

N^o 9 FLYER

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



Vol. 1

No. 8

JULY 1945

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CENTRALIA **NO. 9 FLYER** ONTARIO

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Editorial

Having bid a fond farewell and "Happy Landings" to the personnel of No. 9 S.F.T.S. we now extend a warm welcome to No. 1 ACU., whose first class will be graduating about the time this issue appears on the news stands.

We are pleased to present our first article from the "Commando Kids," and we hope to hear a great deal more from them in the next issue. Due to the rapid change in personnel and the unrest arising from the change of schools it was expected that it would be more difficult than usual

to secure material for this issue. It is really most gratifying to discover that our fears were unfounded and the response has been most generous.

Evidently the June editorial was a little too outspoken in its praise of the poetic efforts of the contributors and they have decided to rest on their laurels. Contributions for this issue have been entirely prose. Perhaps with the passing of Spring the lyrical outbursts have been silenced. Surely we haven't lost all our poets by posting, and we feel sure the new Unit will blossom forth with some well-conditioned verse for the next issue.

The response to the Short Story Contest sponsored by the Flyer was somewhat disappointing, though we must admit conditions were not too-favourable for the best results.

Congratulations are extended to the winners, whose stories are presented in this issue. The contest winner is AW.1 Jean Surgey, one of our obliging telephone operators, whose story concerns our popular mascot. The second prize goes to Cpl. Marjorie Horne of the P.T. & D. Section for her story of the Gremlin family.

Many thanks to the others who submitted stories. We're very sorry that we can't print them all.

The Flyer has been fortunate in its discovery of a cartoonist on the Station, and we introduce two of Cpl. Huntingdon's humorous sketches with this issue. We know you are going to look forward to many more of them in the future.

As the Flyer goes to press we are sorry to report the departure

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Biography of a Mascot

(1ST PRIZE WINNER)

Nobody understood him back on the farm; that is why those deep wrinkles and furrows have remained in his forehead to this day.

While still at the awkward age he was named Howard, after an uncle who had come to an untimely end while chasing a speeding car. Howard's father said he was pure lazy, and his mother (when she bothered to think about it at all) suggested something worse, inherited from the paternal side. This was very humiliating to a dog of his sensitive personality. His persecuted existence could not last forever, so no one was surprised when the "show-down" came one beautiful summer evening. Rover, his bold and handsome brother walked off with Fi-Fi, the love of his life—the cutest, curliest, blackest, little Pomeranian one could wish for in seven counties. Heart broken, poor Howard wandered sadly off the farm, and away down the highway; unable to drown his sorrows in drink, as he had seen farmer Brown do on more than one occasion, Howard realized that there was no more room for him in the home of his ancestors. For hours he loped along, looking neither right nor left—much to the disappointment of several would-be canine acquaintances; even an impudent rabbit hopping provocatively across the road failed to interest him.

Fate took a hand as dawn straggled out of the East, and Howard's weary nose picked up a strange and wonderful scent, faintly reminiseent of farmer Brown. Around the next corner a gather-

ing of those two-legged creatures hove into view, from the centre of which arose the delicious aroma of roast beef. (How could he know it was the last gasp of stew from the previous day?) Visions of luscious, meaty bones luring him on, our hero quickened his pace and trotted gaily into Centralia.

It didn't take Howard long to realize that no snarling watch-dog protected the great city—they'd have to keep him! Once more a dog with a country. If Maw and Paw could see their son now! He gloated—never in their wildest dreams had they thought of **him** as a watch-dog! But that was to be his destiny. With a little glow of pride he started up the main road.

The very next day, however, he nearly threw up the job—what should come swaying up the road towards his new home, but a huge bus, bulging with humans. Howard had never seen so many at one time. All the sins and "left-undones" of his short life flashed before him as these hordes of blue-clad giants plunged through the gate and vanished down the road.

Another thing he just couldn't get used to was the way perfect strangers would come up and pound him on the head—too familiar—his brother would never have stood for it! Perhaps a few well-placed bites. . . .? But then, in their boisterous way, they meant to be friendly.

From the beginning Howard realized that his friends at the gate were a different type of human than farmer Brown—he could get away with murder—

provided of course, he accompanied them on various missions around the station. Never had life seemed so worthwhile. Long lazy afternoons and peaceful walks in the country!

Then one sad day he overstayed his leave. It was all the fault of a neighbouring Collie, who had the most beautiful soprano howl that Howard had ever heard. He was convinced that compared with her, the human night club singers he overheard airmen from Montreal talking about, just wouldn't have a chance. Howard was a sadder and wiser dog, when, after several days in the digger, he resumed patrolling duties.

Until the time when he is called away to a doggy heaven Howard will remember with modest pride, the day of days when, amidst an admiring throng, his boss presented him with the title of "Flight Sergeant."

It is an admirable trait that his rank has never gone to his head among the four-legged inhabitants of No. 9. May your "post"-war life be pleasant "Flight Sergeant" Howard.

By Jean Surgey.



Another Japanese ally in jungle fighting is boredom and homesickness. Much of the fighting is done in inconspicuous actions which nobody hears about—"mopping up." The Japs are counting heavily on the boredom and homesickness of our troops to rob us of full victory.

BOUQUETS AND BRICKBATS

When you read this praise must abound 'cause henceforth I won't be around. The reason is—the posting scare has just caught up with me—so there. My stay here at the White City is finished and that sure's a pity—for though o'er country's lanes I roam—I called this place my second home. The people here have sure been swell, I could write more of this—but well—the paper is for local news and not confined to personal views. When clearances you have to fill at the Orderly Room your woe will spill; don't be alarmed, youse gals and joes, the staff is swell—this always goes. This bunch stand troubles like the rest, they're made up of the very best.

So long Centralia—thanks a lot, I hope there's nothing I've forgot. If by chance on Civvy Street our pathways they should ever meet I hope you say "Why, friend, Hello!" I guess with that I'd better go.

Ernie Axon.

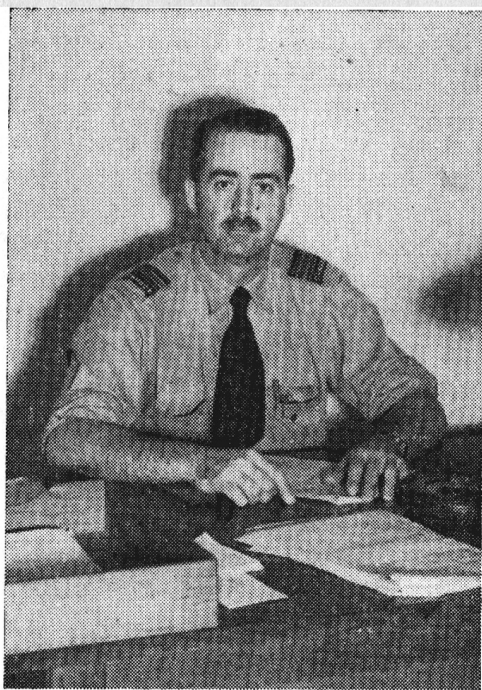
EDITORIAL

(Continued from Page 1)

of two stalwarts from the Editorial Staff—our President, S/L. Wilson, and our Editor-in-Chief, Mr. "Chuck" Crocker.

S/L. Wilson is retiring from the R.C.A.F. after five years of valuable service and he expects to be back on "civvy street" soon. "Chuck" has been notified of an overseas posting as a Y.M.C.A. Supervisor with the Canadian Army and he has left to assume his new position.

The Flyer takes this opportunity to express its appreciation for their efforts on its behalf and to extend best wishes for every success in their new ventures.



Our New S.M.O.

Introducing to you Squadron Leader Wilson "Wils" G. McKay, recently posted to this station from No. 1 S.F.T.S., Camp Borden, Ontario. His prime interest here is in the students of No. 1 Aircrew Conditioning Unit whom, he hopes, will benefit by his instruction.

Born in Oshawa, and having attained his early schooling there, he graduated in Medicine from the University of Toronto in 1934. After being in practice for a number of years, he joined the R.C.A.F. in 1941 as a Surgeon and was stationed in Trenton. In 1943 he was sent to Ottawa to re-organize the medical service for Headquarters personnel. Then he was sent to the Walter Reed Hospital in Washington, U.S.A. for two months, to study tropical medicine from the experiences of the U.S.A. Army personnel. In April, 1944, with another Medical Officer, he embarked on an extensive tour Overseas, and visited and studied

the medical conditions in Gibraltar, Tunis, Bengazi, Tripoli, Egypt, Sadi Arabia, and from Ceylon to Burma. Most of his transportation was done by air, and the area covered was approximately 30,000 air miles.

