of Science and Technology were substantially reduced by one third of their former selling price.

Queen's University will offer, beginning early in April, a full year of work in the Faculties of Arts and Applied Science to ex-service men and women. The work in Arts will include all first-year subjects and certain advanced courses will be made available to qualified students. In Applied Science, provision will be made for second, third and fourth year students, if sufficient number apply. Students who successfully complete the term will be able to proceed to a higher year in September, 1945.

Arrangements have been made for two Acadia University professors to speak here on Wednesday, March 21, and on Wednesday, March 28. Their talks will deal with post-war problems.

### CONTRIBUTIONS WANTED

The Intruder will be glad to see any contributions, no matter the subject matter. If you have an old short story, an article of interest, news from your section, or even a timely gag, drag it out and bring it up to the station magazine office. Anyone interested in reporting or writing features about camp life will be welcomed with open arms. Pay us a call.

## About Books

The Station Library, already well-stocked, keeps adding regularly to its shelves with the latest available books. It also supplies up-to-date magazines and periodicals, from Britain as well as from the home continent, and current circulars concerning discharge and re-entry into civil life are to be had for the taking.

Here are a few books, picked at random, which the boys are asking for:

### Fiction

Captain from Castile	Shellabarger
Target Island	Brophy
The Green Years	Cronin
The Razor's Edge	Maugham
Earth and High Heaven	Graham
Frenchman's Creek	DuMaurier
The History of Rome	Hanks Pennel
The Building of Jaina	De La Roche
Forever Amber	Winsor
A Tree Grows in Brooklyn	Smith

### General

They Fly for Victory	Ayling
The Forgotten Ally	Passen
Ten Years to Alamein	Halton
Bases Overseas	Weller
Brave Men	Pyle
Primer of the Coming World	Swarzchild
The Time for Decision	Welles
Anna and the King of Siam	London
Goodnight, Sweet Prince	Powder
Meteorology	Harrison
Ridin' the Rainbow	Taylor
Try and Stop Me	Cerf

After a very thorough examination, the M.O. eyed the tall and very thin recruit in silence.

"Well, doctor," said the recruit at last, "how do I stand?"

"Goodness knows," replied the M.O. "It's a miracle."

for a civilian career, so that when the shooting is over, you can go to a prospective employer and say, *not* "What have you got to offer me?" but rather, "This is what I have to offer you."

The Education Officer and I are going to work as a team to conduct the counselling programme here. I realize it's a big job and not one to be entered upon lightly. The Air Force has supplied me with the best material and training available on the subject and I know this service can be invaluable if we work together on it. It will be of no use of course without your interest and desire to take advantage of the opportunity offered you.

What is the next step? Simply to make an appointment for an interview, at which you and I can chat about your ambitions and plans. It will be confidential and informal and we'll talk man to man.

There is nothing compulsory about this programme, and there is no necessity to have an interview if you don't want one.

However, even if you're pretty certain what you want to do, even if you have a job to go back to, the Air Force hopes you'll take advantage of this chance to discuss what to do now to prepare for your post-war career.

That's all there is to say about Personnel Counseling, at the present time. This has been a pretty sketchy outline, but I hope it has aroused your interest and curiosity sufficiently to take the next step, which is the interview.

This section will appear with every publication, in which any questions that arise during the previous month will be answered, and also any changes in the rehabilitation programme will be discussed.

# This Is The Army



*Not another word about your P.T. instructors. Try this some time for a hangover. By the way, "The Stomach" is Ethel Hendri of the Army Show.*

Though the Army Show has played to more than 110,000 people, both in Canada and overseas, it couldn't have been welcomed by a more enthusiastic audience than that which greeted it at Greenwood on St. Valentine's night. From overture to curtain-fall, it was superb entertainment. The unit was commanded by Captain Wood, with Lance-Corporal Jimmy Moore as M.C. and featuring Sergeant Wiseway's 12-piece band.

The show started with a fast-moving number called "Every Tub," played by the band, and was followed closely by, to everyone's surprise, the "St. Louis Blues" backwards, if you can call a number backward when the band plays the tune with its back to the audience.

Then came "McNamara's Band," and as a contrast, young and beautiful Sonny Wilson brought tears into beers with torchy "Embraceable You." No doubt Sonny Wilson will live for some time in the memory of one of Greenwood's sergeants. She left the stage for a moment during her song to return with a very self-conscious sergeant to whom she directed the remainder of her song. Hats off to Sergeant Turgeon.

