

The Sky-Line

PLANE-TALK FROM THE BELL CITY

Clarke. #22

Volume 2, Number 2

BRANTFORD, ONTARIO, MAY 1, 1942

No. 5 S.F.T.S., R.C.A.F.

RAID WITH CRIPPLED PLANE BRINGS NO. 5 ITS SECOND DFC

Shot Pumas and Lassoed Crocodiles Now Wants to Bag New Game---Nazis

By LAC. Alan Tomlinson
(Course 53)

All the way from Buenos Aires to Canada and the R.C.A.F. so he can have a "good crack" at the Nazis. That's the long distance record of LAC. Charles Trery, Course 53's only representative from the Argentine.

Just about six months ago Ronnie left South America with his friend John Bruton to join the Air Force. They've managed to stick together and Bruton will be coming to Brantford soon. He was held up because of an operation. When they got to No. 1 I.T.S. they found another Argentine friend, T. Hudson Bell, but when that course was over Bell went one way and Trery and Bruton to Windsor E.F.T.S.

The little matter of a three weeks 8,000-mile trip from Buenos Aires to Canada wasn't something entirely new to "B" flight's Ronald. In his 20 years he's managed to pack more travelling than an average half dozen people do in a life-time.

Some of it started when he had to go 800 miles from his father's ranch on the Argentine pampas to get to school. He's made trips to the inside of South America and has managed to see most of Europe. Many of his Summers were spent in France where his people kept a home.

And travelling isn't all. Those Summers in France were spent on an estate that happens to be the closest bit of French soil to the English coast. "The English cliffs were quite plain from our place," Ronnie says. "Now the Germans have one of their big coastal guns mounted right on that bit of land." And Ronald has a great ambition to blast the trespassers away. There is another personal interest in the war. Two grandparents are still held in Nazi-occupied France.

Here's a South American who was an eye-witness to the battle of the River Platt, when the Graf Spee was chased into the harbor of Montevideo by the British cruiser, Exeter, and destroyers. "As soon as I heard about the fight I chartered a plane and flew to Monte. A friend had rented me a hotel room facing the harbor and I saw most of the fight.

"You could see the Graf Spee very clearly and occasionally you could see one of the British warships through the smoke screen they were laying. I saw the Exeter hit once and I thought she was going to blow up. It looked to me like a direct hit. The shell seemed to land right amidships. Most of the battle amounted to the British ships darting in, letting loose a salvo and darting out again. "A sidelight on the trip was the

(Concluded on page 2, col. 3)

Many Airmen, NCO's Remuster To Aircrew

Blue skies, fleecy clouds and a chance to get into hand-to-hand contact with the enemy have proven too much for many of our ground men.

A score have already remustered and begun aircrew courses, and many more, including senior N.C.O.'s, such as Sergeants, have applied for posting to aircrew.

Best wishes of the station go to the following:

R.89033 AC. 1 MacMillan, D. W. A., posted to I.T.S., 25-4-42, R.117262 AC. 2 Bliss, W. H. F., posted to I.T.S., 25-4-42; R.89402 AC. 2 Goring, F. S., posted to I.T.S., 25-4-42; R.69662 Cpl. Bannen, W. R., posted to I.T.S., 25-4-42; R. 89001, LAC. Liscombe, J. J., posted to I.T.S., 11-4-42; R.63698, LAC. Patrick, W. B., posted to I.T.S., 11-4-42; R.65663 LAC. Fugere M. W., posted to I.T.S., 11-4-42; R.129379 LAC. Williams, G. E., posted to I.T.S., 11-4-42; R.116632 AC. 1 Elliott, H. B., posted to I.T.S., 14-3-42; R.75709 Sgt. Valk, J. C., posted to I.T.S., 14-3-42; R.97703 AC. 1 Foster, R. L., posted to I.T.S., 14-3-42; R.74796 LAC. Damgaard, H. E., posted to I.T.S., 14-3-42; R.81374 LAC. Dingley, L. D., posted to I.T.S., 14-3-42; R.63787 Cpl. Dunbar, H. G. S., posted to I.T.S., 28-2-42; R.89270 AC. 2 Bull, C. F., posted to I.T.S., 28-2-42; R.80679 LAC. Walker, G. N., posted to I.T.S., 4-1-42; R.58997, Cpl. Stephens, G. J., posted to I.T.S. 4-1-42.

