

Nº 9 FLYER

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Editorial

With March 31st, comes the finale of the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan, as such. During its period of operation over 100,000 aircrew were trained and have graduated. This of course was the primary consideration of the B.C.A.T.P. and it has served its purpose admirably.

What has it meant to the thousands of groundcrew lads? It has meant that in a lot of cases boys who could not fly because of medical or other reasons were able to "do their bit." and get into the fight. They have been taught trades as varied as you could find

anywhere in industry—trades that will stand them in good stead on their return to civilian life.

It has taught them the meaning of loneliness, separation from mothers, wives, sweethearts and families. They have learned how to take care of their bodies and to be "good sports" in many games. A good sport on a playing field is generally found to retain that quality throughout his lifetime.

It has meant opportunities for some that probably never would have been presented in any ordinary peacetime occupation. Travel is one of these. Travel broadens the mind, it is said. If this is true then thousands of us have been given mental wealth we would never have had otherwise. We have met, argued, laughed and cried with people in other parts of Canada. Eastern Canadians have new views concerning their fellows from the Western provinces, and vice versa. Those fortunate enough to travel abroad will have gained much in experience and knowledge. They will have formed new concepts of life in Great Britain, Italy, France, India, etc.—much different to their preconceived ideas, mostly wrought from school text books.

They have learned what in my mind is most important—**HOW TO GET ALONG WITH THEIR FELLOW MAN.**—Personal prejudices, snobbishness, shyness, bullying have all had to give way to general ability to understand, cooperate and for consideration for the other fellow. Let us hope this latter attitude will permeate their lives in the future that lies ahead.

O.C. WORKS 'N BRICKS

By F/O. C. Leeder

The W & B Officer never calls the Met. office when he wants to know whether to start on a job. We visited him this morning, and noticed that he was a bit lame when he got up from his office chair. "That's my met. man service," he said. "I always know without looking outside that it is raining or a dull, humid day. I had my leg broken in a plane crash some time ago, and now it gives me a weather report every day."

F/L. Hewson was supervising engineer when the airport was built at Seven Islands, P.Q. The plane was overloaded on take-off from Baie Comeau, and had risen to five hundred feet. As soon as the pilot levelled off, the craft sank "like a doughnut." It was impossible to land any place except in a small clearing among the trees. One wing ploughed into the earth, but the aircraft did not catch fire. Although he had a leg, nose, and five ribs broken, he was the only person still conscious. An English bulldog, which had been sitting on a lady passenger's lap, apparently thought that he had died and gone to the heaven of which every canine dreams. There it stretched before him, "a mile of trees." Immediately, he set out to correct the error which was all too evident in the scheme of things. "What! A tree without a caretaker!" When last seen, he was whipping around his sylvan paradise as happy as only a dog returned to nature can be. He was never seen again.

F/L. Hewson's memories take him to exotic places and strange events. For nine years he worked

on power lines in California. Then he went to Colorado, and Mexico, where he engineered irrigation projects for cotton development near the mouth of the Colorado River. When Boulder Dam was under construction, he did the survey work for the power line. He was "away for six months without seeing any white people" while in the desert. Other activities included work on dock construction for the Toronto Harbour Commission and hospital construction. Now he adds to his many achievements the running of our own Works and Buildings section.

To his credit must be placed the resumption of work upon the many-times-dug ditch across the road opposite the water tower. With distinction, he has presided over the digging out and filling in of our ditch—he has forgotten how many times!

The W. & B. Section is organized exactly as is the works department of a large city. F/S. Burroughs, E.G., is Foreman of Works. Under his charge are the electricians, carpenters, fitters (plumbers), painters, tractor operators, stationary engineers, firemen, and pumpmen. There are sixty-four servicemen (including one W.D.) and ten civilians who keep the wheels of No. 9 turning under his paternal eye.

F/L. Hewson is a real veteran with eight years' service divided between the two wars. Some of his postings include Halifax, Aylmer, and Port Albert. After having passed through a Centralia winter, we are full of gratitude for the men who have kept us warmly protected from those wintry blasts. Remember?

OUR STATION ARTIST



Karl Winterstein is shown here beside one of his masterpieces in the Drill Hall. Karl has added a lot of beauty to No. 9. Strangely enough, his off time hours are spent in—yes, you've guessed it—painting.

No. 9 Wives' Red Cross Unit

Inadvertently in last month's issue of the "Flyer," the part of the above article dealing with Centralia members was left out. We apologize for the mishap, and hasten to make amends. The following is the portion of the article omitted:

On the first Wednesday of each month, the Exeter members meet at the Y.W.C.A. Hostess House at No. 9 S.F.T.S. with the Centralia

members. The President of the Centralia group is Mrs. Henry, and the Treasurer is Mrs. Tripp.

At the Hostess House, the No. 9 S.F.T.S. hospital pyjamas are repaired and buttons sewn on. At other meetings, Red Cross sewing and knitting is accomplished.

All wives are cordially invited to attend all meetings of this Unit. It is your No. 9 Red Cross Unit!

Padre's

HIGH FLIGHT

Oh, I have slipped the surly bonds
of earth,
And danced the skies on laugh-
ter-silvered wings;
Sunward I've climbed and joined
the tumbling mirth
Of sun-split clouds—and done
a hundred things
You have not dreamed of—wheel-
ed and soared and swung
High in the sunlit silence.
Hov'ring there,
I've chased the shouting wind
along and flung
My eager craft through footless
halls of air.
Up, up the long delicious, burning
blue
I've topped the wind-swept
heights with easy grace,
Where never lark, or even eagle
flew.
And, while with silent, lifting
mind I've trod
The high untrespassed sanctity of
space,
Put out my hand, and touched
the face of God.
P/O. John Gillespie Magee, Jr.

These beautiful lines were writ-
ten by a young American boy, the
son of an English mother, who
came to Canada soon after Dun-
kirk in 1940 to join the R.C.A.F.

At about the time he was leav-
ing high school John Magee passed
through a period of doubt and
cynicism, as happens to so many
young people of his age; and he
felt that he could no longer hold
to the Christian faith in which he
had been brought up. Although
his father was a Christian mission-
ary, for nearly two years the boy
stayed away from church because
he could not take part in what
for him had become a "meaning-
less ritual."

Not long after he joined up,
however, his parents and younger



G. A. Cowper-Smith, F/Lt.
Chaplain (P.)

brothers became aware of a strik-
ing change in his attitude towards
life. The faith which he thought
had lost its meaning for him be-
came vital once more, and when-
ever he was home on leave he
wanted to go to church with his
family.

