

Top St. Andrew

N^o 9 FLYER

N^o 9 SERVICE FLYING TRAINING SCHOOL, R.C.A.F.
CENTRALIA, Ontario



Vol. 1

No. 1

DECEMBER 1944

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CENTRALIA **NO. 9 FLYER** ONTARIO

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Editorial

Dear Reader:

This Christmas issue of the No. 9 FLYER is the birth of a new expression of this Station—we hope you'll like it.

Your Editorial Staff plan to

make this publication the informal story of the life of yourself and your friends while at No. 9. The need for such a publication on this Station has been felt for some time, and it is hoped that through your co-operation, to justify the confidence placed in your Staff by producing a magazine comparable to the best.

Our policy will be to print authentic news of interest; to maintain a wholesome magazine, devoted, in the main, to news for and by airmen and airwomen; to foster individual initiative and self-expression through the pen; and in varying degrees, to amuse and enlighten you.

The marketing of No. 9 FLYER at the breaking of a new year, we feel is timely. It is another milestone that we have passed to show that Centralia Station has assumed its place with the top-ranking schools in the Dominion by giving its personnel "more of the best."

The road has been long and hard for many—too many of the world's finest—our relatives and friends—have been left by the roadside in doing their share, but the tempering we have received through that loss and sadness will mold us, as fine steel, into better men and women to do the task, when called upon, to shoulder the affairs and responsibilities of making this, our Canada, into the finer world to live in.

Your Editor and Staff extend warmest greetings for a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year, with the wish that 1945 will bring to you all the good things you desire.

Sincerely,

Ev. Inch

A Word from Our C. O.

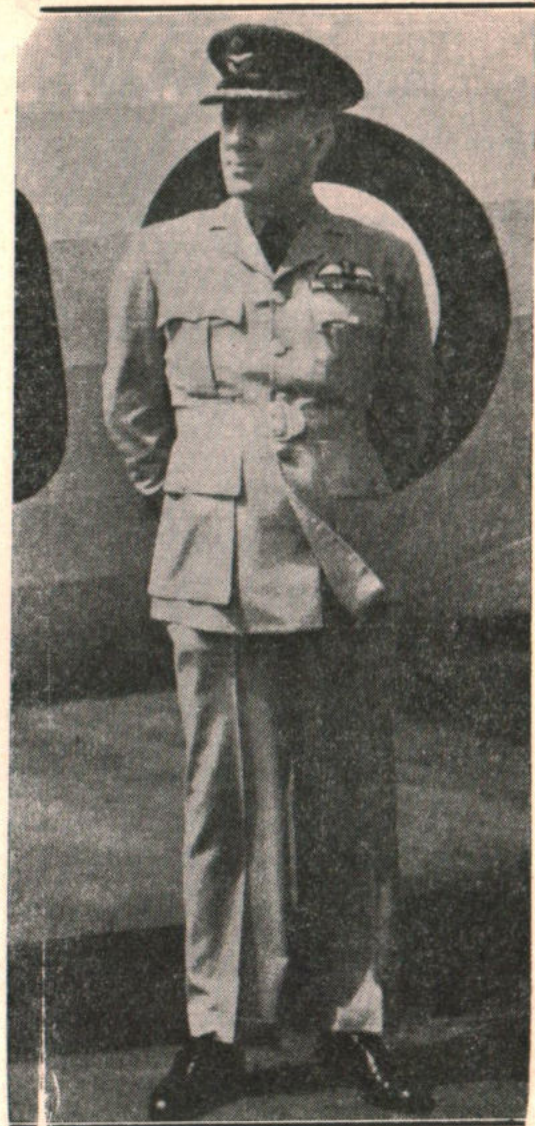
**TO:—All Personnel of No. 9
S.F.T.S., Centralia.**

Your Editor has asked me to write a few words for the first publication of "NO. 9 FLYER." It is a pleasure to have the opportunity of doing so.

Our "White City" which we call No. 9, has in the past two years developed almost everything that is to be found in a modern city, such as a well-equipped fire department, modern hospital and dental clinic, central heating, movie and stage theatres, sports field, gymnasium, swimming pool, snack bar, craft shops, libraries, A. & A. Club, etc., and even a parachute jumping tower and now—we are to have our own magazine. To the Station Magazine Committee falls the task of recording and publishing the "pulse" of our Station—of finding and publishing the human side of interesting events and persons on this Station—of assisting in maintaining morale and esprit de corps—and of carrying with poise the dignity the name of our Station, No. 9 S.F.T.S., Centralia.

We, therefore, want you to feel that this is **YOUR** magazine, and that **your** help, **your** suggestions and **your** ideas (or your constructive criticisms as the case may be) are needed to make this magazine a complete success and of general interest to all Station personnel.

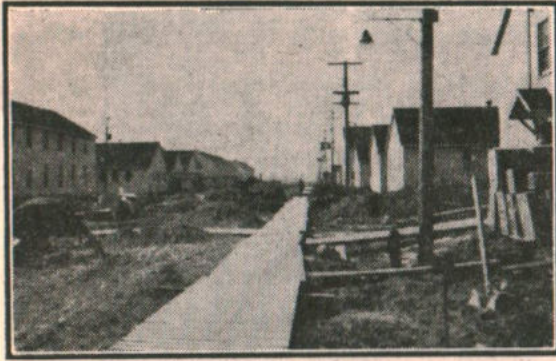
When the War has finally been won and most of us have returned



to civilian life, you may perchance come across a copy of "NO. 9 FLYER" and, if so, we hope that it may bring back to you some happy memories of bygone days spent at No. 9 S.F.T.S.

In conclusion, may I extend my warmest greetings for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, and with each of us shouldering our full share of the burdens in 1945, we can face the future with confidence that ultimate and complete victory cannot long be delayed.

Cordially yours,
E. G. FULLERTON, G/C.,
Commanding Officer.



PIONEER DAYS

No. 9 S.F.T.S.

CENTRALIA, ONT.

by Martin Grudnitski, Sgt.

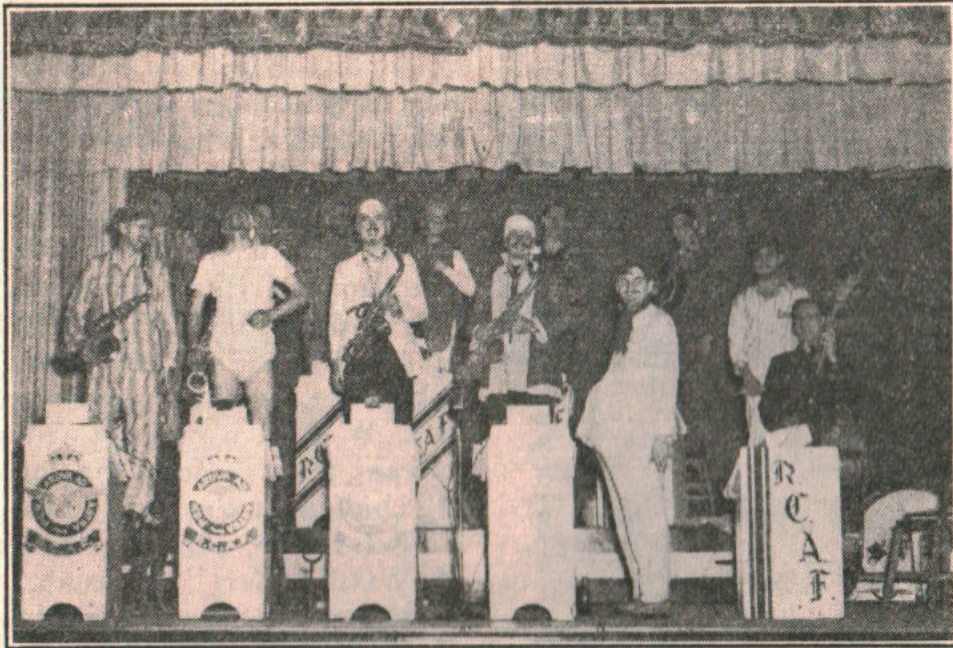
When Spring gave way to Summer of 1942, a bee-hive of industry could be noted by anyone arriving, or passing by this Airport tucked behind the Village of Centralia. I can never forget my first sight of this, now modern metropolis, with its tree-lined avenues, and slick white buildings, and the red roofs showing through the maze of barracks and hangars, and the continuous hum of warming-up aircraft. But that is getting ahead of my story, I am here to tell you of No. 9's Pioneer days!

Instead of Aircraft, the steady drone of high powered tractors were taking off on their first solo flights through the mud that oozed and trickled over every inch of the Station. I arrived at the main gate and was asked for my "I" card and my next of kin was jotted down in the S.P.'s log book, this precaution, he informed me, was being taken at present, as many had disappeared between the main gate and Admin. Building, never to be heard of again. So I stepped through the gates of "good ole No. 9" and was immediately surrounded

by mud and dew worms, bidding me welcome to my new home, or theirs. As I paddled my way down the main road astride a large timber, which would eventually form the under-pinion of one of the barracks, I passed several of the original boys standing at attention. Later I found out that they had no choice. The mud was up to their chins. All were very optimistic, however, and expected that W. & B. would get around to extract them before the mud finally baked in the July sun.