Wynn Price, resplendent in full cowboy dress, sang "Oh What a Beautiful Morning" and as a well-deserved encore, "My Buddy."

As proof that the band was A-plus, the musicians imitated, but well too,

top name bands, running the gamut from Harry James to Benny Goodman.

Ethel Hendri performed amazing acrobatics—so amazing, in fact, that the audience was beginning to wonder how she would untangle herself. The parachute section even offered to lend a hand.

With "Blues in the Night" as background music, Alfhreda Philips swayed through a very effective creative dance.

Probably the highlight of the evening's entertainment came when the audience participated in a band-leading contest. This proved to be as much fun for the entertainers as for the entertained. The prize winners were LAC Elphick, and LAW Jean Pugh of EAC, visiting the station on temporary duty.

Squadron Leader Boden spoke for all spectators when he thanked the cast for one of the finest performances ever seen here. May Captain Wood and his unit return soon.—LAC Bristow.

Sgt. MacDonald (Big Mac of the P.T. Staff) uttered these famous words at a Sgt's Mess Dance: "One third of my home town is in the Services. Mom and Dad are still at home!"

## Correspondence

The Editor,  
The Intruder.

I have just laid out a dime for your magazine. As far as I can remember, I never have spent a worse dime in my life. You will not force another upon me; no, not even if you pay me a dime.

In your report on the unmasking of the station saboteur, Sambo Stratus, (in which your misspelled my name—it is Two, not Too) you stated that I was smoking in Number Five Hangar. That is untrue. I have confined my smoking to Hangars Four, Six and Seven. This matter is now in the hands of my attorney, Mouthpiece J. Shark, and you may expect a call from him within the next few days.

Mention of your short story is better left to those equipped with a fouler vocabulary than I possess. I have never seen a piece dripping with such stark melodrama, no, not since the days when Hoot Gibson and Tom Mix used to roar onto the scene just in time to pay off the old lady's mortgage.

All I can say is, that if you can't sink a pink, you stink.

A.C. Two, Purity Guard.

Frankly, we don't know how the hell this got in here. A.C. Two must have sneaked a look at the copy material.—ED.



*Hot dog! Meet three of the girls from the bang-up Army Show. Stand back, men!*

He stood with his back to the wooden bar, his elbows resting upon it. The small pub was crowded, as it was every night when the weather roiled in like tumbleweed and cut off the aerodrome from its partner, the sky. "Reprieve," the crews chorused and then, "what are we waiting for? Let's get down to the Lion."

How you seem to come to life again when a trip is scrubbed, he thought. Like awaking from a bad dream to find yourself safe in bed. Even the 'drome looked content, as the perimeter blues and ambers and the flarepath gave off a Christmassy, haloed light through the clinging fog. The 'drome gives its winged machines to the sky and patiently waits for the sky to return them to her. And when, as often, her arms go empty, there is a sobbing in the pines down by the dispersals. Yes, she is happy tonight, he thought. The shimmering wetness of the tarmac is tears of gladness.

What the hell; I must be getting a twitch. "What did you say Doug?" He turned to one of his groundcrew.

"For Gawd's sake, do I have to repeat it again?"

"Sorry. All this bloody noise."

"Well, I wish you'd take a good look at the starboard oil temp. tomorrow. I think she's reading high."

"Yeah, okay, boy."

He picked up his pint and drained the glass as somebody at the other side of the room sat down at the piano and began playing "Ops in a Wimpy." "O'mon, knock 'em back, you guys. You drink like a bunch of old women."

"Whaddya mean? We were here half an hour ahead of you." It was Joe, the electrician.

"My round, boy."

"Nothin' doing. You're up on me now."

He pushed across a ten shilling note for five pints. His back was turned as she came in, but he saw her reflection in the small mirror behind the bar. He had seen her once or twice before. He racked his brain. Flying control, that's it. He turned.

We invite the Camera Club to make suggestions concerning the photographic make-up of "The Intruder" and we would be glad to print any interesting shots of around and about the station or of station happenings if the Club would care to submit them.

# The Crash

"Have a drink with the crew of R for Robert?" he offered.

She smiled.

"What'll it be then?"

"A shandy, please."

"Let me see. R for Robert. You must be Al Bateson then," she said.

"Uh-uh. He's my pilot. Stayed at the mess to try to make an impression on the new S.O. I'm O'Brien—Obe to the gang. This is Joe, Doug, Pete, Bill and Jack.

"Joan," she said.

He said, "Cheers," and all glasses tilted.

