

N^o. 9 FLYER

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



Vol. 1

No. 3

FEBRUARY 1945

FEATURES

2—Wings Parade.

8—Hockey Reports.

19—Liberator Wag Aids in
Rescue.

26—B.E.M. Award to Centralia
W.D.

31—New York.

10c PER COPY

EDITORIAL STAFF

Hon. President—

G/C. E. G. Fullerton

President—

S/L. L. Wilson

Business Manager—

F/Lt. J. L. Campbell

Advertising Manager—

P/O. H. Gitter

Editor—

F/O. A. McAlister

Editor-in-Chief—

W. R. Ferguson, Y.M.C.A.

Assistant Editors—

Sgt. M. Grudnitski

Miss M. Large, Y.M.C.A.

Associate Editors—

WO.2 Dickson

F/Sgt. N. Worrall

Sgt. O. Davis

Sgt. Robertson

Mrs. Thompson, Y.W.C.A.

Photos—

Cpl. M. Beale

LAW. R. Owens

Staff Writers—

Cpl. V. Tolmie

LAC. A. M. Parker

No. 9 FLYER receives Camp Newspaper Service material, and republication of credited matter is prohibited without permission of C.N.S., 205 E 42nd St., N.Y.C. 17, New York,

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

Editorial

The first issue of the magazine was conceived and born in the Editorial Office. The second issue grew, with some help from you, but still in the Editorial Office. In the second issue we used that famous No. 9 slogan—"We Gotta Have It"—now we are glad to say we are getting it. We do not know what caused the sudden spurt of literary talent during the last week of January. But we suspect that it might have been that D.R.O. entry with its outstanding headline—"FREE." We

suppose that everyone likes something for nothing and this is one case where we will all be satisfied since the winners of our competition will be awarded theatre tickets, while we in turn are receiving bags of material.

A few months ago, when the magazine first started, we told you that we would print what you wanted to read. And now at last we are carrying out our promise by publishing material written here at Centralia.

Editorials in a magazine are usually glanced at, but not read. So there is a great deal of satisfaction when we find that people are reading the front page. How do we know that you are reading it? Because last issue we asked you to get out and support the hockey team. Judging by the crowds, you have read and complied with that request. The lads on the hockey team are doing a fine job—and I do mean a fine job.

With inter-section sports, hockey team, craft shops and the stage shows, which we get through the efforts of our hard working Entertainment Committee, and dances which are put on by another hard working committee, this station can boast an after-duty program second to no other station.

There is only one request that your committees and teams ask of you. That is for you to let them have your ideas on these topics, and thoroughly enjoy yourselves when they are sponsored.

And now for a reminder about the magazine. **KEEP SENDING IN THOSE CONTRIBUTIONS. "WE GOTTA HAVE IT."**

Bill Ferguson.

Course 113 Graduates

The first Wings' Parade of 1945 at Centralia was on Friday afternoon, 26th of January, in Number two hangar. The graduating class was made up of students from Great Britain, Australia and a few from Canada. Despite the few Canadians graduating, there was a good-sized civilian audience in addition to the large hollow square formed by most of the remainder of the station.

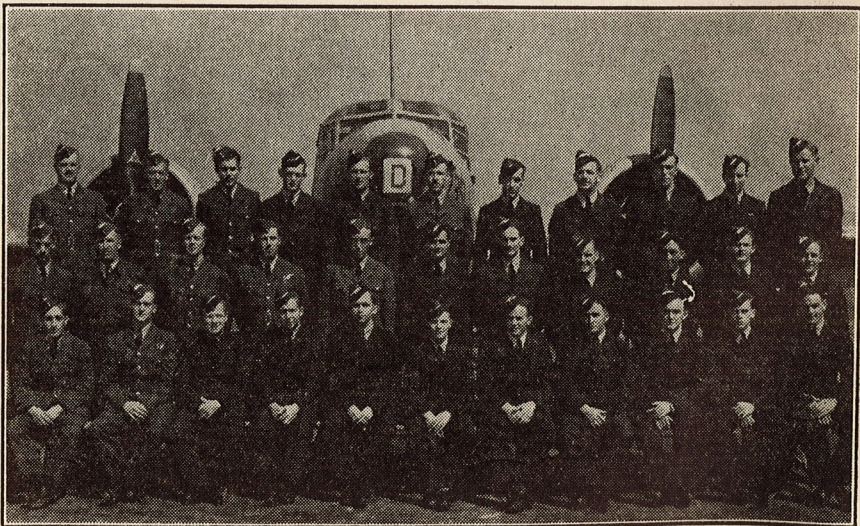
A few minutes after the hollow square had been formed and the graduating class, in charge of Flying Officer Paxton, had been drawn up ready for the presentation ceremony the Commanding Officer arrived and delivered a short address, the text of which follows:

"WINGS" ADDRESS,

"We welcome most cordially, the relatives and friends of the gradu-

ates, as well as the general public, to this graduating ceremony this afternoon. Some of the relatives, I have no doubt, have travelled a considerable distance to get here, and I am sure the graduates concerned, appreciate your presence. The majority of our graduates today being from Australia, many thousands of miles away, the attendance of relatives in their case is precluded by the great distance involved, but I am sure they, as well as the relatives of our graduates from Great Britain, are with us today in spirit."

"To the graduates of Course 113—from Australia, Great Britain, and Canada, congratulations from all of us here on your successful graduation as fully qualified pilots. Although a few of you may not, for a time at any rate, be able to realize all of your ambitions in your newly chosen career, you have nevertheless undergone a



most useful and valuable course of training which can also be termed vocational training, that I am sure you will never regret and may yet pay satisfying dividends. There is still a lot of war to be fought, in Europe no doubt, and certainly in the Pacific theatre, before we can put away our swords and say that at last another era of peace has been re-established. So you may yet have ample opportunity to realize your ambition to render service in the particular sphere of air force activity for which you have been so specially and thoroughly trained.

Many changes are taking place throughout the world today as a result of this war of survival in which we are engaged, and obviously much history is still in the making. Decisions and plans of today often have to be changed or revised tomorrow in order to cope effectively with new situations and problems that are arising from day to day. There is nothing we can do about it except to do our duty, each and every one of us, namely: keep our faith, keep our confidence, keep our health, and keep up a sustained and vigorous war effort in whatever role our country has decreed we can best serve.

One of the greatest needs in the world today is for more and better leadership — constructive leadership that is based on Christianity principles. Remember there are two kinds of leadership—one good, that makes for a better world; the other bad—that makes for a worse world. For instance, Hitler is a very capable and effective leader, and there are many others of the undesirable or gangster type throughout the world in every level of civilian and service life, whose leadership is not of the



kind that makes for a better civilization, nor a better nation nor a better race of people.

By simply doing what the majority do, thinking what the majority think, saying what the majority say, forming the opinions and habits that the majority form, we are not exercising qualities of leadership—we are usually just exercising the “Sheep” or “parrot” instinct. If we want a better world and a better humanity, we must develop more and better qualities of the right of **constructive** leadership.

In conclusion, and on behalf of all ranks of this School, I would like to wish all the graduates the very best of good luck, good health, and good hunting.”

Wing Commander Malloy assisted Group Captain Fullerton in pinning on the wings. Five of the wings, however, were given by LAW. Reid to Sgt. MacAuley, Mrs. Preston to Sgt. Preston, Mrs.

(Continued on next page)

DOWNBEAT!

During the Yuletide Season the Brass Band lost a great enthusiast and live wire when Flying Officer "Hugh" MacKenzie was posted to "civie" street. He conducted through November and December while Cpl. Shortt was on course. To Flying Officer MacKenzie the band extends a sincere "Thank You," and "Good Luck!"

Did you know "The Horn" Himes has become a talent scout for the Station Orchestra. The new find answers to the name of Judith Lynn Himes. Congrats, Pop!

Mark "Luke" Nolet, the Dashwood Dandy is often seen heading northwest by taxi—why, boy?

Now for a little gen on the big names in orchestra music:

Some of the jivesters have read the following elsewhere but for the others—The annual Downbeat poll of bands is still voting but so far results are:

Swing Section: 1—Duke Ellington. 2—Woody Herman. 3—Harry James.

Sweet Section: 1—Tommy Dorsey. 2—C. Spivak.

Good old Bing beat out "Swooney" atra by a wide margin this year and Dinah Shore is still the favourite single "gal" chirper. Spike Jones heads the King of Corn list. Guy Lombardo was left way behind by Jones.

The manager of London arena cannot give the boys of this Station's musical enthusiasts a lineup for January or any month yet. C'est la guerre, we guess.

COURSE 113 GRADUATES

(Continued from page 3)

Grierson to WO.1 Grierson, Mrs. Green to Sgt. Green and Miss Shirley Penhale to Sgt. Colby.

Sgt. Johnny Power of Australia won the Commanding Officer's trophy.

When the wings had been presented, the guest artist, Mrs. Jean Lynn Wilson gave an excellent exhibition of the Sword Dance followed by the Chantreuse. Mrs. Wilson is the wife of LAC. Wilson who works in the Barrack Stores and prior to her marriage was a professional and instructor in all Scotch and Irish dances. She has also won prizes in competition with professional pipers in Montreal for her ability on the bagpipes. Sgt. Tom Carroll (See cover) accompanied Mrs. Wilson's dances on the pipes.

Group Captain Fullerton told of the derivation of the Air Force plaid. Before there was a Royal Air Force there was a Royal Flying Corps which was considered merely as part of the Army and also the Fleet Air Arm. The official colour of the Army is maroon, of the Navy—dark blue and of the relatively newly formed Air Force—light blue. These three colours were combined to make the now official R.C.A.F. plaid which is worn by the Centralia pipe band.

