

# N<sup>o</sup> 9 FLYER

N<sup>o</sup> 9 SERVICE FLYING TRAINING SCHOOL, R.C.A.F.  
CENTRALIA, Ontario



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# CENTRALIA **NO. 9 FLYER** ONTARIO

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## **Editorial**

What are we going to do with Germany after the war? Now that the conclusion of the war with Germany is imminent, this question is becoming more important and more pressing. If we are going to be able to follow and understand the moves of our leaders upon occupation of Germany, we would be wise to read about it a bit and form some opinions of our own on the subject.

Your editor was presiding

(probably refereeing would be closer) at some discussions of the airmen at Trenton on the subject. Opinions were diverging.

One group believed in going into Germany and ruling with an iron glove—law and order was to be maintained by an Allied police force. Germany would be required to make reparations to the Allied governments to equal the loss caused by their w.r.

On the other hand, some pointed out that such a rule would cause hardships in the German nation which would breed resentment and which would give good cause for the people to unite together which would finally bring an armed uprising. The opinion of this group was, therefore, to allow the Germans to handle their own affairs with our supervision but from **outside** the country.

It is here suggested that the solution is somewhere in between these two views. It seems ridiculous to impose terms that can't possibly be lived up to by the Germans. We must also remember that 15 years from now, you and I are likely to have lost interest in the situation and become lax because we have forgotten some of the horrors of war. Therefore we must not impose terms that won't be enforced by us—fifteen years from now. The Germans are clever propagandists.

After a one hundred per cent. occupation, a desirable peace treaty would be one which (1) supervises education, (2) supervises any industry connected with war-making, (3) otherwise allows the German economy to function as smoothly as possible.

# WINGS PARADE

## GRADUATION—COURSE 118

Air Vice Marshall A. Raymond, C.B.E., Presents Wings

by Sgt. O. Davis

Friday, March 2, 1945, was a great day for course 118. A small, but very enthusiastic course made up of nineteen Canadians and nine from Great Britain, put forth an excellent parade. Despite the few Canadian graduates a good size civilian audience was in attendance.

Following the general salute and introduction of Air Vice Marshal Raymond by the Commanding Officer, the Air Vice Marshal addressed the graduates, congratulating them on their successful completion of the course, and wishing them the best in the future. Upon request of our Commanding Officer, the Air Vice Marshal spoke a few words in French to the French-Canadian personnel of our station, assuring them that he knew they were enjoying their stay here in Ontario, and wishing them the best of luck and happiness in their work.

Air Vice Marshal Raymond then presented the wings and commissions to the graduates. We are proud of our ten R.C.A.F. and eight R.A.F. lads who received their commissions. F/O. John Raymond (no relation to the A.O. C.) was presented with his operational wings at the same time.

A special feature of the wings parade was the Highland Fling presented by F/S. Ross, LAW. Hotte, and Cpl. McKenzie of the station Pipe Band, accompanied on the pipes by Sgt. Carrol, our "cover boy."

Following the ceremony, the civilian guests were served refreshments and entertained by the graduates in the recreation hall.

Another fine bunch of fellows have left No. 9! We have enjoyed their stay with us, and we say, "Cheerio, lads, and the best of luck."

## Course Characters (R.A.F.)

by LAC. Shreeve

WO.1 A. "Hutch" Hutchinson, D.F.M.—Portobello, Scotland—"Just a moment, chaps."

Sgt. R. "Skin" Skinner—Kent, England—"Now I'll show you a trick!"

Cpl. P. "Chunk" Shaw—London, England—Press Photographer—"Stand back!"

LAC. F. R. J. "Hank" Jones—Bristol—Policeman—"And there I was...."

LAC. R. "Randy" Marsh—

Buckinghamshire—"I'm hot!"

LAC. C. G. "Basher" Purvis—Newcastle—Marine Engineer—"I don't know what it's all coming to."

LAC. J. W. "Jamie" Rogers—Montrose, Scotland—"Don't forget Bannockburn."

LAC. R. E. "Lou" Shreeve—Leicestershire—"Hot, sweet tea."

LAC. L. A. "Mortimer" White—Cambridge—"What about the Far East problem?"

## Course Characters (R.C.A.F.)

(By LAC.'s Keir and Burns)

Cpl. R. E. "Al" Leggott—Home-town—Oshawa, Ont.—Worked at Gen. Motors as tool and die maker. "It's too hot in here—open the windows."

LAC. M. "Mike" Novick—From the "Soo"—Was chief clerk at Dom. Oxygen there. "Wonder what's doin' in Brantford this 48?"

Cpl. G. J. "Gord" Brown—Hamilton, Ont.—Salesman—"Yair oi fink!"

LAC. W. P. "Willie"—Georgetown, Ont.—Student—"Hit the pit."

LAC. R. "Bob" Burns—Toronto—Engineer—"Wonder where the little black book is?"

LAC. T. P. "Tron" Nyhus—Grande Prairie, Alta.—Student—"Ten o'clock Tron—time for bed."

LAC. B. A. "Pop" Cowan—(The Stratford flash)—Truck Driver—"Well, I don't know now!"

Cpl. S. J. "Scotty" Babin—Bathurst, N.B.—Student—"Don't fence me in."

LAC. R. "Roger" Corbin—Montreal—Plastic Finisher—"Looking for a bruise, Jack?"

LAC. J. "Smiling Jack" Brooks—Toronto—Pattern Maker—"Shut the windows—I'm freezin'!"

LAC. F. W. "The Gremlin" House—Hamilton—Student—"Cum awn."

LAC. B. H. "Steerable" Keir—Hamilton—Railways Claims Clerk—"Man the bunks."

LAC. J. E. "Joe" Biddle—Toronto—Purchasing Agent—"Dinghy, dinghy, prepare for ditching."

LAC. A. J. "Abe" Grosh—Winnipeg—Millwright—"Ven do ve eat?"

LAC. A. G. "Ding Ding" Bell—Toronto—Orchestra player—"Lights out."

LAC. E. R. "Arch" Archer—Dauphin Man—Civil Service Clerk—"See you in Exeter."

LAC. A. "Andy" Corbeil—Montreal—Student—"Who's gat my radio?"

LAC. R. "Boxcar" Thompson—Toronto—Accountant—"Let's bog off."

LAC. M. "Grandpa" Cumberland—London, Ont., Service Station Manager—"Nothing 'binding' here!"

### A BIT OF HUMOUR

The three bears were taking a walk on the desert, so Goldilocks could eat the little bear's porridge. Papa Bear sat on a cactus and said "ouch." Mama Bear sat on a cactus and said "ouch." The little Bear sat on a cactus and didn't say a thing—just sat. Mama Bear turned to Papa Bear. "Paw" she said, "I hope we're not raising one of those Dead End Kids."

As a civilian approached the army camp a new recruit on guard cried, "Halt!" The civilian halted.

Recruit: "Halt!"

Civilian: "But you've already said 'Halt!' and I've halted."

Recruit: "My instructions are to cry 'Halt!' three times, and then shoot."

o—o—o

G.I. Darling, I adore you, I love you.

Girl: Are you going to marry me?

G.I. Don't change the subject.

# The Station Hospital

To any G.I. Joe, the word hospital means one thing—INOCULATIONS!; and small wonder after the introduction at Manning Depot—However, leave your inoc card alone and let's see what goes on behind those swinging doors—Believe it or not, there is more than a T.A.B.T. Syringe there—Ask Sgt. Grudnitski—Equipment—Bah!

You have just injured your foot. You hop into the hospital, very carefully mind you, for the H.A.'s have waxed those floors until they look like glass. You hop to the window marked "Information" and in a meek voice say, "I'd like to see the M.O." . . . "Why didn't you come on sick Parade?" "Where's your M. 25?" "Oh, you've had an accident." "Come on over to the Treatment Room." "Number? Name? Rank? Married or Single? Religion? Duty or Detention?" Before you know it, you are on record and now eligible for medical attention. What difference does religion or marriage make to your sore foot? Don't worry about that—Leave it to Flight Fancy—It is just part of that complicated routine known as "Records" which gives him that look of frenzy after a day of balancing diets.

