

Tom St. Amant

Nº 9 FLYER

Nº 9 SERVICE FLYING TRAINING SCHOOL, R.C.A.F.
CENTRALIA, Ontario



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CENTRALIA **NO. 9 FLYER** ONTARIO

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This magazine is being published through the kind permission of the Commanding Officer, Group Captain E. G. Fullerton.

Editorial

It was a few days late but the No. 9 Flyer did come out during the second week in December. It was a success. Your magazine staff by super-human effort produced a publication which was beyond even their expectations.

The Flyer did have some faults; it was lacking in some things and it can be improved. Now, that is where our readers can help. Let us know what you want, what you would like to read, what you would like to see in your magazine, and we will try to give it to you. For the first few issues there will be lots missing and a great deal of room for improvement; we know

that and will accept gratefully your suggestions.

While in the process of editing the first copy of the Flyer it was very gratifying to find how much latent talent there is at Centralia. There were poets in Maintenance, authors in the Mess and in fact journalists in every section of the Station.

The secondary purpose of this venture into journalism is to discover this hidden talent and, therefore, all contributions are not only extremely welcome but it will help us in our primary purpose of giving you a fine reading magazine.

Starting at the beginning of the New Year the Sports Committee have completed a very ambitious schedule for competitive sports. All sections of the Station are represented and with the rivalry which they expect there should be some very exciting and interesting games. During the summer the baseball games drew a large crowd with the typical cheering section. The indoor winter games can be faster than baseball and a great deal more exciting. We believe that you can get a kick and lots of enjoyment out of watching, even if you do not play these "murder" games. When your team is out there battling for the honour and glory of your Wing, get out and give them a hand. Back them up and urge them on to win the title of Champions 1944-45 Centralia!

That is all for now; an editor shouldn't write too much at any time, he is kept too busy. The editorial column is placed in a publication so that he can say "Look I can write too!"

Good-bye for now and Happy New Year to you all.

Bill Ferguson.

OPERATIONAL TYPES

Operational aircrew veterans are no novelty at the present stage of this war, and chaps of all ranks wearing operational wings and ribbons (or "gongs," as they are called) over the left breast pocket can be seen in any town in Canada.

Here at Centralia we have two officers qualified to wear the winged "O." Both are instructors in Training Wing and both have had long and varied experiences in the R.C.A.F. both at home and abroad.

F/O. A. G. "Art" Sauer is a native of Mildmay, Ontario and was first trade tested in the R.C.A.F. in early January 1940. He elected to train in aircrew as a wireless air gunner and was called for training in July. Art trained at No. 1 Wireless School, Montreal and at No. 1 Bombing and Gunnery School, Jarvis. After some embarkation leave, Sgt. Sauer, as he was then, proceeded across the pond to England for heavy bomber O.T.U. and advanced training in wireless procedure at the R.A.F. Wireless School, Yatesburg. Following this training, he was posted to an R.A.F. "heavy" squadron in England for operations, and during some two score odd trips Art visited most of the towns in "Happy Valley," the "Big City," rail centres, coastal ports in occupied countries and various other targets. His crew had some "shaky dos" over the Ruhr, and



one night their Stirling had two engines knocked out over Marseilles while giving that port a "going over." However, they made it back to England on two "urge boxes" after debating among themselves as to whether or not they should force land in Spain.

F/O. Sauer, commissioned in the field, returned to Canada in 1943 to receive his pilot's wings, was trained at No. 20 E.F.T.S., Oshawa, No. 5 S.F.T.S., Brantford and F.I.S., Pierce, Alta., thence coming to No. 9 S.F.T.S. as a flying instructor.

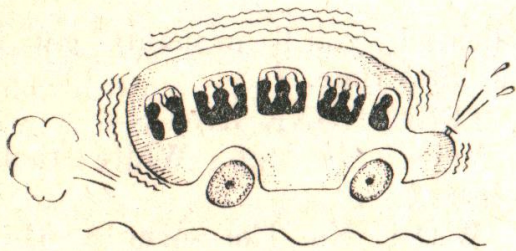
F/Lt. W. H. "Butch" Cleaver had his first medical in the R.C.A.F. in November, 1939, but was not called for training until April, 1940. The first aircrew course of which he was a member, reported to No. 1 Manning Pool, April 13th, and after a week in the Coliseum proceeded to No. 1 I.T.S. After a four week course there selection was made, and Butch with 39 others went out as observers to open No. 1 A.O.S. at Malton. Three months there, and then on to open No. 1 B. & G. S. at Jarvis where the course, now whittled down to 37, spent six weeks in Battle aircraft getting bombing

(continued on page 21)

Just Fifty-one More Weeks! !

I have come to the conclusion that it takes service life to add something to the "Merry Christmas" with which we were accustomed to greet our pals about this time last month. My recommendation is "Merry Christmas—I hope!" Not that I'm a pessimist. Only a "dyed-in-the-wool" grouch would have sought to dampen the Yuletide Spirit prevalent on Number 9 last month.

I guess I can't really complain. My kit-bag only weighed sixty-five pounds—and who minded missing the bus, and having to walk that short mile to the station in Centralia? Although my knees did get a little wet, pushing that



bag the last quarter-mile; but then I really didn't need that mattress at home (I'll not stuff it in next year.)

The main thing was that I caught the train to London. It was a bit drafty up on that coal-tender. (Although, next morning, the doctor assured me that I'd caught nothing serious—he couldn't even find a spot on my lung, in fact he couldn't find the lung.) I didn't object until I found my legs dangling off a shovel, headed for the mouth of a large fire which the engineer was building. Turning and tapping him on the shoulder, I explained, with no little difficulty, that I was not a lump of coal. The poor man became very apologetic, and as I picked myself up from the steel

floor where he had accidentally let me fall, I saw we were in London.

From there to home was relatively unventful. I even got a seat. The other seven fellows who shared it with me all seemed pretty grateful too. We even "tossed" for the best positions on our chair, and when the scramble had ended I was perched atop a shoulder and a knee. It was quite comfortable even if I couldn't see out of the window, but then you can't have everything.

We continued like this to Toronto, where upon arriving we discovered that two of our number were missing. We finally found them. Honestly I never knew that those seats could hold so much extra stuffing.

I really had a wonderful time over the holiday, and by the time my leave ended I could almost manage without the wheel-chair.

My journey back was very quiet and relaxed. Even at Christmas time the Air Force never overcrowds its ambulances.

o—o—o

An old lady walked into a judge's office.

"Are you the judge of the reprobates?" she inquired.

"I am the judge of probate," replied his honor, with a smile.

"Well, that's it, I expect," answered the old lady. "You see, my husband died detested, and left several little infidels, and I want to be their executioner!"

* * *

Missionary: "And do you know nothing about religion?"

Canibal: "Well, we got a taste of it when the last missionary was here."

Works and Jerks!

or

IT SHOULDN'T HAPPEN TO A DOG

by Ruth Levine

Enough cannot be said about our amiable and understanding O.C., F/L. Earl H. Beaton, whose career in the Air Force is a very interesting one.

