

## 1940 — R.C.A.F., YARMOUTH, AT WAR — 1945

### THE FIRST COMMANDING OFFICER



Group Captain N. S. MacGregor, D.F.C., who, with his Squadron, opened the Station in 1940

### YE EDITOR



Taking over the Editor's desk from WO2 H. L. Woodman in December, 1943, Cpl. C. H. Robart of the Station Orderly Room has held that position up to and including this final edition. When asked to make a statement for this, the last issue, Cpl. Robart said: "If I could only have printed everything I knew!"

### C.O.'S MESSAGE

War had just been declared. The Navy and the Air Force were more than a little concerned over Canada's East Coast bases. As a transport pilot I had been detailed to fly two senior staff officers on a tour of inspection. They were Capt. Murray, later to become Rear Admiral Murray, and Air Commodore Anderson, now Air Vice Marshal.

At Sydney, N. S. we found the old No. 8 Squadron encamped on the south arm of the Harbour and operating some 200 miles to sea in their single engine Northrop Delta's converted for submarine hunting. Leaving those pioneers of coastal operations, we took off for Halifax, and as may be expected, encountered the usual fog.

A diversion was made to Moncton, N.B.—then boasting the only Radio Range on the coast — and eventually we arrived over Yarmouth 10th. October 1939. A w/t message was received en route advising us to land on the new airport. On examination, the latter consisted of runways under construction and few if any buildings — so we landed on Doctor's Lake. My passengers left by car for the airport site and as I had no interest in "that soggy looking field in the blueberry bushes" stayed with my aircraft. Little did I think at that time 6 years ago that this field would become the station as we know it today and that it would be my very good fortune to command it for one year.

As most of you know, Yarmouth served as the base for a very concentrated and continuous campaign against the submarine. Coastal convoys, "the Milk Run", and the big Atlantic convoys from Halifax, St. John, Boston and New York were protected by crews from Yarmouth. Bolingbrokes, Hudsons, Venturas and the faithful Canso, together with 119BR, 6CAC, 113BR, 162BR, 160BR, 5 BR, 161BR are aircraft and squadrons familiar to the old timers. All have contributed to the reputation of the station of getting the job well done. Now the mission is completed and it is not unreasonable that this station, together with many others, should close.

On this occasion I wish to thank all of you who have worked hard and faithfully at your assigned task. Many have had duties of a routine nature not commonly associated with the glamour of flying, yet so essential to it. Our cooks are but one example of many who have served and served indeed three times a day 365 days for 6 long years.

Regardless of your duty, you have served your country well and you may be rightfully proud of it. In leaving Yarmouth, and in most instances returning to civil occupations, I wish you every happiness and success in your future life.

R. C. DAVIS, G.C.

### THE LAST COMMANDING OFFICER



Group Captain R. C. Davis, C. O., who announced the Station's closing — September 15, 1945

### YE W. D. EDITOR



Since November, 1944, LAW Betty Dale, of the Accounts Section, has been writing the news and views of the W.Ds. for DEPTH-CHARGE, besides drawing cartoons and writing the "Pay-Off Column". Betty, who was posted to Ottawa recently when interviewed by a Depth-Charge reporter said: "It was a head-ache but I enjoyed it."

# DEPTH CHARGE

R. C. A. F. Service Publication at Yarmouth, N. S. Published monthly with the kind permission of Group Captain R. C. Davis, Commanding Officer, R.C.A.F. Station, Yarmouth, N. S.

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— FINAL EDITION —

## Editorial

### FROM THE EDITOR

So long, gang, and it was nice knowing you. We thank you from the bottom of our heart for putting up with our humble efforts as Editor of your paper. Doubtless many of you could have done a much better job.

### FROM THE W. D. EDITOR

With the Station closing at the end of the month, we appear here for the last time, not to try to amuse or give you the low-down, but to say, good-bye.

Though the W.Ds. have only been here since last October, we feel we have become a real and integral part of Station life. True we have annoyed some and amused others, really we have tried to help, and must admit we've had a lot of fun.

So at last we can think seriously of going home—a thrill that can hardly be described. Going home! Some to take up the old job, others to start some new line of endeavour and still others, who have married boys on the Station, to set up housekeeping.

And yet, there's a strange regret fills our hearts now the going is a reality at last. We've made so many good friends and had such good fun that its hard to say good-bye. Our memories of the R.C.A.F. won't be of the dull side, work parades and drill, polishing buttons, etc., but of each of you who had to turn out in the fog with us, or tried as hard as we did to get out of it. Anyway, we know we will be seeing many of you again on the streets of Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver and points north and south, busy civilians again. If you ever come our way, be sure to drop in. Till then, Good-bye and the best of luck! It's been wonderful knowing you.

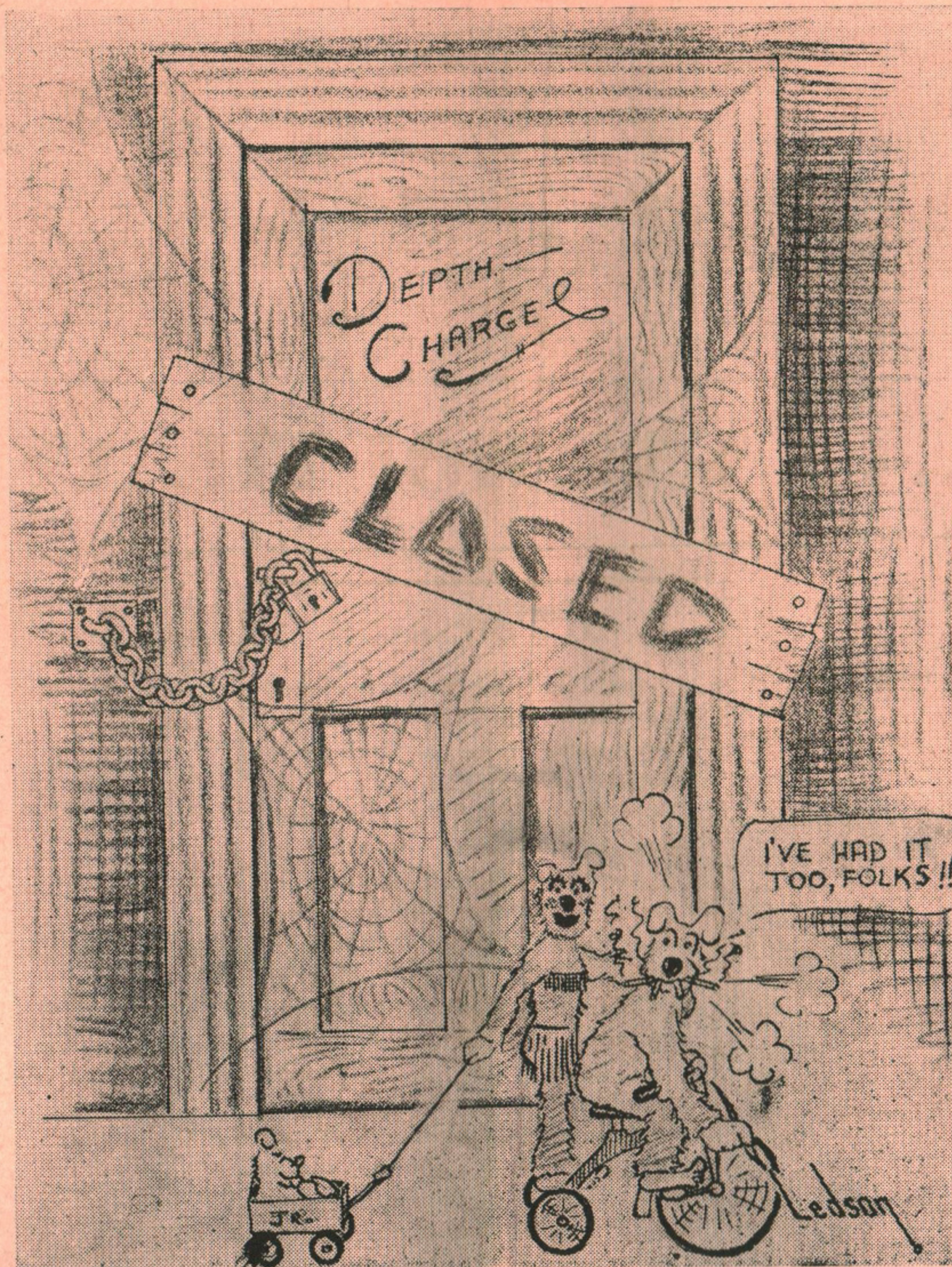
### FROM THE SPORTS EDITOR

Little did I realize a few months ago when I penned my first few lines for DEPTH-CHARGE that I would be writing one of its closing and most vital chapters.

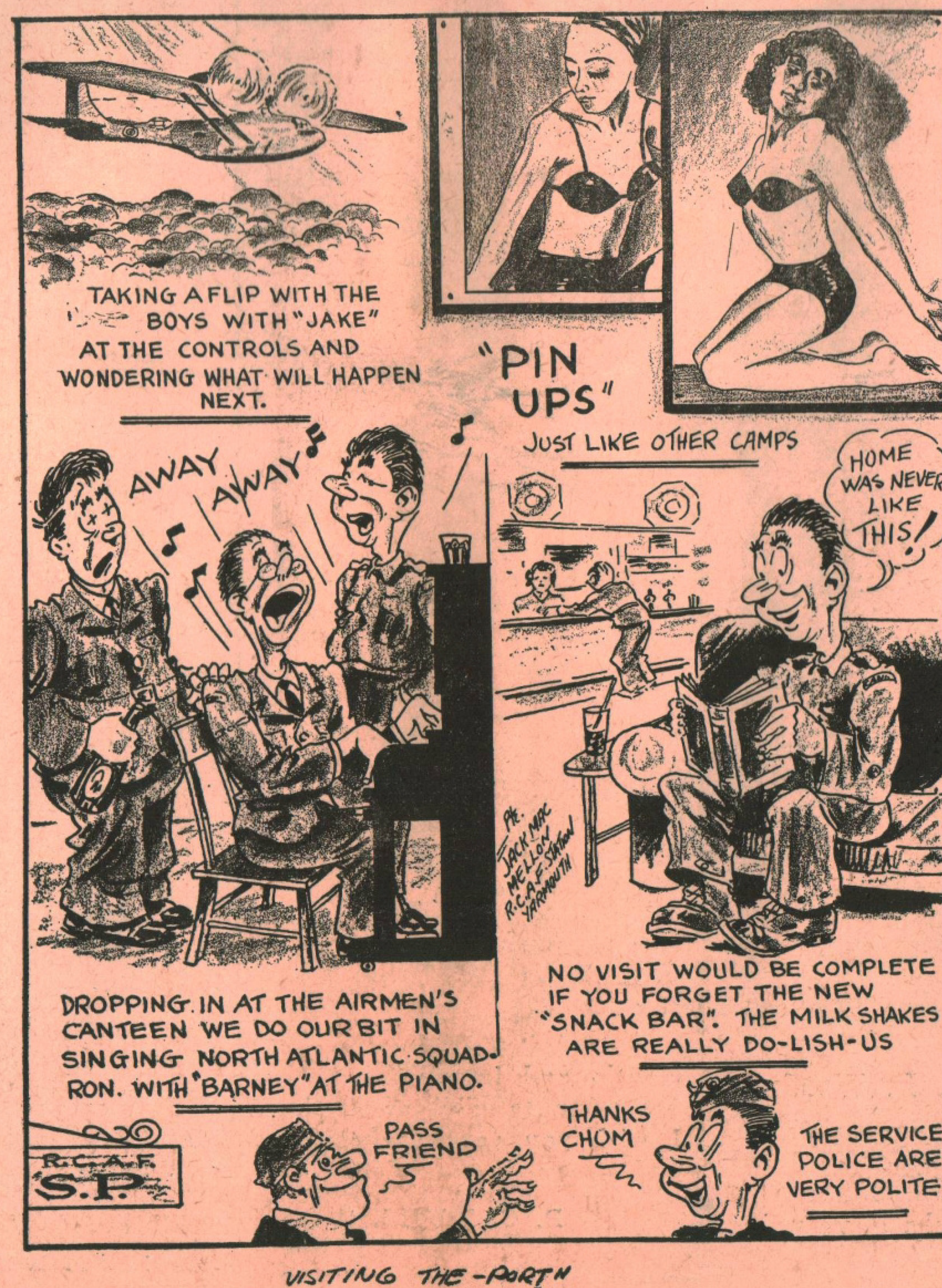
On the afternoon of our disbandment announcement, the Editor suggested that it would be fitting to publish a closing edition and at this time my thoughts are toward those we leave behind. Although we go forward to our Maple Leaf Gardens, Forum or Auditorium in many of Canada's sports centres, we are leaving many a friend in the local sports whirl, friends who have helped us put in many otherwise lonesome hours, friends such as Nate Bain, Sandy Fraser and Joe LeBlanc. Friends to whom we are all indebted.

We may not realize it now, but as the months and years roll along, many of us will often think of the good times we had on the third base line at the William Street ball park, or the Sunday afternoons at Milo, or the rough on the 7th at the Golf Club. May I remind the Westerners and Torontonians, when saying good-bye to your Gateway friends to let your hair down and admit that you have had a good time during your sojourn in Yarmouth. I did and I only hope that some day I shall have the opportunity of returning some of their hospitality.

Good-bye—and thanks again, Yarmouth!



A local artist who produced many cartoons for Depth-Charge was Jack MacMellon. Formerly with the Canadian Army Jack now works with the Halifax Chronicle. Below is his first cartoon for Depth-Charge.



## PADRE'S CORNER

### FAREWELL!

By Fl/Lieut. H. S. HARTLIN, Protestant Padre

It is always difficult to say "Farewell!" It means the severing of old ties, the breaking of bonds, separation from friends and familiar associations. Many of us experience a feeling of sadness as we come to the time where we must say "Good-bye" to Yarmouth, R.C.A.F. Station. It has played a vital part in the war effort. It has also been the scene of many friendships, happy associations and fine fellowship, not only with service personnel, but also with many of the citizens of Yarmouth. And now we must bid "Farewell!"

Since its beginning thousands of personnel have passed through this Station. Men and women from all parts of Canada and elsewhere. In its latter days it was the scene of a large influx of men and machines from overseas. Machines that bore the marks of battle; men who took part in bombing missions over enemy territory, or in fighting in European skies. Many of these lads wear a badge of heroic distinction. In every way the Station has sought to minister to the well-being and comfort of all who have remained here or have passed through. Fortunate in its type of Commanding Officers as well as other senior officers in providing wise and considerate leadership and administration, Yarmouth became known as one of the finest Stations in Eastern Air Command.

The Padre's office during the years of the Station's operation has usually been a busy one. Many hundreds of men have found their way there to unfold a tale of trouble, sorrow, disappointment, or perplexity. He has sought to be a friend and helpful counsellor to all. And the satisfaction we have is in knowing that in a great many cases we have been able to help men in some difficult situation, or in restoring a waning faith in things that are true and worthwhile. To one and all of you we now bid "Farewell!" May God's blessing be upon you as you return to your homes and face the problems of the future.

### FAREWELL AND GOOD LUCK TO ALL

By Fl/Lieut. A. J. RICHARD, R. C. Padre

Through the wisdom of Shakespeare we learn that "a good play needs no epilogue". But it is difficult for any one to judge if in the drama of one's own life, the acting was well performed according to the loftiest ideal and the right standards. One can always be sure that good will and noble sincere intentions are the motives agreeable to God in judging our lives and granting our reward. I may say, on leaving this Station and the Air Force, that I have tried to do my best with the knowledge I had of my duties towards all, treating my fellowman with consideration, giving help when I could to those who needed it. I have tried to live up to the following prayer I made to God when I joined the Air Force:

"Give me the strength and needed grace  
To fill with honor my ordered place;  
Great or humble as it may be,  
May I make it a monument to Thee!

"Let me not cloud another's sky  
With griefs that burden or cries that try;  
But when my heart is glad with song,  
Help me to pass its joy along.

I wish to add that it was not hard to perform my duty with the kind of co-operation received from every one from the highest authority to the lowest rank and with friendships that were formed with those I met. "A faithful friend is a strong defence; and he that hath found him hath found a treasure". Memories of such friendship and relationship with all will be treasured jealously as they were appreciated during my stay on this Station. I say farewell to all with fondest hope of meeting again in the future and with the most sincere wish that all enjoy the best of luck in life. And may God bless you.

**Hi - lights of R.C.A.F. Station, Yarmouth, 1940-1945.  
In the beginning . . .**



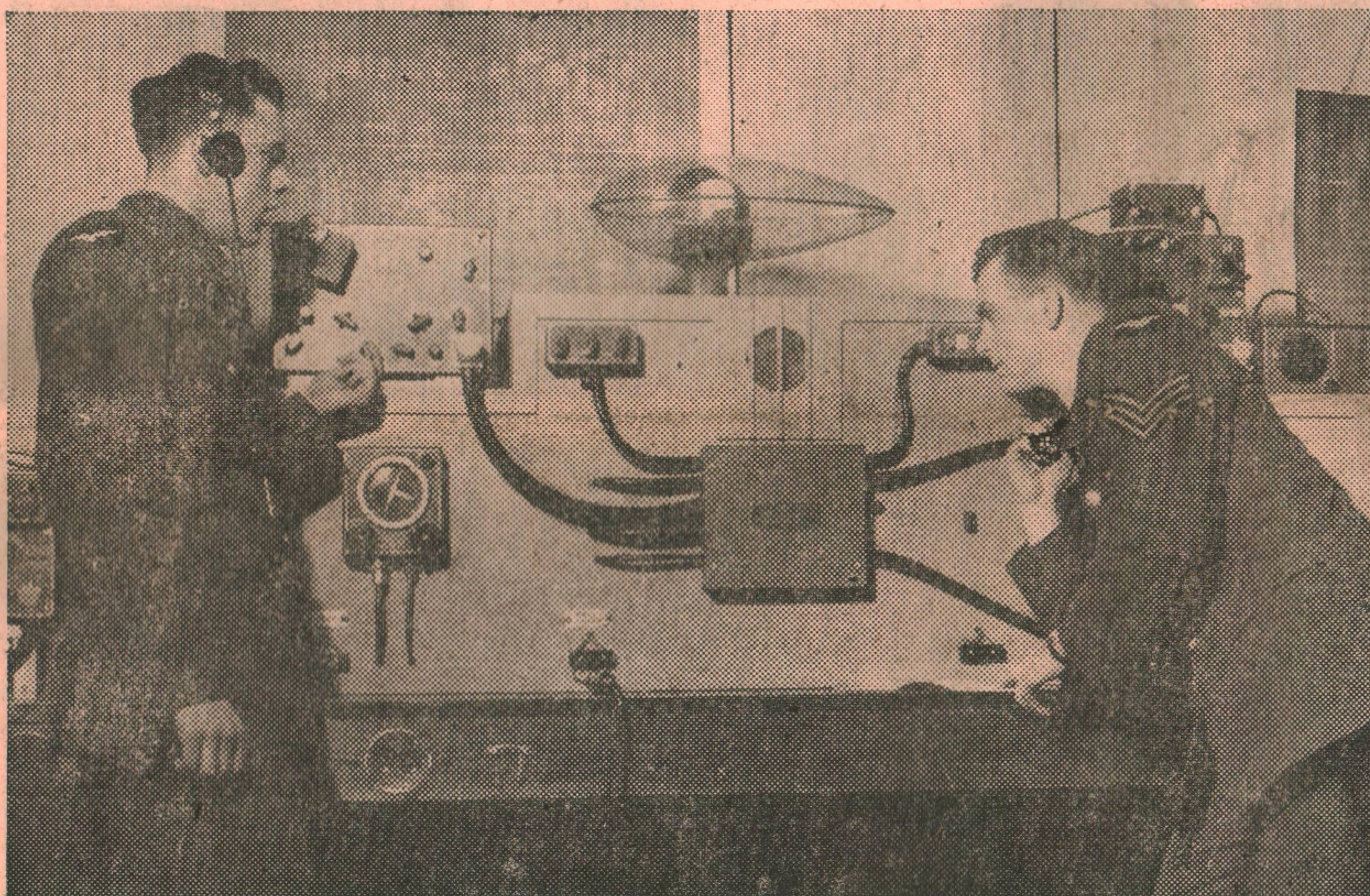
Inspections — with Respirators and Rifles



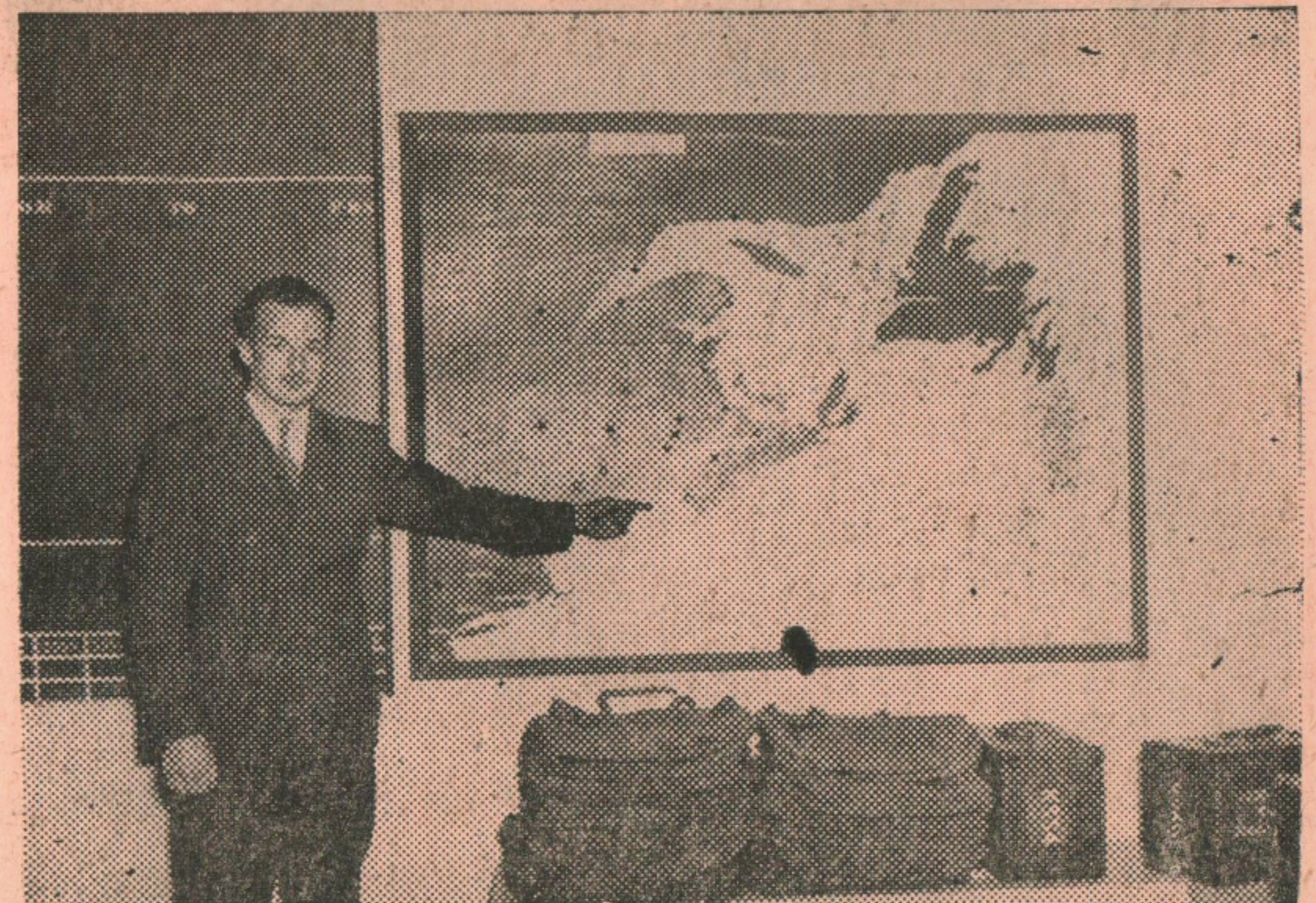
Popular Adj. was F/L L. R. Freeman



The OPs. Room



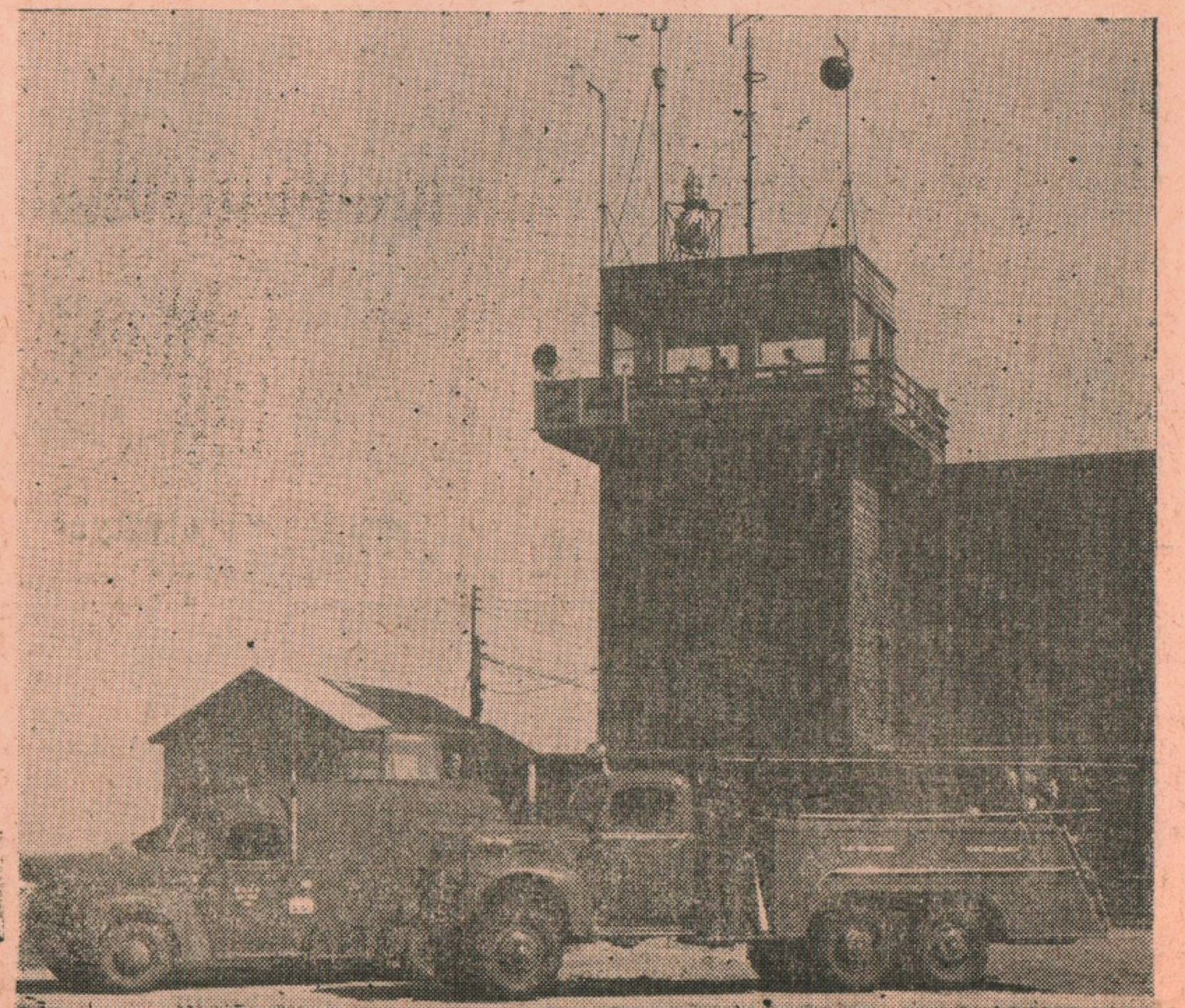
WAGs. learned the finer points on the Station