In comes the Doc—"Hmnn, hurt your foot, eh? Better have a picture of that." "Where's Blake?" Into a wheel chair you go and around the corner to the X-ray Department. "Up on the table" "Hold your breath." "Ahh—that's got it" and off goes Blake into that dark room, carrying her prize possession—a picture of your bones. A few minutes later she comes out of the dark room wearing a big grin—You know without asking that it is a

case—Yes Sir! She has found something good—a real break!

Come on—Over to the O.R. (Operating room to you) where before you know it, queer things happen and you are rolled in plaster just so speedily that you didn't know the man in white was Doc Jones until he said "O.K., Let 'er dry."

From your perch on the O.R. table you can see the Lab. Sully is concentrating on the Microscope—Must be something exciting. She suddenly yells "Hey—Come and see what I've found—It's a bug!" You can't move and who wants to see a bug anyway? Well, Jerry does—He leaves his powders, pills, poisons and plastics, and goes into a trance over the mike. "Golly, ain't that Sump'n Now?" Pretty soon they are showing one another how to wrap the poor little bug up to send it to the Provincial Lab for a label. Oh Well. . . Clang! The Crash Bell! All is forgotten while people turn on switches, roll blankets, fill hot water bottles, and the Doc races down the hall—jumps into a flying suit grabs a crash bag, and stands ready with one of the boys in case they are needed to dash to the scene of the Crash. Here comes Sinky with a table on wheels "Get on the table here fellow, and I'll take you for a ride." Nursing sisters take over the O.R. They open cabinets, prepare trays of all kinds of instruments, and in a few quick strides are prepared for the worst. After what seems an age, that in reality is sometimes only a few minutes, the "All Clear" sounds—What a relief that all is well.

Here we are, in the big ward. "Why Bill! what are you doing  
(Continued on next page)

## TO THE PUBLIC

(By Sgt. Ike Simpson)

Hey! the Air Force has a hockey team  
We hear the public cry,  
They're posting them in, and giving  
Them every kind of bye,  
They're feeding them on the fat of land  
That's what the public think.  
When they read without true knowledge  
Just any printer's ink.  
Take Dumart, Schmilt, and Bauer  
Of the Allan Cup Fame  
And Philbin, Snell and Louther  
And much more of the same.  
McNichol, Hellyer, Campbell,  
Acheson and Jack Cain  
They're overseas this minute  
In a different kind of game.  
Louther he is missing, over Hamburg,  
so they say  
And Philbin is dropping bombs  
On every trip that way.  
Of the others I could mention  
But the censors they say no!  
So I've got to go right easy  
On my own say so.  
So to you public I will say  
An injustice has been done  
When you claim that hockey players  
Are just in this game for fun.

## THE HOSPITAL

(Continued from Page 4)

here?" Yessir there are others here too. Here comes your dinner, Who is the little cutie carrying the tray? Uh Uh—Hands Off—That's "Kingy" our February bride. Umm—Taste that butter-scotch pie.

Yes boys, there is more to that unimposing structure than a 5c.c. syringe. Under the guiding smile of S/L. Anderson, the shining win-

## THE SWAGMAN

(By Aus-431956 Sgt. Gray, B.K.)

Many Canadians know the famous Australian bush-song, Waltzing Matilda, at least the melody—but few know the meanings of all the words. I will attempt to paint a picture of the swagman, Australia's wanderer, who, for the love of nature, spends his days walking the countryside. The swagman may be a millionaire or he may be a common everyday sort of fellow, but his equipment is always the same; a large staff carried in his hand, he calls his Matilda—his billy is a tea kettle. He carries on his back a blanket or two which he spreads anywhere under the stars. A jam-buck is a baby lamb, a tucker bag is the bag in which the swagman carries his food. A billa-bong is a turn in the river. A squatter is a wealthy land owner, and the Troopers are bush-police.

The swagman will never accept a lift in a car, but will wave merrily as you pass by him, and go on his way singing. If provisions run low he will stop at a squatter's homestead and ask for work to do. He will never accept anything as a gift. Usually he has a beard and is dressed in comfortable hiking clothes, although they may be old and ragged. The swagman is one of Australia's best loved characters.

o—o—o

Barber—"Will you have something on your face after I finish shaving you?"

Customer—"I doubt it."

dows and polished floors reflect a spirit of friendliness and interest in every one of you.

by Sgt. Cooper

## Our New "Adj."

F/L. Oliver comes to us after lengthy service in this and the Great War. In reading his long record we see that flying is his second nature.

Born in 1899 in Toronto and spending his boyhood under a watchful eye, he was finally pushed off to school for a little learning. After public school, he attended Parkdale Collegiate and later the University of Toronto. About the time of graduating the Kaiser started his conquest and young Oliver headed for the Recruiting Centre.

He enlisted in the Royal Flying Corps in October 1917, and was sent to Long Branch for training. Next stop was gunnery school in Texas and from there to the School of Special Flying at Armour Heights. Finishing up his duties in Canada by instructing at Camp Borden, he was posted overseas to No. 41 T.D.S. in England.

F/L. Oliver remained in England till the fall of 1919 and on returning home stayed with the flying game for four years. In later years he managed the Hamilton, Ontario branch of the Industrial Loan and Finance Company until enlisting in the present conflict.

In June 1940 the colours waved and OUR ADJUTANT was back



in the blue, training at the Air Force School of Administration. On completion of his course he was posted to No. 1 I.T.S. and the No. 1 Equipment Depot; remaining there until an overseas posting came his way in July 1942. While overseas "Jack," as he is called, served at Bournemouth and Warrington and then back to Mother Canada in March of last year. After doing a fine job at Guelph and St. Catharines stations, he arrived at the "White City" at the close of '44. All of us at No. 9 give a belated "Hello" and hearty welcome and sincerely hope his stay amongst us will be the best yet.

### NO. 9 WIVES' RED CROSS UNIT

Two years ago a "No. 9 Wives' Red Cross Unit" was organized by the wife of our Commanding Officer (Mrs. E. G. Fullerton). Its members are wives of all ranks of No. 9 S.F.T.S. This Red Cross Unit has for its  
President—Mrs. E. G. Fullerton  
Vice-President—Mrs. E. V. Mac-

Kenzie

Secretary-Treasurer — Mrs. Norman

Needlework convener—Mrs. Lloyd Wilson

Knitting convener — Mrs. Jas. West

Its members meet every Wednesday afternoon in the basement of the Public Library in Exeter.

# VALENTINE DANCES

## VALENTINE PARTY

—SGTS. MESS

by F/S. Waite

Amid a festive crowd and gala decorations the Senior N.C.O.'s Mess Valentine party was a huge success. Many familiar faces were seen among the guests, including W/C. Moodie, S/L. McGee, F/L. Oliver and many others from different sections of the station. The orchestra, under direction of Cpl. Shortt provided many and varied dance tunes which were enjoyed. Sgt. Hopkins and his staff served a delicious lunch and the seafood specialists really did themselves justice. The lady guests of the evening from Smallman & Ingram of London were welcomed by President F/S. Sturgess and his Committee.

## Pop Parke

(By Smokey Joe)

They say that he'll never grow old,  
This Don Juan Smoke-eater bold,  
It sure is not treason  
To tell you the reason,—  
He belongs to Methuselah's fold.

His boys with laughter all shout  
When they hear he's 44, about;  
But his smiles a harbinger  
Of Spring, and he's ginger  
When there's W.D.'s round about.

Pop essayed a ladder to climb,  
The next thing he heard the bells  
chime,  
When he got to the top  
He fell down ker-plop  
Now he'll be a good boy, for a  
time.

But he'll soon be out once again,  
You couldn't keep him down with  
a chain

## YE VALENTINE DANCE

by Cpl. Sherritt

W.D.'s radiant in their civvie ensembles—airmen drooling at said radiance—airmen and wives—and equally lovely ladies from our neighbouring Exeter—all blended in with the smart decorations, soft lights and smooth music—who wants to fly?

This evening rich with hours of endless merriment provided all kinds of entertainment. There were novelty dances, for which prizes were handed out in such numerous quantities that nearly everyone present acquired a token during the course of the evening. There were cigarettes, ties, and scarves for the men, and a host of pretty unmentionables for the girls.