Enlisting on 12th Dec., 1941, he proceeded to No. 3 T.C. from Manning Pool. From there he was posted to No. 13 S.F.T.S. and later to 9 B. & G., from which point he went on to Botwood, Newfoundland. After spending approximately 15 months between there, Gander, and other parts of Newfoundland, he returned to No. 1 T.C., and on 5th September, 1943 he arrived at No. 9.

In his position as Works Officer he has become a general favourite among the personnel in the section.

An example of what he puts up with is herewith given:

THE MORNING AFTER A BIG SNOW STORM

The Time: About 08:00 Hours

The Staff of Works & Buildings arrive, all say "Good Morning" as if they don't care, after which the usual quiet day begins in some such manner:

W.D.: Isn't there any heat in here again today? Call up F/S. Pringle and see what the trouble is? It probably won't do any good but it certainly can't hurt.

LAC. B.: (Walks into Orderly Room, which is Out of Bounds). Say, girls, did you hear this one? It's really good, and not very com-



plicated, you'll probably get it the first time.

TELEPHONE RINGS—

Voice: Is Sgt. White there please?

W.D.: No, I'm sorry! He's out on a snow-plow. Would you like to leave a message?

Voice: Yes, this is F/S. Oldhan in No. 5 hangar. Have a snow-plow come down here right away to clear off some of the snow. We can't get the aircraft out.

Sgt. L.: Have yesterday's D.R.O.'s come down yet?

AGAIN THE PHONE—

Voice: Works & Buildings?... This is F/S. Broome from the Airmen's Mess. Could we have an electrician down here as soon as possible with some No. 10 fuses, the ice-cream freezer is U/S.

W.D.: Of course—right away.

Cpl. S.: Good morning Flight, how are you? Did you get the S.W.O.'s message. Said it was rather important. I think it was last week or the week before that

he called. I thought I better tell you!!!!

AND AGAIN THE PHONE—

Voice: This is the Officers' Quarters. Could we have a carpenter up here some time this morning—one of the doors doesn't close, I think the hinge or something is broken.

Sgt. W.: Two of the Tractor Operators want to have their leaves changed—the one going Christmas wants New Years and vice-versa. Do you think you can arrange it? The ration allowance has already been in D.R.O.'s but Flight Grondin won't mind changing it around. (I don't think.)

F/S. W.: If anyone is looking for a plumber, we'll be up at the W.D. Officers' Quarters and if you see any of the Tractor Operators around, tell them that they want a plow down at the Admin. Building and a load of coal at the Hostess House right away.

AND STILL THE TELEPHONE RINGS—

Voice: Is F/L. Beaton there please?

F/L. Beaton: Beaton here . . . (Private).

ENTER TYPE X AIRCREW—

He Speaks: Is this where we pick up light bulbs? The Flight Commander said something about having an E.93 but I think he was kidding me. He was, wasn't he?

THERE'S THAT D . . . PHONE AGAIN—

Voice: Is F/S. B. there please? The crash tender just got stuck in a snow bank. Can you do anything about it?

Sgt. B.: We'll send the "Cat" down right away, don't go away.

Bystander: Where do I get these clearances signed, please? I've never been in this building

before. (To himself) : Thank Goodness!!

TELEPHONE RINGS LOUDER THAN EVER—

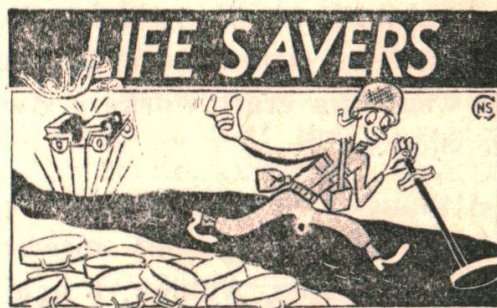
Voice: Is the Control Truck down there anywhere? We seem to have lost it somewhere. If you see them around, would you please send them back at once?

W.D.: Look at all the snow! Guess the Tractor Operators will be working again all night. Shift No. 1 will plough the runways and Shift No. 2 will plough the runways all over again. Our Tractor Operators are certainly the men behind the plows.

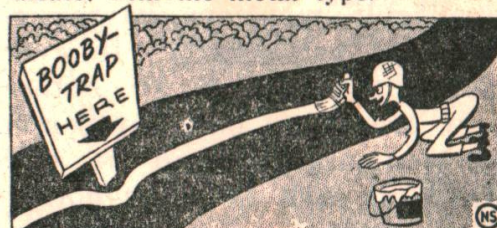
LAC. B.: Could I borrow the "Doings" for a minute, please? (Meaning anything from an electrical motor to a stapler).

(AND ON AND ON.)

So, this my friends, is just another quiet morning the Works & Building Section.



MINE detectors are a big help but don't depend on them completely. The enemy often mixes wooden-boxed mines, which the detector will not indicate, with the metal type.



UNLESS you know how to neutralize a mine or booby trap just mark the spot plainly and leave that work for the experts.



Handicrafts

At a recent handicraft contest and exhibition held in the London Y.M.C.A. on December 15 to 17th the Centralia craft workers stole the show.

Although competition was keen throughout the stations entered, namely, Clinton, Aylmer, Fingall, St. Thomas, Westminster Hospital, Wolsley Barracks and Centralia, our group won three firsts, one second, two third prizes and eight honourable mentions in the six classes of handicrafts. In every class entered, and we entered every group but one, our personnel won first, second or third awards as well as many honourable mentions.

Good work, handicrafters, we thank you sincerely for putting Centralia on the top again.

We are pleased to publish the winners names as follows:

Art—LAC. Winterstein, 3rd prize.

Weaving—Cpl. Haines, R. E., 1st prize.

LAW. Smithers, L., Hon. Mention.

LAW. Mott, Hon. Mention.

Plastics—Cpl. Hamilton, F., 1st prize.

LAC. Storey, 3rd prize.

Cpl. Hamilton, F., Hon. Mention.

LAC. Storey, Hon. Mention.

Leatherwork—Sgt. Aronson, 2nd prize.

Cpl. Bowman, Hon. Mention (2).

Sgt. Aronson, Hon. Mention.

Miscellaneous—F/Sgt. Avis, 1st prize.

Sgt. Lorch, R. S., Hon. Mention.

"Sympathetic" Training

by Joe Swartz, Sgt.

In the Southeast corner of No. 3 hangar is a room called the Synthetic Training Room by some, and the "Sympathetic" Room by others. It was originally designed for the use of aircrew only, however, being so successful in its purpose, and of such interest to all, it has been thrown open to all ground-crew—in fact to anyone on the station desiring to enlarge their technical knowledge of the theory of aero-engines and airframes in a practical manner.

Now then, what is this place? It is a room containing "mock-ups" of many different components of aircraft such as the hydraulic, electric, fuel, oil and carburetor systems of the Anson 11, and the hydraulic system of the Harvard. In addition there is also a Rolls Royce Merlin engine which was used in the Battle of Britain in 1940, and which is an earlier version of the Rolls Royce Merlin used to-day in most of the British first line aircraft, also in some of the American combat ships. There is a model of an Anson cockpit with all the controls and instruments and a working model of the undercarriage and flaps of the "Mighty Anson Bom-bair." With these models you can actually raise and lower the u/c and flaps, either by power or by hand, while observing all the moving parts, locking devices and safety features. With all that we have mentioned so far, it is possible to follow the fuel from the tank to the engine, the pressure in the hydraulic system from the pump to the flaps and u/c, and do a complete cockpit check while

watching the fluctuations of the instruments.