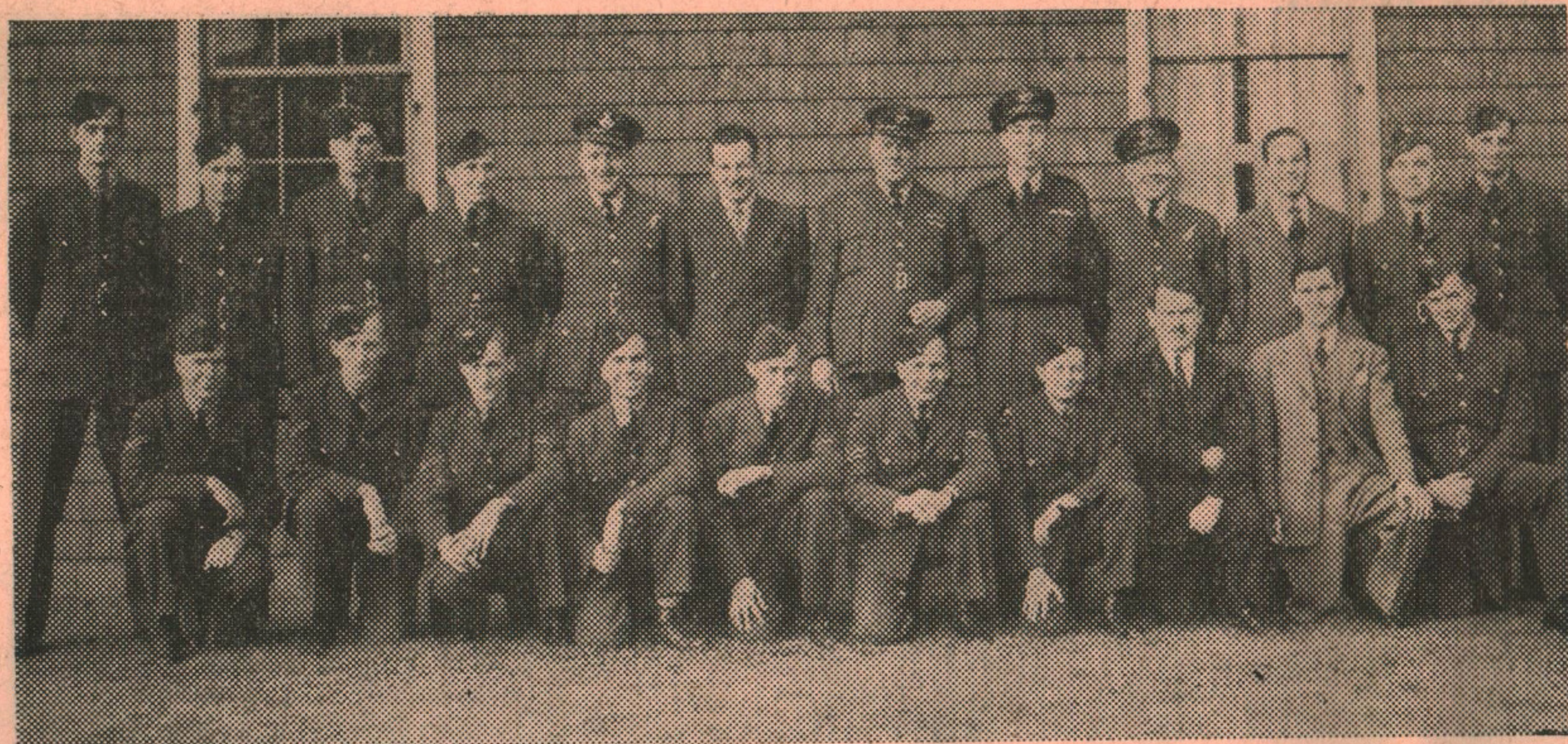
The Met. Section



The Boxing Team in 1942 looked tough anyway



And the Tower were always on the bit



This was the Operations Staff — 1942



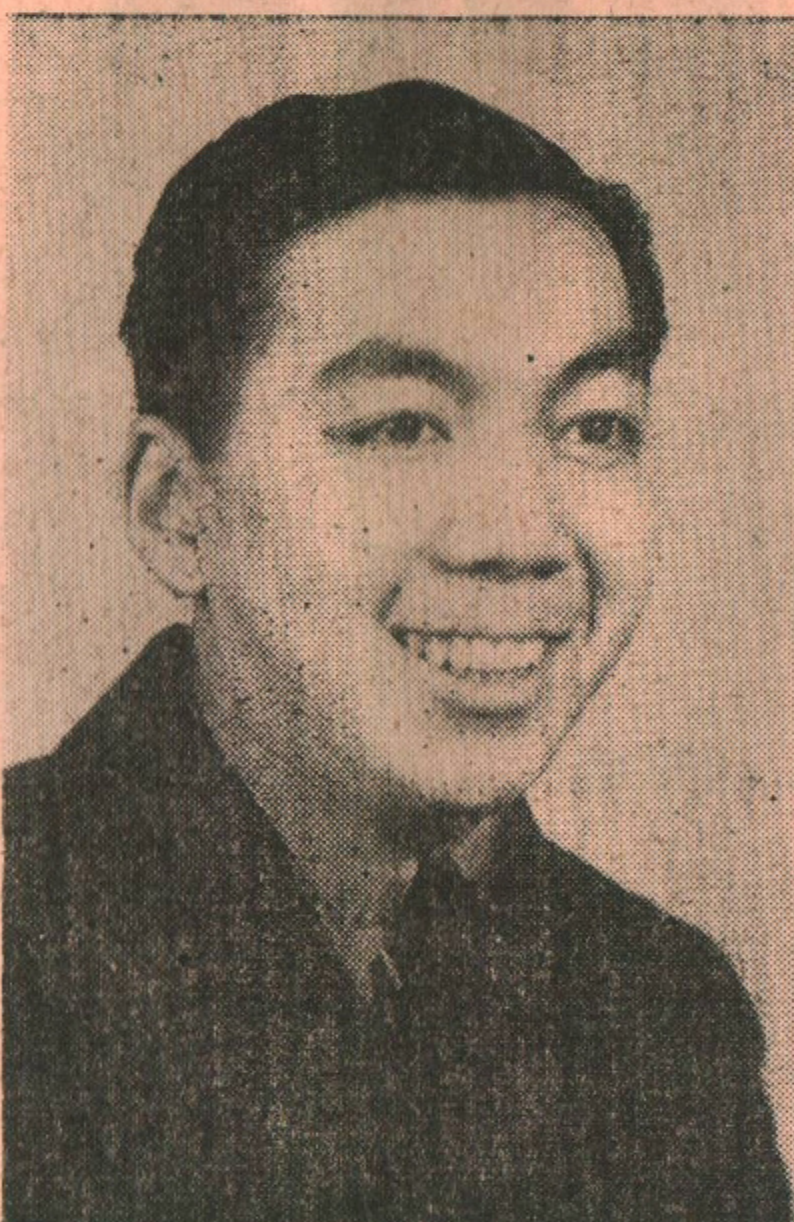
Briefing the crews in the days when they really meant business



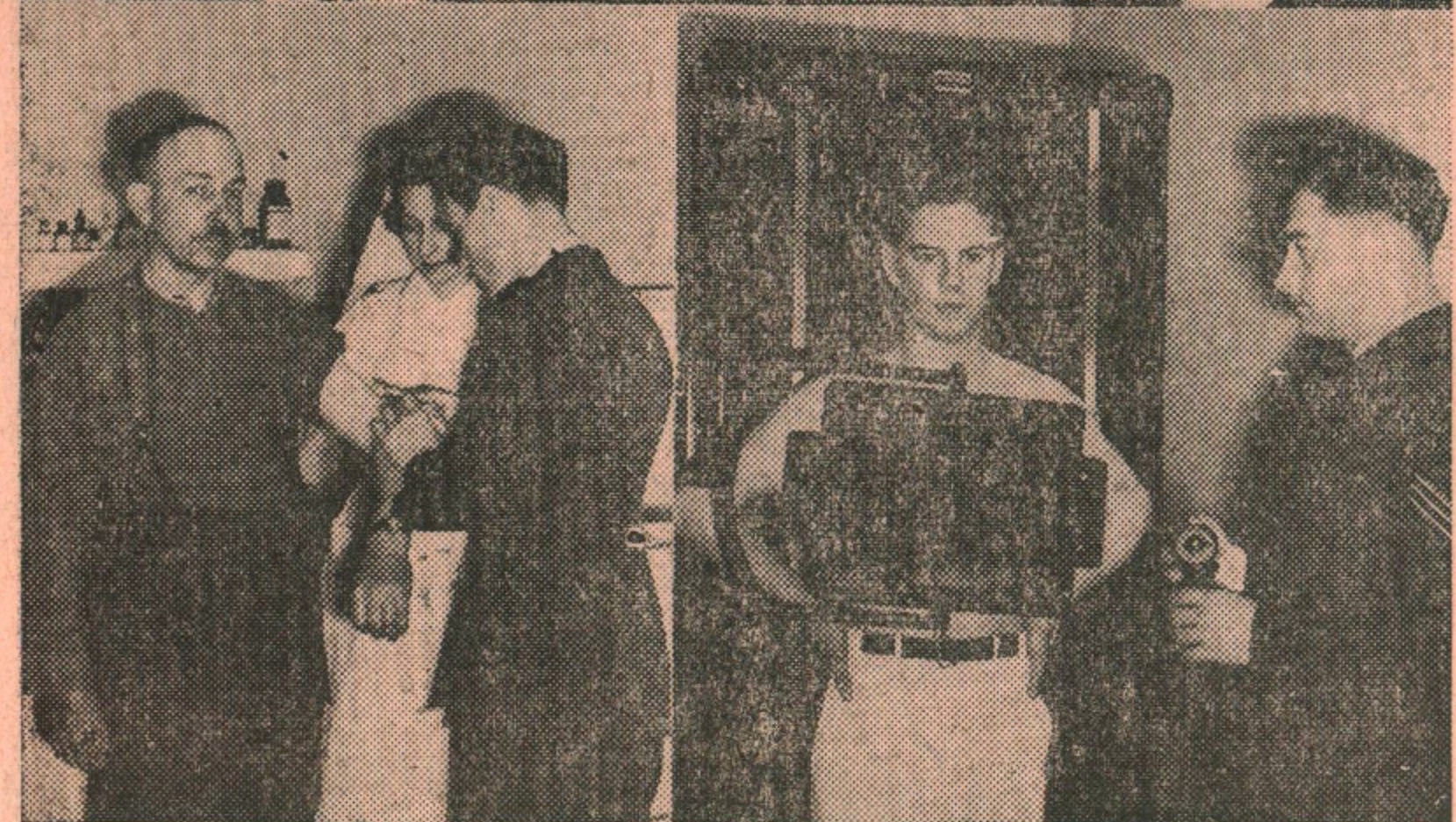
The Long and Short of it



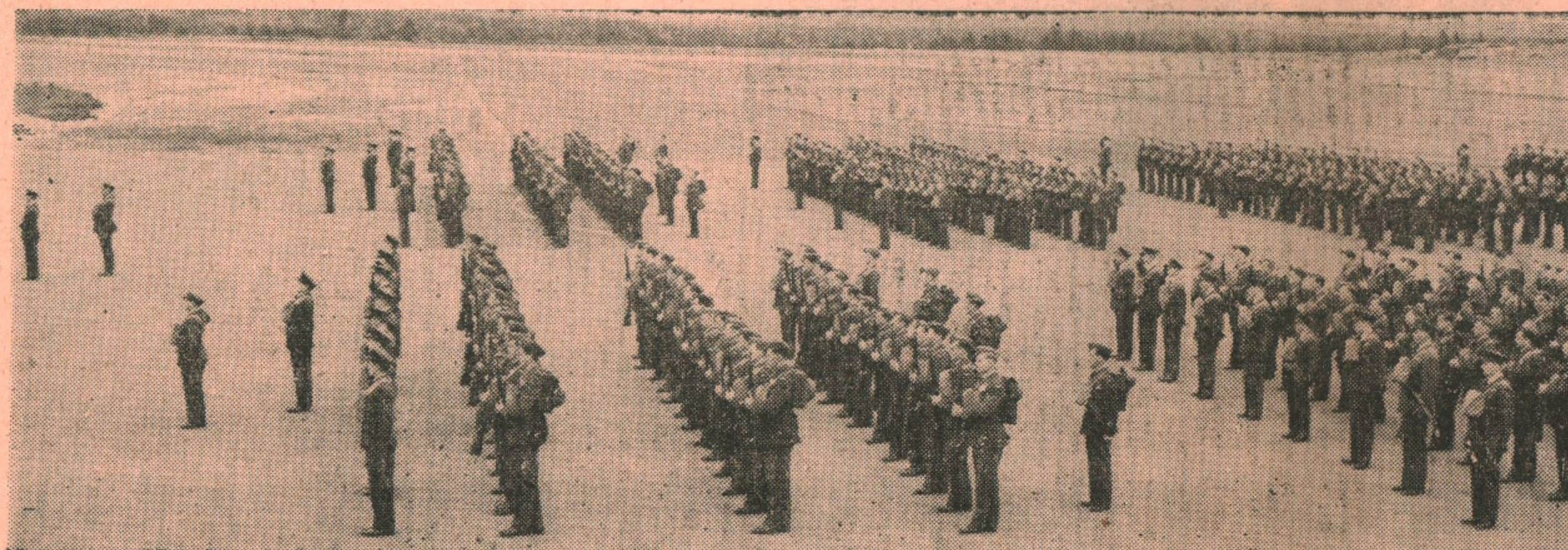
And we had Commandos complete with foliage, 'n' grenades, 'n' everything



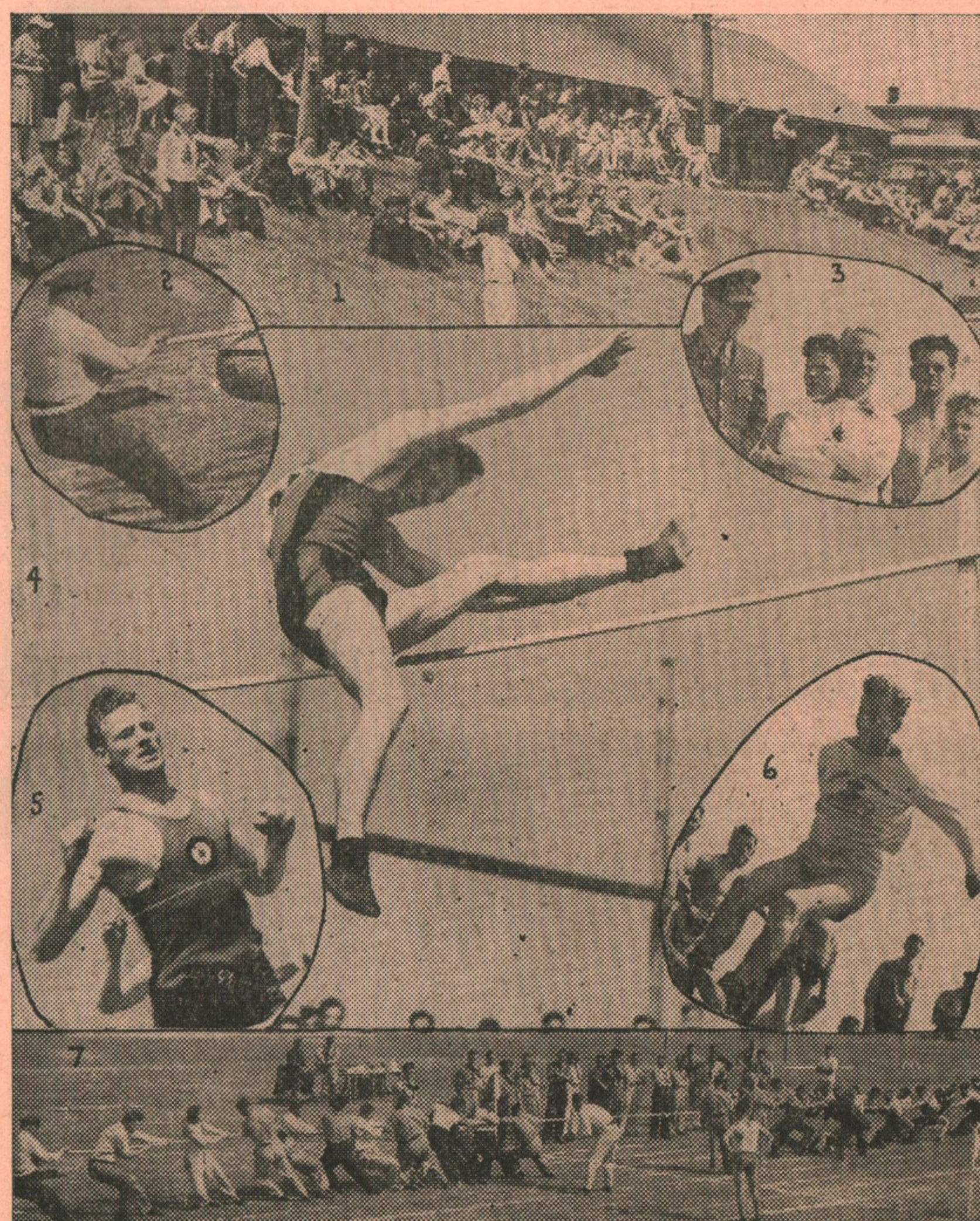
East meets West



And the Pill Rollers



Parades as always



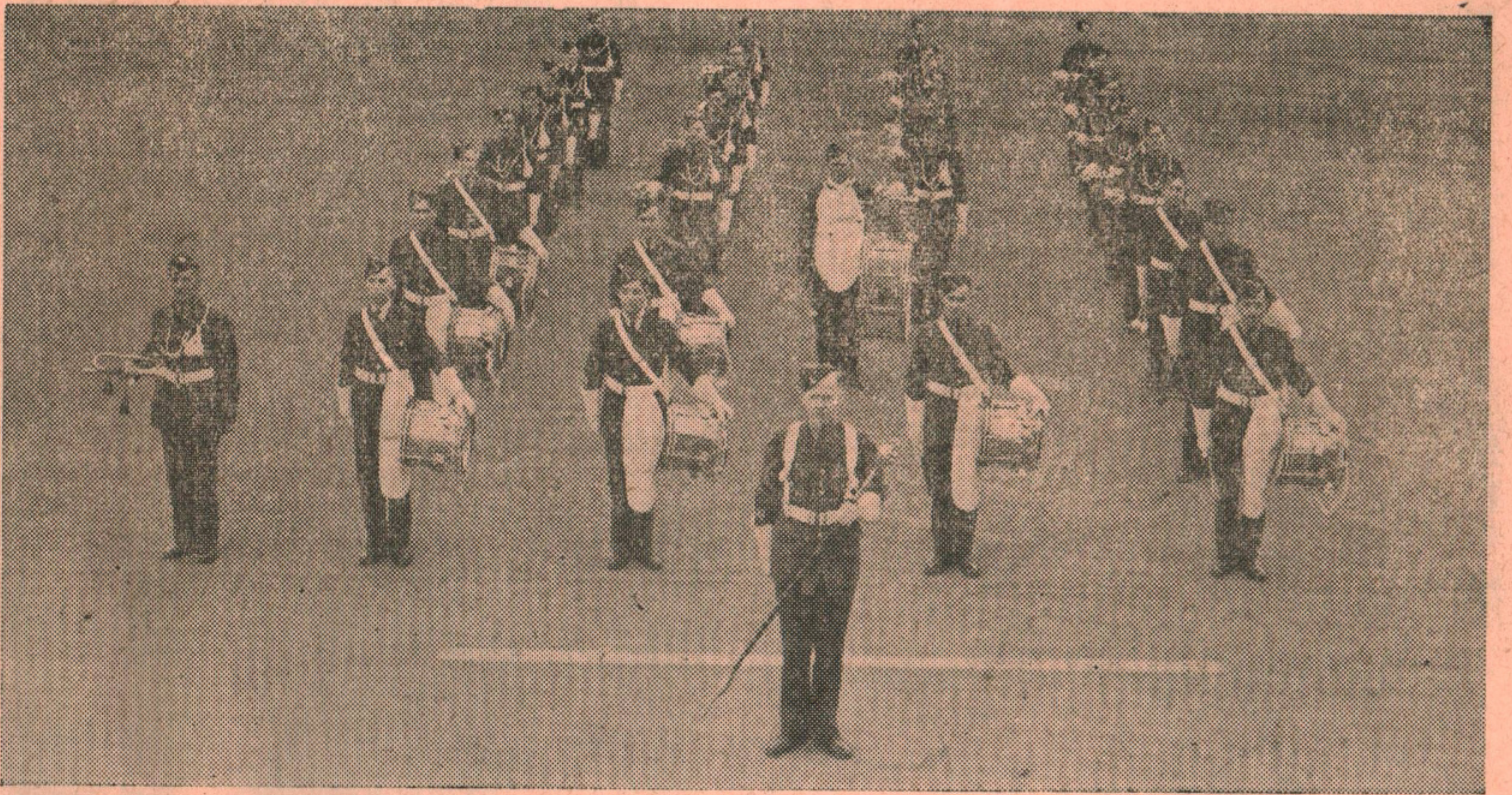
The Field Day always was the big day in the roarin' forties — '41, '42, '43, '44 —



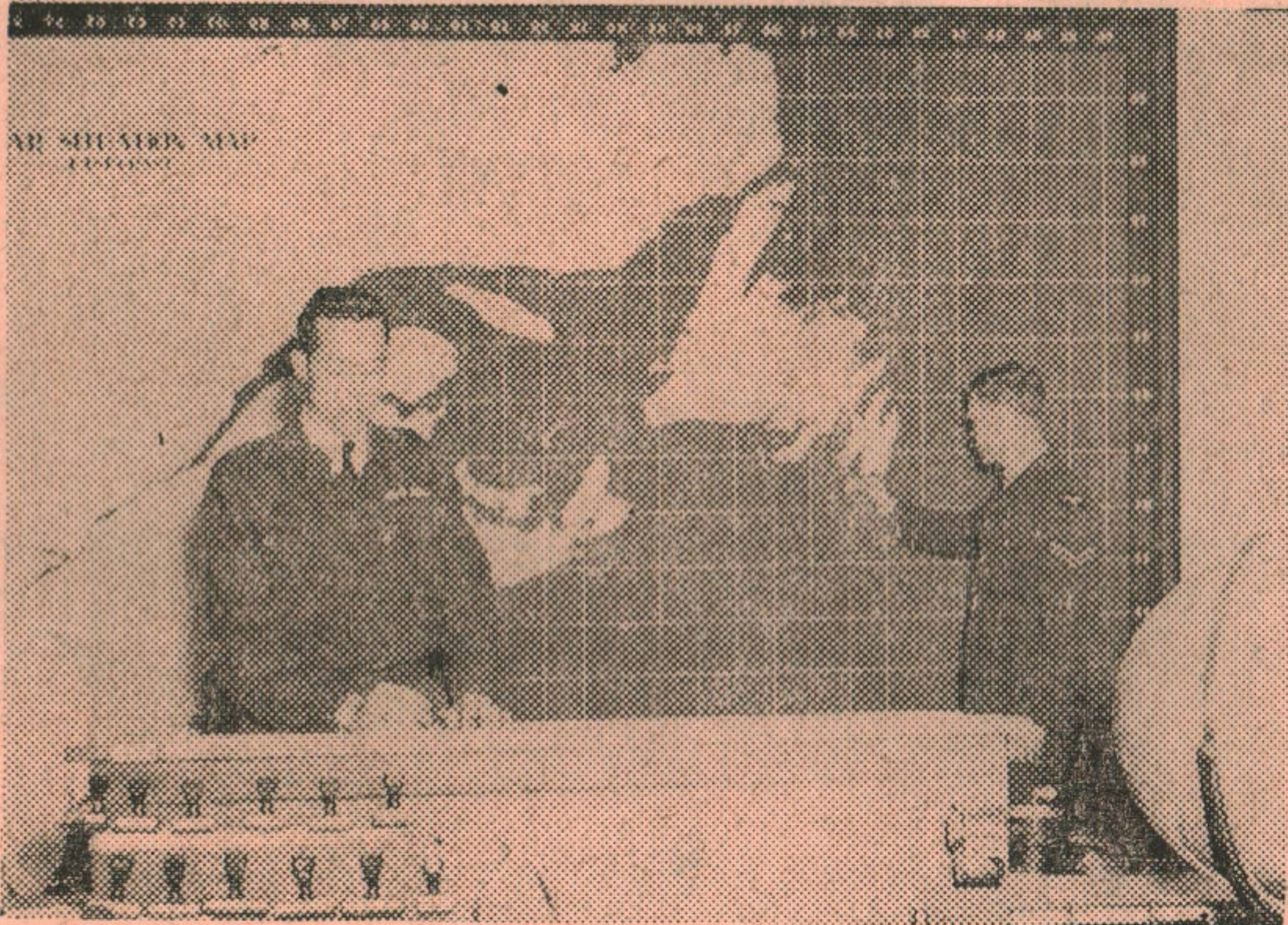
And Inspections!



