

Our C.G.I.

Taking rather a dim view of your reporter as he entered his sanctum sanctorum, the C.G.I. carefully laid on his desk a well thumbed copy of "Victory Through Air Power", which evidently he had been reading, then, brushing aside six geranium plants, one thistle, and a well pointed cactus, pulled up a chair and said: "Be seated please."

Wending our way through a maze of charts, flora and fauna, not to mention flotsam and jetsam, we finally managed to do his bidding. Comfortably seated we were ready to interview our immaculate and personable gentlemanly scholar and scholarly gentleman, S/L. A.W. Roberts.

Having only the interest of our vast number of readers at heart we stammeringly mumbled the question: "Sir, would you mind telling why you go to Cornwall on your 48's?" A strange light seemed momentarily to glow upon his countenance, then that impassionate Selection Bored look replaced it. Declining to give an answer, we were only left to assume that our anonymous informants might have been correct when they told your reporter

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SOFTBALL

The Headquarters Softball League finally got under way Tuesday night, June 1, between rainstorms, with a team of Officers against the Sgt's. Opening ceremonies supplied a dignified commencement with S/L Dunn pitching the first ball (also the second and the third)!! S/O Fenton holding the bat and Sgt. Major Lacey performing as catcher. The attendance was not large.

W/C Snetsinger pitched the first inning, but in the face of the lusty slug-ging of the Sgt's, gave it up to take over second base. Then Slim Speedball Flewelling took over for a spasm, to be replaced by Diz Dean(Padre) Scott, who nobly carried on to the finale.

Sgt. Atwell was able, but just, to pitch the whole game for the N.C.O.s aided by his colleagues conversational powers at various occasions.

Sgt. Stillman on 1st base is still looking for the little man who wasn't there. Sgt. Whitla, as catcher, was also an eye-catcher, clad in shirt, winter, issued for the use of. His contribution for the evening's performance was a Gone with the Wind number while chasing a fly ball-- and I mean chasing it!

"Tank" Burnett proved most versatile on 3rd base,-- as well as on 2nd. Sgt. Major "Butch" Burkett was really bowled over when the two bantamweights of the game met on active service.

"Zip" Snetsinger got his weakly route march by adding two runs to the officers score. The line-up was as follows:

Officers

- Babe Ruth Ramsay
- Diz Dean Scott
- Wizzer Wilson
- I-cover-the-water-front Green.
- Tank Burnett
- Whitey Warren
- Speedball Flewelling
- Big Dipper Yule
- Zip Snetsinger

Sergeants

- Leaping Lena Whitla
- Carl Hubbell Atwell
- Yehudi Stillman
- Butch Burkett
- Slewfoot Samain
- Turnstile Locke
- Glamourboy Westfall
- Firehouse Gould
- Nipper Neice

Scorekeepers: Fuzzy(Why-does'nt-somebody-tell-me-these-things)Fenton---but that wasn't why the score was what it was.

Incidentally the score was 21-19 in favour of the officers. Surprised ?-----

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CHAIRCREW


1st. (W.S.E.) Stauffer; 2nd. Chambers & Stephenson; 3rd. Truax and Mackenzie; s.s. Sprowl; lf. Hoiman; cf. Truax (again) and Stilwell; rf. Mackenzie(again) & Slattery.

DIGGERS: p. Simpson; c. Rowe; 1st. Wise; 2nd. Morganti; 3rd. Evans; s.s. Earle; lf. Pte. Heimpel; cf. Bisson; rf. McMillan.

Bouquets To:

Harry for his expert care of the Station's blooms.

The Ladies for their dexterous mending of our socks. We really appreciate this work.

The Painters for their work on the Orderly Rooms walls and ceiling.

L.A.C. Paley - a son tipping the scale at nine and a half pounds.

Sgt. Keamish - on T.D. here for the purpose of degremlinizing the Band's trumpets and drums.

F/Sgt Gould for his well served, instructional lecture on firefighting.

"The Boys" for maintaining the beauty of our station grounds.

Some snappy soft ball was to be witness-ed last Tuesday when the Combines versus the Diggers defeated the latter in a close seven inning game with the score 16 to 11.