P/O. Magee was not destined
to serve for long with the R.C.
A.F., for just a few months after
being posted overseas, when he
was only nineteen years old, he
lost his life over England. But
before he died he left to the world
his now famous little sonnet,
"High Flight," which has already
become a classic. It has been re-
ceived with much enthusiasm in
the United States, Great Britain
(Continued on page 25)

Corners



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

GNOTHI SEAUTON —KNOW THYSELF

A Greek philosopher once said to a disciple of his that if he would achieve success he must first know himself. That idea has been so often expressed in prose and poetry that to repeat it is unnecessary. So, in the brief space that has been allotted to me in your magazine, I will confine myself to outlining the means to that self knowledge, which is so necessary for competent leadership.

It is obtained principally from three sources: first from our friends, secondly from our enemies, thirdly from ourselves. The first two sources may again be divided into knowledge obtained from our superiors and from those we are trying to lead. Criticism,

which is the course of self knowledge from friends, is rarely profitable. Most of our friends, particularly those whom we lead are careful to see only the good points in our makeup. Our superiors on the other hand may be a great source of inspiration by example but are seldom efficacious in other ways. "Blessed is the man who has a friend who will really expose his faults."

Those who are hostile to us, then, are the best sources of self-knowledge. There is nothing like a good healthy expression of hatred to make us cognizant of our real weakness. An enemy will generally take good care to make public not only to us but to everybody the causes that lead to failure in our attempts to lead others. This applies equally well to those who are our superiors as to our subjects. Unfortunately our subjects are often timid to expose our faults to us personally. Again there is a great temptation to discount too fully the criticisms of those whom we know to be hostile to us and to our cause. A good leader will take into full accounting every criticism of his enemy because it contains, generally, the danger signals of his failure. Opposing generals are very careful not to criticize too early the weakness of the enemy in any spot, full realizing that the enemy will use that information to bolster himself in that particular regard; so a good hateful expression of our faults should be used by us to strengthen ourselves in the things that form the basis of our enemy's attack upon us.

Summing up dispassionately what we have learned from the approval and the criticism of our friends and enemies is the source

(Continued on page 24)

A DOG'S LIFE

(By Hawkeye)

A wise man is once supposed to have remarked, (and I misquote) that "dogs is dogs the world over;" which merely goes to prove that that worthy had never visited this famous White City, for our dogs are unique in every respect.

The camp mascot, who is normally to be found guarding the main gate, for example, is probably the only one of his kind on the continent. "Flight Sergeant" has never been accurately identified with any of the 173 known species of bow-wows, although our reporter did contact an old camp resident who asserted that the animal was a cross between a door mat and a telegraph pole. It has been noticed, that, recently the influence of the latter parent is coming more and more to the fore, since "F/SGT" is putting on so much flesh that his badges of rank have become quite engulfed in doggy fat, and all attempts to persuade him to take just a short stroll into the far country beyond the gate have fallen on deaf, if not drooping ears. This change of contour and increased inactivity should, of course, have been anticipated long ago; dogs unconsciously form their habits from those with whom they associate, and "F/SGT'S" chances of ever developing into an energetic hound were doomed from the day that he was posted against an establishment vacancy on the Station Police Staff. A great pity, for as a puppy he had been known

to walk as much as half a mile in a 24 hour period.

And speaking of puppies, what **IS** the GEN about that amazing litter that was reported to be housed in the Signal Section? As a careful student of D.R.O.'s, the style of which has deteriorated so much lately that scarcely any plot can be detected in the daily serial, the writer is fully aware of the penalties attached to the malicious spreading of rumours. However since everyone appears to have heard of these puppies, there must, surely, be something to the story.

All attempts to extract information from these secretive, clam-like Signals types failed miserably, and your reporter was referred to FLT/LT. Hawkins by a dozen Wireless wallahs, each of whom wore the appearance of having just tucked a packet of dog biscuits into his pockets. The cook house people provided no assistance, for they merely hinted about the daily ration of two gallons of fresh milk, extracted from only the most contented of cows, and mentioned that a contract had been drawn up . . . nobody of course, had seen the document, so back we went to the wire-pullers hideout. There we appealed to the O/C. Signals but his answers were most evasive, and although we found ourselves agreeing that 18 puppies WAS certainly a large family for one small mamma, we received no direct confirmation of their actual existence. So much secrecy surrounds the whereabouts of these mysterious whelps that as thorough an inspection as possible

When The Leaders Met

WHO	WHEN	WHERE	WHY
ROOSEVELT CHURCHILL	August 1941	At Sea	Draft Atlantic Charter.
ROOSEVELT CHURCHILL	December 1941	Washington	Map global strategy, pledge no separate peace, outline declaration of United Nations.
ROOSEVELT CHURCHILL	June 1942	Washington	Plan invasion of North Africa.
ROOSEVELT CHURCHILL	January 1943	Casablanca	Decide to demand "unconditional surrender."
ROOSEVELT CHURCHILL	May 1943	Washington	Plan intensified drive on Japan, invasion of Sicily.
ROOSEVELT CHURCHILL	August 1943	Quebec	Name Lord Mountbatten to Southeast Asia command, study global strategy.
ROOSEVELT CHURCHILL	September 1943	Washington	Map closer cooperation with Russia.
ROOSEVELT CHURCHILL CHIANG KALSHEK	November 1943	Cairo	Plan to strip Japan of half-century's conquests, pick Gen Eisenhower as invasion chief.
ROOSEVELT CHURCHILL STALIN	Nov.-Dec. 1943	Teheran	Plan 3-way blows to crush Hitler.
ROOSEVELT CHURCHILL INONU	December 1943	Cairo	Discuss Turkey's role.
ROOSEVELT CHURCHILL	September 1944	Quebec	Plan disposition of defeated Germany, advance Pacific strategy.
ROOSEVELT CHURCHILL STALIN	February 1945	Crimea	Map program for final defeat of Nazis and occupation of Germany after the war.

was given to the Signals Office and Workshops, and although a dimly lit corner did appear to contain a cunningly concealed trap-door in the floor, it may merely have been provided to hide the cokes. The only evidence gath-

ered was purely coincidental, and consisted in the feverish planting of a number of trees in the near vicinity of No. 3 Hangar.

So, the mystery still persists. Will NOBODY tell us the truth about the puppies?

Hail! Australasia

(This poem was written in honor of the first contingent of Australian and New Zealand airmen to arrive in Canada in 1940 for training under the Commonwealth Air Training Scheme. The poem was published at No. 1 Wireless School, Montreal, in 1940.)

Hail! comrades, Australasia's sons
 in Arms,
 From the lands of Kingsford-
 Smith and Cobber Kaine,
 The fair Antipodes, beneath the
 South'ren Cross,
 From 'way below half 'cross the
 world you came.
 Forsook all else to join the free-
 man's band,
 Sweet life, and home, and friends,
 and blest domain,
 Warriors born who do not shirk
 the cost,
 That men may work and laugh
 and love by God's design.

Like brave and bold crusading
 knights of old,
 Bestirred at thoughts of battle
 for the Right,
 Hastening to join us here from
 lands afar,
 To swell the gathering forces for
 the Fight.