In one corner of the room there stands a lone warrior, a Pratt and Whitney engine, a Wasp which faithfully did its duty flying through the red dust and through Gulf of St. Lawrence gales. If it could only speak it would tell of the days Number Nine was in its infancy back at Summerside P.E.I. This engine has done a job, a good job, and now it is carrying on by being an instructor. It is now cut apart so that its internal mechanism is exposed, cams, gears, cylinders, pistons and the supercharger are open to view and examination by those curious to know what makes a Harvard buzz. Now we have mentioned components of aircraft such as various systems and engines, this is not all, there is still more. There are parts and models of props, generators, brakes, magnetos and many more, cut away so that the movement and operation may be observed. In conjunction with the practical exhibits, there is also a projector which will show slides of the aerodynamics of an aircraft in flight. These slides are deemed very useful in demonstrating things which cannot be shown by an immobile object. The slides used in the projector have been taken from actual animated films thus stopping movement in different stages of operation.

At the present time Trade Improvement classes are in progress. Aeroengine and airframe mechanics are taking these lectures which are giving them further

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SEEN HERE-

Two bodies in the Editorial office (Y.M.C.A.) at three o'clock in the morning. We know that they were alive because one was smoking—a cigarette. The bodies belonged to two of the hard-working staff. The magazine must go to press on time. (Which it hasn't yet.)

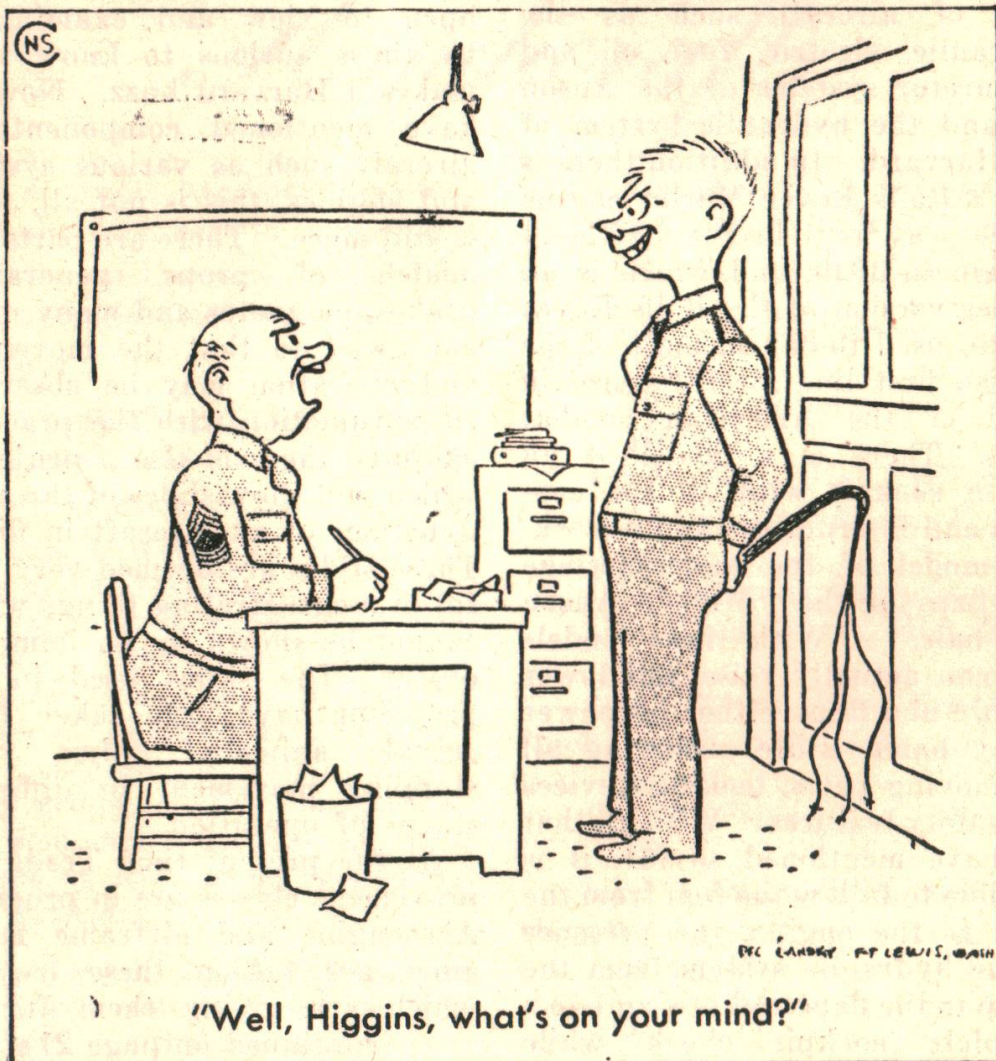
W/C "Bud" Malloy (caught him sewing on the new stripe the other night — Congratulations "Bud") and F/L. "Butch" Cleaver grunting and groaning with bars and weights in a secluded corner of the Drill Hall.

S/L. McGee . . . Chief Ground Instructor decorating the Recreation Hall so that it would be ready for the New Year's Eve Entertainment.

A gang from "Works and Jerks" especially Barney Merelli working against time to get the Recreation Hall painted for the New Year's Dance. And the Pipe Band scrubbing the floor after the painters finished.

Beth Butler sporting a new sparkler—but it is on the wrong finger. It was a Christmas present from her grandmother.

AND THERE-!



Canadian "Y" On Active Service

July 1941, Bournemouth, England; arrived overseas! Don McLaren was the first representative of Canada to greet me on the shores of the "Old Country." As the Y.M.C.A. supervisor at the depot, he was responsible for the profitable and enjoyable application of the after duty hours of the Canadian personnel. Don has arranged for the typical Canadian pastimes of softball, table-tennis and checkers. Also he was correspondent there for a monthly letter sent from headquarters. This letter had many interesting items which were greatly appreciated by all as a touch of home news.

My first Unit was in Lancaster where once again the "Y" was on hand. Over there you don't turn to the "Y" and ask or demand to be entertained, but use their facilities and experience to work together. They had placed all the available radios in the vicinity at our disposal, and, as far as they would go, there was a radio in every billet. My job was to "keep 'em playing" and although they were the best available 185 radios it certainly kept me busy. But what a difference a little thing like a radio, which we take for granted over here, meant to us up in Lancaster! It meant that we could keep in touch with home and hear the familiar accents—Jack Benny on Sunday nights, and the National Hockey Games. No matter how far from home you are, when there is an ocean separating you it seems that much farther.

The "Y" puts on shows for the Canadian lads stationed all over England, and especially for those any distance from a fair sized town. To give you an idea of the distances travelled I have driven a "Y" truck 75 to 90 miles in one evening to reach an isolated station. Compare your maps and you will realize the difference 90 miles is in England to 90 miles in Canada.

When cigarettes were available the "Y" would hand out 25 to each man as far as they would go and a Canadian fag is something out of this world when you have been smoking anything and everything you could lay your hands on.

