

# Nº 9 FLYER

Nº 9 SERVICE FLYING TRAINING SCHOOL, R.C.A.F.

CENTRALIA, Ontario

No. 1 Aircrew Conditioning Unit



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# CENTRALIA **NO. 9 FLYER** ONTARIO

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## Editorial

This is a period when a large proportion of service personnel are inclined to become "browned-off" to some extent—and not without the best of reasons, too.

For most of us the cause of our dissatisfaction is quite apparent. We are impatiently awaiting our turn to get back on "civvie street" and until we receive our discharge we feel we are merely marking time—even wasting time. Others are awaiting posting to the Pacific Theatre and wish to be on their

way before all the action is over. They feel the same way.

At this stage of the war when victory in Europe has been achieved and only a small number can proceed to the Pacific it is only natural that the reduced activity on most Stations tends to provide a poor outlet for the average serviceman's youthful pep and energy, and his impatience for discharge or further action only aggravates this condition. Furthermore, much of the old glamour and excitement is gone.



But there is another side to the picture which many of us fail to see. A huge undertaking like the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan cannot fold up overnight. It takes time to close up Stations and adjust others to a new training scheme. The overworked discharge centres can only handle a limited number of personnel at a time. Industry, busy with reconversion, can only absorb limited numbers of new men for the time being, and it's foolish to let men out of the service in a hurry unless they can be reasonably sure of a job.

There are many other points which could be mentioned, pro and con, but next time we feel ourselves slipping into a deep mental depression let's remember that it does take time for the wheels to turn, and we're not alone in our plight.

## “Like the Wheat”

“Yes sir,—that spot is sure ‘Like the Wheat.’” My curiosity aroused, I asked, “What’s like the wheat, Bill?” A wee spade was his answer, completely ignoring my question. Then as Don countered with two clubs, and Jack without the slightest hesitation stammered, “Two hearts,” I realized that my question would be left unanswered; so at the moment I let it go at that. Bill touched off the bidding with four diamonds. Why, I’ll never know. However, he managed to scrape a measley four tricks; got himself terribly confused, and his partner none too happy.

Everyone knows how it is to try and break up a bridge game; but while they were re-shuffling the cards on one of the deals my anxiety was finally brought to an end. “What’s like the wheat, Bill?” I had asked him so often I was beginning to think that I stuttered. “Why, the ‘Bend,’ of course.” Everyone apparently must know what the “Bend” is. The mere mention of the word is chamber music to some of the boys. I was a rookie on the station at the time. I’m really a veteran now. (I’ve been here a little over a month!) So I wasn’t genned up on what to do and where to go around these here parts; but I would like to tell you what happened a few days later.

We were playing knock rummy in the mess, and I had been caught on a quadruple with a fist full of face cards that would choke a horse. If anyone doubts me will they kindly bring along one

of our four-legged friends to G.I.S. sometime, and I’ll do what I can to prove my point. However, I was down to the tune of 1879 points at the time, so when someone suggested that we go to the “Bend,” I paid my debts, bought a three-cent stamp, borrowed ten dollars, and went over to change.

I had quite a battle with myself wondering just what to wear. I couldn’t make up my mind whether I should put on my blue suit, my summer suit, my walking out suit, (they call it my walking out suit because unless I hang it up it just walks out on me), or the only one I’ve got.

It was 7 p.m. when I re-entered the mess, looking very much like the man who was voted most likely to go to seed. The jallopy “Pop” calls a bus doesn’t leave until 8 p.m., so for the next three-quarters of an hour we were forced, repeat forced, to sit around the mess drinking a concoction they serve in the bar called “Block and Tackle,”—three drinks you walk a block and you’re willing to tackle anything. Rumour has it that when served in certain clubs the management reserve the right to serve but one to a customer; and on such occasions they invariably issue a communique about 11 p.m. saying that the club is still in their hands. However, to make a short story boring, we all gathered around “Pop’s” just before bus time.

Never in the history of human conflict have so many fought so valiantly for so few seats. To make more room I asked a W.D. if she would mind if I sat on her knee,—(always the gallant one.)