Vanguard of the host of aerial
 warriors,
 With throbbing Might and Speed
 to fill the Heavens,
 The skies shall be your deadly
 Tourney-field,
 Steeds of Lightning; Thunder-
 bolts your weapons.

You are the chosen ones, and
 written down
 Here present in your country's
 name,
 Bearers of a proud tradition, a
 sacred trust
 To keep and cherish, and gain new
 fame.
 With hope and pride Australasia
 'waits your hour,

Across ten thousand miles they
 shout you on,
 "Advance! Australia," "Onward,
 New Zealand,"
 On to spartan deeds far up be-
 neath the sun.

And you shall show them mighty
 aerial deeds,
 For are you not true sons of
 mighty Anzaes?
 Whose hallowed glory lives for-
 ever on
 In Flanders, Gallipoli and Pales-
 tine,
 Whose watching eyes turned
 Heavenward see you soar
 Aloft the fields they nobly fought
 and bled,
 Hark! their voice borne upward
 on the breeze
 Call "Advance! Advance! Aus-
 tralia and Emm Zed."

And there shall come an hour as
 sure as dawn,
 "Per ardua ad astra' the Fight
 is won,
 The Hordes of Darkness smitten
 from the sky,
 A grateful world prays smiling
 in the Sun
 That all the world may be each
 man's concern,
 To share this lovely earth in true
 accord,
 When Greed, and Fear, and Pride
 may be no more,
 True Victory . . . of the Spirit and
 the Sword.

By F/Sgt. Tom Armstrong

SHOTS HERE AND THERE



Top—
Hello "Watson"
LAW. McCauliffe
Right
LAW. Hudon
Left



Top—
Too many cooks?
Cpl. Hutehison
LAW. Bloxon
LAW. Drake



Centre—Ugh-h-h.
Capt. Dunn, Cpl. Wye and Unidentified Patient

Left Bottom—Anybody want a roast?
Cpl. Campbell LAC. Bissell

Calling Maintenance

By Cpl. Day

Maintenance in any S.F.T.S. is, in reality, a hospital for ailing aircraft, where overtired engines and airframes, instruments, and electrical equipment are gone over thoroughly by mechanical doctors. Severe fractures and broken parts are replaced by these men, each one an expert in his own line of operations, and always with the one thought in mind—to "keep 'em flying."

We of Maintenance Squadron have seen many changes since No. 9 S.F.T.S. officially opened in August, 1942. Only a handful of the original "immigrants" arriving at Centralia from Summerside, P.E.I., are now present on the station.

F/S. Engdahl, in charge of the electrical section, saw his department grow from less than 6 men to 4 times that many; F/S. Avis, the capable N.C.O. who was formerly in charge of rigging in No. 6 hangar, F/S. Martin, in charge of the instrument section, and F/S. McKinnon, in charge of the carpenter shop, report the same increase in their sections.

To Sgt. Hunter-Duvar of Test and Development goes the credit of being responsible for many engine and component "cut-downs" where students can see the mechanical operation of en-

gines and magnetos. A visit to the synthetic room where Sgt. Hunter-Duvar's work is on display is really worth while.

F/S. Oldham, NCO in charge of maintenance, and W.O.2 Dickson, at present with servicing squadron, have built up a control and log book room that is without doubt the most efficient and best equipped room of its kind in any S.F.T.S. in Canada.

Maintenance Squadron of No. 9 S.F.T.S. had (and we hope still has) the very enviable reputation of the highest serviceability of Anson aircraft of any similar station in Canada, and while this might not be generally known, it is a record of which to be proud. We believe the reason for this record is due to the fact that there has been at all times splendid co-operation between the different departments, from W/C. Moody and S/L. McKenzie right down to our latest permanent force A.C.1 "repat."

If, at some future time, maintenance squadron ceases to operate, I'm sure we shall all carry away with us memories of not only the aircraft we all helped to maintain, but of the entire personnel whose motto is: "Keep 'em flying."

"Frequent water drinking," said the advising sergeant, prevents becoming stiff in the joints."

"Yeah," replied the rookie, "but some joints don't serve water."

Wife (in back seat): "Don't drive so fast, George!"

Husband: "Why not?"

Wife: "That policeman on a motorcycle behind us can't get by."

The Little Corporal

by LAC. Jock Carroll

A trainee, a remustered corporal, knocked on F/L. Finlayson's door.

"Come in. Oh, yes, Corporal Crangle. What can I do for you, Crangle?"

"Well, suh, it's this way. Things bin lookin' as though ah might graduate this course. And ah bin thinkin', Mr. Finlayson, suh, about whut's gonna happen this boy. These boys whut bin graduatin' heah, they-all seem to be made sahgunts and officuls. Well, suh, ah'd like to know that ef ah should graduate, couldn't ah just stay a corporal? Suh, ah bin a corporal now for so many years that ah figgers being made a sahgunt would be just about too much foah me. Ef you-all doan' mind, suh."

Just how Corporal Crangle will make out in his struggle to keep those stripes which he is beginning to feel "he was born with", we do not know. But there isn't anyone on Course 122 who is not pulling for the popular boy from Gawgia. We want him to be happy.

Earl Crangle, the little Corporal—he only stands six foot two in his bare feet (that's the way they stand in Georgia) has had a long and interesting life, even before he went airerew. His father, George Crangle, is one of the top bird dog handlers in the United States, and Earl had achieved the same reputation before he joined the Air Force. Earl says that his



Tarheelin's Lucky Strike here demonstrating one of the niceties of field trial running. He is backing up the champion setter, Rumson Farm Loeh, who has found a covey of birds. "Honouring a point."—to the technical experts.

experience in handling dogs proved invaluable when he was put on Course 122, which, he maintains, is "composed of mad dogs and Englishmen."

Earl and his father make their home in Waynesboro, Georgia. This is in Burke County—"the biggest cotton producing county in the United States." Down there, the world is divided into just two sections, Burke County—and the other part. Our W.D. friends in the Post Office have been more than a little shaken to receive letters addressed simply: "Corporal E. C. Crangle, North of the Mason-Dixon Line."

Earl is one of those fortunate few who have had practically no trouble getting their pilot's wings. Except for a little over three years as a PTI corporal, and a few detours by way of Toronto M.D.,

(Continued on next page)

Trenton, Regina, St. Thomas, Toronto University, Toronto ITS, Mountainview, Windsor Mills and St. John's, he has gone straight through.

Civilian affairs were not entirely forgotten for Earl during those happy, idle years as a PTI corporal. For it seems that bird dog men have special lines of communication. As soon as the Canadian members of the fraternity located Earl, he was besieged with invitations to judge field dog trials in Canada. This was a fortunate occurrence, not only for the dog men who were able to obtain the services of a man who knew dogs from one end to the other, but for Canadian Womanhood. Had he been left loose in the country on his leaves, there is simply no accounting for the devastation a tall, blonde boy with a southern accent might have wreaked amongst our sweet, simple young girls.