The talk flowed easily. These are my friends, he thought. These I'm going to travel a 1,000 miles to see, after the war. After the war? You still have ten to go, O'Brien. I am forgetting about all that tonight though. But you can't forget. It's always there, like a cancer in its early stages. You don't feel it much, just enough to know it's always there. Always.

A couple moved to go. "Let's sit over there," he said.

"All right."

He didn't say anything for a while. Then: "Well, I suppose it's time to start the line. I think I'm late with it already but I'm shy in front of the boys."

She winced. "Please, not the one about reminding me of your sister."

He grinned. "No, I gave that one up a long time ago. It wasn't very successful anyway. I wish you were the dramatic type."

"Why?"

"Well, I could use this one for instance: 'I come back once, come back twice; third time, maybe not. Please give me something to remember you by.'"

She took him up. "Winging our way night after night into flirtations with death and destruction. Today we must live."

That's the stuff, he thought. Keep it light, keep it easy. Don't say what you mean. Nobody does any more. But Mac didn't come back the third time. He wouldn't come back, ever. What are you going to do, cry on this girl's shoulder? Sure, tell her . . .

A thunderous "Time Gentlemen, Please" rocked the tiny building, interrupting his thoughts.

"I have to go back and do some more work yet," he said. "Going that way?"

"As far as the quarters."

They walked most of the way in silence. I've got so many things to say he thought. Well, no sense in making a bloody fool of myself. They reached the WAAP barracks. "Are you going to be at the Lion tomorrow night?" he asked. "I don't think I'll be flying and I thought I might see you there."

"Yes, I'll be there and—and I hope you don't have to fly."

"Goodnight."

"Goodnight." She was gone.

He made his way to the ops room. What's the matter, boy? Guess you're slowing down, O'Brien. And she's probably just asking for it. He gave it up.

She looked at her watch. She'd been waiting for over half an hour now. He won't come now, she thought. Flying maybe, or he never meant to come.

The crash shook the pub, and the rending sound of twisted steel seemed to become part of her mind. She wanted to scream. Please God, not that way, not so soon.

There was no sound in the bar. The blaze made by the burning aircraft glowed through the open door. Then the glow grew dimmer and dimmer until the doorway became black again.

"One of ours?" somebody said.

"Must have been. It was right on the 'drome."

"Poor bastards."

A man's shape formed in the doorway, then he came in, blinking at the sudden light. She wanted to run to him, but she could not move.

"Hey, you look as if you'd just seen a ghost," he said.

"I guess I just have, Obe," she said.

She turned her head so that he couldn't see that her eyes were blurred. She thought: How many more times will I die in ten trips?—D.M.

It is our aim to see every section on the Station represented in each and every issue of "The Intruder." For this we ask your support. Appoint a section representative and try to see that he gives your section the best break by submitting as much material as possible on the goings-on on your part of the Camp.

# « Through The Windsock »

## SABOTEUR UNMASKED

A.C. Too, son of a prominent laundry proprietor, and currently serving a term with dummy watch at Greenwouldn't, last night unmasked the identity of the Station saboteur. It was reported early this morning by Air Force Headquarters. This man has been the immediate cause of cancellation of the flying programme for some time past.

Proceeding into Number Five hangar on a routine check-up and for a quiet smoke, Too heard strange noises in one of the aircraft. Hastily butting his cigarette and brandishing his .38 (Service Police, for the use of) he advanced on an Oxbox and found asleep on the floor one Al T. O. Cumulus, C.B. alias Sambo Stratus. He had formerly served a stretch in Newfie where he had been booked as Rain-maker, with the number 2330. He was immediately placed under close arrest, charged with unlawful entry, and sleeping in quarters other than those assigned to him.

After a gruelling grilling by P/O J. Dugald Meadow, chief of the Purity Guard, it was revealed that this criminal had been operating in the tower under the guise of an expert on weather. Later he signed a full confession, in which he admitted that he had been the instigator and executor of a plot to keep all aircraft grounded permanently by dragging low cloud and fog over the field with sky-hooks, and by fabricating meteorological reports and charts. Station officials admitted that the saboteur had been so successful, that no aircraft had taken off since last Hallowe'en and it was feared at one time that the entire Station would have to be closed down. (Earlier rumours of a shut-down due to a shortage of Quebec beer were branded as lies by the Station Adjutant (—see Corporals' Club Pub. Dat. 293-X-47.)