The plaided pipers led by Drum Majorette Hotte gave a demonstration and a march past completed the ceremony.

Immediately afterward there were some exhibition jumps from the unique synthetic parachute jumping tower behind the hangar. Refreshments were served in the Recreation Hall.

OVER TO YOU

(By Hawkeye)

One of the more amusing past-times on this otherwise serious Unit is to "Listen-in" to the pilots when they are passing messages by means of their aircraft radios. Some deluded authority who, many moons ago, laid down a series of rules to be observed on such occasions would turn in his grave (his was a well-deserved early demise) could he hear many of the phrases used on the air; and his despair is matched only by that of the Signals personnel in general, and of the W.D. Ground Station Operators in particular. These latter sorely-tried Users of the Mike, who will insist upon counting up to nine to the slightest provocation, have been known to lose permanent waves overnight, and to stagger in horror from their Tower hide-out, faces haggard and mouths agape at the broadcast phrases they just couldn't log.

A random turning of the pages of their log books reveals sufficient material for a complete series of articles on Esperanto, but we are obliged, in order to continue the deception of the enemy, to indicate just a few of the chunks of unconscious humour that clutter up the air.

The greatest difficulty appears

to be with the phonetic alphabet, and a number of extracts from the official Tower records are given below to illustrate how NOT to spell out a place-name such as: PENETANGUISHENE. Upon payment of the very nominal fee of a box of cigars, any Doubting Thomas may inspect the originals by way of verification.

A for ORSES
E for ADAM
H for EXPERIENCE
K for ANCIS
O for THE GARDEN WALL
P for SOUP
R for MO'
T for TWO
U for ME
X for BREAKFAST
Y for SECRETARY

There is, unfortunately, so little money left in the kitty that no prize can be offered to the crafty reader who can decipher all these irregularities. However, those radio users who have suffered over the current version of the official R/T. alphabet will find comfort in the fact that the above is being submitted for consideration to the Combined Communications Board, to replace that awkward: "A for ABLE, B for MUTTON Jumping Jehosephat, I'm doing it now!

Sgt. Walsh to Sgt. Simpkins—
"I shall sue you for keeping a dangerous dog on camp, he chased me again this morning."

Sgt. Simpkins to Sgt. Walsh—
"You're very ungrateful, you know you would have missed the ration run if he hadn't."

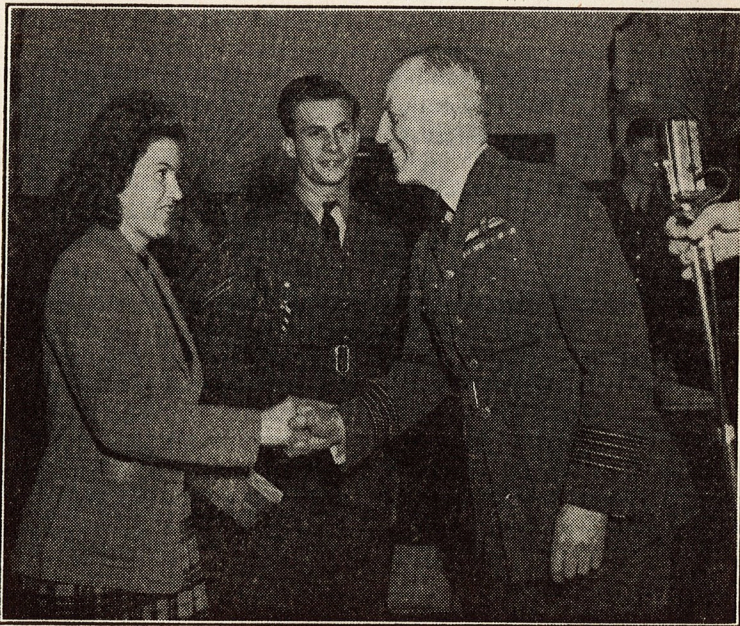
LAC.—Had been in the Air Force a week when the Sgt. said to him, "What do you think of the Air Force so far." (Silly question). "I may like it after a while, but just now I think there's too much fussing about between meals.

Our New Year's Eve Dance

Didn't we have a swell time on the station New Year's Eve, kids! Well, it is your own fault if you missed it.

Many thanks go to all the people who helped make the night what it was. The Recreation Hall was beautifully decorated under the very artistic guidance of LAC. Winterstein and the unwavering

ing was the show "Step Lively" with none other than "The Voice"—Frank Sinatra. After the W.D.'s got their socks pushed down and their slacks turned up, the usual number of swooning utterances came forth. Thus Frankie scored another victory. To you Airmen, who still wonder what he has that you haven't, why not ask a W.D.? Then came the inevitable hour—



assistance of our versatile "Y" man—Bill Ferguson, our man about camp—S/L. McGee and that congenial P/O. Gitter. Sunday morning and afternoon found these four busily arranging band stands, setting up tables (New York cabaret style) around the dance floor, and completing the decorations.

The first highlight of the even-

ing was the show "Step Lively" with none other than "The Voice"—Frank Sinatra. After the W.D.'s got their socks pushed down and their slacks turned up, the usual number of swooning utterances came forth. Thus Frankie scored another victory. To you Airmen, who still wonder what he has that you haven't, why not ask a W.D.? Then came the inevitable hour—

ing was the show "Step Lively" with none other than "The Voice"—Frank Sinatra. After the W.D.'s got their socks pushed down and their slacks turned up, the usual number of swooning utterances came forth. Thus Frankie scored another victory. To you Airmen, who still wonder what he has that you haven't, why not ask a W.D.? Then came the inevitable hour—

ing of "Auld Lang Syne," led by Bill Ferguson our master of ceremonies for the night.

Then came the dance, opened by the old reliable "Paul Jones." Of course our own station orchestra was present, and I am asking you, were they ever 'on the bit.' There were the usual favor dances, namely: Spots, Quarters, and Elimination dances. How envied were the lucky winners when they unwrapped their prizes of powder, lip stick and perfume sets, bath sets, cigarettes and Seaforth products for the men. Fruit punch, served during the dance, was a real treat. Our many thanks to S/L. McGee who did such a fine job of mixing it. Have you the formula handy, Sir?

Later came the surprise of all surprises—a waltz contest. The audience were really held while Miss June Smith of Exeter and LAC. Taylor (R.A.F.) the lucky winners, gave their version of the old-fashioned waltz. Congratulations are herewith extended to both, along with the other couples who took part in the competition.

Group Captain and Mrs. Fullerton, Squadron Leader and Mrs. Wilson, Flight Lieutenant and Mrs. MacFarlane along with about twenty young ladies from Exeter and surrounding districts were our welcome guests for the evening.

So in the wee hours of the morning, the dance ended with the singing of the National Anthem. It may be truthfully said that our New Year's Eve Party was definitely a very gala affair. Once again thanks to all those who so willingly gave their time and efforts to making it such a terrifically successful event and one which will be remembered by all of us for a long time to come.

SENIOR N.C.O.'s MESS DINNER

Senior N.C.O.'s of this Station gathered on Thursday evening, January 19th, at their Mess Dinner, which proved to be one of the finest Mess functions in the history of the Station.

Guests of the N.C.O.'s at this pleasant event, included Group Captain Fullerton, Squadron Leader Wilson, Wing Commander Malloy, Squadron Leader Anderson, Flight Lieutenant Oliver, Squadron Leader MacDonald, Section Officer McCready, Flight Lieutenant Jordon and Flight Lieutenant Cowper-Smith.

WO.2 Jack Smail, president of the Mess was chairman of the dinner, while Flight Sergeant "J.P." Morgan, vice-president proposed the toast to the King. Flight Lieutenant Jordan proposed the toast to the R.A.F., Sergeant Skinner, R.A.F., responding. The toast to the R.C.A.F. was proposed by WO.1 Hutcheson, R.A.F. with Group Captain Fullerton making the response.

o—o—o

Did you hear about the wealthy old man who gave his son a fur coat and said if at the end of the year he still had every hair in the fur coat he would give him a thousand dollars? Each night the son counted the hairs and never a one was missing until the night before the money was due him and he discovered exactly five hairs missing; feeling very badly he began to wail and weep and just then a little moth came out and feeling badly because he knew he had eaten the five hairs he started to weep too . . . have you ever seen a moth—ball?

HOCKEY

This Hockey Season, you can rightly be proud of the men, that form the Centralia Flyers, and from all reports and showing in public, they may duplicate the record of our last year club. The leading stars and scorers are well known in Hockey Clubs. Shaw formerly with the R.C.A.F. Hurricanes, and Hockey Clubs that travelled in Europe. Wilson and McAttee both were with the Hershey Bears, the Farm team of the Boston Bruins. Forsythe and Hawk assisted our last year's Club in distinguishing themselves. Wing Commander Malloy, D.F.C., is our 60 minute man on the ice, and deserves a lot of credit for his Defence work with Andrees, Braceland, and Robinson. Sherritt, an Air Crew Trainee, shows plenty of spark with Shaw and McAttee. Burkart started the season, but due to a knee injury, has been benched the last few games. Our Goalie, Cliff Young, is well known on the station, and certainly knows the P's and Q's of goal tending.

Keep adding to your Scoring Table, Men.

We gotta have 'em, to win.

Shaw Leads in Scoring

	G.	A.	P.
"Georgie" Shaw (R.W.)	13	12	25
"Wally" Wilson (C)	11	8	19
"Norm" McAttee (C)	7	10	17
"James" Forsyth (L.W.)	7	5	12
"Toni" Hawk (R.W.)	2	9	11
"Boy" Sherritt (L.W.)	4	4	8
"Skinny" Andrees (Def.)	0	5	5
"Bencher" Burkart (L.W.) ..	3	0	3
"Winco" Malloy (Def.)	0	3	3
"Robbie" Robinson (Def.)	0	0	0
"Rookie" Braceland (Def.) ..	0	0	0
"Curly" Young (Goal)	—	—	—

FLYERS DEFEAT ARMY 8-4

Amidst a vast number of spectators that jammed the Exeter Arena on Thursday, January 11, the No. 9 S.F.T.S., Flyers made their first appearance in hockey this season, and downed the London Army 8-4 in an exhibition game. The Commanding Officer, Group Captain Fullerton, officially opened the Service Hockey Season.