No. 5 S.F.T.S. GIRLS WIN THE BIG QUIZ CONTEST

The Canadian Legion, Brantford, held their usual Quiz Contest on Wednesday, April 22. They had as contestants five girls from our Station and five girls of the R.C.A.O.C., Toronto. The flying girls came out on top with a score of 105 to 85. A most enjoyable evening was spent, each team receiving prizes donated and presented by Mrs. Cockshutt. After the Quiz both teams were entertained by the Canadian Legion War Services, through the help of the Kith and Kin, refreshments were well served the evening being of the best.

W. Brown and Bill Broadley were the M.C.'s Capt. Ransome of No. 20 C.B.T.C., and Cpl. Nichol were the judges. Here are the teams taking part:

No. 5 Team— A.W. 1 Blakney, A.W. 1 St. Martin, A.W. 1 Allen, A.W. 1 Pooley, A.W. 1 Green.
R. C.A.O.C. Team— Vol. Brown, Vol. Figoal, Vol. Seymour, Vol. Weber, Vol. Reid.

I'VE MET TO-DAY

By H. E. F.

Most of the lads in Course 53. This section extends a hearty Howdy . . . Among the new students we find LAC. "Chesty" Kaufman, who remustered from a senior N.C.O. to aircrew, and LAC. Baldwin, another former "Top-Kick" who will keep 'em flying . . . The new arrivals for the Irish colony in the form of LAC. O'Rourke, Horahan and Mahoney, in addition to our old timers, Geo. O'Regan and Tom O'Neil, all under the one roof, we will stack our chances against all comers . . . LAC's Chadwick, Scott and P. R. White three smiling lads from Blighty, telling us the beauty of the English countryside in Spring — we hope to see it some day . . . LAC. Keeney, who is keen to get going . . . LAC. Chamberlain (no relation to the late Neville) telling us that his little daughter can master two new words, da-da; the daughters he know say "Hey Daddy" . . . LAC. Gerald Hewer, recently joined the Benedictines, happy as a lark, but saying that he should get more Reveille's . . . the charming Mrs. Hewer, who was Peggy Black, travelled 3500 land miles (Vancouver) to say "I do" . . . LAC. Freddy Walter, formerly of W. and B., is the new arrival at Accounts Section, the cigars will be supplied by Flight Sergeant McBain . . . Airwoman Hart, of G.I.S., looking for three yards of "Firing Line;" we suggest the Armament Section . . . AC. Volk, of No. 6 I.T.S., visiting his old stamping grounds in Brantford, we saw the reason that brought him, and not at all bad . . . Sergeant Major Noble delivering a lecture to the clerks and stenos, and a wide-awake audience was on the alert . . . Flying Officer Laird, selecting a pair of sun glasses; now you will hear that old familiar tune: "I am Looking at the World Through Smoke Colour Glasses" . . . LAC. Ross Root, who has not made a trip to Hamilton in a week, and what about the old adage: "That in the Spring a young man's fancy turns to love . . . Sergeant Waite and Corporal Baker, of Accounts Section, looking deep into the mysteries of the future . . . Sergeants McCusker and Albrough, our Steam Engineers, turning on the heat . . . Corporal Simpson, of W. and B., setting 'em up, for which celebration we were too late . . . Flight Sergeant Holway, of Maintenance, looking for a photograph, he did not say whether it was for a wedding or a "Crash"—it's in the same category.

