

N^o 9 FLYER

N^o 9 SERVICE FLYING TRAINING SCHOOL, RCAF
CENTRALIA, Ontario



Vol. 1

No. 7

JUNE 1945

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CENTRALIA **NO. 9 FLYER** ONTARIO

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Editorial

By the time this issue of the No. 9 Flyer appears in print the name of our Station will be in the process of changing from No. 9 S.F.T.S. to No. 1 Airerew Conditioning Unit (A.C.U.). With the reduction of flying which will come about as a result of the change in the kind of training to be given by the Station, there will doubtless be a considerable change also in personnel. Many familiar faces will no longer be seen in our midst, while on the other hand many new ones will appear. To those who may be leaving us we say "Good-bye and good luck," whether you go to another unit,

or back to "civvy street," to those who are coming here for the first time we say, "Welcome to Centralia, and may your stay with us be a pleasant one."

Though the type of work to be done here will be different, the Station itself will be much the same as it has always been. We may therefore expect it to carry on under its new name in the same traditions and with the same fine spirit as it did when it was a Flying School.

In order to maintain a link with the past, and to help keep fresh in our minds the pleasant memories of more active flying days, it has been felt wise not to make any change in the name of the Station Magazine. It will therefore still be known as the No. 9 Flyer. The only change we should like to see in the Magazine is that it should improve with each succeeding issue. Whether or not this happens, depends to a large extent upon the Station personnel themselves. This is your Magazine, and without your interest and enthusiasm it can never hope to be a success, no matter how clever the editorial staff may be.

* * * * *

The May number of the Flyer was undoubtedly the best that has appeared since the Magazine came into being last December. This is as it should be, though there will doubtless be a few who will proclaim, in a rather superior manner, that that is not saying much. Perhaps not, but it is at least a move in the right direction; and with a little more effort there is no reason why we should not do even better yet. Constructive

The Sacrifices of War

criticism is always welcome; but what gladdens our hearts more than anything else is to see a stream of articles and poems coming in on time each month. Contributions for the July issue will gladly be received at any time at the "Y" Office, but should be in not later than June 26th.

Our special thanks are due to the Photographic Section and the other three sections concerned for their excellent co-operation in producing the photographs which appear in this issue. It is hoped to continue this policy of including photographs of different sections on the Station each month. We are also encouraged by the response to our request for articles, which on the whole has been very good. For some reason or other it is never necessary to ask for poetry, since up to the present, at any rate, plenty of it has always come in unsolicited. Can it be that our personnel prefer expressing their thoughts in rhyme, or is there some other reason?

Don't forget—June 26th is the deadline for the July issue!

o——o——o

Fay—"What's the hardest thing when you're learning to skate?"
May—"The ice."

* * *

Teacher: "Do you know why the earth turns round the sun on its axis?"

Scholar: "Yes sir. Because it don't want to be roasted too much on one side."

* * *

Judge—"It seems to me I've seen you before."

Prisoner—"You have, Your Honor. I gave your daughter singing lessons."

Judge—"Thirty years!"

I heard two mothers talking
Across the fence one day;
I listened for a moment,
And then I heard one say;

"My oldest's in the Army,
Far across the foam,
Fighting for King and Country,
And loved ones here at home.

And Tom, he's in the Navy,
Fighting on the sea;
He writes me not too often;
He's very seldom free.

My baby, he's a pilot;
He wears his silver wings,
I miss him and his brothers;
But that is what war brings."

"Have you a son in service,"
The mother asked her friend?
"You look so sad and weary,
Alone for days on end."

"I have no sons," the other said;
"My man and both my boys are
dead."

My husband died in Flanders
fields,
Fighting for peace and high ideals.

But what he fought for didn't
last;

For after many years had passed,
There had to come another war,
To claim the two sons that I bore.
They fought together side by side;
And living thus, they bravely died.

I wonder if the price they paid
Will bring the world for which
we've prayed;

If all this bitterness and pain
Is worth the peace we hope to
gain?"

LAW. E. L. Wessels.

Pioneer Days at No. 9

(The following story was told to LAC. Parker by Mr. L. B. Hodgson, the former owner of the land on which this Station now stands. Mr. Hodgson is now a civilian employee in the Station Pump House. He is included in the photograph of the Works and Buildings Section which appears in this issue.)

The first intimation I had that my land was any different from any other was in August of 1941. The Dept. of Transport, learning that there was a well on my farm producing an abundant supply of water, and realizing that the place was an ideal location for an airport, purchased my property, house and all, on August 25th, 1941.

The dwelling now used as the Y.W.C.A. Hostess House was my home for twenty-five years. My land ended on what is now the apron in front of the hangars. It was relatively level, except for eight acres of bushland approximately where No. 3 Hangar is now, and a sugar-beet patch on the site of the Administration Building. (Doubtless a few beets still left in the ground account for all the sweet smiles we get from the personnel employed in that particular corner of the Station!)

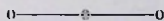
The well from which we draw our water was drilled three months before I actually sold my land. It is located just behind the Service Police hut at the barrier. On the initial test 400 gallons of water a minute were pumped for a period of 36 hours. To date 128,000,000 gallons of water have been used by the personnel of No. 9. (Where it all goes to is more

than we can explain. Some of the boys must spend half their time under the showers every night to use up that much water.)

The first airman to arrive was F/S. Al. Hamilton, an electrician, who remained here until last year. He was followed by a W. & B. Accountant, LAC. Hodgson (no relation), and lastly a Flight Sergeant firefighter.

The first aircraft arrived in March, 1942, followed by the advance party who came from Summerside, P.E.I. about June 15th. We went into operation in July of that year, and had our official opening the following September. (Thus came into being the most recent and up-to-date of the S.F. T.S. Stations in Canada—a Station whose personnel have made a valuable contribution to the winning of the war in Europe, and who will continue to render useful service until V-J Day is proclaimed.)

LAC. A. M. Parker.



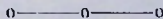
Take kindly all that is kindly meant;

Be first to thank, be last to resent. Give smiles to all who give smiles to thee;

Those who come frowning feign not to see.

For, oh believe me, this is the plan To lighten, to brighten the lot of man.

Anon.



Imagination was given to man to console him for what he is not—and a sense of humor for what he is.

Anonymous.

How to Avoid Colds

(By Robert Benchley)

The prevalence of the common cold (or house-fly) makes it advisable for everyone who possibly can to formulate a set of ten rules for their avoidance. At the end of the open season the best set of ten rules will be embroidered on a handkerchief and presented to their author to use for his own cold.

Here, as nearly as I can remember them, are my ten rules for avoiding the common cold.

1. Don't breathe through your mouth or your nose. These two orifices have been called the "Twin Roads to Germville," and, on a busy day, present a picture to the microscope similar to that of the Boston Turnpike. So long as people use their mouths and noses to breathe through, we are going to have epidemics, plagues and eventual disintegration of the human race.

Your surgeon will be glad to fix you up with a small tube which can be inserted into the throat and worked with a nickel hand-pump. This will supply you with all the air you need for an ordinary day's breathing. Most of us get too much air anyway. Ordinary breathing has been called "Nature's Exhaust," and the less we load ourselves up with it the better.