She said, not at all, as long as the person she was sitting on had no objections. "Pop" finally let the clutch out and chugged on down the road. It was not long before we were whipping through Crediton. A well laid-out little town,— it should be well laid out because it's been dead for years. Then finally we rolled in to the "Bend."

Stan. Patton and the boys dish out a pleasing type of jive. The popular novelty tune, "Sadie Was a Lady," goes down real well with the crowd. She apparently loves policemen because they can never resist a pinch.

It was Saturday night and, brother, was there ever a mob. "Pop's" bus was never like this! One of the gals asked me if I could dance. I would not have minded so much except that I was dancing with her when she asked me. After that I spent most of my time walking aimlessly around the hall. Harry and I spied two likely looking prospects who had their backs turned to us. When they turned around his first remark, kind chap that he is, was "you take the one on the left." So help me, any resemblance between her and any person living or dead is purely coincidental. There really are a lot of lovely girls there, though,— one especially whom I considered myself very fortunate to have met. There's nothing in this world I would not do for her, and I believe that there is nothing she would not do for me; so from now on we just go about doing nothing for each other.

It did not take long for the evening to pass; and "Pop's" old chugg-a-lugg was parked outside. If you have managed to be sociable, and got yourself organized

you never take the first bus home. I wonder why?

Everyone is pleasantly tired on the way back. The Camp lights sneak up on you mighty fast, and before you know it you're walking through the gate. Our mascot, "Flight,"—that refugee from his master's voice—is forever on duty. The first time I saw him I showed him my own dog tags, and he's been a friend of mine ever since.

I fell asleep that night to this crime,—I mean, rhyme. Maybe I was right the first time.

Whenever they ask me where I want to go  
Then when I tell 'em they simply say no.

So to make the best of a poor situation

I'm now in the midst of making application.

I'll let you in on a little gen;  
I'm applying for postin'.

"WHERE?" To the "Bend."  
(For Summer Only.)

Adios Amigos.

Doug. Holt.

o — o — o



The London Evening Standard got this reply from a reader who did not give his name in its contest on what to do with Adolf Hitler: "Let him live with my mother-in-law."

## HOSTESS HOUSE GOSSIP

Last month Geale told you about the House in general; this month, I'll tell you what goes on inside and outside.

It's an average evening and you don't know what to do with yourself. The answer: Come to the Hostess House. Now you are there you'll get a warm greeting from our Hostesses, Mrs. Barham, and Miss Roulston. Sit down on the comfortable chesterfield; relax; what could be better? Someone is always there to talk to, especially Phyl Thompson with her knitting. Helen Beitz, Shirley Rigg, and Geale, the quiet Accounts kids, will more than likely be eating. Peggy McLean with lots of coaxing will usually sit down at the piano, and someone will say "Sing Johnnie—please," so "Sinatra" Rutherford will rise, bow, and entertain you with his singing. About this time our other vocalist, Harry Simpkins will appear with his crew from the Guard House, Neil Aldeorn, Murray Sturgeon, and Joe LaRose. Wherever Dave Wilkinson is you are bound to see "Flight." He never seems to get inside, though, so patiently waits at the side door, on the flower beds. Miss Roulston's flowers are her pride and joy, hence the never-failing "Go home Flight;" but it hasn't succeeded yet. Maybe he'll understand what she means when the flowers die.

Wednesday evenings, you'll enjoy the Padre's Hour held in the Writing Room. This is a very interesting discussion group, and Muriel Smith is always on hand to help it along. After this is over get yourself a sandwich and a cup of coffee, and enjoy the nice cool air out under the tree.

"Tree" is quite correct. There's only one, but it's a big one, and provides plenty of shade.—Ed.]

If you are a Music Lover, Thursday is your night. Lately the recordings have been played outdoors. Shirley Rigg, and Stan Oulette can tell you all about it. Anyone interested can take over any evening and make his own choice of selections by contacting the "Y" Office. Inside, a Discussion Group is listening in on the radio program "Servicemen's Forum," which should prove interesting to everyone just now. Take your choice of entertainment; both should prove worthwhile.