Earl has helped pick the winners at the Provincial Championships in 1943 and 1944, held at London and Niagara-on-the-Lake, twice at the Toronto Ontario Bird Dog Association trials, and for four years at the London B.D.A. trials.

In the meantime Earl's father is keeping the Crangle name alive back home. At the Atlanta Field Trials of just a week ago, Crangle dogs ran up a score like this:

- 2nd in Open All Age
- 1st in Amateur All Age
- 1st in Amateur Derby
- 2nd in Open Derby
- 3rd in Amateur Derby
- 1st in Amateur Puppy
- 2nd in Open Puppy
- 3rd in Open Puppy
- 2nd in Amateur Derby
- 2nd in All Age Amateur
- 3rd in All Age.

Seems hardly fair.

Earl's best dog just now is Tarheelia's Lucky Strike, by Lexington Jake out of Tarheelia's Best Best. With him Earl has captured the National Quail Championship, the Dominion Prairie Chicken Championship and, twice, the National Open Pheasant Championship. Tarheelia's Lucky Strike is the only living dog to have won three open championships on three different types of game.

Earl can hold you for hours with his stories of field trials and hunting dogs. There is just one thing one has to watch for. Knowing we Canadians are a simple folk, he is apt, the odd time, to take the bit between his teeth when he comes to that thin line between fact and fiction. This tendency is, apparently, common to professional dog handlers as well as to amateur fishermen.

For his field trial work, Earl prefers pointers to setters. For coon and fox hunting, he likes those strains of hounds known as *July's* and *Walker's*. And for a house pet, if you are thinking of getting one, he says that one of the smartest and prettiest is the little cocker spaniel.

If you want to know anything about dogs and hunting, don't forget to look up Corporal Earl Crangle. Nice People.

o—o—o—o

The young man was rather shy, and after she had thrown her arms around him and kissed him for bringing her a bouquet of flowers, he jumped up and grabbed his hat.

"Oh, don't go," she said, as he made for the door. "I didn't mean to offend you."

"Oh, I'm not offended," he replied, "I'm going for more flowers."

W. D. ODDITIES

By Cpl. Edith Lohn

...VIVIEN DRAYTON (alias Red, alias Blue, alias Censored) of the I. & R. is determined to lose weight—by order of her Mater. "Is it worth it?" groans Red every morning, making valiant attempts to drag herself out of bed, literally limping into her clothes. The night before consisted of skipping around the Drill Hall four times with her little rope, innumerable calisthenics of the highest order, and being bashed square in the face with a basketball. My, mama is going to be proud of her girl!

...ROOM 46, of which Red is a cell mate, seems to have caught the bug, too. Most any night, if you are lucky enough to stiek one foot in this notorious room without being stopped and asked for your "I" card, and particulars of trespassing, you can see a bevy of beautiful W.D.'s stretched out on their G.I. blankets, doing cal-

isthenies to their hearts content. Chief supervisor, TIPI!

...EVERY DAY some W.D. receives a paper from home, be it Bathurst, N.B., Winnipeg, Barrie, Joe's Place (Moscow), but I have yet to hear from mother in Vancouver. We still have the old unreliable stage-coach, Indians, and all that.

...IN a faintly reminiscent mood, let us just think back on all the fun we had at Grand Bend last summer: the hilarious times in our cottages, the steak lunches, sun-bathing on the beach, and dips in the lake. And on the station during the week when the heat was intolerable, simply walk down to the pool at noon-hour or after supper for a swim. How perfect even after a movie, to quickly change into swim suits and splash around in the pool, with dear Mr. Man in the Moon playfully casting incredibly fascinating reflections upon the water.



Famous Saying—

This won't hurt—much!

"Mac" Ross—"Never saw times so good."

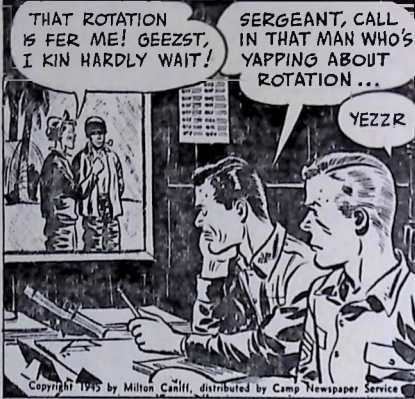
Ken Dawson—"My dreams are getting better all the time," or "Wait till you hear this one."

o—o—o—o

Did you hear about the two mechanics whose meetings had been happening with growing animosity until one morning Joe said, "You're a blankety blank tarradiddle." Jack was stumped, and thought he had been complimented until he got hold of a dictionary. Next morning, on seeing Joe, he called, "You're a hyperbolizer, too."

Male Call

by Milton Caniff, creator of "Terry"



POSTINGS

P/O. "Frank" Keleher, a native of St. John N.B., who has been our assistant Adjutant since last December is on his way overseas for a tour of "ops." Good luck Frank!

F/O. "Bill" Rikely of Kingston, who has been teaching the fundamentals of flying twins to the lads hereabouts, is at last to realize his dreams. He is being transferred to the Fleet Air Arm where we are certain he will do a grand job. So long Bill—hope you don't have too much trouble finding your "postage stamps."

Opl. Tom Balbin, of Toronto, and Sgt. Bob Hall, two year men here, are shortly to get away from all this and settle down to dodging raindrops in Merry England. May your stay in the Isles be a pleasant one, boys. P/O. Howard Gitter, who was a tremendous help on the "Flyer" staff, has left us, to transfer to the

U.S.A.A.F. Our best wishes go with you Howard.

Our genial C.G.I., S/L. George McGee is on his way to becoming a "civvie." His smiling countenance will be missed, not only at G.I.S., but by all station personnel.

One of the best hockey players that the Centralia "Flyers" ever had is now out of the service and back at Stratford, the place where he boasts anything can happen, and usually does. Any chance of the Leafs needing a good player? Anyhow, George Shaw, civilian, we wish you the best of luck.



and the Pirates"

Whirl it all End?



THE WANDERING DESK

By F/O. L. F. Fleming

A recent repat. officer, F/O. M. F. Fix, a cousin of that highly touted Englishman, P/O. Prune, was given a desk job at one of our Air Force H.Q.'s.

One morning the staff was surprised to see F/O. Fix seated at his desk, said desk being in the hallway just outside his office door. Although thinking this procedure strange, no one said a word. The following morning, aforementioned officer and desk were parked in the centre of the Orderly Room, carrying on business as casually as on the previous day. Still, no comments were made by the astonished staff. In two days time, another move was made, this time to the outer or main hall of the building. By now the staff was a bit worried, thinking that their repat. friend had been mentally affected during his tour of operations. Still, not wishing to disturb Mr. Fix,

the staff continued to suffer and wonder in silence. But the straw broke three days later when our erstwhile officer was seen to take his desk into the washroom. A Squadron Leader, seeing this, immediately questioned our young Flying Officer. "Just what exactly are you up to, Fix? First the hall, then the orderly room, then the outer hall, and now the washroom. Explain yourself, man!" "Well, sir," our hero replied, "I've been here a week now, and to my mind, the washroom is the only place in which people know what they are doing!"

o—o—o

Mary walked up to the bank clerk's window and said: "I would like to buy some traveller's cheques."