2. Avoid crowds. This applies to all times of the year. You never know who may be in a crowd, and mingling with one may result in your being reminded of an old fifty-dollar loan or a promise to drop in and hear someone sing. Even if no one in the crowd has a cold, there is always someone who wants to punch or romp, and you are pretty sure to get

your hat knocked off. A good way to avoid crowds is to stay right in your room all day with the door locked.

3. Get plenty of sleep. When people come to awaken you in the morning, pull the covers up over your head and say: "Go away, I am avoiding a cold." When you have guests who hang around after midnight, excuse yourself politely by saying: "Now I will go in and get my preventive sleep. This is the season for colds, you know." If, during the afternoon, you feel drowsy at your work, just put your head over on your desk and take a little nap. Your boss will understand if you put a little sign up by your elbow: "Men asleep here. Cold prevention."

4. Change heads frequently during the day. Have an extra supply of heads in your room (or in a large bag, if you travel about) and, when you feel one stuffing-up, take it off and put on a fresh one.

5. Stay in a temperature of between 60 and 70 degrees. This can be done by jumping on board a train for Palm Beach and lying on the sand for a month or so. Be sure, however, to lie face up, with the arms outstretched, so that the sun can send its actinic rays across your chest and into your eyes. This is the hardest part of the rule to follow out. The temperature of gambling rooms will be just about right in the evenings, so you won't have to lie on your back there.

6. Don't dose up with patent medicines and nostrums. A sitz-bath or rock-and-rye twice a day, using ordinary care not to bruise yourself on the rock-candy, ought

(Continued on Page 14)

My Foster-Land

Though I may pine for native
folks,
And oft-times sigh for native
scenes,
Vale, tumbling streams, and misty
hills,
That ever haunt me in my dreams,
Though I may roam the world
around,
From Peru to the China sea,
If I'm denied my native land,
In Canada I want to be.

In vanguard's train for Freedom's
sake,
You gave your youth and treasure
stores,
And succoured thousands homeless
souls,
Who sought your friendly, gen'-
rous shores.

Retreat from war you welcomed
all,
Their hunger, fear and pain
assuaged,
E'en Royalty, and Lords and such,
Who once disdained, but learned
to praise.

Fresh, young and clean, Oh happy
land!
Remote from old worlds' tortuous
fate,
Where beggared, poisoned, for
long years,
They nurse their wounds midst
hope and hate.

O Canada! thy praise I sing,
New, vast and rich and very fair,
What paradise might here be
wrought,
If men keep faith and grandly
dare.

Where else in all this turmoil'd
world,
May man attain his heart's desires
In such large measures? All is here
That full and happy life requires.

(Continued on Page 14)

Barrack Block Telephone

The phone's a wonderful in-
vention; but it is to my conten-
tion that this fine wonder of our
age, if used right could our ills
assuage. As it is now a fellow's
sunk if by the phone booth finds
his bunk. Knowledge, my friends,
is life's backbone; a little should
be left alone. Imagine this now
if you can—the bell rings and they
want a man. LAC. Jones is his
name; we do not know from where
he came. Will you find him?
Yes, of course; he's a member of
the Royal Canadian Air Force.
What section? Oh we don't know
that. We don't know where he
hangs his hat.

At two a.m. we're fast asleep,
when like a toll bell from the deep
our slumber's smashed with 'ting-
a-ling.' "Please to the phone
Pete Jones do bring." Pete Jones
is brought from distance far—to
bad he left the door ajar. "Hello,
my little dill pickle; I dreamt of
you so spent a nickle." "It sure
is nice to hear you, Pete; it seems
like hours since we did meet."
"What's that you say, my little
elve? You left me at exactly
twelve." "Goodnight, sweet one,
now go to sleep; remember now
our date to keep."

The idea of this little verse is
not to show that we're adverse.
Leave with your friends all in-
formation, so if you're called thru'
night's duration, the person who
receives the call will really know
on whom to fall. It saves a lot of
time and feelings. Please re-
member our appealings. Thank
you!

LAC. Ernie Axon.

How to Avoid Colds

(By Robert Benchley)

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Your surgeon will be glad to fix you up with a small tube which can be inserted into the throat and worked with a nickel hand-pump. This will supply you with all the air you need for an ordinary day's breathing. Most of us get too much air anyway. Ordinary breathing has been called "Nature's Exhaust," and the less we load ourselves up with it the better.

2. Avoid crowds. This applies to all times of the year. You never know who may be in a crowd, and mingling with one may result in your being reminded of an old fifty-dollar loan or a promise to drop in and hear someone sing. Even if no one in the crowd has a cold, there is always someone who wants to punch or romp, and you are pretty sure to get

your hat knocked off. A good way to avoid crowds is to stay right in your room all day with the door locked.

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(Continued on Page 14)

My Foster-Land

Though I may pine for native folks,
And oft-times sigh for native scenes,
Vale, tumbling streams, and misty hills,
That ever haunt me in my dreams,
Though I may roam the world around,
From Peru to the China sea,
If I'm denied my native land,
In Canada I want to be.

In vanguard's train for Freedom's sake,
You gave your youth and treasure stores,
And succoured thousands homeless souls,
Who sought your friendly, gen'rous shores.

Retreat from war you welcomed all,
Their hunger, fear and pain assuaged,
E'en Royalty, and Lords and such,
Who once disdained, but learned to praise.

Fresh, young and clean, Oh happy land!
Remote from old worlds' tortuous fate,
Where beggared, poisoned, for long years,
They nurse their wounds midst hope and hate.

O Canada! thy praise I sing,
New, vast and rich and very fair,
What paradise might here be wrought,
If men keep faith and grandly dare.

Where else in all this turmoil'd world,
May man attain his heart's desires
In such large measures? All is here
That full and happy life requires.

(Continued on Page 14)

Barrack Block Telephone

The phone's a wonderful invention; but it is to my contention that this fine wonder of our age, if used right could our ills assuage. As it is now a fellow's sunk if by the phone booth finds his bunk. Knowledge, my friends, is life's backbone; a little should be left alone. Imagine this now if you can—the bell rings and they want a man. L.A.C. Jones is his name; we do not know from where he came. Will you find him? Yes, of course; he's a member of the Royal Canadian Air Force. What section? Oh we don't know that. We don't know where he hangs his hat.

At two a.m. we're fast asleep, when like a toll bell from the deep our slumber's smashed with 'ting-a-ling.' "Please to the phone Pete Jones do bring." Pete Jones is brought from distance far—too bad he left the door ajar. "Hello, my little dill pickle; I dreamt of you so spent a nickle." "It sure is nice to hear you, Pete; it seems like hours since we did meet." "What's that you say, my little elve? You left me at exactly twelve." "Goodnight, sweet one, now go to sleep; remember now our date to keep."

The idea of this little verse is not to show that we're adverse. Leave with your friends all information, so if you're called thru' night's duration, the person who receives the call will really know on whom to fall. It saves a lot of time and feelings. Please remember our appealings. Thank you!

L.A.C. Ernie Axon.

OUR W. & B. GANG

"So you want your picture taken" said WO.2 Burrows, while administering a few words of advice to some of the W. & B. personnel. After a few wise-cracks, we finally had it taken.