After being Overseas for six and a half months, S/L. McKay returned to Canada and found that he had lost twenty-five pounds during the short stay in the tropics.

Not only has S/L. McKay acquired technical information for his lectures to the trainees of No. 1 A.C.U., but he has had considerable experience from first hand observations in the Tropics. The students will benefit from his experiences and will know what conditions to expect in the Pacific Theatre of war.

Welcome "Wils"—may your efforts be crowned with success!

Sgt. Grudnitski.

o—o—o

"MOANS AND GROANS"

(Continued from Page 5)

pleted their training and will be on their way out. The boys certainly appreciated the kindness and friendliness of the W.D. personnel. The W.D.'s certainly did more than their share to make our month's stay a happy one. As for the P.T.I.'s—well, we certainly hope that they are in much better condition for the courses following.

Again, we want to thank A.C.U., minus the W.D.'s, for ruining our health, manners, happy out-look on life, and for teaching us to run faster than the Japs. Funny thing; you know, we always thought that we flew aircraft, not carried them. As a final farewell we say good luck to all pencil-pushers and arm chair pilots, and "Thank God we are still alive."

"Moans and Groans"

By The Commando Kids

Do you lack that Atlas physique? Is your second front getting out of control? If so, go at once to the "Toar, (kill or cure you) A.C.U. Institute," and get instant relief. It's stupendous! It's colossal! It's just plain "MURDER!" So, henceforth, No. 1 A.C.U. will be known as "MURDER INCORPORATED."

Yes, the second phase of the war has begun, but, what a helluva way to start it. This kind of war is certainly new to me and it has all the ear marks of stupidity. Why, they're trying to kill us before we get over there. Don't believe it, eh? Well, you had better join A.C.U. and get definite proof. There was once a time when all these mangled, bent-over and trampled-down bodies were in a happy and healthy condition. But look at us now! Aircrew? My God! I couldn't ride a tricycle right now.

On several occasions I have heard remarks passed concerning the state of our mental balance. This especially applies to the Nassau Wolves and their pet dog, "Deborah." The W.D.'s think that we are crazy, and a few of the staff have the same opinion, but can you tell us a better way to get out of the service? For the benefit of those who have not yet had the honour of meeting "Deborah," I will describe her to you. She is the cutest little brown and white cocker spaniel you ever laid eyes on. She is always with a Nassau man or men, and even accompanies us to the station dances.

By the time this paper is published, No. 1 Course will have com-
(Continued on previous page)

Station Softball League

Activities in the Station Softball League have been temporarily suspended due to the great number of postings in two sections and a probable third.

Servicing was forced to withdraw from the five team league when the section was incorporated with Maintenance and the vast majority of them subsequently posted. Maintenance, the league leaders, suffered the same fate. The Staff Officers, tied for second position with Servicing, are also expecting a change in scenery within a few days. Thus it leaves Headquarters and the Sr. N.C.O.'s, the 4th and 5th place holders, as league survivors—could be they'll play off for the dubious honour of being declared league champions. Between them, they won one contest, Headquarters edging out F/S. Morgan's N.C.O.'s nine. The



series might even be termed, "The Comedy of Errors."

It is expected, however, that the League will be reorganized with No. 1, A.C.U., supplying sufficient teams to resume activities.

Sgt. Breen.

Little Marvin found a button in his salad. He remarked: "I suppose it fell off while the salad was being dressed."

Post Office

Darn that post office! Why haven't I any mail? What do the postal clerks do anyway? Say, fellows, wait a minute. They really are doing all they can. Swell gals to know too. Let me introduce them, will you?

First, there is our Corporal, Alice Walper, who hails from Wilkie, a well-known spot in Saskatchewan. She's been in the postal business for quite a while, and came to this station late last fall. She can really help you.

Then there is our blonde lass from St. Stephen, N.B.—Millie Boles. She just came to our station, we were all getting to know her, then she leaves us. She has her discharge and is now happily residing in Vancouver. Wonder what Vancouver has that no other city has? Anybody know?

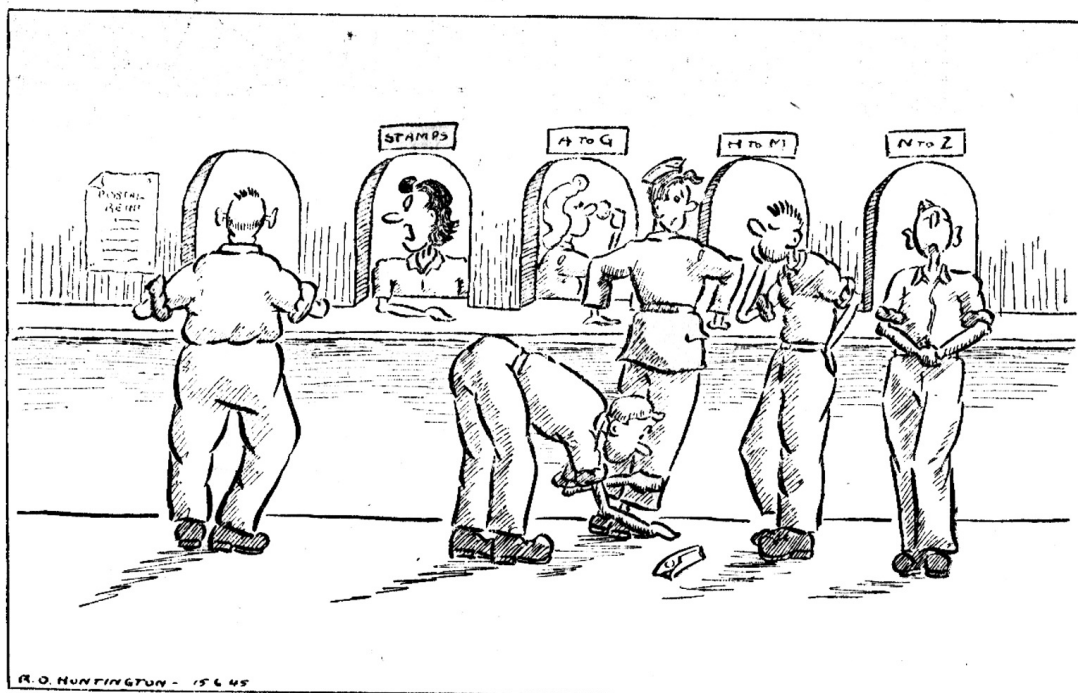
Then there are the gals that give you those long awaited letters. The lass on the wicket, "A" to "G," is Janet McKenzie, better

known as Mac. She's from Sussex, N.B. Anybody ever heard of that place? People tell me that the Scotch have a great art for telling tales. What kind? Well, I wouldn't know. But you sure will get results if you ask Mac. How about it Mac? More cooperation. So you fellows that come from around Alaska—it's pretty hard to get mail every day. I suggest you go and see the well known advisor, Mac. She'll cheer you up. No kidding.

Then, there's Mable Sawyer, well known as Tommy Sawyer. Oh yes, no relation whatsoever to the Mark Twain's Sawyer. She's from Fenelon Falls. Don't tell me you haven't heard about that place? I was about to tell you to ask her, but she's had her discharge, and has taken a trip to Vancouver. What a place! Another bow, fellows, this doesn't always happen.

You all know Anne Blazic, bet-

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POST OFFICE



(Left to Right): LAW. Sawyer, M.; LAW. MacKenzie, J. S.; LAW. Dickie, H. M.; Cpl. Boles, M. D.; Cpl. Walper, A. C.; LAW. Blazic, A.

SERVICE POLICE



BACK ROW (left to right)—Cpl. Maynard, J. W.; Cpl. Ducklow, E. B.; Cpl. Sturgeon, M.; Cpl. Parkin, A.
MIDDLE ROW (left to right)—Cpl. Aldcorn, B. N.; Sgt. Chute, G.; F/O. West, S. J.; Sgt. Simpkins, H.;
Cpl. Wilkinson, D.
FRONT ROW—Flight Sergeant Pooch.

"The Gestapo"

Those stalwart "Guardians of Law and Order" take this opportunity to say: "Good-bye No. 9 S.F.T.S.—Hello No. 1 A.C.U."

"No. 9" was always "No. 1" in the hearts of those who served at this Unit. May it long continue to be No. 1 to the boys and girls who made the Station what it is.

Many of our old friends are leaving, or have already left Centralia. The Service Police wish them "Good Luck" and "Happy Landings" and express the hope that life at their new Units will be as happy and harmonious as at good old No. 9.