The clerk asked: "What denomination, please?"

Mary replied: "Methodist."

The Service Life of an Aircrew Trainee

By Cpl. W. "Hank" Sherritt

September 2, 1942

So you want to be a pilot young man? Well, just put your "John Henry" right here, and while you are being sworn in, I'll make out a demand voucher for your own personal Spitfire.

"What a real nice chap that recruiting man is," I thought, as I stuck one hand in the air and took the oath. "Just imagine, Gee! This morning "my ole man" wouldn't consider lending me the car to come here, said I couldn't even operate a lawn-mower, let alone a car. And here is this swell fellow, with those three "Jagged affairs" on his sleeve, giving me a brand new Spitfire, all of my own—FREE!

September 23—Same Year

Ah!—What a pity, that I was so young—so gullible. To think that that "Sharpee" with those "three strips of bacon" on his arm, could have made such a sucker out of me. GAD! I've never seen so many pots in all my life. Three weeks now, I've been at Manning Pool, and if they're not sticking needles in my arm, they're sticking pots in my hand. I've got such a bad case of "dishpan hands," that I was put on charge the other morning for wearing red mittens on parade. I think, confidentially, that I have been the victim of a "shady" deal. The Cpl. I work for in the kitchen has the most even temper of any man I ever met—bad all the time.

September 25th

Today, they lined us all up, and said they were going to "drill" us. I was willing to believe the guy that made the remark. He

looked like he would shoot anything from dice to his Mother. But I guess I was a little mixed up, because I've gathered since that they were going to try to teach us to march. The man in charge of our squad today was a Flight-Sergeant. I overheard a Cpl. telling one of the lads, that in order to be eligible for that rank, you have to undergo a delicate operation—they remove your heart!

November 10th

This has sure been a red-letter day for me. I have finally been posted to Initial Training School, and from what I've heard of it—it sounds like a job in a "Jute-Mill" with room and board. Oh well! after all, there's a war on.

November 11th

Arrived at No. 6 I.T.S. today and am surprised to see everyone there is human and I haven't even seen a "bull-whip" all day, maybe those "washouts" back at the pool were just "giving us the gears."

January 25th, 1943

Have just come from graduation parade and for some reason or another, I feel quite a better type, considering the strain of the past ten weeks. How a guy can do so much studying and P.T. and put on 5 lbs. at the same time is something that amazes me. We have all been promoted to LAC's now, and are posted to Elementary Flying Training School.—This should be good.

P.S.

They have given us two weeks leave and after hearing the plans, that some of the boys have for this

forthcoming vacation, I'm afraid I have been living in the dark ages too long.

February 2nd (No. 20 E.F.T.S., Oshawa)

What a spot—I'd love to be here in the summer—swimming pool, tennis courts, a football field. (Yes, they also do a little flying on the side.)

We commenced our training here yesterday, and we received our introduction to the aircraft we are to fly. They are Tiger Moths, but some of the boys have modified the name to "Tiger Schmitt." To give you a description of one after my familiarization flight, I would say that they are—"an engine assisted glider with a Yo-Yo complex."

My instructor gave me control and told me to try to hold it straight, and level. When we got down and went into the flight room, after making a great effort to pull himself together, he told me that my evasive action was the best he'd ever seen and if I continued to fly as good, later on he was going to arrange a trip for me with the Squadron Commander. But I think that I noticed a touch of sarcasm in his voice.

April 16th

Once again, I have been fortunate enough to attend another graduation parade. Things seem to be looking better all the time. I have been quite a success here at Elementary, and am quite a topic of discussion among the boys. They refer to me, as "Sherritt—the Scourge of the Circuit." I saw my instructor's report on my flying today. He says, and I quote, "This student is poor on sequences, but his straight and level is almost passable."

We had our flight party last night and I think some one must

have put something in my Ginger-Ale (Bless them!) This morning the Medical Officer told me to close my eyes before I bled to death.

From here, we are to go on to the next phase of our training. I think they call it "Useful Employment." Our gang have been posted to a place on the coast.

P.S.

We are going to get another two weeks leave. I'd like to go to New York again, but last leave I sent a post card home to my mother, and I told her I'd been to see Betty Grable. She bawled the dickens out of me, and told me to have nothing to do with those girls as they are too "flighty."

May 3rd

Have just arrived at Dartmouth. What a trip I had, riding all the way in one of those "reconditioned reminiscences" of the Colonial era. I was so black with coal-dust when I got off at Halifax, that some members of a coloured lodge — "The Mystic Knights of the Sea"—Local 431—mistook me for one of their returning brethren and before I knew it, I was, wined, dined, in a crap-game, and cleaned before I could get my bearings. However, I finally managed to get to Dartmouth. (I signed on the Dartmouth Ferry—as an experienced stoker, and worked my way across the harbour.)

Dartmouth!—what a spot. I've been attached to the business ends of such things as a pick and shovel for two months now, and I've got blisters so big, I couldn't pick up a ten dollar bill with both hands. (And believe me, that's very ungood.)

The weather here is rather unpredictable, as a matter of fact, they have the biggest reversible

coat factory in Canada right in Dartmouth.

October 24th

AT LAST!! A posting to Service Flying Training School. Where? No. 9 S.F.T.S., CENTRALIA, ONTARIO. It sure sounds like a marvellous spot.

October 27th (CENTRALIA)

The White City, as they call it is sure an efficient looking place, if I ever saw one. We met F/L Finlayson—the character and leadership Officer today. There can't be many of his type left. To my way of thinking, he is sort of an Abraham Lincoln with muscles. I understand, that he used to run around the runways every day for exercise, but was forced to quit. S.B.A. complained that his slipstream was ruining their take-offs.

October 28th—(Same Place)

This has been quite a full day. During the morning, we were introduced to our Commanding Officer, Group Captain Fullerton, who accorded us a very warm welcome, the C.F.L., Squadron Leader Brooker—wished us lots of luck, and the C.G.L. S/L, McGee told us that Ground School washouts were practically unheard of at Centralia. So with our hopes stretching like a pre-war girdle, we made our way to our respective flights to meet our flying instructors.

October 29th

It gets deeper by the minute. This morning, they handed us a list of safety checks for the "Mighty Anson" MK11, and I might say in passing, that the war sure has played strange tricks on the aircraft industry.

I was looking one of these "yellow-perils" over this morning and I find that the airframe was built by Canadian Car and Foundry. The props are made by Hoover (Vacuum Cleaners, I

presume), undercarriage by Cockshutt Plow (Aircraft Division), exhaust stacks by Massey-Harris, and engines by Singer Sewing Machine Company (Jacobs Subsidiary).