Christmas was always a big event



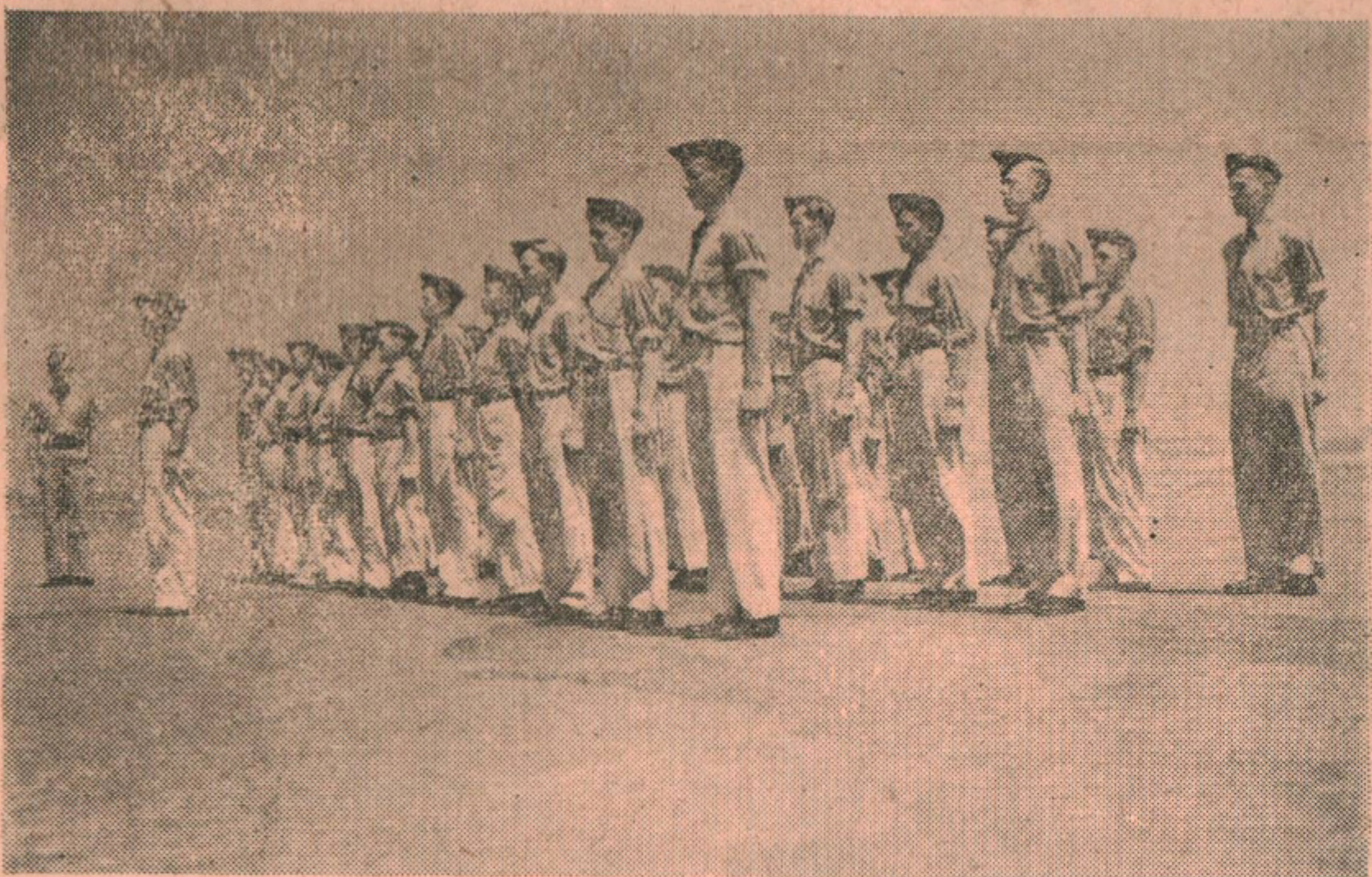
The Band in '43 was some punkins



And OPs. were busy Christmas and every day



And we produced a mighty smart ball team



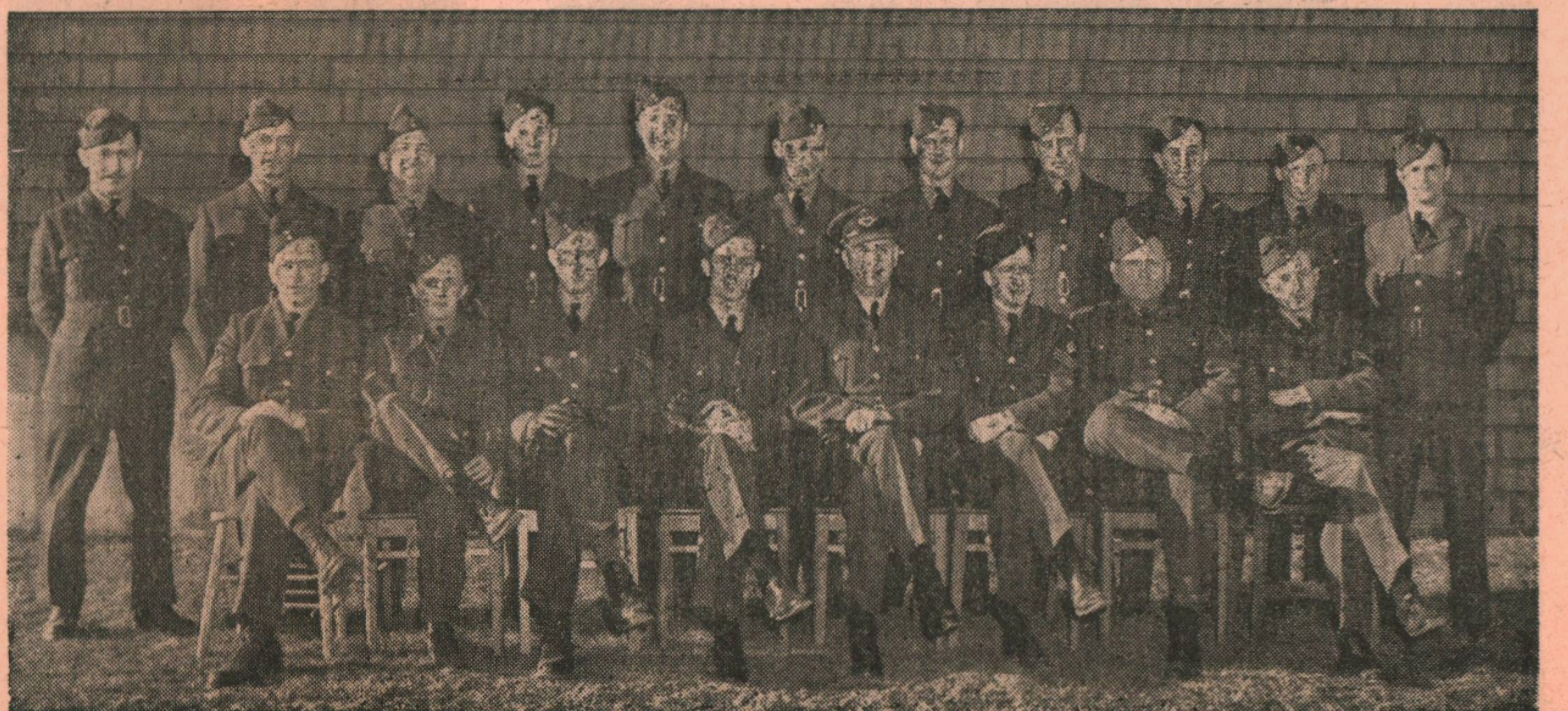
The Gremlins (Cadets) were regular summer visitors



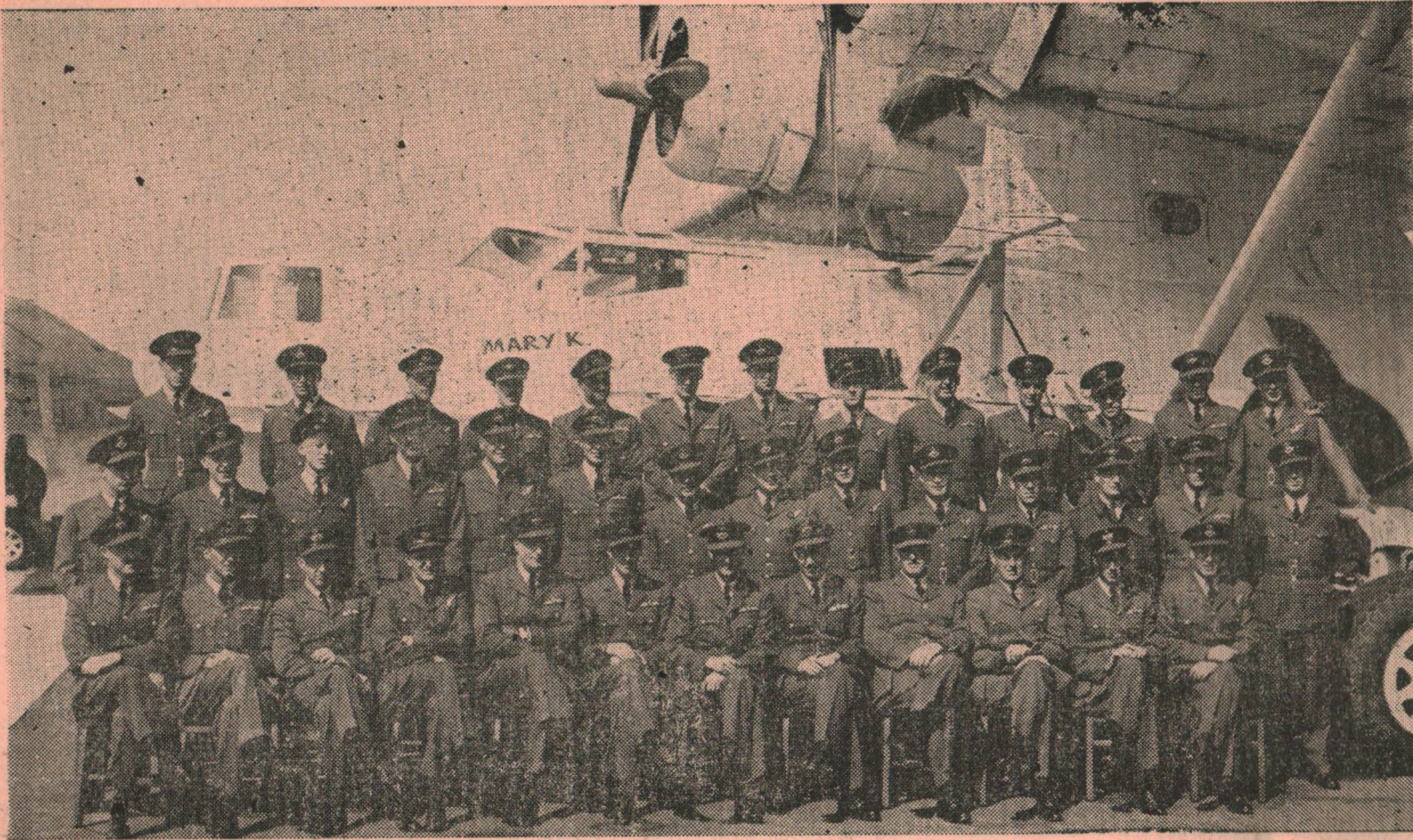
A leged German spies complete with dinghy



G/C M. G. Doyle, Commanding Officer, May '43, July '44



And the Stores Personnel—ready to say no to anyone



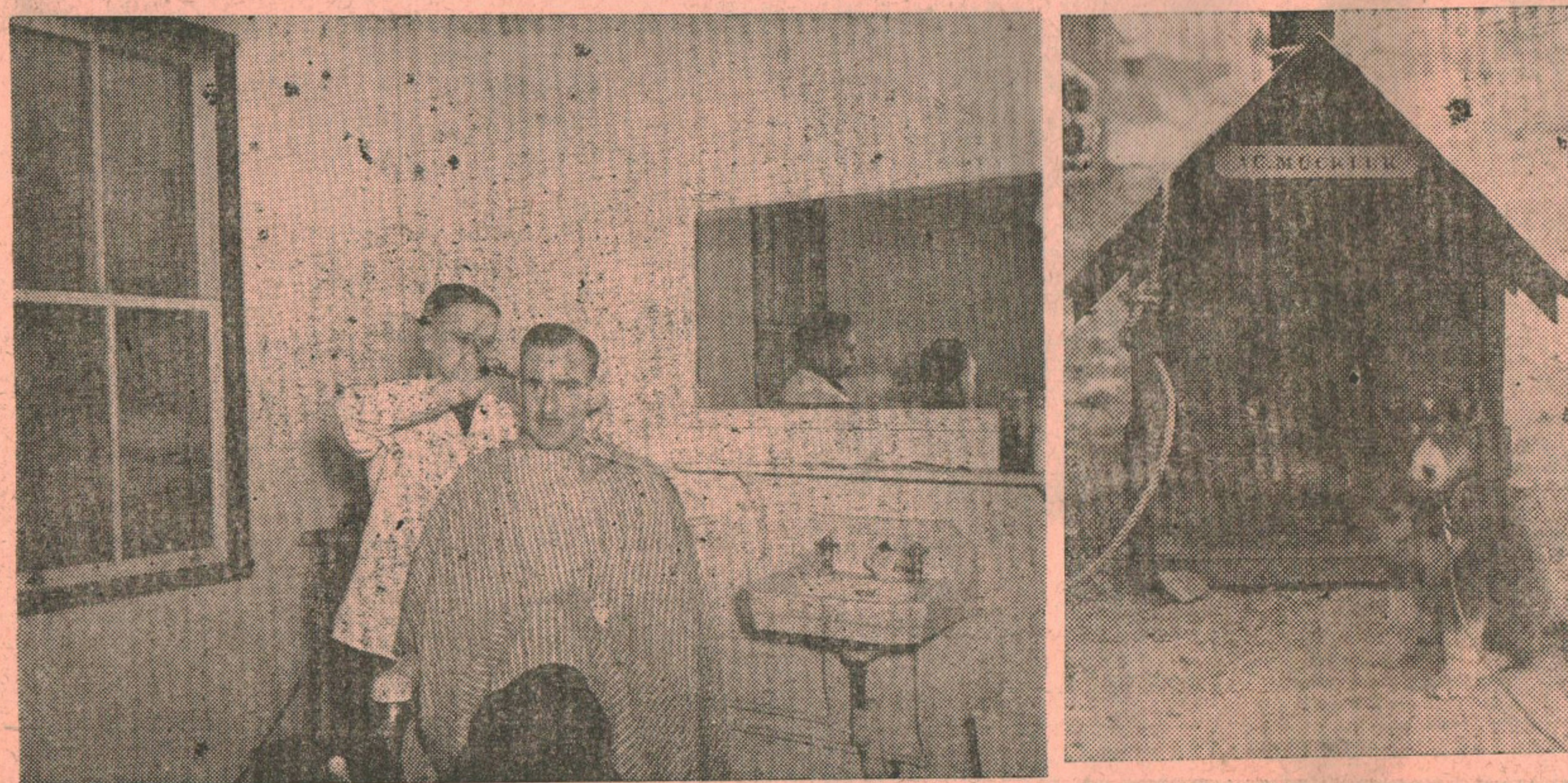
162 Sqdn.—one member of which won the V.C.—was formed here



Cmdr. Mudie, R. N., C. O. East Camp — '43 - '45

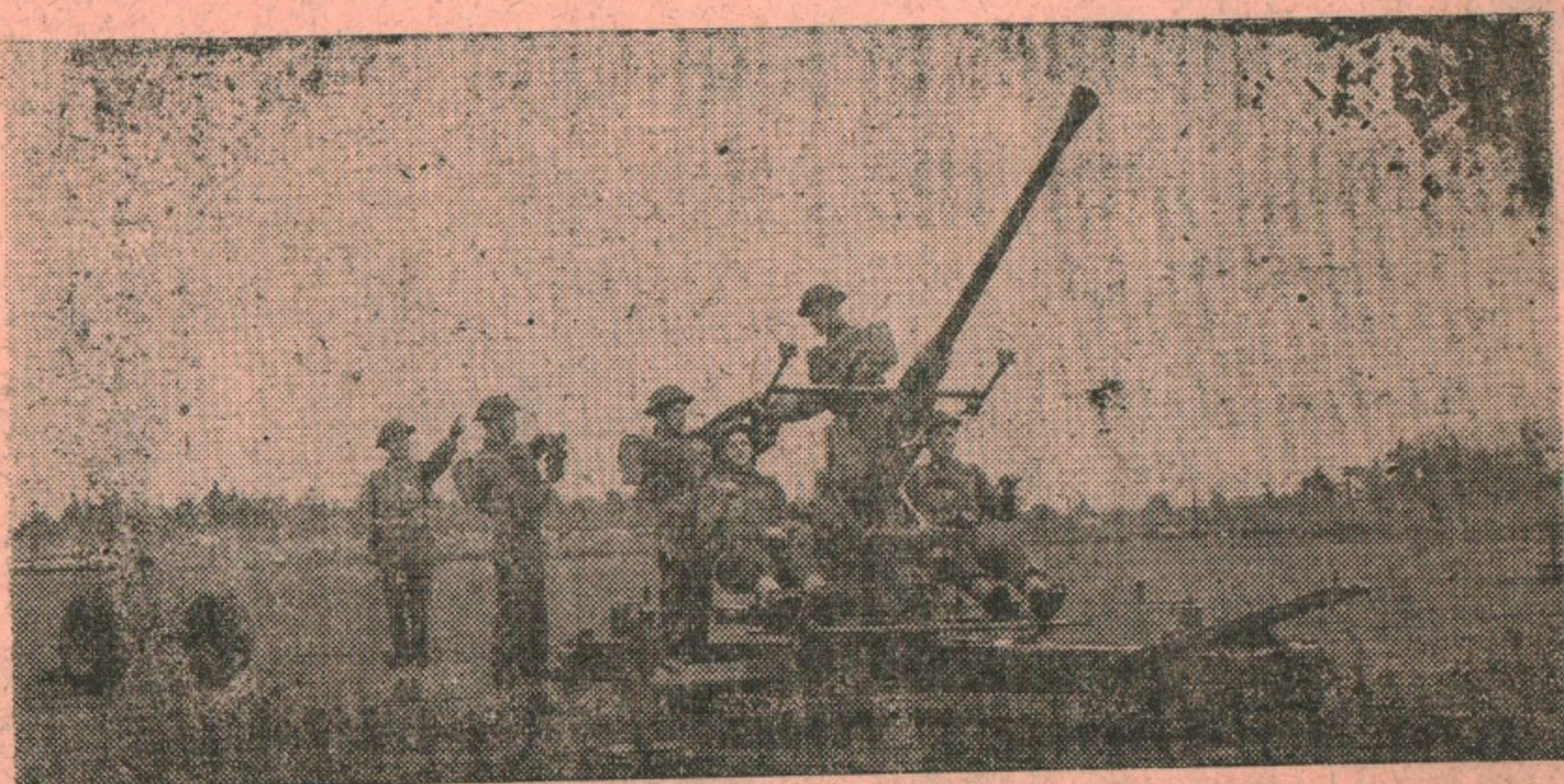


The "Cromlins" always enjoyed themselves



In February, 1944, the Barber Shop was opened

AC2 Muck'uck, Mascot from Labrador



The Ack - Ack Battery, '42



Members of both Camps prepared for Post War days

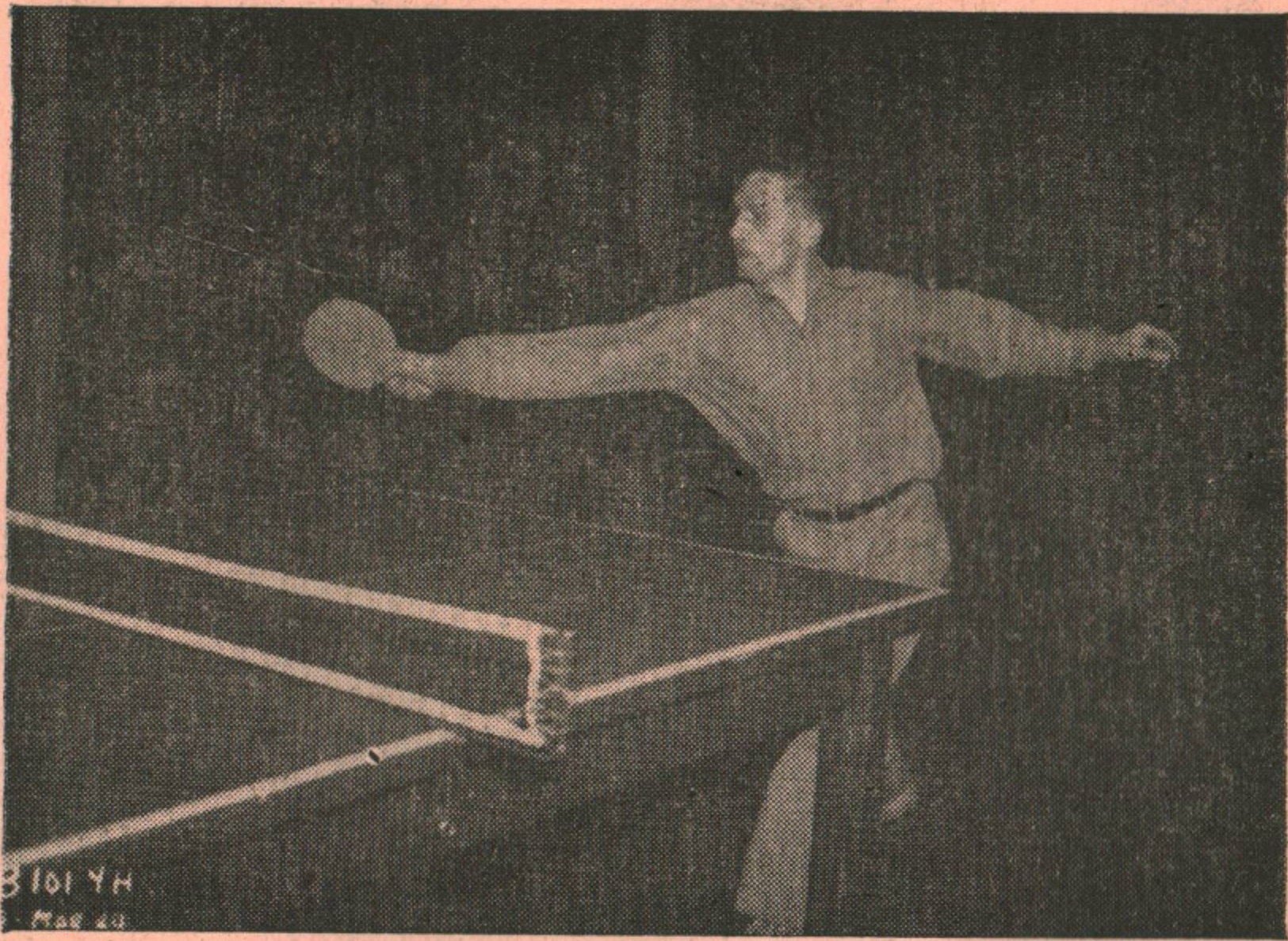


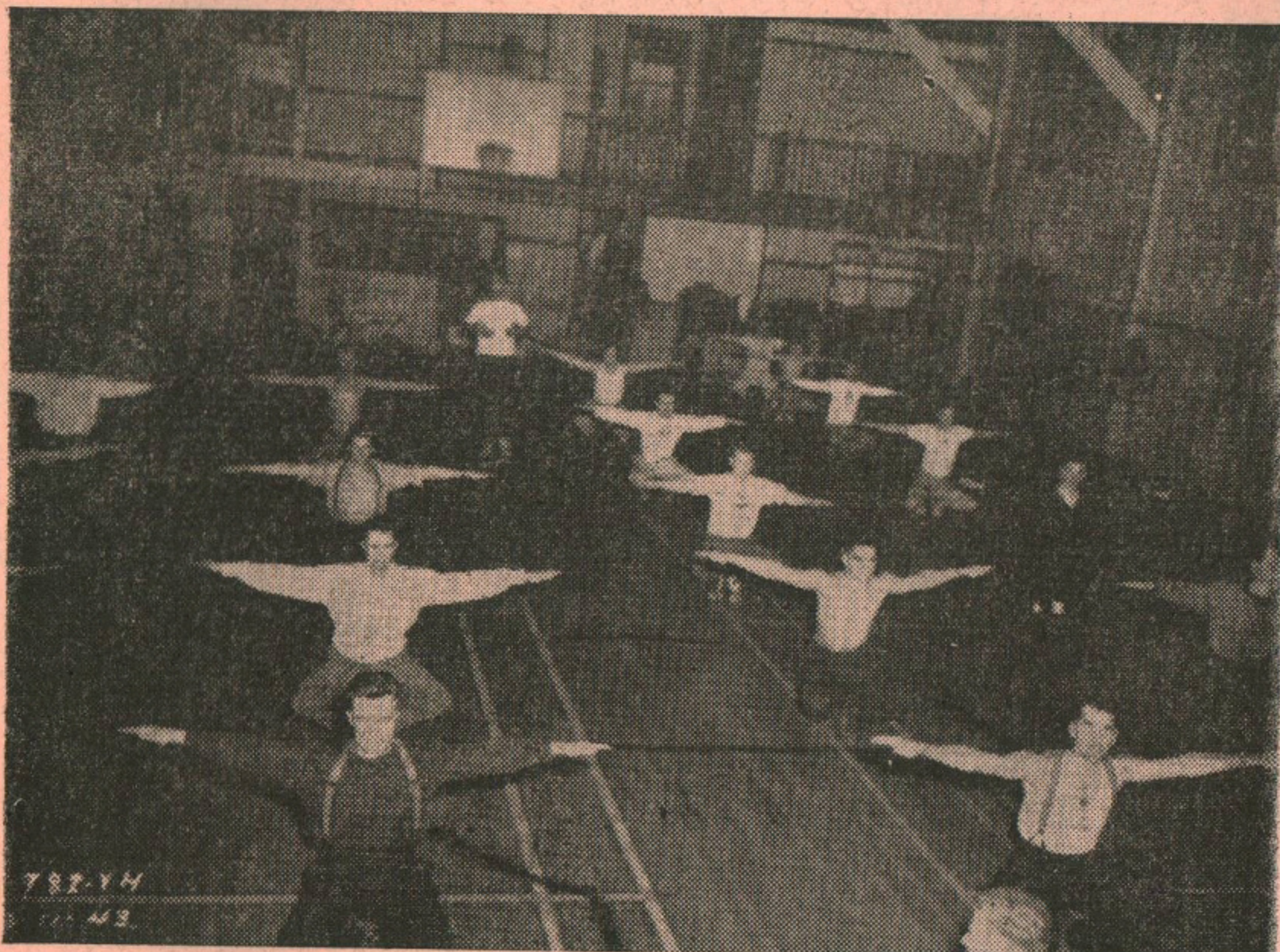
Table tennis champ Len Marshall was here for a year.