The first inkling of this plot was reported on November 20, 1944 when aircraft crews, carrying well-thumbed copies of "Forever Amber" and slide rules, were being briefed for an attack on Bedirt. Duff-Gen Rabies, affectionately known on the Station as 'Ten-Tenths', bearing a crumpled sheaf of teletype flashes, reported the situation at Greenwouldn't unflyable due to ten-

tenths stratus at 73 feet, with visibility one yard in fog. Crews emerging from briefing were dazzled by the brilliant blue of a clear sky. Called upon for an explanation, Mr. Rabies was heard to comment, "Sabotage!" Since that date, the Purity Guard had been on the lookout for the saboteur or saboteurs.

Al T.O. Cumulus stated in his confession that he had lived nine months in the windsock, and had procured his food from midnight forays into the garbage cans behind the Officers' Mess. When asked why he did not eat in the Airmen's Mess, Cumulus (alias Stratus), replied, "My Gawd!"

Station officials anticipate that Course Number Seven, now unhindered, will graduate within the next few days.

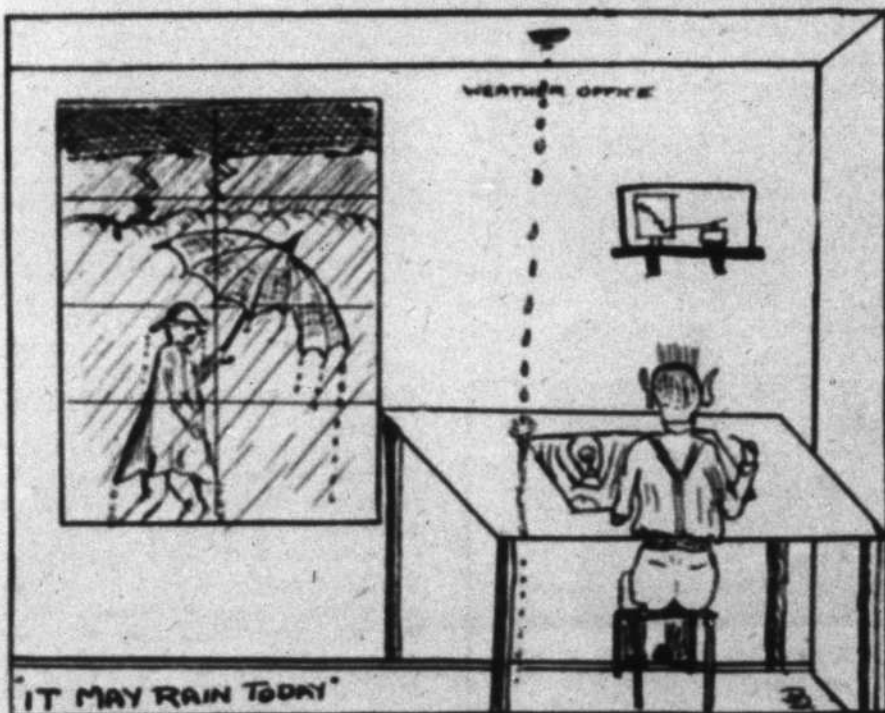
## SATISFACTION

I spend hours  
In the showers;  
Not to get clean,  
It would seem,  
But rather,  
I like to feel the water trickle,  
And tickle.  
Besides, it's comfy  
On my tummy.

## ON THE BLUE, I MISCUE

Fifteen reds and colours six,  
Prodded about by great long sticks.  
Experts call it shooting pool;  
The man who plays is a bloody fool.  
I bled  
To pot a red  
Then had to think  
To sink  
The pink.  
I gave out a bellow,  
As I lashed at the yellow  
Only to frown  
When the brown  
Went down.  
I gave the black  
A hell of a whack  
Just to sewer  
Off the bluer.  
It wasn't seen  
As I missed the green  
But what a sight  
As the white  
Hit the side pocket  
Like a rocket.  
Now to win at snooker  
I have to hooker.  
Yes, I'm very cool  
Towards pool.

"I'm losing my punch," she said, as she left the cocktail party in a hurry





Starting at the top left, that's the cast of the U.S.O. Show which wowed the Station at Xmas-time. Linda is the one saying "oh-eh" or maybe "no-no." Top right is Greenwood's display at the E.A.C. Handicraft Exhibition, in which our hobby-lobby boys took eight awards; Jerry Pomainville looks on. At the bottom left are the Joe Boys, and on the right, scattered amongst the beer bottles, a group partaking of the Christmas feed.

(Continued from Page 5.)

