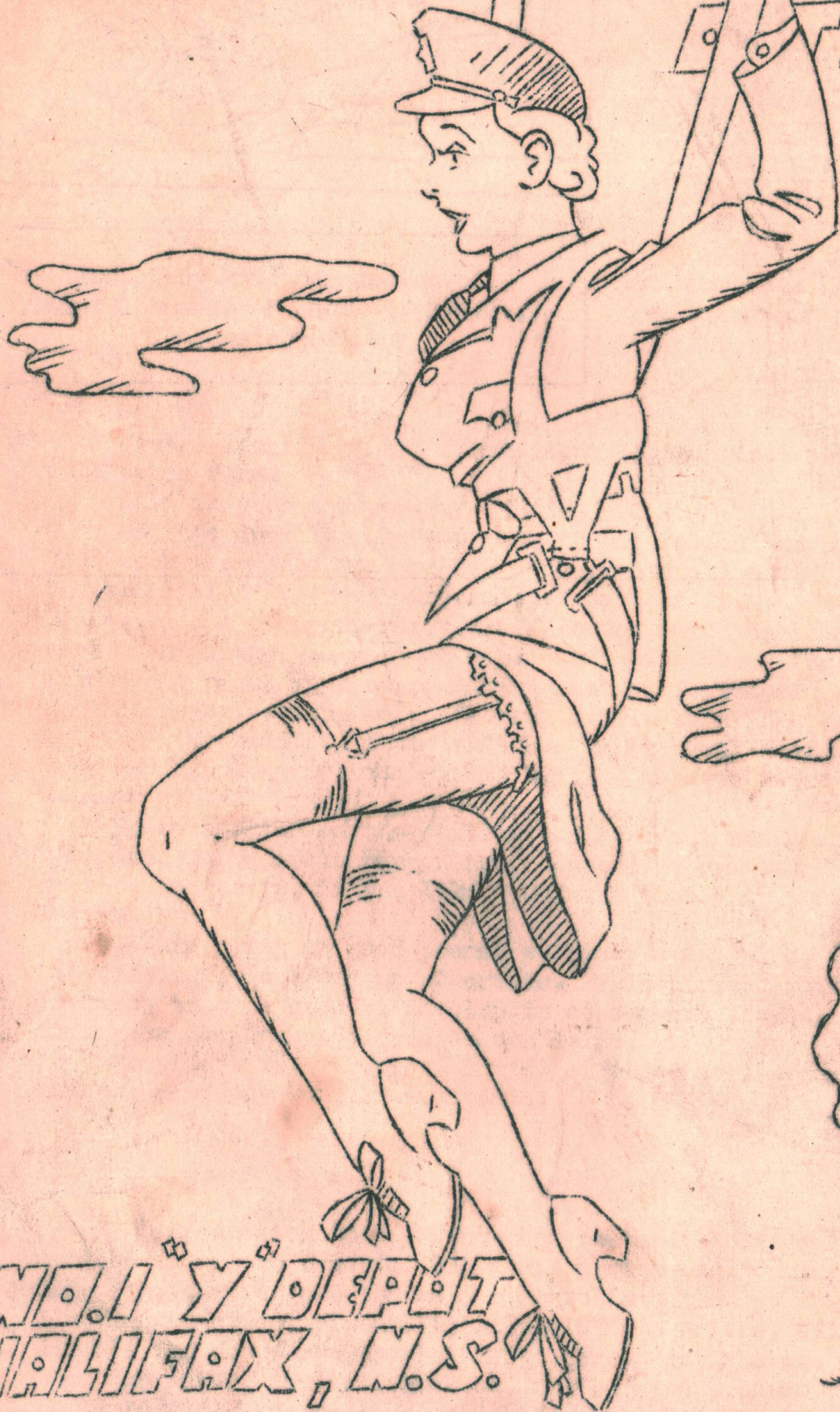


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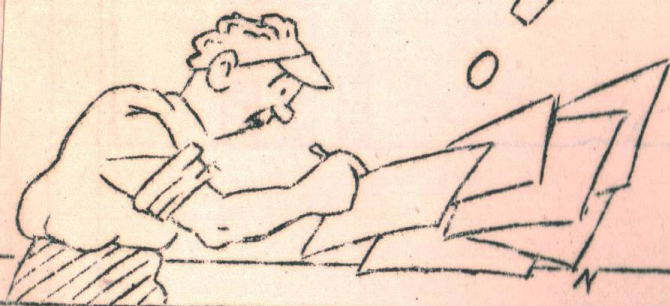
MISS JONES IS TRYING TO LEARN THE WORK OF EVERY BRANCH OF THE SERVICE!



NO. 1 DEPOT
HALIFAX, N.S.

Nightingale/43

EDITORIAL PAGE



Issued by kind permission of
Wing Commander F. Belway, D.F.C.,
Commanding Officer

The Staff

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Cpl. Musk - LAW Penner - LAC Nightingale

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You're looking at the first issue of the first attempt to put "Y" Depot into paper form.

This is your newspaper.

If it's appealing to you then it has filled our highest hopes. But if you think the whole venture has a decided smell - then we think we can pass the blame along to you! Or at least part of it.

In order for your paper staff to put into your hands every month the sort of magazine you want to read - and pass along for your family and friends to read, your co-operation must be forthcoming.

By co-operation, we don't mean merely thinking to yourself - or even telling your buddies, that "this rag isn't bad!" - we mean by co-operation your coming along regularly with all the various items that go to make up a paper of this kind.

Every section on the station has at least one chap, or girl, who can chronicle those little happenings that call for a laugh - news items - or just plain gossip, if you like. We want that chap, or girl, to go to work for us.

We are going to need poems, stories, even jokes, and plenty of cartoons, and drawings, humorous or otherwise. This first edition lacks a lot of features that we hope to develop in consequent issues. But we've got to have your assistance before we can do it.


How about it, Pigeons? Let's get together and turn out the best darned newspaper of any station in Canada!

Letter to the Editor:

I had occasion to peek into the editorial office late one evening unnoticed and there observed the staff busily engaged in writing, reading, clipping, editing and the many other things that go to make a newspaper. I noticed particularly LAC Nightingale, who writes, edits and incidentally did all the art work; overheard Sgt. Breen say she was giving up a 36 to type the paper, saw Cpl. Musk sad and worried because the copy for page 6 wouldn't fit; Sgt. Druckman thinking out publicity gags. After seeing how much work is involved, I have resolved to send my contributions in right away.

Best of Luck,

Interested.



It gives me a great deal of pleasure to contribute this editorial for the first edition of "Y's Cracks".

Since taking over Command of No. 1 "Y" Depot, I have felt that a good large station publication would contribute greatly to the building and maintenance of "esprit de corps" among the staff of this Depot. The success of this publication does not rest solely with those who have willingly undertaken to produce it, but with every last officer, airman and airwoman on the station. All must feel that this is your own publication and assist those responsible in helping to make it interesting and worthwhile.