The Station Orchestra was tops.



And the Snack Bar was a popular eating place.



Of course physical torture brightened the days.



Tusket boasted its own Esquire Bar.

An exceedingly lively gent was astonished to read of his death in an obituary column. He called a friend.

"Did you see the paper? They printed my death in it."

"Yeah," said his friend, "I saw it. Where are you calling from?"

Airwoman — "Oh, look! I've just found a four-leaf clover. That's a sign of a forthcoming marriage."

Airman — "Nonsense! It's a sign of good luck."

AC1 (in hospital)—"Say, Doctor, I asked that nurse to put a hot water bottle on my feet and she stuck up her nose and walked away."

Doctor—"What else could you expect? That, young man, was the head nurse."

AC1—"Oh, do you specialize that much? Then send me the foot nurse."

W. D. Canteen Steward — "I need my furlough. I'm not looking my best these days."

N.C.O. i/c—"Nonsense."

W. D.—"It isn't nonsense, the airmen are beginning to count their change before they leave."



One of our most prolific writers was Lac E. G. Perrault of 160 Sqdn. & Vancouver, B. C.

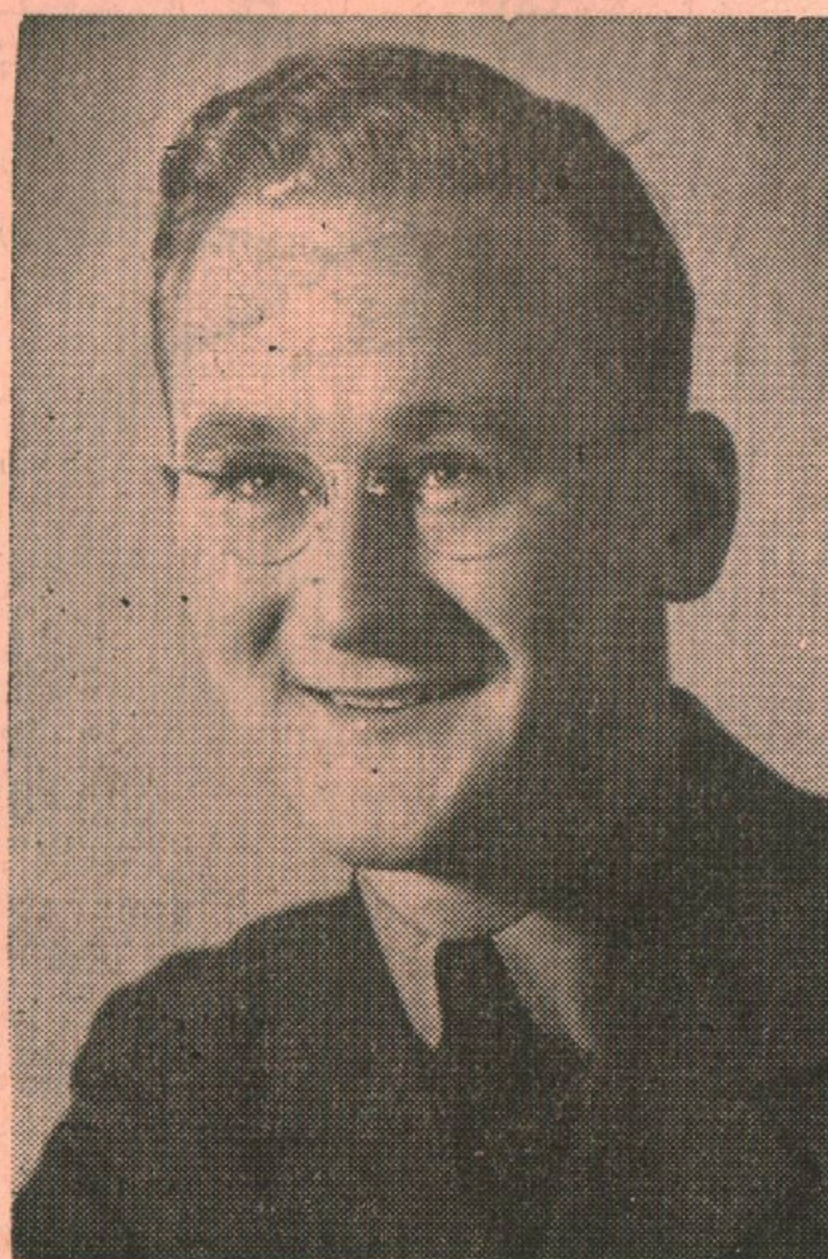
Returning from church, the son of the house was about to introduce a friend he had met there to his dad, who was somewhat deaf.

Son—"Allow me to introduce you to the new deacon."

Dad—"Eh, new dea er."

Son—"No. The new deacon. He's the son of a bishop."

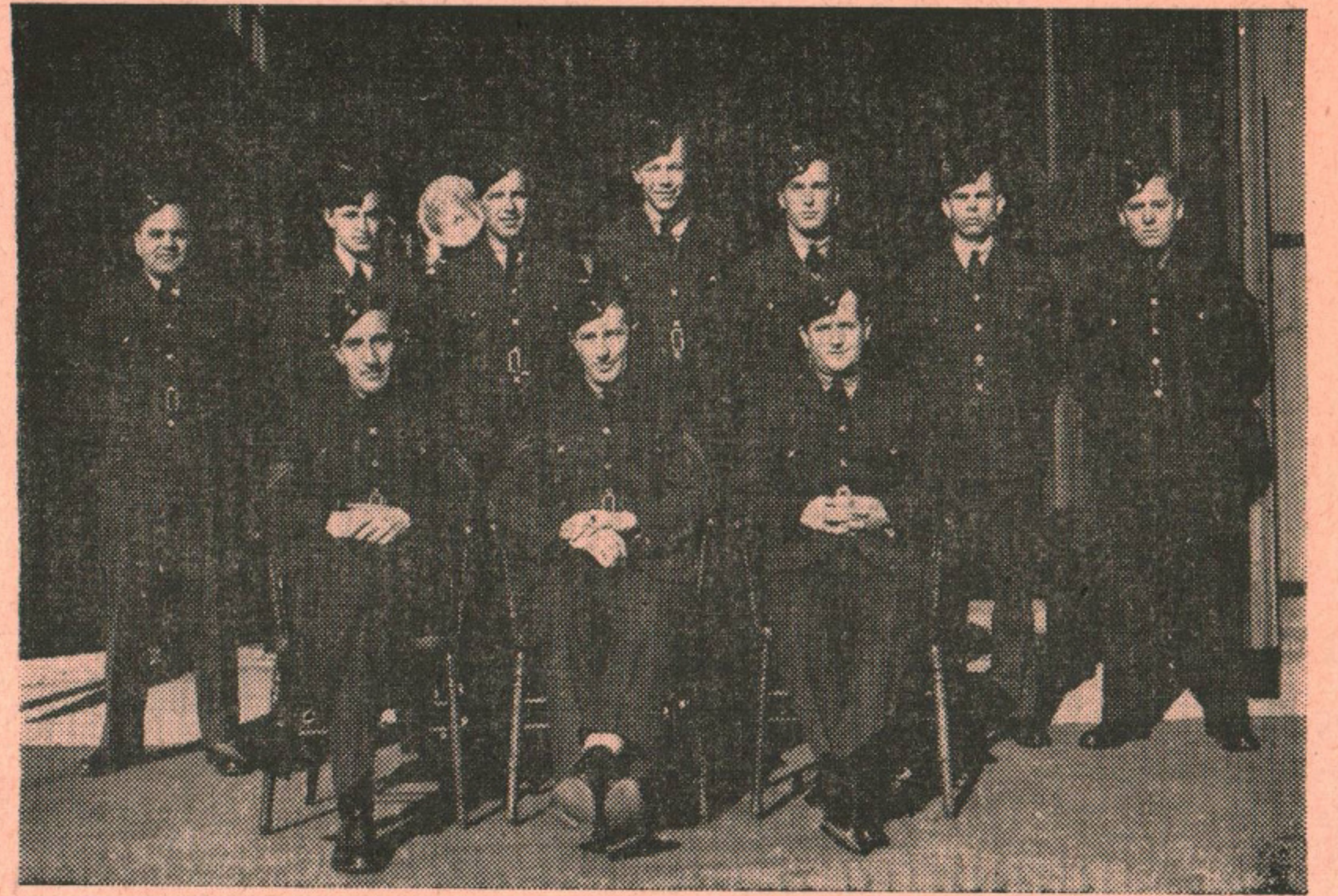
Dad—"They 'all are."



Well known Depth-Charge artist was Lac Jack Alexander—a Lancashireman now returned to England.

Airman—"May I have special leave on Wednesday, sir? It's my twenty-fifth wedding anniversary."

Officer—"What! Are we going to have to put up with this every twenty-five years?"



These were the Firefighters in '43



Our own R. C. A. F. Revue wasn't bad — 'M'M



For that 7 o'clock shadow



Depth-Charge is printed at the Yarmouth-Herald plant.

**YOUR SHEETS AND MINE OR ONE LAST GRIPE**  
By LEDSON

Sgt. Brook of the Commoner's Mess Hall, is undoubtedly ace suspect in that current mystery "The Cleao Sheet Enigma". Why? You may ask. Well figure it out. He is the only one to have gained by the scarcity of same. Whereas meals held top billing in gripping circles, the subject of dirty sheets has cheesed it's way into the lead by a clothes-pinned nose. We will jot his name down in our book and continue however.

Through consultation with the keymen of the Station, I have reached a plausible solution, executed it, and now dash off this article with intent to guide you all around the many pit-falls you may run into during this operation, namely the cleansing of sheets.

The success or failure of the whole treatment is largely dependent upon the approach. Haphazardness can not be tolerated. Bear this in mind always, and begin thusly:

Enter barrack room whistling some old refrain such as "I Love Me Truly". Place one hand in your pocket and saunter slowly down the cell, carefully picking your way around the bodies of the happy chappies who couldn't quite make it to their bunk in the early hours. This carefree, easy, attitude is most critical, for if the sack-life suspect anything, the whole a-tack will collapse, and will have to be left to a later date.

When you come to your bunk, turn and stare dreamily out of the window for a few minutes, viewing with satisfaction the great Yarmouth skyline of 20-story buildings. If there should be no window at hand give the Varga-girl pinups the eye. (You have seen them already a hundred times, but somehow one doesn't tire of this sort of rot).

Minutes tick by and now it is time to stop fooling. Summoning all of your muscles, you stand there in a dynamic tension ready for the attack. With a mighty surge of power you execute a perfect 1½ gayer, to land on your bunk at the same time slipping a packet of D.D.T. between the sheets. This will quite naturally take a little practise. Lie still, 'till all movement and coughing ceases, then, donning a pair of sterilized rubber gloves (obtainable at any operating room) slowly pull back the covers to view your work. If you are of a sadistical nature, it is permissible to break into a soft, low, fiendish laugh at this point. Others may shed a tear as they stare fixedly at their former bunk buddies, those little cannibalistic residents of Nova Scotia. Don't you feel like a heel?

It's no turning back now though, so we sweep their poor little bent and broken bodies to the floor cast aside all emotion and begin jumping and stamping, allowing maniacal laughter to ring loud. After you've wiped the froth from your mouth we'll continue.

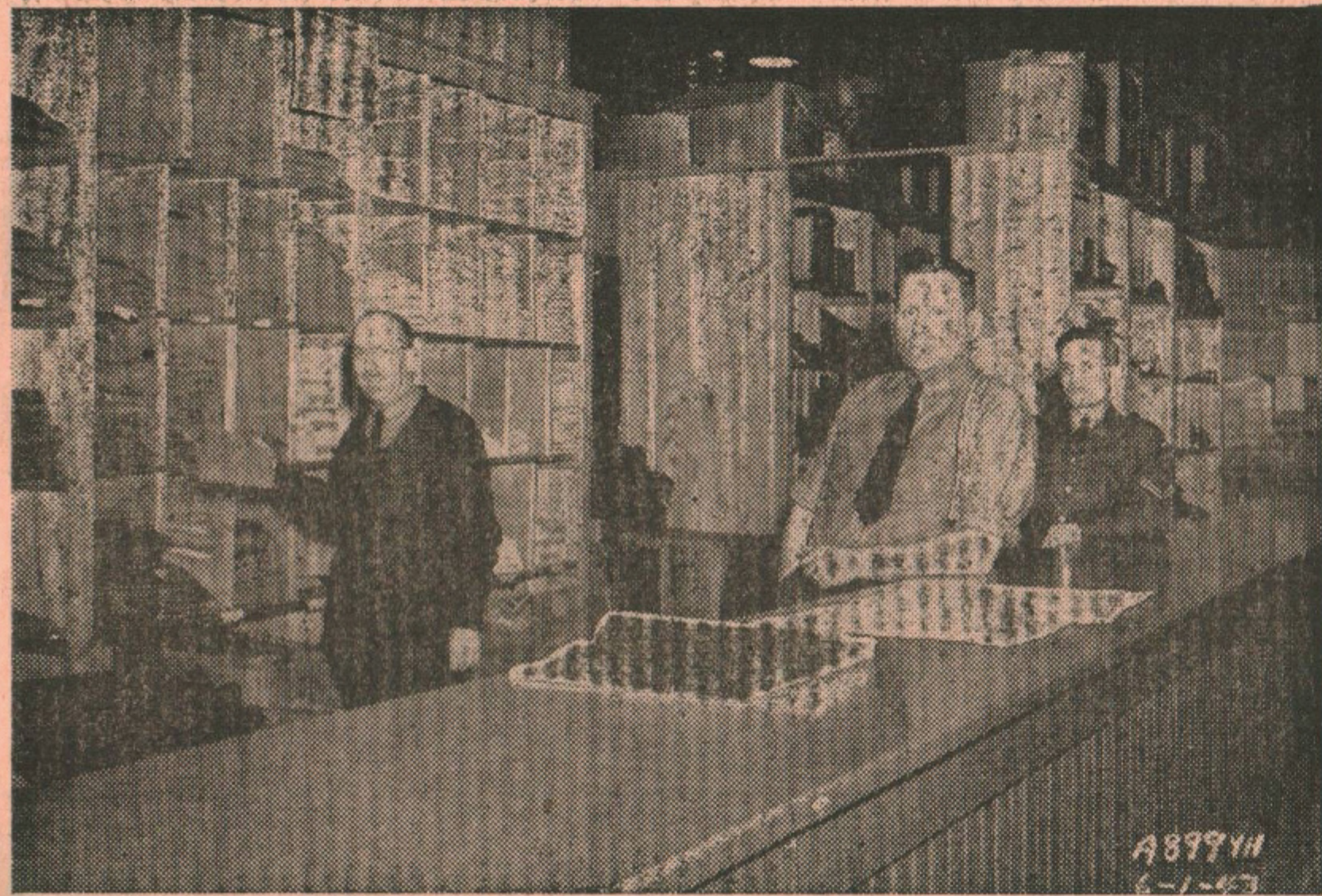
Now hold the sheets firmly in your left hand and begin running your right thumb quickly across the corner. This will separate the rich top-soil from the sheet and may be peeled easily in length strips.

This is a very dangerous compound you are handling, since it holds the power to return matter to it's neutral electrical state (easily computed from the formula  $+E - E=0$ ). Therefore peel off directly into a sink and wash down the drain before the sink collapses. We'll let somebody else worry about the pipes.)

The removing of this rich loam will disclose plant life or fungus which must be promptly sprayed with Moose Head before the air causes it to harden. If you don't use all the bottle, it is quite in



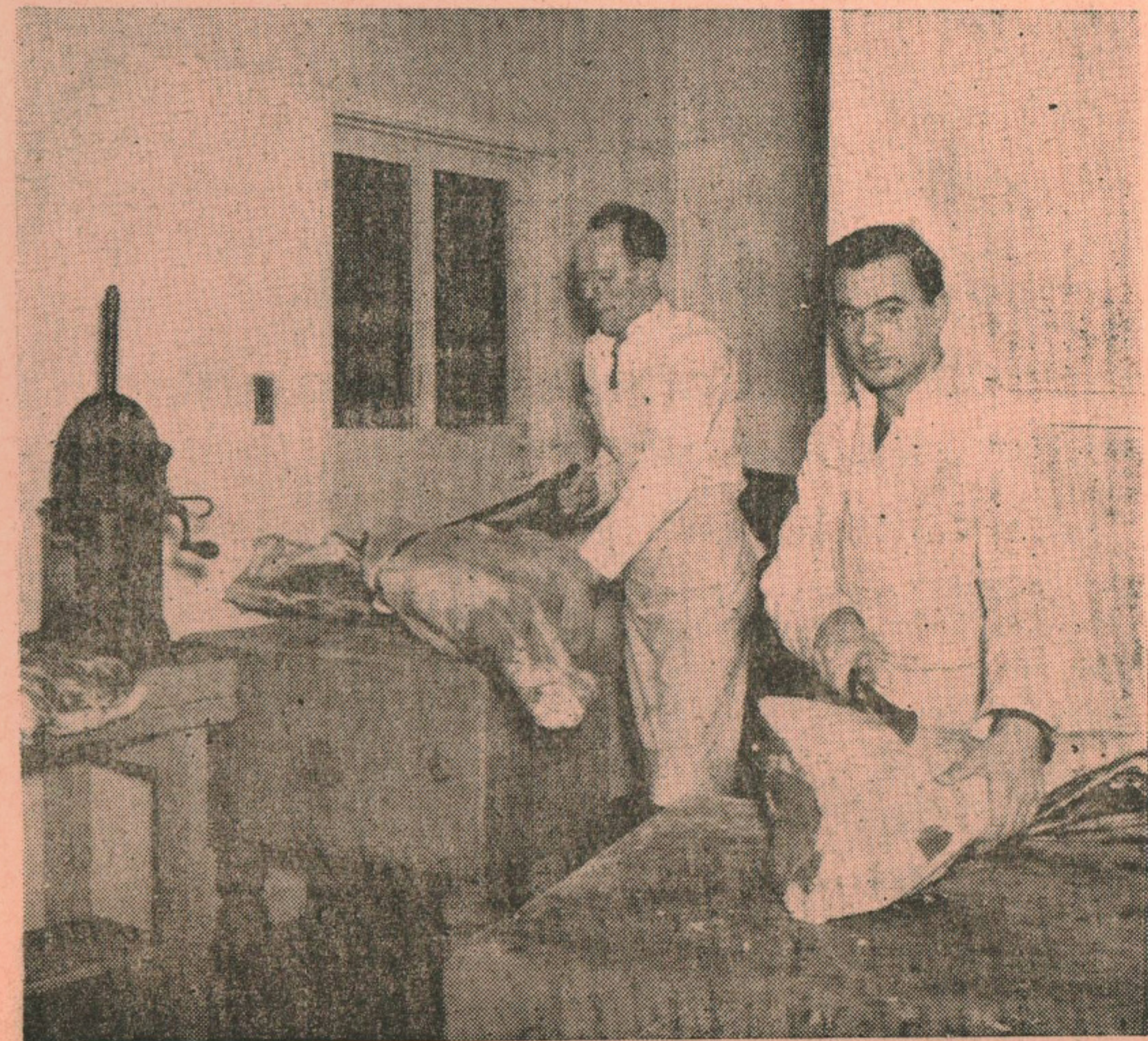
The Armourers were always busy — they said



And Clothing Stores put up a grim front



A good percentage of Airmen donated blood at local clinic



And roast beef was the order of nearly every day



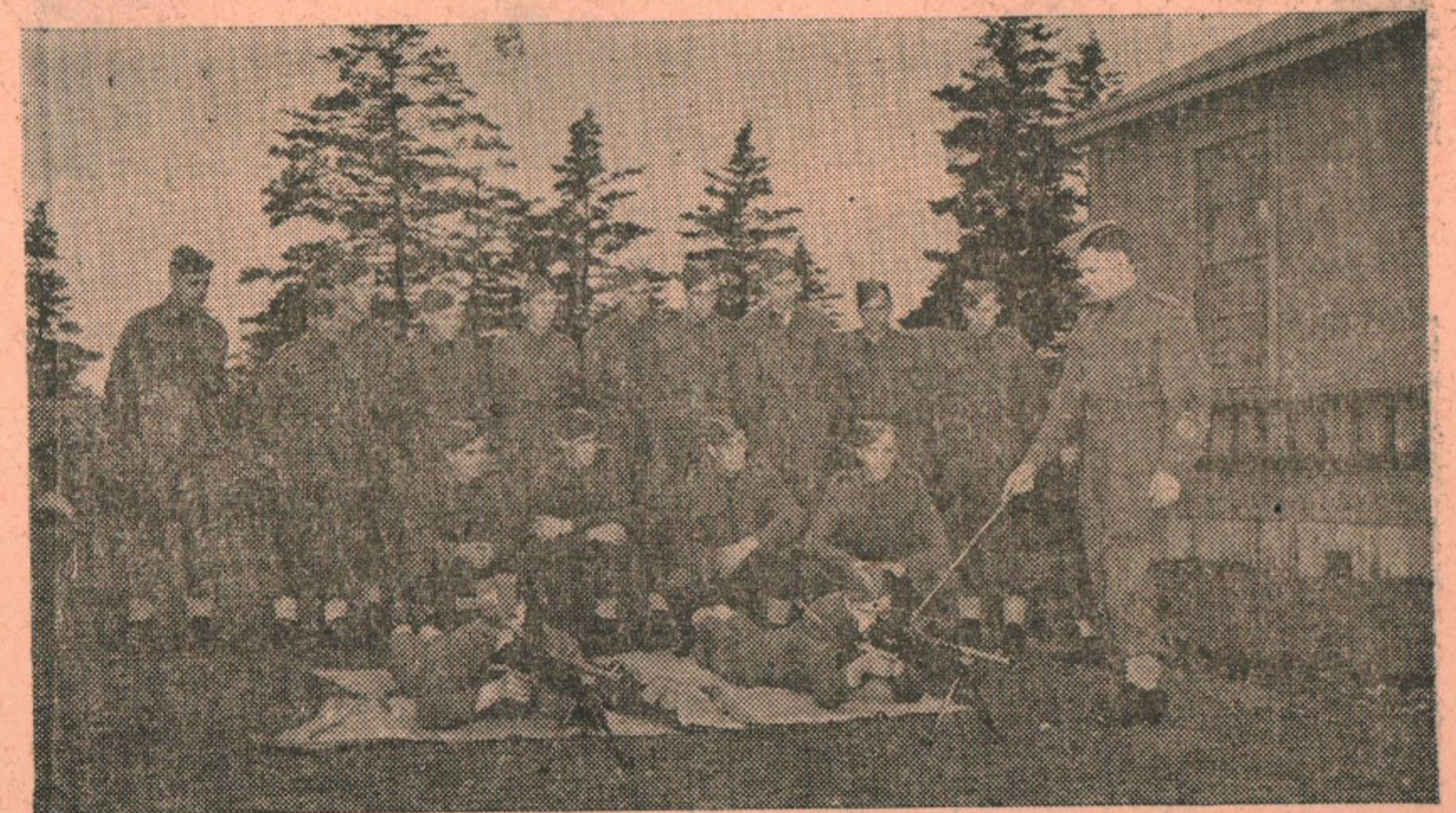
The Royal Navy staged some cross country races



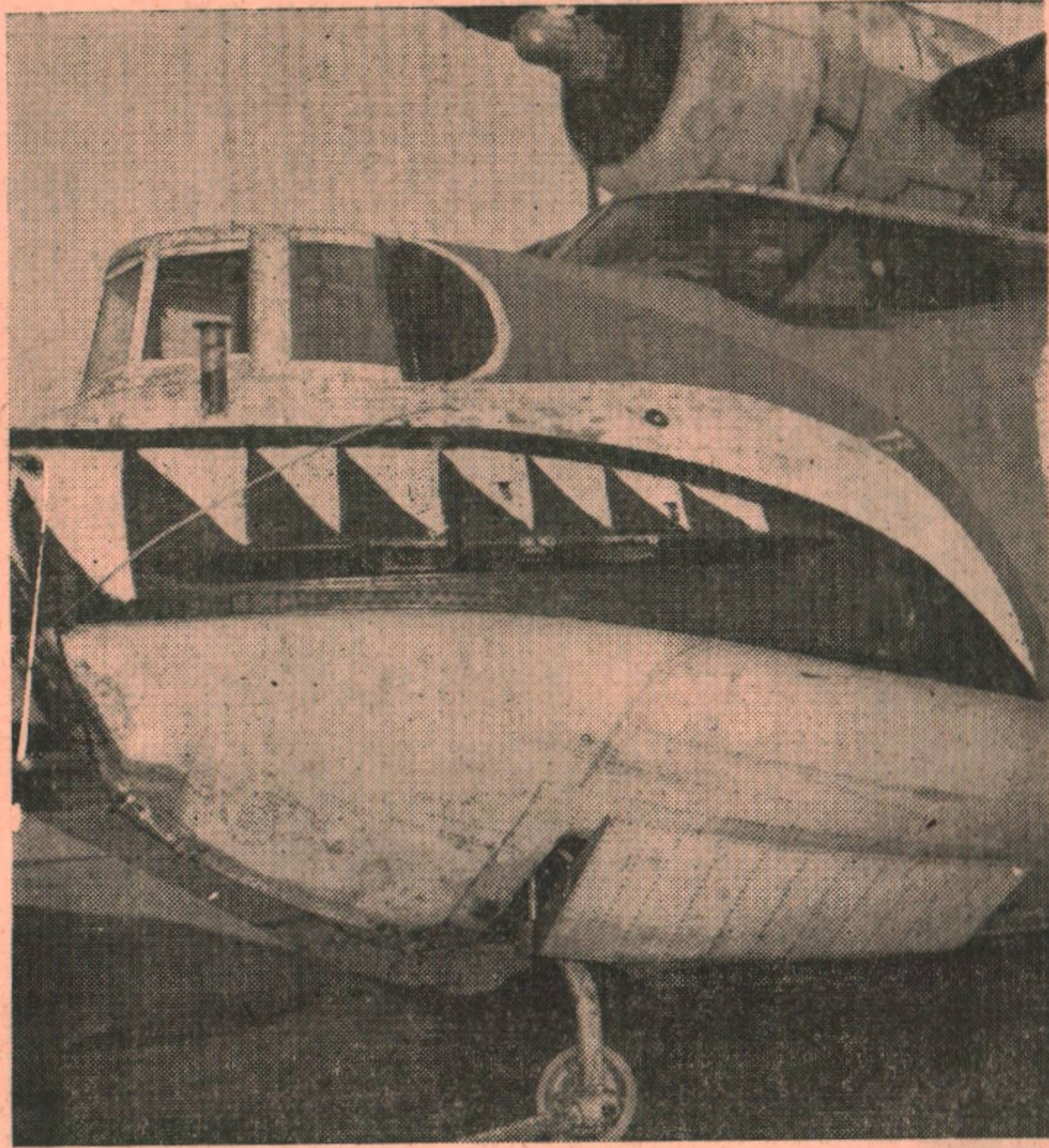
And produced a fine artist in the person of L/S Hill