And then—and then, to top off the evening! A MISS VALENTINE! At the stroke of eleven, W/C. Malloy, D.F.C., S/L. McCormac, and associate judges appeared upon the stage, and produced, as if from a magician's silk hat—the Queen of the evening—none other than this station's own Cpl. Sheila Brady! Miss Brady looked in every respect a Queen, as she shyly accepted a corsage and gift from W/C. Malloy.

Pleasant evenings such as this don't just happen, and we would like to offer our gratitude to those who were responsible for its success.

Why don't we do this more often?

For he gets more satisfaction  
Out of a life full of action  
To him, Life's just a big game.

## F.L. KEN PASSMORE, D.F.C.

by F/O. A. McAllister

Twenty-three years ago, Ken Passmore was born in the town of Hensall (six miles north of Exeter.) Ken says he comes from the "Sunny South" but he will have a hard time convincing us this is a California climate.

Ken enlisted in the R.C.A.F. in September 1940 and after passing through the usual channels wound up as an aero-engine mechanic and spent some time at Trenton.

In May 1942 he remustered and finally received his wings at Brantford and went overseas in June 1943.

Overseas Ken's work was all on heavies at night—he was in an R.A.F. Squadron on Halifax aircraft. Even though he was with the R.A.F. he had a Canadian crew. Your reporter experienced some difficulty getting this modest, retiring hero pilot to talk. After a bit of arm twisting something like this resulted, "Port of Settin

—19,000 feet—searchlights—flares—flak—fires—Bremen—few holes (in the aircraft).’ We can imagine it was a bit more exciting than he chooses to tell us.

He said that one night they were over Sweden and the lights there reminded the members of the crew of their training days in Canada flying over the well-lighted towns here. There was some flak that night but they weren't shooting close. One trip lasted eight hours and fifty minutes and Ken said they had "to spit in the gas tanks to get back."

A few week's ago Ken's young brother Mike Passmore was listed as missing. He was a Typhoon pilot in England. Our sympathies go to Ken and his family in their recent bereavement.

Ken is now in flying control tower—perhaps if you go up and talk to him you will get more out of him than I did.

### I WONDER?

(By Cpl. Marjorie Sullivan)

I wonder what our views would be  
If some evening over the CBC.  
Ray Truman announced in tones  
of fright,  
That our boys at the front had  
gone on strike.

Would we criticize, condemn, and  
vow,  
Our days of freedom are numbered  
now,  
So think for a moment, what  
would it mean,  
If our future rulers were murder-  
ous fiends.

Imagine the outcome if forces in  
the air,

Remained "washed out" tho the  
weather be fair,  
Or, if our men in navy blue,  
Decided to let the "U" boats thru.

Do they drop their weapons to  
ask for more,  
Stop to even some personal score,  
Thank GOD above the answer is  
"No."  
They carry on against the foe.

They play the game with all their  
strength,  
Why shouldn't we—? So when  
at length,  
Our boys march home with pride  
sincere,  
We too may join in their  
"VICTORY CHEER."

# Famous Sayings

## P.T. & D. Staff

- F/S. Outwin....When I was at Lachine....
- F/S. Gordon....My discharge!?!..
- Sgt. Webb (on phone)....Well—my favourite W.D.....
- Sgt. Kijek....Where am I supposed to get a man?
- Cpl. Mouldey....I am going to twist a pipe around his neck!
- F/S. Worrall....Why should I have to do all the work?
- LAC. Fairlie....Where is he!?

## Parachute Section

- Marie Hauser—"Hello you obnoxious creature."
- Mary Truckair—"Let's go Sarge"
- Gladys Woods—"I'll be late coming in Sgt. Blah....Blah...."
- Susie Carter-Edwards—"Ello Sarge!!"
- Sgt. Labovitch—1. "All right girls, let's get after some chutes!"
2. "Eh what? What's that crack?"
3. "You're crazy!"
- Cpl. Bush—Cent. Heating—"Did I get your coin?"

## Service Police

- F/S. Lacourse—"Who's buying the coffee?"
- Sgt. Simpkins—"Who wants to match?"
- Cpl. Poulin—"You are very lucky, my friend."
- Cpl. Carroll—"Tell me—when do I get my next 48?"
- Cpl. Aldcorn—"Leave me alone—I'm feeding the dog."
- Cpl. Leslie—"It ain't!"
- Cpl. Wilkinson—"Holy mackerel"
- Cpl. Larose—"What do you t'ink!!!"
- Cpl. Allison—"Is it time to eat?"
- Cpl. Parkin—"I'll meet you at the canteen."
- Cpl. Anderson—"Here kitty...."

## Headquarters

- Julia Simpson—Cold hands, warm heart!
- Stn. Adj.—Don't Fence Me In—
- Sgt. Bodaly—I wanta go back—to where I come from.
- "Brownie"—Teletype—"Any discharges in today?"

Johnny Brown had missed school. The next day he brought this excuse from his father:

"Dear Teacher: 'Please excuse John's absence from school yesterday. He fell in the river and got all wet. By doing the same you will oblige.' Mr. Brown."

\* \* \*

AC.—"She's as pretty as a picture."

LAC.—"Nice frame, too."

A U.S. soldier in the middle of the Sahara desert who came upon a man in a bathing suit. Amazed, the soldier asked:

"Where on earth are you going?"

"Swimming," replied the one in the bathing suit.

"But," said the soldier, "you're a hundred miles from the sea."

"Yes," replied the other. "Wide beach, ain't it?"

# EQUIPMENT



## **"FUNNY BUSINESS"**

or

## **"WOULD YOU RATHER BE A BIN RAT"**

(By LAC Newkirk, G.R.  
WO2 Saunders, R.H.)

It has been truly said, there is a vast difference in peace time and war time merchandising. Before the war, business tried to give the customer what he wanted, where he wanted it, and when he wanted it. Now the idea is to give the customer (just now the enemy) what he doesn't want, where he doesn't want it, and when he least expects it.

If you have ever demanded something from stores, and have received it only when you had forgotten you had ever made a demand, you might well think the Equipment Section of No. 9 SFTS

follows this last named policy.

While this would not be quite true, the Equipment Section of any Station is by no means an orthodox business. For one thing it would never think of advertising its wares. Still the customers come regularly, and in droves. Ask Clothing Stores. While the clerks (Equipment Assistants to you) are expected to be courteous, they are not encouraged at any time to be effusive, or to urge you to come back for more. Further, no attempt is made to attractively display the many items of stock.

You see, Stores has to steer a middle course between demand and supply. It is not always the popular one; but it is the only one. Nearly everything used on the station must come through Equipment—Airframes, engines, instruments, fuel, laundry, clothing,

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# W. T. SECTION

(By F/L. H. B. Walsh)

Some people are wont to call the W/T section the "wit" Section but others—meaning the inmates—are more likely to call it the "Joe Section" or Labor battalion—you know?

Let me relate to you some of the daily dozens:—

## Telephone rings

"Sig-a-nals—"Awkins heah. Oh, hello Myrt. How's everything Myrt?—

"Oh, give me 601 backwards."

"Gotta have it." Telephone rings F/O Gordon—"Wireless—Gordon here."

S.W.O.—"Want a runner."

F/O G.—"What do you think this is? A recruiting centre? No more then?"

S.W.O.—"Cross my heart."  
(What heart?)

F/O G.—Okay, coming up—but remember (Threat—KR 394% S. ¼, Pa. 3½)

## Telephone again

F/O G.—Wireless—Gordon here.

S.W.O.—"Want 2 men for work in the Rec. Hall."

F/O G.—"What the blinkety—blank—blank—Haven't a man left. Will I do?"

S.W.O.—"Now just a minute, sir, I'll see."

Enuff of this nothings. Now we have a number of interesting people in this section of ours. Of course most people don't take time to investigate, but some of you may know the Casanova's. The most notorious is the great ART—you know, tries to blow his head off at dances.

"Where were you last nite, b'y?"

About others, the less said the better. Mac is quite a b'y you know—has a speed all his own.

We have "thousings" of W.O.G's in here "woikin" for us W.M.s—Yeah, woikin'. Officially it is called "useless unemployment." But they are doing more than they ever did before in their lives. Yes, aye. Anyways—  
"tanks, guys."