In the first few minutes of play, "Wally Wilson" opened the scoring for Flyers. The Army came back with everything they had, Geddes, Voll, and Hollinger, on a rush, tied up the game. Shaw and Andrees scored another for the Flyers, and the 1st period ended with the Flyers leading to the score of 2-1.

On the opening of the second period, Wilson and Shaw checked through a maze of players to score for Flyers. The Army returned to score on a face off in front of the Flyers' net. The Army attempted to tie the issue, and goalie Cliff Young ventured out of net on several occasions to make some sensational saves, as Army put on the pressure. Sherritt broke away, and taking Moffat out of the Army goal, scored one for Flyers. Shaw blazed through the Army team, with some fast skating and superb stickhandling and zipped one of his breezers past Moffat from the Army blue line. Again Shaw and McAttee outchecked the Army and scored, thus ending the second period 6-2 for Flyers.

In the third period the London Army rallied and threatened the Flyers lead when Hollinger and Needham scored for Army. This was followed by Voll and Porter of Army when they pulled Young

out of position, and tucked the puck into the net. This period was filled with excitement, and Army became very dangerous with their rushing attacks. McAttee and Hawks on a breakaway scored for Flyers. In the last 10 seconds of play, Burkart, Shaw and Andress slammed home the last goal of the game. The final score fallied No. 9 Flyers 8, London Army 4.

o ——— o ——— o

CENTRALIA 7, OWEN SOUND 7

The Centralia Flyers met their match when they tackled the Owen Sound Orphans in Wingham on January 25th. A jam-packed arena witnessed the game, as both teams displayed a good brand of hockey. Fortunately Wilson was able to be with the Flyers and Shaw and McAttee were the sparks for the Flyers. McReavy formerly a Leaf Star, with Nicol and Shears, gave Young plenty to think about, as he made some spectacular saves, when they sifted through our defence. The Orphans had the edge of the game with the first two periods ending respectively 4-1 and 5-3. And only in the third period did the Flyers break up their plays and tally 4 goals. The Orphans scored two more to end the game 7-7. Wilson of the Flyers and Hayward of the Orphans added a bit of excitement to the game as they tangled over a minor incident and each drew a major penalty. The crowd would have liked to see the game go into overtime, but the spectators were well satisfied to call it a night when they were informed that the Flyers were scheduled for 2 successive games this week.

o ——— o ——— o

FLYERS TROUNCE BOMBERS

The "Centralia Flyers" in the first game of the service league

trounced the Fingal Bombers to the tune of 16-5.

A good crowd of spectators attended the game, and the sporting spirit of Centralia fans was well displayed. The Flyers had very little trouble in this game and scoring got underway when Wilson slipped one past the Fingal goalie after twelve seconds of play.

The plucky Bombers, although they were outchecked at every point, tried desperately to put up a good fight throughout the entire game. Our hats are off to you Bombers. You are certainly a game bunch of boys.

Wilson, Shaw, and McAttee, were the leading scorers of the Flyers; while Thorson, Thompson and McCann, stood out for the Bombers.

o ——— o ——— o

CENTRALIA DEFEAT AYLMEYER 7-6

The Centralia Flyers won a close game from the Aylmer Bombers on Thursday, January 18th. The Bombers were the first team that threatened to break the undefeated Flyers record. Wilson was missed by his team-mates in this game and McAttee virtually saved the game for Flyers when he scored in the third period to upset the Bombers. Shaw, McAttie and Sherritt were the power house of the Flyers, and Braceland played his first game on defence with Malloy for Flyers. One of the highlights of the game was Hawk assisting Gray of Aylmer during a scramble in front of the Flyers net. Both goalies displayed a good job of goal tending as the both teams rushed to and fro, in an ever ending maize of flying rubber. The defence of Aylmer was found a hard nut to crack, while Flyers defence with a new player was a little disorganized.

Famous Sayings

- Sims—"Hey! Has anybody got a cigarette?"
- Cpl. Dubois ("S.P.")—Stand Loose."
- F/S Walsh (Wireless)—"Where can I get a man?"
- LAW "Nellie" Nolan (Wireless)—"Ungh-ha !!"
- LAC "Joek" Laller (Wireless)—"Actually—"
- F/O Gordon (Wireless)—"Anybody seen Mac?"
- F/L Avis (Maintenance—"A swish."
- LAC Bert Whittle (Wireless)—"Well, men."
- LAC "Salomey" Denomy (Wireless)—"I only made a buck on it."
- LAC "Mac" McLaughlin (Wireless)—"I'm just going up to Tech Stores."
- WO2 Smail—"Where can I get a man?"—(He asked this last month and he is still looking).
- Cpl. Foley (G.I.S.)—"I maintain, you see what I mean?"
- WO.1 Pell (G.I.S.)—"Where can I scrounge it?"
- Sgt. Gower (G.I.S.)—"As I was saying."
- Joyce Fearnhead (G.I.S.)—"We haven't got it."
- S/L McGee (G.I.S.)—"Fine! Fine! Good Enough."
- F/L Smith (G.I.S.)—"Gotta have it."
- Cpl. Langstaff (G.I.S.)—"We'll fix it."
- Earl Burrows (Fore. of Works)—"And where do you think you're going?"
- LAC. Burnie (Works & Bldgs.)—"Good morning"!!
- Jack White (W. & B.)—"Have you got my 48 ready yet?"
- George Willan (W. & B.)—"Have you got a late meal list for tonite?"
- Jack McClennon (Cent. Heat)—"How you doing?"
- Barney Morelli (W. & B.)—"Is my name down for a late meal?"
- Johnny Wade (W. & B.)—"Hello Sunshine"!!
- WO.2 Len Hardy (W.A.G.)—"Oh Chop . . . MEAT eh?"
- S/O. St. Martin (Hq.)—"Bless your little heart. . . ."
- F/L. Harry Hawkins (Sig.)—"Lovely grubb, what you've gotta have it."
- F/L. Hugh Smith (W.A.G.)—"Sure for that by gar!"
- The Adj.—"Give it here, I'll sign it. . . ."
- WO.2 Danko (Hq.)—"Our wicket girl. 'Rosie the Rose of Washington Square!'. . . ."
- Cpl. Simpson (Hq.)—"Ah the light of my life. . . ."
- Assistant Adj.—"I left a little note in your basket. . . ."
- Cpl. Stuart (Hosp.)—"I'll take two if they are ripe."
- Sgt. Labovitch (Pchte Sect.)—"Robbed again."
- F/S. McKinnon (No. 6 Hang.)—"That's right—boy!"
- WO.2 Dickson (Servicing)—"Another spoonful of gravy please."
- WO.2 Saunders (Equip.)—"How much will it be for this time Lab!"

"Between the Clashing of Gears"

(By-stander)

Here we are again you lucky people. Beg your pardon? During the past few weeks the M.T. Section have been busy pushing and pulling vehicles—no use to ask why. We've had a lot of snow lately, or have you noticed? Apparently Bob Petit has, especially around the hangars.

LAW Hudson had some trouble the other day removing her stake truck from a b-e-a-u-t-i-f-u-l snow bank, also Cliff Rewes. Hard work, isn't it kids?

We would like to wish good luck to those who have left our happy "abode" on discharge, namely, LACs Dwyer (Mardi), Wilson ("Red"), Huguet ("George") and Cpl. Fleming ("Dick"). We just about lost Sgt. Walsh (Earl) but he is still with us about to embark upon matrimony. Lucky boy! It seems LAW Hewson ("Ginny") has her discharge but doesn't want to leave the station. The day of her departure was very close, but a fall on the ice with your under-carriage up is a bad policy. Since then B29 has been confined to the hospital for safe living. LAW's Pearson and Newman accompanied her. Say, what is the big attraction over at the hospital?

WO1 McKee put his foot down the other day. Result—Boys and girls scrubbed and cleaned walls and windows in the Section. You know what? We can actually see out now! The visibility is no longer "zero." Ask Cpl. Hamilton ("Hammie") to do his imitation of Frank Sinatra—it's really good.

Our despatcher, "Two Gun Belbin," is slowly going mad try-

ing to explain where different vehicles are and why.

If you have a spare minute do drop in and see our paint job—no, Works and Buildings didn't do it. None other than Hammie, Mitchell and our little, shall we say, "Windsor girl" LAW Hudson?

Granted the visibility was "zero" for a day but can you picture anyone starting to the Mess Hall for a Blue Plate Special and ending up at the Post Office. Our Cpl. Brown did. Smarten up, eh Brownie?

M.T. Theme song being "Lay that Piston down, Babe," LAC Little supplies the "voice" for the Night Crew sing-songs, joined in by LAW Marshall and Van Wart. Perfect harmony. We also have a little band practice every now and then for Cpl. Short and LAC Wagner.

Nothing like a good old night in the "big" city of London. Just ask our Howie.

If you were to ask the new M.T. driver, Paddie, whether she prefers Toronto street cars or Chatham trucks, she'd probably say, "Let's not 'go' into that again."

That is thirty for this time. Just one more thing; if you ever get stuck as we do often (t'ain't funny) just call our Sgt. Reynolds, he's very good at towing jobs, there are also very good drivers instructions under the seat of all vehicles.