Fortunately (or otherwise) our Guest House at the main gate under the management of the Service Police, which caters to those requiring accommodation up to, and including fourteen days, has not been patronised very extensively, probably by reason of the fact that everyone is so well behaved (possibly they have learned to be indiscreet—discreetly).

F/O. J. Jas. West—our genial D.A.P.M.—has been at No. 9 since August 1942, and has seen the Station develop into the Unit it is to-day. He is well known to the "old timers" and has established a reputation for his broad common-sense outlook, understanding, and fair treatment of "problems" that have arisen from time to time. During the first World War he saw Service with the British Expeditionary Force in Italy and Egypt, serving with the Devon Regiment and with the Egyptian Expeditionary Force (British Army), and the R.A.F. He enlisted in 1914 at the age of fifteen, and finally left the Service at the age of nineteen on transfer to the Special Reserve of Officers, R.A.F., in 1919. In World War

II he received his appointment in September, 1941, and has been stationed at Trenton, St. Thomas, Aylmer, and Centralia. He is now Regional D.A.P.M. with headquarters at Clinton. He brought with him a background of experience that has definitely been of benefit to the Service and his advice has been willingly given in a spirit of co-operation to all ranks.

Sgt. Harry Simpkins, another stalwart of the S.P. Section also brought with him a wealth of police experience to the Service, having had sixteen years police duties with the Sarnia Police Force. He is well liked and respected by all he comes in contact with, and has performed his duties as enthusiastically as he wallops the Big Drum in the Station Brass Band (confidentially, he also did the same service for the Big Drum in the Pipe Band recently—but we don't talk about that).

Sgt. Chute has been with us since September, 1944. He enlisted in June, 1940, and the experience gained at various other units has been put to good use at No. 9. His quiet unassuming manner and sense of humour has made him a popular member of the Section.

Cpl. Dave Wilkinson, the lad from the "North" of England, is also well known and liked, as is Cpl. Neil Aldcorn. They have both been at Centralia for over two years, and their performance of their duties has reflected credit on the Section and on the Station generally. Cpl. Parker has been with us for over a year and fits into the general picture of the Section's activities. The other three seen in the picture are Cpls. Sturgeon, Ducklow and Maynard
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Padre's Corner

Swearing—Is It Necessary?

That the habit of swearing, among service personnel and civilians alike, is an exceedingly common one there can be no question. The reason for it, if there be any real reason, is not so obvious. Does it serve any good purpose? Is it necessary? Can it be defended? Perhaps a consideration of the matter will help to answer these questions.

There are probably many people who, if they were asked, would really not be able to say why they swear as much as they do. They might even be surprised to discover that they were using so much profane language. Perhaps they would say that they swear just because they hear everyone else do it, (which is never a good reason for doing anything); and often they just slip into the habit without even being aware of it.

Then there are those who indulge in swearing because they think that it is a sign of adulthood, or of manly "toughness." Just why the taking of God's name in vain, or the use of obscene language, should be regarded as a mark of being grown up it is a little difficult to understand; but that seems to be the general idea among a good many people.

Two young recruits at an R.C. A.F. Manning Depot were talking together one evening in the barrack block where they were confined for the first ten days of their service life, when one was heard to say to the other, "Gee we're swearing a lot now, aren't we?" Apparently he had the mistaken notion that to be a good airman it was necessary to become

proficient at swearing. At any rate, from the way he spoke it was obvious that he was rather proud of the progress he was making in the art.

It is often supposed that profanity is a part of service life, and that nothing therefore can, or perhaps even ought, to be done about it. George Washington didn't share this opinion. He once wrote concerning this matter: "The General is sorry to be informed that the foolish and wicked practice of profane cursing and swearing, a vice heretofore little known in an American army, is growing into fashion. He hopes the officers will, by example as well as influence, endeavour to check it, and that both they and the men will reflect that we can have little hopes of the blessing of heaven on our arms if we insult it by our impiety and folly."

Sometimes men resort to swearing because they think that they can get a better response with it than they can by using more moderate language. It is doubtful whether this belief can be supported by actual results. It is much more likely that just the opposite is true. One of the most popular instructors the writer ever knew was an officer who never at any time was heard to use a word of profanity; yet there wasn't any effort that his men would not gladly have made for him.

And there are at least some high ranking officers who subscribe to this same view. Early in 1942 General Sir Bernard C. T. Paget, the Commander-in-Chief of the Home Forces, London, in writing to all Army Commanders regarding two points in the training

of students, had this to say: "The first point is the use of strong and offensive language to urge students to greater efforts during training. This behaviour is the complete negation of leadership, and while troops will respond to a lead, they will not be driven on by abusive language. When such language is used by N.C.O.'s to officer students, I consider that it is most harmful to discipline."

But probably most people swear simply in order to add emphasis to what they are saying, or to show that they feel strongly about a particular matter. If this is so it can only mean that they do not know how to express themselves in any other way, which indicates a weakness of vocabulary, if nothing else. John Bunyan, referring to his early days, wrote, "I knew not how to speak unless I put an oath before and behind to make my words have authority." Isn't this true of so many who swear habitually? They have such a poor use of words that unless they resort to profanity they are afraid that no one will pay any attention to them.

Which brings us to the question asked at the beginning—"Is swearing necessary?" To admit that it is a common practice does not say that it is either necessary or desirable. Nor can it be defended by saying that no irreverence or vulgarity is intended by it, as is doubtless very often true. It is still an offense to the minds and the souls both of those who practise it and those who are compelled to listen to it. It adds nothing to your own self-respect, nor to the respect which others have for you. So think twice before you swear—and then don't do it!

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

W.D. Oddities

Baseball Star Ball Players

"Coming out to play ball to-night?" Yes, that's the usual plea of Sgt. Harrison. And now our famous pitcher, Marie Houser, has left for Civie Street. Come on girls! We need a new pitcher, so let's get in there pitching. But you should see our mixed teams of the Sections! Have you seen Sgt. Clark stop those balls for Equipment, and the team from Headquarters run people off bases? Watch it gals! Control Tower are in the lead.

o—o—o

Yes, the W.D.'s are Making Good use of the Swimming Pool These Days

Cpl. Joyce Simpson and Ruth Owen are always available for a good ducking. Nothing but the latest styles in bathing suits are on display, and our W.D.'s are not just bathing beauties—just watch them swim!

o—o—o

Changes and Exchanges

Did you notice our sweet voices—"Watson" has changed to "Number Please." Our R.T.O.'s sure get around!

o—o—o

Beware Girls!

Fifty of the boys have just arrived from Nassau, and they haven't seen a white girl for nigh on to three months—and now with our lovely tans developing they might get confused and think they are back on that island, so watch it gals! The boys are getting into condition these days, but not saying what kind of condition.

(Continued on next page)

W.D. ODDITIES

(Continued from Page 11)

Grand Bend—Here We Come

True enough, the Bend has been invaded by Air Force personnel, and have you noticed our W.D.'s out-numbering the "Grand Bend Queens" of Civie Street this season. Oh yes, our W.D.'s in civies are a bit of all right!

o—o—o

Back to Civie Street

Lucky gals! Our Post Office has lost Cpl. Boles and LAW. "Tommie" Sawyer from their staff, and our Para-Packing gals from the Parachute Section have said farewell to Carter, Edwards (known as "Susie"), and Marie Houser. Best of luck, girls, as your Air Force career ends.

o—o—o

Wedding Bells are still Ringing

"Sgt. Helen Law of the Dental Clinic has changed her name to mine," says F/L. Cybulski, D.F.C. Also LAW. Hudson from Maintenance has snapped up one of our A.F.M.'s and is now LAW. Mackie. Have you heard of the long distance phone calls from Chatham these days? Yes, LAW. Casey, our telephone Myrtle, is now the wife of Cpl. Hunter. Best of everything to you all, and may discharges roll in to make life complete.

o—o—o

Comings and Goings

Some of our old original No. 9 gals have left us in a hurry these days. Sgt. Mary Cooper, the "Sunbeam" of the Station Hospital, has left us but is close to home. Cheerio, and good luck, Mary. Then Millie Brinkman, our timekeeper, dashed off to Up-

lands last week. We shall miss the "forever smile" of Millie. Cpl. Woods from the Parachute Section also left for Montreal—close to home and just what she wanted. And what a loss! "The gals that tell the weather by looking in your eyes." Yes, the "Met" Section has scattered far and near—our loss and many a gain.

o—o—o

Welcome To:—

Sgt. Whiteford, a new steno in the Hospital. Pearl lives in Lucan and is exceedingly happy here (we hope!). Cpl. Greaves of the Postal staff arrived from our neighbouring station of Clinton. Also we have LAW. Aird from Uplands and LAW. Dunsmore from Rockcliffe. A new station girls, and new experiences. Hope you will enjoy our "White City."

o—o—o

Did you hear about our F/S. Ellis from the Station O.R., known as "Muscles Ellis," who is waiting for his name to appear in the Flyer before he buys an issue? Well, Flight, now is your opportunity. You have made the Headlines at last.

o—o—o

A woman was making chocolate pudding. Suddenly she put on her hat to go out. Asked her husband: "Why are you going out and leaving the pudding boiling?" Said his wife: "It says in the cook book . . . when it comes to a boil . . . beat it!"