Recently we had to get some men for "over the puddle." What a time. Anyway we found out we are running a section of human wrecks. Physically, I mean. Of course, people who have our mental capacity have to pay for it with some other deficiency. Ahem. Serious consideration is being given to the possibilities of renaming the section. Yes Aye!

A lot of us W.M.s are new to the "White City" but we are gradually getting into the ways of the "Centralasians."

Anyway one is sure to hear all that goes on. (Ask LAC Elliott about broadcast stations). Sgt. Ross our O.C.-P.A. has a lot to do along those lines. This place sure is wired for sound; just like some of the weaker sex that are at large. "Weaker" did I say, not as far as sound is concerned.

Dear editor, have we more space allotted in the No. 9 Flyer? Thanks—Let's get "poisnal" huh?

## A Secret Perhaps

Annoyed movie goer (to man in next row): "Excuse me, but we can't hear a word."

Man in next row: "And is it any business of yours what I'm telling my wife?"

## Character of an Airman's Vocation

(Author Unknown)

Bad news! A war!—mobilization!—a peaceful life is in cessation—take the fastest transportation; a date, at the recruiting station. I do believe in militarization to cope with this grave situation, to help my fellow men and nation. A pilot!—that's my aspiration. After brief interrogation and a medical examination off I go for centralization to a Manning Depot station. Then comes up inoculation, typhoid shots and vaccination to the point of dire prostration. Drills and marching, regimentation, the use of arms and presentation, commando work, line infiltration. Selection board in expectation—gunner, pilot or navigation. A pilot!—gee, what great elation—herein starts our education. In process of elimination some go on—more explanation—other's careers reach termination. From theory now with graduation we find ourselves on a flying station. E.F.T.S. our destination, we fly in deep and dark frustration. Let us pause in salutation to those who meet extermination. We pass all tests—what exultation!—next step S. F.T.S. bomber station. A bombing plane—what a creation! From instructors what belation—then if success, congratulation. The peak is reached—wings presentation, received with gratification. Alas! but I need supplication—a wash-out I—shot imagination. Return to civilization!—oh no, I'm in for the duration so ground crew gets my application.

Ground crews trails need more narration. We'll furnish same on application.

## Vital Statistics

TO LAC and MRS. M. L. HIMES  
A Daughter—On January 5, 1945  
"Judith Lynn Himes."

TO LAC and MRS. ART BRATT  
A Daughter—On January 3, 1945  
"Lynda Lee Bratt"

TO LAC and MRS W. S. RAMSAY  
A Daughter—On January 14, 1945  
"Sheila Joan Ramsay."

TO FS and MRS. J. P. WOOD  
A Daughter—On January 15, 1945  
"Pennie Lee Wood."

TO SGT. and MRS. R. LORCH  
A Son—On January 20, 1945  
"John Francis."

TO F/L "BUTCH" CLEAVER  
and WIFE—On January 25, 1943  
A Daughter.

TO P/O. and MRS. C. BRIDGE-  
WATER

Born, 1 Feb., 1945, a daughter,  
Judith Aleen, at Hamilton, Ont.

TO CPL. and MRS. R. BUCHAN  
Born, 2 Feb., 1945, Donald  
Mitchell, at Toronto, Ont.

TO F/O. and MRS. W. W. MIL-  
LER

Born, 21 Feb., 1945, a son, John  
Wilson, at Exeter, Ont.

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### Sympathetic

G.S. Inst.: "If there are any  
dumbbells in the room, please  
stand up."

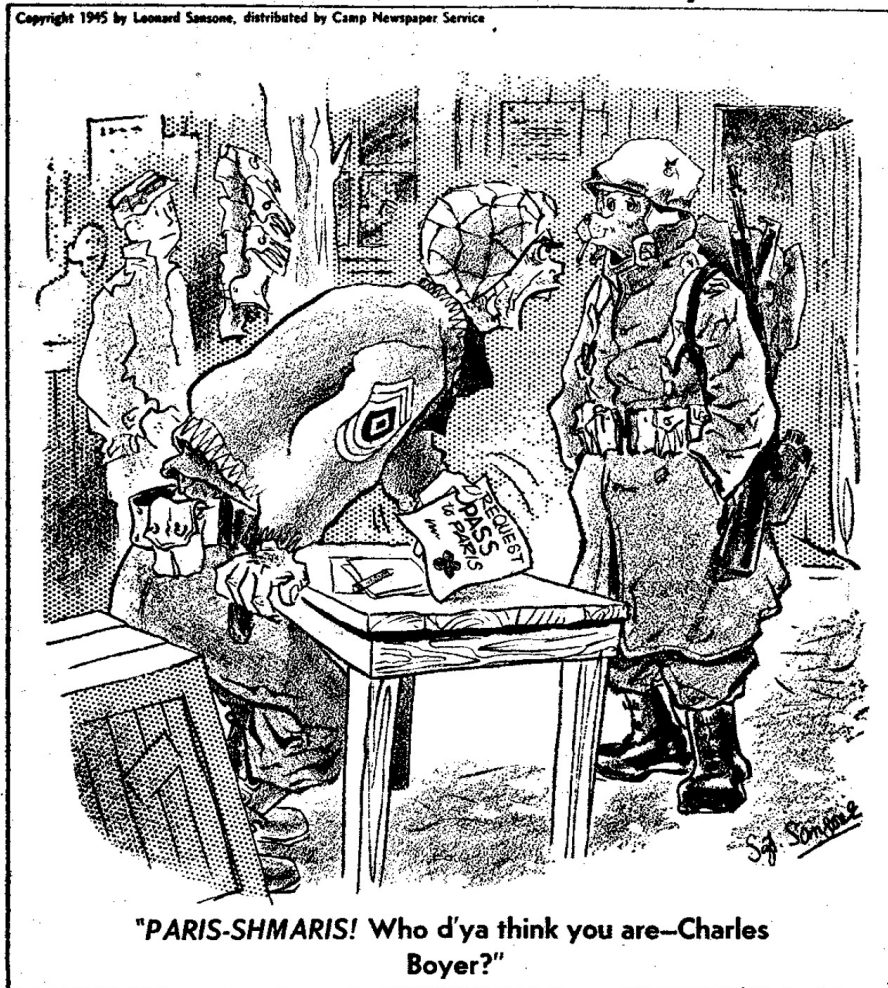
A long pause, then a lone LAC.  
stood up.

"What, do you consider yourself  
a dumbbell?"

"Well, not exactly that, sir, but  
I hate to see you standing all  
alone."

# The Wolf

by Sansone



"PARIS-SHMARIS! Who d'ya think you are—Charles Boyer?"

## A RIGGER

(By Cpl. Smith, P. N.—Mop and Broom Cross with Two Bars)  
God pity the life of a rigger  
Who stays in the hangar all day;  
Searching the corners and work-shop  
For tools that have strayed away.  
The met section gang seem to hate us,  
Haul 'em in comes a hurricane:  
And ten minutes later the breeze is past,  
And we haul the darn kites out again.  
He's got to have nerves in this outfit.  
He's got to have what it takes.  
If it isn't one thing it's another,

Or a doggoned set of brakes.  
If a pilot comes in for a landing,  
And in the swamp he comes to a halt,  
"The brakes wouldn't hold," he howls to the skies,  
It's all that darned rigger's fault.  
It seems our work is never finished,  
It never comes to a stop.  
When our work is all done on the a/c,  
They hand us a broom or a mop.  
The planes go up and the planes come down,  
They build them better and bigger  
But no matter how good they make 'em,  
They'll always need a rigger.

**Male Call**

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

**COMINGS**

Cpl. Frank Shortt—the most popular figure in all musical activities on this station—has left on an overseas posting. His absence is felt by everyone here who loves to dance or listen to band music, and particularly by members of the band who thought very highly of Frank.

He arrived at No. 9 in July, 1942, and immediately set to work, giving his able assistance in organizing a good brass band and orchestra,—and it is pleasing to note that his efforts were successful.

Cpl. Shortt served this station as M.T. mechanic, orchestra leader, and then band master when Sgt. Moore left in September, 1944.

It is with deep regret that we see Cpl. Shortt leave our station, and we wish him continued success at his new post.

Good luck, and so-long, Frank!