After numerous trips to Halifax, wires buzzing back and forth, long distance telephone calls, TCA reservations and cancellations, F/S O'Heare finally met his wife by courtesy of Canadian National Railways. We hope they are comfortably settled in Middleton.

We extend to F/S Hamilton and Cpl. Neale, both members of the mysterious Radar clan, our hearty congratulations on their well deserved promotions.

Energetic LAC Prudente expects to get his discharge soon. Asked if the government was going to put him in a war job, he looked alarmed and said,

"Can they do that?"

During a discussion on spiritualism Sgt. Graham remarked that the only spirits he believed in came in bottles.

**ELECTRICAL SPARKS AND SHORTS**

Under the eagle eye of Sgt. Somers, the electricians entirely remodeled their section last month. LAC McNight got the coveted assignment of chief painter and proceeded to out-do Salvador Dali the surrealist. All credit is due our Sgt. and protege, in spite of some of their envious detractors, who maintained that it wasn't the painters' fault since the brush was worn to the stock.

LAC Bill Brown received pains from heavens not long ago when an icicle landed on his cranium when on his way to the mess hall. Result: five stitches.

LAC Stepan is expecting an heir to the Stepan fortune. Cogliatti's talents have been recognized, at last. He's a corporal now. Congratulations.

Cpl. Baird and LAC McVittie were posted to Pat Bay last month. Replacements Cpl. Wainwright and LAC Wade were pleasantly surprised at the spaciousness and central location of Greenwood. Our sympathies, and a hearty welcome, lads.



BACK ROW, left to right: Roy McCallister, Soup Campbell, Herb Stewart (coach), Arch McKee, Merv McKenzie, Jimmie Smith, Cleo Gerry, Pete Huletsky, Jolly Lipkin, Wes Wright, Gord Kaye. FRONT ROW: Freddie Howell, Humphries, Bill Cowie, Willie Kyte, Windy Wingate, Johnny Neil, Stalker, Joe Fleming. ABSENT: Ginger Gingras, Buck Buckamer.

## SKYLINERS EXTEND RIVALS TO LIMIT

Not the least overawed by her powerful rivals, Greenwood's hockey outfit battled like men possessed throughout the entire season only to be eased out of the picture at the last minute. In the Command playdowns the Skyliners held the star-studded Dartmouth sextet to a thin-edged one-goal advantage in a two-game-total-goal series. Against the Navy the Airmen did not fare so well, simply because they came apart at the seams in the first period of both games. By the time they had pulled on to even terms, it was too late.

### Skyliners Extend Dartmouth

Greenwood, ably coached by S/L Stewart, turned in two of their best games of the season against Dartmouth, who took the initial playoff tilt 4-3, tied the second 4-4, to win 8-7 on the round. Goalie Willie Kyte was nothing short of terrific as he kicked out shots from all angles while up in front the first line of Neil, Smith and Lipkin went well both ways. In the first game Jimmie Smith, with two goals and one assist, was top point getter, while Neil bagged the other counter and also assisted in another goal.

Although the ice was rather slow

for the second game, played in Middleton on February 25th, it had little affect on the tempo. Dartmouth proceeded to score twice on breakaways in the opening capto to carry a three-goal lead on the round. McKenzie and Huletsky blinked the light, only to have Dartmouth come back with two more. Going into the last period, the Skyliners really turned on the heat and were finally rewarded by goals off the sticks of Gerry, at 14:07, and Smith, just a minute later. Dartmouth found themselves bottled up in their own end of the rink after that, and tough luck kept the locals from scoring the equalizer.

### Valley Inter Service Hockey League (final standing)

	P	W	L	T	P
CORNWALLIS	8	8	0	0	16
GREENWOOD	8	5	3	0	10
ALDERSHOT	8	4	4	0	8
ACADIA	8	3	5	0	6
WINDSOR	8	0	8	0	0

### Greenwood Tops Aldershot

Greenwood reached the finals against the Sailors by first defeating Aldershot 5-4 in a sudden-death match in Middleton on February 27th.

The Skyliners got away fast by scoring three goals in the first period before Army could bring things under control. Fleming, Lipkin and McKee were the scorers. Army came back strong in the second frame, but failed to get a puck past Kyte who again played a spectacular sixty minutes between the posts. In the meantime Greenwood was adding two goals on breakaways, the first by Lipkin, again assisted by Huletsky, and the other by Humphries from Gingras. After that Army pulled themselves together, and with two minutes left to play, were only one goal down, but Kyte denied them as the seconds ticked away.