Under the capable leadership of WO.1 "Bert" Massiah, work parties of AC.2's and Flight Loot's were formed, and board walks were built to lay along the main thoroughfares of the station. Equipment stores issued goggles after a few attempts were made by the more trusting souls of the station, who attempted to walk on them, and received a "squirt" in the eye for their trouble. Barracks, new and unfurnished (with the exception of a few Varga girls) presented quite a problem to the boys. Hot water was unheard of! Flight Pringle was doing his utmost to save the masculine beauty from being marred by razors wet with cold water. I can hear those razors yet in the clear cool hours of the morning, the sound was not unlike a hundred miniature aircraft warming up for the take-off, punctuated by the curses of the suffering population. Those who were fortunate enough to possess an electric razor became the most popular boys on the station. Because amusements were not yet set up by the capable Y.M.C.A., it was not uncommon to see an admiring crowd standing about watching one of the boys as he did "steep-turns" and

continued on page 24)



Hallowe'n Dance

(and the joint was jumpin')

(V. Tolmie, Cpl.)

Surprises galore were in order for your meandering reporter at the Annual Witchcraft and Goblin Dance.

The Rec. Hall had sprouted gay orange and black banners and the Orchestra had blossomed forth in varying degrees of night apparel. The highlight of the evening, beyond all doubt, was the transformation of the W.D.'s. Never before had so much loveliness been present at a Station Dance! The costumes were breath-taking and even the airmen had to admit the gals have possibilities.

A "Paul Jones" helped to get things started and later on in the evening, a very intriguing jitterbug number by Freddy Godwin and Eileen Dickson drew quite an enthusiastic audience.

LAW. Helen Chevarie of Blackville, N.S. took first prize for best costume, and her able partner was

LAC. Gabe O'Brien of Cornwall, Ontario. You will observe F/O. Art Irwin presenting their prizes in the accompanying picture.

The orchestra under the direction of genial Frank Shortt were a riot—music wonderful—costuming crazy—(mute testimony is herewith attached) and were really good sports.

LAW. "Sparkie" Baillie made a hit in her impromptu "Lead the Band" number, and there was fun for all.

Those gnawing pangs of hunger that always assail one during a Dance were assuaged by big, juicy, red apples that you didn't have to "duck" for! The time slipped by very smoothly and everyone cheered at the suggestion that we carry on till the hour of ONE.

To Ev. and all the boys of the Orchestra—and last but not least, that hard-working Dance Committee—goes a great big hand from all of us to all of you. What a night!

HOSTESS TEA DELIGHTFUL AFFAIR

An Armistice Hostess Tea was held Wednesday, November 8th, at Trivitt Memorial Parish Hall, by the Exeter and Centralia branches of No. 9 S.F.T.S. Red Cross unit. Proceeds amounting to approximately \$65.00 will be turned over to the Red Cross.

The hall was most attractively decorated under the able direction of Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. J. Henry, Mrs. Machan, Mrs. Fullerton, Mrs. Brooker and Miss Henry, teacher of the Public School. The red, white and blue scheme, which predominated throughout the hall,

added color and enjoyment for all attending. Tables of four were served by the following members of No. 9 S.F.T.S. Red Cross Units: Mrs. McKinnon, Mrs. McFarlane, Mrs. J. Tripp, Mrs. Machan, Mrs. MacDonald, Mrs. Reynolds, Mrs. Thorne, Mrs. McQuigge, Mrs. J. Henry, Mrs. Griffin, Mrs. Norman, Mrs. Brooker, Mrs. Kinnon.

Mrs. G. D. Grierson, who was in charge of the catering, did a superb job with the assistance of Mrs. MacKenzie, Mrs. Mountfield,

(continued on page 21)

He's a Pretty Interesting Guy!

(by V. Tolmie, Cpl.)

There's a service-minded individual on this station who has done considerable globe trotting in his day—yes, you've guessed it from the picture, he's our genial sergeant-major—WO.2 Jack McCready Smail who was born in Dumfries, Scotland (the year of birth is a military secret). At the tender age of five his family moved to Galashiels where he spent his youth, and when only twelve years of age, joined the Kings Own Scottish Borderers (Territorial Forces).

At the outbreak of the first Great War, 1914, Jack was considered too young to proceed overseas with his regiment and was transferred to the Cameronians, a rifle regiment, and was held in reserve in Northern Scotland.

In 1915 his regiment was posted to General Allenby's command in Egypt fighting against the Turks—saw considerable action in the Suez area and in Northern Africa, until in 1917 he was transferred with the 52nd Imperials from Palestine to Vimy Ridge in France, relieving the Canadians after that battle, and he remained in France until the end of World War 1.

At the conclusion of the First Great War, Sgt. Major Smail was asked to remain in the service as a Drill Instructor, and was retained at that post until released in 1920.

In 1923, came the decision to make Canada his home—but WO.2 Smail with the soldiering instinct inbred in him, just had to get



back at it again, and so, joined the Grey Regiment in Owen Sound with the rank of WO.1.

He was First Sgt. Major of that regiment at the outbreak of the present war, and has trained both Officers and men for that regiment—some of whom are now Captains, Majors, and one Lt. Colonel—and the regiment now serves in Sicily. This regiment was Infantry until 1941 when it became the mechanized 26th Army Tank—and so he transferred to the R.C.A.F., because “younger men were needed for a mechanized unit.”

He was taken on strength at No. 1 “M” Depot in Toronto, March, 1942 as a WO.2, and a few months following that, the army saw fit to award him the Efficiency Medal

On July 19, 1944, WO.2 Smail was posted to the “White City,” and since that time has continued in his same efficient manner—has become both well-known and respected as Station Warrant Officer for his strictness—but fairness in Unit discipline.

By the way—that string of ribbons on the left breast are: Victory Medal, Efficiency Medal, George V Medal, and the C.V.S.M.—and he deserves every one of them.

Cowgirl Marjorie Steals Show!

Alf Tibbs brought his new show to us on October 30th and once again scored with the Airmen and Airwomen. He had three little sisters with him, and the littlest, Marjorie, stole the show with her singing and dimples. Loraine Vardon put over her act so well that the audience would not let the show go on, but insisted on Loraine coming back again and again until they were at last satisfied with "Frankie and Johnny." A good chorus, good acts, good singing and good music under the direction of versatile Don Wright completed a well-rounded programme. Don's boys gave out with everything they had from rythm and pep to jive, and Don topped it all with a cello solo, serious yes—but liked—definitely. Evidently we know when something has class, and can certainly appreciate the better music.

Musicians tenors, chorus, gags—many gags—something for everyone! Anytime Alf Tibbs wants to come back to Centralia we will be waiting with open arms; that is an open invitation Alf—anytime will be the right time! And the opinion of this paper is backed by the thousands of hands that said, "We loved it—thank you Alf Tibbs!"

He had been drinking a bit and finally came to a telephone booth. He dropped his nickel.

"Number, please?" queried the operator.

"Number, hell," he replied, "I want my peanuts."

OVER THE TOP IN THREE DAYS! !

When the 7th Victory Loan Committee of the "White City" go to work—things really happen. From a standing start, and with a quota of \$100,000, the personnel of this station bought bonds to the tune of \$141,000 in less than three days. We call it remarkable!

Here are more startling figures—1312 applications netted a total of \$156,000 which was an increase of 56% over our quota (and 40% higher than the last loan on this unit)—and 99% of the station personnel subscribed to the loan, either by cash, pay deductions, or other means!

OUR Station was the first Service school to pass their objective—WE were the winners of the A.O.C.'s Pennant (No. 1 T.C.) for having the highest percentage of increase over quota on the official opening day of the loan! !

The co-operation of the personnel on this station in subscribing to the Seventh Victory Loan made it possible to announce that this loan **BROKE ALL PREVIOUS RECORDS** for subscriptions on our unit—and the No. 9 FLYER congratulates each one of you for your effort. **F/O. Bob Kerr** and his Seventh Victory Loan Committee deserve a big hand! ! **NOW THAT YOU'VE BOUGHT YOUR BOND—KEEP IT!!!**

W/C.: "Why on earth are you men climbing trees and crawling through the bushes?"

LAC.: "Well, sir, we camouflaged the aircraft before lunch and now we can't find them."

Or Disciplinary Action. . . !

by Howard Gitter, P/O.

And it came to pass, that he that is known as "SEE-EYE," commanded that all should assemble for briefing by the prophet, Met, as the dawn lights the eastern heavens—thou art to be in thine flights by the great homes of the metal and fabric birds, and verily, thou shalt be there at zero eight hundred hours, for on the morrow, thou art to commence operations in golden birds which will soar unto the heavens, and we say again, thou shalt be in thine flights as the cock crows, to be borne in the air at the hour of light, (or else disciplinary action shalt be taken upon all of you)).

At zero seven-thirty hours thou shalt be within the great hall of the weather prophets, the hall of polished woods, which, as the day passeth the hour of light, shall resound with frolicing worshipers of the body of fitness, who gambol with spheres of air encased within hides of cows and swine. The prophet, there with his charts and his magic symbols, doth call to the multitude to be silent, and verily it is so. CAVU and the prophet doth look unto the skies and sayeth, "The heavens shalt be clear unto the blue of infinity, and there shalt be no ceiling, so go forth on your mission of country crossing and seek thine E.T.A. with the winds that I, your prophet, hath given unto you," and they went forth to go unto the homes of the birds of golden colour.