From the day that I arrived at No. 1 "Y" Depot, I considered that this could be made one of the most attractive stations in the entire Royal Canadian Air Force. With this end in mind, I asked for the staff's co-operation. I am gratified with your response. Much has been accomplished in the past two months. However, I think it will be plain to all that a great deal remains to be done, therefore, I ask for a continuance of the good work.

To my mind, this Depot has only one purpose, namely, to serve personnel awaiting embarkation. I think it can be stated, without fear of contradiction, that we serve the most important people in the world today. At least, I cannot conceive of any who have made or will continue to make a greater contribution to final victory in this colossal struggle than our Aircrew.

Our duty here, therefore, should be obvious to each and everyone of us; namely, to provide the best in surroundings, accomodation, training, messing, consideration, entertainment, etc. that lies within our means and ability. Let us all work together in a friendly willing way to create and improve conditions, not only for ourselves, but for these important people we serve.

F. Belway w.c.

Commanding Officer.

ENTERTAINMENT



The question has been raised, "What does the Entertainment Committee do?" To put it briefly, it provides all the entertainment on the station except that which is presented in the Officer's Messes, and the Staff Sergeants' Mess. Besides this, it is ready willing and able at all times to assist any section that wants to have a dance, picnic, or anything of an entertainment nature. Funds are available for these purposes.

The weekly schedule of entertainment follows a fairly regular pattern, except for adjustments that are made owing to such conditions as the strength of the Station, and the availability of the Dance Band and Concert Parties.

On Sunday, Monday, Wednesday and Friday, there is a movie in the Recreation Hall - two are shown a night, if the strength of the station demands it. These films are procured through the Y.M.C.A. War Services, the projection of them, and the maintenance of the projectors is financed by the Entertainment Committee.

Tuesday and Saturday there is a dance either in the Drill Hall or the Recreation Hall. These dances are for the airmen and airwomen, and hostesses are invited as dancing partners for those airmen who come "stag".

Thursday night is left open for either a program arranged by the Sports Committee or for a concert. If neither of these is available, a movie is shown.

In addition, there are smaller items provided through the Entertainment Committee. One of these is the monthly purchase of records for the Music Room in the Drill Hall. In connection with

this, if there are records anyone particularly desires let the Committee know about them.

The ever-present problem that confronts the Committee is "What would the airmen and airwomen like to have in the way of entertainment?" The Committee is constantly trying to get ideas and suggestions, which would be welcome from anyone and everyone. Think this over, and then let the ideas pour in!!!

Whenever a schedule has been followed for some time, it is apt to become a habit with a resulting loss of interest. To ensure this does not happen, here are some questions:

Do you enjoy the movies in the numbers shown, or would you prefer fewer of them, and more entertainment of another nature? If so, what?

Do you enjoy the Station dances? If not, why not and what suggestions have you got to improve the situation?

At the present time, the Committee is working on special events for the fall season. To be successful these will require the full support of all. One of them is a series of Skits, which will be run in the form of a contest with a final winner declared. There is plenty of talent on the station - so dig it up -- and let's see if your section or group can out-smart the others. The other special event is a Halloween Masquerade Party. This could be a flop unless everyone gives it whole-hearted support, and comes in a costume and masque!!!!

The Entertainment Committee is always open to constructive criticism and ideas and is prepared to support any feasible entertainment - Let's hear from you.



More About "Entertainment"

CONTEST - - - SKITS - - - PRIZES

A challenge to Barrack Block Scenario writers and performers!!!!!!

During the next few months there will be a Skit Contest on the station open to all and any group. Gather yourselves together, whip up your B.B. Ballads and Imitations, add a villain to the piece, and stack up the result against another group's. After the series has been presented - two or three of an evening - a final winner will be declared, and PRIZES PRESENTED.

Get weaving - one and all - on everything and anything, and be in the winning group. Give your entries to one of the Entertainment Committee. Costumes can be provided by the Committee if you need them, also any further information you would like.

HALLOWE'EN PARTY

A Masquerade Hallowe'en Party is in the air! It will be for all staff - Officers, Airmen and Airwomen - and their friends. There'll be dancing - round and square - if we can find a fiddler and a "caller" - contests, ducking for apples, pinning the tail on

the donkey, etc.; prizes for costumes, and fun for all.

Boys and gals, choose yourselves a partner, whip up costumes, and get ready for a large evening around the end of October. Tickets will be required for this, so make sure you get one early, for both yourself and your guest and get working on that costume!

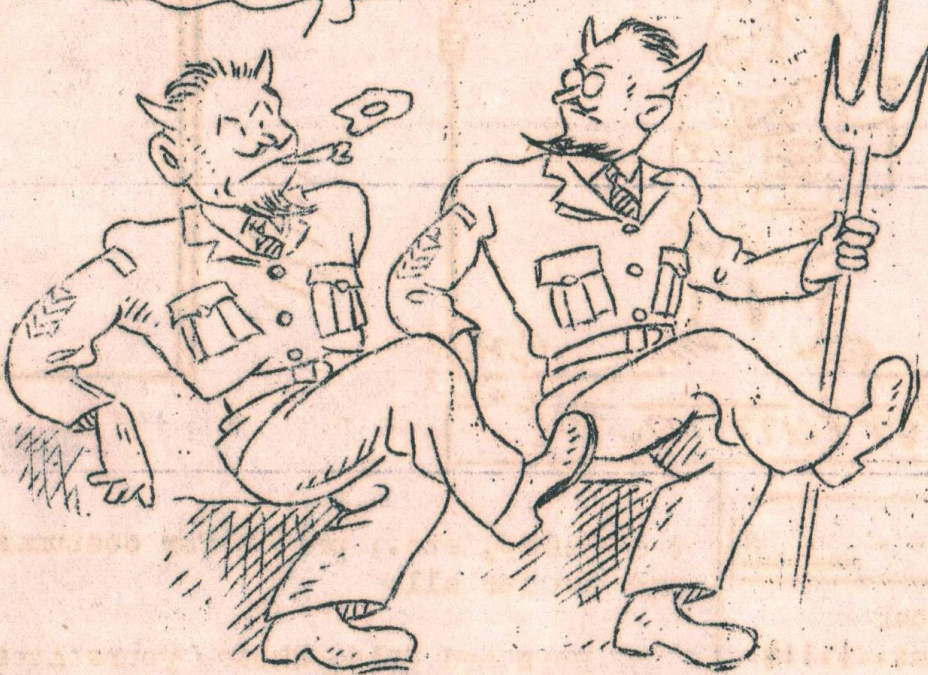
HOBBY CLUB

Another of several new facilities for the further enjoyment of service life here has been added to "Y" Depot with the recent organization and inauguration of the Hobby Club. Object of this Club is to provide not only a place to go, but things to do, for those members of the staff who may find spare hours on their hands.