LAC. Bob. Wall, signals instructor, telling us one, hot off the wires . . . C.P.L. (Tubby) Williams making plans for his 14 days furlough . . . Flight Sergeant Rynard, paying his weekly visit to the Canadian Legion Club in Brantford . . . That group picture in The Toronto Telegram

Chalk up No. 5's second D. F. C. Winner of the prized award is Pilot Officer F. Malcom Benitz, Course 19 graduate, who won his commission along with it. Benitz, who hails from the Argentine and is now only 20, received his honors for a daring piece of work over Italy with a crippled plane.

Benitz, now attached to 104 Squadron, R.A.F., graduated from here April 10, 1941, with the exception of one other, the baby of his class. He was one of the few not to get a commission. His instructors, Pilot Officers Blake Fyfe and Andy Lockhard, recall him as a "he - - of a good kid."

Benitz' citation reads: "One night in October, 1941, this airman was the captain of an aircraft which carried out a raid on Naples. After a successful attack during which he remained over the target area for an hour, the port engine of his aircraft began to fail. Pilot Officer Benitz thereupon set course for his base, but on making an inspection he discovered that several of his bombs still remained hung up.

"Although the defective engine was giving little power, causing the aircraft to lose height, Pilot Officer Benitz changed course for an alternative target and finally released his remaining bombs over the heavily defended area of Palermo. By now the port engine had failed completely and the aircraft was flying at some 4500 feet. Nevertheless, Pilot Officer Benitz headed the aircraft toward the coast in order to avoid the mountains, and displaying fine airmanship he finally succeeded in reaching his base and landing safely.

"Throughout, this airman showed great courage and determination." P.O. Fyfe said Benitz as a student was "very steady — and very cool." He lived on a ranch in the Argentine and was an excellent horseman. His fighting qualities were really revealed when he tackled two Norwegians — or vice versa — in a "friendly scuffle" in Toronto one night.

He graduated from "A" Flight, and was a member of the first group of Argentines to train in Canada.

One Engine Gone, Finds New Target Drops Bombs Menacing Plane, Men

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A LETTER

Following is an extract from a letter from Pilot Officer-W. (Bill) Clark, Class Sr. Course 39. Bill is stationed at No. 31 O.T.U., an R.A.F. station at Debent, N.S.

"Had a very good time on the G.R. Course in Charlottetown and am now flying Hudsons here — and more in love with these babies than ever. Soloed a Hudson in just over six hours and the more I fly them the better I like 'em. Also I enjoy reading The Sky-Line and eagerly await each issue, and after I am through reading it, it is passed around the flight.

"All my best to everyone I knew at No. 5.

Yours,
BILL"

(Believe It Or Not) is none other than that of our "Sky-Line" Brain Trust, after one good look Sgt. Jack Young resigned from his position as advertising manager . . . We are told that aviation gas works hard not only on your car motor, but on your nerves as well . . . Two national journals (Collier's) and (Airforce Review) mentioned our "Sky-Line." It must be good . . . pardon our modesty.

Mystery Re Poet Solved In Sky-Line

A mystery has been solved. Two issues ago was published a long and excellent poem about Manning Pool, "author unknown." We have received the following letter from Flight Sergeant Bill Shaw, now stationed at No. 14 S.F.T.S., Aylmer.

The letter reads: "I was very much interested to see in your current (Mar. 1) issue of the Brantford paper a poem about Manning Pool. Particularly so, because I wrote that poem during those never-to-be-forgotten days when we sojourned there in '39 and '40. I was an LAC. in those days and since then I have compiled a whole book of poems about the R.C.A.F.

"I was the organizer and first editor of the paper at Camp Borden which I named 'Wings Over Borden.' I believe this was the first paper at any R.C.A.F. station during the present war and 'twas there I met the acquaintance of two well known members of your personnel, namely Flight Sgt. Stevie Weare and Sgt. Buchan-Terrel (since departed).

"I can forgive Weare almost any- (Concluded on page 2, col. 3)



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THE SMARTEST STATION

No. 5 Service Flying Training School — our Station — has the reputation of being the smartest school in No. 1 Training Command, and one of the smartest in the whole British Commonwealth Air Training Program.