At Christmas I have assisted in distributing gifts of gloves, mufflers, socks, and other knitted wear to the Canadian lads, and although there were loads of Christmas parcels from home, there were always many to whom another pair of gloves or another sweater was a gift to be valued above all others.

Later on I was shipped to North Africa, and there again, both on the boat and when we arrived, the "Y" was on hand to help us.

The Canadian Y.M.C.A. on Active Service is on Active Service. They both Serve and Act, and my experience with the "Y" men overseas has been that they all are waiting for the chance to help you, and to help you help yourself. They are a swell group of lads and overseas it is a good feeling to know that they, like the rest of Canada, are behind you.

REHABILITATION

A Western Ontario Motorways bus loaded to capacity with airmen and W.D.'s returning from 48's and 72's, was leaving the bus terminal in London at 1.15 a.m. "Wait a minute, driver," someone shouted, "here comes another one!" A very tired looking airman squeezed through the door. "Ye gods," he mused, "do I have to stand up all the way to Centralia?" This is JOE!

Joe was just returning from that big 72 in Toledo, Ohio, which, to his reckoning was the best in his three years' service. Free dinners, shows, and that big party arranged by the U.S.O. How the girls had gone overboard for that snappy blue uniform! What more could a man ask? Joe had been forced to answer a multitude of embarrassing questions, including, "why did the Canadian flyers have their wings on their shoulders, and those propellers, one on each arm?" Well, he tried to explain about those props, but it was no use. They had it all figured out that if he wore only one propeller, then that must mean Joe was flying a single engine aircraft, but two meant a twin engine job. Boy that was the life for him!

But here he is in front of the guard house and after the usual formality of showing his "I" card and handing in his pass, he sets his face to the cold blast that confronted him, disgusted at the thought of another Centralia winter. However, maybe it wouldn't be long before he would be saying good-bye to Fire Piquet, Crash Party, Early Party. And lately, because of dirty shoes and the urgent need of a hair-cut,

hadn't he practically sentenced himself to four days in the Mess Hall? How he hated struggling with that heap of dishes, pots and pans, and finishing off that mopping job! Early Party really got Joe down, too. The idea of getting up at 6 a.m. when all the other guys were sleeping really riled him. Maybe he would be the first to be discharged under this new scheme everyone was talking about. Joe by this time had reached his bunk and after removing his gloves and great-coat, relaxed. Presently he was fast asleep, literally dressed for parade.

Next day, he received the good news that he would be one of the first to be discharged! After the usual procedure of getting clearances, Joe found himself en route to the same place of enlistment—Toronto, and in due time, with a month's pay and allowances, was on his way home to the farm. The Farm . . . the one place Joe thought he would never leave, seemed lonely on his arrival. The shows and dances he attended were all filled with strangers and just didn't seem the same, so he left early, with the re-echoing strains of the three-piece orchestra playing, "They're either too young or too old."

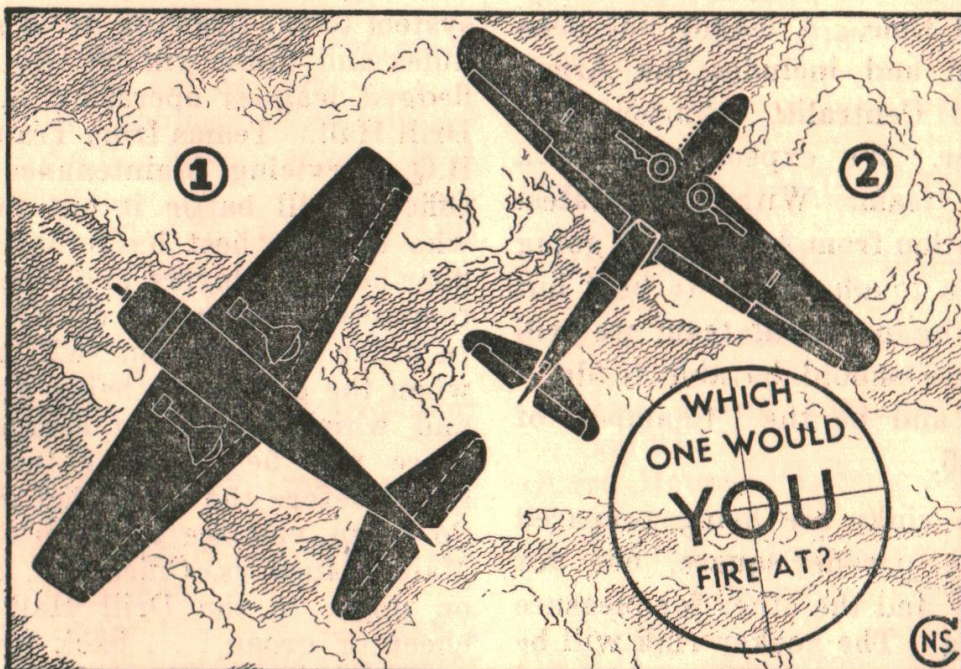
Farm life for Joe began and ended at this point. Two weeks later he was called by Selective Service and upon being questioned as to why he left the farm, explained—"I got fed up playing nursemaid to a herd of cows. Furthermore my stomach won't stand the smell of that pig-pen."

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* CHRISTMAS DANCE

As Seen Through A Pinky Haze

Christmas Dance in the Drill Hall—Two big trees and lots of coloured lights and mirrors to reflect the happy faces present. Everyone gay and sparkling—especially the airwomen—and everyone trying to make a good impression on some particular person. Two or three couples looking like they had all they wanted from the World without Christmas thrown in for good measure—to mention a few:—Betty R. and John MacA. whom we understand, are very close to the knot-tying stage; Eddie L. and Bill L. who claim their “platonic” friendship arises from the fact they are both Vancouverites; Michael and Lynn lost in each other’s eyes and the beauty of their own intricate waltzing; Young Peggy MacL. drifting from the arms of one ecstatic Englishman to the next; Nolie calling “lover” and all the male W.O.G.s answering; Marge Reid fresh from Dunnville and fond memories of Australian trainees, keeping the interest alive; and last but not least several A.E.M.s making a last desperate attempt to cling to the wall as they were forcibly swept on to the floor by some very determined airwomen. All in all it looked like a big time for everybody and it looks like a very Happy New Year from this one’s lowly viewpoint. Here’s hoping!