'Bye now.

o—o—o

Mrs. Smith: "I see that your son has joined the army."

Mrs. Green: "Yes, the poor boy is so very young that they put him in the infantry."

Padre's



By the time this magazine appears in print the Christian Church will have entered upon the season of Lent, a period beginning on what is commonly known as Ash Wednesday and continuing until the day before Easter, which this year falls on April 1st. Not counting the Sundays, the Lenten season extends over a period of exactly forty days, and is thus symbolical of the forty days and nights which our Lord spent in prayer and fasting in the wilderness.

This season is recognized by Christian people in various ways. Some observe it by fasting, or by abstaining from eating certain foods at definite times during each week. By this means they seek to put themselves under a voluntary discipline, which can often be of real spiritual benefit.

Others do the same thing by going without certain luxuries—things which they very much en-

joy having or doing, but which are not really necessary for their physical or mental well-being.

There are many who look upon the Lenten season as a particularly fitting time for study and preparation leading to confirmation, or full membership in the Church. The Padre will be very glad to meet with any who may be thinking of taking this important step.

Still others will try to be more frequent and regular in their attendance at Public Worship, and especially at Holy Communion.

But however we may choose to observe it, the season of Lent for all Christian people should be:

1. A time of prayer and meditation, in which we consider particularly how our Lord suffered and died for your sakes, and what His sacrifice means for each one of us.

2. A time of repentance for our past misdeeds, which will be not merely a mechanical confession of sin, but the kind of repentance which will set our lives moving in a new direction.

3. A time for re-consecrating ourselves to the service of Jesus Christ, Whom we acknowledge to be the Lord and Master of us all.

For many years now there has been published on this continent a little interdenominational booklet called "The Fellowship of Prayer," containing a short meditation and prayer for each day during Lent. Copies of this booklet are available in the Padre's office in the Chapel, and will be gladly given to all who request them.

G. A. Coover-Smith

Turners

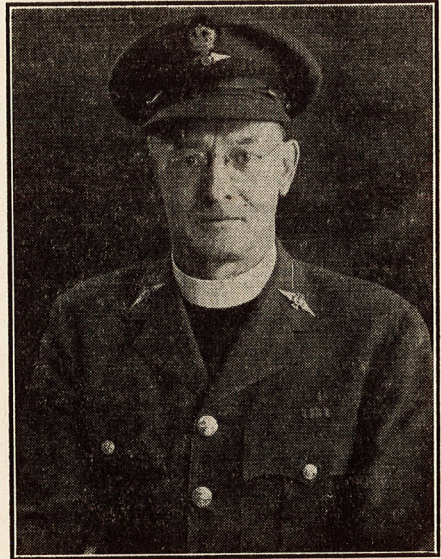
CHRISTIAN LEADERSHIP

The war into which the world has been plunged has brought to light the need not merely for arms and men both on the firing line and in factories but for leaders, for men who can go before others and bring them to victory. Even now as we look ahead we can see the still greater need for leaders to guide us to a peace that will be just and lasting.

When the final gun has been fired and the last war plane grounded, the last bomb dropped and the last corpse buried, the work of rebuilding the world will begin. That reconstruction is going to fall into the hands of one of two major groups; Perhaps the world will be rebuilt by men like those who attempted it after World War I, men who had forgotten the word of Christ, "Without me you can do nothing," (the present conflict is but a result of their flimsy reconstruction). On the other hand the world can and should be built by Christians who can build on the foundation of a structure that has shown its strength during the last two thousand years.

So since I am apparently going to contribute to this and future issues of our station paper I thought I might outline for you the qualities which Christian leaders must possess. I hope there are those among you who will recognize these qualities in yourself and that others will look for these qualities in those who lead them so that our reconstructive efforts will not be a case of "the blind leading the blind."

Someone has said that a leader is one who KNOWS where he



wants to go and how to get there; Who **GOES** that way himself, and who **KNOWS** and goes so well that he **SHOWS THE WAY** to others who follow after him.

He is then a person possessed of such character, conduct and achievement that he stands out from the mob, from the common run, obliging others to recognize his superiority and drawing at least one person to follow after him in character, conduct and achievement. There are really many types of leaders; the vibrant dominant type, the man who is really quiet, the charming type, the dignified almost aloof person. Each of them, you find, leads others successfully.

A study of such men, however, shows that they all possess in common, certain traits, certain characteristics.

First, he is intelligent, has a definite knowledge of his aim, a clear certainty about the means to get it, a deft use of those means and an unselfish interest in others.

(Continued on page 29)

Aussies' Farewell

(By Grubby Gray)

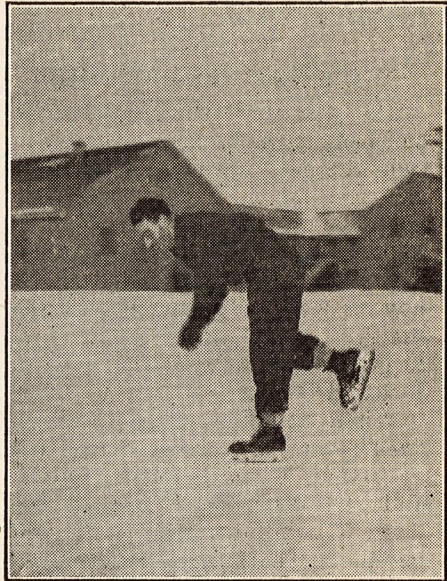
On a beautiful sunny day of March last year, the whole crowd of us boarded a train in California, headed for Vancouver.

You can't imagine the various thoughts that passed through our minds; Mainly what lay before in the land of the Mounties, and Wild Indians. Descendants we thought, of the wild Toronto Maple Leafs or Chicago Red Sox. Tribes that roamed about the Canadian country side??????

On arrival at Vancouver we were very surprised to find that the Canadian people could speak a very weird type of English.

But honestly, the welcome given to us at Vancouver was wonderful, and although we had quite some trouble understanding these people, they showed us a marvellous time for our very short stay, and speaking for the boys on the whole, we were very sorry to say farewell 'Vancouver'!

Getting back to the language relationship between Canadians and Aussies, there are some very ticklish problems that arise. For instance. I have been into many cafes over here and have ordered a "Coke" and believe it or not I have been served with anything from a porterhouse steak to a packet of peanuts. Here is another instance. In a cafe in Edmonton, Cecil Webber and I ordered a T-bone steak, with all the trimmings. Well, the girl just looked at us with a blank expression on her face and said: EH? Well, about half an hour later we gave up in disgust



and, with very timid voices, said "Two hot dogs, please."

There is quite some difference in our expressions, and yours.

Here are some examples:

For a loafer we say that he is "BLUDGER."

When you say that a guy likes his bed, we call him a "SPINE BASHER."

As you would say "That girl is a 'SLICK CHICK' to us she is 'A GOOD SORT' or 'A NICE PIECE OF MACHINERY'."

These are only some of a great many, too numerous to mention.

Then comes the dancing differences. To us "Orstrylians," dancing does not have any rhythm. Now don't get me wrong. Maybe it is alright for the lovers of jitterbugging, or some other monstrosity, known to Canadians as dancing. To me this sort of thing looks as though the couples are taking a course in P.T. and are enjoying it very much. Back home the dancing is graceful, and

(Continued on next page)

Test for your Intelligence (I.Q.)

(By Sgt. Grudnitski)

No Prizes for submitted answers.

1. If an Anson wouldn't start, would you—
 - (a) Put a match to it?
 - (b) Lift up the undercarriage?
 - (c) Call a plumber?
2. If you can't get a 48 hr. pass, would you—
 - (a) Beat your N.C.O. into submission?
 - (b) Ask for a posting?
 - (c) Stay on the station?
3. If you get your foot caught in the Hangar Door, would you—
 - (a) Call Houdini?
 - (b) See if you can take your shoe off?
 - (c) Leave it there till you are off duty?
4. If you fell off the Roof of the Hangar, would you—
 - (a) Try to get up and walk?
 - (b) Go back and try again?
 - (c) Get rubber heels on your shoes?
 - (d) Call an undertaker?
5. If the Canteen sells out of Malt Beverages, would you—
 - (a) Open a Distillery?
 - (b) Eat Ice Cream Bars?
 - (c) Complain to the Medical Officer?
 - (d) Make Goo-Goo eyes at the Canteen Corporal?
6. If the Medical Officer gave you an Attend "C," would you—
 - (a) Go to London for a "48"?
 - (b) Start your Annual Leave?
 - (c) Show your "Devotion to Duty" and "Go" to work?
7. If the door in your Barrack Room won't close, would you—
 - (a) Wait for the weather to shrink it?
 - (b) Cut the Door in half?
 - (c) Take the door off and sell it?
 - (d) Break a window to let the wind blow out?
8. If you wake up, and think you are Napoleon, would you—
 - (a) Go out, and look for your White Charger?
 - (b) Visit a Psychiatrist?
 - (c) Decide it's about time to get a Medical Discharge?

more science is involved. (Maybe that is the reason that I am not the dancer I should be.) But really you should try and get cracking to make Canadian dancing a pleasant pastime, instead of a vigorous struggle of the sexes.

Actually speaking, the best time that we have had in Canada has been here at the "WHITE CITY." The welcome given to us was grand. And stopping at that part of it, the friendliness and encouragement shown towards us throughout the course was marvellous. And I think that I can

safely say, on behalf of the Aussies here, that it is with much regret that we have to say "ALOHA" to all our swell "COBBERS" at No. 9. And one day we might run into some of you "DOWN UNDER."

And if Canada could only adopt some Australian ideas such as sunshine and surf instead of snow and rain it may then some day become a country worth while living in?????

So once again farewell to No. 9 and the best of luck to you, one and all.

DOWNBEAT!