Some people have heard it is, we know it is!

The reputation of any station is the reflection of the spirit of its personnel. A station completely devoid of enthusiasm, ambition or personal pride among its personnel is a hindrance, not an aid, to winning the war.

You can tell such a place as soon as you see it.

Similarly, one can easily recognize a station where everyone is, shall we say, "happy in the service," keen, eager to make it a better place in which to live and work, anxious to have it known and recognized as the best there is.

Therefore, it is up to us.

For example, much work is going on in the way of reforestation, with a view to stop soil erosion and beautify the station.

Let all personnel together do their utmost to further this scheme by watering the trees, putting in section and barrack block gardens and generally helping to make the camp look and stay ship-shape.

A CORRECTION

In our last issue, we stated in an advertisement of Newman's, Jewelers, that Bluebird Diamonds were priced from \$50 to \$500. It should have read \$25 to \$500. We deeply regret the error.

"F" FLIGHT FLUFF

LAC. T. Seburn

For some unknown reason a good percentage of "F" Flight is on salvage crew, and some have been taking a nightly walk towards the main gate. We wonder if it is the lovely nights we have been having.

"F" Flight personnel welcomes a new instructor, P.O. Percy Crapper. P.O. McLeish, from St. Hubbert, is also receiving instruction with Course 49. P.O. Compton is with us, awaiting posting. Mr. Compton, of Richmond, Via., had 200 hrs. before coming to Canada. He has been in Canada only ten months and is now awaiting to go overseas or back to U.S.A.

There seems to be a little difference in our lawn and our neighbours'. We wonder if the secret is the same as makes the corn grow.

We have lost our good friend Cpl. Ratcliffe to "E" Flight; wishing you all success in your new assignment, Cpl.

The Great McCoy is with us again after spending two weeks in Windsor. We hear Labatt's put an extra truck on to Windsor about two weeks ago.

MAINTENANCE GAB

By Sgt. Steacy

Tell me, oh Station Warrant Officer, what is the difference between battle dress and fatigue clothes? Or do you know? Haw, haw!

There was a little man and his name was Koster and he went tootin' off on a '72. Have you seen him lately? He's a perfect picture of health, like heck!

The gents in Maintenance have noted the delightful camouflage job in front of "A" Flight, which, it is purported, is to dazzle the eyes so one can't see the instructors enjoying a bit of snooze on the grass. Oh happy, day, oh winsome war.

It is reported that a duel is in the offing between a certain Corporal of the W.D. 'Upper Peel St.', and our own Cpl. Blackwood. Why don't you two try and get along, huh?

"Pop" Walsh, our famed electrician knocked off a hundred on the range the other day. He's been sparkling the gems ever since.

Everybody wants to go aircrew. Hey, hey, aircrew. But chiefly Maintenance N.C.O.'s. Why? Who wants to be a P.O.? Don't look at me.

* * *

A common expression around Maintenance these days: "Sgt. Steacy says he can fly! ! ! " . . . A more common retort: "Yeah? ?" —Anonymous.

Shot Pumas and---

way people came to the hotel room door, money in hand, wanting to pay for the privilege of looking through my window. You know, the trip paid for itself from that."

The Trery ranch, where Ronnie spent most of his life, is on the Argentine pampas, about nine hundred miles Buenos Aires and it's about 25 square miles big. The main building has eleven bedrooms and besides that there are tennis courts, a lagoon for sailing and swimming.

Sheep and cattle are the main crops and the place usually employs about 40 "gauchos," the equivalent of the American cowboy, except that unlike the cowboy, they still dress as colorfully as ever — and not for the tourist trade either. Trery has spent much time with them, supervising and doing their work, so he knows their language and customs as well as they do themselves.

One of the most interesting years Ronnie spent was on a hunting trip up to the headwaters of the Parana river. The first thousand miles was by river steamer and the remainder of the way by canoe. "There were four of us, a Y.M.C.A. instructor, a World War flier and his son and myself in the party.