There in the vast and empty nest called hangar (for the birds are resting for their journey on their black and spacious tarmac) they find the place to gird them-

selves with knowledge, given by the prophets, Navigators. They make unto themselves plans of flight, and from still others, are told of armament which, though many do not see, are guns, and bombs, and cameras and signals which must be shown lest unbelievers take them for ones of evil.

Then when they have been called by their prophets of the narrow blue stripes, those of armament and navigation and intelligence and signals, and they have answered—they are told to go forth unto the great, silent, resting birds, and to go forth in search of their E.T.A., and to return to that place called base. Behold, verily they did go forth, and from each of the silent birds comes a roaring and a tumult as of an hundred. Within each, there is one called navigator, and before him art his plans of flight and the words of wisdom of his prophet, Met. Together with his device called computer they go forth, each man with his armour strapped about his back and loins, the armour called harness, and by the side of each is his appurtenance called chute.

Then the birds each with his own within him, leave the black and spacious tarmac, and move to the long and narrow place called runway, and they rush down the great distance, verily at a speed greater than that of man, or camel, or even a horse could rush, and they leave the earth and become airborne with the skies.

The great golden birds climb and sweep into the blue, and that, which is called by name U/C, they

hide within themselves, and they circle and behold they go to still greater heights! At a height at which they are pleased, they rest, and they look this way and that—unto the horizon—but they do not see!!! Then the man called navigator scans his plan of flight, and sayeth, “First we must use that which is written as course,” and they look unto it, and then diligently go to seek that for which they are searching.

Verily, they depart, but behold the heavens have grown dark and the clearness that was, is no more, and the skies are giving forth precipitation which is called by the Erks, rain. Then it came to pass that those in the large golden birds—by name, the Anson—could go no further, and therefore they sought to return to the place which they had left—the place called Base. Seeking, they found this place which is also called Drome, and circled it. Verily and behold, the birds do put down that upon which they land, and with the weird and wonderful word “B-G-U-M-P-F,” they settle and disgorge those that were within!

Those who had left in search of their E.T.A. had returned without finding that for which they had been seeking, and they searched instead for their prophet—Met. When those who were dressed in their encumbrances of fleece and leather found their prophet, they did say unto him, “Verily, the word which thou hadst given us wast the word of another day, and the winds were, after all, not the true winds, but those of the reciprocal. Verily, we say unto thee, let us award thee the meritorious decoration known as “The Exalted Order of Noblest of Boobs!” And the prophet wept bitterly, and sayeth unto them,

“Nay, it is not I that hast boobed, but those who are known as the Low, and the Front, and the Depression, and the name of SNAFU, who has moved to take the place of CAVU.” Then those who had flown, in their gracious forgiveness, sayeth, “Thou art forgiven,” and they forgave him.

Then they who had forgiven, returned to the vast and empty nests, and they were affronted by those of the many narrow blue stripes, who sayeth unto him, “Verily, we are joyous to behold thee on thy return to this place called Base, nevertheless, on the morrow, thou shalt hearken again to the prophet called Met at the hour of dawn, moreover, at the hour of Zero Eight Hundred, thou shalt be in thine flights, for thou shalt commence operations known as A.T.S., so again, sayeth we unto you, on the morrow thou shalt be in thine flights as the cock crows the hour of light (or disciplinary action will be taken upon all of you!).”

DO YOU have headaches—have dandruff—have spots before your eyes—have backaches—have ringing in your ears—have trouble with your teeth—twitch—snore—hate to get up in the morning—have sore feet—worry—wake up screaming . . . my, you’re in bad shape, aren’t you!!

o—o—o

EPITAPH

Here lies the body of Samuel Stark.
He mistook his wife for the maid in the dark!!

o—o—o

LAC.: “Why do you call this an enthusiastic stew?”

LAW.: “The cook put everything he had into it.”

Padre's



Harold Geo. Martin, F/Lt.
Chaplain (P.)

This being the Christmas edition of our Station Magazine, may I take this opportunity of sincerely wishing all—Officers, N.C.O.'s and Airmen and Airwomen and your families, a very joyful Christmas and God's richest and abiding blessing in the year that lies ahead.

I shall not write a sermonette, you wouldn't read it if I did; nor talk about the war, you hear enough about that already; but submit the following lines, which, if followed, will give you a lift along Life's dusty road:

BEGIN THE DAY WITH GOD,
Kneel down to Him in prayer;
Lift up thy heart to His abode
And seek His love to share.

OPEN THE DAY WITH GOD,
And read a portion there;
That it may hallow all thy
thoughts
And sweeten all thy care.

GO THROUGH THE DAY WITH
GOD,
Whate'er thy work may be,
Where'er thou art, at home,
abroad,
He still is near to thee.

CONVERSE IN MIND WITH
GOD,
Thy spirit heavenward raise;
Acknowledge every gift bestowed,
And offer grateful praise.

CONCLUDE THY DAY WITH
GOD,
Thy sins to Him confess;
Trust in the Lord's atoning blood,
And plead His righteousness.

LIE DOWN AT NIGHT WITH
GOD,
Who gives His servants sleep,
And when thou tread'st the vale
of death
He will thee guard and keep.

Corners

So the Padre finds himself in a corner again. Well, a corner is rather a good vantage point. You have two walls behind you and everything in front of you; so from this vantage point I can look out and speak, in this, the first venture of No. 9 into the field of journalism.

Let me hasten to assure you first of all, that I am not a writer. I did get the urge to write at an earlier age, as a pile of returned manuscript eloquently proves. Accompanying each of these manuscripts is a note of encouragement, strangely alike, from each publisher, telling of the excellence of my efforts but advising that they could not be used "at the present time." When you see this you will know that at last one of my offerings has been accepted.

As your Padre I am naturally interested in the things that go to make your corporal and spiritual wellbeing. Are you surprised that I should be interested in your bodily welfare? Nobody knows better than the pastor of souls how important it is that you should be clean and healthy in mind and body if you are going to have a healthy condition of soul. It is always a source of satisfaction and joy to me to see the things that are done, so that you may be happy and contented in the job that you have to do.

Above all I rejoice in the splendid little chapel you now have on the station. To the R.C. personnel it is a great source of spiritual refreshment to have the abiding Presence of our Divine Lord here on the station in His Own Home. More will be said about the Chapel in later issues,



J. A. Jordan, F/Lt.
Chaplain (R.C.)

so I will confine my remarks in this issue to extending to you all, an urgent invitation to visit the chapel often. Its yours, for your use. The Padre's offices are there, too, and we are always glad to see you, talk over your problems with you and help you in every way we can. There is daily Mass in the chapel as announced for the week each Sunday, so that you can start your day with the Blessing of God.

I'm going to end by reminding you that your Padre is a sort of liaison officer between you and the service, and between you and your God. In both instances he will devote all his time and energy in your behalf, but you are reminded that in both instances he can only point the way. Your personal salvation, your progress in the service is your task. We will guide and direct, but you must do the job yourself. Let's do it well so that when this is over we can go back to our loved ones, clean in soul and body, happy in the realization of a task well done.

SLUGGERS' NIGHT

(by Ernie Goble, WO.1)

The night of November 16 we saw a rousing boxing show under the auspices of the Station Boxing Committee. Head-lined by a famous professional boxer (Joey Bagnato, of Toronto) who donated his time and services, the evening was a success from start to finish.

The first bout saw Pte. Paris of Kitchener take a close decision from Pte. Brown of London. Both boys from Camp Ipperwash put on a good fight with lots of give and take.

Next bout brought together two Centralia lads who are very well known as "**Killer**" **Jim Waters** of London and "**Slugger**" **Joe Drum** of Toronto. These two warriors have been training for this bout since they were born, and Slugger just eked out the decision because one of his swings during the fight came closer to E.T.A. than any "**Killer**" **Waters** could put over. Which all goes to prove that drinking milk DOES pay off in dividends.

The third bout, perhaps the best tussle of the evening was an action filled engagement between **L/Cpl. Kippy Dumas** of Ipperwash and Detroit vs. our own **Sgt. "Skinny" Skinner**, formerly of London, England. Kippy had a shade too much experience picked up in Madison Square Gardens where he formerly fought, for our Sarge, who, although he put up a game battle was finally beaten by a technical knockout.

LAC. LaPointe of Vancouver took the laurels back to Number Nine by winning by another tech-

nical knockout, his fight with Pte. **MacDonald** of Ipperwash. This was the last fight before the wrestlers gave us their excellent exhibition.

This brought together the two "Mad Aussies," the kangaroos from the outback of Australia. **LAC. "Sloppy" Muttimer** who took the nod from **LAC. "Dead-Pan" Gray**. These two boys stated they used to train with 'roos before fights down-under, and by the actions of Dead-Pan his 'roo must have been fed the stronger breakfast food in six delicious flavours. On several occasions these boys tried to decapitate **F/Sgt. White**, who was trying to keep out of the way and still do a job of refereeing, too.