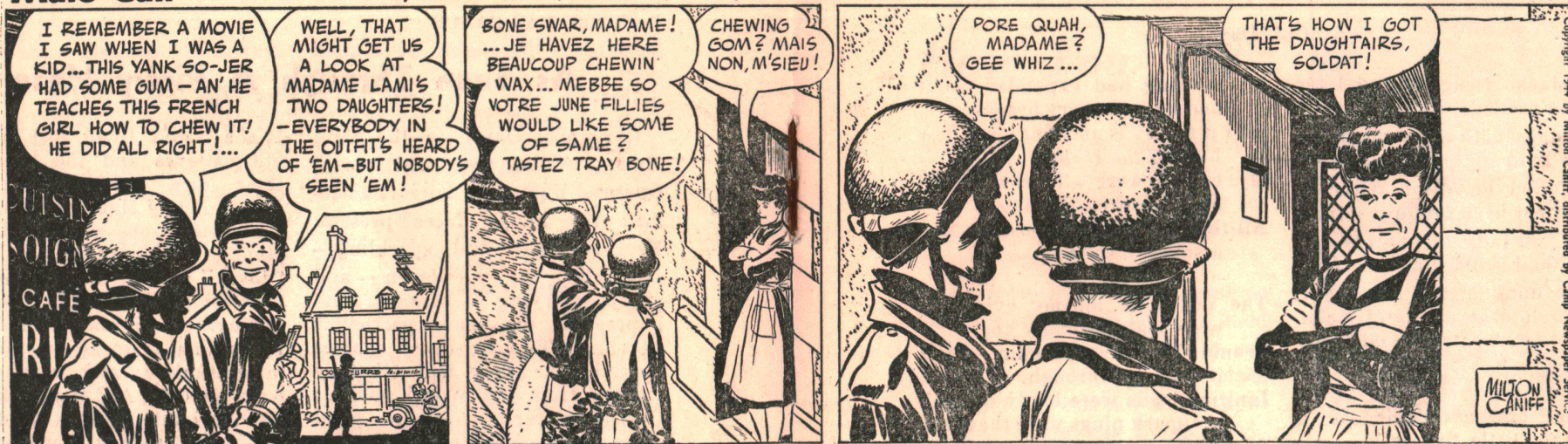


(See page 22)

Male Call

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

The Flavor Lasted and Lasted



SPORTS

Last year our hockey team walked away with the Command Championship and were duly crowned 1943-44 Hockey Champions No. 1 T.C. This year we intend winning that pennant for the second time. A league has been formed and includes the Army, Navy, Centralia, Clinton and Aylmer. We expect to have a strong team. With the greatest opposition from Aylmer it is going to be a tough league to beat but with the powerful team we will have we should be able to do it again and be the "Champs" of 1944-45.

Two rinks are being prepared on the parade square, one for hockey and the other for pleasure skating. The hockey rink will be for the use of station personnel to practise and play upon. We

should try and get an exhibition game between the "Aussies" and "Limeys." These newcomers to the Shining Blades could put on a good show. In the past there has been no organization in after duty sports and because of this many very exciting games have been played with few, if any, spectators. Starting in 1945 there will be a system to the drawing up of schedules and there will be two full-fledged leagues operating in the Drill Hall. Teams from Trainees, H.Q., Servicing, Maintenance and Officers will battle it out to see who are the best basketball and floor-hockey players and can call themselves "Champs of No. 9." In order that everyone will know when the games are being played and which teams are competing there will be D.R.O. entries 48 hours before the scheduled game. So when you see an item . . . Maintenance vs. Officers . . . come on down to the Drill Hall and cheer or groan . . . back up the team fighting to win and carrying the name of your Wing!

Famous Sayings

- Bob Pringle (Cent. Heat) — "Better get a plumber. . ."
- Jerry Aronson (Hosp.)—"Gotta have a prescription. . ."
- "Tiny" Bratt (Ser. Mess)—"One —coming up. . ."
- Mr. Haviland (Barr. Stores)—"Better get an E42. . ."
- "Robbie" Robinson (Clothing)—"We'll have some next week. . ."
- Lorne Ryan (W. & B.)—"Oh! fiddle-fiddle. . ."
- Bill Ferguson (Y)—"Why—why —why—why did I become a 'Y' man. . ."
- Dot Crysler (Y)—"I forgot—but I'll do it right away. . ."
- Pipe Band—"Puff—puff—puff—puff—puff. . ."
- S/M. Smail (H.Q.)—"Where can I get a man. . ."
- Lil Smithers (Tel. Op.)—"May I have the key to the handicraft shop. . ."
- Beth Butler (Met.)—"Aw the poor Tid. . ."
- Clarence Smith (Off. Q.)—"It's 6.30—sir. . ."
- Cpl. Berdock (Off. Q.)—"It's 6.30 —sir. . ."
- "Eye" Miller (Off. Q.)—"It's 6.30—sir. . ."
- Major Mutton (Dent.)—"It won't hurt. . ."
- Capt. Dunn (Dent.)—"It won't hurt. . ."
- Dental Staff—"Heh—heh—heh—heh. . ."
- Orderly Officer — "Any complaints. . ." (He asked this last month too; persistent, isn't he?)
- Guard House—"Let me see your 'I' card. . ."
- Flyer Staff—"I'm going ca-razy . . . blubber — blubber — blubber. . ."
- "S.M.O." Anderson (Hosp.)—"Got a fever? Into bed. . .!"

Jacob's Nightmare

by Cpl. Day

I am a Jacob's engine, and I try
to do my best,
In running smooth and even, under
any kind of test.
I'm installed in Anson Aircraft,
and have been for quite a time,
Most of you lads all know me, if
you hail from Number Nine.
I had a funny dream last night,
I'll relate here what I mean,
For I got overheated, because my
mixture was too lean.

Now on my carburetor, is a
certain little fixture,
The reason for it's being there is
to control my mixture.
On one side there's an "R" for
rich, on the other there's an
"L,"
But if left in that position, I get
as hot as ——?
As I warmed up on the line, I felt
myself expanding,
And why I didn't melt right there,
is past all understanding.

At last they cut the switch on me,
I was in bad condition,
I started running backward, which
is caused by pre-ignition.
I came to an uneven stop, and
everything was still,
I slowly started cooling as all us
engines will.
When cold, I had contracted, so
now lads, here's the point,
They hung the U/S tag on me,
for I was loose in every joint.

So they wheeled me up to mainten-
ance, I was going to be in-
spected,
And a thorough going over, of all
my parts infected.

My cowling had expanded, so it
had broken every bracket,
And it surely is amazing, just how
I stood the racket.
My baffles were all broken, and
here's a funny thing—
All that held them in position was
a solitary spring.

The heads on all my cylinders,
were leaking badly too,
I couldn't hold compression—I felt
it seeping through,
Ignition leads were badly burned.
my spark plugs were the same,
And there was some discussion—
should I have an engine
change?
There's a moral to this dream, my
lads, I know you will agree,
"Don't get me overheated," it's
best for **you**—and **me**.

Moral:

The "R" is stenciled there for
rich, for lean you'll find an
"L,"
Don't leave the indicator there,
or I'll get as hot as ——!!!

F/Lt.—Doctor: "I think you
are coughing easier this morning."

AC.2—Patient: "I ought to,
considering the practice I have
had during the night!"

* * *

Mother: "Isabel, where have
you been until 3 a.m.?"

Isabel: "Walking, mother."

Mother: "For goodness sake!"

Isabel: "Yes, mother."

“Hi Fellas!--- How You All?”

“I have never known a man with such a dynamic personality,” an old friend of Ev’s said the other day. But she didn’t work for him. Let me assure you he is a slave driver.

I remember when he used to gallop about No. 9 being a good fellow. He was the one to ask for an idea, a cigarette, some place to go for a week-end and how to get there. He was Ev to everybody then, the man to see if you wanted to organize a dance, a party, new activities, get something fixed, complain about the movies.

Then he became an editor!

He stomped about blasting the magazine committee driving the typists working until 3 a.m. too many mornings, hurrying the reporters, rushing the photographers, dogging the co-editors. He plastered his desk with signs that read “out of bounds,” “keep cracking, we gotta have it,” and “don’t prang here.”