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**AND**

Go to Toronto in about a month and you will see F/O. Griffin strolling out of the Manning Depot clutching a piece of parchment known as a discharge certificate.

LAW. Marie Archibald left us for A.F.H.Q. after a two-year stay. Hope you don't get lonesome in the big city, Marie.

At an All Ranks dance on February 6 the Station bid adieu to Bill Ferguson, popular "Y" man, who, during his short stay, won favour in the hearts of all. Bill left No. 9 for Toronto where he'll be working as a handcraft expert throughout No. 1 Command. Best of luck from all of us, Bill. The same evening "Chuck" Crocker, Bill's successor was introduced. Chuck comes to us after 15 months at Rivers, Man. The station heartily welcomes you, Chuck, and hopes you enjoy your stay.

**GOINGS**

P/O. English must have had a wonderful time in New York. Or was there another reason for his being so late getting back from leave to take his posting to Mt. Hope?

How do F/L. Genereaux and P/O. Bond rate a second tour of Ops? At any rate, best of luck, chaps. Perhaps if we are lucky we will get a chance to start our first tour.

We hope F/Sgt. McClennon who played trumpet in the station orchestra likes the east coast.

Hope "Watson's" LAW's Alther and Gilmore have no difficulty switching to another call sign at Lachine.

W/C. Malloy, D.F.C., and F/L's Campbell and Grigg will find quite a change to be on course again, at Trenton.

We were sorry to see N/S. Marg. West leave our midst recently. Marg. goes to T.T.S. and has promised to drop in to see us once in a while.

Don't look now, but Jarvis and Fingal seem to have moved in on us. Hope you like it here.

From Fingal came S/O. Amory, our very capable messing officer.

Another strike for headquarters O.R., they captured Sgt. Corbett, a clerk steno. from Fingal.

Will Cpl. Beale, a fireman who came in from Deseronto, miss the beam too much?

F/O's Varton, Fleming, Johnston, Buchanan, and W.O.1 Ross are all posted here from Trenton, working for their "A" group on this new trade known as useful employment.

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# The Problem of Readjustment

(By LAC. Jock Carroll)

This is a serious topic, many aspects of which are only beginning to be recognized as our air-men filter home from Training Stations on the steppes of Canada. What will **She** be like?

Some of us will return to find that our wives or girl friends, or both, have joined the W.D.'s or the C.W.A.C.'s in our absence. They will have been overseas, fighting with the troops, in some cases, Germans. The constant struggle which modern war has thrust upon her, may have developed attitudes admirable in a fighting woman, but not quite the kind of thing you want to find lurking under an organdy tulle. (\*Some of these Commando holds can be very painful.)

And it will not only be those who have been away at the fighting fronts who will need our help. Many of those who have been playing a really essential part on the home front will have developed queer war neurosis. The Little Woman may have been drawing down fifty bucks a week at the Ajax Powder Plant for a couple of years now. It will not be immediately possible for her to accustom herself to getting a new pair shoes only on silver wedding anniversaries, and going to the show on what she can save out of the milk money.

Remember, above all, she will require sympathy and understanding. In this war, she will have seen and done things not meant for woman. It is a strange, new world she is returning to, and she will not always take to it easily. If she can be sure that you really

love her, and are working for her own good, then we can hope to return to the conditions for which our sex has been fighting for centuries, the good old days. We can breathe easily once again.

—o—

## The Pants Neurosis, or What You See When You Haven't Got a Gun.

Some of us will find that **She** has been engaged in a factory where the wearing of slacks has been encouraged. Now, down through the ages, scholars and statesmen have realized that he who wears the pants rules the roost. It was Lenin who said, "Give me the pants, and I will give you the future." It is not when crowns fall, that empires totter.

During this war quite a few women have come dangerously close to realizing the importance of wearing the pants, or slacks as they have come to know them. There will be a determined, if not organized, attempt to cling to them.

Approach the victims of this complex gently. Hasty and ill-considered action will only lead to aggravation of the condition. Don't be discouraged if you meet with a few rebuffs here at first—be patient. Eventually, we will achieve our objective.

—o—

## Combat Fatigue — Neurasthenia, or, Is She Still Hanging Around The House?

Many of our women who are coming back from overseas will be very unsettled as to what type of work they want to do. You

may go to all kinds of trouble to get her a job in a machine shop, and she'll say, "I never want to see a lathe again as long as I live. We'll go on relief first."

Or she may be driving a coal truck, bringing home good, steady money. And one Monday afternoon, while you're right in the middle of a heavy wash, she'll show up three hours before she should be home, muttering, "I guess I told that Greenberg what he could do with his old truck."

This sort of thing, after a day over a hot stove, is trying, but don't try to pin her down too quickly. Give her a chance to look around, sample this and that, and find the type of work she will be happiest in. Home life may be a little insecure at first, with you wondering what you are going to, tell the milkwoman, but it will pay dividends in the long run. Patience, love, understanding.

—o—

### **The Overtime Complex, or, Don't Forget to Give the Baby His Bottle.**

During the last World War and its aftermath, we learned that disillusionment is one of the prices our loved ones pay. Into some of their minds a terrible cynicism has crept.

If we do not work cautiously, but unselfishly here, helping them to regain their illusions of sweetness and innocence, of trust in their men, dire things may befall. A too worldly philosophy may take root in our loved ones. The double standard may go by the board.

An indication of what we may run up against is the experience of James R. Doolittle, an Air Gunner discharged into the R.C.A.F. Reserve. He writes:

"For several weeks my wife

had not been coming right from work. Time after time I would have a lovely hot supper waiting on the table. The children and I would sit quietly, watching the clock, watching the food grow cold, until finally the children would have to be fed and put to bed. For days they never saw their mother.

"At first I was not suspicious, but naively assumed that she really was working late. I tried to be even more kind and considerate during the hours she was at home, making as few demands on her as possible.

"But once she was too barefaced for me to conceal the truth from myself any longer. There was another man!

"That night while I was sitting at home, too sick to eat from worrying whether or not she had met with an accident and was lying somewhere by the side of the road, perhaps dying, perhaps calling my name from some hospital bed, the phone rang. I answered. I felt the same old thrill at the sound of her voice.

"Hello, darling," she said. "I'm calling from the shop." At that moment, as though someone had opened a door, there was a sudden blare of dance music, the clink of glasses, a man's high-pitched laughter. I heard my wife's voice whispering, "Go away for a minute, sweet."

"Hello, hello," she said more loudly, into the phone, "Are you there, dear?"

In the sickness born of heart-break, the words came tumbling out of me. "Yes," I cried. "I know! I know! You're working late and you won't be home for supper!" My voice sank to a whisper as tears choked me. "Have—have a good time."

# Padre's Corner

H/F/L. G. A. Cowper-Smith

Jim Bowker, he said, ef he'd had  
a fair show,  
And a big town for his talents to  
grow,  
And the least bit of assistance in  
hoein' his row,  
Jim Bowker, he said,  
He'd filled the world full of the  
sound of his name,  
An' clumb the top round in the  
ladder of fame;  
It may have been so;  
I dunno.

These amusing lines by Sam Walter Foss point out a failing that is common to a great many of us. It seems to be a characteristic of our human natures that we should constantly be making excuses for our failures and shortcomings. If we get low marks in an examination we complain that we were not feeling well the day we wrote it, or that some of the questions were based on work which the teacher had never covered. If one of our companions

gets a promotion before we do we say that he had "pull", or that we were "given a raw deal" by those in authority. If we fail to win the praise which we think we deserve we grumble that our efforts are not appreciated, or that we have never been given a chance to show what we can really do. Rarely are we willing to face the fact that the reason for our lack of success may lie in ourselves.

How much better it would be if, instead of trying to place the blame for our failures and bad luck, or on other people, we would look instead to ourselves, where the trouble nearly always lies. It is not a sign of weakness to admit that we have limitations and shortcomings, but to try to make others bear the responsibility for them is both cowardly and foolish. The truly great man is the one who while freely recognizing that he lacks certain abilities which other men possess makes the very best of the talents that he does have.

## BASKETBALL-GIRLS

Our team got a bad game out of their systems in the semi-finals of the Area Championship. All season they have had the jinx on Clinton, but they picked this game to lose 13-5. Joyce Simpson played her usual good game but the remainder of the team were really off. They had their share of the play but bad shooting plus poor luck was their downfall. Clinton went on to win the Command Championship.