During the Yuletide Season the Brass Band lost a great enthusiast and live wire when Flying Officer "Hugh" MacKenzie was posted to "civie" street. He conducted through November and December while Cpl. Shortt was on course. To Flying Officer MacKenzie the band extends a sincere "Thank You," and "Good Luck!"

Did you know "The Horn" Himes has become a talent scout for the Station Orchestra. The new find answers to the name of Judith Lynn Himes. Congrats, Pop!

Mark "Luke" Nolet, the Dashwood Dandy is often seen heading northwest by taxi—why, boy?

Now for a little gen on the big names in orchestra music:

Some of the jivesters have read the following elsewhere but for the others—The annual Downbeat poll of bands is still voting but so far results are:

Swing Section: 1—Duke Ellington. 2—Woody Herman. 3—Harry James.

Sweet Section: 1—Tommy Dorsey. 2—C. Spivak.

Good old Bing beat out "Swooney" atra by a wide margin this year and Dinah Shore is still the favourite single "gal" chirper. Spike Jones heads the King of Corn list. Guy Lombardo was left way behind by Jones.

The manager of London arena cannot give the boys of this Station's musical enthusiasts a lineup for January or any month yet. C'est la guerre, we guess.

COURSE 113 GRADUATES

(Continued from page 3)

Grierson to WO.1 Grierson, Mrs. Green to Sgt. Green and Miss Shirley Penhale to Sgt. Colby.

Sgt. Johnny Power of Australia won the Commanding Officer's trophy.

When the wings had been presented, the guest artist, Mrs. Jean Lynn Wilson gave an excellent exhibition of the Sword Dance followed by the Chantreuse. Mrs. Wilson is the wife of LAC. Wilson who works in the Barrack Stores and prior to her marriage was a professional and instructor in all Scotch and Irish dances. She has also won prizes in competition with professional pipers in Montreal for her ability on the bagpipes. Sgt. Tom Carroll (See cover) accompanied Mrs. Wilson's dances on the pipes.

Group Captain Fullerton told of the derivation of the Air Force plaid. Before there was a Royal Air Force there was a Royal Flying Corps which was considered merely as part of the Army and also the Fleet Air Arm. The official colour of the Army is maroon, of the Navy—dark blue and of the relatively newly formed Air Force—light blue. These three colours were combined to make the now official R.C.A.F. plaid which is worn by the Centralia pipe band.

The plaided pipers led by Drum Majorette Hotte gave a demonstration and a march past completed the ceremony.

Immediately afterward there were some exhibition jumps from the unique synthetic parachute jumping tower behind the hangar. Refreshments were served in the Recreation Hall.

...y and the Pirates"

Cold Dressing



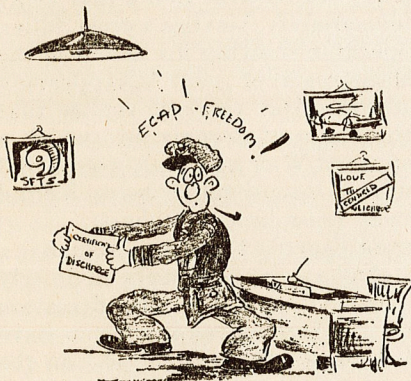
almost four years. He went to Summerside in March 1941 and he came here to Centralia in July 1942. Everyone knows genial Gus, because of his many efforts in "extra curricular activities." He plans to go back to his newspaper in St. Johns, Newfoundland. "The Evening Telegram." So long, Mister Herder.

CENTRALIA INVADED BY TRENTONITES

Ten Flying Instructors came to The White City over White Roads. The color scheme except for the blue plaid, was no different for them, but some of them were not too interested in details like that, at the moment of arrival. To find themselves a bed and crawl in was paramount in their minds. There were rumbling reminiscences about a party in Toronto and getting up to catch an early train.

They are all Flying Officers, and are now distributed among the Flights, and are fast losing their identity as Trentonites.

Jack Cooper, Don Deadrick (formerly of Centralia), Don Douglas, Hank Leidl (also has seen Centralia service), Tommy Long, Alec McAlister, Bill Rikely, Ken Taylor, Verne Wagner and Tommy Webster. Join the fun, men!



—YES...IT CAN HAPPEN TO YOU!

P. Kelly

GOINGS

WHO SAID "WAGS"

(By F/Lt. Hawkins)

"Why have you been sent here?" Such was the surprised and somewhat chilly greeting shot at the quartet of Wags, who turned up at the Signals office one morning in mid-December. Not knowing the answer to this, since air force policy is occasionally kept a dead secret, the senior member of the new arrivals, one Flight-Lieutenant Smith, D.F.C., beat an impatient morse signal with his dainty foot (this exquisite toe tattoo was duly noted and F/Lt. Smith has recently been appointed to the Dance Committee). The keenness of these experienced and intrepid key-pounders was so refreshing, however, that it was at once decided to institute a new organization, and crates of radios were securely fixed into certain of the mighty Anson Bombers for the sole purpose of enabling these morse-bashers to fill the Centralia air with dit and dah symbols, which we hope really do mean something to them.

A ground station was needed, but so few spare corners were available on this energetic unit, that it was decided to approach the problem from a psypheological angle and to interview that section commander who possessed the smallest bark (Editor note: That word is NOT to be read as having any reference to trees). The obvious choice was the C.G.I. and a room under the stars was finally organized. It was not mentioned that the graceful curves of the G.I.S. roof would have to be broken up by the unsightly aerial masts, but the Signal Section in their deep cunning arranged to erect these, while the C.G.I. was

on Christmas leave, hoping that the camp roads in 1945 would prove so slippery that S/L. McGee would always move about that unit with his eyes fixed to the ground. Thus the Wags were provided with facilities for carving up large chunks of the ether into dots and dashes. And the keenness of this small section, now grown to the strength of nine, is equalled only by the Australian would-be skaters.

At any time of the day or night, a small party of burdened men may be seen tripping nimbly in the direction of No. 7 hangar, and no little surprise will be occasioned by their agility for they are always draped with harness, charts, pencils, log-hooks, and codes; gossip-mongers also assert that India-rubbers should be added to this list.

A word of request must here be addressed on their behalf to the pilots of Navigation Flight. When you see a Wag heavily laden with personal effects approaching your plane. PLEASE don't taxi away immediately, leaving a crest-fallen operator chewing his pencil in the slip-stream of your disappearing Anson. Did you but realize that the depth of despair into which a spurned Wag may sink, you would never, intentionally leave behind your noise-link with base even Signals types are human.

And so the Wags are definitely here, and should any confirmation of this fact be required, you have but to ask for "19-ring-3" on the unit telephone system, and you will at once be informed—"Signals Air speaking."

WELCOME WAGS!

LIBERATOR WAG AIDS IN RESCUE

About five weeks ago, much to the amazement of the station personnel, a number of Wags were posted in for flying duties. Obviously everyone said "What are they going to do?" Well, if anyone, who might be interested in a Wag's duties here at No. 9, should visit Air Signals upstairs in G.I.S. building, they would get all the "gen."

Among those Wags is a young WO.1, (since this article was written he has been promoted to Pilot Officer — Congratulations Sir, from the "Flyer,") who has had more than two years overseas service. And of all places, India. He is Vic. Hood of Stratford, Ontario.

Vic has thirty-nine operational trips on Coastal Command in Liberators. During one of his trips out he stopped at French Morocco, Algiers, Libya, Egypt, Palestine, Iraq and finally India.

During his stay in India with 160 Squadron of R.A.F. he was on many convoy and anti-sub patrols. In one experience he and his crew were responsible for the rescue of fifty-eight survivors of a torpedoed Merchant Ship in the Indian Ocean. The ship had been on a trip coming out from England. The life-boat had been adrift for eight days. The survivors had all but given up hope. After ten full hours of patrolling and searching,



Vic's crew were about ready to give up the search and head for home, when the life-boat was sighted by one of the gunners. By means of W/T. the Royal Navy was notified and the rescue was effected. Three days later the crew were invited to be the guests of the survivors at a supper in Bombay. And oh, what a joyous affair that must have been.

This is the adventure of just one of our new Wags; possibly if you get acquainted they may be able to tell you some more of those fine adventures.

F/L. Hugh Smith

o—o—o

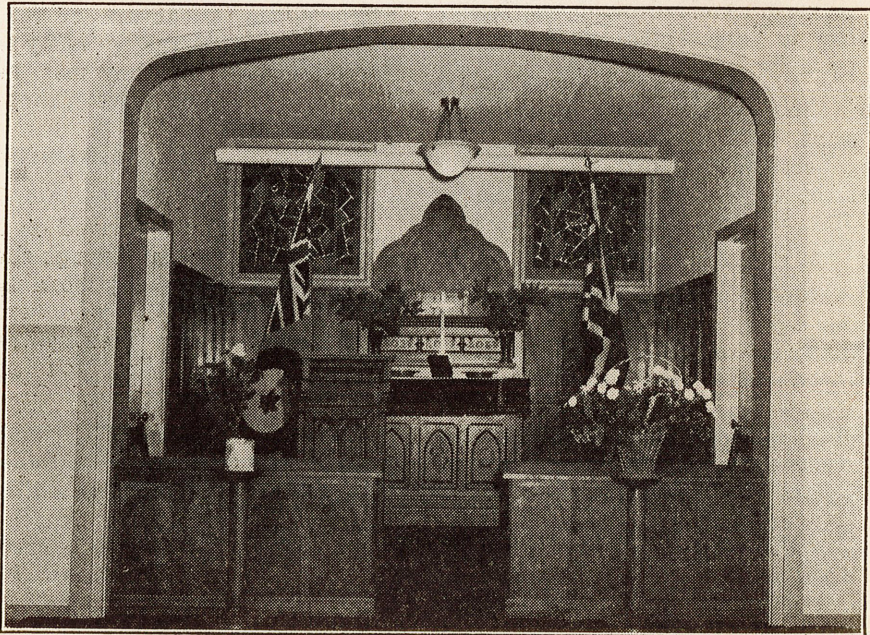
A new R.C. Padre arrived on a station and was going through the barracks one Wednesday morning trying to find the R.C.'s who were going to early Mass. Waking one chap he asked, "Are you an R.C.?" The chap replied, "Gosh No! I'm a G.D."