The committee in charge is headed by F/O Don Milne, Cpl. Les Clow, LAC Bruce Sine, LAC Ross Williamson and Cpl. Neil Ross. Club Headquarters are in the Drill Hall. Hobbies brought to the spot-light by club activities will include photography, woodwork and model building. Personnel interested in other hobbies may contact club headquarters with a view to extending facilities to include their hobby.

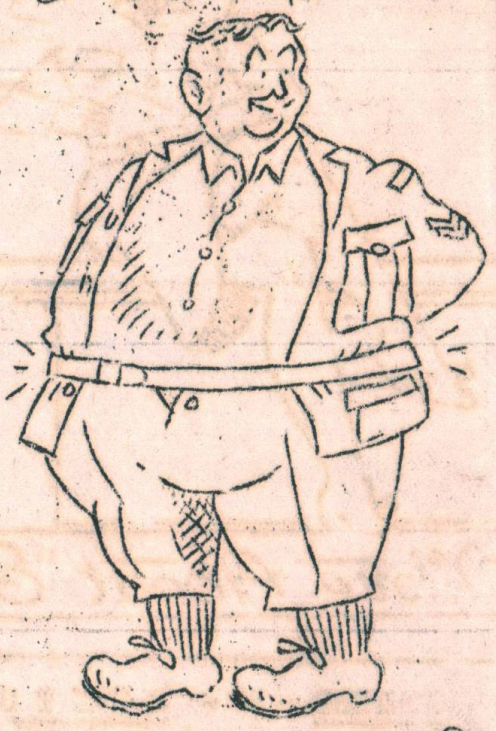
"20 YEARS AFTER"

"YES - THERE ARE A LOT OF 'Y' DEPOT MEN DOWN HERE."



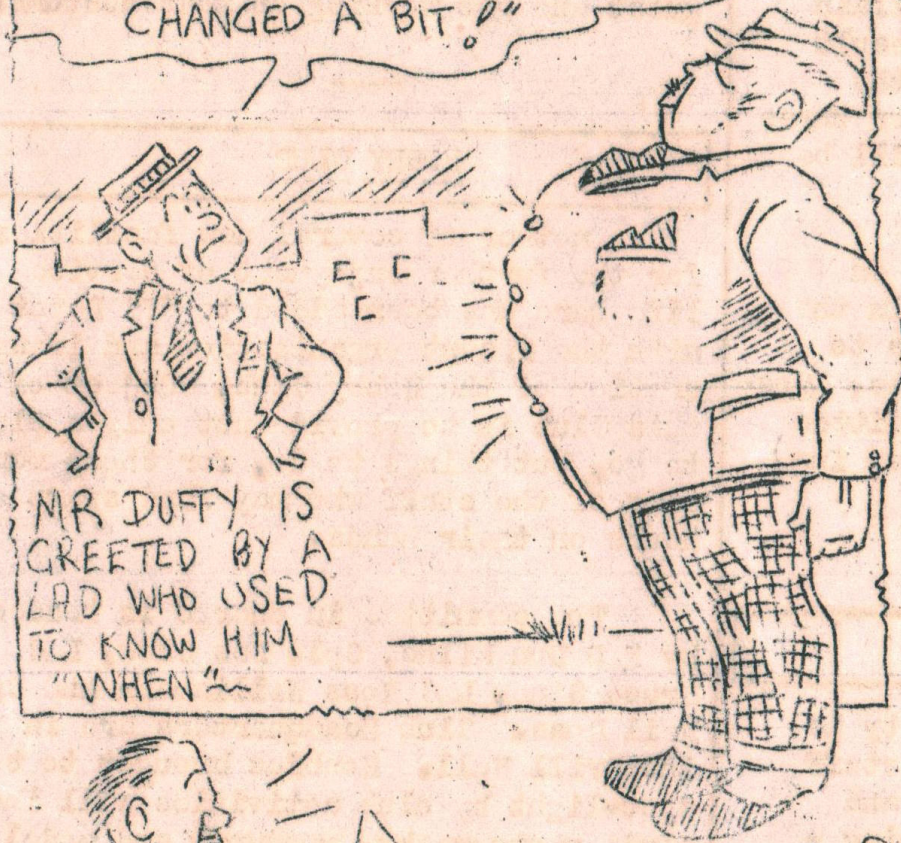
MR DURNAN AND MR BISSILION TALK THINGS OVER -

"OH BOY - THOSE WERE THE DAYS!"



MR HAL WRIGHT TRIES ON HIS OLD UNIFORM -

"GEE SGT MAJOR - YOU HAVEN'T CHANGED A BIT!"



MR DUFFY IS GREETED BY A LAD WHO USED TO KNOW HIM "WHEN"

"MAYBE I OUGHTA REMUSTER -!"



ZALONDE LIKED THE UNIFORM SO HE KEPT ON WEARING ONE -



DISCIP. CANZANO GETS A JOB AT CHNS WHERE HE CAN KEEP RIGHT ON TALKING

Wright/43



RÉDACTEUR: CAPORAL PAUL PICARD

EDITORIAL

BONJOUR ET LONGUE VIE !

En recevant ce premier numéro de notre journal, nous sommes assurés que vous l'avez feuilleté dans l'espoir inavoué d'y trouver une page en français, et nous devinons d'ici le sourire de satisfaction qui a couvert vos visages lorsque vos yeux sont tombés sur ce petit article.

Vos remerciements et les nôtres à la direction et à la rédaction de notre journal, qui ont offert spontanément à leurs compatriotes d'origine française, d'écrire une page dans leur langue maternelle.

C'est donc à vous tous, mes chers amis, ce coin d'expression française, et il n'en dépend que de vous pour qu'il soit toujours vivant et intéressant. Nous avons vu plusieurs d'entre vous, mais le grand nombre et le peu de temps à notre disposition ne nous ont pas permis de vous voir tous personnellement. Nous espérons que vous nous en excuserez. Pour le deuxième numéro nous faisons appel à la collaboration (une bonne celle-là) de vous tous, pour nous fournir des articles, reportages, poèmes, etc., en un mot tout ce que vous croyez être apte à publier.

Nos meilleurs vœux de longévité à notre journal.

Pic

V.V.V.V.V.V.V.V.V.V.V.V.V.V.V.V.V.V.
C I N E M A..... Avis aux amateurs du cinéma français. Tous les lundis soirs à 1930 heures, les Chevaliers de Co-

NOUS QUI RESTONS SUR

"LE PLANCHER DES VACHES!"

Feu mon grand-père avait une idée par heure, moi plus modeste, j'en ai une par jour. Toujours la même, du matin au soir, Travailler de mon mieux à faire échec aux beaux rêves d'Hitler.

Je ne suis pas Pilote de chasse, ou de bombardiers, Je ne puis m'offrir le plaisir de descendre un Richtofen. Mais par mon application au bureau, J'enlève bien des petits soucis à ces Messieurs qui de la-haut feront la besogne.