**Team** — Pat Holmes, Marie Houser, Ruth Owens, Joyce Simpson, Rita Barry, Cpl. Payne, Eadie Lohn, Cpl. McLeod.

## Sports in Brief

(By Sgt. Kijek)

### WE WUZ ROBBED!

The Clinton quintet, composed of Americans representing each State, again showed their power by topping the Centralia Flyers with a score of 58-28. The "Never-say-die" Flyers showed potential form but couldn't cope with the well-balanced Clinton team. For the losers LaPointe and Sasso showed outstanding efforts.

o—o—o—o—o

Many a tired business man who claims his "baby" kept him up all night isn't telling a lie.

## F. O. ALEC. McALISTER

(By M. Large)

Oh boy! Isn't he piffy! Who is he? Is he married?

Already the girls have spotted him and are asking the two all-important questions: it is not because of his Adonistic qualities that we are going to devote this space to him, but due to the fact that he is an author of considerable fame.

Best of all, he is a native of these parts. Born in Aylmer, he moved at an early age with this family to London, where he obtained all his education. Attending Ryerson Public School, London Central Collegiate and Western University, graduating with a B.A. When you know something of his family background, it is no wonder that he has already shown a flair for writing, for he descended from none other than the great Mark Twain, author of Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn. Nor has the talent been dormant through the years separating Twain and McAlister, for F/O. McAlister's grandmother also wrote a book, called "Clipped Wings." His father is an outstanding lawyer, who was honoured this month with the K.C., and two years ago was international president of the Kiwanis Club; his sister in an announcer over CFPL, and also has a programme of her own.

Now we don't want you to get the idea that F/O. McAlister is entirely bookish, for he has "proven himself a man" in his versatility at odd jobs. During the school holidays, he has worked on a farm at Hensall, and at a gas station; in a dairy and in a book store; with a gents' furnishing shop and in a flower shop; as a

motorman on the L. and P.S. and as a cab driver. It almost calls for a "Can you top this?"

But, to the point. His book, "Hi Sky" has been on sale in all the canteens. In fact the other day when I tried to purchase one they were all sold out. It is the story of a "pin feather" pilot—really the memoirs of the author's training period, from the time he began at Manning Pool until he received his wings at Uplands. At Trenton he took his flying instructors course and was sent to Dunnville to instruct. During all his training period he was particularly interested in dive bombing and was soon sent to Trenton as armament instructor. You probably know Armament includes dive bombing, low level bombing, air to air firing, with camera guns, and air to ground firing with camera and machine guns. F/O. McAlister has been in several bombing competitions, and needless to say, has often been a member of the winning team.

Before joining the Air Force, he was a member of the London Flying Club. He enjoys skiing, swimming and tennis, but does not participate vigorously. He might be classified as shy, modest and retiring, which may account for the fact that he does little talking—definitely a good type, though—speaks when spoken to.

Like everyone else, he has his quirks—the main one is his liking for blondes with brown eyes, and particularly the one from Illinois, now at Western University, but don't let this discourage you. If you should see a big yellow bird with a spot of bright red

(Continued on Page 20)

# W. D. ODDITIES

(By Cpl. Edith Lohn)

Our new drum majorette of the Brass Band . . LYNN MacLEOD . . . don't you think she is really the bizz . . . that's m' girl!

The W.D.'s from Fingal and Jarvis have really invaded No. 9. There are so many new faces, I feel as if I was back in Manning Depot,—but it is keen to have you around. Even if you were allowed to wear civies at all dances and permitted to go to the Sr. N.C.O.'s affairs at your previous stations, at least we have HOT water ALL the time.

Keeping in trim with badminton seems to be a favourite pastime of many. Almost any evening you can see dashing 'round the floor, our telephone gal, Hedy Laga, chief D.R.O. clerk, CPL. JULIE SIMPSON, SGTS. ETHEL HARRISON, ONIE DAVIS and

HELEN LAW; and still socking the punching bag around, CPL. SONIA PAYNE. Get your nose out of that good book and forget your washing . . . cummon down and let the drill hall feel your leather.

WHAT HAS HAPPENED to our Saturday and Sunday night dances? For the past two months or more there have only been a very few turn out. The Rec. Hall floor looks awfully lonely and forlorn. The main "beef" from the boys was "not enough girls . . . ten men to every femme . . . not fair." Gentlemen, you are way behind the times. Take a good look around you!

The wedding bells have rung again. KAY FEARNHEAD and SGT. WALSH said "I do" on 2nd March in London.

## Parachute Section on Parade

by Sgt. Labovitch

Ever since March 3, 1942, Sgt. Frank Labovitch has been enjoying life. That was the day that the first W.D.'s arrived to take over the parachute section at Summerside. Girls have come and gone but "Lab" rests on his laurels. They do the work—he gets the credit. Fair enough, eh? Not so long ago there was the famous team "Brenda and Corbina" sometimes referred to officially as LAW.'s Quibell and Hobin. Then there was "Bessie" Abrams. They have gone and the tradition of the section has since been carried on by Marie "Woo Woo," Suzie "Goo Goo" and "Gladioli." Mary Truehair came from the Fabric shop

five months ago for a rest and believe it or not she's still resting in the corner anytime you walk in. Jarvis has contributed Nickie—welcome!

o—o—o—o

**F/O. ALEC. McALISTER**

(Continued from Page 19)

where the eye should be, don't be alarmed — it's just an Anson Bomber with F/O. McAlister wearing his bright red plaid cap. The cap was given to him by his younger brother, and is only worn when flying—not superstition, I understand, but just sentiment.

In any case, here's to you, F/O. McAlister, whether flying, or writing a book.

P.S. Since this article was written F/O. McAlister has left our midst for an overseas posting—Best of luck Alec!

## "POP"

by F/O. Leeder

"Gran'pop's" the name since last June, officially C. H. Watson. Pop Watson, brewer of delicious coffee, father of ten children, also bus and taxi-driver for No. 9 S.F. T.S. We all know Pop as the jovial, wise-cracking driver who got us through even the worst that Centralia's winter could offer. Not many of us knew him before our first bus ride to Exeter, or our first coffee and doughnuts at the "Bona Vesta." Few realize that he has ten children, the oldest boy, Wallace, in the Navy.

Mr. Watson was born in Kippen fifty-five years ago, where he became the owner of a grain and feed store. Later he moved to Detroit, and worked in a Copper and Brass Plant. Eighteen years ago he returned to Kippen, and engaged in highway construction for a time.

When the R.A.F. station opened in 1939 at Port Albert, Pop ran a bus for the boys. Later, he operated a refreshment booth and bus service at No. 5 R.S., Clinton.

On the spot when No. 9 got under way, he saw the building of the Guard House and the first hangars. In fact, Pop has a great deal more to do with the existence of this station than you would think, for he and his daughters provided meals for the first workmen on the site.

Snow or blow (Pop refuses to let me say "rain or shine"), he has gotten his passengers through. On one occasion this winter, the run from Exeter took two hours. With the help of twenty-six "willing" pushers and a few salty words from the driver, Pop made it as usual. One thing upon which he prides himself is the fact that he is always on schedule, barring unforeseen developments of Centralia's unpredictable winter weather.

Among the memories taken away by thousands from No. 9 S.F.T.S. will be a kind recollection of Pop Watson, a Leading Canadian, First Class, and an all-round good fellow!

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## "Baldy" Breen

(By P/O. Gitter)

Being a referee is one of the most thankless jobs in sports and only one with a true love and knowledge of the game will accept the job. Sgt. "Baldy" Breen is not a novice since he has been at it for eight years and has refereed in Montreal, Quebec, Cornwall and Ottawa. He started as all referees do with midget hockey (where the players are too small to do anything about a poor decision) and

progressed through Junior, Intermediate, Senior, Q.A.H.A. and finally O.H.A. games. We think your decisions are always quite fair, Baldy. Keep up the good work!

o—o—o

The little girl waked up at 3 a.m. "What is it, darling?" asked her mother.

"Please tell me a story," the little girl begged.

"Wait a little longer, dear," the mother answered. "Daddy will be home and tell us both a story."