I have been asked to write a few words in explanation of what our boys do towards keeping our planes flying during the cold winter months. The Tractor Section worked day and night keeping the runways cleared of snow, and now they are busy, between rain storms, keeping the grass cut, which is growing like wildfire. The phone rings "Tractor Section, Sgt. White here" — "Control Tower calling—Could you send a couple of truck loads of earth over?" Sgt. White consoles the party by saying he would be glad to oblige—right away. Proceeding to round up Cpl. Max Bushell, they no sooner start for the tower when the phone rings once again. "Central Heating calling, Say, could you send over a few loads of coal, and oh, yes, these ashes are ready to be moved also." Sgt. White takes the last two men he has and tries to aid Central Heating. These and many more calls make the Tractor Section a roaring business.

We have our Electricians, who also rush for phone calls all at the same time, hoping it is the W.D. Barracks calling once again for replacement of light bulbs and fuses. F/S. Bellwood is kept busy reminding his men, Chuck Garwood and Bus Bates, that all sections must have an E.93 for light bulbs. Sgt. Loney is at present on annual leave.

F/S. White from the Plumbing Department, is one of our lucky boys. He is away on 30 days compassionate leave and is hoping

to get his discharge in the near future. Cpl. Doug. Hughson and our civilian plumber, Mike Skinner are kept busy trying to fill the demands for plumbers, steam-fitters, and tinsmiths.

Down the hall, just before you come to the Carpenter Shop, you pause as a harsh voice booms out "Hey, Burnie, where are your overalls and why were you shopping for a spring to fit the new Crib." Repairing windows, doors, floors, etc., all make up a carpenter's days work. F/S. Wade is kept busy watching scroungers who haven't work orders for materials. "How do you think we get the material?" he replies in disgust. Mr. Clarence Youngs, our very able and indispensable civilian carpenter, has been with the station since 1941, long before our time, and as usual, is always busy.

The Painters Shop, the home of the Morelli boys, is a busy place also. One chap made a remark the other day, that he had painted so many signs lately, that he was getting Sinus trouble. Well, exclaimed another "I've painted the barrier so many times, I wonder if we're going to use it for a candy stick;" but we can't please everyone and we still work on. From Toronto, we have LAC. Ryan and LAC. Nichols, in the paint shop.

Central Heating, another part of W. & B., is also a merry-go-round. Phone calls from all over camp, usually the W.D.'s, keep coming in for heat right at the busiest time of the shift. Just when we are busy digging for a clinker inside the boiler, perspiring and puffing, we have to climb the stairs to aid the party on the phone by saying they will get

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WORKS AND BUILDINGS SECTION



Back Row—Left to Right—LAC. McNamara, T. F., Mr. Mike Skinner, Mr. J. B. Hodgson, LAC. Burnie, J. V., Cpl. Greiner, J. F. N., LAC. Wagner, A. C., Mr. Fred Howe, LAC. Morelli, B. E., LAC. Jones, W. G., LAC. McKe-trill, A. J., LAC. Niblock, K. N., LAC. Ryan, L. F.
 Centre Row—LAC. Anderson, F. E., Cpl. Beatty, W. R., Cpl. Cloutier, J. L., LAC. Bates, A. E., LAC. Kerrigan, C., LAC. Morelli, E. G., Cpl. Simpson, J. M., LAC. McGuigge, E. F., LAC. Newlove, W., LAC. Nichols, A.R., LAC. Lilly, C. E., LAC. Rohlschand, A. J.
 Front Row—Cpl. Hingison, L. D., Sgt. Millison, L. N., Sgt. Robinson, J., F/S. Siccotte, J. R. R., F/S. Bellwood, E. J., WO-2 Burrows, E. G., F/S. Pringle, K. A., F/S. Wade, J. H., Sgt. Lojgan, J., Cpl. Bushell, L. W., Cpl. Garwood, C. G.

MOTOR TRANSPORT SECTION



Back Row, Left to Right—LAW. Marshall, M. F.; Sgt. Walsh, E. G.; LAC. Little, W. R.; LAC. Haines, F. A.;
LAW. Casey, I.
Front Row, Left to Right—LAW. Hudson, N. J.; LAC. Ellis, J.; WO1 McKee, N. R.; LAC. Woolfbridge, R. T.;
LAW. Colville, V. C.
Absent—LAC. Wagner, L. J.; LAC. Reeves, C.; LAW. Van Wart, M. S.; Sgt. Reynolds, L.; LAC. Lamerande, P.;
LAC. Cavigan, L. P.; LAC. Mitchell, W.; LAC. Gray, J.; LAW. Fulton, P. I.; LAW. Rlerson, G. C.

M. T. MUSINGS

Motor Transport is one section on our Station whose work is known to everyone; but perhaps you are not all so familiar with the various personnel in the section who help to keep the wheels turning. It is hoped that this brief article will bring to light some of the more outstanding characteristics and abilities of the M.T. boys and girls.

The other day WO.1 McKee walked in on a bit of a "jam session" and harmonizing club. I think Lloyd Wagner must have been practising for the Victory Loan Dance; the way he was jittering around. Anyway, the Sergeant Major is beginning to think he has a very versatile and musical section. Bill Little, we hear, has quite a voice. He does a bit of harmonizing with (Bo-Bo) Bob Woolridge, who is our muscle man. It is rumoured that he used to do a bit of wrestling.

I often wondered what the big attraction was for Mitchell down in Niagara Falls. Well now I know—he went out and got married recently, and that is where his little bundle of happiness is making her home.

LAW. Van Wart seems to be having a bit of tough luck these days. She's been in the hospital twice this month.

Incidentally, we have had a few changes around the section lately. Flo. Newman was posted to Moncton. Bob Howey to Trenton and Cpl. Baker got his discharge. Some new faces around here are those of Jim Gray, Fred Haines and Vera Colville.

To those who do not already know our Sgt. Major, WO.1 McKee; one swell person. Too much good cannot be said about him;

his pleasant personality is one of the main reasons why we all get along so well together. The Major has completed his ground crew tour of duties overseas, and has come back to Canada to do another good job.

We don't hear Norma Hudson doing much singing these days. Is it because her pal, Flo. Newman, was posted? Well, it often happens that the best of friends must part.

We mustn't forget to thank a few outsiders for the welcome help they have given us when we really needed it. F/S. Carrol and Cpl. Mutch, from our Pipe Band, and Cpl. Dubois and LAC. Dickson have all given us valuable assistance whenever we have called upon them. Our red-headed Sergeant with the Navigator's Wing up is doing a swell job in the section. His job is despatching, and he sure gets those vehicles out on time.

It is an awful feeling when a posting is not definite. Sgt. Walsh is wondering these days whether he is going to remain a citizen of Centralia for a little while longer, or whether he is going to be sent to the North country and have to leave his lovely wife behind in our neighbouring village. It's the uncertainty that is the hardest part of life in the Air Force.

"Watch the birdie! Smile! Don't be so serious!" So exclaimed F/S. Sterling as he was taking the photograph which you see on the opposite page. After a good deal of re-arranging of personnel we finally got our picture taken, with all the required smiles. We are sorry that some

(Continued on Page 11)

I Worked in the Airmen's Mess

I am an Accountant by trade, and a Chef's Assistant for one week, due to circumstances beyond my control I would like to tell you about my experiences during my week in the mess.

The first morning I came to work at eleven o'clock and went on the steam table. That is just a figure of speech, you know. I wasn't actually on the steam table; I was behind it. They don't like you on the table—it holds things up.