The next two fights were non-decision affairs refereed by Chuck Murphy, noted Toronto sportsman and former fly-weight champ of Canada, bringing together **F/S. Herb Dymont** of Toronto, heavy-weight professional who has fought all over Europe, and **Larry Krangle** of Vancouver, former light-heavy-weight champion of British Columbia. The last and headline exhibition featured **Joey Bagnato**, world famous light-heavy-weight fighter vs. **Kid Gregory**, up-and-coming Toronto lad. These men contributed a fine boxing exhibition and to them we extend our heartfelt thanks at being such fine sportsmen.

The evening was brought to a fitting conclusion by the Commanding Officer who expressed the station's thanks to all the participants of the show, and then pre-



sented prizes to both winners and losers. All in all it was a swell show—a swell evening—and some swell lads made it a night that we would like to see repeated.

o—o—o

SPORT SHORTS

Seen at the Boxing and Wrestling fights the other night, were two well known sports figures—**Sgt. "Ike" Simpson**, ex-trainer of the Ottawa Fliers, Allan Cup Champions in 1942, and **Pat. Flanagan**, world famous wrestler and contender on several occasions for the World Championship. Both boys enjoyed the evening—and we certainly enjoyed having them here.

Centralia girls basketball team, although whipped together in rather a hurry, played an exhibition game with Ipperwash Army girls recently and "kept the bacon at home" with a 16-14 win. **LAW. Mickey Cole** was outstanding in her scoring—10 points is not to be sneezed at.

Two Florence Nightingales of this station—**Nursing Sisters West and Hanson**, were recently seen working out over a badminton net. Could it be they are strengthening themselves in preparation of giving out more shots in the arm?

Noticed **S/Ldr. Smith** and **S/Ldr. R. Porter** bathed in perspiration the other evening over a badminton game—we wonder if the loser paid for the cokes?

To **LAC. Hyde G.** of Tillsonburg, we humbly suggest trying to stop a floor hockey puck with hands or body—it certainly saves wear and tear on the face. (Ed. note: Do hope everything's OKay now).

F/Sgt. Dapper Dan Morgan who was Badminton champ of Ottawa last year certainly does a good job in our Drill Hall, too—but man oh man! this game they call snooker. . . .!

Meet the New Chief Instructor

How a man who has had so many operational trips, and so many enemy aircraft to his credit, can be so quiet, backward, and unassuming is difficult to believe.

However, when you have the privilege of meeting S/L. D. G. (Bud) Malloy, D.F.C., who hails from Halifax, N.S., you will understand the meaning of the above phrase.

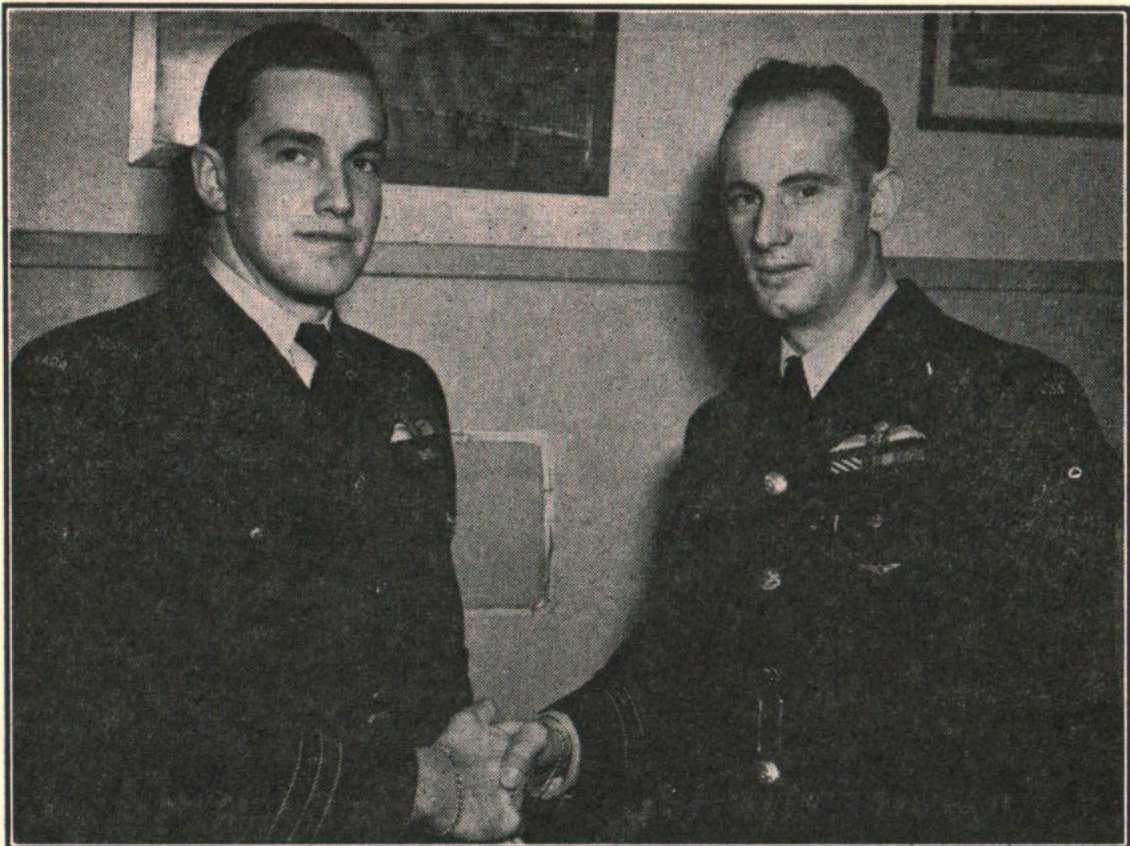
Though young in years, S/L. Malloy has nearly five and a half years of R.C.A.F. service behind him, better than two years in England and Scotland, has participated in more than 100 low-level, high-level and train-busting sweeps into enemy occupied territory, and patrols of the English coast and London area with such regularity that an accurate count was unable to be kept, yet very unassumingly he assured your

reporter that the D.F.C. on his left breast "was simply given for a series of events not worth talking about."

Returning to Canada a year ago, he was assigned to Uplands, A.F.H.Q., Kingston, and it is now distinctly a pleasure to welcome him to Centralia where he will be relieving W/C. D. J. Brooker who has been posted to Western Air Command.

In the photo on this page you will observe W/C. Brooker on the left officially turning over the duties of C.I. to his successor—and to each of them the FLYER voices the opinion of the personnel in saying "good luck."

Via the grapevine we learn that S/L. Malloy is an enthusiast for weight lifting, tumbling, and in his "youth" did a little ju-jitsi work. Better be careful boys, he's a good man not to tangle with.



A mild riot at the dance the other week when **Merv. (Frankie) Himes** sang—"And then you kissed me...."

Ev. Inch trying to do a card trick for interested visitors at the FLYER'S Office — that just wouldn't work.

SEEN HERE-

A surprise birthday party at the Hostess House for **Mrs. Thompson** a while ago. Gee the lunch was good—you should have more birthdays, soon.

F/O. "Wally" Davison trying to help a hypnotist at a recent stage show—who didn't really need help.

The expression on "**Wally's**" face (not **Davison's**) at his inability to juggle a glass of milk and two plates successfully at the Hostess House—and his extreme embarrassment when the second glass of "cow juice" followed the first to the rug.

A tea party in the Airmen's Mess the other Monday during a break period when the birthdays of **LAW. Helen Rafuse** (Waterville, N.S.) and **LAW. Jerry Sparrow** (Drumheller, Alta.) were celebrated. **S/O. Sally Morrow** presented a birthday cake that **LAW. Fleming** must have spent a lot of time preparing. Happy birthday, Kids.

Noticed **Sgt. Audrey Brown** acting as a hat check girl in the Hospital at the last inoculation parade—could it be she is training for a future trade?

LAW. Mickey Cole in hospital with a sprained ankle, following the basketball game between Clinton and Centralia girls. Well you helped add up the score that brought the victory home, so that's some consolation, **Mickey**.

Audrey and **Gwyn Howells'** dancing at the Airmen's Mess Party the other night. **Audrey** has been a station stalwart for some time, and now we're glad to welcome her husband here from an East coast posting.

LAW. Rose Lineham and **Cpl Laura Stewart** lunching in Jack Dempsey's (N.Y.)—but in Louis XIVth Restaurant they lunched with Lord Halifax (or is that possible?)

AND THERE-!

Two of a kind! **Warrant Officer Smail** (recovering from tonsilectomy) and **P/O. Bill Bowers**—both assigned to one room in our Hospital, insist that it all happened one night when their feet were too cold to take into bed with them—at any rate, that bright red polish on their toe nails is good for a laugh!!

LAW. Gwen Wahl (Hospital) sporting a new sparkler given by **WO.2 Gil Dickson** (Maintenance). We think you're both pretty lucky people.

LAW. Beamish (with other thoughts than C.A.P.'s and L 14's in her head) has a heavy third finger left hand—believe the donor was **Pte. John Morrison** of Gainsborough, Man.

Male Call

by Milton Caniff, creator of "Terry and the Pirates"



"... Pot Boy to FO."

by Art Parker, LAC.