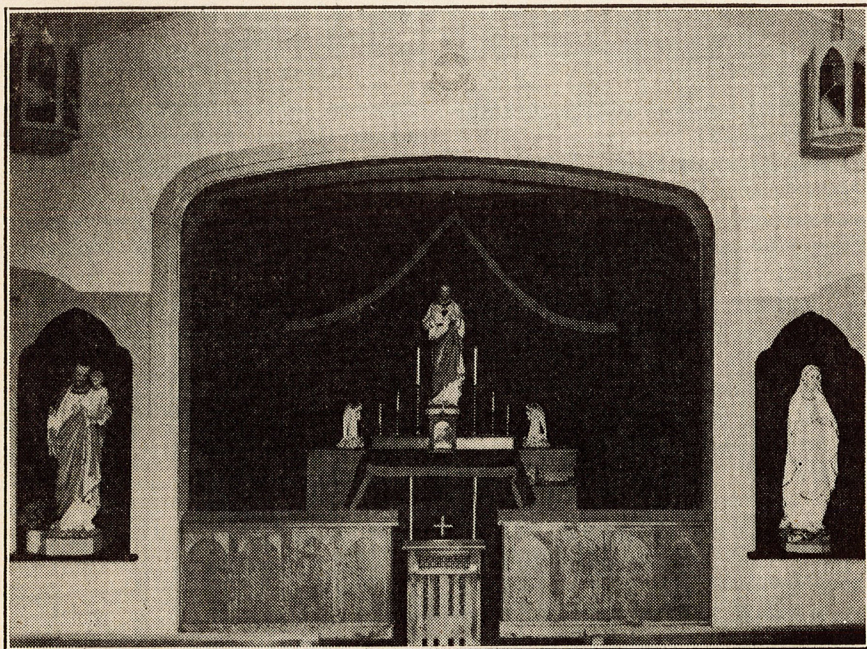
o—o—o

Then there was the Anson that one day landed at La Guardia Field, New York, N.Y., whose crew was asked by a Fortress crew:

"Did you build it yourselves, boys?"

Our Station Chapel





It stands across from the hospital and the dental clinic in a quiet spot on the camp and its spire dominates the long roadway down which the airmen wend their way to their daily toil. Its bells chime out the call to worship in the frosty Sunday morning air, and at Christmas times its carols from the steeple carried many a heart and mind away from the things of war to the things of peace and love.

Our chapel isn't large. Its seating capacity is a little less than two hundred, but it contains within it, certain qualities that our largest cathedrals lack, speaking not only of the beauty of design and furnishings, but more particularly the spirit of devotion and true worship that leads to that beauty. For everything in the chapel bespeaks the spirit of true Christian charity that prompted its instalment. The pews have original reversing backs, and the

kneeling benches are upholstered in matching carpet with the floors. The stained glass of the windows and the soft lights in the ceiling combine to create an atmosphere of peace and devotion so often lacking in this war-torn world.

Commanding the east side of the chapel is the Protestant chancel. It is finished in light oak. The fumed oak altar and lectern is the work of the Globe Furniture Company and the woodwork of the walls and the chancel railing were done on our own station. The R.C. sanctuary on the west side is draped in burgundy tapestry, fashioned in the traditional manner. The statuary on the altar and in the niches are the product of Carli Petrucci of Montreal, while the altar and the communion railing were fashioned on the station.

To all who made it possible goes the heartfelt thanks of all the personnel of Number 9.

F/L. J. H. Jordan

OUT TO WIN OR BUST (So we busted)

By the R.C.O.A.H.S.P.P. (Royal Canadian Order of the Ancient and Honourable Soc'y of the Plug-Pushers)

You have all heard that axiom "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Some day, soon, we hope, the tables will be turned, and we will be able to dish out in copious quantities, what the voices with the smiles have been faking ever since Alexander Graham Bell first heard that rumbling in the distance and knew his invention had been a success.

Did you ever stop to consider what transpires from the time you pick up that little black gadget, to seconds later, when your party answers?

In a mad frenzy for your number you make a grab for the receiver, thereby causing ten thousand volts of highly-charged eons to shoot through the operator. This, of course, only tends to keep her mind on her work. After all the clattering and clanging has quieted down to a dull roar, you hear a dulcet voice murmur in sweet syrupy tones the old "Number Please," switchboard, operator, or what have you. This question has various effects on various people. You, if you happen to get up on the right side of the bed, or happen to chance upon a stray liquor permit lying in the road, might be inclined to answer, "Well, babe, what numbers have you? Personally, I prefer read-heads."

After much bantering back and forth, and in several cases, a little wheedling on the part of the operator, she finally breaks down your resistance and you condescend to give her your number. She promptly rings it, and there the fun begins! In some offices 'way

over in the next hangar, or, as quite often happens, right next door to you, the telephone emits a faint tinkling sound. Naturally, one can't be expected to answer the 'phone the first time it rings. "After all, who could be calling me this time of day? Probably a wrong number." Thoroughly dismissing all thought of answering the 'phone from his mind, the second party resumes his work, with his feet in their former position, namely, on the desk. Once again the 'phone rings, this time a little more insistent.

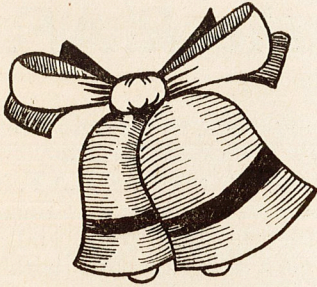
Casually sauntering across the barren stretch of six feet that separates his desk from the 'phone, our hero, pausing midway to light a fag (oops, pardon us) a cigarette, reaches out, unwinds the cord from around the N.C.O.'s neck where it has been holding said N.C.O. in a reclining position, and, at last, responds glibly, "Hello dis place." Thus with both parties happily conversing we conclude our brief tour.

Now for our helpful hints dept. —PLEASE, people, don't lie awake nights trying to think of novel ways to give your number. We realize that "144" may sound very dull and commonplace, but "twelve dozen" takes the average operator at least half a minute to decipher.

Oh yes, another thing, if the operator does promise to call you on a busy number, probably because of the soft coaxing tone in your voice, P-LEASE stay near your 'phone.

After having become thoroughly disliked by now, we make a graceful exit and bump into the door on the way out.

Cpl. Demerling,
A.W.I. Case.



Weddin' Bells

REID—MacAULEY

A most interesting event that has taken place was the joining in wedlock of LAW. N. I. (Betty) Reid, of our Control Tower Orderly Room and Sgt. John (Johnny) MacAuley, a graduate of Course 113, on January 27th in the beautiful city of Chatham. Betty is from Chatham and Johnny hails from Rose Bay, Sydney, New South Wales, Australia. To them go the best wishes of all.

PENHALE—COLBY

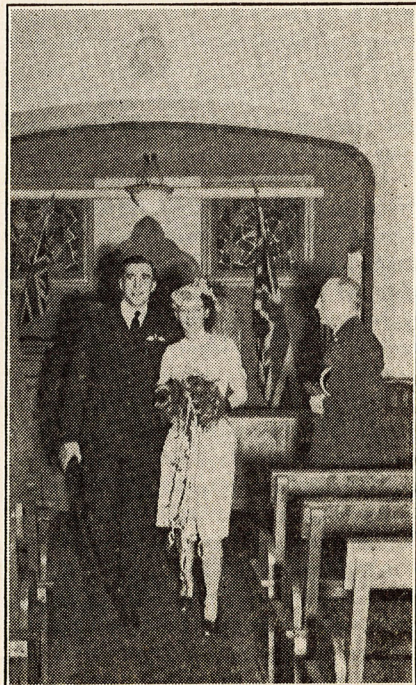
On this same afternoon in the town of Exeter, Miss Shirley Penhale of Exeter and Sgt. Keith Colby, Caulfield, Victoria, Australia, a recent graduate of Course 113, were married in bride's home. Congratulations.

MacLEOD—JOHNSON

Of special interest to the station personnel was the wedding of Cpl. Winnie MacLeod of Non-Public Accounts and Sgt. Johnny Johnson of Maintenance Orderly Room on January 1st. The marriage took place in Sturgeon Falls, the bride's home town with Rev. A. A. Matthew's officiating. Cpl. MacLeod was attended by Miss Ina Johnson, the groom's Sister, of Vancouver, B.C., while the best man was Sgt. Tony Hawk of the Armament Section. Heartiest congratulations and best wishes to you both.

LUTES—HARTUP

One half hour after the Graduation of Course 113 a decidedly unique event took place in the Station Chapel. Miss Jean Lutes of Brantford became the bride of Sgt. Norman Hartup of Melbourne, Australia. The marriage was performed by F/Lt. Cowper-Smith immediately after the Wings Parade. This undoubtedly was the first ceremony to take place under such circumstances. Best of luck to both.



My War with the R.A.F.

(By LAC. Jock Carroll)

Life was simple once.

A Russian was a man with a beard and a big knife. A Yankee was a person who arrived in Toronto on a sweltering day in July, skis and toboggans piled on top of his car, asking, "Where's the snow, bud?"