Je ne suis pas A.G. pour mettre du plomb dans les ailes de ces barbares du vingtième siècle. Je ne suis qu'un pauvre G.D. je balaye et lave...et par mon application, j'enlève bien des petits soucis à ces Messieurs qui de la-haut feront la besogne.

Je ne suis pas Navigateur, je n'ai pas à chercher ma voie. Conduire camions ou tracteurs, servir au bar ou au Mess, c'est la mon travail de chaque jour, Mais par mon application constante j'enlève bien des petits soucis a ces Messieurs qui de la-haut feront la besogne.

Chacun à notre manière, faisons la bonne guerre a Hitler. Soyons par notre persévérance, le cauchemar de ses nuits. Par notre effort quotidien, abrégeons la guerre. Aidons-nous les uns les autres, soyons tous de vrais amis.

Bougie.

V.V.V.V.V.V.V.V.V.V.V.V.V.V.V.V.V.V.
lomb, à leur hutte de la rue Hollis (à côté de l'hôtel Nova Scotian) présentent un programme de films français.

SPORTS

There shouldn't be any need to introduce you to the Sports Staff here, as most of you already know them. If you don't you're slipping! They have the best collection of phone numbers in town. First, there is the big chief, F/O Stubbings, then the little chief, F/Sgt. McCutcheon, and Lou Borthick, "Bing Crosby", "Walter Winchell" Moir, Joe Lieff, George "Moody" Melbourne (don't ever argue politics with him), Al Johnson, Jack (Kid Lightning) Timmins, Cpl. Ranson, the man who once finished a six-day bicycle race in four days, and last but not least, Pat Desbiens of hockey fame.

No doubt everyone is interested in a little sports gossip, so here goes ---- After a hard series, the Station Band defeated F.P.M.S. for the "Y" Depot Softball Championship. As a reward, the winners were "wined and dined" and will be given a team trophy and crests for individual players.---- Cpl. Clendenning won the Staff Tennis Tournament. He also will be given one of our nice new crests (when they arrive) ---- The station "W.D." Softball Team, headed by Cpl. Kennedy and Cpl. Vigar, had a successful season being nosed out by the Civies in the playoffs. We should mention the softball team that played in the Halifax Twilight League. This was the most consistent team "Y" Depot has ever fielded. Never won a game! We think they used to read the Sportsman's Creed that hangs from one of the rafters before each game. You know "Play the game for the game's sake" - "Modest in victory and generous in defeat". Well, they were very generous ---- The Staff Track and Field Meet went off in fine style with F.P.M.S. again in the limelight. Too bad we couldn't carry out our original intention of having the station washed out for the afternoon but there weren't sufficient entries to warrant any such thing.

Don't lose hope though ---- We're still hoping to have that big weiner roast on the Sports Field some evening. The Boxing and Wrestling shows will be taking the forefront in station entertainment soon ---- There is one item that should come under the heading of Obituaries ---- We regret to announce that the prominent and popular F/O Reg. Axcell will no longer participate in Wrestling bouts due to Officer-Airmen restrictions; and just when he was becoming the "Terror" of the squared circle.

All for now, and if ever any of you feel ambitious, drop down for a workout. It does you the world of good! Honestly!!!!

We're closing in on the troublesome three,
Hitler, Hirohito and Mussolini.
For twenty odd years, old Muss had his day,
And shot off his mouth, with plenty to say;
Slaughtered defenceless coloured folk,
And thought their torment a mighty joke,
Now he has come to the end of his fling,
And ponders on what the future will bring.
Most folk, I am sure, sincerely hope,
'Twill be the business end of a rope.

BOXING

Instructional classes in Boxing are being given in the Drill Hall Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings at 1915 hours. F/Sgt. Canzano, former Canadian Light Weight Champion, has volunteered his services as instructor. Beginners and those with experience are urged to attend these classes.

NEWS



SPORTS - FALL AND WINTER

An excellent program has been planned for this fall and winter. House Leagues for both Touch Rugby and Soccer have been organized. The Station Bowling league will be under way shortly. Basketball and Volley Ball will commence in November. A Badminton Club is to be formed. Our popular boxing and wrestling shows will open at the end of this month. Plans are being drawn up for Floor Hockey and Ice Skating. The Station Sport's Crest will be awarded to those on the winning teams in the various leagues. You and your section are urged to take part.

Section Commanders have been requested to appoint for their section a sports representative. It will be the responsibility of that person to keep sports organized and encouraged in the section so as a greater number of staff personnel will take part in the various games than have in the past. He will act as the contact man between his section and the sports organization of the Station.

Mr. A. Benson, Y.M.C.A., now on this station will work with the Sports Officer in the promotion of all sports. He will be largely responsible for the organization of the various leagues.

In addition, as in the past, the P.T. Staff will do all in their power to make this a successful season. Remember to do this - - - your co-operation and enthusiasm will be needed - - - give it.

The love bug is a little later than usual this year, but that doesn't seem to worry Cpl. "Slim" Renton. He presented his C.F., one "Pat" with a lovely sparkler last month. Congratulations are in order!!!!

EMBARKATION AND DUTY-FITNESS

The Duty-Fitness program of the R.C.A.F. has for its purpose conditioning men physically in order that they may be fit to cope with the rigor of combat flying and the arduous duties of ground crew. It is a program designed to develop in the airmen those essential qualities of endurance, strength, co-ordination, and burning desire to win.

The old form of P.T., which consisted for the most part of calisthenics, has been revised and streamlined. Our station was the first in the R.C.A.F. to set up and adopt the new program. This consists of conditioning drills, calisthenics, games, obstacle course, and hikes across country.

The physical fitness tests recently completed at No. 1 "Y" Depot on 500 aircrew - officers and N.C.O.s passing through - showed the following results:

Superior Fitness	1.00%
Good	45.30%
Average	47.89%
Poor	5.81%

It is true aircrew personnel need physical training. They are not receiving it.

Although staff on this station will not have the opportunity to receive the same program as transient personnel, they can take part in organized sports that are being planned especially for them throughout the fall and winter season. Remember it is the duty of ALL personnel to keep physically fit.

F/Lt. Pike, while playing crib with Mr. Wilf Sonly, held the Jack of Clubs and three fives - and was out the five of clubs for the possible count of 29.

IT - F/L BATEMAN AND
F/O MILNE
ENJOY A
STROLL -



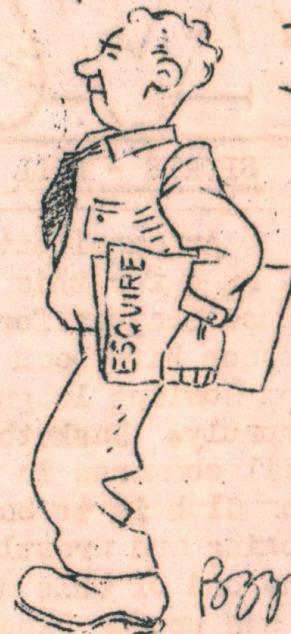
A PHONE CALL -



DOES SOME NEW
RESEARCH -



FPMS VERSION !