Early in November F/O. Alex. Nethery, of Hamilton, Ontario, visited here. "So what?" you may ask if you are a comparative newcomer, however, any old-timer will surely remember Alex., the tall rather slight "Joe" in the Airmen's Mess of '42. Those who don't, can blame it on a set of blueprints which dictated that the pot-room be over in one corner, away from the sarcastic remarks of other members of his pre-I.T.S. flight. After AC.2 Nethery had worn 1/4 of an inch off all the steel and iron in the mess, he was moved to Tech. Stores where he efficiently continued until posted.

Since arriving in England in January, 1943, he has served on 15 stations both there and in Scotland, with the Lion Squadron, and the City of Vancouver Squadron.

He now has two years of adventure as a Bomb-Aimer on a Lancaster over Occupied Europe behind him. Included in what must have been many harrowing experiences was a four month period during which time he was missing from his unit, after being shot down over Europe.

F/O. Nethery can remember many of his experiences before starting on a course which took him from I.T.S. in Toronto, to Fingal, then to Crumlin, and thence overseas where he was soon commissioned. One look at our Sports Store down on the playing field must recall a certain day, two years ago, when along with a few others he unloaded it in its whole condition from one of 18 box-cars. (Incidentally, they also unloaded the other 17 cars, too!)

Alex's. first statement on return to his old "stomping grounds" was, "Where did all the mud go?"

He must ave been referring only to 1942 mud, we presume!

Naturally, we welcome any old member back, and we feel a personal pride in F/O. Alex. Nethery although he didn't actually train here. The only untoward incident in his short visit was his parting shot: "Well, anyway, I still don't know what happened to all the mud!"



The reporter came idly into the FLYER office.

"Well," snapped the editor. "What did our New Wing Commander have to say?"

"Nothing."

"Well, keep it down to a column."

TAIL PIECE

During a daylight attack upon a Hun factory, one pilot saw a large piece of concrete blown up as high as his aircraft. On the concrete was a lathe, and at the lathe was a man working. Astonished, the pilot throttled back to have a look, and of course, the undercarriage warning horn blew. The man on the concrete heard the horn blow, picked up his cap and lunch box, and stepped off the concrete — we presume he "pranged" on the outskirts of the home town. . . .

—The Prairie Howler.

A Thought at Christmas

by Kay Fearnhead, LAW.

What are our thoughts at Christmas?

As we in our barracks lie—
Watching the snow-flakes as they fall

From the rapidly-darkening sky—
We think of other Christmases
In the years before the war,
We think of the friends who will
come back
When peace returns once more.

We hear the chiming of chapel
bells
And the carols we've grown to
love,
That come to us on the frosty air
While the Bethlehem star shines
above.
We think of the story of Christmas
That has echoed down thru the
years
As told to us in our childhood
Of beauty and of tears.

Of the little stable in Bethlehem,
Of angels and wisemen three
Of Joseph and of Mary
With the Christ Child on her knee.
Gold and myrrh and the shep-
herds' gifts,
They brought from near and far,
Guided by the radiant light
Of that bright Christmas star.

Our thoughts return to our child-
hood
And the lights of the Christmas
tree,
And the piney scent of the ever-
green,
And that aura of mystery—
As the midnight hour approaches
The air is filled with sound,
The beautiful bells of Christmas
Spreading their cheer around.

To bed with joyful expectancy
Of what the morn will bring—
Of parcels wrapped in green and
red
And tied with tinsel string.
Awakened by dawn's first gleam
of light
Down the stairs we crept—
Gazed with wonder at all the gifts
As into the stockings we dipped.

We think again of our boys over
there
With Christmas in their hearts,
They too, were children just like
we,
But now they're playing their
parts
To bring to this turbulent world
of ours
When Christmas shall come again
'Their greatest present — the
angels' song
Of peace, good will to men.

Liberty is one thing you can't
have unless you give it to others.

Wm. Allen White.

o———o———o

To **Sgt. Joe Swartz** goes a
bouquet for his suggestion of the
name, No. 9 FLYER for this
magazine—also life membership
in the "Royal Order of the Fur
Lined Shoelace."

TOP THIS ONE

We know a **Mr. Williamson** who
has a son and a grandson in the
R.C.A.F.—the son is our **Cpl.**
Williamson (Airmen's canteen)
who is also the proud father of
P/O. Bob Williamson who is a
recent graduate of MacLeod, Alta.
It was a big reunion last month
when the Corporal was home on
leave in Port Stanley.

The New C.G.I.

by "Butch" Cleaver, F/Lt.

Squadron Leader George H. McGee finally arrived here on November 13th, 1944, after having been on the strength of the station for one year. Although he has just taken over his duties as Chief Ground Instructor, please do not assume that during this time he has been A.W.O.L. On the contrary he has been a very busy man, for he was at No. 5 S.F.T.S., Brantford, on temporary duty where he was C.G.I., and also O.C. parks, lawns, trees and gardens. It was he who started Brantford's Intelligence library and went "all out" for easy chairs.

Went to E.C.F.S. or Empire Central Flying School in England from Brantford and evidently had a good time but did a great deal of work. (E.C.F.S. is the college of flying training for the whole of the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan.) No phase of training is neglected there and S/L. McGee had the opportunity of meeting and exchanging opinions with brother officers from all over the Empire.

One of the first "N" men in the R.C.A.F. at the start of this present war, S/L. McGee trained at Trenton at the old No. 1 A.N.S. which was the Air Navigation and



Seaplane School, situated in the "seaplane hangar." Equipment in use at the time consisted of obsolete Fairchild aircraft and Norsemen, both on wheels and floats, and all kinds of rugged experiences went into the log books of the embryo navigators at Trenton in those days.

His varied experience in training observers, navigators, air-bombers and pilots should bear good fruit here at Centralia, and the pilots now going through here should benefit considerably.

Welcome to Centralia, S/L. McGee and may your stay here be very pleasant.

The Committee's sincere thanks go to **F/Sgt. Norm. Townson** of Photographic Section for his work on photographs in this issue—also to **Sgt. Tommy Carroll** who worked with us for cover cut of this issue.

There are over 500 new books in our station library which have just arrived—they are so new as a matter of fact that many of them are not yet on the civilian market. Be sure to see them.



One day, several years ago, (the exact date is clothed in official secrecy) the cloistered quiet of that famous university town, Cambridge, England, was shattered by the raucous wailing of a newborn man-child. That lusty infant, whose full-throated salutes presaged a busy and active career, was destined to become the Adjutant of No. 9 S.F.T.S.

Albert Edward Lunn ("Bert" to youse guys, as he puts it) has been Adjutant at this Station since its early days (14th Aug., 1942) when paint and roads were merely a pleasant hope—having replaced F/O. Orpen who was Adjutant at that time—and is now to go back to "civvie street."

His youth, he will tell you, was unspectacular, fraught with the usual escapades and inevitable results, but one of the important features of his early career was his emigration to Canada, the country he now counts as "'ome." F/Lt. Lunn (he's still F/Lt. till next January when his resignation takes effect) has seen service in two wars, having spent a total of nine years in uniform.

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"SO LONG, ADJ—"

by Bud Graham, F/Sgt.

In the first Great War, he went overseas in the first few months, with the Canadian Grenadier Guards as part of the 1st Canadian Contingent, 14th Infantry Battalion. One of the most exciting pages out of his catalogue of experiences was the time of the first gas attack at Ypres. Following the Armistice, he spent a year in England engaged in demobilization work.

During the intervening years of 1918-1939, he has held positions with several financial firms. He was appointed to a commission in the R.C.A.F. in January, 1941, trained at Administration School, Trenton, and in February of that year, was posted to No. 7 E.F.T.S., Windsor, as Administration Officer. In August of 1942, shortly after No. 9 was transferred from Summerside, P.E.I. to Centralia, he came here to assume the duties of station Adjutant.

The esteem and prestige which No. 9 enjoys throughout No. 1 T.C. is due greatly to the quiet efficiency, unfailing co-operation and sense of duty of several men of this "White City," chief among them being "Bert" Lunn, whose service to his country in two wars, has been unselfish and highly commendable.

He is going back to the position that he held before the war, that of Branch Secretary with the Sun Life Assurance Company, and will make his headquarters in Guelph, Ont. With him goes the best wishes of everyone on this station for a long and happy life—and a whole flock of new policies.

Famous Sayings

by "Scoop"

Laura Stewart (H.Q.)—"I'll never tell you anything again.."
Jack Falconer (A. Mess)—"How about some jive.."
Edith Tesch (H.Q.)—"I'm crazy now.."
Freddie Godwin (Orch.)—"It could happen to you.."
Anne Altherr (R.T.O.)—"Roger—out.."
Ted Fuller (S.W.O. Off.)—"I haven't got a man.."
Julia Simpson (H.Q.)—"Who's got a cigarette.."
Jim West (D.A.P.M.)—"Now I'll tell you something.."
Onnie Davis (H.Q.)—"Well, I'll ask the Adj.."
Orderly Officer—"Any complaints?.."
Jenny Hudon (Tel. Op.)—"I'm sorry, they've hung down.."
Harry Green (Hosp.)—"A—swish.."
Ruth Switzer (H.Q.)—"Who's going to early lunch.."
Al Wagner (Orch.)—"Where's my instrument—today.."
Mac MacLean (Met.)—"Any-questionsthatwillbeall.."
Joe Swartz (Synth.)—"Kee-rect.."
Vi Tolmie (H.Q.)—"2 on 3.."
(sounds like "ham on rye" doesn't it?)
Reg. Crawley (A. Mess)—"You should see them in Brooklyn.."
Hedy Laga (Tel. Op.)—"What are you doing.."
Ted Lee (Comp. Flt.)—"Are you talking about the half-Inch..?"
Les. Fancy (Hosp.)—"I guess I told him.."