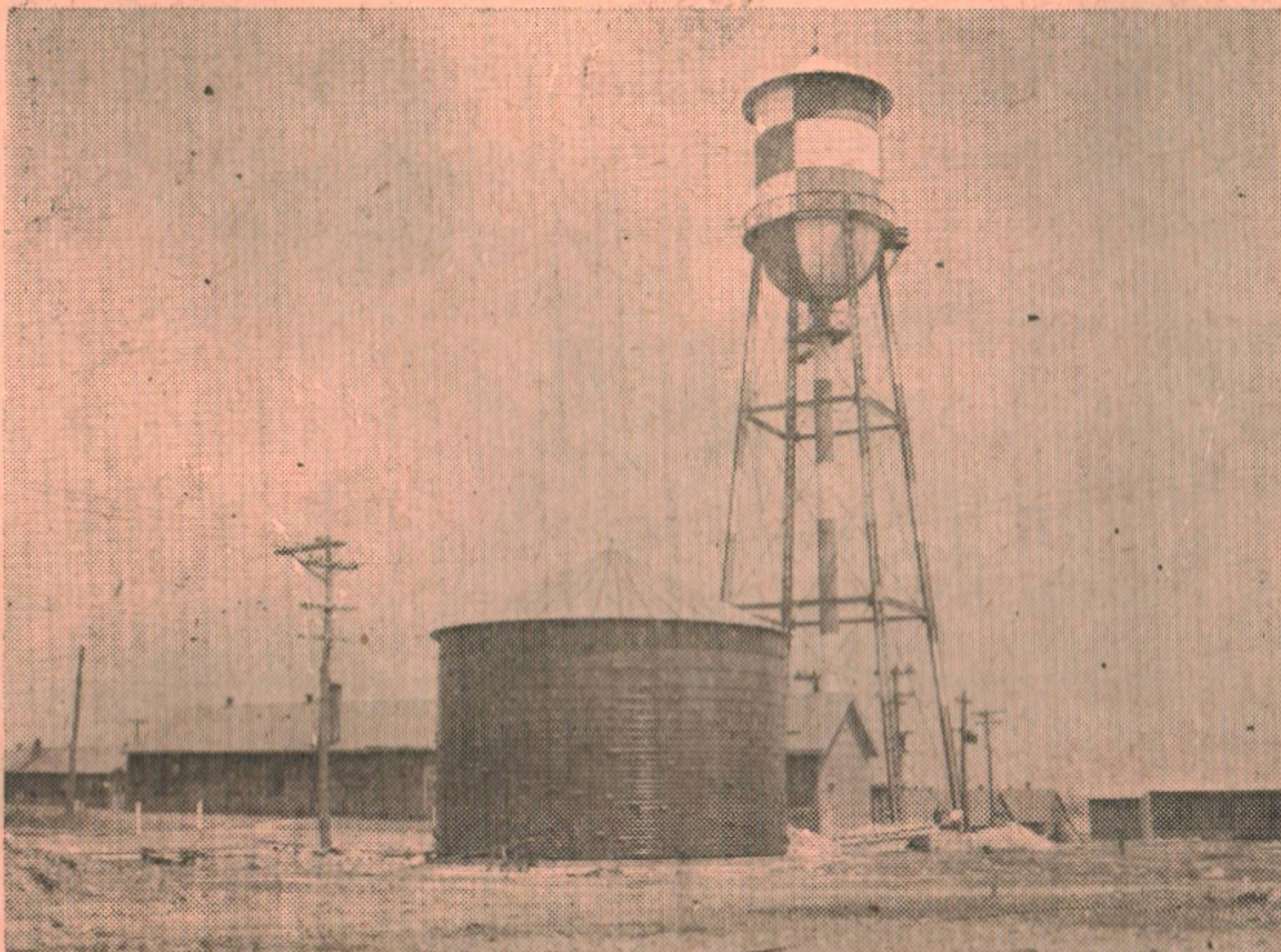
This was the staff of DEPTH-CHARGE, 1944



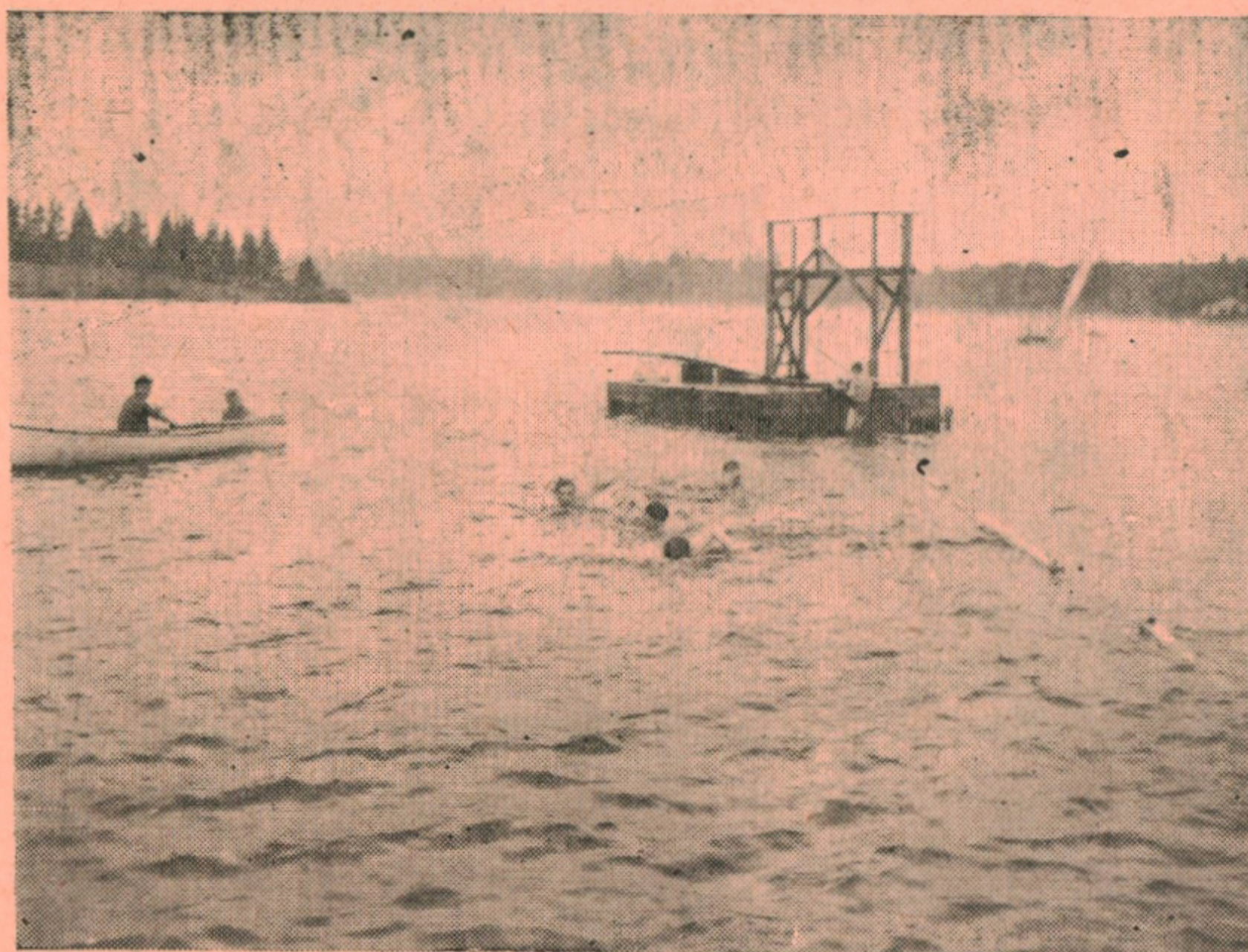
And the Ack-Ack Battery, 1943



5BR had their own Flying Tiger



A new Water Tower was built in '44



Lake Milo was a popular retreat



And thru it all Terry whee'ed his cokes.

order to quaff-off the rest. Now if you are still endowed with your vision, produce a knife (can be stolen in advance from the Mess). Deftly scrape off the new-formed paste, being careful not to let it come in contact with bare flesh. Anytime now, you ought to be getting your first glimpse of actual burlap. Run swiftly and fling sheet into boiling cauldron, previously heated with your chum's lighter. Allow to simmer for 2 to 3 days and if their presence still persists, whip them out the window neatly onto the telephone lines 40 yards hence, setting your pals agape with amazement and proud they know such a clever person as you.

Throw the water away lest it cools to form a purple jelly which is highly explosive.

Wait 'till the sheets are barely damp and mounting a step-ladder handy, commence to beat, using a stainless steel bar until dry. This will take ten to twelve hours on a rainy day, but then the muscle building qualities are wonderful. This step is referred to as tempering and must be carried out to a high degree of accuracy, since a flaw left in the material will reduce the resilience and tensile strength causing buckling and bending later.

Now, if you have made any variations in any of the procedure or failed to carry them out with Gruen-like timing, you may as well dump the lot in the garbage can, skip up to stores and make your repayment. (Easily though, those garbage cans are only made of sheet metal).

If, however, you are intelligent enough to score success, sneak down to the other end of the barrack-room around 2 p.m., when traffic is light, and switch them for the Barrack Corporals. You can bet his aren't more than a week old.

**THE PAY OFF**

Hey! what's going on around here? Migosh, why didn't some of you guys tell us the place was closing down! Everybody but us knows things and never tells us. The war may be over for you but as far as we can see, its just started for us. First VE day and we worked twice as hard and then somebody thought up VJ day and we worked four times as hard and thats where we've been ever since — down in the Account Section working. So we come out fo lunch and half the station's gone! Well, it will be nice to go home and have a nice long rest, about 1946 sometime.

Oh! that reminds us. Those goodbyes, and handshakes are making us soft but we have to apologize for the tough manner we've had to use lately, locking doors, no pay, and stuff like that. Most discouraging to you and we didnt like it, but with thousands of you banging on the doors you gave us quite a scare.

So its SOS for now and we're wishing you many happy returns of pay day from now on.

Be seeing you in Vancouver soon.

Airman, on island: "I'm forgetting women here."

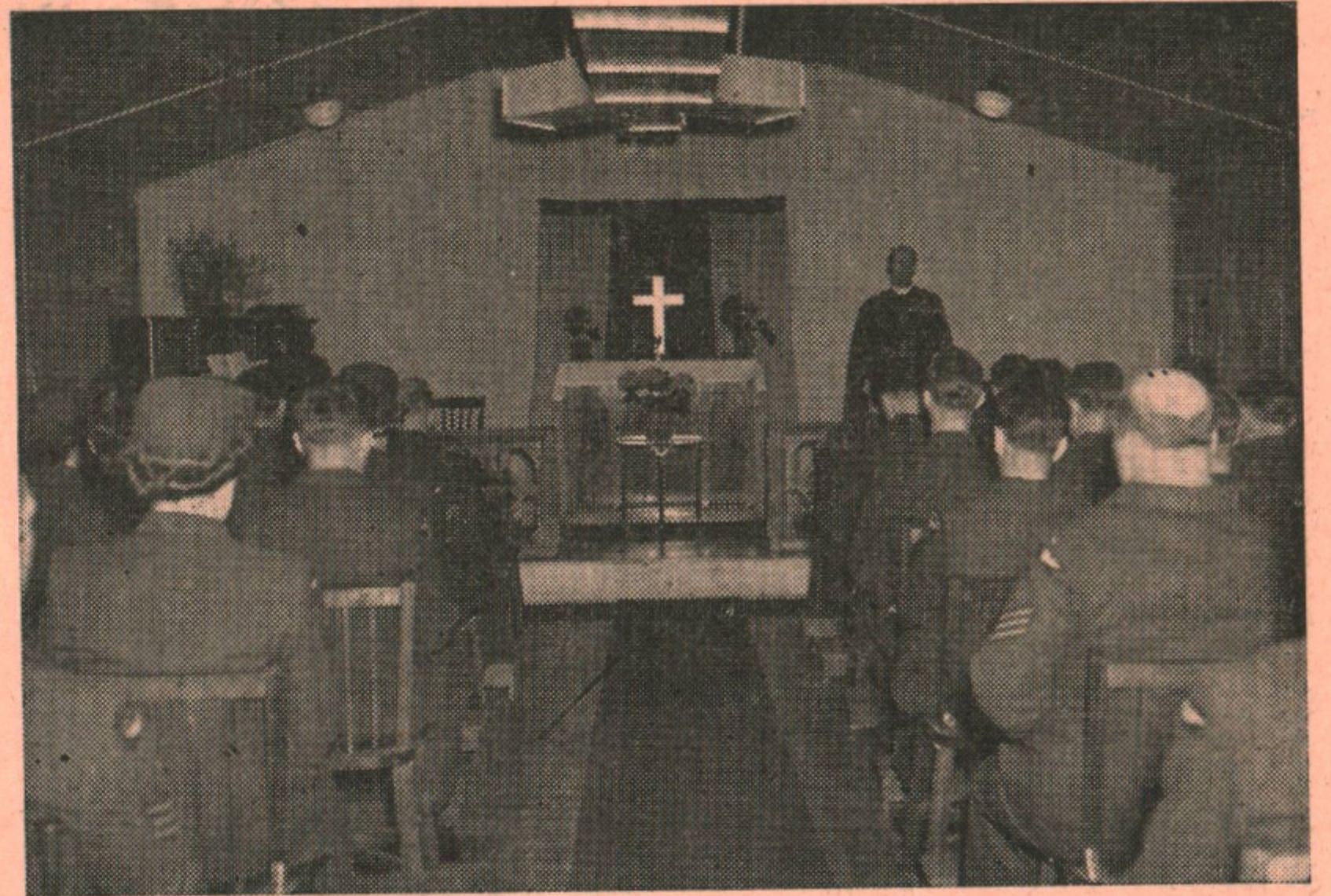
Corporal: "I'm for getting women here too."

**RADIO QUIPS:**

Bob Hope at a WAVE centre — "This is the first time I've ever seen Petty Officers with petty figures."... Daddy explains to Baby Snooks—"A girdle is a device to keep an unfortunate situation from spreading."..... Frank Morgan—"I was lucky. I met her at the age when her voice was changing from 'no' to 'yes'!"

Hospital Assistant: "What is the first thing you'd do if you got hydrophobia?"

Airman: "Bite the S.W.O."



The Chapel was opened in 1944



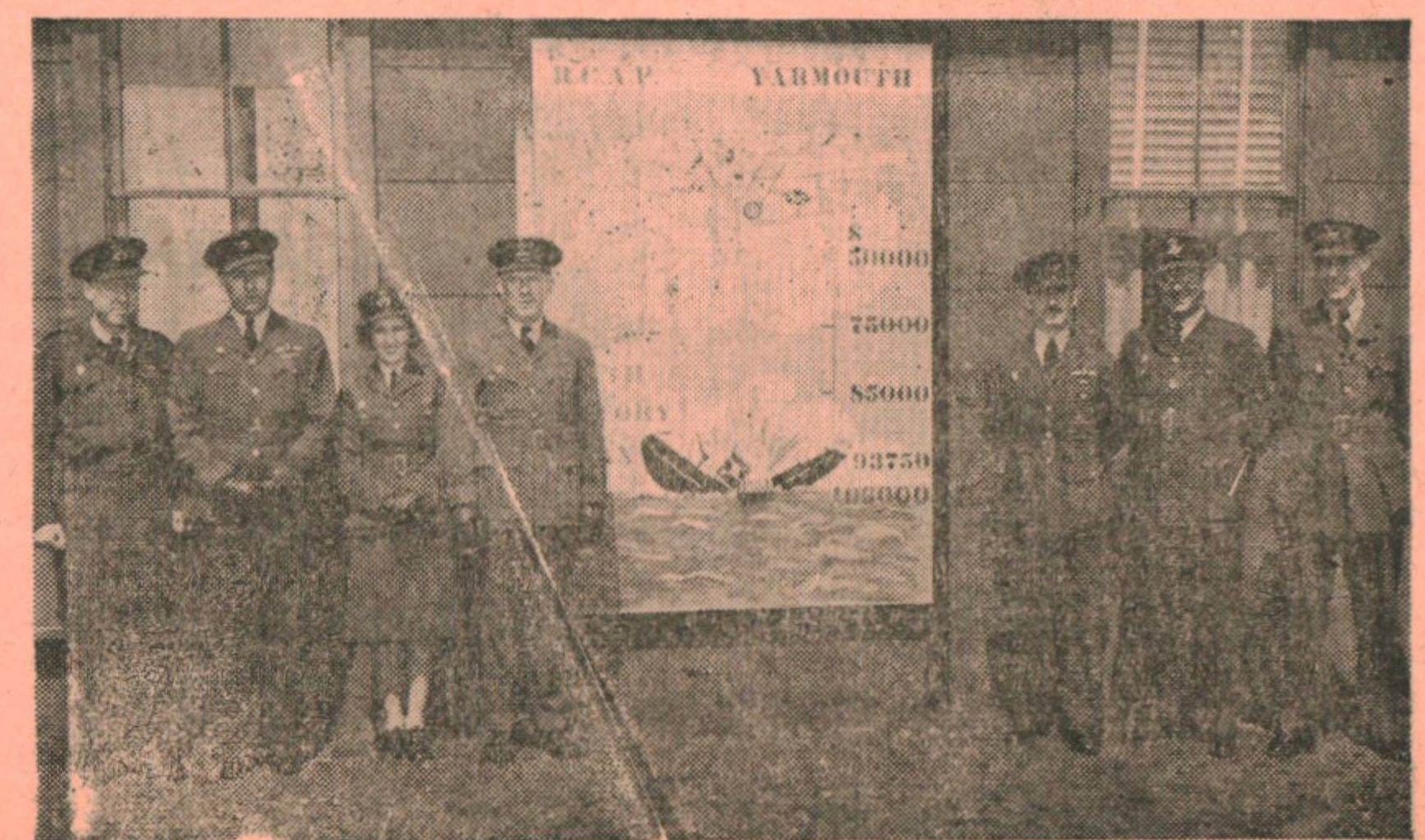
The Tower Staff — 1944



In February, '44, the Navy gave us a grand show



And inspections were still popular (?)



In Victory Loans this Station always went over the top.

Our Y. M. C. A. Supervisors included:

# First W.Ds. To Arrive In Yarmouth



Stan Wadlow



Al Benson



O. K. Presby



and Jules Zeller

MAC KRY C  
MAC CRIMMON E.E.  
SMITH S.G.  
BEHAN M.  
DUPUIS W.  
LINTON H.M.  
MIGEL I.S.  
HOLMES R.F.  
KRAFTCHECK M.A.  
MCKEE M.J.  
KINGSLEY L.E.  
DUPUIS W.  
GREENWOOD V.M.  
MacEACHERN M.M.  
STEWART M.D.  
SMITH A.M.  
SMITH P.K.  
REESOR W.J.  
ROSS M.P.  
McNEIL M.J.  
ROONEY F.J.  
GORDON B.F.  
LENNON R.M.  
S.O. SCOTT P.M.  
EMMERSON M.W.  
LEARMONTH M.J.  
KIRKLAND P.H.  
BIRKELL H.K.  
ALLEN M.A.  
GILLON G.M.  
COUSIN L.J.  
KEEBLE D.E.  
MELANSON R.K.  
BORROW M.G.  
RODGES F.R.  
BOOTH S.F.  
FRASER A.J.  
M'NUGHTON M.C.  
OLDS G.W.  
WATTS L.M.  
BOYCE L.D.  
FRASER A.J.  
CUPPAGE G.G.  
FRASCH E.  
WILLIAMS M.J.  
ROBERTS J.L.  
GAGE M.  
BOWMAN E.M.  
NICHOLSON V.M.

FIRST WOMEN'S CONTINGENT  
R.C.A.F.  
YARMOUTH N.S.

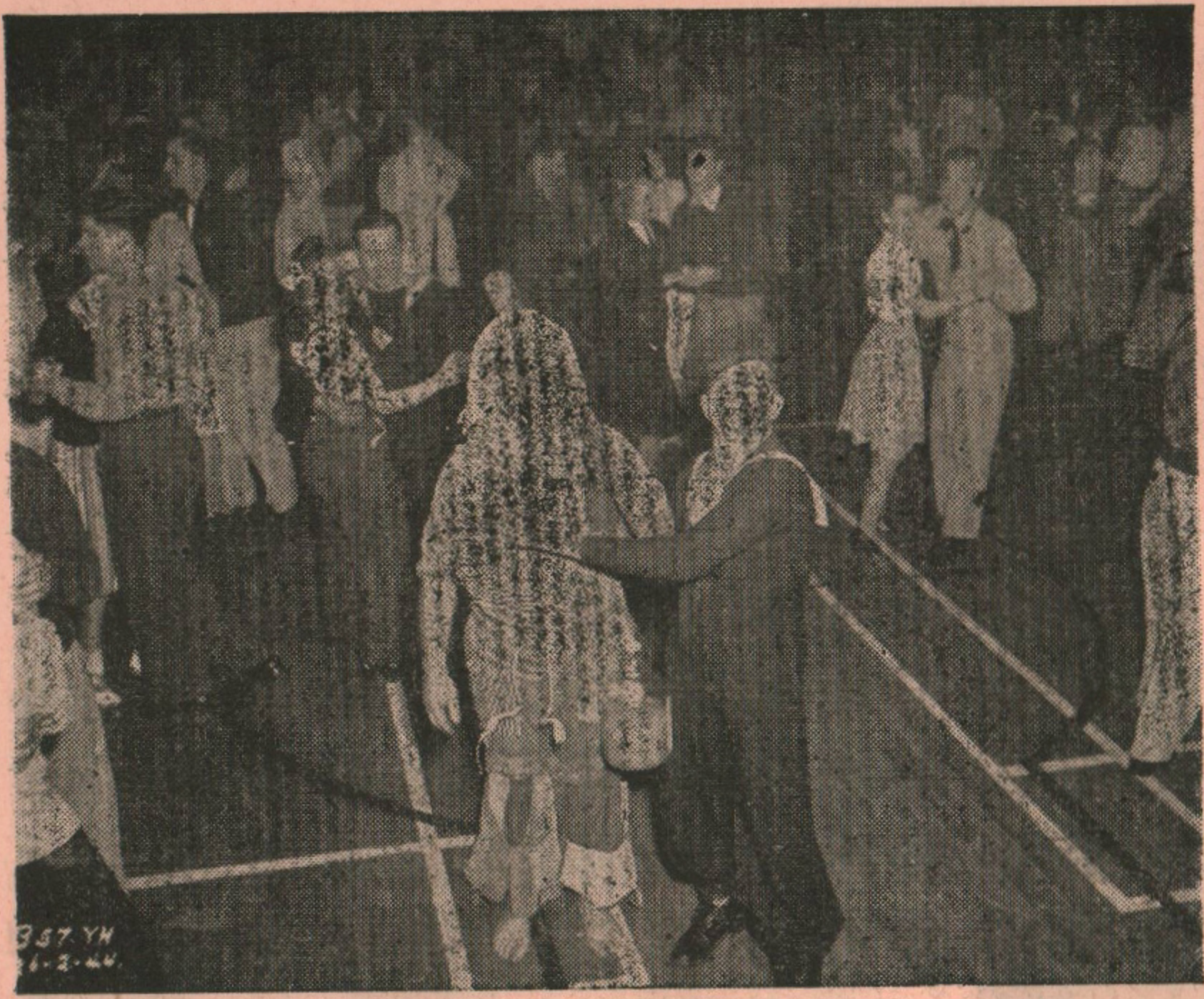
On October 26, 1944, the first W.Ds. arrived on this Station under the leadership of S/O P. M. Scott. Most of the old original's have since been discharged or posted, but there are still a few on the Station.



In '43 — '44 the Station boasted a modern pigeon loft.