* * *

The landlady was showing the college student his room.

"As a whole, this room is quite nice, don't you think?" she said.

"I suppose so," he agreed. "But as a room it's not so good."

A Story As Told To Me

2ND PRIZE WINNER

One night not long ago as I was doing a Solo, I realized I was not alone in the Aircraft. Turning around, I saw a little fellow, about so high, wearing a bright red and yellow outfit. I said, very startled, "Who are you, and what are you doing here?" He looked at me for a moment, and then replied, in a soft squeaky voice, "Hello. I'm Grem-Lyn. I came along for the ride, and I'm quite harmless." I then proceeded to ask him any number of questions and this is the story he relayed on to me.

"One day I found myself under a big bush along with my sister Grem-Lew and my little brother, Grem-Lee. We were the proud children of Mr. and Mrs. Gremlin. We lived in a bush camp along with about fifteen other families just like us, around the grounds of this R.C.A.F. camp.

We had to attend school right away. This was only a few jumps away from our home, situated in a hollow stump in the middle of the camp. We had chairs and desks carved in the wood and our main lessons were how to use our bodies to our best advantage; like our noses—they can be used for any number of things—opening doors, getting into places where we shouldn't be, etc. When lunch hour came we all met under the far tree at the end of our village. From here we all made a dash to our allotted messes at your camp. The men to the Officers' Mess, the women to the Sergeants' Mess, and we children to the Airmen's Mess. The food here wasn't like the others, but they told us our time would come later. We would

run in and jump on the first table we came to, and while someone else, who looked like you, was chewing his food, we picked out the best on the plate dodging between the knives and forks. Once in a while we had a casualty, and then we wouldn't see our friend anymore because he would disappear along with the food into a big tunnel you call your mouths. This would make us very careful for awhile but we would again get very bold and indulge very carelessly and quickly.

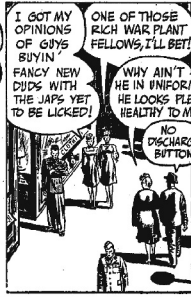
When we got a little older, and our parents had taught us how to get around in the big camp, and had taken us on a personal tour to every spot and showed us where everything was and how it was used, we were allowed out on our own. It doesn't take very long for us to attain age, or to grow full size. It was on one of these nights not long after I got my freedom when I met Grem-Lil—a beautiful girl from a neighbouring village; she was everything I wanted in life; and I'll remember her always as she stood there that first time I saw her, leaning against a Coke bottle in the Mess, wearing a green skirt, red blouse, blue stockings, and an orange hat. Her big nose set off her yellow skin like something out of this world, and when she smiled at me my heart turned over. I went over to her with courage and asked if she would accompany me on a night flip. She said she had never experienced one before and would love to. We trotted off to the runway and I assisted her into the beautiful yellow

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Male Call

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

Protective Coloration



"Y" NEWS

This month we are introducing two new "Y" personalities. First of all, Miss Nancy Tillson. A Londoner, she has been working for the Canada Trust Co. for the last five years. She was President of the Girls' Club there which involved considerable organization ability along entertainment lines. Nancy is just starting her career with War Services, and spent her first day on this, her first Station, Monday, June 11th. She comes well qualified to do a good job of service for you, and with your cooperation this can be accomplished.

The male part of the Y staff is Earl Zurbrigg who has had over four years experience with the Y, of which two years was spent in Newfoundland. He is an ardent fisherman (just ask him about the ones that got away). Earl's home is in London and it is rumoured that he had to rush

there one morning about six-thirty after hearing that he had become a "Poppa" for the second time.

With the Y.M.C.A. War Services in the capable hands of Nancy and Earl, things should really hum in the next few months.



"Chuck" Crocker, our Y man here since February, is leaving for overseas service with the Army as Y.M.C.A. Supervisor. Chuck has been waiting for this posting for a long time and we hope that all goes well. We're all going to miss Chuck—as a program organizer, Editor-in-Chief, information bureau, and a "Mr. Anthony" he's tops. The army lads in the occupied countries are getting a good man when he arrives there—no more boring evenings for them.

Good-bye Chuck, and the best of luck, no mal de mer, and a tres gale time at the Folies Bergeres.

A STORY AS TOLD TO ME
(Continued from Page 13)

Anson standing there waiting for us. Finally the big aircraft started off with a big push, and I held her hand because she was nervous. When things got straightened away, and we were sailing smoothly along, I took her by the arm and led her out on to the wing. The moon was shining and the sky was full of stars. I looked into the darkness of her eyes and kissed her oblong mouth, and knew she was for me. The plane was rocking back and forth, and she laughed because she enjoyed it so much. I told her I would make the plane do anything at all, and asked her if she would care to see me do some acrobatics. She answered yes, so back in the plane, I told her to sit quietly and hold on, and I walked up to the Pilot's seat, and took hold of the big stick with all my might and pushed for all I was worth and the

big aircraft started zooming down into space, rocking and shaking as it went. When we almost hit the earth I pulled the stick and the aircraft went rushing up to meet the moon. The fellow flying the big ship had such a funny look on his face, but I was happy because I was Grem-Lil's hero.

After this, Grem-Lil and I met every evening, and finally I asked her to be my wife and come to our village to live. She consented, and we had a big wedding at her camp with all the Gremlins from miles around to attend the big occasion. We moved into a nice green bush which had just been trimmed, and here we lived afterwards with our family who carried on as we had before.

I looked at this strange fellow again, and asked him to join me some time again in the future, but I never saw him again, but maybe you will, and if so you'll already know the story as he told it to me. Do you believe it?

Cpl. Marjorie Horne.

“Cleaver’s Calloused Commando Cadets” or “Taylor’s Tottering Tortured Troops”

If you are wondering about these bronzed and broken bodies you see staggering around the station these days, they probably belong to the group of students who have volunteered (after somebody twisted their arms) for the course at No. 1 A.C.U.—officially known as No. 1 Aircrew Conditioning Unit, but known by the boys themselves as “Murder Incorporated.”

The boys started their training the eighteenth of June, and rumour has it that July seventeenth is now the most important date in their minds. Stiff and sore, but fit for more, they will graduate then. (S/L. Cleaver had planned putting in an order for innumerable sets of crutches were there to be a regular graduation presentation, but it has been decided that it would be much better for everyone if we just made the thing informal and handed out splints and bandages.)

There is a variety of men on the course—a few who have seen service in the European theatre and are back for a crack at the Japs; browned off (get a load of those tans) O.T.U. boys from Nassau; former instructors in Canada; and fellows who have been called back from the reserve after a short taste of civilian life.

The primary objective of this course is to develop physical fitness and survival skills, commensurate with Air Force duties. After workouts on that drill program, the boys will be in good shape, and they’ll certainly find it profitable to carry them through their future training.

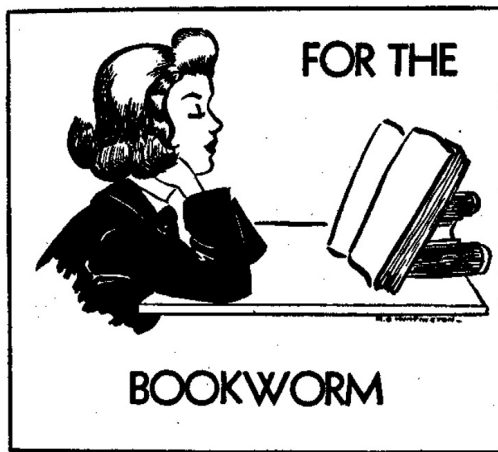
We hope the survival gen won’t have to be used by the trainees on

anything more than finding their way out of the miniature jungle on the tennis court in front of the Officers’ Mess, but if at any time anyone is in a position to (a) make a spectacular escape from behind the Jap lines, (b) spend five days playing knock rummy (for bomber crews), strictly solitaire for fighters, in a dinghy, (c) be stranded on a Pacific Island with a grass-skirted charmer (where he’ll probably forget all he ever learned—or will he!), the lectures he receives here at A.C.U. will help to get him through. The moral of this story is—on survival be a whiz; come what may, you’ll find your way, and live to see another day.