Herb. Broom (A. Mess)—"I'm ready—let's go.."
Frank Shortt (Orch.)—"Now, let's try and stop together.."
Walt Davidson—"Geeeeeeeeez.."
Ellen McAuliffe (R.T.O.)—"Use the other band.."
Frank Labovitch (Par.)—"If it doesn't work—bring it back.."
Thelma Hyman (Library)—"Well, I don't know, Sir.."
Butch Cleaver—"Der Jackson mit der twitchell.."
Art Irwin (P.T. & D.)—"Well.."
Geo. Shaw—"When do we eat.."
Gus Herder—"You've had it.."
Wes. Farquharson—"You bet.."
June Demerling (Tel. Op.)—"Line's busy—can I call you.."
Editorial Office—"Keep cracking—we gotta have it.."

o—o—o

HOSTESS TEA (con. from p. 5)

Mrs. Norman and Mrs. Miller. Mrs. Howard Smith collected tickets at the door and Mrs. Wilson sold raffle tickets for a beautifully decorated patriotic chicken which was won by Mrs. MacGorman.

Mrs. Hunt, Miss Jeckell, Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Lunn and Mrs. Fullerton poured tea and coffee. Assisting at the head table were Mrs. McQuigge and Mrs. Thorne, of Centralia.

Miss Norma Knight, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Reg. Knight, of Exeter, rendered beautiful soft waltzes at the piano during the afternoon. Cakes were donated by Mrs. Abbott and Mrs. Mary Williams. — Courtesy Exeter Times-Advocate.



Weddin'

Bells

DERWORES—LaLONDE

Saturday, Nov. 18th was the wedding day of LAW. Rita LaLonde of this station to LAC. Michael Derwores of Uplands, Ont. Rita hales from Kirkland Lake (hidden in northern Ontario) while her good man claims Kam-sack, Sask., as his home.

BLOXOM—STEELE

Wee Leona Steele (LAW.) became the bride of Rating Jack Bloxom on Saturday, Nov. 11th. After honeymooning in Toronto, Leona has now returned to work at this station—and she's going to prove to us that Navy-Airforce can make a wonderful team.

The story book ending "And they lived Happily ever after..." is our sincere wish for you—so GOOD LUCK to all of you.

SIMS—ROACH

Our F/O. Jim Sims (Virginia, U.S.A.) and N/S. Dorothy Roach (Lindsay, Ont.) now stationed at T.T.S. had nuptial knots tightly tied in Lindsay on October 25th. F/O. Wes Farquharson and N/S. Mary Weston were attendants for bride and groom . . . our sincere best wishes for much happiness.

WHILE—WALKER

"Weary" While (Winnipeg) of our Pipe Band, on November 25th, took unto himself a bride, one Kay Walker (Woodstock) who is with a CWAC Unit in Toronto. Congratulations?—yes, heaps of 'em along with lots of good luck.

Cupid has been pretty active in Hanger 5, the FLYER learns—Leo Lemire of Montreal, LAC. Robinson and the former LAW. Self, (both from Toronto), Hank Aiken of London and LAC. Wagner of Windsor all have taken upon themselves the responsibilities of wedded bliss.

Padre's Hours

PROTESTANT CHAPLAIN

Daily Office Hours: 1000-1200 except Sunday.

1500-1700 hours.

1830-2030 hours.

(Or anytime by special appointment—phone 166.)

Daily Prayer Meeting in Chapel, 1200-1230 hours.

Holy Communion Sunday—1000 hours.

Sacred Chime and Organ Recordings—1030 hours.

Church Service Sunday—1100 hours.

Choir Practice, Tuesday and Thursday at 1845 hours.

Sacred Fireside and Discussion Group—Wednesday, 1900 hours.

Padre's Hour—Bible Study Class—Thursday, 2000 hours.

All the above services are held in the Chapel.

ROMAN CATHOLIC PADRE

Office hours—1000-1200 hours except Sunday.

1500-1700 hours except Sunday.

1930-2100 hours except Sunday.

Mass—0715 Sunday—0915 Sunday.

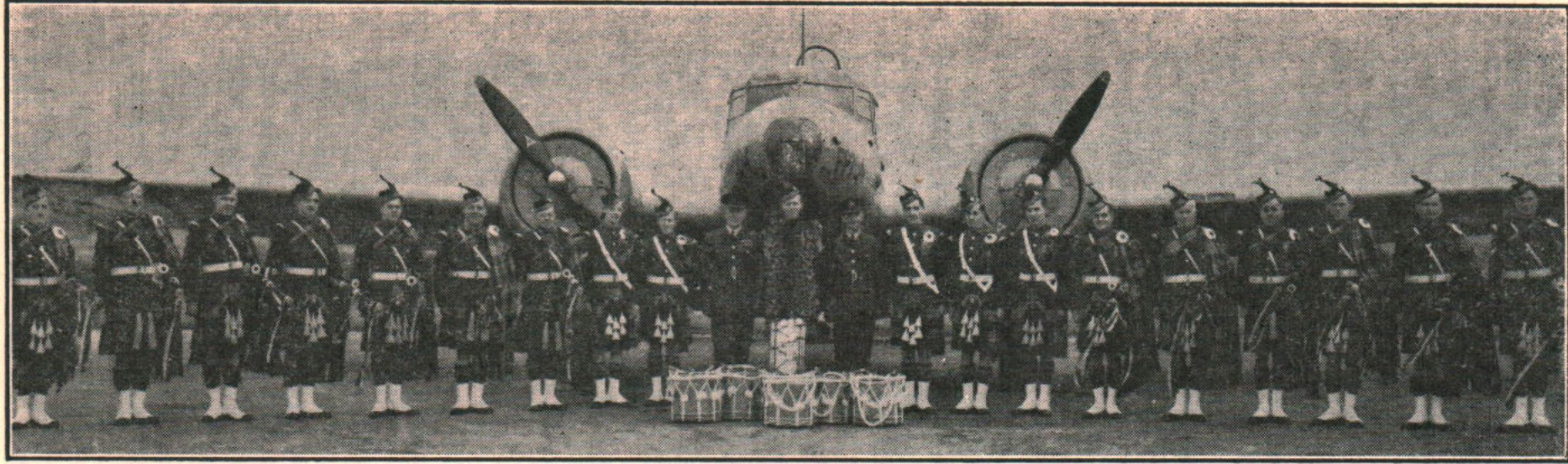
0700 except Sunday.

Confessions during office hours Saturday and before masses, Sunday.

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PIONEER DAYS

(continued from page 3)

"banks" with his electric lawn mower.

Gradually the station began to take form, the mud of the roads was replaced by pavement, and every day brought in new postings. The first WD. personnel to arrive were AW.2's Wilson and Stuart (since posted to Gander). Stuart and Wilson were Hospital Assistants and created quite a sensation when they walked into the combined Officers', N.C.O.'s, and Airmen's Mess. After the cheering had died down and the girls blushing had taken their places, the problem that confronted the "Admin." heads was—where are they to go? This was settled by the Medical Officer who pushed a tunnel through the shavings in the hospital and allotted a room for them there. Several days later the girls arrived from Summerside and the new WD. barracks were opened. Yes, opened I said, but still not complete. In parts of the station the cement was still missing and the girls ambled about in rubber boots with the Airmen, moaning about the floors in barracks which were soon covered with a thick layer of mud brought in from the pools outside. Yet I think they all enjoyed these days when No. 9 was in the rough. What a happy day when the first signs of steam and hot water came through the pipes and we all enjoyed a hot shower! A lot of credit is due to the original pioneers of No. 9. Flight Pringle, our popular Stationary Engineer, who not only laboured long hours at his pipes and boilers, but was duly elected as the "first bar tender" at the Sergeants' Mess.

In both these capacities he showed great insight, his motto being, "Keep Her Flowing," as he thumped out on the piano, "Song of Russia." Also we must not forget the able Equipment Section, F/S. Saunders (now WO.2), N.C.O. in charge, had his hands full unloading equipment for the various sections, and yet, in spite of this, he never neglected his social obligations during the evenings. These were only a few of the problems which were encountered, but as the men toiled the appearance improved rapidly.

The official opening of No. 9 S.F.T.S. took place on Wednesday, September 21st, 1942, and it was estimated that thousands of visitors from the countryside attended the opening. Air-Vice Marshall G. O. Johnston, M.C., Air Officer Commanding No. 1 Training Command, was present to officiate. Air-Vice Marshall Johnston stated that this school, along with its relief fields at Grand Bend and St. Joseph, was a station built in record time, and the best ideas from all other flying schools were incorporated into this school, so as to make this station most efficient in flying, and more comfortable for the personnel.