After that I did a great many things, like scrubbing tables, lettuce, carrots and anything else near at hand. There is one thing about the mess—it's clean. Everything is so clean that it is a wonder there is a mess left. Possibly they use Lux.

About three o'clock we have a break period, and everybody breaks. I took that literally the first day, but I am much better now, thank you. During this break period you can have coffee, tea, milk, and a cookie, or something like that. At first I just had a good rest, but towards the end of the week I managed to take a little something.

When break period was over we got things ready at the steam table for the evening meal. By things I mean food and whatnot. I hope you understand, because that is all the explanation you are going to get.

As soon as the people had been fed we had something to eat ourselves, and then we went into our scrubbing jag again. I think I

went home after that, but I don't quite remember.

Next day I worked from six-thirty to two. It was the same routine as the eleven o'clock shift, except that we worked in the dark—at least I did. Perhaps if I had opened my eyes it would have helped. The afternoon we had off, and I dashed back to my little bunk and oblivion.

Well, that is the way it went for the rest of the week, except that I lost that tired feeling, and didn't have to listen to any more commercials on how to regain my strength.

To be perfectly frank, I really didn't mind my week in the mess. The staff are really a grand bunch; they are a great deal of fun, and easy to get along with. If I liked work I wouldn't mind going in for another week.

LAW. Helen Geale.



"They's a bit too tight under the arms."



OUR W. & B. GANG

(Continued from Page 6)

their heat right away, immediately if not sooner. After answering a few more calls, we go back to work to discover the hopper is empty and smoking and we have to walk for the coal. After filling the hopper, which holds a ton, we decide to phone the tractor section for more, which all makes up our day's work and their's too. We have to give thanks to one of our civilians, who works in the disposal plant, and I am sure you all know him—Mr. Fred Howe. He also gave Central Heating a helping hand during the cold winter months.

Maybe this doesn't sound much

like an article on the work of a section, but I am sure all the boys from W. & B. understand it. So you see we are all one big happy family and we will keep the wheels rolling until V-J Day.

LAC. Lilly, C. E.

M. T. MUSINGS

(Continued from Page 9)

members of the section had to be left out; but leaves, temporary duty and runs which could not be delayed prevented a few from being present. However, the faces which you see are a fair sample of the kind of people to be found in our small but flourishing section.

LAW. I. Casey.

Padres'

AN EXPERIMENT FOR JUST ONE DAY

The most favourable time for making good resolutions is generally regarded to be the beginning of a new year, because then there is a fresh, clean page spread before us, with no dark blots of past mistakes to make us feel discouraged. But, as we well know, so often our New Year's resolutions last for only a few days and then are broken. A year seems such a long time during which to have to make an unaccustomed effort that we are ready to give up almost before we have started.

Suppose, then, instead of making resolutions which will keep us busy for a whole year, we try making a few just for one day, and see how well we can do at keeping those.

Here are six resolutions to make when you awake in the morning. They are selected from a longer list which a friend gave to me a number of years ago. Think of them not as a life task, but as a single day's work.

To do these things will give you pleasure, yet they require effort. You don't need resolutions to do what is easy.

1. Just for To-day, I will try to live through this day only, and not tackle my whole life-problem at once. I can do some things for twelve hours which would appall me if I felt that I had to keep them up for a lifetime.

2. Just for To-day, I will adjust myself to what is, and not try to adjust everything to my



own desires. I will take my companions, my work and my circumstances as they come, and do my best to fit myself to them.

3. Just for To-day, I will take care of my body. I will exercise it, care for it and nourish it; and not abuse it nor neglect it; that it may be a perfect machine for my will.

4. Just for To-day, I will try to strengthen my mind. I will study. I will learn something useful. I will not be a mental loafer all day. I will read something that requires effort, thought and concentration.

5. Just for To-day, I will exercise my soul. (a) I will do somebody a good turn and not get

(Continued on Page 15)

Corners



COURTESY AND LEADERSHIP

Webster et al. gives a definition of courtesy that amounts to the following: it is politeness originating in kindness and exercised habitually; it is graciousness exhibited in manner or speech, and a kindly regard for the comfort and happiness of others. Putting these three elements together we find that courtesy is a peculiarly human thing. It is conduct flowing from a human mind and a human heart. It is an outward manifestation of an inward realization that human life in order to be human must be a matter of observing more than mere civility, more than the mere necessities of propriety. It must go further and add to these necessities the *bene vivere* of the Scholastics, the conforming to all that is graceful, delicate, thoughtful, and becoming, in human social intercourse. It is something deeper than polite civil behaviour. It is not the shal-

low, shiny, often sickish imitation that you hear on the radio or across the counter. Rather it is something deep and sincere, which arises from a true love of all other men and women as of their being one blood with oneself.

Even a well bred pagan appreciates the value of courtesy as a merely natural virtue. But the Christian, being a follower of the world's most courteous gentleman, appreciates courtesy in a much different way. The Christian is courteous for the reason that Christ himself has given him, "As long as you do it to one of these my little ones, you do it to me."

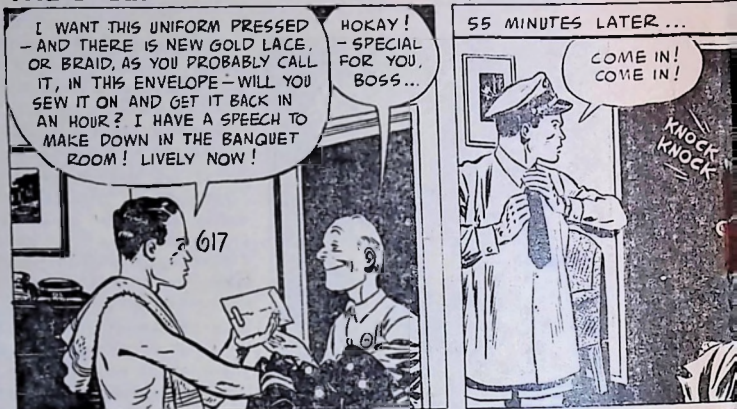
The value of any act a human being performs, is to be determined, not so much by the act itself as by the reason for the act. A cheery good morning said to the boss, with an eye to a raise, is not so good, as the same cheery salute to a fellow worker, whom you want to make happy, even though you know that he can never be of any advantage to you in any way.

That brings us again to the saying of Christ quoted before. For among the least brethren of the Lord we find the vast army of men and women, who either by choice, or by force of circumstance, serve others. In that legion we find car conductors, bus drivers, trainmen, porters, messenger boys, bootblacks, collectors bank clerks, beauticians, salesgirls, manicurists, ticket sellers, waitresses and waiters, receptionists, cashiers, policemen, firemen, telephone operators, soldiers, sailors, aviators and marines. Men and women they are, from all sorts of homes and localities, of different colors and backgrounds, reciters of various credos, or of none, strangers unknown, the likeable and the disagreeable, all are con-

(Continued on Page 15)

Male Call

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



HOW TO AVOID COLDS

(Continued from Page 4)

to be all the medical treatment that you will need.

7. Eat a balanced diet. No proteins, no starches, no carbohydrates. Just a good steak with lyonnaise potatoes and asparagus now and then during the day. Remember the old adage: "Stuff a cold and stuff a fever."