Wise displayed his talents as a sphere manipulator when he walked 3 of the opposition in the first of the 6th. Another highlight of the game occurred when Red Mc Millan, in right field, about to tear his hair out by the roots, found he was unable to do so as his hands were full of softball. He didn't even realize he'd dood it. Then Herman of the Combines, streaking for 3rd like a Superman, collided with Evans, who spun like a top and almost struck oil. "Home run Heimpel" slugging for the diggers in the first of the 7th contacted the pill and arced it over cushion No.3, whence it disappeared into yon bushes. It was O.K. for a preview game with a few of the boys stiff in the joints next day.

Here are the lineups:
For the COMBINES: p. McElligott; c. Kerr;



MISSING LINKS

Shades of Diversification! Who fixed the lock on the hen-house door? Who puts the rhythm in the noises in the mess hall? Why are the movies always highly appreciated from a mechanical standpoint? Why do the road-shows have the lights just right? What keeps electric razors from interfering with said radios? And how is it that the padre as well as the A.O.C. is so easily heard on the parade square?---One answer to all ----- the Link Technicians!

And Shadows of Promotions! "Let it not be said" say these mechanics, "that we envy our fellow-man in a higher position--we have jobs to do, yea, many, we live on diversity!"

There's Sergeant Semaine. Norm. doesn't worry about the meat ration for his family not while there is fishing. All the fishes in the Bay have Norm's stamp and date them on for this Bay is his particular hunting for years, since he lives here in Belleville and escaped from jail at an early age. If you don't watch our ball games on the statin diamond, be well advised to start at once, and watch this acrobatic short-stop smother the would-be hits. Like many another about the office Norm. has a saying: "Why can't I have another 48 this week?"

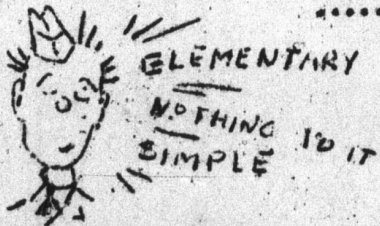
Then the typical Montreal boy is here too, that's George L. Clow. Here's one who has never given up hope--- of so adjusting the Links to make the instructors smile--and he's still trying. Maybe he doesn't believe in Rehabilitation, after the war, so he goes right ahead now to rehabilitate himself for peace time. Clow is not married, but---but he's the serious type and takes a serious view of the task of looking after Lorne Ritchie.

Lorne comes from Almonte Ontario, but returns on 48's; the motivation---to account for the past two weeks to Mrs Ritchie of course. Lorne is another smooth workman on those Link adjustments, and gets results too. His is a sober view of keeping so much valuable property in good working order, but Clow still wonders how much water Lorne can really drink!

B. (Guess what that is) Patterson, from the land of Evangeline, (What part of Ontario is that?) completes the technical roster. "Pat" has a home in Wolfville so he does not worry about 48's, and maybe that also explains that complexion,---"When is the next Station dance, Boys?" Besides sharing all the jobs already mentioned, Pat takes great pride in the now famous intercommunication system for the Link rooms, and for which the officers of the section bless them many times a day.

But this resume isn't complete. Over in the office is Bill Marks who claims Hamilton for the place of his birth. Bill completed his schooling at home with a business course, then the war came along, so another Hamilton lad does his bit in the blue uniform of the R.C.A.F. Down in #3 Command for a while Bill is gradually edging his way towards home. Just what is the attraction?--- a human interest story no doubt. Bill's had a big job keeping the Link rooms going, with trainees acting as liaison between his office and the squadrons. And now he is like Pat, and saying: "Where do we go from here?"

To conclude-let a warning be issued herewith: Never say to a Link man "Give me a little tip."



WHO SAID "IT CAN'T HAPPEN HERE!"?

Becoming the proud father of a fine and a half pound baby boy, at Montreal, on Sun-your team. The line-up is as follows: day, May 30, 1943, L.A.C. Paley has made a rapid recovery, and expects to be discharged from the station hospital shortly.

Heartiest congratulations are extended to the staff of the C.G.I.'s office who came through the ordeal nobly but somewhat wilted.

"They're Away!"

Sparked by the three hit air-tight pitching of AC2 Colvin, No5 I.T.S. "Flyers" scored an initial victory via the shut-out route in the Belleville City League.

Slashing out 11 hits under the lusty leadership of Thoms and Kerr, who collected 5 between them, the boys scored 7 runs in all. The final score read 7 runs, 11 hits and 0 errors, as against Stephens-Adamson's 0 runs, 3 hits, and 4 errors.