As the school was officially opened, the continuous drone of aircraft in the sky could be heard throughout the day and night, as Instructors toiled ceaselessly to train the students as pilots, for they were needed by the Allies in carrying the Air Warfare to enemy territories. Soon pilots were graduating and proceeding Overseas where they showed great valour in the Battle of Europe, and their efficiency in their work reflected back to their station and

No. 9 Flyer

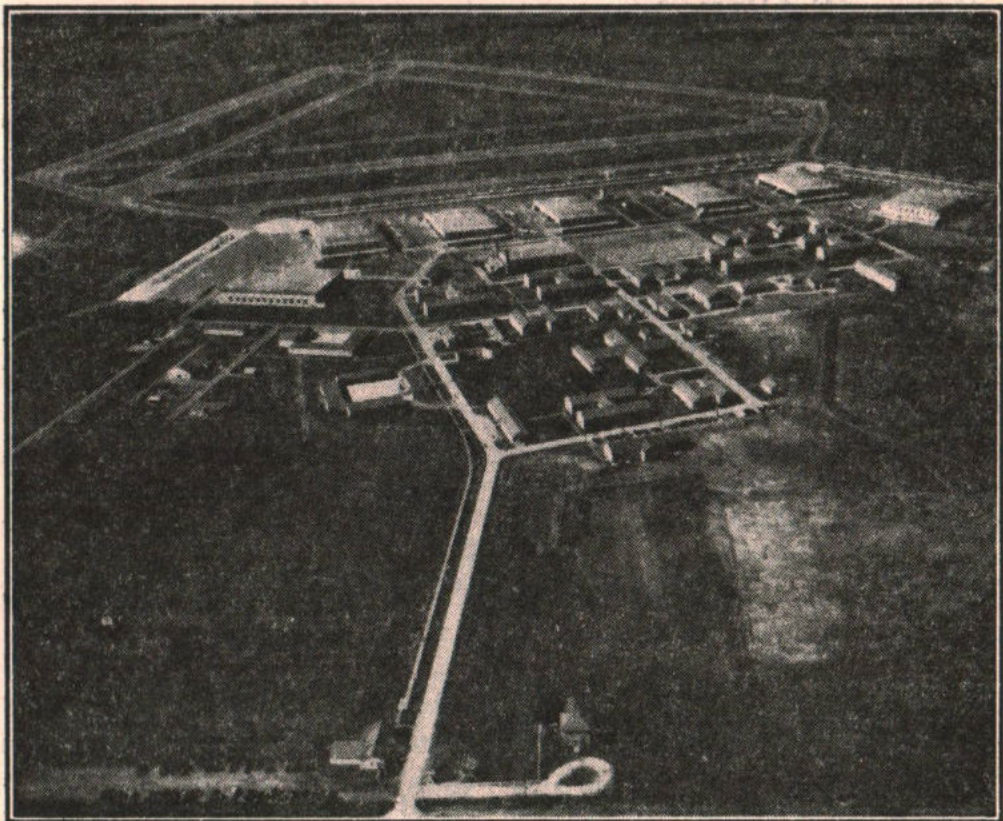
the Instructors and Ground Crew of No. 9 S.F.T.S. who felt very **proud** that pilots trained at this station had received the very best they could give. This work was only accomplished through the coordination and co-operation of all concerned on this station, and we at No. 9 S.F.T.S. realized that we had done, and will continue to do, our utmost in the training of pilots, so that this war may be brought to a quick and victorious close.

Not only has this station proved itself in the battle Overseas, but we are very proud with the memories that in the Winter of 1943 and 1944, the Station Hockey Team consisting of Officers and Airmen of this station, partook in the Command Hockey League, and throughout the season sportsmanship and continuous effort of the team with the full support of the Station behind them, won their games and in the final (the

Command play-off's) defeated their opponents and became the No. 1 Training Command Hockey Champions.

The Station Pipe Band has won a great deal of praise and approval from the personnel of the station, and the public. The Band has partaken in many events in the surrounding cities and towns. A special Kiltie uniform was patented for the Band and approved by the R.C.A.F. as the official plaid. The formation of a trumpet band, which later was inaugurated into the Brass Band, has also won many praises from the public. In years to come as you take up this souvenir and glance through the pages, many memories of "Ole No. 9," will be recalled and in your mind you'll think, "That was a Station I was glad to be part of."

The pictures accompanying this article reveal life "in the rough" —and the present "No. 9."



Never Otherwise

(by Art Parker, LAC.)

Toby was unhappy. He was only six, so he didn't quite know why. He had arrived at the age where small minds were beginning to reason, and being subconsciously aware of this fact, he was irked by the elusive wisp which had plagued since morning recess at the school. Moreover, he was doubly annoyed by the fact that he should be in the best of spirits. Was to-day not the opening of his Christmas holidays, and did not the prospects of good things in store for him, almost cause tears of anticipation to well in his boyish eyes?

There, that was it! The realization of his bad humour made him forget to run by the Bush. He didn't know why he always ran past this strip of swampy brush, he just ran because all the other boys did. He wasn't afraid, but he thought of the men who lurked behind the trees for his mother had "warned" him. When he had reached home out of breath, and covered with burrs from a romp through, with Davey and some other friends; he was aware that this was the first time he had ever walked right by, and the comprehension of his daring did not strike him fully at the moment. To-day Toby was not a small boy, but a young man with a problem.

Davey Pringle had told him! Just before the bell rang after the morning's break, they had been talking about the very physical side of December 25th. "G'wan there's no Santa Claus," had started it, and Toby's more naive and boyish faith had almost stilled this disrupter of childhood harmony—but not quite! Davey's proof this time was irrefutable. His grown-up sister in trying to explain that belief in Santa Claus

was "unsophisticated," had enlarged on all the little secrets, and sometime errors of thousands of parents, with the result that she had been forced to flatly finish by sending six years of boyish dreams crumbling to the ground. All this Toby had heard, but would not believe.

He began to think, and then to doubt! Hadn't his father curtly slammed the bed-room door, thrusting something hurriedly behind him, only the other day? Had not he seen his letter to Santa folded neatly in his mother's purse the day he went for a handkerchief? All easily explained, but on top of Davey's sister's actual words, there was grave cause for doubt.

He reached home at last and scuffed his feet slowly up the seven squares of cement leading to the verandah steps, even forgetting to avoid the cracks. Entering the hall, his mother walked out to meet him, and kissing her he drew back, knowing somehow that she had something important to tell him. When she had finished he could readily understand her happiness, for it was not every day that she received a letter from her eldest son Gord who was overseas, and this one especially released a lot of the tension which she so naturally experienced at this time of such great happiness at home.

Gord had even written a small note to Toby. "So, Toby boy," the letter began, "here's your sixth Christmas. I guess if you saw me now, you'd be amazed that this skinny guy was your brother whom you'd really never seen before. You are in my thoughts constantly, however, along with

(continued across page)

HOSTESS HOUSE HAPPENINGS

(LAW. Ruth Levine)

On the 6th of November, the Hostess House was the scene of a very informal gathering, on which night the "Discussion Group" of No. 9 opened the season with its first topic "Where Do We Go From Here"?

The discussion was led by the Personnel Counsellor — F/O. Erskine, who introduced plans for Post/War Careers and discussed Rehabilitation Schemes.

The Educational Officers—F/O. Leeder and F/O. Withrow both expressed their views and ideas on University and Vocational Training, Farm Rehabilitation, and Commercial Fisherman Schemes.

There were about fifteen or twenty airmen and airwomen pre-



sent and the topic proved definitely a very interesting one to all. Many points were cleared up and new ideas formed.

After the discussion, a delightful lunch was served by the Hostesses, Mrs. Thompson and Mrs. Kerr, assisted by the W.D.'s.

By the way, the Hostess House is open at all times and welcomes Airmen and Airwomen — their sandwiches and coffee are super, too—I know.

Mother and Dad. How I'd love to go down with you on Christmas morning and sit around a big Christmas tree with the spell of Santa still hovering around. This man with the whiskers is a wonderful guy, and don't you ever think otherwise. Even here he casts a spell, and we know that this is one of the things we are fighting to protect, so don't even doubt in him, especially this time, and maybe then, I'll be home soon. Merry Christmas little fellow!"

To Toby the world was suddenly wonderful again! He slipped from his perch, dashed in for his hat and coat, and rapidly disappeared through the front door. Down the steps he plunged, along the walk, but missing the cracks this time—a right turn and off he caromed down the street. His actions were without reason, but not without cause, for he felt light,

and free, and good. "Don't you ever think otherwise," Gord had said, and he knew then that he never could.

His reflections had slowed his pace until he came abreast of the Bush. Off he shot again until breathless he pulled up on the other side. His speed was checked now, not from a spiritual unwillingness, but from a very physical one which seemed to be closely accompanied by a shortage of wind. He aimlessly walked on, shooting from the hips at any stray Germans that he was sure were lurking behind the many shrubs.

As he walked he saw some of his friends building a snow-man across the street. For some reason he thought of Gord's letter again, "Maybe soon." Then, "Merry Christmas," he called, and soon he was farther down the street.



YOU'LL RECOGNIZE A LOT OF THESE FACES
(Airmen's Mess Party, Nov. 22nd)

AIRMEN'S MESS PARTY

(by Art Parker, LAC.)