This is typical of what our country can do in the face of an emergency, and despite my inexperience as a pilot, I would venture to say that there are few aircraft as reliable. (Authors—Unemployment Insurance).

March 20th

Believe it or not, we have finally lied, cheated, fumbled, and stumbled through the complete syllabus, and are now, (as a certain Sgt. signals instructor put it) qualified "Drivers—Airframe."

So—on March 29th, 1945, if we don't sleep in or slip on one of those floors we have been waxing lately, and break an ankle we will graduate as (fully?) fledged pilots.

It should be set down here, as a fitting finale to this misconstruance of the true facts, that, all in all, it has really been a great session with the highest reward that any service course can give—"THOSE WINGS."

I would like, at this point to present the collective feelings of Course 121. We have had some spare time these last few days, prior to our Wings Parade, to reflect on a lot of things in general, and we have decided that it has taken on an awful lot of people to help us along through this story—people who go along day after day, doing the same job, doing their best to help win the war and not getting much recognition. So, because we are so fully aware of all the facts and of the help and co-operation we have received all along the road, we, the boys of course 121, wish to express our profound gratitude to you. Thanks a million!

REMINISCING

Pop Watson (per F/O. C. Leeder)

"Mud! Mud! Mud! That's what I first remember about No. 9!" says Pop Watson, lighting his faithful briar for the fifth time. When he arrived here early in September, 1941, the weather was clear and sunny. By dint of long hours and steady effort, he won his bet that his stand would be completed before the Guard House. Just an hour before the fall deluge hit Centralia, Pop laid the last strip of roofing on his building. Then it rained, he declares, for six months without stopping.

Everybody was issued rubber boots, and were they needed! All slept together in one barrack block, now No. 10. Instead of sweeping the floors in the morning, the men scraped the mud up with shovels and threw it out the windows. When leaving the station at night, rubber boots were left at the Guard House and a change made to lighter gear. Where the Victory Garden was located last summer, there was a broad expanse of murky water known as "Lake Centralia."

During these early days, there were two eating places, Pop Watson's and "Mamie's" (a speaker of no mean pretensions on political matters). Pop fed the men in three shifts starting at 11.30. Later, when the Airmen's Mess Hall was completed, all ranks ate together for some time.

Two prominent and able-bodied

men, Tupper Anderson and Rod Ellis, kept fires burning in the buildings as they were erected one by one. They acted also as night watchmen, and made sure that nobody got away with more than themselves. Tupper periodically "sold" the Airport for \$13.95 (and his ancient Whippet—no lights—for \$49.50). Pop Watson says he was "Watch Father," and acted in emergencies when the two "officials" were out trying to find buyers.

Mr. Evans was the Supervising Engineer for the Department of National Defence. Besides No. 9, he built Aylmer, Hagersville, Jarvis, and Malton. Time and again the bulldozer became mired and had to be assisted on its way by five or six trucks. Many farmers of the surrounding country worked as carpenters. After the full gang of workers was on the job, a couple of buildings would spring up in a day. By the end of December, 1941, two or three hangars had been completed. No. 7 Hangar suddenly collapsed when about half built. Fortunately, no one was injured.

Sgt. Meek was sent by Command to supervise the stowage of planes, which began to arrive in the early spring of 1942. In those days, heavy equipment was hard to obtain, and he had to borrow trucks, tractors, and bulldozers from the Armstrong Construction Company to do the job. F/S. Saunders (now W.O.2) was in
(Continued on page 22)

The Wolf

by Sansone

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ODE TO A BOTTLE CAP

My throat was parched, my stomach dry,
 Now here with a bottle cap sit I,
 The flavour's gone, but not my thirst,
 I really feel I'm going to burst.
 Ten minutes ago I had some cash,
 But what should happen? I got rash!
 Through the canteen door I drooled,
 ed,
 But soon I saw the boys weren't fooled,
 They heard the jingle with twitching ears,
 And all jumped up and ordered beers!

No Shocks

"Be careful of a live wire when you're in the bathtub."

"Oh, I am. I always lock the door."

* * *

A man recovering from an anaesthetic became very sentimental. His wife turned to the nurse:

"I haven't heard him talk like that since our honeymoon, where do you buy the stuff?"

* * *

A travelling salesman returning from a particularly unsuccessful trip told his sales manager, "If Hitler still wants more territory, he can have mine."

CROSSWORD

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	
1	F	R	E	E	C	O	M	A	N	D	O	D	R	I	D				
2	E	M	I	T		A	R	T	E	S	I	A	N		S	A	M	E	
3	P	L	E		A		T							T	A	R			
4	I	R	R	E	C	L	A	R					C	L	E	A	R		
5	A	T			L	O	A	L	E										
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18																			

PUZZLE

HORIZONTAL

1. Fruit 6. Commanding Officer 9. Butane (Abbr.) 12. Behold 15. Dry
2. Send forth 6. Well 15. Identical
3. Payment 6. Var 10. Suffix 16. Thick black liquid
4. Not regular 11. Two letters 14. Act of besieging
5. Negative (Fr.) 7. Behold 10. Brewed hops 17. Negative prefix
6. Jean 7. Once a year 15. Male actor
7. Natural gift 9. Man, buddy (slang) 13. Province
8. To register 8. Forced to 13. Against
9. And (Fr.) 8. Consumed plus r 15. Two letters
10. Boy's name 6. Sit (past tense) 11. Skill 15. Possessive (collective)
11. Lake 6. German 15. Chinese food
12. Back 8. Iron beam 15. Prefix (used in electricity)
13. Unit (electricity) 11. Two letters
14. A deed 9. Two letters 12. Gov't. representative in foreign country
15. Place 8. Leaf of a book 15. Egyptian Goddess
10. Prefix 4. Deer (female) 8. Old 13. Insect 17. Preposition
17. French (for around) 8. To see (past participle) 13. Ivy green (Fr.)
18. Nova Scotia 4. Radio transmission 14. Lucky Strike 17. Two letters

VERTICAL

1. Distinct 10. Pronoun (fem.) 15. Action of lenning
 2. Country 10. The Urus 14. Members of a race in Japan
 3. One who ties 6. Obligation of a subject to his sovereign
 4. Suffix 6. Nor 14. Member of Tudor family
 5. Gov't. Issue 7. Nursing Sister 16. Outside
 6. Colling and visibility unlimited 7. Two letters 10. Enemy agent 14. On top of
 7. Spoken 10. 2 letters 13. Royal Navy
 8. Commerce 8. Ripe 15. Time gone
 9. To exist 6. To border 11. Save
 10. United States 5. Got up 11. Note in musical scale 14. Moulding in form of an "S"
 11. Total (2 words) 8. Comes behind 15. Girl's name
 7. Footman 10. God of the Sun 13. Two letters
 13. Number 7. Two letters 10. Explosive 14. Shape of an egg
 14. Yes (Spanish) 7. Prefix 16. None
 15. Similar 6. Heavenly bodies 14. Situation
 16. Established measure 6. Existing everywhere
 17. To suppose 10. Royal Can. Army 14. French minor coin
 18. A vessel abandoned 10. To establish 15. Movement forward of the foot
- (Answers on page 22)

THE GESTAPO

Greetings from the gate! This is the first time that we, The Gestapo (as those stalwart "guardians of law and order" are sometimes called) have contributed anything to the "Flyer", and we hope it will not be the last. (Ed.'s note—ditto!)