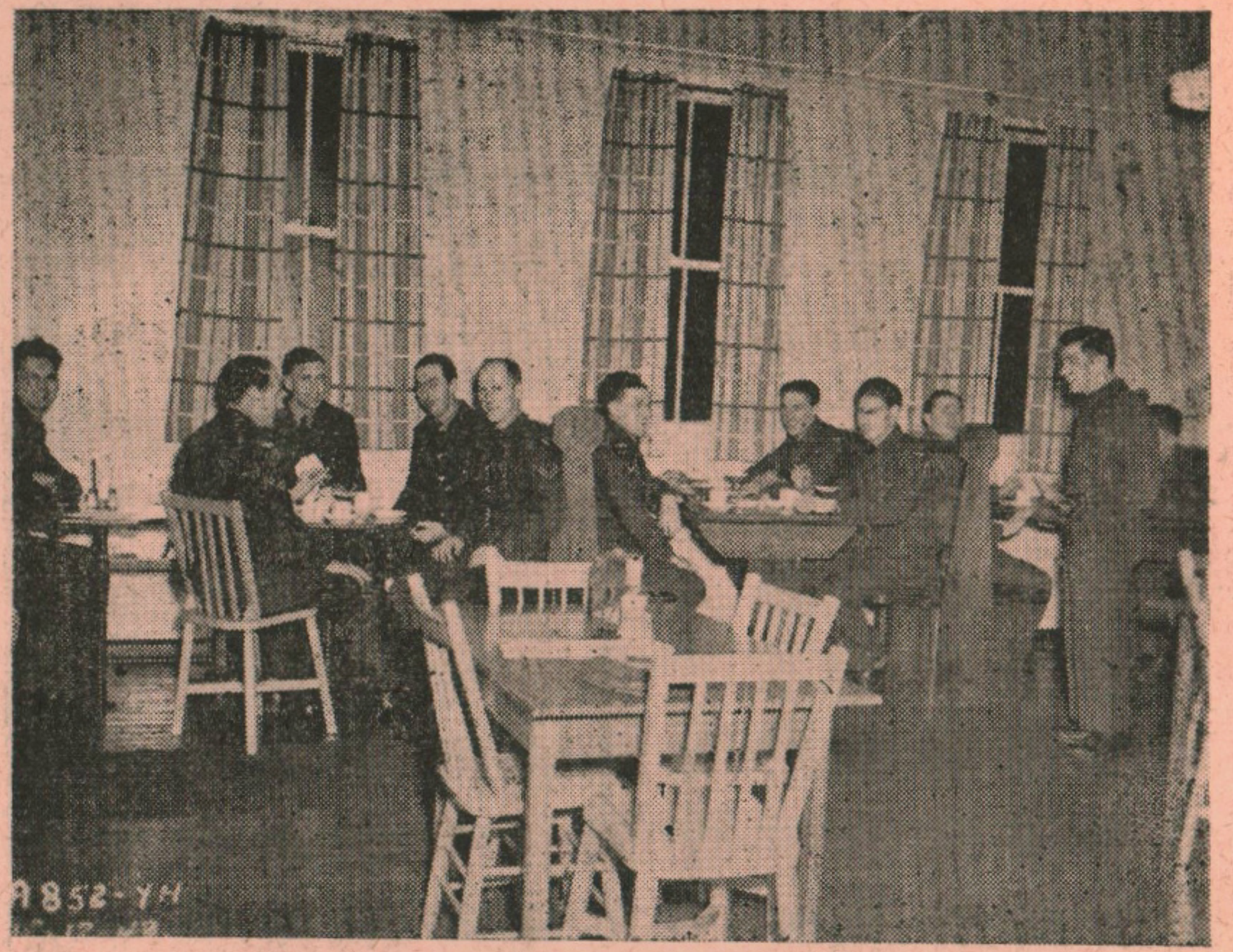
Popular messing Officer was S/O E. E. MacMurphy.



Hairless Joe at the Sadie Hawkins Dance — '44.



Sgt. Eddie Bennett — 1st N.C.O.  
i/c Snack Bar



Snack Bar opened December '43.



The Senior N.C.Os. didn't do bad at Christmas either!



And one of his Chefs



And Saint Nick came along at the appropriate time



Champion Softball Team in '44 came from Accounts



F/O N. R. Waddington,  
our 2nd Editor



Waiters in the Airmen's Mess, Christmas '44.



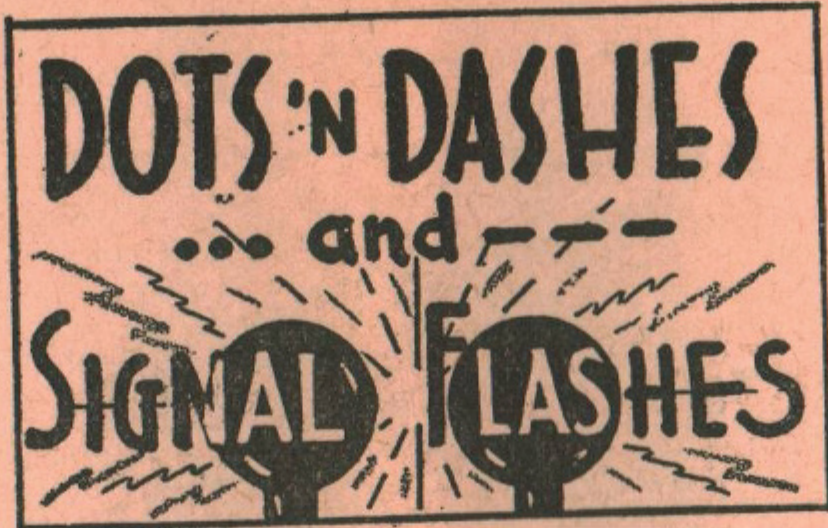
And the Toy Shop in '44 produced some excellent gifts



In March '45, the Corporal's Club was opened



Some people always found cause for celebrating



Yarmouth, Sept. 14, 1945... Yarmouth Golf and country club sustained numerous attacks from the men of HQ signals, West camp, tonight, as the Air Force deployed upon their objective, well supplemented by trucks, station wagons, women and refreshments. (Refreshments?) At this late hour, reports still filter in, indicating the fierce action is still in progress, casualties, one LAW, one Sergeant.

Such was the way the local press could have reported our little brawl. But did they? No sir! Not a word was uttered. So, dear folk, it behooves two humble LAC'S to record for posterity the "doings" of said night. We have to talk of many things, of high Officers, of lowly airmen, and of civilians, and believe us it's no easy problem to remember all. So when YOU read this, if you're forgotten, we're sorry if we've remembered you, we're glad. Its really nothing on a big station.

Naturally we deem it fitting to mention our Commanding Officer first. But what can we say? Not much really. Lets sum it up by thus going out on a limb, and saying that we've never before seen the "boss" enjoy himself so much at any other party which we've had the pleasure of attending. For Mrs. Davis, with the C.O.'S forgiveness, may we say that the fellows really think she's swell. And so to Group Captain and Mrs. Davis, our heartfelt thanks for honouring us with their presence, and contributing very materially to the success of the party.

S/L Grant, and F/L Bishopric (gay old dog isn't he girls?) were very much in attendance. Miss Williams handed Mr. Grant an inglorious defeat with 2 falls to his one.

Sgt. Ince of Cypher was quite the bell of the ball, but had to be subdued in the latter part of of the evening. Complaint? Running across the ceiling screaming. "Qzot Zmob Chqr-Benson"... watch that lad!

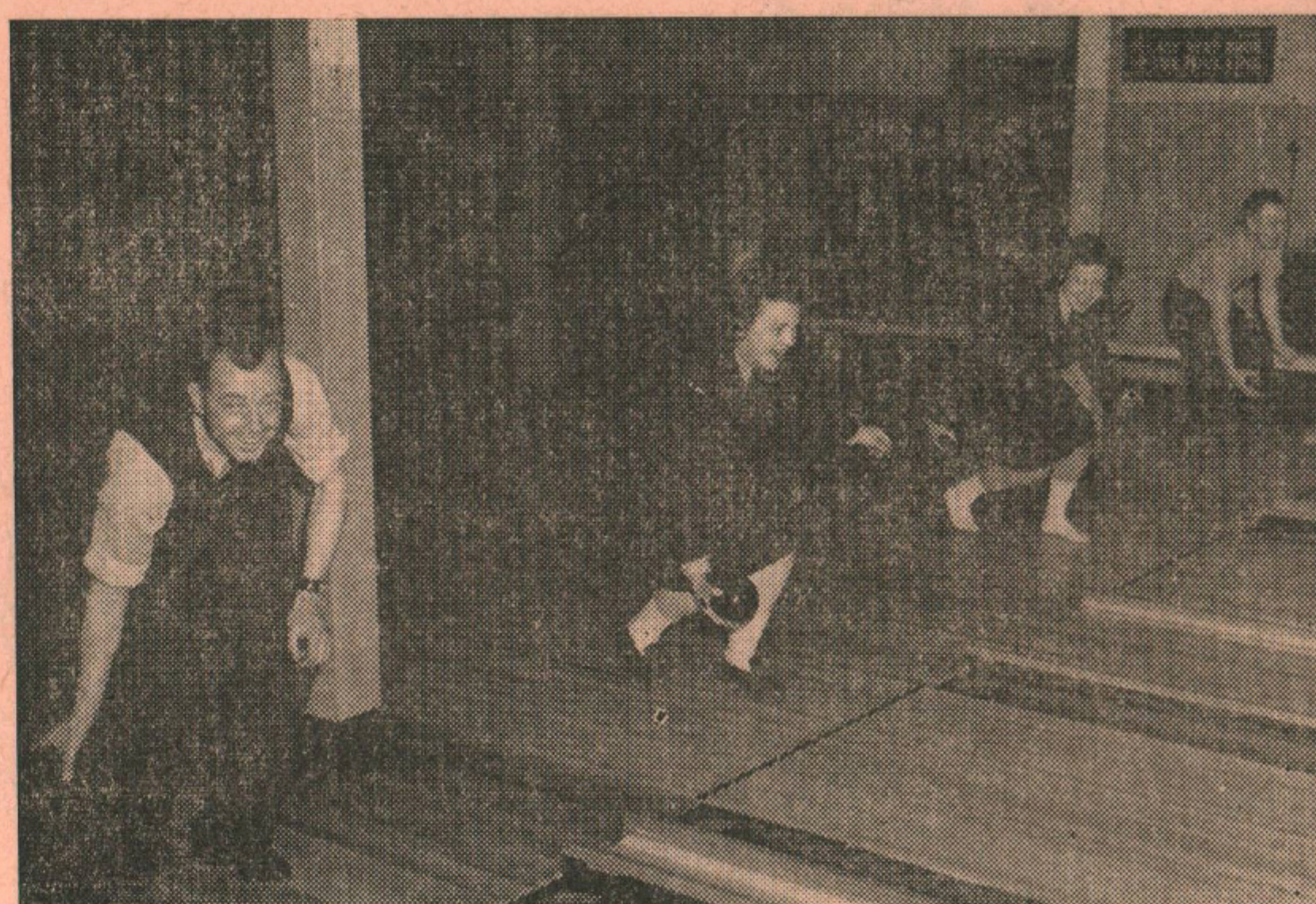
Jules Zeller of the "Y" was all set to present "Maisie" but someone spilt rum in the machine, and Maisie was too tight to stand up, let alone put on a show. Rummy isn't it?

There were many of the "people in the street" of the section, who did their little bit, we'll try to mention a few and let it go at that. The driver of the truck to the club, really thought he was back in good old England. He drove down to the club with his lights off...the way he hit that driveway, was a joy to behold. Radar had nothing on him. Some good that guy, better give him his "A" group...must eat carrots.

Danter as general manager, when he attempted to organize, someone had forgotten the bones... Jones "the postman", as doorman, one ticket for the company, one ticket for my Tena... wipe your feet please. Cairney kept the four walls reverbrating in his usual good natured manner: twenty watts thru a ten watt speaker, what a man. Got a tube manual handy? Sgt. Spafford held the post of coke and kerosene man, cokes for the young'uns, kerosene for the rubbies...the line forms on the right (for the kerosene).

Some mention was made of floor prizes for spot dances... nobody could find the spot... nice pickings Cairney.

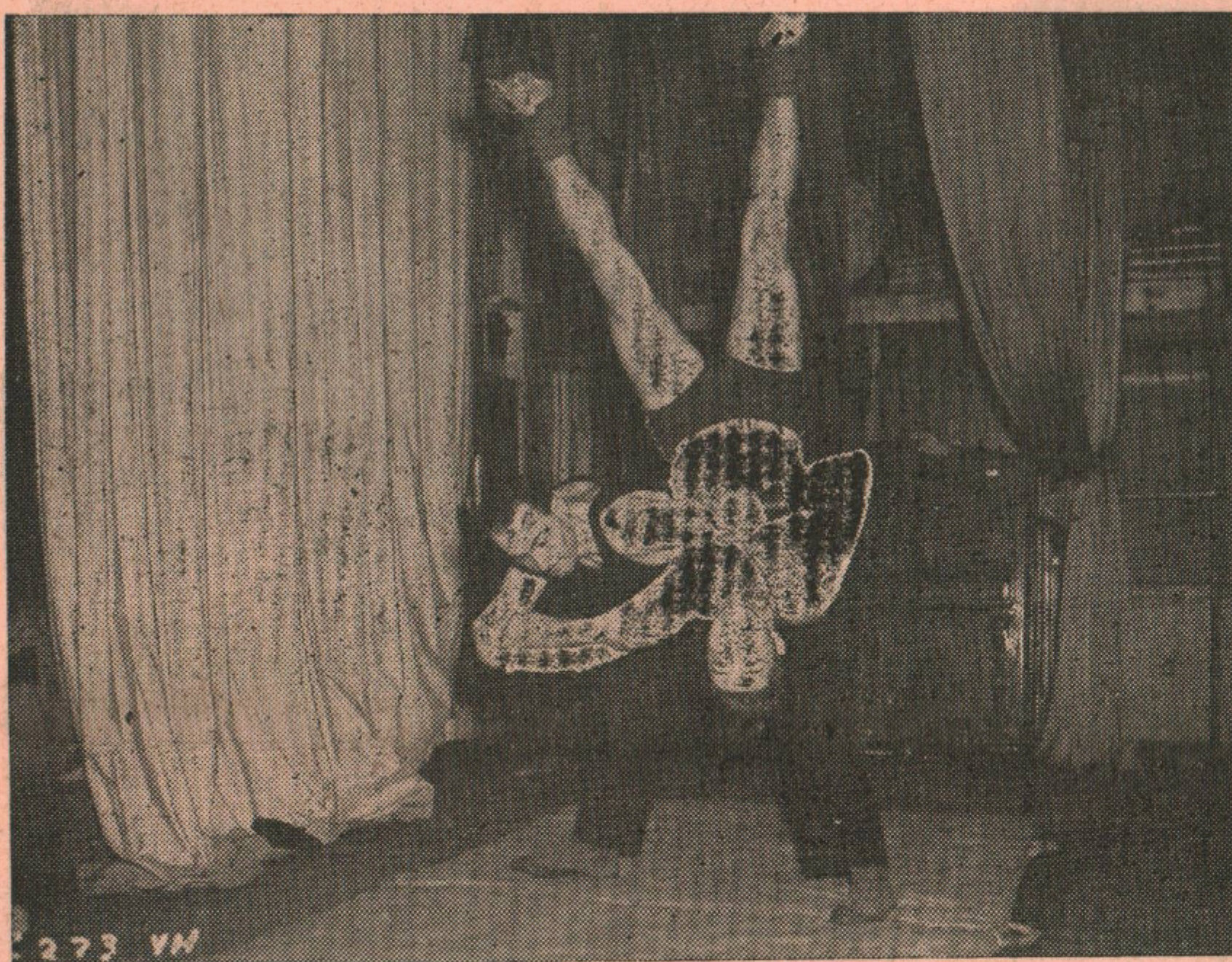
Some of our girls presented themselves as stunning examples of womanhood, with their low cut civvy dresses, n'everything. Competition in the form of Yarmouth



On March 31st, 1945, the Bowling Alleys were opened



Mrs. R. C. Davis, wife of the C. O., cut the official ribbon



And the Judo Instructor, WO1 Dickson, must have his fun



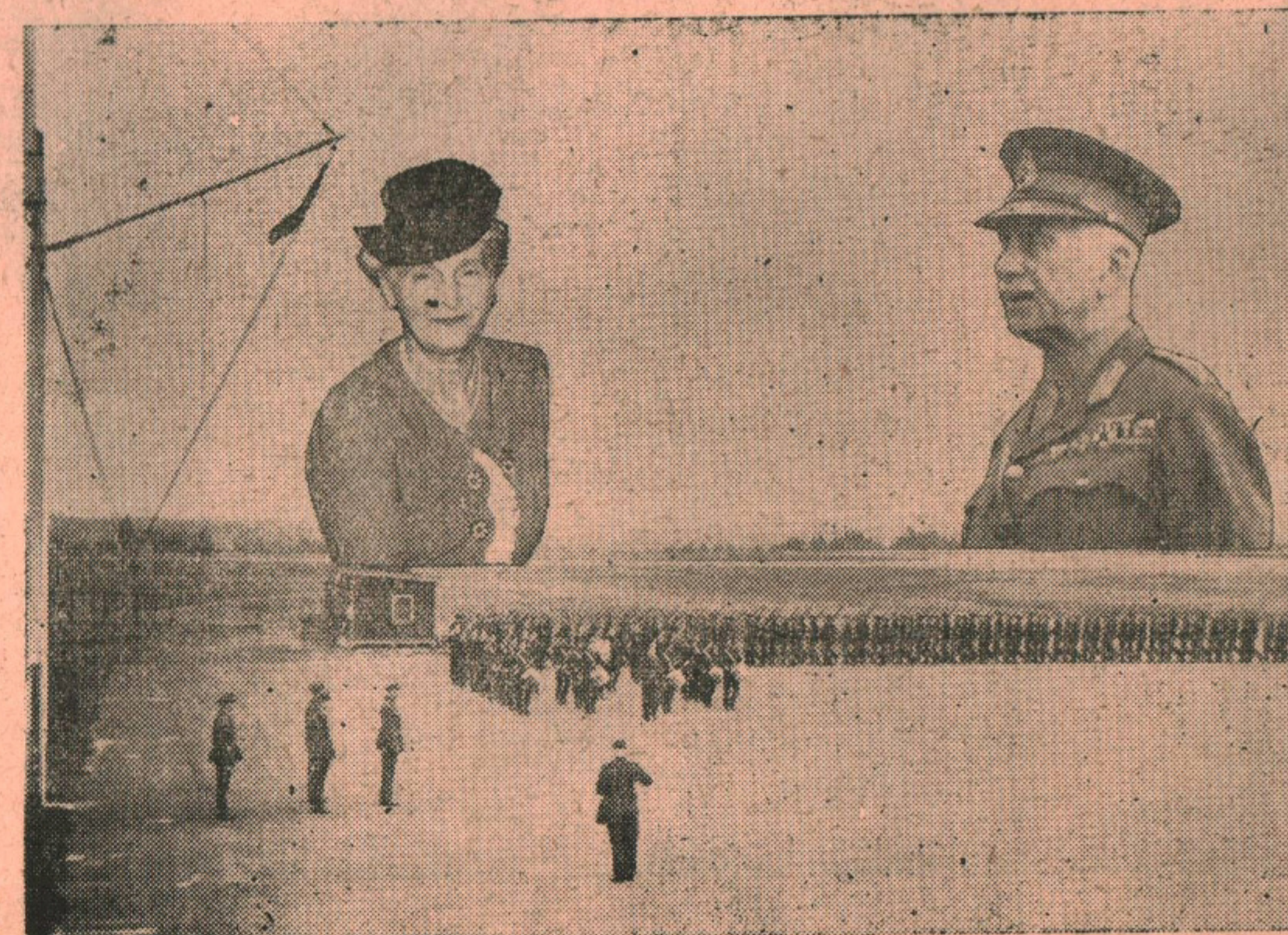
Discussion groups for post-war plans were formed in 1944



And Yarmouth won four prizes at E.A.C. Arts and Crafts



And later in the season the W.Ds. produced the E.A.C. Champion Bowling Team



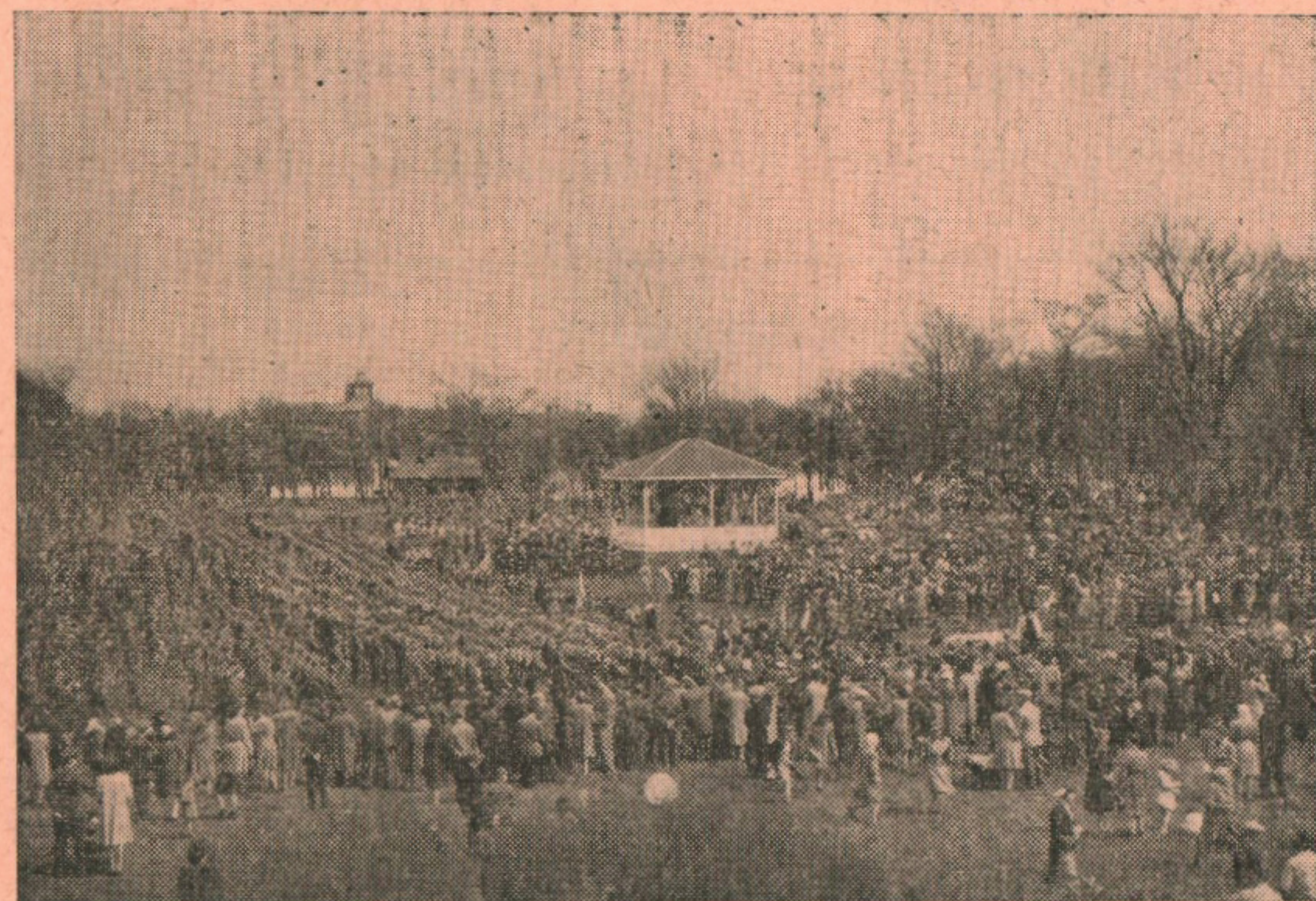
Governor-General and Princess Alice visited the Station



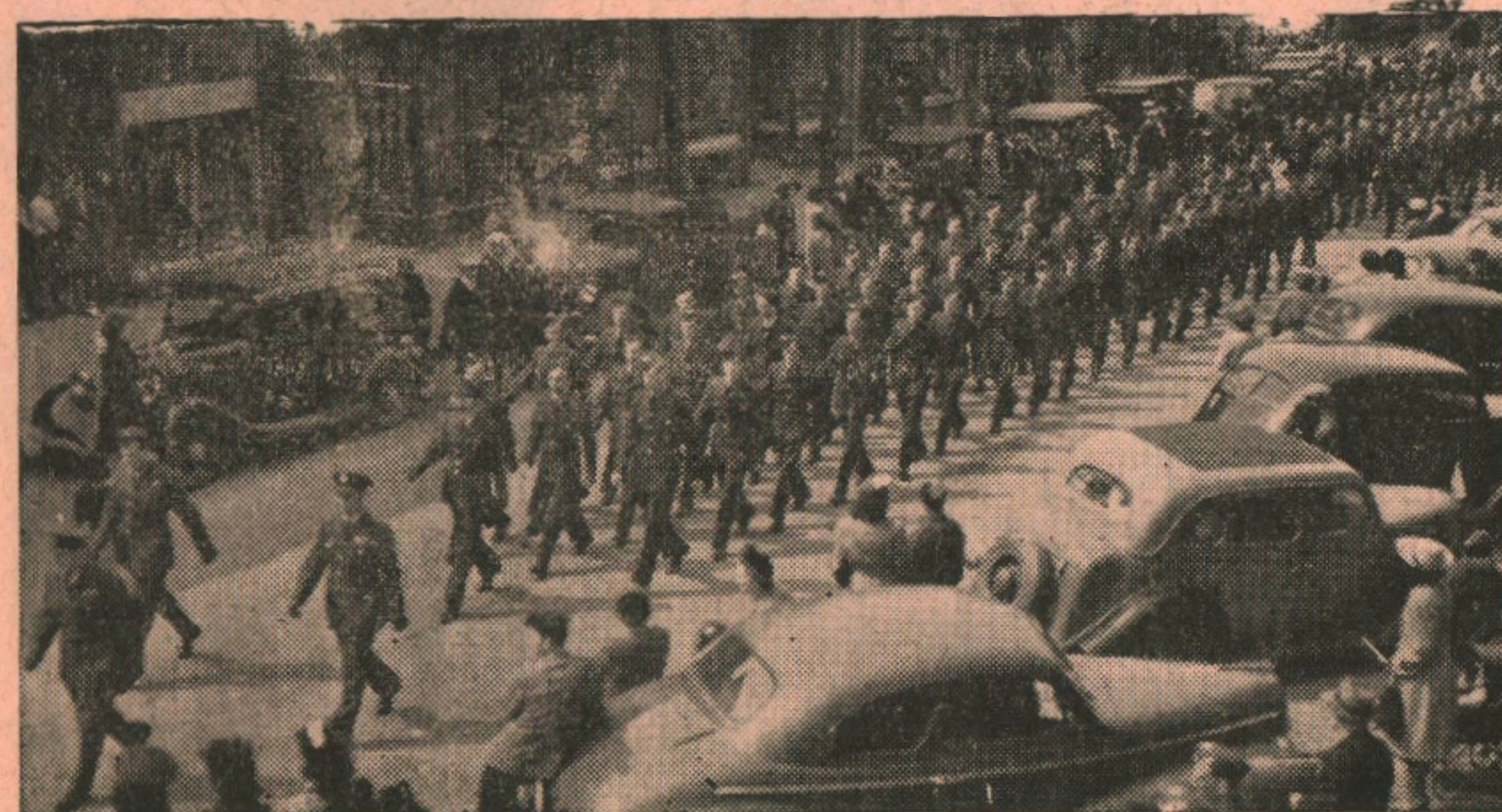
Then came V-E Day and V-J Day



With Their Attendant Dances



— and Ceremonies



— and Parades!

hostesses, came out prepared for the worst, and got it...not enough men.