### Greenwood Dumped by Cornwallis

The first game of the finals in the Valley Inter-Service Hockey League was played in Middleton on February 28th before a packed house of 600 service personnel and civilians. Cornwallis dumped the locals 8-4.

The Sailors caught Greenwood flat-footed in the first period and rammed in five quick goals before the Airmen got organized. But it was a different tale in the two remaining periods, as Greenwood put on the pressure and kept it on. Both teams scored twice in the middle frame, Stalker counting

both of Greenwood's. Gingras and Smith each scored in the last period as the Skyliners held Navy to a single goal.

The second game, played at Cornwallis on March 7th, was simply a repeat performance. Navy won 12-7, but all the damage was done in the first period, when the Sailors hustled home five quickies. Jimmie Smith stood out for the losers by banging in three goals for a losing cause. Navy won 20-11 on the round.

**Valley Inter-Service Basketball League**  
(final standing)

	P	W	L	T	P
CORNWALLIS "A"	8	8	0	0	16
ALDERSHOT	8	4	4	0	8
GREENWOOD	8	3	5	0	6
CORNWALLIS "B"	8	3	5	0	6
ACADIA	8	2	6	0	4

In the Inter-Service Basketball League, four teams were fairly evenly matched, but Cornwallis "A" stood out like a sore thumb. The Skyliners placed third and in the play-offs against Cornwallis "B" came out on the short end by the width of a single basket. Greenwood dropped the opening game 40-36, but in the second game made up the four points and with ten seconds to play, stood on even terms. Navy bagged a set-shot to snatch victory within those remaining seconds.

**Command Playdowns**

In the Eastern Air Command play-downs Greenwood hooked up with RCAF Yarmouth in a home-and-home, points to count, series, which opened on the home floor on March 2nd.

Yarmouth carried a four-point edge into the second half, leading 20-16. However, in the last twenty minutes, our boys, coached by F.O Brown, came back like the wind to take the game 46-36. Stevenson and Gerry, with 14 points each, were high scorers for the Skyliners, but the whole team went well.

In the return match the following night at Yarmouth the boys were bounced out of the playdowns by dropping a 54-43 verdict. It gave Yarmouth a 90-88 edge on the round. Carrying a ten-point lead into this game, Greenwood kept things well under control throughout the first period and most of the second. They still had a seven-point advantage with three minutes to go, only to have Yarmouth rap in four quick field goals.

**Basketball Standing (home league)**  
March 1st, 1945

	P	W	L	T	P
NO. 6 HANGAR	6	5	0	1	11
ARMAMENT	6	4	2	0	8
SIGNALS	7	4	3	0	8
STAFF OFFICERS	7	2	4	1	5
TRAINEES	4	2	2	0	4
OPERATORS	7	2	5	0	4
NO. 7 HANGAR	6	2	4	0	4

**Home-League Basketball**

Even teams were entered in the Basketball Home League, which got underway shortly after the Christmas holiday. It was decided at a meeting recently to allow the bottom four teams to play sudden-death games to declare a fourth-place outfit for the play-offs. All teams in this league are composed of fairly good basketball players, and although possibly held together by a couple of station team players, the boys are interested and a real good brand of basketball is to be witnessed.

Competition from the start was very keen and almost every game has ended in a close score. Six Hangar, with such players as McDonald, Bain, Gillett and Madder, is on top with Armament and Signals right behind. The Officers' team was weakened by postings, but it failed to default a game and is at present in fourth spot.

Mother: Isobel, where have you been until 3 a.m.?

Isobel: Walking, mother.

Mother: For goodness sake!

Isobel: Yes, mother.

Airman: "How many drinks does it take to make you dizzy?"

Gal: "Two, and the name is Daisy, not dizzy."



"With the puck tucked underneath his arm at the midnight hour." About to enter the net is the black disc, after passing neatly under Dartmouth's Kemp's arm in the last game of the Greenwood-Dartmouth playdowns. It came off Jimmie Smith's stick.

## A-Ticket, A-Tasket, Short One Basket



Back row, left to right: Cleo Gerry, Johnny Waterson, Johnny Macdonald, Fern Trask, Charlie Mahoney. Front row, same direction: Drooly Bowman, Norm Stevenson, Hadley Brown (coach), Jamie Poapit, Windy Wingate. Absent: Westy Westmoreland.

### The No-Accounts . . .

What a place to work! There is always turmoil and stuff. The noise of the typewriters and adding machines would drive you nuts (if the Valley doesn't.) Look at our P/S Bob (Civvy Street) Fairclough; he works (or I should say used to work) his fingers to the bone trying to whip things in the pay office into shape. He has received his just reward—CIVVY STREET. I guess it is the thing to do to welcome our new man from The Goose, P/S Ted (Daddy) Manson.