Six hours of lectures are devoted to giving the student a background and knowledge of the lands and peoples of the Far East. A lot of interesting chatter will go on in the class rooms, so pick up your ears and tie them on to the listening wagon. Get on the bandstand here fellows, ’cause the Educational Officer will be talking on China’s war time achievements and the obstacles to its war effort; the make-up and war potential of modern Japan; and the historical outline of Japanese Imperialism.

S/L. McKay is around to give you all the latest gen on tropical diseases and preventative measures to be taken against them. Our S.M.O. is just the man for the job, for, having been in the Far East himself he knows just what the set-up is.

As you may or may not know, this course is just an experiment
(Continued on Page 19)



Which of these current best-sellers do you want to read? We have them all and will be looking forward to seeing you soon. Your Library is one of the best in Command so if you enjoy reading or just browsing around we will be very pleased to welcome you.

A TREE GROWS IN BROOKLYN by Betty Smith. The sensational best-seller about a lovable Brooklyn family that is enchanting everyone who reads it. The movie was great but the book is greater.

CONGO SONG by Stuart Cloete. The new novel of 9 men and a woman under an African sun—a story of love and intrigue in a land of savage beauty, where primitive emotions hold sway.

INDIGO by Christine Weston. The best selling new novel of 3 families living in India—English, French, and Indians—a story as filled with beauty and romance, greed and cruelty as India herself.

THE SUN IS MY UNDOING by Marguerite Steen. A real treat to readers who enjoy a book whose story carries them into a world of romance and adventure. This is a tale of 18th century life.

NIGHT SHIFT by Maritta Wolff. Petey Braun's vital personality attracted both men and trouble as a flame attracts moths.

A truly great book by the author of the prize-winning "Whistle Stop" which is also in the library.

CLAUDIA AND DAVID by Rose Franken. In this welcome sequel to Claudia, Miss Franken has lost none of her freshness or charm in picturing the many-sided married life of the young architect and his impressionable wife.

STAMPEDE by Stewart White. This concerns California life in the early 50's, the gold rush days. Crammed full of excitement.

THE COMMANDOS by E. Arnold. While striving to uphold his American honor before the Gestapo, a captured American loses his heart to a courageous Norwegian girl. Thrills and adventure galore.

A LAUGH A DAY KEEPS THE DOCTOR AWAY by Irvin S. Cobb. Inexhaustible fund of funny stories. If you like humour, you'll love this.

THE FACE IS FAMILIAR by Ogden Nash. 281 poems of numble wit and humour by America's light-hearted laureate.

THE STORY OF MANKIND by Hendrik Van Loon. Essential for all who use their books to gain knowledge; a chronology of man's progress.

HOW NEVER TO BE TIRED by Marie B. Ray. How to conserve energy in order to get the most out of life. For people with a complex, people who are always tired or worried, people who feel they have not the right job in life.

HOYLE'S COMPLETE AND AUTHORITATIVE BOOK OF GAMES. Official rule book for nearly every card and indoor game. Always comes in handy to settle bets.

THE ROMANCE OF THE ALASKA HIGHWAY by Philip H. Godsell. For this stirring saga

of the great northwest Mr. Godsell traces the Alcan hi-way from its early beginnings. He considers the strategic and economic aspects of this road, the aerial "bomber road" the Canol Project. It's a story of brains, brawn and ingenuity.

THE R.C.A.F. OVERSEAS, THE FIRST 4 YEARS. This thrilling and beautiful volume calls the roll of honour of the men and boys of the R.C.A.F. who fought in the Battle of Britain on convoy patrols and interruptions, as night fighters and intruders on thousands of operations to bomb Germany and occupied Europe.

And for you murder mystery readers, we've plenty of reading material to satisfy even the most rabid fan. Visit your library once and you'll visit it often. Keep an eye on DRO's for new arrivals. New books are always being added to our shelves. So long for this time. See you next month.

LAW. E. Woodward,
Station Librarian.

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**"A FRIENDLY PLACE
TO MEET"**

Y.W.C.A. Hostess House

Some of you, no doubt, spend the odd night or two during the week in barracks, because you can find nothing else to do. I am writing this article to tell you that it is not at all necessary. We have a very good Hostess House which is far better than any barracks.

At the Hostess House you can do everything you do in barracks (with the exception of course, of your washing and a few odd

things like that;) and be far more comfortable. For example—you can read, write letters, play cards and games, or just relax. There is another point too; it has the only tree on the Station that you can sit under. We have other trees on the Station, of course, but right now it would be a little hard to try and sit under them.

Mrs. Barham and Miss Roulston are the Hostesses. They will explain the ins and outs of the Hostess House to you and put you at your ease. Mrs. Barham has been a Hostess for quite a long time so she understands the Air Force; besides she has a sense of humour. Miss Roulston is an accomplished pianist and if you feel like singing she is always willing to play for you.

I mustn't forget the food. Sooner or later, someone is bound to say "Well, what about food?" Between the hours of seven and ten p.m. the canteen is open and you can get tea, toast and sandwiches. On Sunday afternoon there is "Open House." The Canteen is open from two to four o'clock and tea is served with usually something a little extra like cookies and cakes. Open House is different from any other day because you don't have to go digging around in your pockets for the ten cents you're sure you brought; it is absolutely free.

If you have any civilian relatives or friends who would like to visit you at the Station they are always welcome at the Hostess House.

At first I wasn't going to write this article. After all, why should I tell them about the Hostess House, they will only go up there and eat all the food and sit in all the easy chairs and where will I be?

LAW. H. Geale.

**"CLEAVER'S CALLOUSED
COMMANDO CADETS"**

(Continued from Page 16)

and results are being keenly anticipated at A.F.H.Q. We're sure that with the men who are at the helm the word "success" will be printed in very large letters at the conclusion of the experiment.

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POST OFFICE

(Continued from Page 6)

ter known as Calgary. One of those Westerners. She's trying to convince people that there are street-cars in the place. There are so many hills there that the cars don't need motors. And there are so many gophers that the government would buy their tails, but on account of the war it won't buy 'em anymore 'cause that would put it in the poor house. Anne's a cheerful sort of egg. Always grinning. Wonder why? Maybe it's the Commandos! Why don'tcha ask her? No! If you feel sorry about something, and it makes you feel better to tell someone, she's the gal that will cheer you up. And brother, I don't mean maybe! So they tell me!

We had two new girls just arrive here. I'd like you to meet them. First, there's Cpl. Isabelle Greaves. She used to be stationed at Clinton, before coming here. Her home is in Huntsville, and for those who don't know Toronto district, it's just a few miles from there. She's a nice gal, Isabelle, and we hope she'll like it here as much as we like having her.

Then we have Helen Dickie. She hails from our big town of London—right around home. She's been in the hospital, and we hope she won't be there very long, 'cause we'd like to get to know

her better. So how about coming out soon, Helen?

People tell me that at all jobs you get grey hair. Whether it is from the women or the work, I wouldn't know. Well, we sure can get 'em. Not that we're complaining. Oh, No! But it does seem rather funny to see a fellow writing all kinds of those peppy notes on the envelope of the letter to his gal so there's no room for a stamp. So what does he do? You guessed it. Doesn't put on one. So when his gal gets a letter, due 8 cents, if you please, is it worth it? It's double deficiency if you forget. Punishment, you know!

And then sometimes the address is put on the envelope and no name. How do we know who she is? It even happens sometimes the other way around—name, but no address. I know that a young man's fancy turns to—shall we say love—but this happens all the year around. You see what I mean. No?

Some other people have different fancies than love. The other day a person (wouldn't like to mention who, of course) was looking all over the grounds for paper. This character picked over every piece, and then at mail time insisted that he had a letter. Could you tell me when they ever send discharges by mail individually to each person by giving them a cute little envelope saying they can go home now? I know the Air Force, as well as the Post Office in Ottawa, can perform miracles, but even that wouldn't work.

You see how little things like that amount to larger things, so when you're ready to (shall we put it blankly) swear, just remember we do all we can—and believe me, brother, that's plenty!

Anne Blazic.

Airmen's Mess

June 12th

Padre asked me to do a write-up on the Airmen's Mess for July issue. Deadline in fourteen days. Have lots of time.

June 13th

Sat down to start article on Mess. Good music on radio. Decided to listen. Still have thirteen days.

June 14th

Started writing to-night. Said F/Sgt. Herb Broom is N.C.O. i/c. So far, so good. Said F/Sgt. Herb Broom was best N.C.O. on station. Ripped it up. Still have lots of time.

June 15th

Had discussion with Messing Officer, S/O. Firth. She won. Will not feel like writing to-night. Temperament. Left on forty-eight.