Which should be a good contribution for Mister Ripley.

The MT driver, and his commendable help with the "prostrates" and dead-beats kept the party on a reasonably high standard. A good word may be said for our RAF Sgt. Hickling who risked dishpan hands to do his bit in the kitchen. Damned good show Sarg...says the Sarg... "H've never 'ad 'arf as jolly a time for a long while."

We nearly banged good old Yarmouth Country Club into the bay. But who cares, we had fun...

On the serious side for one moment; Major "The Bishop" presented F/L "Hutch" Hutchinson with a ring, as a token of our esteem for a truly good job done as boss-man. "Hutch" in turn introduced our new O. C. F/O Benson, who was welcomed by one and all.

And so two A.M. found the mob making a determined effort for the general direction of the Station. We returned by truck (with the lights on), and a bottle of pickles was enjoyed by all. Burp...Burp...

One of our veteran LAC's returning to barracks, after considerable talk with the S.A.O. went to sleep thinking of his coming posting, next morning he had his discharge....

Submit all claims, lawsuits, and inquiries to the know it all... the "Jonesledson combine..."

That is all.

v

An airman was suffering the agonies of a terrific hangover "May I fix you a Bromo-Seltzer?" asked the Canteen Steward solicitously.

"Ye gods, no, moaned the lad in blue, "I couldn't stand the noise!"

He was the frail Frank Sinatra type. . . she sweet and receptive, but realistic.

"When I crush you in my arms like this," he whispered, "what are you thinking of?"

Without hesitation she replied: "The manpower shortage."

Repeat—"When we were shot down in the South Seas and marooned for six weeks, I had only one companion...a beautiful blonde.

Acey-Ducey—"What did you do for food?"

Repeat—"Well, you've got me there...darned if I remember."

Armourer—"I don't wear suspenders."

Firefighter—"How do you keep your pants up?"

Armourer—"My stomach establishes a beachhead and the rear guard holds it."

The Mess Sergeant came into the Mess Hall, took one look at the tables and made for the nearest cook.

"Whose bright idea was to put those flowers on the tables?"

"The C.O.'s" answered the cook innocently.

"Really," said the Sarge, "pretty, ain't they?"

Sailor—"Drinking makes you beautiful."

Cutie — "But I haven't been drinking."

Sailor—"No, but I have."

Student Pilot—"Hey instructor, she's going into an outside tall spin. What do I do now?"

Voice from the cockpit—"Mig-awd aren't you the instructor?"

First Airman—"You say that gorgeous W.D. is your best girl?"

Second Airman—"Naw...just neck's best."

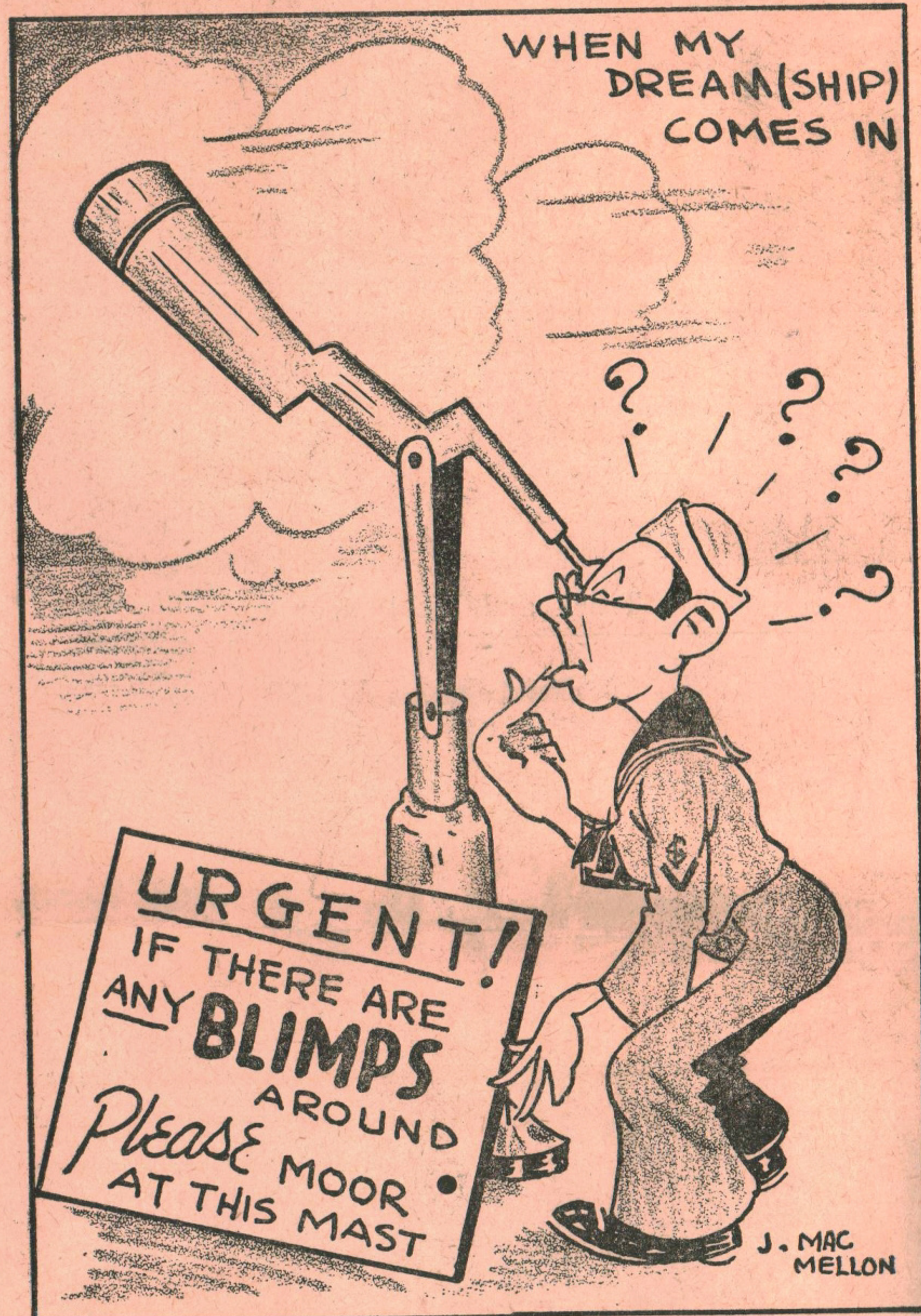
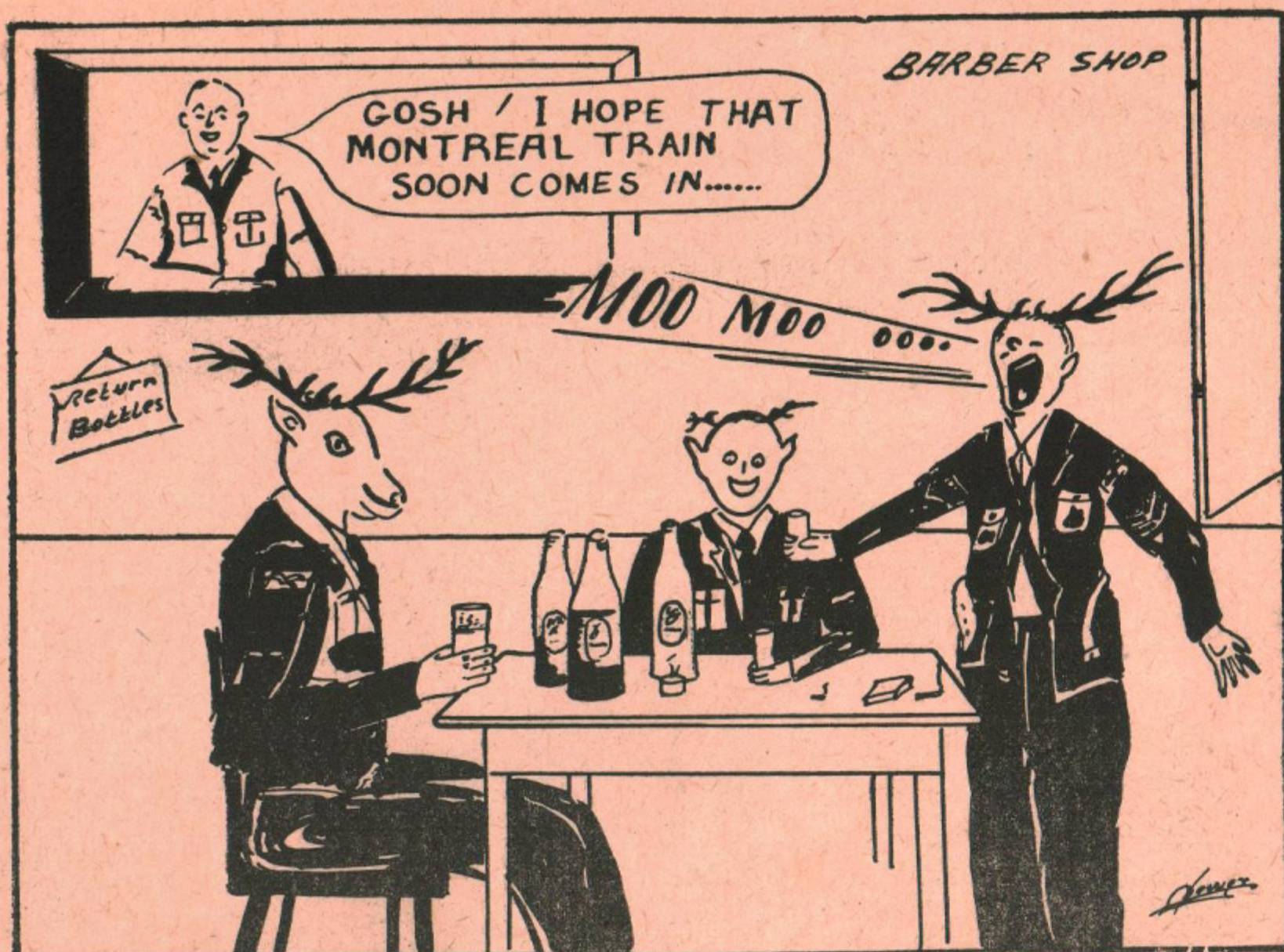


Track and Field Meet



On Sept. 15th the C. O. announced the closing of Station

**These pages give a picture story of the hi - lights of R. C. A. F. Station, Yarmouth, during the past five years.**



"Henceforth," explained the M.O. examining recruits for the Pacific, "we will use the following procedure: Place an anatomy chart on the wall and put pins in it to correspond with any physical defects in the body of the recruit. Then take down the chart, remove the pins, roll it up and play it on a player piano. If it plays 'Nearer My God To Thee', reject him."

The one-ring circus was visiting a town in the hills. The folks recognized all the band instruments except the slide trombone. One old settler watched the players for some time, then said, "There's some trick to it. He ain't really swallowing it."

Tom—"What's that flower in your girl friend's buttonhole?"  
 Bill—"It's a chrysanthemum."  
 Tom—"Looks like a rose to me."  
 Bill—"Nope, it's chrysanthemum."  
 Tom—"Spell it."  
 Bill—"K-R-I-S. By golly, you're right, it is a rose."

Sergeant in Labrador—"Why don't you wear earmuffs?"  
 AC1—"I haven't worn them since the accident."  
 Sergeant—"What accident?"  
 AC1—"Someone asked me if I wanted a drink and I didn't hear him."

Little Boy—"Mother, do fairy tales always begin with 'Once upon a time'?"  
 Mother—"No, dear, not always. Sometimes they begin with 'My love, I may a little late tonight — I have to be on duty.'"

A certain father, on meeting the new first grade teacher for the first time, said: "I'm happy to know you, Miss. I am the father of the triplets you are going to have next September."

The Indian chieftain opened a speech to his tribe with: "You all know me as Old Chief Train-whistle, but since I am entirely democratic, I hope, that for short you will feel free to call me 'Toots'."

A sergeant to his son—"It's none of your business how I first met your mother, but I can tell you one thing, it certainly cured me of whistling."

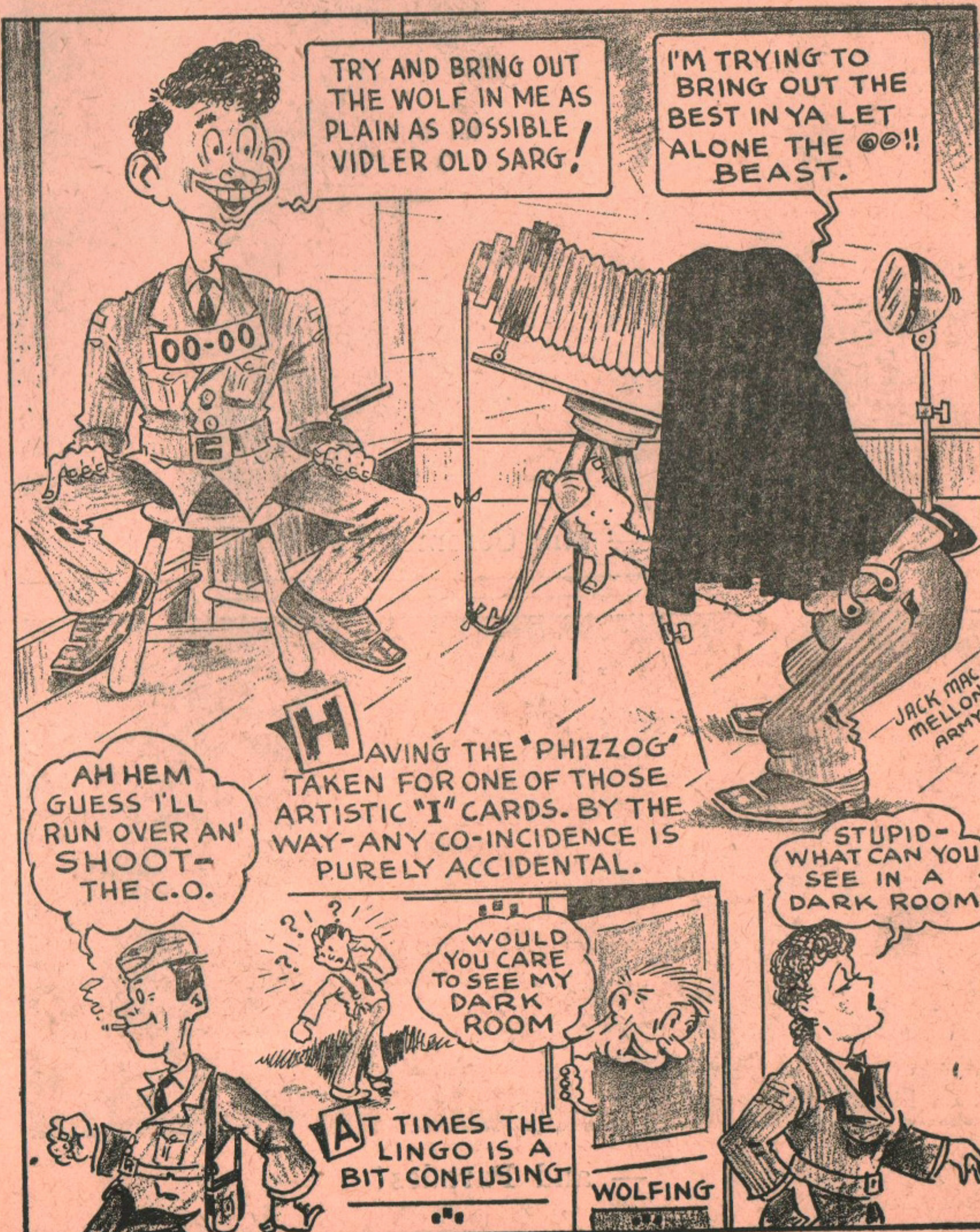
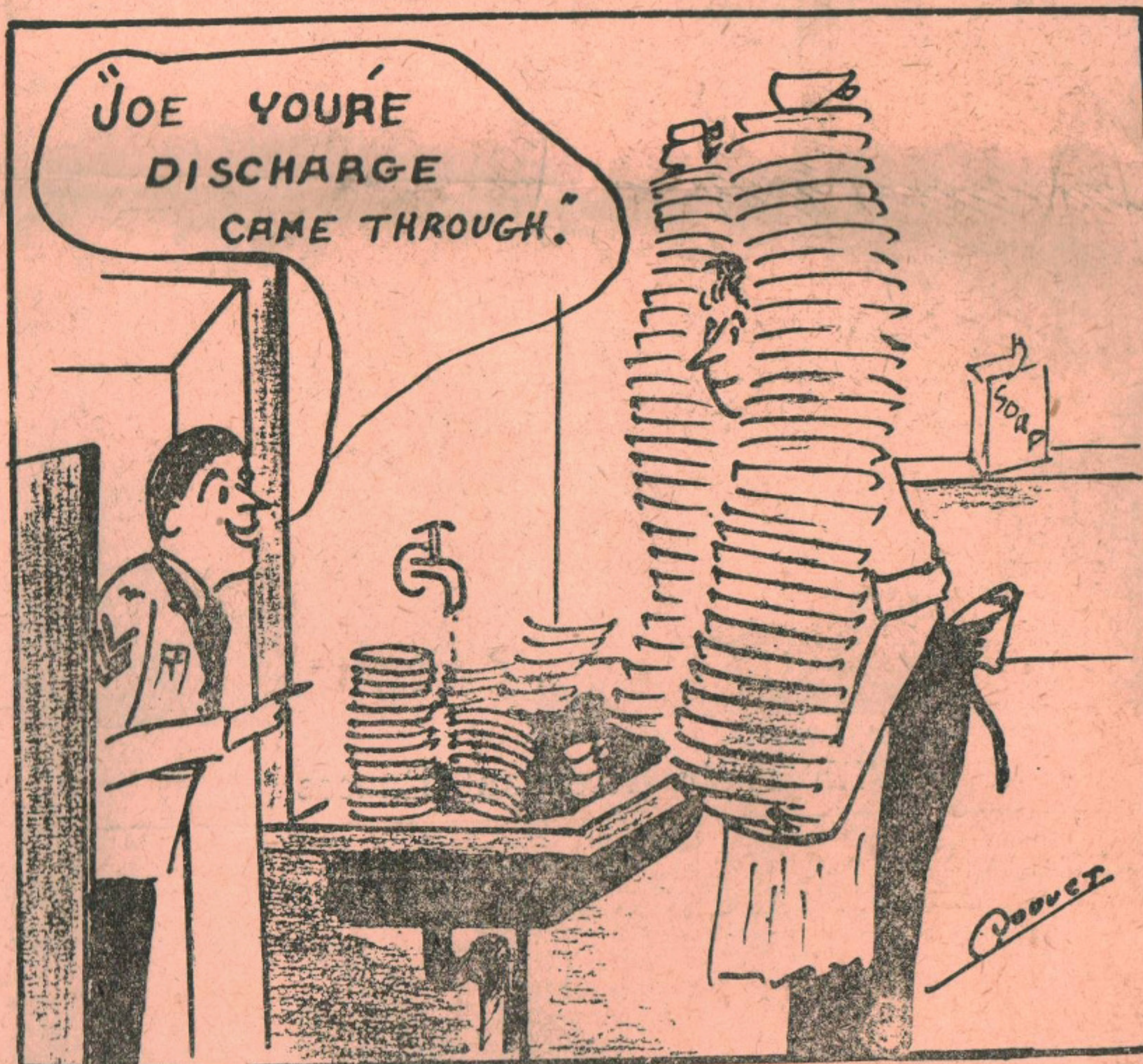
Her lips quivered as they approached his. His whole frame trembled as he looked into her eyes. Her chin vibrated and his body shuddered as he held her close to him.  
 Moral: Never kiss a girl in a jeep with the motor running.

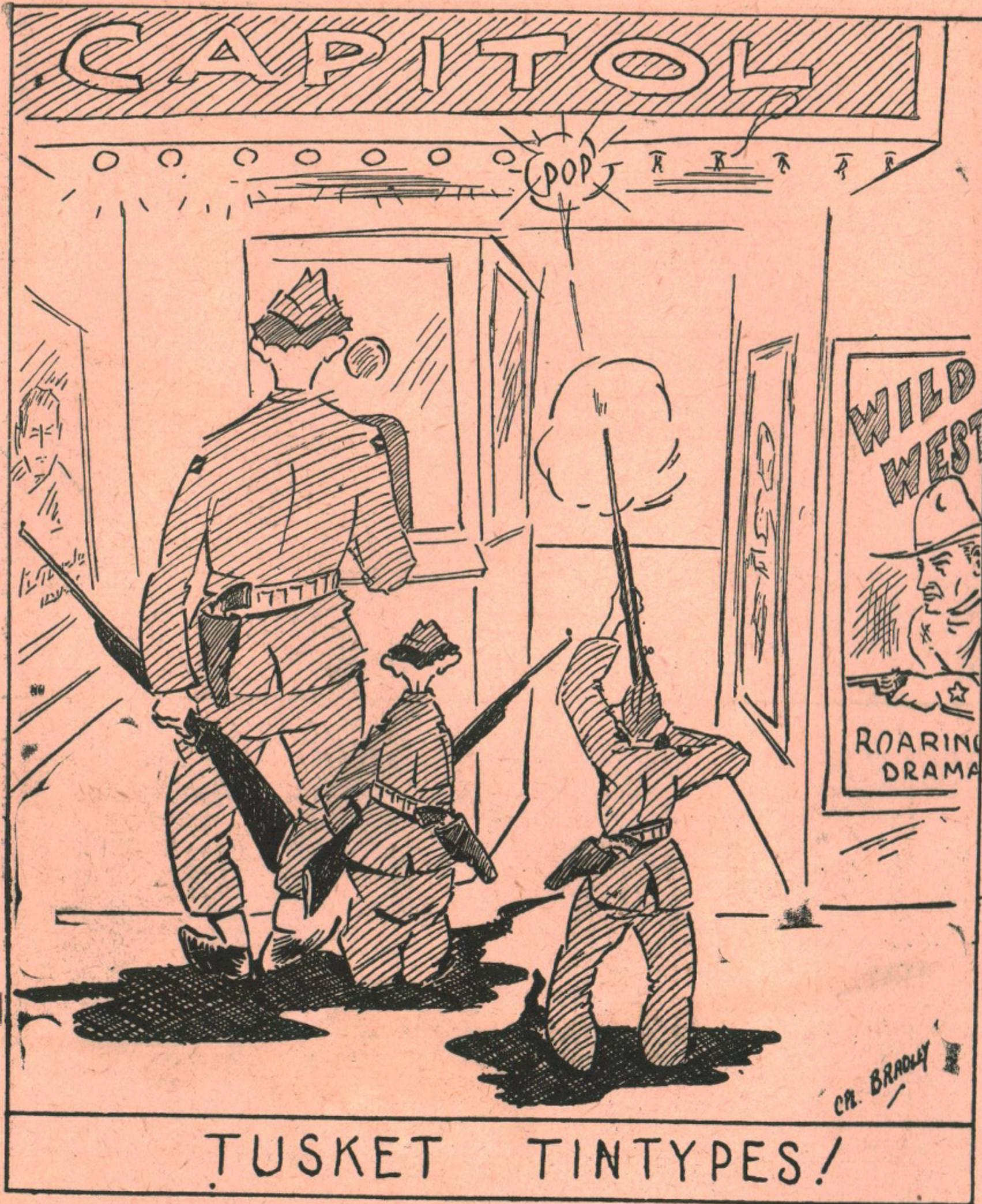
Airman—"I used to be a bank examiner."  
 W.D.—"Well, I'm no bank."

Airman. (In a hurry to get to Yarmouth): Can't you go any faster?  
 Coach Driver: Sure, but I have to stay with the Bus!