On the other side of the office we have F/S Joe (T/D to Moncton) Henderson, i/c the equipment accounts. He is forever digging up something old and musty to be fixed up. If he doesn't do it Sgt. Pat (I'm going to Kentville) Grimes gets the job and from there it is passed down to the next and so on to our man John (Just got another parcel) Bender.

In still another part of the accounts section there is Sgt. (NPP and everything else) Chapman who gets things done in the NPP part so that the men of the station can get their beer, etc., from the canteen.

The accounts section can now brag a brand new, shiny-hooked corporal, Geo. (corn-cob) Barclay.

When there is any hot rumour around and you want the gen, just see Cpl. Bark. (red-hot) Erskine (Jr.); but if it is anything about the Air Force such as travelling claims, deposit receipts, civilian pay, etc., etc., just look up Cpl. Stan (Masons 49) Steed, he has the info.

In the NPP office there are two fellows, just the opposite in the things they do, LAC (two quart) Hewitt who spends a lot of time down in Kingston (why we don't know), and LAC Ron (fuzzy dome) Dickson who spends his spare time on Sunday in bed.

There is another two-some we don't see much of, they say they spend their time in Stores but we don't know. They are LAC Ed. (the war is going to last forever) Robinson and LAC Chuck (stocktaking) Flemming. Some say that they have been seen going over the back fence to have afternoon tea at the Flemmings' place in Kingston.

There is one fellow who certainly is worthy of mention; maybe some of you have never heard of LAC Chuck

(carry-the-load) Doyle. He can be seen almost anytime of the day with a heavy piece of paper in his hand walking down the hall or he is sitting back waiting for his typewriter to cool off after he has typed a hot letter.

Then there is LAC Harry (alarm clock) Raphael, the first one out of bed in the morning and will awaken anyone from 6 o'clock until 7.15.

On Civilian pay there is LAC Pete (72 to Montreal) Gallagher; he spends most of his spare time studying accounting, and can be seen at church every Sunday and at least once during the week.

A fellow who doesn't make much noise is LAC Rudy (Down the Valley) Marsters, but our scout reports that he spends a lot of time in Middleton.

Last but not least is LAC Gerry (soon to be pappa) Primeau, a new arrival on the station who never so much as says Good Morning. More about him the next time. Probably just one of the reserved type.

### The Fightin' Fifth

We have said "So-long" to another group of our men which has left for the overseas reinforcement stream. Our best wishes go with them. Lieut. Purvis has also left, to take a short course before proceeding overseas. Good luck Uncle Mel.

L/Sgt. Sullivan has returned from furlough spent in Windsor, Ont. When asked if he had had a good time he said, "It took me six days to shovel out my car. This made me so tired that I had to rest for two days. And I'll be damned if it didn't storm again; it took me another six days to shovel the car back into the garage." We can understand that you're glad to be back in the Banana Belt.

Sgt. Bath to Les Allan: "I hear you were down at Rooney's for a steak dinner Sunday night."

Les: "I sure was."

Harry: "How did you find the steak?"

Les: "Oh, I just looked behind the boiled potatoes, and there it was."

We had a visit from two former members of this troop who have completed advanced infantry training at Aldershot and are now on draft for overseas. Best of luck Jiggs O'Connell and Mac McKay, and thanks for the co-operation you gave while with the troop.

## Greenwood Produces Aces

(Continued From Page One)

have achieved, and by which this Unit proudly stands in reflected glory. It must suffice to show only a cross section of some of the Unit's graduates. These names are selected from an Overseas Canadian Squadron which constantly operates over targets deep in the heart of the Third Reich. For the use of these names, the Unit is indebted to Wing Commander Bannock, DFC and Bar, Officer Commanding the Squadron and also a graduate of this school. The names are taken over a period extending from "D" Day until the 18th of November, 1944. All are graduates of this O.T.U.