# CONTROL TOWER

The heart of the Air Training Plan, we call it. Without it, there wouldn't be any flying training.

Imagine flying if Sid wasn't on the R/T to talk the kites into the circuit, and put them on the proper runway. What would everyone do without Millie there to find mistakes in log books? There wouldn't be any girls to spend rainy days typing out night flying orders without a tower. Centralia wouldn't have a C.X.O. waving the axe to scare the students. (Oh, we forgot, the new Chief Examining Officer, Phil O'Loane uses a whip and not an axe.)

There isn't any argument about it, the control tower is indispensable. Night flying would be too easy, if the tower didn't insist on scattering so many flare pots and lanterns about the field. Here, our boys, officers, and men, are very keen—every light just right. Keen? Certainly! You should see li'l Harry's happy smile as he trips down the stairs rushing out to change the electrics, at the least sign of a crosswind.

Then we have Watson. How empty the ether if Mary Ellen's voice wasn't there, loaded with morale. With no static angels to help the boys, flying would lose another shade of its colour. Incidentally, wouldn't the radio in barracks be dull, if Watson didn't butt in. Last Sunday a W.D. phoned, and gave F/L. Passmore the blast for singing "Wings of an Angel," interrupting the program she did want to hear.

The thunder and lightning, fair and warmer people, are another "must." No one could inquire if there was to be any "participation." Why, with no Met Section, you wouldn't have advance

weather gen for 48's.

This is a real family. For example, the case of S/L. MacCormac. All day he slaves, rushing to have his courses out on schedule, so that the Canadians can go to civvie street, and the R.A.F.'s can go to gliders. About mid-afternoon he is fagged. "Oh, to be in England, to have a spot of tea, but this is Canada." Yes, it's Canada, but we try to make him feel at home.

W/C. Malloy, D.F.C., and skates, have gone to C.F.S., Trenton. The tower was sorely hit by this loss. There are still tear stains to be seen on the Orderly Room floor.

S/L. Bythell packed up for No. 7 War Staff College, Toronto. His departure was midst impressive confusion, with F/L. O'Loane chasing him, trying to get the shot on how to be an axe man, Yogi trying to collect his belongings, and Sammy in there with the inventory.

F/L. Machan has gone to Greenwood. F/O.'s McAllister, and Wester have gone overseas. As for our adjutant, we have so many of those, and they're changed so often, that we don't know whether they are Adjutants; or people merely in the office signing the "48" book.

Of course, S/L. Porter is still here! This officer, our oldest member, is very popular; he buzzes the buzzer, the Orderly Room girls scramble, Sgt. Harrison, note pad in hand, answers. "Sgt." S/L. Porter orders, "I want a cigarette, a match, a coke, and eight cents."

Back from War Staff College, completely genned comes S/L. Smith to be Number One.

"Yogi"

G. W. Brownell.

## Gags and Gossip from Maintenance Grape-Vine

By "Joe"

A social evening and Dance was held in the Exeter Opera House on Wednesday, February 21, 1945, for Maintenance Repair Squadron and judging from Joes' and Jills' remarks during the 'post mortem' the next day, it was a huge success.

Quite a chain of events occurred which could have dampened very easily the enthusiasm of a lot of people such as, on arrival in Exeter, we thought the Jerries were around. The city was in complete darkness, due to circumstances beyond the control of the Hydro staff and to add to the confusion it was raining heavily.

It was very fortunate indeed that we were able to acquire sufficient candles to spread around the hall before the guests arrived and that our orchestra of talented musicians led by Cpl. Shortt and aided by a certain Mr. Himes supplied such swell music "A la Lombardo."

One thing yours truly could not figure out was our trap player, Sims by name, who was quite perturbed when someone passed by with a candle and he discovered that he was quite a distance from his drums etc., and that he had gone all through his number using the trumpet player's bald head and the back of the Bass Fiddle

and still making rhythm. It kind of spoiled him too because he can't see any reason for carrying his equipment around anymore. Then there was a trumpet player who got mixed up in the dark and in the excitement that followed was trying to get music out of a Coca-Cola bottle.

Our thanks go to the Women's Division who did so much toward making a success of the evening and we hope we will have the pleasure of inviting them again at a very early date.

Our very able dance committee get honourable mention for their untiring effort. The credit for the success of the evening is yours and the only complaint was, why don't we do this more often. Soon eh?

Who was the Flight Sergeant from Maintenance seen pushing a wheel around camp. Did he land with his undercarriage up?

Who is the person in Repair Squadron who went to the M.O. with a headache every morning? On being questioned by the Merry Medico it was learned that he did not smoke, drink, go out with girls, or stay up late. The following prescription resulted: "Loosen his "HALO." He must be wearing it too tight.

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Sentimental Wifey: "Would you grieve for me if I should die?"

Hubby (mumbling): "Of course, dear."

Wifey: "And would you visit the cemetery often?"

Hubby (more confidently): "Certainly—I pass it on my way to the golf course anyhow."

"What are you clipping from the paper?"

"An article about a man divorcing his wife because she went through his pockets."

"And what are you going to do with it?"

"Put it in my pants pocket with my money."

# HOCKEY

We had hoped to get a picture of the Centralia "Flyers" for this issue, but fate was against us! It seemed that either the players were not all on the station at the same time, or that because of their duties, they could not get together to have a snap taken. However, we will give you a word picture of each player on the team, which we hope will compensate in part for the lack of the picture.

"Bud" Malloy—

played senior hockey with the Canadians in Halifax, and played junior hockey in 1939 at Camp Borden.

Norm McAttee—

played for Indianapolis.

Bill Sherritt—

was with the Moncton Flyers, and played O.H.A. junior hockey with London before coming here.

Arnold Andress—

played both junior and intermediate in London and St. Thomas in civie st., and while with the Air Force, played for Fingal.

Jim Forsythe—

played with Kodak's, Toronto.

Jack Burkart—

was with the North Bay Trappers, and starred on St. Mike's College team.

Cliff Young—

tended goal for two well-known Fredericton, N.B. teams, the Millionaires and Capitals.

George Shaw—

formerly with R.C.A.F. Hurricanes, played senior hockey for Cornwall, and with hockey clubs that travelled in Europe.

Tony Hawk—

starred with Lethbridge Maple Leafs and the Swift Current Indians.

Hugh Braceland—

was active in junior Montreal clubs before joining the R.C.A.F.

## Camp Borden Fliers Win Command Championship

by Sgt. M. Grudnitski

Paced by Sgt. Jimmy Fowler, ex-Toronto Leaf's defense man, the Camp Borden Fliers staged a four-goal rally in the third period to defeat the Centralia Flyers 5-3 in the Maple Leaf Gardens on Friday, March 2nd, 1945.

The first period was scoreless, but both teams played fast and furious hockey as they attempted to open the score. Norm McAttee and George Shaw were the stand-outs of the Centralia Flyers.

Last year's champions looked much better in the first and second periods, which ended with a score of 3-1 for Centralia. Sherritt scored the first goal unassisted, and Hawk and Shaw registered tallies, while Camp Borden replied with one goal.

In the third period, Camp Borden made a sensational rally and scored four goals to win the game. The Centralia Flyers tried desperately to get into scoring position, but the Camp Borden defence with Jim Fowler staved off every threat.

This was the first service game that Centralia has lost this season, and it is too bad that this had to be the game that decided the Command championship. We are sure that if it had been a series of two out of three games, our boys would have come out on top. We offer heartiest congratulations to all the members of the team, and to S/L. Porter who has managed them throughout the season, for the

### No. 9 Flyer

splendid job they have done to put Centralia on the map as far as hockey is concerned.

#### Centralia 15—Aylmer 5

The Centralia Flyers swamped the Aylmer Bombers on February 8th, and became Western Ontario District service hockey league champions. The entire game was strictly in favour of the Flyers. The Bombers' Goalie was injured in the first period, which ended 7-2. Every member of the Flyers line-up scored, with Shaw, McAttee, Forsythe, and Hawk tallying two goals each. Braceland scored his first goal of the season in this game.