We all have memories of incidents, some humorous, some tragic, that go to make up life on an R.C.A.F. flying school. The contacts we have made with many fine friends and associates have tended to broaden our outlook on life, and we are all the better men and women because of that association.

In years to come, we may look back on the old days at Centralia when we played our various parts in the scheme of things, and be proud that it was our collective individual efforts that composed the complete picture that was "No. 9." All of us have performed the various duties we were called upon to do, regardless of their nature, and all were essential to the successful promotion of the war.

It was not all work—we will recall lighter moments: the keen and friendly competition in the various sports, the dances, the Section parties, the graduations, and those 48's at Grand Bend, when we baked in the glorious sunshine on that beautiful section of the shores of Lake Huron, or fished for bass and perch from the neck of the river mouth. (The Centralia winters and the snow need no mention! They are also indelibly impressed on our memories.)

Work, play, and recreation blended to help maintain the high standard of morale at No. 9 and the "esprit de corps" prevalent in the R.C.A.F.

Some will no doubt remember the day they arrived at Centralia. The first to greet them were the Service Police. Some will also recall being greeted again later by those same Service Police after the dances (outside B.B.7) with the familiar "break it up" by those charged with the duty of keeping the wolf from the door (of said B.B.7)—viz: the Station Patrol.

Despite the Service Police, some of our station romances blossomed to a successful conclusion. To all our station brides and grooms, wherever they may be, the sincere wish of the Service Police is: "A long, happy and prosperous married life."

When, sometime in the future, we all finally leave the station—all of us with some feeling of regret—the last to wish us "good-bye and good luck" will be the S.P.'s, and our last look at No. 9 will be at the Guard House (which will evoke somewhat mixed feelings), and at the barrier of dark blue, light blue, and maroon that only No. 9 can boast of.

The splendid co-operation of everyone of all ranks is something "The Gestapo" will never forget!

F/O. S. James West.

o—o—o—o

Country Boy: "Shall I tell you how we shock the wheat?"

City Girl: "Oh dear, do you think I ought to listen?"

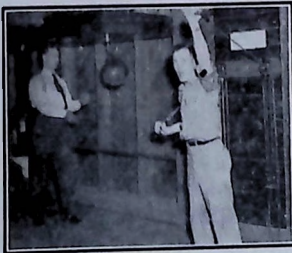
HOSTESS HOUSE NOTES

You certainly missed a good time if you did not attend the St. Patrick's Day Party at the Hostess House on March 16th. If only there had been a few more boys in attendance it would have been perfect.

The evening began with rummy, bridge, and Chinese Checkers. (Where did Ma'm St. Martin learn to make those wicked jumps?) Following a sumptuous supper, in which the colour green predominated, the Irish spirits ran high in old fashioned square dances and waltzes, with some rather discordant singing thrown in for good measure.

All too soon came the time for parting, and the well-nigh exhausted merrymakers wended their way back to their respective barracks. Orchids to Mrs. Thomson and Miss McKinley for a really first class party. They make **GRAND HOSTESSES**, don't they? Too bad that Miss McKinley has had to leave us after such a short stay, but we are hoping that Mrs. Thompson will remain for a long while yet.

THE BODY BUILDERS



GNOTHI SEAUTON —KNOW THYSELF

(Continued from page 5)

of the knowledge we obtain within ourselves. Call it introspection or whatever you will, but unless a man is capable of it he will never become a successful leader of men. A leader **MUST** be capable of dispassionately summing up for himself his success and his failures. Some men are pessimistic—others are optimistic, a leader must be neither; he must be sure. Some men are faddists, given to the following extreme personal convictions, others are universalists, following the trend of things to the sacrifice of right or wrong; the leader can be neither; he must have firm convictions, but they must be convictions based on the **NORMAL** rules of life. Some men are strong minded, not heeding the advice of others, others are dependent too much on those around them; again, the leader must be neither; he must have the mind to rule but must always be ready to profit by the superior technical or moral knowledge of those who surround him. Remember the words "Render unto Caesar?"

The more we study ourselves, the more we must realize the danger of extremes. Nothing will more quickly kill our powers of leadership than these extremes. True, for awhile, we may have a following, we may possess for a time the confidence or trust of those who think as we do or are not too weak to contradict us, but the time will always come when we must either abandon our extremes, or see our leadership vanish. The old adage still persists. "In medio stat virtus." Strength and goodness lies not in extremes but in the middle.

The Airmen's Mess

The doorman, bedecked like a king's guardsman, greets you and bids you welcome. Your hat is taken by a pert hat-check girl and in the meantime the head waiter has appeared out of nowhere to direct you to your seat. The surroundings are elegant—not splashy, but in the best of taste. You sink into the pile of the carpet as you follow the head waiter. Seated, you look around you, nod to your friends and light up a cigarette.

After an appropriate length of time the waiter arrives with the menu and stands off a little way, waiting the signal that you are ready to order. A nod from you and he is at your elbow. You decide to start off your meal with a light wine. No sooner said than done. A bottle of Chemin de Fer, 1912, is placed at your side in the ice basket and duly opened. My, how it sparkles in the soft glow of the indirect lighting. There, you are now ready to order your main course. What shall it be—filet mignon a laquette, chicken a la king, or breast of pheasant a la hunter? The mignon wins by a slight margin and turns out to be quite good. Of course the chef is a personal friend of yours and knows exactly how you like it done—not too rare, not too well done—just so. The pate de foie gras, pommes de terre, the pois verts, the lobster salad all add to the enjoyment of your repast. The lemon chiffon pie is not bad either.

Feeling more like yourself, you sit back, light up your La Ropa and enjoy your lemi-tasse. Just then the floor show gets under way. Chorines do their routine and then the feature attraction of the ev-

ening comes out. Oh, what a gorgeous creature! Lovely, golden hair, a perfect figure and a voice that's out of this world. You think "this being in the Air Force isn't so bad after all, even if I haven't got 'looks' like some of my associates." The singer comes towards you and before you know it is sitting at your table.

Yes, she is charming, and from a good family too, apparently. She's lonesome, she says, and would be very happy to have you take her home. She gets her wraps, and you escort her to the door. There's your private station wagon with James at the wheel. You're just about to step in when someone taps you lightly on the shoulder. You murmur lazily, "Yes, dear, what is it?" A raucous voice booms out, "C'mon, Pruneface, lunch hour's over and we gotta get those D.I.'s done."