"We really had a lot of fun. We hunted crocodiles, birds, pumas, boars. I think the wild pick sticking was the best fun. A boar is a really fast animal. Your dogs round them out of the jungle and on horseback you charge them with a great long spear. Crocodiles are good sport too. You can lasso them and once you get them out of the water they are harmless if you stay out of the way of their tail. You can play with them for hours, with a sharp pointed stick."

Did he shoot any pumas? "Yes, I managed to get one, though it was just a lucky shot. It was cornered in the bushes and it just happened to be my shot got it. Once on the trip we decided to go after some birds. I was wandering by myself, looking for parrots, when some boars rushed me. About the only thing I could do was climb the nearest tree and wait there until my friends came along to rescue me about two and a half hours later.

"Snakes? No, very few snakes. About the smallest deadly thing was a little fish called a piranha. Swim where they are and you'll likely end up a picked skeleton. They just strip all the flesh from your bones. Whenever we went swimming we put up nets to protect ourselves.

If you wonder why Ronnie isn't in the Argentine Army here's the answer: "The Argentine army is just about the toughest army there is in the world. They get up about 4:30 and from then on they do everything by commands. They're given a command to make their beds; another to wash; another to shave; another to dress. Then they go out for a good workout; are commanded to have breakfast and so on all day. They can go outside only once a week. "The Air Force is a picnic beside the Argentine Army."

Headquarters, please don't get any ideas!

MYSTERY RE POET —

thing except his good looks (including his moustache) and the amazing manner in which he attracted all good-looking femmes in the vicinity (tsk, tsk, Flight - ye editor). (Ah memories of a moonlight trip to Niagara one week-end). Hoping this will clear up the "author unknown" part of your excellent publication.

I am, yours sincerely,
Bill Shaw."

PROP WASH

By T. R. L.

A new slogan for Maintenance (author unknown) . . . "You keep 'em crackin', we'll keep 'em flying." Yeah! . . . Add to the list of famous first words (yes, first), the remark of the P.O. whose engine (Tiger Moth) failed, forcing him to plow most unbecomingly into a ploughed field — "It must have been espionage." He's still here, too . . . We are pleased to report a new style in foot coverings, as set by a certain student in Course 49 — low shoes, with buckles, and gaudy socks of red, white and blue, and —listen to this fellows, rolled down at the ankles. Ho hum! . . . It is most embarrassing, to say the least, for any LAC. to be caught asleep at the wrong time by anyone slightly higher than an LAC. But to be caught by the commanding officer . . . Hmmm . . . Those three lads who were so honored are thinking of chipping in for a Big Ben (the bigger the better) . . . When Flight Sergeant Offler initiated the 1942 bathing season for Lake Huron the other day, the control tower (page P.O. Schon) asked him if another aircraft could land nearby. Flight Offler's language could not properly and decently be reported here . . . Flight Sergeant Reynolds is generally a mild-mannered, quiet-spoken gentleman with never a vicious or ugly word or thought. Note, we say generally. At present moment he is on leave of absence from that condition. Someone told him he was posted to Vulcan, just two hiccoughs and a deep breath from the north pole. He found confirmation of that report on all sides. Yep, too bad, Art, old boy, but that's where you're going. So Arthur said good-bye to his girl, and started looking for a market for his car. He got a good bid (more than he paid for it, we hear) and virtually had the cash in his hand, then someone whispered the posting was all a big joke . . . Grrrrrr . . . This, we think, takes the cake. It's about the F.O. who was orderly officer the day of one of the squadron dances, and allegedly refused to buy more than one ticket because he figured as O.O. he could get in for nothing. To be fair to him, however, we must report the other version — that he bought two tickets (one for his wife) then spent the next day trying to cash one because as O.O. he got in for nothing . . . We regret failure of LAC. Adazical to appear in this issue, but his make-up wasn't quite ready . . . That report about Maisie, "E" flight matron, is definitely not true. Just propaganda sent out by the stork bureau, according to Maisie, who these days is sporting a new hair-do for hot puppies . . . Incidentally, Maisie wishes all those instructors would stop trying to imitate her . . . LAC. Gough, Course 49, is indignant. The Sky-Line reported him happily married and virtually a proud papa. He's had nothing but letters of protest and reprisal from disappointed daughters, sad mothers and angry fathers . . . He denies it . . . H.E.F. can swell his chest with pride. The Sixardee, organ of the big shot repair station, compliments this paper "for its well conducted column — I've Met To-day." Take a bow, Sandy.