Bzy-

Some Cylinder Dust From F.P.M.S. ('sa truth!')

There's a French lad on the station named Landry whose nerves take a lot of beating. The other night on duty watch Mons. Landry was assigned to the front gate on escort duty with the S.P.'s, his job being to accompany every taxi that came into the station with lovers of the light fantastic to the Overseas Officers Mess. The cab in question stopped at the barrier as per custom. Out hopped a young looking officer to provide credentials for the young lady he was squiring to the dance. The minute the officer hopped out, Landry hopped into the back seat beside the young lady - an easy-to-look-at blonde. The upshot was that the P.O. had to ride beside the taxi-driver the rest of the way to the officers mess, while Landry shared the charms of the comely babe.

Cpl. Clow at F.P.M.S. has been taking a rapid interest in the formation of the Depot's new hobby club - so much that on a recent leave he visited the U.S.A. to check on certain necessary supplies. Or was that the reason?

Sgt. Jimmy Lees is going to have to do a lot of boasting. The rest of the unit simply can't believe that his son, now less than a year old, can rhyme off the alphabet, discuss the fifth dimension in three languages and chin himself

limit somewhere. No kidding, tho' serg. has a grand chunk of babyhood there - if you don't believe this report, ask Sgt. Deyell, who has taken to carrying a snap of young Mr. Lees in his wallet.

The unbelievable has happened..... Cpl. Bruce Thibodeau - of the truck transport Thibodeaus (prominent Quebec sugar mining family) has sworn off for good. It is believed that this may be due to one of two reasons: First - he's saving up his energies to get married to the Real Girl back home - or he's just cooling his heels and looking around for someone who ditched him recently in favour of the alter - with another guy. His friends claim the latter reason is more probable.

That happy self-satisfied smirk you see on the face of one Sgt. Ross MacKinnon of late, is due to a certain recent happening in the MacKinnon household. Just before we went to press Mrs. MacKinnon went to hospital - and it wasn't a tumor!! Sgt. MacKinnon is now the father of a bouncing baby boy, name of Ross Bedford, Jr. Congrats all the way round...P.S. Will someone tell Mac that a rope soogar is an awful way to introduce one's son to one's friends....

A BIT OF BEER
FROM THE DUTY WATCH

"Now look here, you Orderly Officers and Sergeants - just because my name is Joe doesn't mean that you have to joe me all the time. I don't mind the odd extra bit of work off parade. Who would? But then all the other AC's fall out with their flowery and profuse excuses, and I'm left there to face the emergency jobs all by myself, it hoits!"

"So far I've moved a piano up and then moved it back. Strong, ain't I? And here my doctor warned me about such things as work. I've swept up the Drill Hall after dances. It seems to me there were some other fellows standing around to watch the show but while I flashed around the floor behind a broom - at hurricane speed - in the small hours of the morning - they sought the comfort of their bunks."

"Tonight there was a bit of painting. A two-story building or so. Why didn't I become a Commando? Well, there's only two days left to go, and I hear there are a few boats in the Harbour that need loading."

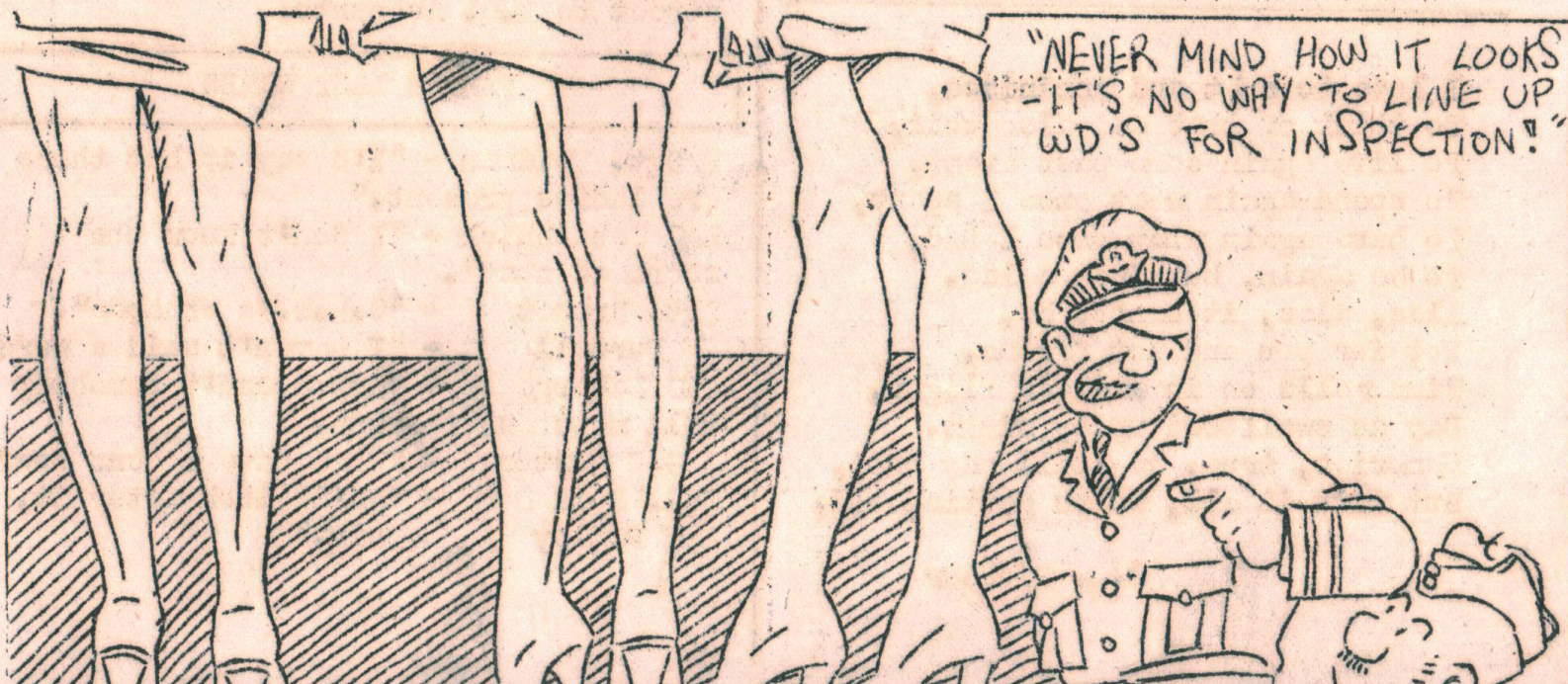
"Yes, the Duty Watch is unfair to me. I think I'll tell the C.O. about it.... if he ever asks me."