June 16th

Had fun. Cpl. Bea Bartlett was presented B.E.M. this morning by Lieutenant Governor in Toronto.

June 17th

Had fun! Lots of time for write-up.

June 18th

Settled down to article. Mentioned some of the swell people there are in the Mess—LAC's Miller, Shalenko and Parniak for example. Felt I had made some headway.

June 19th-20th

Slept. Still have lots of time. Talked with "Ike" Simpson, part-time Boss-Masseur.

June 21st

Talked to Johnny Goudron, Montreal's gift to No. 9. One of the best workers. Was on with Flo MacGaffery. He works 9 to 5 a.m. Grim!

June 22nd

Did some more of write-up. Thought of Zelda Erwin, the clerk office. Very efficient. Fell asleep.

June 23rd-24th

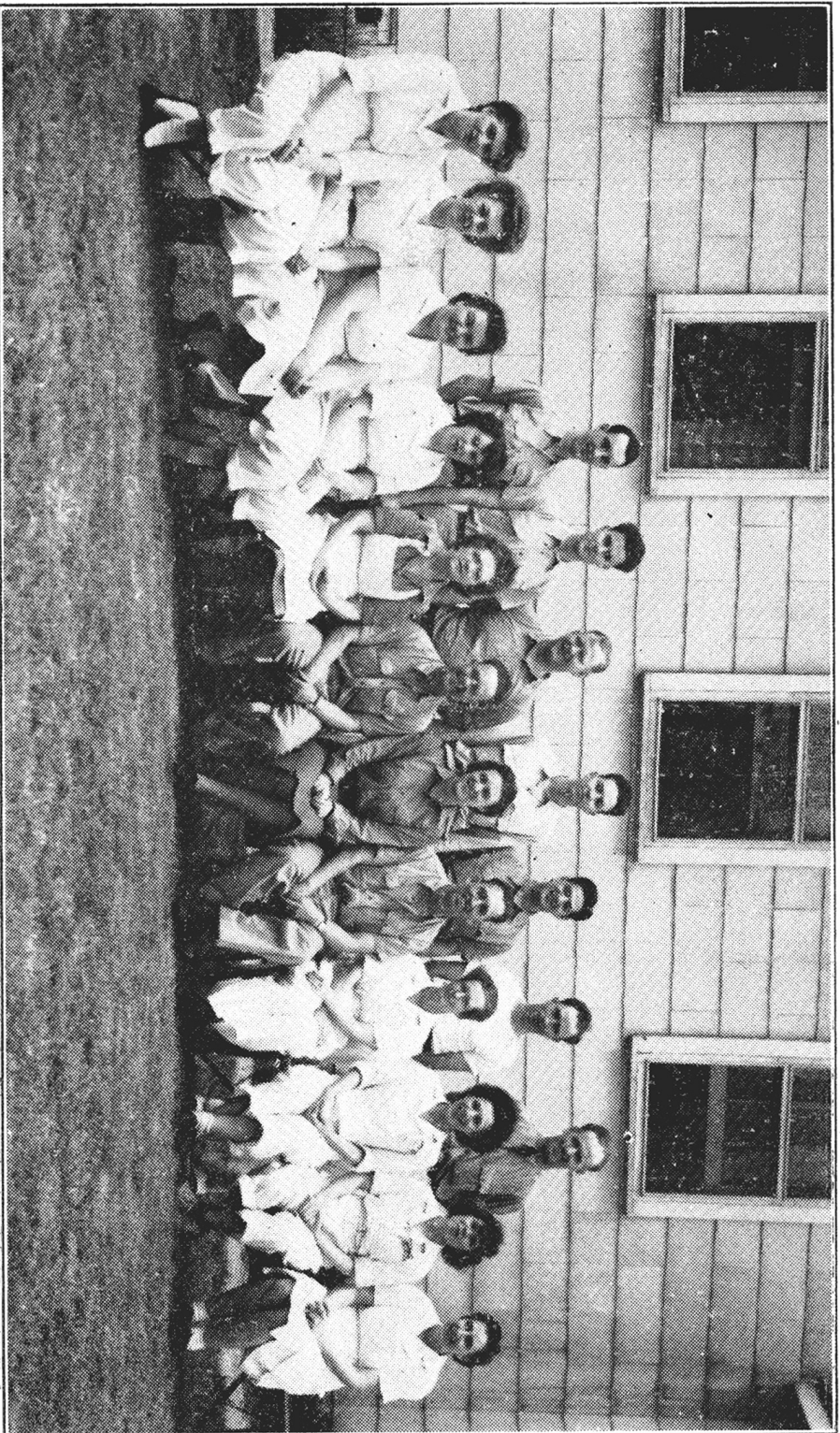
Everyone off on "forty-eights." Too hot to write. Reg. Crawley (Brooklyn's pride and joy) in charge.

June 25th

To-morrow deadline. Must finish to-night. Must mention Jack Campbell and Ken Walker,
(Continued on Page 23)

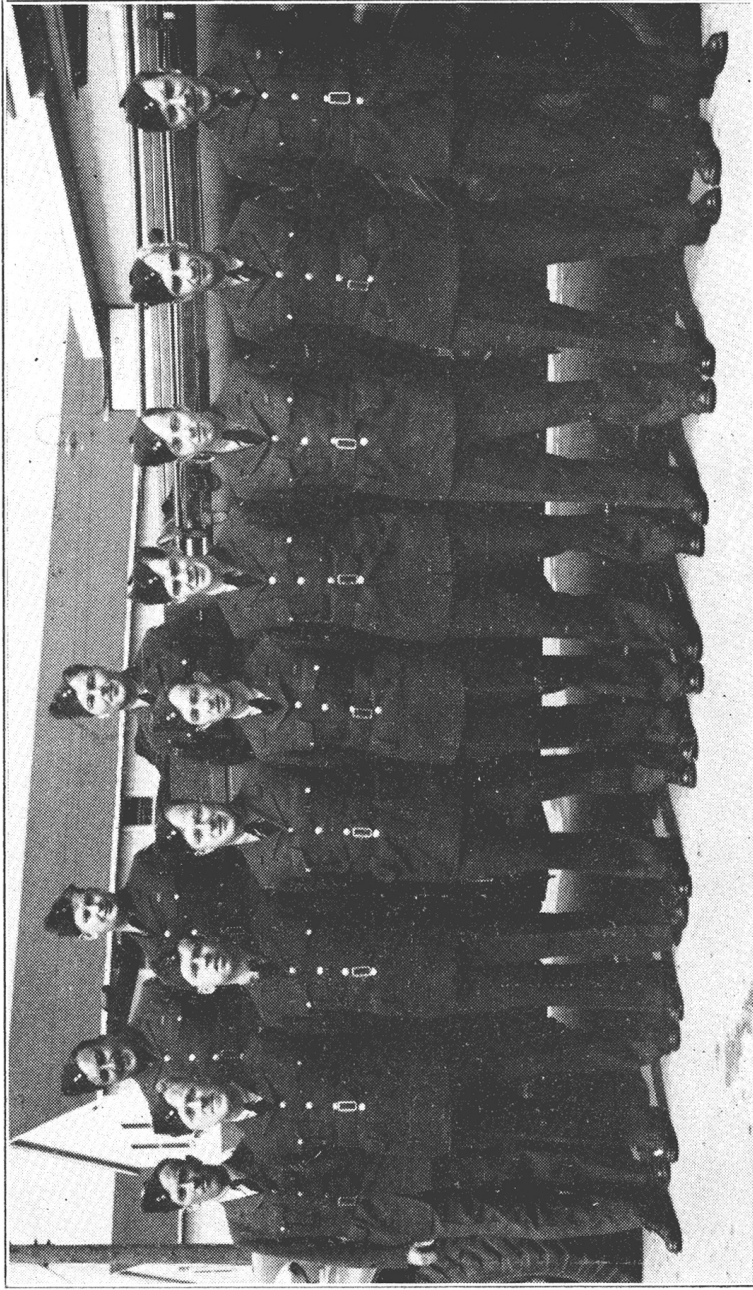


AIRMEN'S MESS



**BACK ROW (left to right)—LAC. Crowley; LAC. Walker; Cpl. Campbell; LAC. Parker; LAC. Renaud;
LAC. Zulauf; LAC. Miller.**
**FRONT ROW (left to right)—LAW. Drake, LAW. LaRose; LAW. McGaffey; LAW. Marshall; Cpl. Bart-
lett; Sgt. Simpson; S/O. Firth; F/S. Broom; Cpl. Hutchinson; LAW. Stengel; LAW. Mimd; LAW,
Jackson.**

FIRE FIGHTERS



BACK ROW (left to right)—LAC. Coward, J. L.; Cpl. Oates, D. E.; LAC. Moore, W. H.
FRONT ROW (left to right)—LAC. Valentine, E. C.; F/S. Suddaby, A. E.; Sgt. Hogan, H. I.; Cpl. Emblem-
ton, E. W.; LAC. Meredith, A. L.; LAC. Rolston, E. W.; LAC. Woolfrey, T. E.; LAC. Gagen, T. W.;
LAC. Smallwood, G. W.