IN RESPONSE

(To N. W. Emmett, Claresholm, Alta., by AW.1 McLean)

A bunch of women in the way—
The theme of a poem I read one day,
The rythm was good, the vocab. was tops,
But the last line made us as mad as hops.

Who was this airman who dared to state

That women his solitude did penetrate?

I assure you, my friend, that on some dark night

Your mortal remains will be in full sight;

Perhaps a rope, or say tar would be worse,

And you'll rue the day that you penned that verse.

Who's Emmett, we cry, with a roar like thunder,

We're 100 strong and we'll plow him under;

Though perchance in the mess hall 'twould be a relief

To have airman steak instead of beef.

It's perfectly rotten, a down-right shame

That one should thusly slander our name;

Quoth one young airwoman "That'll be the day

When we're a bunch of women in the way."

There may be a few who are prone to admit

That the girls are trying to do their bit,

But it's very discouraging to hear one say

We're a bunch of women in the way.

FROM THE SMOKE POT

By LAC. Lyon

Events have shown that you don't have to be starting an Anson for it to catch fire. "E" Flight found this out the other morning about 4 o'clock (we know, we were called out). The same applies to motorcycles; they set themselves a-fire just sitting still. (We were there, too.) So maybe we better lecture some of the machinery on the Station, instead of the boys themselves.

One of our new chaps says the dentist is better at drilling than our Sgt. Major. We wonder that after the tooth is drilled will the dentist be able to drill some gray matter into the upper cavity. What say, Hooper?

It is a good thing traffic isn't too heavy in front of our Fire Station or maybe we would have lost our Flight, when he was backing away, gazing lovingly at his new sign.

LAC. Gibson has become a proud father for the second time. This time a brother for his little daughter. Congrats, Matt. Incidentally he is now home on seven days leave, minding the baby.

DeMont Blue Room

West-end of Brantford
MODERN AND OLD TIME
DANCING
TUESDAY, MAY 5th
Music by Harry Engle and his Mountaineers, of Tavistock
GRILL and SODA BAR
NOW OPEN
Dance to the Wurlitzer
Any Evening

Leishman's Air Force Officers' Summer Uniforms

FOR BETTER TAILORING AND DELIVERY

Trench Coats, Caps, Shirts Gloves, Ties and Sox

Always in Stock

Art Percy

DACK SHOES

114 COLBORNE STREET, BRANTFORD

AROUND THE FLIGHTS

CONGRATULATIONS

A hearty handshake and congratulations to the following for recent promotions:

Act. F./L. W. F. Orr
Act. F./L. D. K. McKay
Act. F./L. H. E. Smith
F./L. D. J. Penhall
Act. S./O. M. Peiler
F./O. D. S. Pelton
F./O. Harry Galen
P./O. P. P. Ratel
P./O. K. S. Pullum
P./O. A. W. Lockhart
P./O. C. D. Cross
P./O. A. B. Fyfe
P./O. J. B. Gould
Sgt. Heidman, Ross
Sgt. Albrough, E. H.
Sgt. Hurst, J. T.
Sgt. Waite, A. J.
Corp. Malcher, F. W. W.
Corp. Simpson, P. C.
Corp. Blackwood, T. H.
Corp. Barker, O. J.
Corp. Reimer, P. H.
Corp. Warburton, E.