You're determined to punch whoever it is in the nose, but on further investigation decide it would be very unwise with those two stripes staring you in the face. Oh well, you'll finish the dream tomorrow.

Chuck Crocker

HIGH FLIGHT

(Continued from page 4)

and Canada, and has been a source of immense help and inspiration to a great number of people. No one who reads these lines, especially those "men whose way is in the air," can doubt that John Magee had found a faith in God which was tremendously real to him, and which had become the basis of his whole life.

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

Frederick Mills--Rise and Face the Court

The words struck the lofty walls of the crowded, but hushed Hall of Justice, re-echoed in its farthest corners, and then were flung back to the ears of the dispassionate prisoner who had started to obey the Judge's peremptory summons almost with the first syllable. He knew the only answer the jury could have returned, and when the word "Guilty" rang out, it seemed to open a flood gate of emotion in every person present except the prisoner, who composedly turned around, spoke a few words to his lawyer and then walked swiftly forward to meet the approaching bailiff. A moment later the door joining cells and courtroom closed behind them.

Alone in his cell, and with time to think, he could not but help reviewing the whole thing once more in his mind.

Some friends had given Louise and him a small party in honour of their forthcoming marriage. At the party had been Dr. Jack Cronyn, a young not-too-successful physician. Fred had liked him at first. He had an easy grace and well polished charm that set him apart from the other fun-makers. Later on in the evening Fred had noticed his fiancée in heated discussion with Cronyn.

He learned later as he was driving her home that this doctor was no stranger to his future wife, and that she had been repeatedly bothered by him for some months. Blazing with anger at the news, Mills had lost no time in speaking to him about it. Cronyn's manner had deserted him, and a taunting laugh was his only answer.

The next night he told Louise

what had transpired. She had been pre-occupied at the time with bandaging her right thumb which had received a nasty cut a few moments before. He remembered this well, because he had had to repeat the whole incident again when she had finished.

In his cell Fred Mills' mind began to race at this point, and events tumbled over each other with the speed of his thoughts. Their joint visit to Cronyn's house—the doctor's still sneering attitude—his entering the car, a few seconds after Louise, who had left first at his request—Louise's sudden desire to return alone inside for a minute—and then her scream.

The police had been very polite and attentive. They listened carefully to her story of finding the body slumped grotesquely over one arm of a large sofa, its life blood dripping on the floor. Suspicion had immediately fastened on Fred, despite the fact that he knew he had never seen the ugly looking pistol before.

He had approached a table on which a policeman was making a routine check on the weapon for fingerprints. As he watched absent-mindedly, he was bewildered completely. Louise? No, never! —yet—

The handle had by this time been dusted with black powder. The movements of the policeman were almost automatic, and thus he was not watching his work at all times. It was while the man's head was raised, listening to his chief, that the pistol told its story, and Fred alone saw it.

With no hesitation, he grabbed

(Continued on next page)

Bouquets and Brickbats

In the white city events take place that sometimes gratify their disgrace. This brief note set down in rhyme will tell of bad times and sublime. A bouquet we would like to toss into the lap of our fine boss. Group Captain Fullerton's the name, a man abound in air force fame. His friends are listed by the mile, bewitched by his contagious smile. Another flower unto the "Y" whose staff is always standing by—with checkerboards and games galore, preventing many hours of bore. The hospital with its brilliant crew preventing ills for me and you, untiring efforts do us please stamping out germs and disease. We are the air force there's no doubt, but at times we must let out—that with us we have army too—what a swell job the mail goes thru! The dental staff's work is not brief in keeping perfect all our teeth. Fire piquet under a great chief keeps danger down—what a relief. We'd find it dull if we could not tease our female pals, the W.D.'s. Instruction of the best's the rule for all attending this our school. Hats off to all down in Accounts for keeping track of all amounts. Our dress is always in the fore, thanks to our staff at Clothing Store. Morale would really take a fall if not for

sports at our drill hall. And where, oh where, in this our land can they present such a pipe band? The brass band, too, deserves our praise—their repertoire abounds in lays. A man, we know, must eat to live, so to kitchen help we give three cheers for all of your fine feats in giving us such splendid eats. Thank goodness in our little song the praises sure outdo the wrong. Our Padres—they must smile with glee when all this good they're sure to see. There's one or two gum up the works in silly things that cause the irks. The smokers in the show should quit and make the atmosphere most fit for each and everyone to get enjoyment minus cigarette. Short-cutters, too, are often seen marring up the grass so green. Brickbats we throw at girl and boy who ceaselessly do cause annoy to ones who all times gladly lend. Return the goods and don't offend! In closing we would like to say we're glad you chanced to come our way. Then later if you're apt to look in pages past of memory's book, we would hazard just a guess that Number Nine S.F.T.S. will be in memories by the score, recalling happy days of yore. God speed to you—keep ever trying, and best of luck on ground or flying!

LAC. Axon

"FREDERICK MILLS—RISE AND FACE THE COURT"

the weapon from the startled hand of the "cop" and "broke down" completely, admitting his guilt, and demanding arrest.

The occupants of the room were stunned, but satisfied that the gun was devoid of prints and lacking

any evidence they were almost glad to arrest him.

But to Fred, the pistol had spoken—and to Fred alone. Of that he had to be sure. For what he had seen was a solitary print. The print of a thumb and on the thumb was the definite mark of a small cut!

LAC. Parker, A.M.

Movies at Leavitt's Theatre, Exeter

APRIL 2-3—2 Features

"GIRL RUSH"

Starring Frances Langford, Wally Brown and Alan Carney

"THE BIG NOISE" Laurel & Hardy

APRIL 4-5—2 Features

"THE MERRY MONAHANS"

Starring Donald O'Connor and Peggy Ryan

"MARK OF THE WHISTLER" Richard Dix

APRIL 6-7—2 Features

"SONG OF NAVADA" Starring Roy Rogers

Feature Comedy

APRIL 9-10

"GOING MY WAY"

Starring Bing Crosby, Barry Fitzgerald and Rise Stevens

Return Engagement by Popular Request

APRIL 11—2 Features

"GHOST CATCHERS" Olsen & Johnston

"EADIE WAS A LADY" Ann Miller

APRIL 12-13-14

"MEET ME IN ST. LOUIS" Judy Garland and Margaret O'Brien

A Metro Goldwyn Mayer Picture

APRIL 16-17—2 Features

"EXPERIMENT PERILOUS"

Hedy Lamarr, George Brent and Paul Lucas

"Feature Comedy"

APRIL 18-19

"MARRIAGE IS A PRIVATE AFFAIR"

Lana Turner - John Hodiak

A Metro Goldwyn Mayer Picture

APRIL 20-21

"MUCH TOO SHY" George Formby

APRIL 23-24—2 Features

"DOUBLE INDEMNITY" Fred MacMurray, Barbara Stanwyck

"DANCING IN MANHATTAN" Fred Brady