The mess hall was gay. No line ups—no steam—no food . . . just music and gayety. The occasion? **A/S. O. Morrow** was leaving, and the mess staff put on a dance as their method of saying a regretful good-bye. The orchestra, of course, attended, and helped put over a very successful dance . . . they came not through duty, but through pleasure, and the grateful thanks of the mess staff are extended to them.

Admittance was by invitation only. The girls had put aside their pots and pans, and even **F/S. Broom** carried a big grin all evening. During the afternoon those of the staff off duty had decorated the half of the hall not in use, and that plus music plus the refreshments, gave the night a carnival spirit.

But neither dances, recreation, snow, storm nor sleet can stop

those hunger pains of working men and women, and when eleven o'clock (or in service parlance, 2300 hours) rolled around, the evening meal for those on duty was ready, hot and satisfying. The post office brags the mail must go through! The mess staff can just as proudly shout "The meal must be ready!!"

o—o—o

LAC. J. E. Storey has contributed a very interesting brief on the history, manufacture and application of plastics as a hobby, however, owing to lack of space, we regret our inability to publish this contribution in its entirety. We will, however, present this in a later issue in a condensed version—in the interim, the brief is in the files of The FLYER'S Editorial offices and may be studied by those wishing to do so.

"Geronimo. . ."

The Battle Cry of the Parachute Troops—at number nine there are no paratroops and jumps are made when "we gotta"—and not before. However, at Centralia there is the next best thing—that steel tower on the lawn beside G.I.S. (which rumour said was a radio mast, a power line and even an oil well) is a controlled jump. The sensation (much to my surprise) is a

very slight and the big thrill comes from deciding whether or not to try it.

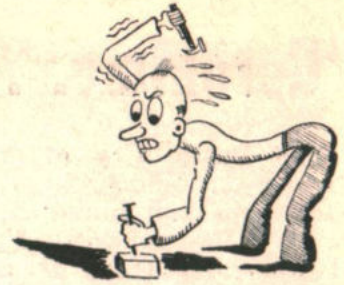
Since our tower is outside there is a true sensation of height, and indeed there is a feeling that one is actually leaping from an aircraft. The tower is firmly imbeded in the ground and isn't going to be moved away, so anyone wanting to try it can be sure it will be there waiting for them to make the big decision. Knowing how to get out of an aircraft is useful knowledge—and besides it is a heck of a lot of fun to slide down the wire yelling "Synthetic Geronimo!"



ACTION SHOTS OF THE C.O. MAKING A LEAP.

Jack Pos Contributes to Camp Activities

LAC. "Scoop" Southcott



There's one fellow who has been employing his talent to make life here a bit more enjoyable and interesting—and giving credit where credit is due, prompts us to write this article about **Jack Pos**.

A two-striper, with headquarters in the carpenter shop of Number 6 hangar, this aircraft carpenter is a pretty handy guy with any woodworking tool, whether it be using a hand saw or turning out a fine piece of furniture from varied coloured woods on the lathe. He uses both hand and motor driven tools with the skill of an expert woodworker.

It's with this ability, coupled with his love for woodworking, that Jack has devoted considerable time to the organizing of our new Craft Shop. Here the chap, whether he be an AC.2, an N.C.O. or an Officer, can spend his evenings making projects of wood, and the Craft Shop is fast becoming the spare time hide-out for many airmen. Jack takes his turn in supervising and giving a friendly hand to the novice.

Another project that this fellow has designed and constructed, is the fireplace for use in the Chapel at the Midweek Fireside Hour. This realistic and neatly built structure helps to add a homey atmosphere to this friendly sing-song and discussion group which is conducted by Padre Martin.

Turning back the pages of Cpl. Pos' life, we learn that he was born in the city of Utrecht, Holland. His father had been to Canada prior to the last war, but

when hostilities broke out, he returned to his native land. However, in 1924, at the age of three, Jack came to Canada with his parents.

They settled in Calgary, but in succeeding years the family came east and moved about quite frequently, which, as Jack says, didn't help his education in his youth. His father was a successful contractor which explains the Pos' unsettled living.

It was while working with his father that Jack received a thorough training with carpentry tools and he's never happier than when he's using them, especially fond of making the finer projects, rather than doing construction work.

Jack joined the R.C.A.F. in June 1941, and was posted to Summerside as a G.D., later remustering to an Airframe Mechanic. However, with his experience it was only natural that he should remuster again to an Aircraft Carpenter, which he did about a year ago, and shortly afterwards he received his well-deserved two hooks.

Since enlistment, Jack has been married and has a two year-old daughter and now calls Simcoe, Ontario, his home.

It's fellows like Jack Pos who not only have the ability, but are using it to the advantage of others, that help to contribute to our spare time activities.

Flash—(Ed. Note.) We just heard that Jack is now a Three-Striper. —Congratulations Sergeant.

POSTED. . . !

by LAW. "Shorty" MacDonald



Some people might say, when they hear the word "Posted," "Oh, you lucky person!" Maybe I am wrong or just enjoy the privilege of being different. Recently I was asked to give my opinion on Said Subject, and here it is:

I came here straight from Rockcliffe, our Manning Depot, and then found that there can be as much difference in stations as there is between persons. I first saw Centralia when No. 7 hangar, the Mess Hall, and two barrack blocks were the only buildings that looked anything like buildings. Only one runway was in use and that had been completed just three days before I saw it. The rest of the present camp was then only a dream on paper. Of course that is getting away from the subject but then it gives the foundation for my feelings.

Last Thursday I received my notification of posting. Friday came and it seemed as if the weather was feeling the same way as I did—It was raining! I went my rounds of the station to get a whole sheet full of signatures and realized that this place that I had been living in for over a year sure covered a lot of territory. Finally everything was signed off and on, even to getting paid, but it still didn't make me feel any different, I thought of all the friends that I would be leaving, all the swell entertainment, sports and the things that go to make up station life.

To-night marks the last time that I will be able to dance with

any of my friends or even see them. Can any of you truly say that you do not feel a lump in your throat when you think of all that you would be leaving? Could be that I'm prejudiced, but there couldn't be a finer station in this command. We all do a fair bit of grousing about this and that, but then it only goes to prove the old adage that "we never miss the water till the well runs dry."

Maybe the next time a person on clearances stands before you, you will think twice before saying "You lucky person," 'cause they may hate to leave—too.

o—o—o

Are you unhappy?—do you have sleepless nights?—do your friends shun you?—are you doubtful? No, this is not an advertisement, it is an announcement that commencing next issue we plan to add an eminent authority to our staff who can assist with "Your Lovelorn Problems." Simply address your correspondence to Miss B. Blissful, % No. 9 FLYER.

o—o—o

The weighing machine was out of order, but no notice to that effect had been posted. An unsuspecting fat lady clambered on and inserted a penny. Among the curious bystanders was an inebriated gentleman intently watching the dial. The scale registered seventy-five pounds. "My gosh," he whispered hoarsely, "she's hollow."

Movies at Leavitt's Theatre, Exeter

DECEMBER 11-12—

"SECRET COMMAND"—Starring Pat O'Brien and Carole Landis.
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DECEMBER 13-14—Double Feature.

"BERMUDA MYSTERY"—Starring Preston Foster.

"LOST ANGEL"—Starring Margaret O'Brien and James Craig.
* * * * *

DECEMBER 15 and 16—Saturday Matinee—Double Feature.

"IN SOCIETY"—Starring Abbot and Costello.

Second feature to be announced later.
* * * * *

DECEMBER 18-20—

"THE STORY OF DR. WASELL"—Technicolor—Starring Gary Cooper
and Loraine Day.
* * * * *

DECEMBER 21—Double Feature.

"JACK LONDON"—Starring Michael O'Shea and Susan Hayward.

"WEIRD WOMAN"—Starring Evelyn Ankers and Lon Chaney.
* * * * *

DECEMBER 22-23—

"TALL IN THE SADDLE"—Starring John Wayne.
* * * * *

DECEMBER 25-26—

"THE VERY THOUGHT OF YOU"—Starring Dennis Morgan and
Eleanor Parker.
* * * * *

DECEMBER 27—Double Feature.

"TAKE IT BIG"—Starring Jack Haley and Harriet Hilliard.

Second feature to be announced later.
* * * * *

DECEMBER 28—

"THE CONSPIRATORS"—Starring Heddy Lamarr, Paul Hendrid and
Sydney Greenstreet.
* * * * *

DECEMBER 29-30—Saturday Matinee at 2.30—Double Feature.

"MY PAL WOLF"—Starring Sharyn Moffat and Jill Esmond.

"WESTERN"—Starring Tim Holt.
* * * * *

DECEMBER 31-JANUARY 1—

Midnight Show, New Year's Eve—after Sunday midnight 12.05 a.m.

"JANIE"—Starring Joyce Reynolds, Edward Arnold and Ann Harding.
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JANUARY 2-3—

To be announced later.
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JANUARY 4-6—Saturday Matinee 2.30.

"GOING MY WAY"—Starring Bing Crosby, Rise Stevens and Barry
Fitzgerald.
* * * * *

JANUARY 8-9—Double Feature.

"BRIDE BY MISTAKE"—Starring Loraine Day and Allan Marshall (star
of "White Cliffs of Dover").

"NAVY WAY"—Starring Bill Henry and June Haver.
* * * * *

JANUARY 11-13—

"HOME IN INDIANA"—Starring Lon McAllister.