8. No exercise. This is all-important. Exercise just stirs up the poisons in your system and makes you a hot-bed of disease. Sit, or lie, as still as possible, and smoke constantly. If you can stand it, have somebody read aloud to you. If you can't stand it, scream: "Stop that reading out loud."

9. If you have caught a cold, call in a good doctor. Call in three good doctors and play bridge.

10. And, above all, don't catch cold.

(From "P.M.," R.C.A.F. Hospital, St. Thomas.)

PAGE 14

MY FOSTER-LAND

(Continued from Page 5)

God speed you on, O Canada!
You're free and strong, brave,
rich and young,
An Infant with a giant's strength,
Thy destiny is just begun.

F/Sgt. Tom Armstrong.

o—o—o—o

Then there is the reported conversation between two Japanese soldiers:

"Kimoto, American foot powder no good for shaking in boots."

"You try he?"

"Yesss, and I still shaking in boots."

• • •

The case was one of assault. The magistrate eyed the prisoner sternly. "You maintain that you threw your wife out of the second-story window through forgetfulness?" he stated.

"That's right, Your Honour," returned the prisoner. "We used to live on the ground floor, and I forgot we'd moved up."

erry and the Pirates"

Bitter Glitter



AN EXPERIMENT FOR JUST ONE DAY

(Continued from Page 12)

found out. If anyone gets to know of it, it will not count. (b) I will do at least two things that I don't want to do, just for exercise. (c) I will not let anyone know when my feelings are hurt. They may be hurt, but To-day I will not show it.

6. Just for To-day, I will have a quiet thirty minutes all by myself, and relax. During this half hour, sometime, I will think of God, so as to give a little more perspective to my life.

If this is tried out each day, it will soon become a daily habit throughout the year.

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

o—o—o

Henry (answering the phone in a high voice)—I don't know; call the weather bureau!

"Who was that?" asked his wife.

Henry—Oh, some fellow asking if the coast was clear.

COURTESY AND LEADERSHIP

(Continued from Page 13)

sidered the least of His brethren. If then we are to lead, then must we follow the lead of the leader of men; we must be courteous as He the perfect gentleman was courteous, on the shores of Genesareth, or in the bazaars of Jerusalem; and courteous not only to those who represent Ceasar but to those who are the least of our brethren.

F/L. J. A. Jordan.

o—o—o

AW.2—"Did you hear about the fellow who stayed up all night figuring out where the sun went when it went down?"

AC.2—"No, what happened?"

AW.2—"It finally dawned on him."

* * *

Corporal: "Where did you get that black eye?"

LAC: "I went to a dance and was struck by the beauty of the place."

Number Please . . .

The Scene: The Bell Telephone Offices and Plant in London, Ontario. The Plot: Finding out what goes on behind the famous saying of "Number Please. The Characters: The courteous personnel of the Bell.

Upon entering the main building at the corner of Clarence and Dufferin Streets and stating our desire, we were referred to Mr. C. E. Sherwood, because he is the Manager in charge of Public Telephone Service for the Armed Forces in the London District. Incidentally, Mr. Sherwood is Beth (Met Section) Butler's uncle.

"Charlie" very generously offered to be our guide for the trip and carefully explained the intricacies of the various equipment used by the Bell. He started with the company, as a salesman, over 20 years ago, when they had only 500,000 telephones in service. Today there are over one million telephones in use, connected by 4 million miles of wire, averaging 40 million calls (in Long Distance alone) per year. This is maintained and serviced by 13,000 employees receiving an annual payroll of almost 24 million dollars.

The Bell has a Pension System for employees at the age of 70 or earlier; Accident, Sickness and Death Benefits and a Hospital Service Plan, vacations with pay, favourable working hours, cafeterias in the main buildings. There is a slick Rec. Hall in the London building, where the Entertainment Committee holds dances and parties and lucky is the erk who is invited there, (with all those beautiful girls!).

The Business Office in the main building is finished in Italian Marble. When a customer comes

in to make enquiries about their account or new service, they are seated at a desk facing a young lady who completes their requests, personally. These young ladies are specially trained for this work and there are facilities available to have their conversations with customers recorded in order to train them in improving their diction and manner of meeting the public.

The main building in London will be used for the dial system after the war. At present all available supplies are being used for overseas. The Globe and Mail reported that 200 million dollars worth of signals equipment was produced in Canada for the United Nations in 1944, so therefore telephones must wait. A tremendous program of expansion is being planned by the Bell as soon as the war is over.

The Honour Roll of Servicemen and Servicewomen from London and District has over 120 names inscribed on it.

The next stop is the Operating Room with Mr. G. F. Trimble in charge. At the Information Desk, we pause to see the special cross-indexed telephone directory with different spelling of names, changes of address, etc., that enables the operator to find the number of any phone.

All around three sides of the operating room, are switchboards. Each operator has, within arm's reach, 8800 lines. A fast operator can handle up to 300 calls per hour. A large switchboard is something to see, with lights flashing all over the place and wires extending up the board like an octopus.

At the back of each switchboard,

we see a maze of wires, contacts, terminals and relays which would confuse anybody who was not trained to decipher them.

New operators are trained on the regular switchboard with an experienced operator to help them. The hardest part of an operator's job is to understand the customer's request. Your voice carries best if you speak clearly and distinctly and have the mouthpiece about half an inch from your lips, not down under your chin.

In the Long Distance Room, switchboards have trunk groups to distant cities, listed alphabetically. The operator writes down details of your call on a slip of paper and stamps the starting and finishing times on it. To speed your call, give the information as follows: 1. Called place or city; 2. Called number; 3. The name of the person to be called (on person-to-person calls only.) The operators in this department are more adept at finding a man (by telephone) in another city than his own wife would be. Their motto is "We always get our man!"

Public Goodwill probably plays a bigger part in the Bell Telephone Company than any other business concern. Service is their motto and special attention is paid to the Armed Forces. Most Military Hospitals have portable telephones for patients who are confined to their beds. The New London Military Hospital at Crumlin has, as well as this bedside service, one room set aside for telephones. It is equipped with booths, easy chairs, writing table, and a new type "wheel-chair" booth. Reports, there are given the best possible service in communicating with relatives at home. This entire room was furnished by the Bell.

At the start of the war, security

guards were placed on all Bell Buildings to protect the country's communication lines, and no visitors were allowed. These regulations have been relaxed slightly now.

Downstairs, in the battery room, Mr. W. E. Bunner showed us banks of huge glass storage batteries, which can run the equipment there for 8 hours at 400 amperes, without recharging in the event of prolonged power failure. Two motor generators are capable of 600 amperes each. A huge full-wave mercury-vapour rectifier tube, about two feet high, is used to change the A.C. to D.C.. Another motor produces the different tones for busy, manual ringing and receiver off the hook.

The 23,000 telephones in London require huge terminal racks which are 20 feet high, for distribution of the wires throughout the building. There are protective devices to shield the equipment from currents of a higher voltage than those in normal use.

In the Trouble Shooters Room, every telephone can be checked by meters and resistance checks. When a phone is reported out of order, the trouble can be located very quickly and is repaired in an average of 100 minutes. A card index for every telephone shows any past trouble. Due to the scarcity of equipment, care should be exercised when handling telephones.