Fire Hall

F/S. Wiseman was the first Fire Chief at this unit. One Corporal and five LAC.'s came about three months later, followed by a Sergeant and five more LAC.'s. The first thing that greeted the men was a fire hall full of equipment which had to be installed in every building on the station.

Through mud, knee high, all the equipment had to be carried, and it was no easy task. The fire truck was pulled by tractor to the fire hall and remained there until the roads were paved.

F/S. Stevens replaced F/S. Wiseman as Fire Chief, arriving from Summerside the latter part of July, 1942, and remained here until February, 1944. F/S. "Pop" Parke then took over and with his arrival our flower garden took shape. The garden is notorious as the show-place of the station, due mainly to "Pop's" efforts. Just before Christmas "Pop" had the misfortune to fall from a ladder, injuring his back. After several months in hospital he was finally discharged from the Service. Best of luck to you "Pop." Our Fire Chief now is F/S. Sudaby who came through the battle of Borden unscratched.

We are proud to state that in three years our fire loss has been practically nil, due to rigid fire inspections and the co-operation of all sections. We have given assistance at fires in the surrounding districts on a few occasions.

The Fire Hall and trucks are always clean and attractive and ready for inspection at all times. The staff consists of fourteen men who live and work harmoniously together in the Fire Hall. Of the original crew who helped to open Centralia, there are only five left,

and many changes have been made since their arrival. Our mascot, Myrtle the Turtle, who proudly advised every one to buy Bonds during the last Victory Loan, presented us on the 21st of June with seventeen turtle eggs which are now being hatched.

Cpl. D. Oates.

o—o—o

"THE GESTAPO"

(Continued from Page 9)

—they are new arrivals at Centralia.

The other members of the Section (not in the picture) are: Cpl. Anderson of Station Orchestra "sliding trombone" fame who was our only casualty in the "Battle of the Cats," Cpl. Bogle, Cpl. Venn, Cpl. Graham, Cpl. Edge, and Cpl. LaRose.

Also on the Staff are Cpls. Harris and Harrett of the R.1 Grand Bend, and Cpl. Peters, "The Hermit of St. Joseph's."

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"AIRMEN'S MESS"

(Continued from Page 20)

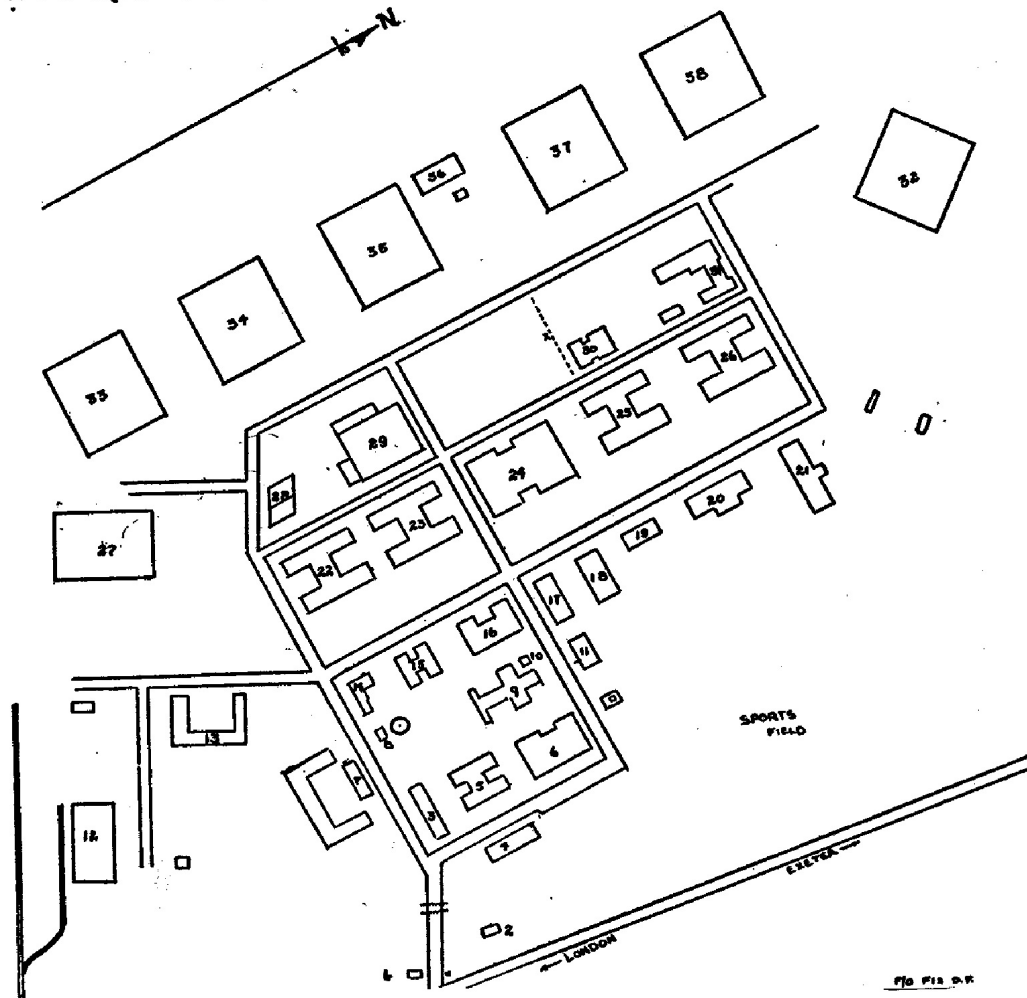
butchers. Both swell to work with. Can't forget Cpl. "Hutch" Hutcheson, Grace Drake, Georgie LaRose, newly-weds, Lee Bloxom and Jean Mills both swell girls. Ruth Stengal who has efficiently looked after the boys on course. Thought of Louise Preston and bicycle, and of "Scotty" Mundt—North Dakota's gift to the R.C. A.F. LAW. Marshall—second in command of Mess Hall No. 2—completes picture. Hope I haven't forgotten anyone.

June 26th

Handed in article. Stinks! I'll never recognize it. New Editor.

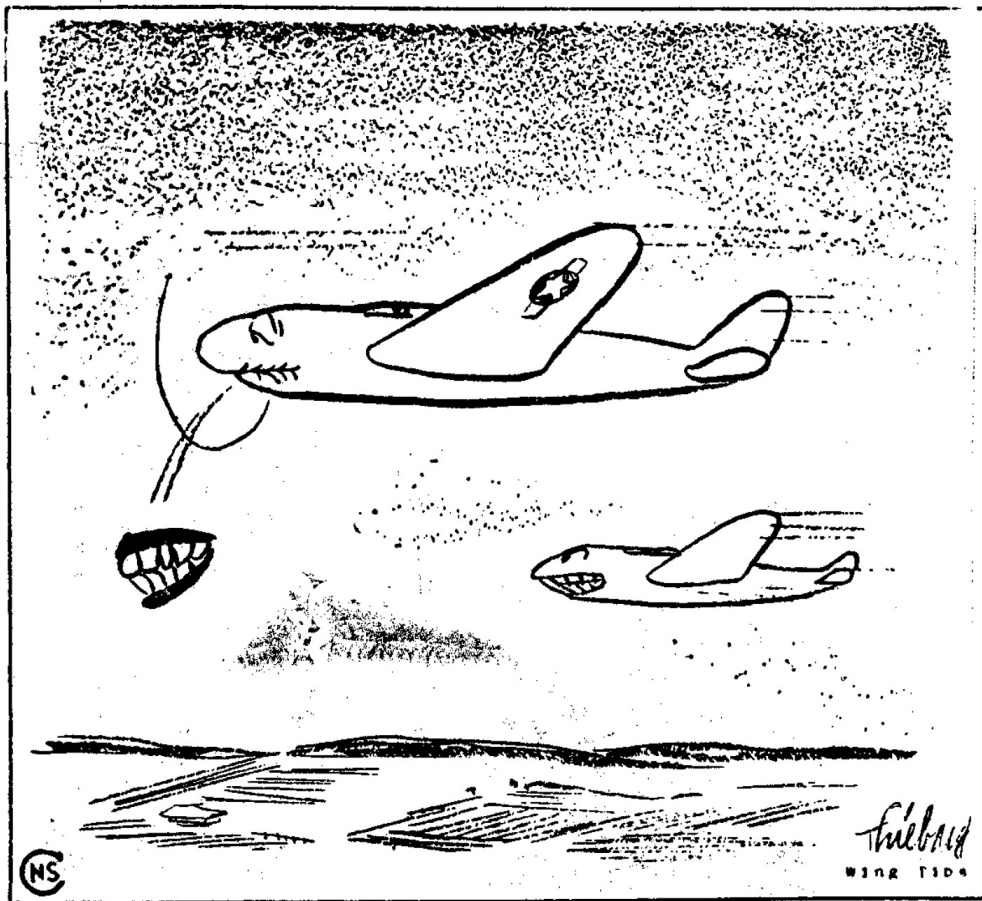
A. W. Parker.