The second game of the season brings the I.T.S. team up against the strong Reliance Aircraft outfit, on Tuesday, June 8th. This will be a real battle. Get out and support

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| Thoms s.s. | Bethany l.f. |
| Green c.f. | McKay c. |
| Corbelle r.f. | Schroeder 2b. |
| Westfall 3b. | Colvin p. |
| Kerr lb. | |

Alternates included: Bertling, Paquette, Rowe, Eagley, and Mc Elligott.

FLASH

Contributions of short articles, stories, and news items of interest about the air-men are always welcome. See the padre.



OC.
SOUTH SEA
GROUP
EH!

We wonder who the little Sgt. Major is who walks down the main street of Belleville with the famous Belleville Belle called "Katrinka"?

Who is Edna? Ask one of the N.C.O.'s of NO.1 Squadron.

We find that Sgt. Johnson can sing. Boy, what a voice that lad has!

Is Sgt. Hughes drawing rations for all the dogs on the station? At any rate they visit the mess at meal times. Our Sgt. has a heart of gold.

Cpl. Rothman claims that he has no sooner put up the ensign in the morning, then finds himself on D.R.O.'s for Orderly Corporal again. Tough, isn't it Marty?

Who, we would like to know, took Cpl. Roberts bicycle the pther day?

IOC
ATS MUSIC



Station Sick Quarters

Under the able and efficient direction of Squadron Leader Riddell is the Station Sick Quarters. This is one of the most important units of the station. The duties they perform necessitate someone of the staff being on duty at all hours. It is not merely a matter of looking after ailing airman, but it includes the wider task of keeping a watchful eye upon the hygiene and sanitation of the whole station. Together with this is the arduous task of checking all incoming and outgoing drafts of trainees.

Sgt. J.W. Brumwell is the N.C.O. in charge. His duties include that of Wardmaster, Dispenser, Clerk Medical, etc. Hailing from Newcastle on Tyne, England, he has been stationed here since August, 1941, when No5 was first opened. His main ambition at present is to get into aircrew.

Cpl. E. Johnson is assistant Ward Master 'Arry as he is affectionately known is one of the old school. He saw service in the last war with the Royal Flying Corps. Before enlistment he was employed as a First Aid Operator with the Canada Cement Co. at their Port Colborne plant.

L.A.C. G.R. Garner, the Medical Clerk, has one favourite saying: "When am I going to get some hooks?"

Don't become anxious or perturbed when we tell you that L.A.C. D.B. Steenson was an undertaker in civilian life. He has given this up for the duration.

We wonder if it is true that AC1 Mark is really a "Wolf", and that he has broken more hearts than any other man in the R.C.A.F.?

We could not overlook one of the best

AC2 Robert Cecil Montano of flight 15, is an intrepid recruit from San Fernando, Trinidad. San Fernando is the second largest city of Trinidad, which is situated six miles from the Republic of Venezuela, South America, in a northerly direction. One of eight children Bob worked for his father prior to his enlistment in the R.C.A.F. He took training in the Sea Scouts and before leaving home was a Skipper of a Sea Scout group.

The outstanding record of the accomplishments of members of the R.C.A.F. in this fight for freedom had reached his ears, and he was moved to join thoroughly believing it to be the finest branch of the service to be found anywhere in the world.

Flying from Trinidad Bob arrived in Montreal on the 18th of February of this year. Upon enlistment he was sent to Lachine, from there to St. Johns, Quebec then to No1 M.D. at Toronto whence he departed for No.5 I.T.S.

Bob says the fellows in the R.C.A.F. are swell, and he likes the life in the service very much.

After the war AC2 Montano intends to make flying his profession. All the fellows say: "Best of luck to you Bob".

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known men in the Hospital, and that is none other than "Charlie" Semark, the janitor. Charlie always has a story to relate of his experiences in the last war, and after four years of active service at that time, he has plenty of interesting stories to relate. Charlie is quite justifiably proud of the fact that two of his sons and one daughter-in-law are on active service in this war.

The lads in the Hospital are always pleased to tell how the "Bloodhounds", their entry in the Station Bowling league. They not only won the league, but they were good enough to be on the top of the heap all through the schedule.

There was a man from our town,
Who was so wondrous wise,
He could unscram scrambled eggs,
And uncuss custard pies.

The said gentleman is now a messing Officer in the R.C.A.F. Among his chief worries are rations, rationing, rationing and rations. His chief delight is to see the boys racing for the dining room, praising the food, eating everything with gusto, and never failing to go over and tell the cooks how much they enjoyed it. What d'ya mean has the heat struck us? Oh well it's time we got a Coke anyway.