An Englishman wore a monocle, cane and spats and sent his black sheep children out to live with us Colonials as a kind of punishment. (Fortunately, these remittant men were so few in number that we were able to absorb them into the population without any marked deterioration in the race.)

Alas, the war has destroyed all that. The Englishman is in my midst. Life is complicated. I learn that the Limey is (a) a tall, morose character who opened his mouth once, found himself in the Air Force, and hasn't said a word since; (b) a short, plump individual with a constant speed tongue (the Birmingham clack).

And just when I have this rough division made, the picture gets worse. First I convince myself that the R.A.F. is composed of gen men whose idea of a big time is to gather in the GIS building and settle what happens when you cross the International Date Line backwards during Leap Year. And then I establish beyond a doubt that the last man out of the wet canteen for a week is one of those who wear a wedge cap about 090 relative.

And another thing. It used to be that a man could go into the mess, look at what was placed before him, and howl his head off.

Now what happens. Yesterday I picked up a stick of bacon.

I thought maybe I would beat the cook's brains out with it.

But just then an R.A.F. type across the table said, "Someone ort to tyke this bycon and bate the cook's bryans owt with it."

My words froze in my throat. What could I do? I had to enquire sarcastically, "What do you expect for breakfast? Fish and chips in a readable wrapper?"

But my whole day was ruined.

Had I just been able to throw my bacon on the floor, poke at my egg for a few minutes as though it were a kind of snake, I would have been all right for the rest of the day. But instead I had to sit there while he watched to see that I ate everything.

The only satisfaction I derived from the whole affair was the expression on his face when I went back for a second helping. That bound him rigid.

Basically, there are three types of R.A.F.

The Paleolithic, or Stubby R.A.F. This is found in the wet canteen, out of bounds, under stones and in some parts of London.

He is easily identified because he flies like a Russian, drinks like an Australian, makes love like a Yankee and often resembles a Canadian. Because of his beautifully tailored appearance he is sometimes referred to as the Bond Street R.A.F. Usually wins the V.C. posthumously.

The Hot Shot, or Battle-of-Britain R.A.F.

Easily spotted by the white silk scarf knotted around the neck, and

(Continued on page 27)

As Others See Us THE R.A.F. VIEW

(By LAC Ken Spriggs)

The night is dark and as the Snow is blown into drifts by a persistent wind pandemonium reigns inside a certain H type block. Here reside members of two countries at war. On one side of the ocean there are men of the RAF and the RCAF fighting against a common enemy; while in the more comfortable and peaceful atmosphere of a Training Station the same types are fighting each other. The cracks fly fast and the "Heavier than Air" articles even faster.

The reader will find inside this volume the opinions and views of A Member of the Opposition. From my position on the top of a bed I can view the whole battle front.

In one corner of the room, creating a pocket of resistance, are three Canadians. They are all kneeling. Are they praying to to some strange god? In turn one of the trio raises himself up and, in a low lament murmurs the words, "Speak to me bones." There seems to be some controversy as to which particular deity of a P.T.I. grown expansive by a observer hears "Little Joe," "Big Dick," and "Snake Eyes" repeated time and again. The sacred symbol in the shape of two white cubes, pass from hand to hand with many changes in expression on the part of the worshippers and who,

"Bearded like the pard,
murmur strange oaths"

There is a dark lad with "boxers' ears" who shouts "Chips, Cripps" to his golden toothed

friend. The third worshipper says little. He has the appearance of a P.T.I. grown expansive by couple of years of easy living and flying pay.

Around this bunch stands another. These are members of the other room and Air Force. The chief talker is one with sleek fair hair and a frail figure. His intention is to break up this happy band. On his left is a dark and curly type. The latter can be identified in a crowd with ease. He walks beside his hat and often repeats the latest N.Y.H. cracks (eg., Your engine's racin', Maby). The latter's main aim is to persuade the former to desist in his reiteration of "Hot in the best circles, chaps," by shouting "Yuv gotta havitt." The peacemaker between these two is a more bovine looking boy who keeps stuttering "N-N- Now look here chaps, you agreed to put out the lights at 10.30 and now its 25 to 11."

From the other end of the room a real Raff type wearing a black and white polka-dot and giving it the appearance of a flag on a 6-ft. pole, hurls a skate at the peacemaker with the cry, "Chuff-Duff?" The Canadian Squadron is reinforced by a group of fellows from a parade; or a tribal war between the Red Wolves and the Black Hawks. The names change often and grow more terrifying with each alteration. They are wearing a wonderful variety of apparel. Some wear articles of blue clothing which may denote that they are all in the same outfit but the uniform effect is lost in

(Continued on page 32)

B.E.M. Award to Centralia W.D.

Four British Empire Medals were awarded to members of the Women's Division of the R.C.A.F. and Centralia is proud to say one of them came to our station. The medal is presented for efficiency and devotion to duty.

The No. 9 FLYER, and all the personnel of Centralia station wish to take this opportunity to congratulate you, Corporal F. B. Bartlett, on the honour conferred upon you by His Majesty, King George on his New Year Honour list.

Corporal Bartlett has seen service in World War I, as well as this present conflict, and it may be of interest to you to learn some facts about her life which has been devoted to service.

Florence was born in Leicester, England, and spent the early part of her life in that city, and in Liverpool. In 1914, at the outbreak of World War I, Corporal Bartlett gave her services as a street-car conductress in England. This she did for a period of three months, and then enlisted in the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps, when it was formed in 1915.

After training she went to France as a Transport Assistant, with the first contingent of the Army Transport. Her work was vastly different than it is these days. She assisted the transport driver in the operation of his vehicle and the delivery of the ammunition. She was often called out in the very early morning to meet troup trains laden with wounded soldiers from the front lines. She aided them to the ambulances, and thence to the hospital. She gave three and a half years to this service, most of that time being spent in France.

After the Armistice she decided to come to Canada, where in 1919 she met and married her husband, who was a member of the permanent Canadian Army, and had seen active service overseas as a Sergeant in the artillery. They made their home in St. John, New Brunswick. Here they followed one another's interest in sports of all kinds and Corporal Bartlett accompanied her husband on many game hunting expeditions. In 1934 he was killed.

Corporal Bartlett was among the first of the W.D.'s, then known as C.W.A.F.'s, to enlist. She took her oath of allegiance on November 14th, 1941.

Following basic training in Toronto, she went to the School of Cookery at Guelph for trade training. From there she was posted to her first station, Summerside. On the opening of No. 9, she was transferred here.

Corporal Bartlett, the personnel of this station are proud of your record. We might also say, it is grand to know we are working with someone so fine.

o———o———o

SPORTS IN BRIEF

The station hockey team has had a change of schedule with the withdrawal of Clinton. We have only Fingal and Aylmer in our section now, but this has been augmented by numerous exhibition games, F/O. Shaw has done a grand job of coaching as can be judged by the one-sided scores.

Sgt. "Baldy" Breen and an Army Official had quite a duel of fingers. Cpl. Dubois ("S.P.") should have been there to tell them "to stand loose."

FLEET AIR ARM

"Well, son, I put my application in for the Fleet Air Arm today."

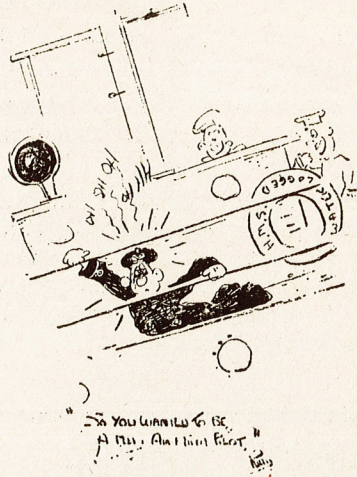
"You did, eh? What's the shot on that anyway? One of the boys in our flight put his in too," I said.

"It's the best chance I know of to get on ops—if you are under twenty-seven they promise to give you an operational posting. Boy—flying off carriers in fast aircraft," said my young friend emphasizing his speech with appropriate gestures and whooshing and swishing with his mouth.

"I hear its not all sugar," I parried, "don't you have to learn another trade and spend eight months at sea in some boat before you fly?"

"We-l-l-l, maybe so but what'll you guys be doing after March 31? I guess I'll have the laugh on you then, eh?"

Another browned-off Patterville pilot pried into the discussion. "Nuts to that R.N.V.R. stuff—look at the poor pay you



get. And what's more, why should I give the British Government half of the meagre amount I'd get. This Air-Sea Rescue outfit sounds like the best last hope to me"

"I heard a rumor that there would be some OTU postings soon, I said hopefully.

"Yeah, seems to me I've heard that song before.

MY WAR WITH THE R.A.F.

(Continued from page 24)

sun glasses. Always seen staring up into the bright blue yonder, with a background roar of fighter planes. Dialect sprinkled with crisp consonants and understatements. For example, if they get both legs and one arm torn off in a crash, they are permitted to refer to it as a "rough-do." Life is wizard, bang on, etc.

The Other Type

This is the most insidious type of all. One must be constantly on guard or this kind will become a good friend of yours, perhaps

even be invited into your home, before he reveals his identity. He will have a drink with you. He works moderately hard. He does not think that he is a hot-shot pilot, but is usually good. He has a wife or girl friend back home whose picture he will whip out of his wallet before you can get yours out. This R.A.F. is a good fellow, so watch out! Beware of this R.A.F.

I was almost taken in once by a R.A.F. of this type. It happens to the best of us. But I will never surrender! I will fight them on the beaches, in the fields and through the streets.

It is the white man's burden.

We've seen all types of people who in their own ingenious way have a way of keeping the cold snow and wind from coming through the cracks in the windows but you haven't seen anything until you've seen F/L Cameron's method of the same. He claims there's nothing better than plugging up the cracks with snow. The only trouble is that the snow won't stay put, the wind persists in blowing, leaving poor F/L Cameron still baffled.