WHERE TO FIND IT AT CENTRALIA



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Honours List

A number of officers and N.C. O.'s on this station were mentioned by the King in a recent honours list. Most of these men have gone from No. 9 S.F.T.S.—in fact, even No. 9 S.F.T.S. is gone now—and we were able to interview only a few.

Amongst those mentioned in the list were S/L.'s J. E. Bythel and R. E. Porter, F/L.'s J. E. Tripp and H. C. Herder, and F/Sgt. Avis, A. V.

S/L. Bob Porter is acting S.Ad. O. at the time this is written. He was O.C. of No. 1 Training Squadron in the days when we had training squadrons. He comes from Andover, N.B., joined up in Toronto and received his wings at Uplands. Most of his service has been with No. 9 S.F.T.S., at Sum-

merside and at Centralia. He is married and the proud father of one boy. He was notified by telegram that he had received the A.F.C. "... They must've drawn my name out of a hat," S/L. Porter surmises.

F/Sgt. Al Avis was honoured with the British Empire Medal. He also is an old-timer with No. 9 S.F.T.S. and has seen most of his service under the same C.O. at Summerside and Centralia. He joined the station as an LAC. and is leaving the Air Force as a Flight Sergeant. Whilst occupied with the grim struggle of promotion, he managed to get married and raise a family, (one girl). "I got a medal instead of a pension," Al suggested, "Maybe I should've voted C.C.F."

The Wolf

by Sansone

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LOCAL TRAIN AND BUS SUMMER SCHEDULES

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

Leaves London at 9.00 a.m.—Arrives Centralia at 10.02 a.m.
 Leaves Centralia at 4.25 p.m.—Arrives London at 5.25 p.m.

	Leaves	Arrives
Daily	London	Airport
	1.00 a.m.	1.55 a.m.
Sunday only	9.30 p.m.	10.30 p.m.

WESTERN ONTARIO MOTORWAYS

	Leaves	Arrives
	Airport	London
Daily (exc't Sun.)	6.15 p.m.	7.00 p.m.
Sunday	5.30 p.m.	6.20 p.m.
	Leaves	Arrives
	Centralia	London
Daily (exc't Sun.)	2.05 p.m.*	3.00 p.m.
Daily	9.30 a.m.	10.20 a.m.
	9.20 p.m.	10.15 p.m.

	Leaves	Arrives
Daily	London	Centralia
	9.50 a.m.	10.40 a.m.*
	12.45 p.m.	1.40 p.m.*
	4.30 p.m.	5.25 p.m.
	7.00 p.m.	7.55 p.m.

(*Stops at Highway. Does not come into Centralia)

STATION ACTIVITIES

All Ranks Dances—Every Tuesday night in the Drill Hall. Dancing nine to midnight. Bring your friends.

Informal Dances—In the Recreation Hall Saturday and Sunday nights after the movies. Thursdays too, sometimes. All the latest records.

Swimming Pool—65° of refreshment—open from 1000 to 2200 hours—Supervisors always present. Learn to swim—beginners begin now.

Library—A. & A. Club—Relax in the comfortable lounge with one of the latest novels, or write that long-promised letter to the gal back home.

Church Services—Protestant—1100 hours. Roman Catholic—0715 hours, 0915 hours.

Muster Your Muscles—in the Drill Hall (A.C.U.'ers won't need this). Badminton, Basketball, weight-lifting, in fact anything you want to give you a real "he-man" physique. The gals will love it!

Musical—Listen to your favourite symphonies each Sunday at 1830 hours in the Recreation Hall. Request your own program.

Movies—Every Monday, Wednesday and Friday nights at 1800 and 2000 hours. Saturday night at 1930 hours, Sunday night at 2000 hours. Recreation Hall.

Y.W.C.A. Hostess House—For a quiet afternoon or evening in a very charming atmosphere, visit

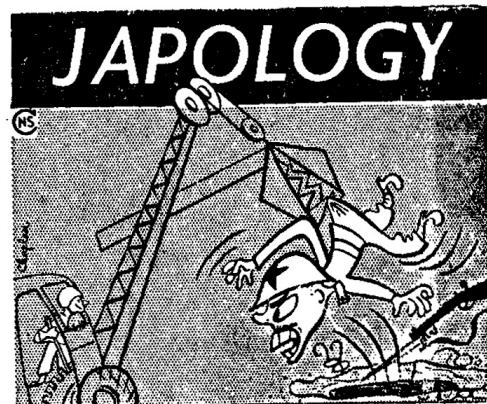
the Y.W.C.A. Hostess House. Mrs. Barham and Miss Roulston like to have you there.

W.D. Craft Shop—Open 1800 hours to 2200 hours. Make your own gifts — slippers, purses, bridge-table covers, knitting bags, etc.

Men's Craft Shop—Open 1400 hours to 2200 hours. Well equipped wood-work shop.

Or just get in some sack time for those large nights at Grand Bend.

Y.M.C.A. — Recreation Hall — Everything you need we have—shipping tags, wrapping paper, string, playing cards cribbage boards, small games, puzzles, small lending library, free stationery. The following services are available:—Telegrams sent, flowers wired, berth reservations and train tickets obtained, incoming express handled, money orders looked after, train and bus schedules for your information.



As a scientific fighter, the Jap can't measure up to the German. But his fanaticism compensates for many shortcomings. After you lick him tactically, you often spend weeks and months rooting him out and killing him.

Movies at Leavitt's Theatre, Exeter

JULY 16-17-18

"SONG TO REMEMBER"—Technicolor Feature
Paul Muni, Merle Oberon

____*____ *____*____* ____*____

JULY 19—One Night Only—2 Features

"PORT OF 40 THIEVES"
"HI GOOD LOOKIN' "

____*____ *____*____* ____*____

JULY 20-21—2 Features

"COWBOY AND THE SENORITA"—Roy Rogers
"MY BEST GAL"—Jane Withers

____*____ *____*____* ____*____

JULY 23-24—2 Features

"CHINA SKY"—Randolph Scott
"EVE KNEW HER APPLES"—Ann Miller

____*____ *____*____* ____*____

JULY 25-26

"OBJECTIVE BURMA"—Errol Flynn

____*____ *____*____* ____*____

JULY 27-28

"KEEP YOUR POWDER DRY"

Lana Turner, Susan Peters

____*____ *____*____* ____*____

JULY 30-31

"THE SONG OF BERNADETTE"

Jennifer Jones, Vincent Price

____*____ *____*____* ____*____

AUGUST 1-2

"COUNTER ATTACK"—Paul Muni

____*____ *____*____* ____*____

AUGUST 3-4

"THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS"

Robert Young, Lorraine Day

____*____ *____*____* ____*____

AUGUST 6-7—2 Features

"PILLOW TO POST"—Ida Lupino and Sidney Greenstreet
"TAHITI NIGHTS"—Musical Comedy

____*____ *____*____* ____*____

AUGUST 8—One Night Only

"THE CLOCK"—M.G.M. Feature

Judy Garland, Robert Walker

____*____ *____*____* ____*____

AUGUST 9-10-11 AND SATURDAY MATINEE

"SON OF LASSIE"—M.G.M. Technicolor Feature
Peter Lawford, Donald Crisp

____*____ *____*____* ____*____

AUGUST 13-14—2 Features

"GYPSY WILDCAT"—Technicolor Feature

Maria Montez and Jon Hall

"BOSTON BLACKIE BOOKED ON SUSPICION"

____*____ *____*____* ____*____

AUGUST 15-16—M.G.M. Feature

"TWICE BLESSED"—Wilde Twins, Ethel Smith

____*____ *____*____* ____*____

AUGUST 17-18

"HERE COME THE COEDS"

Abbott and Costello



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