The Long Distance Repeater Station is in another building in the north side of London. A virtual wizard with amplifying equipment and telephone lines, is Mr. F. R. Morton, the supervisor there. Long Distance calls are amplified to compensate for losses in the transmission lines. Besides all your telephone calls these wires carry radio network programs,

Filling "The Flyer"

It's really quite easy to get enough material to fill the No. 9 Flyer if you just go about it the right way. All you need is a substantial amount of patience, courage, enthusiasm, hope and determination, especially determination.

First of all you decide just what articles you would like to get, and whom you would like to have write them. Then you go to your unsuspecting victims and lay the

teletype, telegraph for commercial firms from city to city. Our Met Section teletype passes through there.

There are 303 pair of wires in the cable to Toronto. The cable to Windsor is a new type, known as "Type K" carrier, to be laid underground. By the use of Crystal frequencies as carriers and filter circuits on the opposite end, it is possible to have 12 different voice channels at the same time, on only four wires.

Repeater stations are placed about 50 miles apart. Before the war it was possible to talk to your next door neighbour, by telephone, by wire and radio channels, and your voice would be just as clear as normal, because of the excellent reproduction of the Repeater Stations.

So, the next time you place a long distance call, think of all the people concerned, who make it possible and if the call should take a minute or two please don't "blow your top," be courteous on the telephone and the "Girl with the Smiling Voice" will really mean. . . .

"Thank You."

LAC. Doug. Benner.

matter before them. It is best, if possible, to approach them when they are at work, since if they are really giving all their attention to what they are supposed to be doing they are not so likely to notice you coming. In those sections of the Station where work is regarded as an undesirable relic of the Victorian era, and has therefore been almost entirely abolished, the task is not quite so easy. Even there, however, if you use the back entrance, and walk on tip-toe you can generally sneak up on the inhabitants before they have a chance to escape.

Having once cornered your proposed author you greet him with a disarming smile and proceed to talk about the weather, or last night's dance, or whatever else may be the topic of the moment. It is most important that during the first few minutes of your visit you be extremely careful not to reveal any clue as to the real purpose of your visit. With some people it is best to warm up to your subject slowly; with others sudden attack is the most effective method.

When you feel that the time is ripe, you solemnly announce to the object of your conversation, with all the emotion you can muster, that the Station Magazine Committee has seen fit to honour him by being prepared to accept one of his articles for publication in the No. 9 Flyer. If he is obviously the type who cannot be expected to have any ideas of his own you suggest what he might write about. If, on the other hand, he reveals evidence of having once been to school for three or four months you invite

him to choose his own subject.

If the shock has not been too much for him he may be expected to protest that he has never done any writing, and that no one would want to read what he might write anyway. (You will probably agree with him most heartily on this point, but it is wisest not to let him know it until after he has submitted his article.)

At this stage you must be firm, and it is perfectly legitimate for you to use every means in your power to exact from the poor wretch a promise to let you have a two-page article by tomorrow night. If he shows signs of being at all difficult about the matter you must beg and plead, coax and wheedle, flatter and praise, threaten and demand until he gives in from sheer nervous strain. If ever you should be called upon to deal with a potential authoress you will find that a most effective method of persuasion is for you to get down on your knees, since in a moment of rapture she is quite likely to think that you are asking her something else, and say yes. With a particularly stubborn victim it is also sometimes permissible, if your conscience will allow it, to mention how much his previous article was appreciated by all and sundry, even though the truth of the matter is that it would never have appeared at all if the editor hadn't absentmindedly sent the printer the contents of his waste basket instead of the Station Magazine file.

If the above rules are followed faithfully and conscientiously you may rest assured that you will always have at least half enough material to fill each issue of the Flyer by the time it is ready to go to press.

By One Who Knows.

FOR THE BOOKWORM

Our Station Library is filled with books to suit every taste. What do you like? Novels, adventure, mystery, humour, poetry, current events, science? We have them all. Visit your Library once and you'll visit it often. Here are a few suggestions to whet your appetite.

THE ROBE by Lloyd Douglas is one of the most popular books to come out in years.

CANNERY ROW by John Steinbeck, who is well known for his down to earth books. This tale is set in a small fishing community in southern California. Recommended for all.

THE RAZOR'S EDGE by Somerset Maugham. Another best seller by the author of "Of Human Bondage." A must for readers of novels that you want to remember.

NORTHWEST PASSAGE by Kenneth Roberts. If your taste runs on the adventure side you'll want to read this one.

THE THURBER CARNIVAL by James Thurber. A Book-of-the-Month Club. Recommended for anyone with a terrific sense of humour.

LOW MAN ON A TOTEM POLE by H. Allen Smith. Another humorous tale by the author of *Life in a Putty Knife Factory*. Full of laughs and giggles.

STAG LINES. A collection of verse especially for men. Very popular.

Keep an eye on DRO.'s for new additions to your Station Library. Our Library is always right up to date. Come in and look at our **GAG BOARD** and our many cartoon books. You're always welcome.

LAW. E. Woodward,
Station Librarian.

SERVICING

On the opposite page you will note a photograph of F/L. Armstrong, G. G., and one section of his servicing squadron. This group represents the ground personnel of Number Two Hangar. It is composed of four sections—the orderly room staff, who control the whole servicing organization; the propeller shop, maintaining all props.; and the two working parties in the hangar proper.

To give you a vague idea of what happens in this busy section of Number Nine we will start bright and early at approximately 0630 hours. At this time six riggers and fitters wend their way sleepily down to the hangar to lay the foundation for a day's flying. The two tractors are warmed up, and the crews pull the aircraft out of the hangar on to the line. At seven forty-five the orderly-room staff arrive, and a general roll call of servicing, number one party and the prop shop is taken. Dismissal to duties. The hangar orderly staff under F/S. Richardson allot duties to various crews, namely, gas crew, line crew, hangar clean-up, etc. Every man knows his job, each and every one co-operating to keep the serviceability of all the ships at the highest.

At 0800 hours flying commences. It must be noted that all ships were checked, oiled and fuelled, so as close to one hundred per cent. of the ships as humanly possible are out on the drome all set to fly. They are started, and the tarmac cleared of all ships. Then the various crews begin to function. Gas crew prepares the tenders; line crews clear the line

of chocks; hangar clean up sweep and scrub, keeping the hangar floors clean. It must be said that this hangar can be called on at any time to be the rendezvous of any parade when bad weather prevails. Their record of cleanliness is perfect to the present.

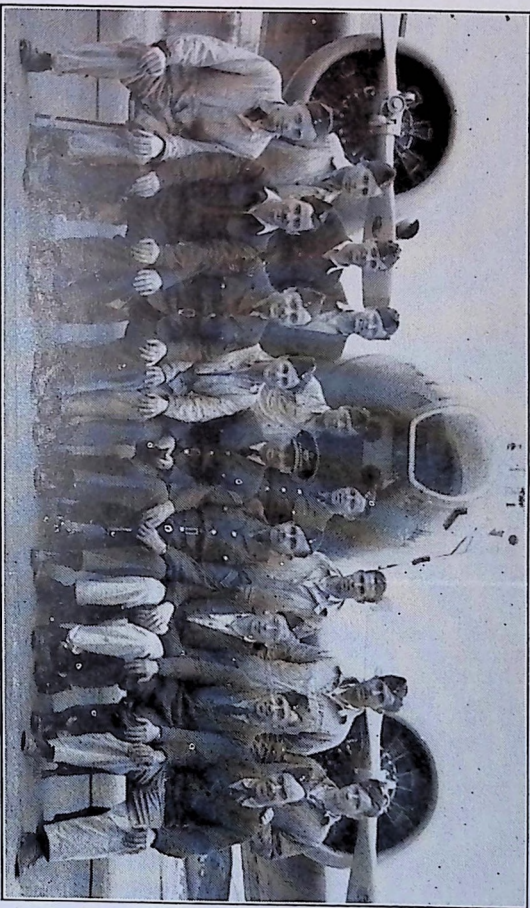
At eleven forty-five the servicing orderly room staff again drag themselves from their many duties to again check the roll of the oncoming number two party, who afterwards take over the labors of number one party with no interruption to the flying schedules.