AIRMENS' MESS LAMENT

Every morning we're greeted by eggs,
Boiled, scrambled, poached or fried;
Preceded by porridge - such lovely
 rolled oats,
Oh, how our souls are tried!
Then cometh bacon and good bread and jam,
Milk if you are lucky - No tea.
Lunch gives us meat and tatoes piled
 high,
With salad, but never gra--voo.

Wait in line, wait in line,
Advancing a foot every hour,
Don't get too restless for your turn
 will come,
You'll reach the food ere your senses
 are numb.
For you must wait in line, wait in line,
You'll get your food sometime.
And when you are seated with good food
 repleted,
Oh, how your faces will shine.

Every day we see platesful of crunch
 bread crumbs,
Hiding 'mid apples or prunes,
Which half the time we eat with our
 forks,
Since we never can find spoons;
Squeezing most carefully into our seats
Struggling past other guy's chairs;
Balancing plates filled with soup or
 with sweets,
Those sitting down say their prayers.



M.T. SECTION

LAC O'Reilly has left the 24-hour service of "McCluskey's Transport" to try his luck in air crew. He has the best wishes of the gang "back home". The section's expert welder, Don Segee, may be called up to weld a few of the trucks together if any more of the boys get lost, stolen or strayed.

LAC McFarlane is still blushing from the ordeal of being married. He took on the responsibility of wedded bliss just a short time ago.

Here's hoping the fog in the harbour doesn't get so thick that LAC Trider and LAC Trottier will get lost on their way to work.

REC. HALL MOVIES

- Oct. 1 - "Shut My Big Mouth"
- Oct. 3 - "Love Thy Neighbour"
- Oct. 4 - "Night For Crime"
- Oct. 6 - "Action in North Atlantic"
- Oct. 8 - "One Dangerous Night"
- Oct. 10 - "Hold Back The Dawn"
- Oct. 11 - "The Devil and Miss Jones"
- Oct. 13 - "Background to Danger"
- Oct. 15 - "Mr. Big"
- Oct. 17 - "Henry Aldrich, Editor"
- Oct. 18 - "The Saint in London"
- Oct. 20 - "Mission to Moscow"

THOUGHTS AND REALITIES

I love to sit and reminisce,
 To think of that and also this,
 To live again some past event,
 To spend again what once I spent,
 To have again what once I had,
 To be again, but just a lad.
 Alas, alas, it cannot be,
 Not for you and not for me,
 Time rolls on in endless flight,
 Day is swallowed up by night.
 Memories, true, we still may hold,
 But with it all, we're getting old.

C.A. Hiseler

ACCOUNTS

LAW Anderson returned a short time ago from leave but no revelation as to any important doings were given. "A good time and lovely weather" was her non-committal report.

H.Q. has been generous enough to donate the services of Sgt. Fraser to B.P.O. He is to perform some mysterious functions in connection with A.28s. (Pay Records to you)

Our smiling WO.1 believes in "Shovel for Shovel" with the rest of the "gang". We're all digging in with you, Jack.

SOME WAG HAS SUGGESTED THAT WHAT WITH THIS NEW CIVILIAN RATIONING OF JAMS, WHY NOT SEND A CARLOAD OF GOOSEBERRY HORROR TO THEM. STILL, THE MESS HALL WOULD LOOK STRANGE WITHOUT IT.

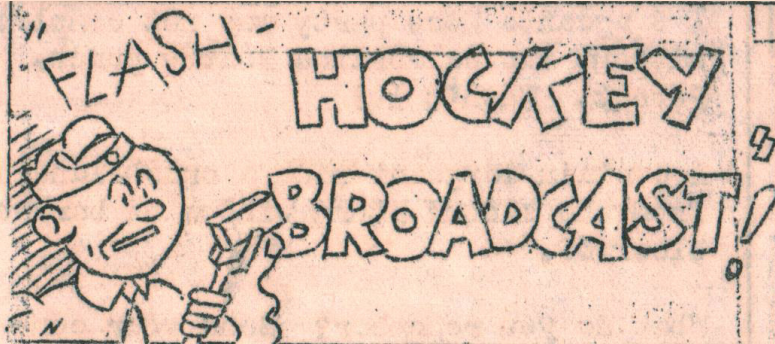
Another returning vacationer, this time from the wilds of Northern Ontario, is Lou Vacchino. He's exhibiting several luscious snaps of the G.F. Anything serious there Lou?

It is reported that LAW Fran McDowell still has nautical inclinations.

Besides additions to the staff, there have been some subtractions. The effervescent Cpl. Brown and the much quieter Bob Wright have crossed the street to H.Q. Accounts.

FAMOUS LAST WORDS

- F/Sgt. Heidman - "I'd say it but there are ladies present."
- LAC Tabachnick - "I don't know the score on that".
- Sgt. Brunot - "C.P.R.'s cheaper".
- AW Purcell - "I haven't said a word".
- LAC Laberge - "Why doesn't somebody tell me those things".
- A/S/O Morton - "What have I done now?"
- Cpl. Soli & LAW Farloy - "We'll look after it, sir."



Ladies and gents;

You are about to hear a play by play account of the last period of the "Stores vs. Other Sections" final hockey tilt.

The whistle blows, the referee F/O Axcell drops the E42 in the centre of the ice. It is taken by F/Sgt. Bridel, who rushes through the forwards and is heading straight to stores., when he is stopped with a hard body check by Sgt. Turgeon of stores (no signature on voucher). It is passed back to F/O Ashdown (for signature) who makes a desperate dash down centre ice but is steered into the boards by S/L Fleming, (not on scale of issue). The whistle blows and the S/L is sent to the penalty box.

The Ref. drops the E42 again and it is picked up by S/L Hopkirk who makes a desperate shot (in the arm). It misses by inches but he skates up and tries again. He is interceded by Capt. McIntosh, who drills down centre, makes a back hand shot and misses the open mouth, but the shot is deflected just back of the last molar. S/L Fleming is out of the penalty box again and captures the E42 just before it reaches F/Lt. Price (A.I.D. Inspector). He is tripped up by WO.2 Murphy, who claims he was fouled, but the Ref. allows a penalty shot which is taken by Flt/O Little. Before she can get away to a good start, she is stopped by hard body checks by N.C.O. cooks. The E42 is then snatched away from stores by Cpl. Wambolt of Accounts. He passes it over to S/L Calvert but the whistle blows again and the shot is off side. There is just 2 minutes left of the game, and the boys are showing the strain, also the E42 is a little ragged around the edges.

They face off just inside the blue line, and the armament section makes a wicked shot, passing it to F/Sgt. Brothers who deflects it over the ranges. There is no score yet and both teams are getting very weary.