Before, he would proudly display his son’s snap, then he changed, and looked for technicalities in every photograph. His “Hi fellows, how you all,” changed to “Hi fellows, tell me all.”

When he came here Ev was still a swell guy. He had ambitions for the Station. Recently you may have heard the choir he organized and worked for so enthusiastically and tirelessly, you are reading the magazine for which he was the first editor. Remember



the weiner roasts and corn roast he kept in fits of laughter and the way he would pep up a dance? He had a mischievous grin, a devilish twinkle in his eyes and always a friendly greeting. His reputation as a personality kid and energy man was made before Centralia. There’s a dreamy affectionate light in his eyes when he talks about Galt and his Beaver Club there. His colourful career “on the road” as a Lifesavers and Beechnut salesman is the stuff that made a lot of conversations at midnight in the Airmen’s Mess. Ev’s love for music great enough to get him out of a sick bed two nights to lead the choir, comes from his Welsh forefathers. This “Voice” was heard first in Hamilton 30 years ago he says and he has been “sending” girls ever since.

Ev put his heart and will into this magazine as he puts his heart and will into all his undertakings. Congratulations old man, it’s a swell magazine, even if you were a slave driver, we loved it. Good luck to you in your new posting.

New Books in Library

Cpl. Hynam

It's fun to make things and in your station library you will find some books to help give you new ideas and also give you many helpful steps in making the article you desire.

Among the many crafts old and new, leatherwork is perhaps the most universally practiced and enjoyed. Not only is it easy, inexpensive and fascinating to do, but because of its many practical uses. Here is a unique manual for the beginner, "Leathercrafts As A Hobby" by Clifford Pyle. It describes different kinds of leather, tells what tools to buy, gives detailed instructions.

For those who feel any inspiration or have any desire to make useful and beautiful things, "Arts and Crafts," a practical handbook by Margueret Ickis. Written by one of the most eminent of modern instructors on Craft, this is a comprehensive reference book for both beginner and teachers. It is beautifully illustrated with bibliography of Arts and Crafts.

Also "Needle Point As A Hobby" by Geneva Lent gives many extensive and practical ideas to those anxious to acquire greater proficiency in this art.

For you Airmen who are interested in plastic work, "Plastics" by A. J. Lockrey, gives simple and exact directions for every operation with plastics.

To come to lighter reading those who enjoy good novels the following can be had by request.

"Colour Scheme" by Ngaio Marsh, has everything, style and atmosphere, humor which is never forced, a striking and unusual background, and a group of

characters, English, Maori and New Zealander who are fascinating and completely credible.

"Captain Caution" by Kenneth Roberts, is a rare combination of high literary quality rapid action, keen humor, skilful character drawing, and historical accuracy.

This is a technical war, and chemistry's part in it is spectacular, but little known. Tanks move, planes fly and shells burst, all because of explosions, chemical processes which man has learned to harness.

In this book "The Chemical Front" by William Haynes, he has written clearly, dramatically, of these chemical munitions of modern war, of the men who discovered them, how they were made, and then used, and what they promise. He tells a thrilling story and his explanations are models of simplicity. For all who would understand what our chemists and our chemical industries are contributing, this book is absorbing reading.

A book of interest on contemporary affairs "Stalin" by Boris Souvarine, is a major work which contributes more perhaps, than any other single book to an understanding of the present state of things in Russia. It is not merely a biography, it is the inside history of the Bolshevik party focused around the personal career of the inheritor of its power.

These are just a few of the books obtainable at your station library, so when you have a spare moment come and look the books over. And if you want any suggestions your librarians will be glad to help you find something you would enjoy.

I've Had It! !

(by Doug. Benner, LAC.)

In order to continue my interesting perusal of "What Every Airman Should Know," I shifted my position slightly and placed my number 12½D boots on the pillow, twisting my spine into the shape of a languid eel. This was necessary for vision, because the only ray of light in our barrack room seeps through a hole in the corner of the window.

Suddenly I was aroused by the sounds of dancing feet — upon peering fearfully over the side of the upper bunk, I could discern five ghastly (I mean ghostly) figures, gleefully doing something that closely resembled a tribal war dance, around my bunk. This illusion was heightened by the fact that they were chanting, "You're gonna get shot, you're gonna get shot!" while pointing at me! !

Thereupon they laid rough hands on my quivering form and hauled me, protesting weakly, from my bunk and stood me before the wall. After firing several shots into my defenseless body with the barrack brooms, they attempted to alminister the "coup de grace" with a bayonet charge.

Finally dawn broke through into my quivering consciousness, and sent me running to find D.R.O.'s. There it was! ! as promulgated for the attention and necessary action of all concerned— "The under-mentioned will report to the Station Hospital at 1030 hours for ANNUAL T.A.B.T."

"P" FLITE NEWS

Ullo mister editor my names joe and im an aircraft pusher-outer and im ritin this coz the flite comarnder aint ere e took orf larst nite in wun of them tooze an e pulled the stick back an e went up an up an up an aint cum back yet an there aint no other instruckter tipes ere they orl cum in this mornin about ten an sed coray bagzerclamp and bug-sorry went erway—an im sorter seenier aircraft pusherouter so im sorter actin flite comarnder see! ! Of corse if im flite comarnder i must ave me mornin gamer poker so excoose me please. solong joe.
Jack Muir, P/O.

Gus Herder, Chairman of the Dance Committee—"Can't you stretch the music a little—just a dance or two more?"

Frank Shortt, Orchestra Leader—"Sorry, this isn't a rubber band!"

* * *

Corp.: "I hear Robinson is back in the hospital."

Other Corp.: "Yeah—he took a sudden turn for the nurse."



CORVEC

"Just back from India"

WHY I DID NOT GET HOME FOR CHRISTMAS

Dear Henrietta,—

To begin with, the first and foremost reason why I didn't make Toronto for Christmas, was that the R.C.A.F. decided to give me New Year's instead. But five days on the 29th December looked as long and promising as five days on the 22nd, so I tried not to suffer too much!

Came the 29th, we all drifted down to the Gate to await transportation to London. Several wild scrambles and 4 or 5 busses later, I managed to squeeze in between the first seat and the driver and thus procured a ride to the highway. There I was pushed out into one of the "White Christmas" snowdrifts you read about and on to what purported to be a larger bus. But as the capacity of ONE large vehicle cannot possibly equal the holding power of five not-so-much smaller ones, I considered myself indeed fortunate to be allowed to cling to one of the outer hinges on the running-board.

About six miles further on, the driver wearied of the well-travelled way and attempted a short cut via the ditch. Exactly three hours and two tow-trucks were all it required to restore us to the King's Highway. After this, we proceeded smoothly except for a few moments every mile when we stopped to let the motor cool off.

As we went sailing through (?) Lucan, our half-way point, three tires "blew out" in swift succession and we accepted the inevitable—holeing up for the night in the town's one hotel. So passed—quietly enough—the first night of

my leave.

The next morn dawned bright and clear but it was noon before we could start for London and at the same rate of speed as the previous day we arrived there by 19:50 hours—just in time to ascertain that we had "had" the last C.N. train for Toronto. So the second night of my leave, New Year's Eve at that, was spent in London. I thought of you all waiting for me in Toronto and couldn't enter into the celebrating at all. It might have been a smarter idea to have invited you here instead. You could have left a week ahead of time—or could you?