SEEN HERE-

Bill Ferguson, "Y" Supervisor, pushing back a flood in the Recreation Hall with a broom—King Canute couldn't hold back the tide. Does Bill think that he is any more powerful? Bill, the idea is to get a mop and lift the water back. Ask any joe-boy and he will give you a bit of drill on the long-handled broom stick. F/Sgt. Pringle said, "I don't think you will get into port. Has anybody got a mop in their pocket. Somebody drill a hole in the floor."

Heard one dark morning in the Control Tower. Control Officer to weather testing aircraft: "Watson Tower to X-Ray. Cleared to land wheels down." Radio reply: "X-Ray to Watson Tower, 1847 Silver Plate." Control Officer: "Roger X-Ray."

Wedding bells rang on the 28th of December for LAC. Doug. Hughson and Miss Dorothy Ann Dougall. Congratulations and best wishes Dorothy Ann and Doug.

F/L Smith who while on leave at his father's home in Niagara Falls over the week-end of the 20th was awakened early one morning by a crackling sound to find his home in flames. He had just time to phone the fire hall and escape safely to a neighboring house. The house was completely destroyed including his newly acquired gifts.

What Station hockey player (Sherritt) is putting in an E42 for a cushion for the penalty box? A certain Black-Eyed Scots Aircrew could tell you all about him.

AND THERE-!

Badminton is very popular in the Drill Hall. Is it exercise or something else to which it owes its popularity? Maybe "Glamour Boy" Morgan could tell us.

Sgt. "Bing" Lorch, whose home is in Aylmer, is now the proud father of another bouncing baby boy of eight and a quarter pounds. It was also a happy day for the men in G.I.S. as the cigars were plentiful.

The question is, "Where did he get them?"

The Wolf

by Sansone

Copyright 1945 by Leonard Sansone, distributed by Camp Newspaper Service



"A simple 'hello' will do!"

PADRES' CORNERS

(Continued from page 13)

Secondly, he has conviction. Certain truths and values have gripped him and by those truths and convictions he will live and die. Consecrated to his cause he will give it his whole souled devotion, all his time, attention, energies, his very lifeblood. He will have courage which will engender absolute fidelity to his trust. The kind of courage that though afraid to go forward will go forward nevertheless.

Enthusiasm will be so tireless in his character that he will have

a sure faith in the fundamental soundness of human nature, a flaming loyalty to his cause and an unswerving love for his followers.

He will have good health. This is always the foundation of energy vitality aliveness, enthusiasm, straight thinking, the ability to work hard and long which is so necessary to efficient leadership.

I hope in future issues to be able to enlarge on these qualities of leadership and apply them to the task of reconstruction which we all must face either as leaders or followers.

PADRE JORDAN.

NEW YORK

(By LAC. Doug. Benner)

This article is for those of you who have a yen to travel to New York City. It may be taken either as a guide or a warning, depending on your tastes.

The regulations governing duration of stay, etc., are printed on your Border Crossing forms. Should you have any difficulty understanding some details, see the "Y" Office, they will be able to straighten up your difficulties.

You can take the 4.20 from Centralia and make connections to St. Thomas for the 6.50 to New York. There is a half an hour stop in Buffalo, just time to grab a quick lunch, (you'll need it). Next large city is Albany and you are almost there.

You arrive in New York's Grand Central Terminal at 7.20 Saturday morning and then the fun starts.

By this time you will be hungry (if you aren't too excited); so go to the U.S.O. Canteen on the balcony of the waiting room. Here you are served with coffee, doughnuts and sandwiches. At the Information Desk you can get a map of New York and a list of Canteens and Service Centres, of which there are many.

The first place to go to is the Defense Centre, about two blocks from the Station. It opens about 9 o'clock and be sure to be there early. You can obtain complimentary tickets for the theatre, dinner, dancing and sometimes house parties. If you are lucky you might even get a pass to one of the current stage plays. While you are there enquire about sleeping accommodation and secure yours early.

The theatre you should not miss is Radio City Music Hall. As your time is limited, just stay for the stage show. You will see a good vaudeville show on the stage and the never-to-be-forgotten Rockettes Dancing Chorus which combines the precision of an R.C.A.F. drill squad with the most beautiful and intricate dancing steps.

As you are right in Radio City, stop and see the outdoor skating arena in Rockefeller Plaza on your way to the National Broadcasting Company's Studios. You will also have a ticket from the Defence Centre for this personally conducted tour of the heart of a Radio Network. Among the things you will see there are: a studio that is suspended in air, the recording and transcription studios, the television broadcasting camera and receivers, and the sound effects department (very interesting). Also, you will see what music or a spoken word looks like.

I hope you receive an invitation to Margaret London's Town House for dinner. Your morale will really get a boost if you go there. You could be a millionaire for the service that they give you.

Now if you have a couple of hours left in the afternoon, take a Fifth Avenue bus going north. This will take you through the uptown district of Manhattan and out Riverside Drive through the residential district along the Hudson River. You can either take the bus out around the end of the line and back or get off about 150th Street and take the Subway

(Continued on next page)

IF

With apologies to Rudyard Kipling
(By LAC. J. T. White)

If you can learn your checks and
not forget them,
And test your brakes each time
you leave the line,
And when you're coming in to
make a landing,
You never fail to change from
coarse to fine.

If you can make a decent show at
Navi,
And don't too often let yourself
get lost,
And when you're on the beam,
stick on two-ninety,
And know which way the Kicker's
being tossed.

If you can master Met. and Bombs
and Gunning—
In seventeen weeks, that's all the
time you've got.

And at the end secure a mark
that's stunning,
Without the need for too much
bind and swot.

If you're a lad with lads, yet keep
your nose clean,
And look upon your Instructor as
your friend.
But don't earn the appellation of
base creeping,
You'll be with all the others at the
end.

If from every unforgiving minute,
You make each sixty seconds yield
you "gen."
Then the job is yours and all that's
with it,
And what is more, you'll get your
Wings, young men.

back to Times Square and Broad-
way.

Now you will want to see the
Stage Door Canteen which is only
2 or 3 blocks from where you are.
Probably some celebrity will be
serving at the counter, cleaning
up the tables or working in the
check room. You can spend a
very enjoyable hour there, but
don't stay all evening because
there are many other things to do.

If you like dancing, there is a
U.S.O. near 65th Street and First
Avenue which has a good floor,
orchestra and hostesses.

Naturally you will want to see
the bright lights and signs of
Broadway and Times Square at
night, so before the night is too
far gone, hop on the Subway and
whip down there.

Enquire at the Pepsi-Cola Can-

teen on Times Square about tickets
to a broadcast or stroll up Broad-
way.

Before long, you will realize that
you are getting tired and don't
be surprised to see that it is 3 a.m.

The next morning, you might
like to see New York from the
Empire State Building. The Ex-
press Elevator will whip you up
at 15 feet per second to the 77th
floor and Observation Gallery.
From there to the top costs about
a quarter. On a clear day you
get a swell view from there.

As much as you hate to do it,
there is a train to catch at 9 o'clock
Sunday morning, so this last look
must be good.

It certainly is with regret that
you run the last block to Grand
Central to catch your train back
to Centralia.

PUKKA GEN!

1. Congratulations to the Accounts Section on the efficient way they lock up all Air Force goods and chattels every night. We hear they even lock up their own Clerk Accts. in the filing-cabinet once in awhile. Howzaboutit, Gail?

2. S/L. Wilson's secret passion is well-known. Rumour has it he offered a real genuine folding dollar to anyone owning an extra cigar last week. They must be rationed in Exeter!

3. What an opportunity Rose Lineham has to make good as a "dating bureau" at H.Q. wicket. She sees 'em when they first arrive (too exhausted to resist) and when they leave (too worn out from clearances and sentimentality to say "nay"). Nice work—if you can get it!

4. The new Assistant Adj. treads a mean measure on the Dance floor and his figure-skating is not to be sniffed at. P.S.—He's still single too, girls!

5. One could make a lot of nickels for the Canteen Wurlitzer

if one only knew who sent Major Danko that "goosey" Valentine t'other day. P.S.—He wishes he knew, too!

6. It seems too, that Sgt. Harry Simkins and WO.2 Jock Small were having themselves a demitasse between trains in one of London's snootier restaurants. A "Liberty" boy ambled up and delivered a long sales talk to Harry. Finally, in desperation the kid offered to gamble "double or nothing" and at the toss of a coin Harry lost 10c and gained a Liberty. The story concludes later, when (after reading same) our S.P. Sergeant tore up and down the train trying to sell his magazine for a nickel. (Working your way thru the Service, Sarge?)

7. The way to a man's heart may have been through his stomach but a certain Wing Commander proved an exception lately, when he dashed madly away from that elite Mess Dinner in the Sgts. Mess to take part in a Hockey Game. Was it hockey-hookie or hookie-hockey, Bud?

AS OTHERS SEE US

(Continued from page 25)

the mixture of white shirts; red, green and yellow blouses; brown and white and black or absent shoes and the general appearance of "Well, that beat the shirt off him."

This bunch washes into a group of letter writing English men sitting 'round a table composing amorous prose. The two mobs are immediately engaged in a fast cross talk. There is a loud shout for Hot Dawgs, Coofy, Cork and Cigger-ettes. It ends by the

Canuck demanding of the Chirper "Don't you speak English?"

As I sit here I wonder what to reply when I return home and the folks say, "How did you spend your time in Canada?" I'll probably say something like this:—

"I learned to roll my own cigarettes, throw a knife, chew gum, eat without a knife drink "ear-fee," dance without moving my feet, froze in the snow and got "Hep to the jive" and almost learned to fly. For the rest I had a mighty good time, and would go back anytime."