F/Lt. Pike takes the face-off and passes to S/O Fulton who in turns skates out with Sgt. Sheen. They pass back and forth, and suddenly, the Sgt. breaks away for a clean shot at the net. The goal tender, Sgt. Breen, makes a desperate leap to cover the corner of the net. It looks like a sure score, everybody is tense. There is a scramble in front of the net. The big bone-crusher (Shirt ripper Craig) comes barging down the ice, holding his stick high (or was it his gun and flashlight?). He shoots time after time, but his shots are wide of the mark. The E42 is cleared and picked up by F/Sgt. Durnan, who circles his own net in an ever-increasing circle, until he is eventually checked hard by F/Sgt. McMasters, who receives a three minute penalty (three beers). The face-off is just inside the attention area, WO.2 Miller (C.A.P.90) get away to a good start, sidesteps WO.2 Stevenson, makes a lovely back-hand shot straight for the goal; but just as it leaves his stick, the whistle blows. THE GAME IS OVER. The final score - Nothing - Nothing.

There is a great commotion at the far end of the rink, everybody is clearing the way for the bull-dozer. Skillfully piloting this trusting iron steed to the centre of the ice, the C.O. brings it to a graceful stop, stands up on the seat, waving a piece of paper above his head. It looks very much like a voucher - it is a voucher. He signs it and presents it to both teams. It is a complete Write-off (E35). Among cheers and groans, Sgt. Young of the photo section takes a flash; at the pans, and the band, with "what-a-man" Manns directing, plays the "Y" Depot theme song: "Wondering "Y"".

Goodnight, folks!

WE REMEMBER WHEN

Hal Durnan remembers when:

The Depot (then the Embarkation Pool) was in diapers and the staff were in rubber boots. Do you? February 1941.

The Orderly Room Sgt/Maj. missed the duckboard and hit the mud (hip high).

An LAC (now Sgt.) had his pay list audited by "Sooner", the Accounts cat. Do you?

The staff went to Glenholme in an open truck to a dance and ran into a church social. Chilly. Wasn't it?

The entire staff were paraded to the hospital at 0300 hours for Schick and Dick tests. Breezy - wasn't it?

The Wet Canteen opened in Debert and my headache was as bad as yours!

The C.O. unearthed 48 dozen empty bottles in the barracks. Do you?

The Wet Canteen was permanently closed.

F/O (now F/Lt.) Blackadar defended his native province (N.S.) from the dis-paragement of the Upper Canadians without the aid of the weatherman. Damp. Eh?

A Sgt. Air Gunner, A.W.L. 32 days, was found working in the Accounts section. Do you?

A Sergeant (later Corporal) (much later WO.2) led the vanguard on the trek from Debert. Wet. Wasn't it?

Commando raids led by F/Sgt. McClintock were the order of the night. Grim. Wasn't it?

The Airmens Canteen was headquarters building and we all sat on each others laps. What! No W.D.'s?

Stan Coole was the C.O.'s stenographer --- for a while.....

A Certain WO. 2 tried to climb the Xmas tree!

A Sergeants Mess party was not complete without the celebrated Beatty punch. Potent. Wasn't it?!

A certain sergeant made a crash landing from the second story window of barrack block 39.

What do you remember? Send your contributions to F/Sgt. Durnan in H.Q. Accounts.

THINK!

What will happen after the war is over? That's a burning question with a lot of personnel nowadays, and rightly so - what will happen?

Not that we want to shelve the present world conflagration when there's a war still to be won, but it will not endure forever; the end may not yet be in sight, but the clouds are slowly but surely lifting and we have good cause to feel encouraged.

Pause---and consider! Are you in a position to rehabilitate yourself? Be practical. Be thrifty now before it is too late. Start in on a savings plan. Canada's Fifty Victory Loan is just around the corner, starting Oct.18 -

LAC COWDEN GETS HIS AIRCREW REMUSTER!



With kind permission and co-operation of Wing Commander Stewart, officer commanding, F.P.M.S. formed a Staff Club at the beginning of the year. Committees were nominated to take charge of sports, entertainment etc. The leaders of these committees, together with a chairman and secretary-treasurer, formed the executive of the club.

In a short time F/Sgt. Barr's sports committee had organized teams and entered in various station leagues.

Early in spring, plans were made for a section summer camp. On the first warm week-end, Camp O2 at Chester, N.S., became a reality. The camp filled a much needed place in off duty life. The property chosen for the camp was a tourist hotel, in pre-war days. The lodge had accomodation for all members of the section on pass, and their wives. It is built on the shore of a lake, about 20 minutes walk from the beautiful sea-side resort of Chester. There are three lakes on the 500 acres of woodland surrounding the site.

Between meals a visitor to Camp O2 would find some of the gang on the lakes, fishing, canoeing or swimming. Those that weren't on the camp property, could be found playing golf on the scenic Chester course. To find the remainder, you would have to go miles out to sea where T.A.'s could be found engrossed in deep sea fishing.

This Section has proved that there is a real place in the Service for organized staff clubs.

To speak of this section and its activities, which is the reason for this column, it might be a good idea to familiarize our readers with that well kept building across from the parade square and incidentally its inmates.

We do little but inspect, wash down roads, service equipment, clean the hall and apparatus, make, paint and install street signs, inspect, and just a few hundred other jobs. Then again, there has to be six men available in the hall at all times just in case. This last makes it real chummy and after all, it's only a 36-hour stretch.

This of course is a small matter as there are 11 men and a boy in the section.

EXTRACTIONS FROM THE DENTAL CORPS

We've been so terribly busy in the little brown building behind the Fire Hall that we can't even get grass to grow around said structure.

Consequently - we did not appear in the station improvement prize list.

Cpl. M.M. Vigar has been added to the clinic staff, supplanting Earl Werner who recently went overseas. Delaney, in a recent letter, tells of a successful but uneventful crossing and wishes to be remembered to his many "Y" Depot friends. Pat Kelly is now located at Goose Bay as chair assistant.

Sadly he left the Dental Hut,
Minus some teeth and such,
But back to work he had been
sent,
Praying audibly as he went -
"Please Lord, help me keep my
big, mouth shut!"

STOP PRESS
NEWS 3

(SORRY - THERE ISN'T ANY)

PADRE'S CORNER



"ABOVE AVERAGE"

So we have a Station paper. That is important and very encouraging. But more important still is, what kind of a paper will it be - below average, average, or above average? Surely we are not concerned about the first two classes, they are "dime a dozen". I am confident that the mark toward which we aim will be the "above average". We must remember that a paper of that standard is not manufactured out of thin air, or out of "hot air" either. It demands thought, work and faith both in the paper and in ourselves. It will demand the full co-operation of every person on the station, each doing his or her share to make the venture a success. The paper will be an expression of thought and ideals. Thought and ideals are revelations of ourselves. Let them be good and above all - high.