Flying is continued until six o'clock, at which time the various crews really commence to work. Gas crews fuel the ships; tractor crews draw them in; and the rest begin to give the kites a vigorous daily inspection — oil tanks checked, oil carried, engines checked, air frames inspected, hydraulic tanks replenished and all unserviceabilities repaired, nacelles, cowlings, undercarriages wiped down, windows cleaned, the ships prepared for the following day; drip pans placed under each engine, chocks assembled and counted, doors closed, washroom and offices cleaned. At eleven o'clock if the crew encounter no misfortunes they hie themselves to the mess hall and indulge in a midnight snack before retiring—to be back on the job early in the morning until relieved by the other party of eleven forty-five a.m.

This day we have described is just an ordinary flying day in the life of this ambitious servicing bunch. When night flying is in-

(Continued on Page 23)

NO. 2 HANGAR A.F.M.'S



Back Row, Left to Right—LAC. Lathroche, J. E.; LAC. Burke, W. J.; LAC. Thrusber, L. G.; F/S. Richardson, W. H.; WO2. Dickson, J. G.; LAC. Naimen, E. L.; LAC. Blackman, G.; LAC. Steinberg, C. Y.
 Front Row, Left to Right—LAC. Walker, J. O.; LAC. Stubbins, W. W.; Sgt. Amick, G.; LAC. Godwin, F.; F/Lt. Armstrong, G. G.; Sgt. McIntire; LAC. Thibault, J. B.; LAC. McIntosh, W. P.; LAC. Brothman, J.

NO. 2 HANGAR A.E.M.'S



Standing, Left to Right—LAC. Smyth, R. J.; LAC. Schreffer, S.; LAC. Finney, A. W.; LAC. Thurlow, J. M.; LAC. Dodd, W. J.; LAC. Dowson, K. W.; LAC. Purdon, J. C.; LAC. Whaley, J. M.; LAC. Carrier, J. P.; LAC. Henry, J.; LAC. Mitchell, H. J.; Cpl. Hart, W. J. E.
Sitting, Left to Right—LAC. Donald, A. M.; LAC. Fraser, R. A.; LAC. Konec, J. P.; LAC. Cunnill, J. C.; LAC. B. St. J. W.; LAC. Ard, W. E.; LAC. Christie, J.

SERVICING

(Continued from Page 20)

corporated the ships are kept flying twenty-four hours a day, with the assistance of a midnight-'till-morn crew.

Occasionally in this hangar the serenity is disturbed by the ringing of the crash bell. It is the duty of this crew to place a full crew on the crash tender within two minutes of the first chime. They do it, too, with seconds to spare.

The tower is next door to this beehive of industry, to which all visiting aircraft seem strangely attracted, receiving the courtesy and service always waiting from our industrious bunch. Apart from these many chores, we find our gang washing and cleaning aircraft; while the representatives will be found assisting in the mess hall, cleaning up the barracks, cutting grass, and standing to on fire picquet.

The prop shop in the corner of the hangar is alive with vitality all day, repairing, and servicing the many Hoover and Hamilton props. This gang is under the capable supervision of Cpls. Cunningham and Hart. Drop in there sometime and see the murals executed by one of these versatile fellows.

It is impossible to name this crew individually because of space limitations; but I think you will agree with me that they are a fine bunch of fellows, and worthy representatives of the R.C.A.F.

LAC. Ernest Axon.

o—o—o

WD. Customer: "Does this lipstick come off easily?"

Cosmetic Clerk: "Not if you put up a fight!"

Bouquets and Brickbats

Once again we go to press, with irks and praise we must confess. We would prescribe another clime for folk who never are on time—especially to the early show. Why should these people be so slow? They know that on a summer night an open door lets in much light. The noise annoys, but still, by far, the irk's the door that's left ajar.

Another point that causes gloom—the mystery of the drying room. From off the clothesline, minus pegs, the personal wash develops legs. I bet there is not one short day that something does not walk away. Tradesmen too in quandry's found, if they have left a wrench around. "White City" would be minus groan, if personnel would keep their own. How nice to be all free from care—something left still sitting there. A prayer for those the rest appraise for being yoked with taking ways.

A bouquet large has just been grown—resulting from the Victory Loan. Each investment great or small combined to make the best of pall for Hitler and his Nazi grave. Imagine!—all we're asked—to save! Keep up the work; let's clean the map. Remember that there's still the Jap. If Victory Eight sealed Hitler's fate, it will take more to close the gate on deviltry at Satan's feast that he concocted in the east.

Invest in Best. Beat, in succession, the "Nazi," "Jap," and, last, "Depression."

LAC. E. Axton.

The Wolf

by Sansone

Copyright 1945 by Leonard Sansone, distributed by Camp Newspaper Service



"Oh, dear! I should have warned you... Foo-Foo is terribly jealous!"

Activities available during after duty hours to officers, N.C.O.'s and airmen—W.D.'s can also take advantage of most of these A.D.A.'s (After Duty Activities):

1. Movies—Monday, Wednesday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday nights.
2. Badminton, Basketball and many other sports — Every night in Drill Hall.
3. Body Building — (The girls can try if they like.)
4. Swimming — When summer gets here.
5. Woodwork Shop — Next to Guard House.
6. Handicraft Shop—Located in the W.D.'s canteen.
7. Some people just want to sleep!
8. Library—For intellectuals and amateur detectives.
9. Stage Shows—As often as we can get them.
10. Dances—Twice and more a month.
11. Education—See your Educational Officer. Also Discussion Groups Monday nights at the Y.W.C.A. Hostess House.
12. A. & A. Club—Write letters home and keep civilian morale high.
13. Music Hour—For those who get sick of boogie woogie—every Sunday night in the Recreation Hall.

“Admit Him”

It all happened when I cut my finger. It wasn't a bad cut, but it bothered me enough to go and get it wrapped up.

Of course, I had it attended to in the proper way—went on sick parade in accordance with CAP762½. Yes, it was all very legal but. . . .

Well, to begin with, the M.O. told me to strip to the waist and then give the usual information to the innocent looking girl in white sitting at the desk. You know what the “usual information” is: What colour hair did your grandmother have at birth? Did your great uncle shave daily and how old were you when you got your first long trousers—all very important, don't you think? Anyhow I divulged the particulars quickly, because with my shirt off and the window open I was getting chilly—not actually blue you know, but heading that way.