New Year's Day all my good resolutions to stay smiling and cheerful "come what may," were smothered even before they were formed! Yes, I got the noon train O.K. And we made almost phenomenal time to Hamilton, doing the odd 80 miles in something like 3 hours flat. I don't need to tell you how every little thing brightened up considerably. And I had visions, once again, of a good old-fashioned turkey dinner with all the trimmings.

But my dreams crumbled to dust when the sad news came through that since the time we had backed into Hamilton, 2 more special freights had moved in front of us on the same track and it was impossible to get out. We sat there while the cars, engines, cabooses and oil-tankers shunted back and forth, tossing soot derisively through the cracks of the windows. Finally, not being able

(continued on page 21)

PREPARE NOW!!!

1. Canadian Legion Education Services provide courses (most of them free) which give you the opportunity to complete your:
Matriculation. Both Junior and Senior Matriculation Courses are available. These courses are given by correspondence.
2. **University.** Complete university degree may be obtained—**NOW!**
3. **Technical Courses.** Correspondence courses teach the elements of Electricity, Mechanical Drawing, etc.
4. Agriculture. "The Business of Farming," "Poultry Raising," etc.
5. **Directed Reading Courses.** Salesmanship, Interior Decorating and many others.
6. **Typing and Stenography** Classes each Wednesday evening.
4. **Re-establishment Credit** (for Repairs to Home, etc.). An amount equal to your Gratuity. This is available if you do not take an equal or greater amount for education or under the Veterans' Land Act.
5. **Financing A Farm**
 - (1) (a) \$4,800.00 for land and buildings.
 - (b) \$1,200.00 for stock and equipment.
 - (c) \$50.00 per month for first year while awaiting full income. (\$70.00 if married.)
 - (2) **Repayment**
 - (a) You repay only \$3,200.00 in monthly payments over 25 years or \$16.18 per month.
6. **Small Holding** (1 acre to 40 acres outside a town or city.)
 - (a) \$4,800.00 for land and buildings.
 - (b) \$600.00 for equipment.

REHABILITATION GRANTS

1. \$100 Clothing Allowance.
2. One month's pay and allowances.
3. **Gratuities**
 - (1) **For Service in Canada:**
\$7.50 for each month of service (or \$90 per year).
 - (2) **For Service Overseas:**
\$15.00 for each month (or \$180.00 per year).
 - (3) **For Each 6 Months Overseas:**
One week's pay and allowances.

7. Help for Small Business

\$50.00 per month during the first year. (\$70.00 per month for married man.)

BE AMBITIOUS—Educate Yourself for Opportunity

You Can afford to complete your university course. The Rehabilitation Scheme provides \$60.00 per month for a single person, \$80.00 per month for a married person, plus \$5.00 per week if living away from home, plus children's allowances.

SEE UNIT EDUCATION OFFICER

The Wolf

by Sansone

Copyright 1944 by Leonard Sansone. distributed by Camp Newspaper Service



"Stop staring—n' get me a towel!"

OPEN HOURS OF STATION BUILDINGS AND SERVICES

Drill Hall

Punch Bag—0800-2200 hours every day.

Ropes—0800-2200 hours every day except when space is used for P.T.

Badminton — 1830-2200 hours every day ex. Sat. and Sun.
0800-2200 hours Saturday.
1200-2200 hours Sunday.

"Y" Office

0900-2300 hours every day.

Library

0800-2100 hours every day ex. Sun.
1400-1700 hours Sunday.

A. & A. Club

080-2230 hours every day.

W.D. Lounge

0800-2200 hours every day.

Airmen's Lounge

0800-2200 hours every day.

W.D. Canteen

1130-1330 hours every day

1500-1530 hours every day

1700-1945 hours every day

Airmen's Canteen

1145-1310 hours every day

1700-2200 hours every day

Airmen's Wet Canteen

1700-2200 hours every day

Barber Shop

0900-2000 hours every day ex. Sat. and Sun.

0900-1200 hours Saturday.

OPERATIONAL TYPES

(continued from page 2)

and air firing practice. Thirty-seven observers finally graduated in October, 1940 at No. 1 A.N.S., Trenton and were pronounced ready for overseas service. Sgt. Cleaver on arrival overseas was posted to No. — Squadron (Torpedo Bomber) R.A.F. without benefit of Advance Training or O.T.U., and was flying on "strike" operations in the first week of December.

On seven months with the R.A.F. squadron, he flew in Beaufort aircraft on thirty strikes against enemy shipping, port installations and aerodromes. On the formation of Canadian squadrons, Butch was posted to 404 "Buffalo" squadron and was the first observer on that squadron. They were trained on Blenheim Mk. 1 and 1V and went operational on the Mk. 1VF in August, 1941. Successively promoted to Fight Sergeant, WO.1, and finally commissioned in the field, Cleaver left 404 at the end of May, 1942, having flown on forty-two longrange fighter operations with the "Buffaloes" in Blenheims and Beaufighters. Returning to Canada he was on staff at Trenton as president of No. 1 Aircrew Re-selection Board before remustering to pilot. Trained at No. 20 E.F.T.S., Oshawa, No. 5 S.F.T.S., Brantford, and No. 1 C.N.S., Rivers, Man., he instructed at Brantford for eight months before coming to No. 9 as a Navigation Instructor.

Both F/Lt. Cleaver and F/O. Sauer are at present being "genned up" on administrative work and should be "pukka wallahs" when they get through.

WHY I DID NOT GET HOME FOR CHRISTMAS

(continued from page 18)

to bear up any longer in the face of overwhelming odds, I jumped out and battled my way up the steps to the ticket office. There I purchased a ticket to Centralia and awaited the next train back. After all, if it takes 3 days of a 5-day leave to go part way home, then isn't it logical to start back at the end of the third day?

However, fortune was more condescending on the return trip and I now find myself back at Camp with five whole hours (not days) to spare and nothing to do but try to square myself with you. How about taking a dim view of everything in general, as I do, (including transportation) and deciding that, though my friendship is far-distant as the modern crow flies, it is still,

Yours faithfully,

"HERMAN."

o——o——o

"SYMPATHETIC" TRAINING

(continued from page 7)

knowledge in the theory of flight, and the theory of aviation mechanics. The purpose of the classes is so that riggers and fitters can continue with the knowledge they have of the mechanics of aircraft. They have the opportunity of keeping up-to-date with the latest developments, and the opportunity of going deeper than the surface skimmed when they first took their courses. This extra information gained by the easy method of "seeing" what they are learning instead of "reading" what they are learning, enables all to absorb "gen" in a shorter time and qualifies the student to sit successfully for Command Trade Board Examinations.

“Flight for Freedom”

by Sgt. Mary Cooper

Among the staff of Number Nine we have many interesting personalities. Some have a story behind them which would make any of us think—and think hard. Among our Women's Division we have a young woman whose name cannot be disclosed, for reason of safe-guarding relatives and friends who may or may not be still alive in her native country.