Let us, then, be jealously proud of our paper. Proud of the part it will play in our station life. It will be going into our homes telling of our life here, let it be such that we shall never hesitate to send it and claim it as our own. Therefore, as we launch it on its way, let us be mindful of its future and be heartened by our determination that it shall truly be - ABOVE AVERAGE.

F/Lt. A. R. MacIver.



15 CRACKS IN THE 1700 FT -

"UNWAVERING"

I still believe in dreams and love,
I still can hope and pray,
And know the gifts of God above
Will guide me every day.

His voice is in my inner ear,
His presence in my heart,
And so I know I've nought to fear,
With courage he'll impart.

How wisely love can lead and guide,
Through storm and pain and strife,
To guide the footsteps firm with pride,
On all the paths of life.

I know no terror, though I fight,
'Gainst men of craft and schemes,
I trust in God to give me right,
And still believe in dreams.

THE AIRWOMAN

Move over boys, and lets make place,
For a pretty girl, with a pretty face;
Who'll help us all our cares to chase -
The Airwoman.

See her come walking up the street,
Chic from her head, down to her feet;
In every way surpassing neat -
The Airwoman.

Watch her 'out on C.O.'s parade,
She neatly puts us in the shade;
How smart a little drill has made -
The Airwoman.

She's come to stay with us a while,
To cheer us with her ready smile;
Let's greet her in the proper style -
The Airwoman.

So when with work we're not engrossed,
Let's pause and offer up a toast;
To the Air Force's proudest boast -
The Airwoman.

IN BARRACKS!



"Well, eleven O'clock, lights out fellows. Let's get to sleep. C.O.'s inspection tomorrow". And so we settle down to a peaceful night's rest. I pound a nice comfortable spot in my pillow, squirm myself into a restful position and close my eyes to dream of being a Group Captain or Air Vice Marshal.

Already I'm half asleep, when - bang! clomp, clomp, clomp! sounds through the darkened room. Here comes Jim. Always a bit late.

I toss and turn for another five minutes and at last settle into the land of Morpheus. And again bang! clomp, clomp, clomp (pmm-pomm's) it's Jack humming his favourite jive number none too quietly. On goes the radio, full tilt and immediately cries rise up on all sides "Settle down, there!"

With a curse he turns it off, saying, "A guy can't even hear the "Duke" around here anymore. I'm moving out in the morning!!!"

"Fair enough", agrees his bunk mate who is a mountain music man.

Finally I fall asleep and am well away, saving a good cord to the hour. Well, I just get the first batch of wood neatly piled up, when bang, bang, bang! clomp, clomp, clomp, in comes Dave, Lloyd, and Gus, returning from a little party. They settle on the edge of my bunk and begin to hold a post mortem. Dave says, "Fellows, that girl Joan really has something! I think I'll take her to the dance next Tuesday".

"Oh, she's not so bad", interrupts Lloyd, "but did you get a load of Betty? And can she ever kiss!"

"Yeh," -- it's now Gus' turn, "Well, blaa, blaa, blaa" and so on.

By this time I'm sitting up in bed with murder in my eyes. Which will I kill first? Finally they adjourn to the wash room to continue their conference into the wee small hours.

Well, everybody is in but one and he's out on a real celebration - you know the kind. So I figure he won't be in till morning. I'm not quite right though and about five-thirty somebody sticks a finger in my mouth and says "Ish tha you Joe?" "Is you awake or ish you shleeping? Thash all ri' don't bother telling me, jush shtop that snoring. I got a headache".

So I roll over on my other side and the next second somebody is roaring in my ear and pulling my hair - "Hurry up or you'll miss breakfast." "It's seven o'clock".

Well, next morning, the C.O. stops in front of me and says, "What's the matter, young man? You look a bit seedy. Maybe you haven't been getting enough exercise lately. Report to the Drill Hall every evening next week for an hour's P.T."

Now, I ask you is that Justice or is that Justice?

THE DENTIST'S REVERIE

The Dental Corps is lacking fun,
And we're nice to everyone,
Why can't we win a popular election?
Why are we the forgotten section?
But some people come here still,
And always stay until ...
We of the forgotten section ---
Fill, and fill and fill!

What is this station coming to, when a WO.1 comes back from ... with finger nail polish on his nails?



Introducing to you -- "WING RECORDS"
 -- where more work is done by fewer people in less time, than anywhere else on the station. At press time, our officers in charge of this section were changing faster than the map of Europe. The rest of the staff is under the direction of the "lord and master", F/Sgt. Heidman, and his co-pilot, "Little Caesar", F/Sgt. Conroy. Flight Heidman is the "Big Boss", while Flight Conroy takes care of all the details such as W.D.'s, blondes, etc. The two vice-presidents of this efficient corporation are Sgts. Hill and Brunet. Sgt. Hill is in charge of Airmen's Documentation, which has such a reputation for Work and Speed, that when "Flash Gordon" worked there, he was fired for being too slow, and "Superman" tried to take his place but "flunked" his physical. Command Postings is headed by Sgt. Brunet, who has had the honor of sending men so far north, they came back with Arctic Circles under their eyes!

Double congratulations are going the rounds of the overseas canteen, these days, following the recent marriage of the Terrible McBeths..... Cpl. J.R. McBeth was married to Miss Mac Archibald at St. John's Church, Windsor Street. A guard of honour led by WO.2 Miller was present. Brother Russ McBeth was married to Miss Marg Archibald, who happens to be a cousin of the ex-Miss Mac Archibald. The boys really made it a family affair.

FRONT OFFICE GOSSIP

What W.D. just back from leave in Newfie, was abiding by "Oh, Lord, please help me keep my big mouth shut" but now that her front tooth is in again is all smiles. What happened on her leave anyway?

Sgt. Sullivan recently took the marriage vows. We all wish happiness to him and his bride, with whom he appears at many of the "Y" dances.

Good luck to Sgt. McLaren who left for #2 K.T.S., Toronto, for Officer's Training Course.

Rumour has it that a certain W.D. in the Orderly room (we're not mentioning any names) is seriously perusing the shelves in the Station Library for a book on AustraliaWe wonder why?

What happens the morning after the night before when a senior N.C.O. is on a "48"?

What is the attraction on Quinpool Road, Sgt. Druckman?

Why was Cpl. Whattan going around with eyes half closed? Is he still in a daze over his leave or did a bee really sting him?

Maxie, recently posted here from Summerside went back to the "Garden of the Gulf" on a week end. What about it Maxie?

WAR RELIEF DRIVE

The CHINESE War Relief Committee takes pleasure in announcing that during the recent drive held on this Station, an amount of \$1,930.00 was collected.

Of this amount \$1,705.00 was donated by Transient personnel and the balance by the Staff.

The Commanding Officer has expressed great satisfaction with the success of this campaign and has requested the Committee to convey the appreciation of the Chinese War Relief Fund to personnel who so generously contributed.

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Who was the W.D. corporal who very innocently tried to check on the P.O.'s blinds not being down in B.B. 20 -