#### Centralia 7—Mount Hope 2

The Centralia Flyers defeated the Mount Hope Bombers 7-2 on February 22nd in the first game of the semi-final playoffs of the Training Command Championship. The Flyers held an edge over the Bombers after the first period as they established a three goal lead. Cliff Young played his best game of the season, and was almost unbeatable. The fans were pleased with the performance of Clyde Burke, former Canadiens goal tender. The game was filled with plenty of excitement, as the Bombers were the toughest team the Flyers played on home ice.

Braceland and Andress scored in the first period, and McAttee cinched the period by adding two goals. D'heere and White tallied the Bombers' goals in the game. Tony Hawk scored the lone goal in the second period, and Jimmy Forsythe, and Norm McAttee countered in the third period, to give the Flyers a five goal lead in the total goals of the two-game series.

### MARG. LARGE—ASSISTANT Y SUPERVISOR

So long, Marg! We haven't known you long, but we are sorry to see you leave us. Your efforts in the organizing of station dances, shows, craftshop work, and numerous other activities, have been much appreciated.

STATISTICS: Born in Duncan, B.C.

Taught P.T. in Kennedy Collegiate, Windsor.

Graduate of U. of T. with B.A. and Physical Education diploma.

Favourite sports: Riding, canoeing, skating.

Opinion of No. 9: "Just tops."

Outstanding characteristics: A happy chuckle.

### SHIRLEY SANDERSON—NEW ASSISTANT Y SUPERVISOR

Welcome to No. 9, Shirley. We are sure that you will be a huge success in your new job. Although this is Shirley's first posting (and she admits she was pretty scared at first!) she has had experience in civilian life which has been a splendid preparation for her present work. Born in Hagersville, she worked for some time as Employment and Personnel directress in the T. Eaton Co. Limited, Hamilton. The Y work will be in most capable hands!

(Secret—Shirley tickles the ivories a la expert.)

o—o—o

A dentist who had heard the whereabouts of a patient who had skipped, leaving the bill unpaid, sent him this note:

"Will you please send me the amount of your bill and oblige."

With no unnecessary delay came this answer: "The amount is \$14. Respectfully yours, etc."

# *In the Bag. . .*

(By C. E. Leeder, F/O.)

What are you going to do after the war? Harry says that he was a retail salesman. Made a lot of money too; but he was well browned off with slaving away day by day and often far into the night knowing that he never would be anything more than a clerk. As an example of working conditions in the shop, one night Harry stepped around the corner at ten-fifteen for a coke. Old Jim Watsham came down on him like a ton of bricks as soon as he came back, a quarter of an hour later.

"Well, no doubt you enjoyed your coke! It sure is swell to be so independent that you can disappear just any old time and leave me here to do all the work."

Harry was furious, but he tried to speak calmly.

"Sorry that you needed me while I was out. I took only fifteen minutes because I was tired out."

"Just let's get this straight young man. When you leave here it will be after the day's work is done. When I was your age I was glad to work every night instead of only three as you do, etc. etc."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Let's have a little chat Harry. What would you like to do after the war?"

"I'm going to finish my Senior Matriculation and go to University. I'll study Civil Engineering so old fellows like Jim Watsham can't kick me around."

"Now you're cookin', Harry. How long were you out of school before joining up?"

"Just from June until the following March 1942."

"There is one thing to consider and that's the regulation which says that your education must have been interrupted by war service in order that you may qualify for university grants."

"What! I can't go to college? Why I've always wanted to but I couldn't afford it."

"I know Harry. There are a great many like yourself who are planning to take advantage of the Rehabilitation Grants in various ways, but they may run into real trouble. Remember that after discharge, there may be so many wishing to go to college that the universities will just not be able to take all of them—at least not for two or three years after demobilization. The authorities will choose those who studied while they could in the Service."

"Well that's just swell isn't it! I was afraid that a lot of this talk about what they would do for us was just hot air."

"Whoa up Harry! It's not quite that bad. Suppose I'm the rehabilitation officer. You come to me and put your proposition up to me. I have already interviewed fellows like yourself by the hundreds. I've got a job of work to do and I've got to make sure that men I recommend for University grants are vitally interested in the particular course they say they wish. Now, no offence! How do I know that you are not just trying to get this grant because it's free? I'll make a mistake one of these days, I know, and a chap will go to college on my recommendation without enough interest in his proposed course to make anything but a

miserable failure of his chosen profession after graduation. Let me ask you a few more questions. You say that you left school for eight months and worked. Why didn't you go to college in September '41?"

"Why I was waiting to be called into the R.C.A.F."

"Well now that's quite different! It would have made it far easier for me if you had been able to tell me also that you had at some time done a bit of study while you had time on your hands at one of the stations. I'm not trying to be tough, but, as I said, I'm here to make sure that those who cannot benefit by a University course, take their rehabilitation in some other form, such as a trade course, assistance in starting a business, or help in buying a farm or a small holding."

"Well, I did start a course with the Canadian Legion in Mathematics II but I was posted to O.T.U. before I could finish it."

"Why the heck didn't you say that at first. There's nothing to it. You're the kind I want. All I need to know is that you had this plan in your mind and did a bit on your own. I'll be able to prove to the Board that you have always been keen to be a Civil Engineer. O.K. let's go right in. It's a cinch!"

(Any resemblance to an advertisement for Educational Opportunities on No. 9 is purely intentional.)

o———c———o

"Are you the girl who took my order?" asked the impatient gentleman in the cafe.

"Yes, sir," replied the waitress, politely.

"Well, I'll be darned," he remarked, "you don't look a day older."

## "FUNNY BUSINESS"

(Continued from Page 10)

even tooth brushes and the unmentionables.

When you think of the incredible list of items involved, and constantly changing conditions affecting demands, it is not difficult to understand the thinning hair of Squadron Leader H. C. Parlett who presides benignly over this strange menagerie. The staff, balancing demands and issues, strive that the needs of No. 9 S.F.T.S. be met, and that no more hairs shall fall.

By its very nature much of equipment work is dry, and must be so. That it is seldom dull is due to the co-operation of all ranks and the good feeling which permeates the Section. The Good Ship "Stores" which had been navigated through fair and stormy weather by the above Pilot, S/L Parlett, also has its humorous side. For instance, Monday mornings usually bring to light such things as May Morrison's "American Purchases" and Sgt. Clark's and LAW McLeod's tripping around with that certain "far away look" in their eyes, not to mention "Counsellor" Handford with his post-war planning.

When "breaking day" comes every two weeks, that lively "bin rat" in Technical Stores, Sammy Needham, gleefully goes "on course" to Sarnia, accompanied by his diminutive friend, Cpl. Ray (Little King) Lavers.

And then come the phone calls from the Maintenance Control room ————— —????? !!!!  
CENSORED

Last but not least those Equipment Parties!!!! Backward we fondly glance and forward fondly hope. And Vouchers—and Auditors—Nuff said———

# Movies at Leavitt's Theatre, Exeter

MARCH 12-13—2 Features

“SILVER CITY RAIDERS” (Western) Starring Charles Starrett

“SHE’S A SWEETHEART” Jane Frazee

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MARCH 14—2 Features

“GAMBLER’S CHOICE” Starring Chester Morris

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MARCH 15-16-17

“MRS. PARKINGTON” Starring Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon

\* \* \* \* \*

MARCH 19-20

“NONE BUT THE LONELY HEART” Starring Cary Grant, Ethel Barrymore and Barry Fitzgerald (Star of Going My Way)

\* \* \* \* \*

MARCH 21

“HAIL THE CONQUERING HERO” Starring Eddie Bracken

\* \* \* \* \*

MARCH 22-23-24

“HOLLYWOOD CANTEEN”

Starring Bette Davis, Jack Benny and Multi-Star cast

\* \* \* \* \*

MARCH 26-27—2 Features

“WING AND A PRAYER”

Starring Don Ameche and Dana Andrews

“MEET MISS BOBBY SOCKS”

Starring Bob Crosby and Lynn Merick

\* \* \* \* \*

MARCH 28-29 2 Features

“GREAT MOMENT” Starring Joel McCrae and Betty Field

“HENRY ALDRICH’S LITTLE SECRET” Starring Jimmy Lydon

\* \* \* \* \*

MARCH 30-31

“THE THIN MAN GOES HOME”

Starring William Powell, Myrna Loy and Gloria DeHaven