This young woman joined the R.C.A.F. Women's Division in 1942. In her own country she had been a student at a Teachers' Seminary. She had hoped to teach high school on completion of training, but the school was closed by the Fascist Rulers before her training was completed. In 1935 she was able to come to Canada, settling in Montreal, where she taught school and then worked in an embroidery factory to earn enough money to bring her family to Canada. In 1939 her father and mother joined her in this country.

Shortly after the outbreak of war, she had news that her own town was burned and laid waste by the Hun. Not a stone was left! A Nazi Concentration Camp was built on the site. One of her girlhood chums is now doing hard labor there. Four years ago word came through the International Red Cross that her relatives and friends had started out in the direction of Russia, but to her knowledge only two are now alive.

This girl knows what she is fighting for and against. You may be working right beside her!

Not at No. 1! It's the U.S. Navy's "Hellcat," a low mid-wing, single seat, ship or land base fighter powered by a radial engine. It has a deep egg-shaped fuselage and both edges of the wing taper equally to square tips. The leading edge of the tailplane tapers and the trailing edge is straight. There is a cut out in the elevator.

Fire at No. 2! It's the Japanese "Tony," a low-wing single seat fighter with a long pointed nose. Both edges of the wing taper to rounded tips. A large air scoop on the belly of the fuselage extends beyond the trailing edge of the wing. The tailplane has a tapered leading edge, rounded tips and a cutout in the elevator.

o—o—o

REHABILITATION

(continued from page 10)

“Very poor excuse,” said the Director. “When you are placed in a position, you stay there, unless we make a change!”

“Well,” said Joe, “how about a job in one of the war plants? Remember, I'm a mechanic, and after three years of hard practical work on aircraft, and regularly attending Trade Improvement Classes, I was discharged a 'B' group LAC.” The Director admitted the truth of his statements, “O.K., you go to work Monday morning at this Aircraft factory,” and he handed Joe a card.

Joe's trouble started at exactly 9:45 a.m. Monday. The foreman walking into the washroom, found him smoking. “What's the big idea?” he bellowed. “Isn't this smoke period?” queried Joe. “I've had this 15 minutes in the

(continued on next page)

Air Force for over three years."

"Listen you!" roared the foreman, pointing a finger straight between Joe's eyes, "You're not in the Air Force now, so get back to work." "Gee" thought Joe, on his way back to his machine, "I'll bet that guy was once a discip in the Air Force." Still at 2.45 p.m. Joe's mind flashed back to No. 5 Hangar at Centralia where till 3 o'clock he knew the boys would be enjoying their smokes and a coke.

That night Joe found himself just as much alone in the city as he had been at home. There were no coy side-glances or smiles from the girls, and he glared enviously at any servicemen he passed. If only he was allowed to sew his props on his civilian coat, that would help a lot. He was beginning to realize that never would he find again the comradeship and resultant enjoyment in civilian life that he had known in the Service. The pay-off came a few days later, when Joe, probably through force of habit, took a 48. This, he found later, just wasn't done.

The urge to meet and mingle with the boys again became too great for Joe, thus we find him, out of work, at the Guard House of No. 9 S.F.T.S., demanding admittance.

The Sgt. S.P., becoming a bit annoyed, curtly refused him admission. "I don't get it," said the Sgt. "Here you are at 2 o'clock in the morning, trying to tell me you want to visit the lads. Don't you know that even if it were two in the afternoon, a civilian would have to be escorted to H.Q. and that the Adjutant would have to know his business?"

"Anyhow, I think you might be trying to pull a fast one. Probably it's one of the W.D.'s you want to see more than the lads I'm sorry."

This was the last straw, here were the fellows just a few hundred yards away and he couldn't see them. Well, he would try again tomorrow. He would have to walk the five miles into town, since at 2.30 in the morning POP'S PLACE was closed. Thus, against the driving wind and approaching storm, he had to start the five mile walk into Exeter. About two miles from camp, and hopelessly lost amidst the whirling drifting snow, he realized that he could drag himself no further, and sinking exhausted into a snowdrift, he gradually lost what little consciousness remained.

Joe was rudely awakened by the Early Party Corporal,— "Come on, brother," he was told. "You've got 5 minutes to get to the hangar, unless you want an extra week's duty."

"What a horrible dream," cried Joe. "Right now, I wouldn't care if I had a month of extra early Party, Corp." (Forgetting in his excitement that Corporals should always be addressed by their full rank.) "That's the best news I've had since I dated that cute blonde in Toledo for my next 72. I'm practically in No. 5 Hangar right now."

The Flight Sergeant in charge of Maintenance, on his way to the Control Room, and somewhere in the vicinity of the boiler house at exactly 4½ minutes to 7 a.m., still maintains that the fastest thing on two feet passed him like a shot. That was JOE.

CPL. DAY.

Movies at Leavitt's Theatre, Exeter

JANUARY 15-16—Double Feature.

"MUSIC IN MANHATTAN"—With Ann Shirley and Dennis Day.

"MAISIE GOES TO RENO"—Starring Ann Sothern and John Hodiak.

* * * * *

JANUARY 17-18—

"KISMET"—Metro Goldwyn Mayer Technicolor Feature—Starring Ronald Colman and Marlene Dietrich.

* * * * *

JANUARY 19-20—Double Feature.

"COBRA WOMAN"—Technicolor Feature—Maria Montez and Jon Hall.

"UP IN MABLE'S ROOM"—Starring Gail Patrick and John Hubbard.

* * * * *

JANUARY 22-23—Double Feature.

"SWEET AND LOWDOWN"—Benny Goodman and Band and Linda Darnell

"CRIME DOCTOR'S STRANGEST CASE"—Starring Warner Baxter.

* * * * *

JANUARY 24 (One night only)—Double Feature.

"DOUBLE INDEMNITY"—Starring Fred MacMurray.

"HENRY ALDRICH PLAYS CUPID"—Starring The Aldrich Family.

* * * * *

JANUARY 25-26-27—

"ARSENIC AND OLD LACE"—Starring Cary Grant and Raymond Massey.

* * * * *

JANUARY 29-30—

"TOM SAWYER"—Technicolor Feature—All-Star Juvenile Cast.

Second Feature—CHARLES STARRETT (Western).

* * * * *

JANUARY 31 and FEBRUARY 1—

"HOSTAGES"—All-Star Cast.

"MUSICAL COMEDY"—All-Star Cast.

* * * * *

FEBRUARY 2-3—

"BELL BOTTOM GEORGE"—Starring George Formby.

* * * * *

FEBRUARY 5-6—Double Feature.

"ATLANTIC CITY"—All-Star Cast.

"TORNADO"—With Richard Arlen.

* * * * *

FEBRUARY 7-8—

"AN AMERICAN ROMANCE"—M.G.M. Special Technicolor Feature.

Starring Brian Donlevy and Ann Richards.

* * * * *

FEBRUARY 9-10—

"BARBARY COAST GENT"—M.G.M. Feature—Starring Wallace Beery, Binnie Barnes and John Carradine.

* * * * *

FEBRUARY 12-13—Double Feature.

"GREENWICH VILLAGE"—Technicolor Special—Don Ameche, Carmen Miranda and Wm. Bendix.

"STORM OVER LISBON"—Starring Vera Hrubá Ralston and Eric Von Stroheim.





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