HEADQUARTERS PRATTLE

By Cpl. Gates

In Spring a young man's fancy turns to things he has been thinking about all winter.

Spring in the air and all the pleasant thoughts it brings to mind. Clear skies and the air laden with an invigorating tonic not procurable in any hotel or liquor store.

Spring, when young ladies looking lovely in crowded sweaters, strut down the boulevard with their whole figure making eyes at you, sort of attractive to the oomph degree; when the street corners are cluttered with the spectators for the passing show and no doubt the W.D.'s are casting envious glances at some of those fully fol-der-alls as they go a-traipsing by. But just wait till they get their Summer uniforms; they are going to look cute. As one cricket said to another, tch, tch.

By the time this issue is off the press the trade tests will be over and the lads and lassies survived the tremors, but the worry will still go on till the official results are known. So lots of luck, everyone, it won't be long now.

I wonder if:

Patsy's nails will ever grow again and if Major Maxwell felt that kick on the shins. She certainly had a bad case of nerves.

Heathcote's face will ever get back its natural colour again. Oh those blue eyes.

Thomson and MacLean the first up enjoyed the experience.

Tommy would feel bad if she did not get overseas.

Steinberg, the Gene Krupa of the oil drums, likes the smell, the taste and the look of the stuff.

Bernin liked her stay in the Brantford General and all the visitors she had on her birthday. Millions of people, but they all passed by.

That Corporal, who is an expert on drill (he thinks) will ever shut up. His own mistakes would not look so bad if he did not talk so much.

Well, anyhow, people have more fun than anybody.

"NUTS TO YOU"

It is said that the above, being purely historical, comes from the Middle Ages when people apparently felt that actions spoke louder than words.

When a medieval chap wanted to wed, he'd invite himself to dinner, which was the same as a proposal. If the girl was willing, she'd really go to town on filling the feed bag, and put on a fancy spread. But if she was cool to the proposition, she'd serve him only a bowl of nuts, indicating he could look elsewhere for his chow and his ball and chain. Hence the phrase, "Nuts to you!"

"C" FLIGHT DRIVEL

By Sgt. Kinnear

Ode to a Louse, or, Never push your grandmother whilst she's shaving.

Oh, for the life of a sergeant in the Air Force, especially on Duty Flight week. Normal routine for the day, to wit:

Supply one man for the barracks. Okay, send Joe. One man for the other barracks, send another Joe. One man for Flare Party; must be an LAC. Send LAC. Joe. Supply two men for the Jeep, for the week; okay, detail two Joes. The band is playing at Hagersville this afternoon, three of our men are in the band. Okay, let them go. Why should I argue with a Squadron Leader. I never win anyway. One man in the hospital, not a bad average. One man A.W.L., not a common occurrence, but it has been known to happen before. He will be no good to the flight until his case is disposed of. And right in the middle of the whole damned thing, needs must be start night flying, so half the crew must go on night duty.

Of course, during all this time the flight commander is whipping in and out, tearing great handfuls of hair out of a head that can ill afford to lose same (mine naturally), wondering why the machines are not all serviceable. And as a sort of a side line, we must repair and operate twelve or eighteen Ansons, which in themselves are a harmless law abiding item, but when saddled with Jacobs engines they are possessed of all the traits of the devil, and the contrariness of an army mule, or an A.W. 2.

The foregoing, not being enough to try the soul of a saint (and who ever heard of a sergeant ever being called a saint) someone gets the idea that we should have a tennis court. Swell idea, everyone much in favour of same. Phone call . . . Send two Joes over to tennis court site to assist in getting same in shape. Just about this time we run out of Joes. In fact we have run out of just about everything, including patience. And then, and this, ladies and gentlemen, is the crux of the gripe, the veritable nub of the situation. Some low-life sergeant responsible for the cheesy column called "Maintenance Gab," wants to know why everyone in the flights wants to come over to work in Maintenance. Far be it from us to admit we ever did want to work any place, but the answer is obvious. After working in the flights, being assigned to Maintenance would be like manna from heaven, a permanent holiday, so to speak.