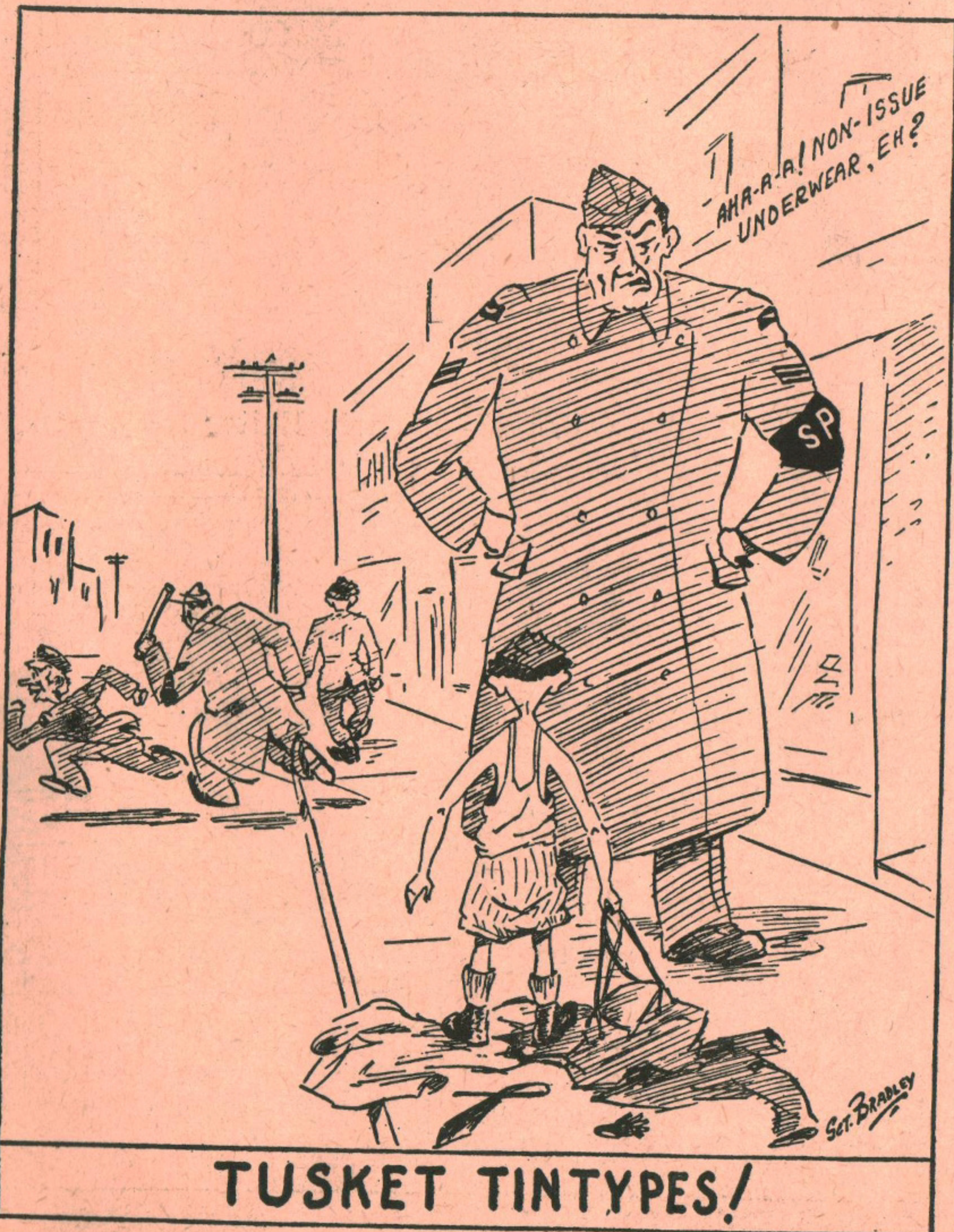
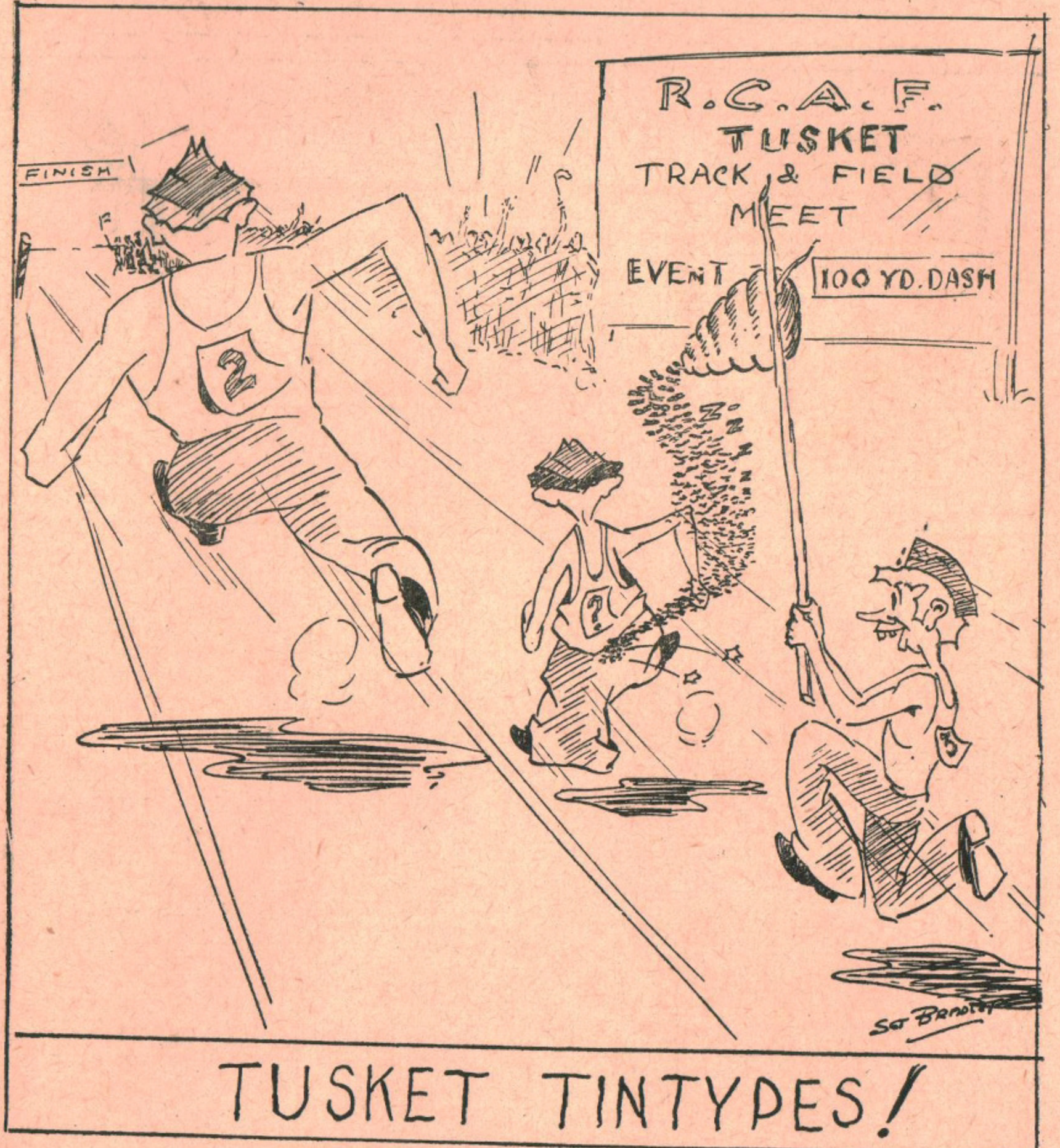
A proud mother walked into a furniture store, clutching a small monthly payment. She placed it on the counter happily. "Here," she said, "is the last installment on your baby carriage."  
 "That's fine," said the clerk. "and how's the baby?"  
 "Oh," said the mother, "he was drafted last month."

A group captain and a wing commander were walking down the street. They met many AC2s, and each time the group captain saluted he muttered, "The same to you."  
 "Why do you always say that?" asked the wing commander.  
 "I was an AC2 once and I know what they're thinking."

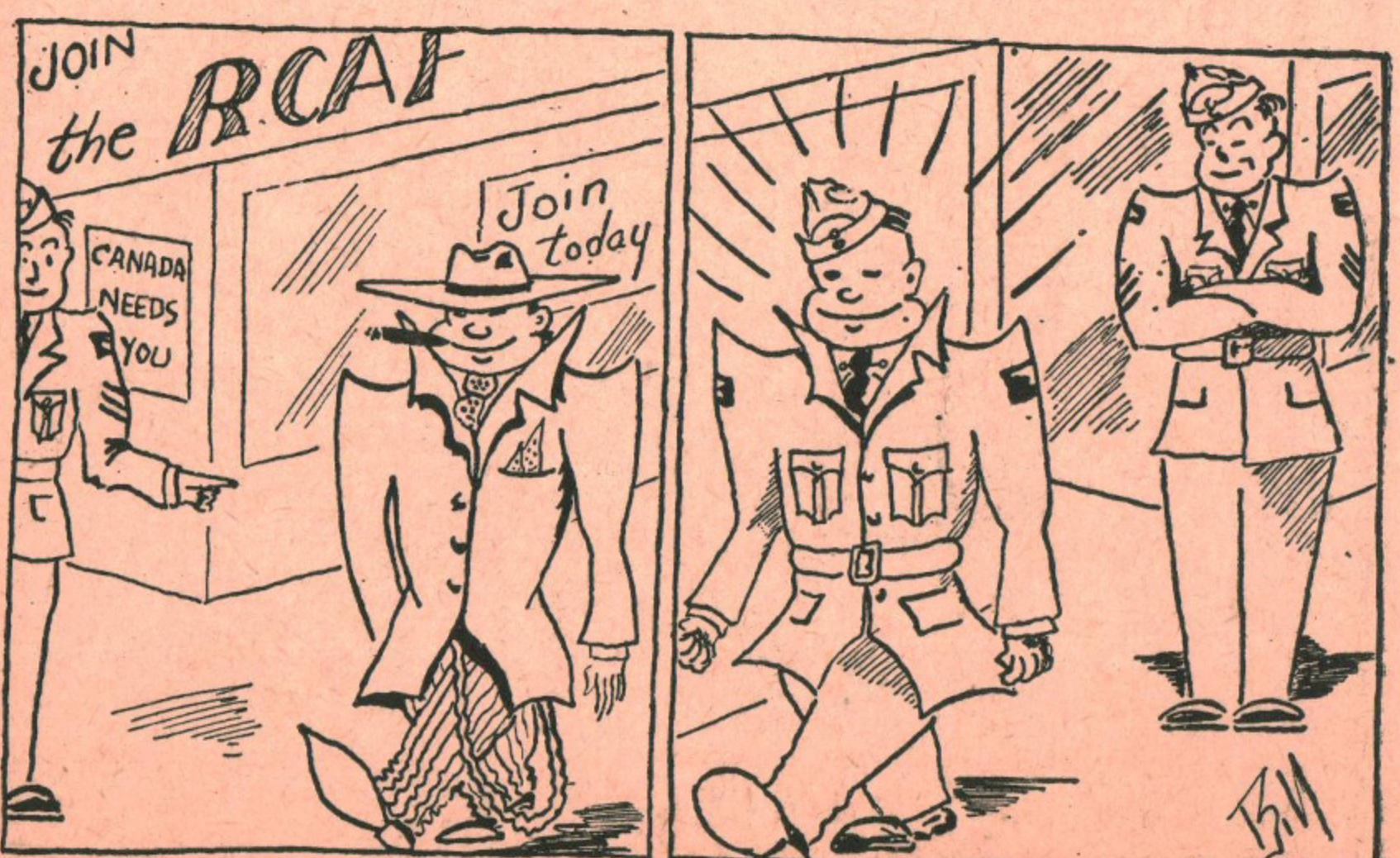


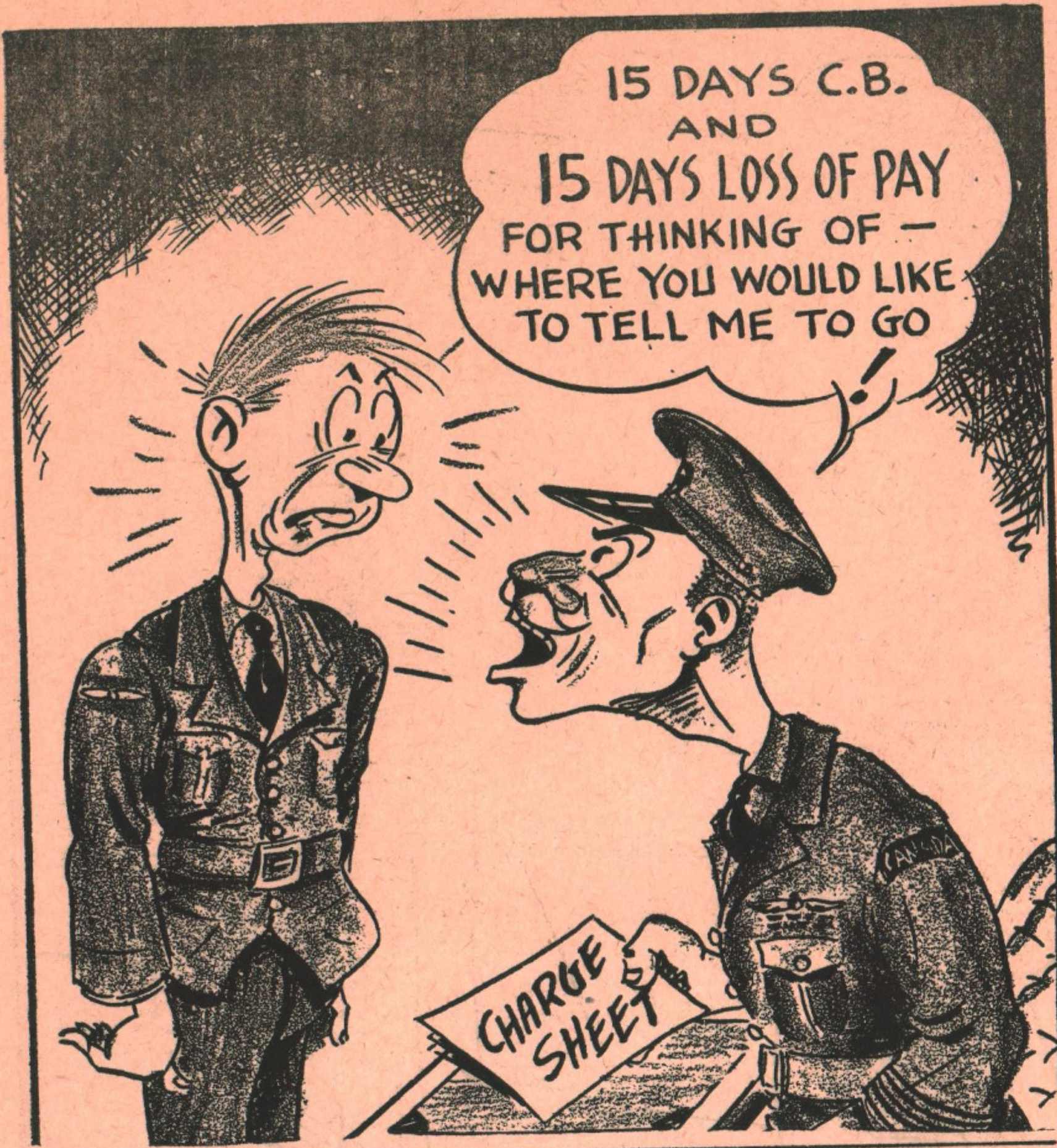


Popular with Depth-Charge readers were Tusket Tintypes, drawn by Sgt. F. J. Bradley of that Station.



NOT A DAMN THING TILL YOUR RECORDS GET HERE





YE ED.'S SWAN SONG

As this is the last issue of Depth-Charge and probably the last service magazine with which I will be associated I would like to add my two cents worth to all the thanks and farewells that the airmen are passing out these days.

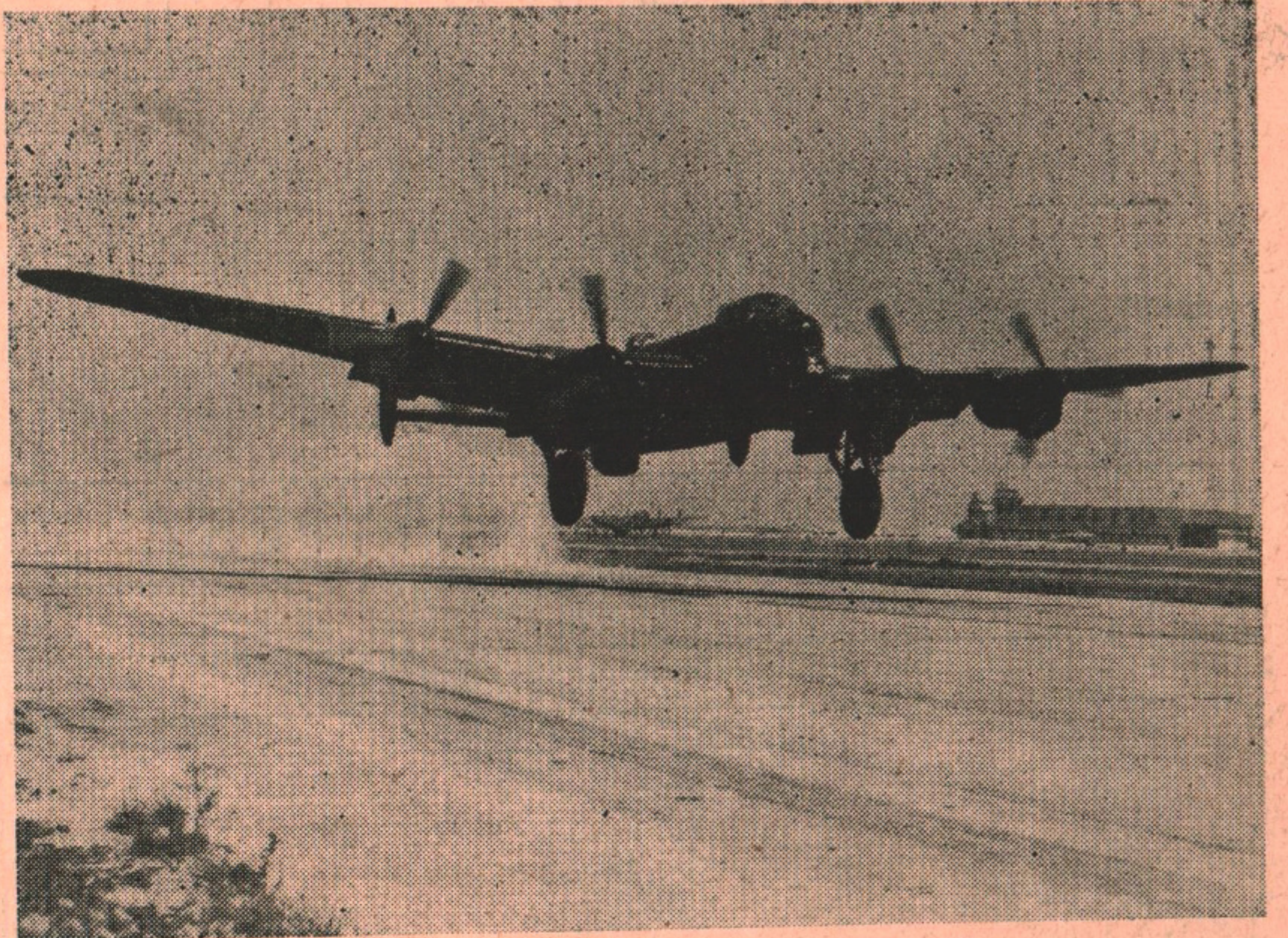
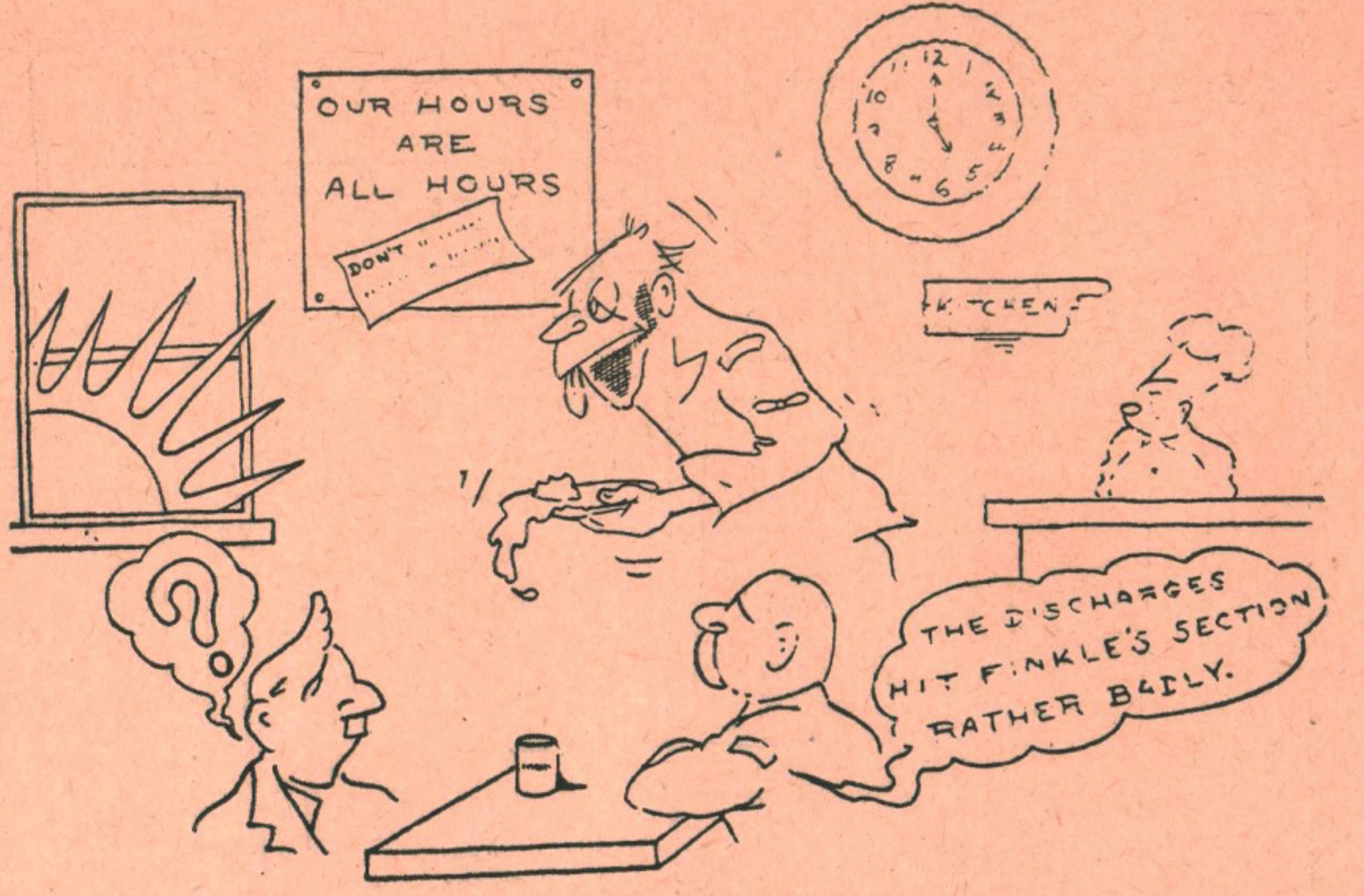
First I believe that I can say this now without fear of being accused of trying for a promotion. I would like to thank the Commanding Officer and the Senior Administrative Officer for the cooperation they have given me as Editor of the Station paper. The C. O. stated explicitly that he wanted the paper to be an airman's paper and there has never been any criticisms or suggestions regarding anything that went into it's columns.

Then again I would like to thank the staff of the Lawson Publishing Company for the many times they worked late so that Depth-Charge might be out on time. To them all my sincere thanks and appreciation. Yes even you, Doc.

And to all the staff of Depth Charge who so willingly gave of their spare time so that the airmen of this Station might have a paper — thanks again.

Lastly to those of you who showed your appreciation of my humble efforts by saying that you liked Depth-Charge... thanks for the compliment. Hope you were serious.

C. H. ROBERT, Cpl.  
Editor, DEPTH-CHARGE  
R.C.A.F. Station,  
Yarmouth, N. S.



The last of the "Lankies"

Rehabilitation problems:

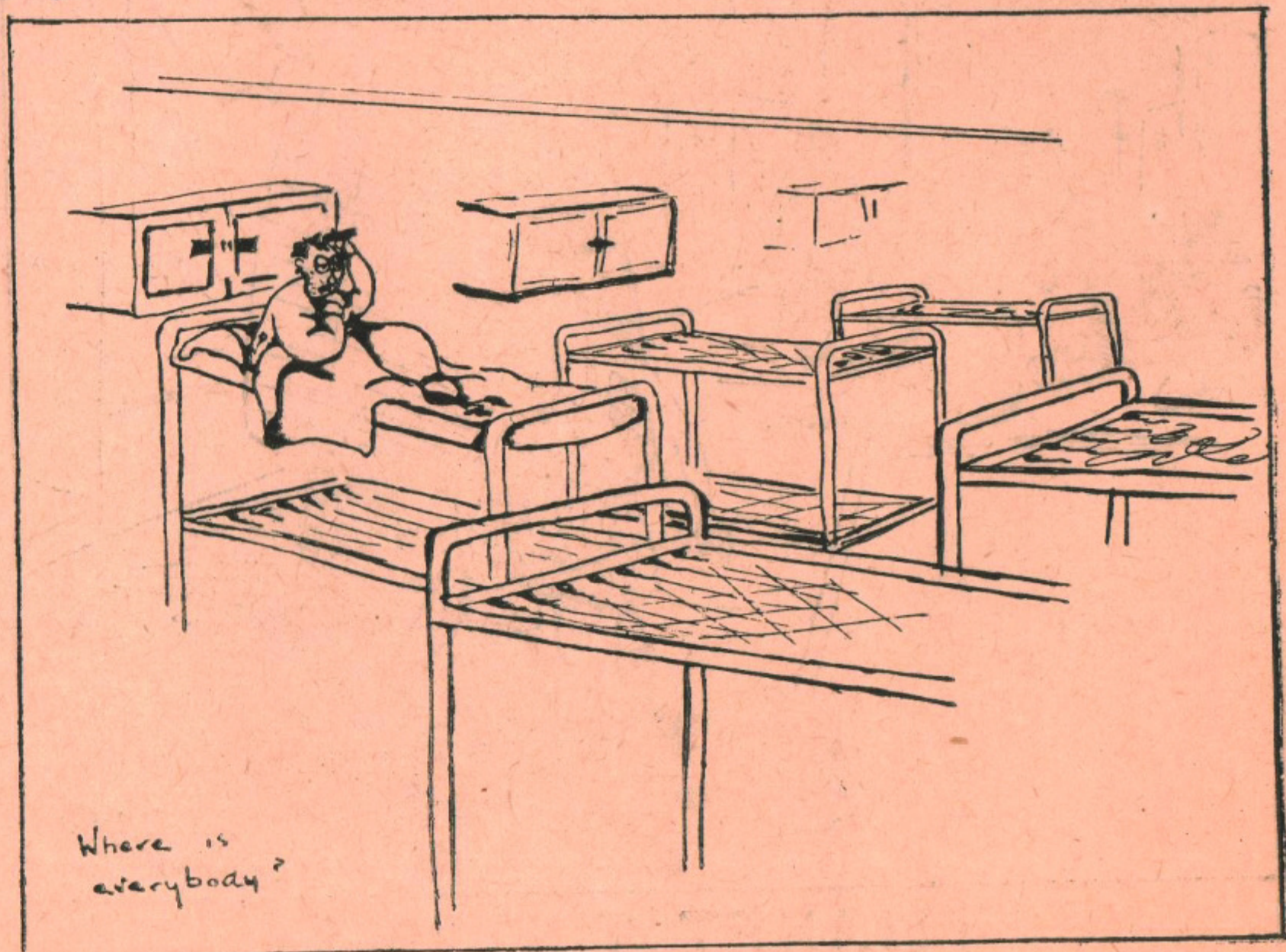


She says she's an "Upperbunker" whatever that is, Doctor!



Cpl. Andy Rouse — Sports Editor

# TUSKET Talk



— and in 1946