That task over, I sat down waiting to be called over by the M.O. In due course this happened and I opened my mouth to tell him that all that was bothering me was my finger. All he saw was the open mouth, and told me to open it wider. “Come over to the light, son, I want to have a better look at it.” I started to splutter and stutter, but to no avail. In shorter time than it takes to say Amemelederoucepadale he had my mouth open, a small barrel stave on my tongue and a flashlight halfway down my throat. “Hnmn, Ummn. Not good. Not at all good, son! Been troubling you long?” Now I ask you, how did he expect me to answer in my predicament? I gurgled something, and apparently it sounded

like six months or something, because he gave me a severe look and said “Well, why didn't you come here sooner?” He turned to the girl at the desk and uttered only two words—the two fatal words, “admit him.” I started to protest, but he told me not to talk any more than I had to as my discobolation of the left orbicular subtifix would not stand much more abuse.

Now, I was telling you about the girl in white, looking so prim and proper at the desk. Well, you should have seen the peculiar glint in her eyes, when the two words reached her ears. Little did I know she was a hospital assistant and worked in the ward as well as at the desk. I do now though and . . . but let me tell you what happened.

She pushed a buzzer and two burly orderlies came in and took me by the arms. No—that's not quite right—they lifted me between them and carried me down the hall to a bed on which one held me down while the other undressed me, put on some pyjamas and literally pushed me between the covers. They left with a warning not to try anything funny.

By this time I was mad—really mad. I was just working up to a good case of hysterics when a nursing sister came in with a hypodermic needle—at least that's what she said it was, but to me it looked like a cross between a bicycle pump and a spike with a hole near the point. In a cooing voice she said, “Now this is to make you sleep, and to relieve your pain.” I closed my eyes and steeled myself for the blow. It's

not true to say I felt it when it went in my arm, as I was numb with terror, but it sure didn't feel so good when it came out the other side. Strangely enough I did sleep and wakened up only when dinner was brought in.

I must admit the meals in the hospital are really good and I only wish I had been given a chance to enjoy one. I no sooner got the first spoonful of soup in my mouth when a lady in white bustled in with her hands filled with thermometers. Promptly she shoved one of them in my mouth, saying she would be back for it in a minute, and not to take it out until she got back. Forty minutes later she sauntered in whistling "Dinner at Eight," took the thing from my mouth and left me to my meal, which was very cold and unpalatable by this time. I nibbled at a crust of bread and was drinking some milk when a wagon appeared on the scene pushed by our "Dinner at Eight" gal who told me to "Hurry and drink that milk. Do you think I've got all day? "I downed it in a gulp and was all ready to tell her a thing or three when she gave me the blast. "What's the idea of not eating your meal? The cook doesn't like it, I don't like carrying trays for nothing and besides this goes on your chart y' know!" Just like that. By the time my vocal cords relaxed sufficiently to allow speech she was away.

I rested comfortably for about three minutes when she popped again armed with what is termed a nose spray. In case you don't know what it is here's a fair description. It's a devilish device with a pressure gun at one end, a quart of evil tasting liquid in the middle, both joined by a

rubber hose with a garden spray at the other end. This contraption is placed on the table, the nozzle shoved up your distended nostrils (one at a time) and the pressure gun gripped with both hands by the nurse. It's really an exhilarating feeling, but I do think they should turn it off when the liquid starts spurting out your ears.

Recovering from this I lay back on my pillow only to be told to "gargle this warm solution." Having gargled before I figured this would be a cinch. Of course I didn't know the water was boiling and that the "solution" was a mixture of soap and paint. I took a mouthful and nearly had a convulsion before I spit it out and got an ice cube in my burned mouth. Needless to say I let the rest of it stand until it got to a seasonable temperature, and, by holding my nose and putting a life saver in my mouth to help kill the taste, I managed.

I thought surely that would finish my treatment but no. I was given six different kinds of pills to take—fourteen in all. It wouldn't have been so bad if they had cut down on the size of some of them. Honestly now, don't you think a pill an inch in diameter and half an inch thick is a trifle large?

At last I was through my treatment. I got the same thing every two hours until bedtime. When they turned out the lights I fell asleep from exhaustion. Not even at night do you get any rest. Every 30 minutes a nurse "makes the rounds" to see if all the patients are sleeping. She carries with her a five cell searchlight which she shines in your eyes for 5 minutes to see if you are asleep. If you were, you're not and if you



weren't, you're blinded for fully fifteen minutes. By morning you're really desperate and really don't mind 5.30 coming around and the glass tube that is pushed none too gently under your tongue.

I was probably more fortunate than a great many others because by the time I left the hospital six weeks later I had lost only my tonsils, adenoids, a hammer toe and 14 pounds.

The moral is found in the old proverb "What does it profit a man to save a finger and lose so much else."

C. D. Crocker.

As many of our personnel will know, our respected Editor-in-Chief, "Chnck" Crocker, has been

ill in the hospital for some days, though we are glad to say that at the time of going to press he appeared to be much improved in health.

One day, soon after he was admitted to the hospital, it is reported that the suggestion was made to him that it might be a good idea if he were to undergo a slight operation; and he was asked to give the matter his consideration. A few days later, when N/S. Nickel happened to be in his room one afternoon, "Chuck" turned to her and said, "Marg, if I have that operation shall I know anything when I come out of the ether?" To which N/S. Nickel calmly replied, "Well, I don't know; that's asking a good deal of an anaesthetic!"

Movies at Leavitt's Theatre, Exeter

JUNE 15-16

"THE HORN BLOWS AT MIDNIGHT"

Jack Benny, Alexis Smith, Allyn Joslyn, Reginald Gardner

JUNE 18-19—Two Features

"THE IMPOSTER"—Jean Gabin, Richard Whorf

"ROUGH TOUGH AND READY"—Chester Morris, Victor McLaglan

JUNE 20—One Night Only

"FLESH AND FANTASY"—Charles Boyer, Barbara Stanwyck

JUNE 21-22-23

"NATIONAL VELVET"—Special M.G.M. Technicolor Feature
Mickey Rooney and all star cast

JUNE 25-26—Two Features

"SERGEANT MIKE"—Larry Parks and the Canine Stars, "Mike" and "Pearl"

"MOON OVER LAS VEGAS"—Ann Gwynne, David Bruce

JUNE 27-28

"TIMBER QUEEN"—Richard Arlen, June Havoc

"INVISIBLE MAN'S REVENGE"

JUNE 29-30

"THIS MAN'S NAVY"—M.G.M. Picture
Wallace Beery, Tom Drake

JULY 2-3—Two Features

"THE BULLFIGHTERS"—Laurel and Hardy

"LEAVE IT TO BLONDIE"—The Bumsteads

JULY 4—One Night Only

"HER PRIMITIVE MAN"—Louise Allbritton, Robert Page, Robert Benchley

"WHISPERING FOOTSTEPS"—John Hubbard

JULY 5-6-7

"WITHOUT LOVE"—M.G.M. Special Feature
Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn

JULY 9-10

"KEYS OF THE KINGDOM"

Gregory Peck, Thomas Mitchell, Roddy McDowall, Sir Cedric Hardwicke

JULY 11-12—Two Features

"ESCAPE IN THE DESERT"—Philip Dorn, Irene Manning

"ROAD TO ZANZABAR"—Bing Crosby and Bob Hope

JULY 13-14

"BETWEEN TWO WOMEN"—M.G.M. Special Feature
Van Johnston, Lionel Barrymore, Gloria DeHaven