What of the Staff of Training Wing? Unfortunately, space does not permit an opportunity to dwell on personalities. It must be mentioned, however, that there is not one of the aircrew instructors to whom such targets as Stuttgart, Munich, Frankfurt, Hanover, Berlin or Wilhelmshaven does not bring back vivid memories. These specialists developed a relatively new form of aerial combat. Canadian pilots and navigators have taken their place in the vanguard of the early pioneers, maintaining with steady grace the high traditions of the R.C.A.F. Amongst the very few pioneers remaining, this Station bears two of them on its Staff. One is at present engaged as the Chief Ground Instructor for the Wing. Beneath his Navigator's Brevet is the Oak Leaf of the "Mentioned in Dispatches," but less ostentatious although nevertheless indicative of the spirit of the pioneers, are the scars of a broken back, received during a crash when his aircraft was returning badly shot up from a trip into Germany. This happened in the early part of his tour of ops. As he so laconically puts it, "This slowed me down a bit." He later returned to the Squadron and completed his full tour.

The other pioneer holds the position of Senior Navigation Instructor for the Wing. Besides the Distinguished Flying Cross, he has to his credit two completed tours of night operations.

Suffice it to say that when these officers speak before a class of pupils their words are well seasoned with the salt of experience. As previously mentioned, all aircrew instructors on the strength of the Wing have made their contribution to Canada's aerial war effort and it is hoped that through the pages of this magazine you will get to learn of some of the anecdotes and experiences about which they themselves are very reticent.

# Regal Theatre

*Following features have been booked but are subject to change.*

- March 15—GUEST IN THE HOUSE—Anne Baxter, Ralph Bellamy.  
March 16—TOGETHER AGAIN—Irene Dunne, Charles Boyer.  
March 17-18—SAN DIEGO—Louise Alberton, Jon Hall.  
March 19—THE FIGHTING LADY—Battle Scenes in Colour.  
March 20—THE THREE CABALLEROS—Walt Disney full-length cartoon.  
March 22—IRISH EYES ARE SMILING—Dick Haynes, June Haver.  
March 23—WINGED VICTORY—Lon McCallister, Jeanne Crain.  
March 24-25—EXPERIMENT PERILOUS—Hedy Lamarr, Geo. Brent.  
March 26—MEET ME IN ST. LOUIS—Judy Garland, Mgt. O'Brien.  
March 27—HANGOVER SQUARE—Laird Cregar, Linda Darnell.  
March 29—COWBOY CANTEN—Charles Steeritt, Vera Vague.  
March 30—HOTEL BERLIN—Faye Emerson, Raymond Massey.  
March 31—April 1—MAN FROM FRISCO—M. O'Shea, Ann Shirley.  
April 2—TIGER SHARK—Edward G. Robinson.  
April 3—BRAZIL—Virginia Bruce, Edward E. Horton.  
April 5—GYPSEY WILDCAT—Maria Montez, Jon Hall.  
April 6—THUNDERHEAD—R. McDowell, P. Foster, Rita Johnson.  
April 7-8—MURDER MY SWEET—Dick Powell, Ann Shirley.  
April 9—DESERT SONG—Dennis Morgan, Irene Manning.  
April 10—TONIGHT & EVERY NIGHT—R. Hayworth, L. Bowman.  
April 12—THE NORTH STAR—Anne Baxter, Walter Huston.  
April 13—KEYS OF THE KINGDOM—Geo. Peck, Thos. Mitchell.  
April 14-15—ROUGHLY SPEAKING—  
—Rosalind Russell, Jack Carson, Alan Hale.

## FLEAS

*(With apologies to Joyce Kilmer)*

I think that I shall never be  
One half as agile as a flea,  
A flea with many legs is blessed,  
And gaily dances on my chest;  
Down underneath my underwear,  
But when I reach he isn't there.  
Oh, often have I scratched in vain,  
For when I stop he's there again,  
Poems are made by fools like me,  
But who in Hades made the flea?

Thoughts While Applying Beefsteak  
(Small, Two Ration Points, Discoloured  
Eyes For the Use of):

"How was I to know her husband  
had just arrived back from overseas?"  
"Why shouldn't I've picked on him?  
He was smaller than me."

Sergeant Discip: "I should have  
known better than to leave camp on  
a dark night."

"So I got this instead of what I  
asked for."

"Yeah, yeah, I was at Turner's."

"Oh, so ya can whip me, can ya?"

"Okay, so my tunic has two rings  
on it."

"An S. P., eh?"

"— the West."

"I coulda sworn that ring was on her  
right hand."

"Alright, so I stepped outside."

"C'mon, sistah, just one."

"Who can't drink ten quarts?"

"So there I am, see, just minding  
my own business."

"Get some in, chum."

"All I told that sailor was what is  
wrong with his hockey team."

"Whose gal is she?"

Said the airman in Belgium, rue-  
fully: "I have given the best years of  
my wife to my country."