And then to top it all off, right in the middle of all this great writing effort, when my alleged brain is taxed to the limit, some bird comes in and asks for two men to clean up the oil room. I quit. Quick, Jason, the basin!

Could anyone tell us what are those horrible apparitions waltzing around the flights. Looking like a cross between an unshaven billiard ball, an O'Cedar mop with mange, and a pilot officer. In other words, where did you get those haircuts?

So! Now that I have completed this small effort and got a flock of cuss words off my chest till next issue, Ah reservoir, Bum sewer. (Something to do with a plugged drain, for the information of you ignoramuses that don't understand French.)

A bachelor is a man who never got around to marrying in his youth and has got around it ever since.

"E" FLIGHT GUFF

By Cpl. Hibbett

Now that the spring weather has arrived we find the personnel of "E" Flight busy tidying up around the flight, seeding, sodding, digging, etc., etc.

We wish to extend our congratulations to AC. Wright, who has joined the ranks of the married personnel.

Then there is the A.F.M. (C) Group in "E" who, after helping to do D.I.'s one night for night flying decided to go up for a test flip and when he found out it was a ship he had D.I.'d he climbed out of the aircraft and looked it all over good before climbing back again.

We have often wondered what the initials J. J. stood for after LAC. Stewart's name; at last the light has dawned, it stands for Jesse James, alias Two-gun Jim, alias Hair-trigger Harry, after the episode one night with a very pistol.

'Tis funny our former advertising manager of The Sky-Line, Sgt. Young of "F" Flight, resigned his position after getting his picture in The Daily Star along with the rest of the staff.

Sgt. Weaver, our senior N.C.O., is going to Maintenance and Cpl. Ratcliffe is coming to take his place.

The lad from Maintenance who was helping us on night flying came dashing in to the students' room and asked why the officer in the aircraft was waving at him.

"G" FLIGHT BUNKUM

By Cpl. Chambers

Once again we dash off a few lines before dead line time; always leave it to the last minute.

A couple of discharges in our instructing staff recently, but they were of the right kind. W.O. 2's Gould and Fyfe were given discharges to accept commissions, so now we have Pilot Officer Gould and Pilot Officer Fyfe; congratulations on your well earned promotions.

We wonder what LAC. "Bill" Wilson can see in The Brantford Expositor to pay ten cents a copy for it; but it's not so bad as it sounds. Wilson, down town the other night, hands the paper boy ten cents. "No change, mister," says the boy; "I will get some change in this store." Boy disappears in the store but continues out the side door, never to be seen again. So that is why "Bill" is reading The Expositor over and over again, to get his dime's worth.

It looks as if "G" Flight will again be the "Garden Spot of No. 5." Flt. Lt. Smith, our Flight Commander, has the boys trimming the flower beds and lawns, getting them back to shape again; and before long we will have the garden looking the way Flt. Lt. Foss had it last year.

RAWTHAHH, OLD BOY!

The English are well known to be a phlegmatic race. An American was visiting the country home of an English friend one week-end. While looking for the bath room, he inadvertently surprised his friend's wife in her bath. Of course he was horribly embarrassed and immediately sought out his host to apologize. He found the Englishman in his study reading the evening paper. With much embarrassment he explained what had happened. The Englishman continued grimly reading his paper until, after an uncomfortable moment for the American, he glanced up and said: "Skinny old thing, isn't she?"

"F-E-E-T, what does that spell, Johnnie?" said the teacher.

Johnny didn't know.

"What is it that a cow has four of and I have only two?" persisted the lady.

Johnny's answer was as surprising as it was unexpected.

CAPITOL

BRANTFORD

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May 6 to 8
Ginger Rogers
in
"ROXIE HART"

May 9 to 13
"TO THE SHORES
OF TRIPOLI"
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John Payne
Maureen O'Hara
Randolph Scott

May 14th-15th
"NAZI AGENT"
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