Sunday is a long continuous day for either Hostess on duty; but someone is always on hand to help pour tea, and pass the sandwiches around. These are free, by the way, and very good. Open House is held every Sunday afternoon from 2.00 p.m. to around 4.00 p.m. If Ann Blazie, our Postal Clerk, is not off the Station she will undoubtedly be in for the afternoon, and she is an excellent Tea Cup Reader. We had to say goodbye to Ray Warburton from the Educational Office when he was posted to St. Johns, Quebec the other day. He was a marvel at analysing people—from a book. The things he didn't tell you about yourself! Flo Keith, Switchboard operator, is another person you probably have heard about. She is a very talented pianist, and if she ever sits down to play, you won't want her to stop.

Sunday evening usually presents a good old-fashioned sing-song, featuring Miss Roulston at the piano, while May Smith, Doris Madeley, Dorothy Blatchford, our

faithful Accounts kids, blend their voices in song. We also must bid adieu to some of the Equipment Section girls, Viv "Red" Drayton, who has been at Centralia quite a little while, Mary Anderson, Barb Cummings, and Billy Ostrom, who makes good use of the House as a Waiting Room as well as a place to relax. I wonder who she waits for? These girls are on their way to Rockcliffe. Best of luck from all of us. A few of the Commandos have favoured us with their attention around these parts since they arrived here. They eat and drink (milk) a little more than the average but we like to see them anyway. Al. Coates, Mac MacDougal, Jim Snider, Bill Byrant, Al. Lilje, Doug. Joy—know any of them? Curly Westcott and Jack Cooper seem to like the honey atmosphere quite a bit. So do Connie Andrews, Ethel May Clarke and Harry Hamilton, who thinks he can play Cribbage. By the time you read this we won't

be seeing these boys around here; but it was nice to see their smiling faces for awhile.

Well, it must be near closing time, so Sheila Brady (Miss Valentine) and myself will join Padre Cowper-Smith in a Turnip sandwich (his own prize recipe) and call it a day. As we say our last goodbyes at the door, Mrs. "B" Barham will automatically call out, "Do come back again;" so there's your invitation. We'll be expecting you.

MARJ. HORN.

o—o—o

"Where is the balance of your rifle?" he inquired.

"Honest, sergeant, I don't now," stammered the recruit. "This is all they giv' me."

—New York Times Magazine.

o—o—o

A modest sign on a Sunset Boulevard tonsorial emporium tells this meaningful story: "Anny haircuts repaired."

—Saturday Night.



The Editorial Staff Discusses the next issue.

## Weiner Roast

Hot Dawg! No, not in the Airmen's Canteen—nor your Thursday supper—but a Weiner Roast. It's 8 o'clock and a mass of sweaters, baggy slacks, old shirts and blankets is gathered at the Rec. Hall. Someone says "Let's go," and we're off for the hike across the runways towards the smoke signals made by the advance party, over the bridge to a clearing by the river—but, there's a small stream to cross and Bernie Le May falls in before Pat Casey comes to the rescue with an improvised bridge. And then there was the city dweller who wanted to tear down the barbed wire fence to make things easier.

"Watch-a-pot-never-boil" Zur-

brigg is throwing matches on the fire getting ready for the feed, while Doug Holt is out on a limb cutting sticks for the weiners. Major Danko thought he was on a frog hunt and caused much squealing among the W.D.'s. By this time there's a blazing fire and we're all set to start toasting. There is lots of food for everyone and when the last bit has been tucked away "Crooner" Cowper-Smith keeps things humming with a singsong. What a night! Full moon, clear sky, not many mosquitoes—let's have more of these affairs! Well, we're all for it, gang, so next time just get in here early for the tickets so there'll be no disappointments.

By Nancy Tillson.





## OFFICERS' MESS



BACK ROW (left to right)—LAW Smith; Cpl. Hobin; LAW Potter;  
LAW Nichol; LAW Gilbert.  
FRONT ROW (left to right)—LAC Cottington; LAC Hodge; Cpl.  
Harris; Cpl. Nichols; LAC Wright; LAW Wessels; Cpl. Burns.

## DENTAL CLINIC



(Left to right)—Sgt. Foster; Major Mutton; LAW McLean;  
Capt. Stoneham; Cpl. Wye.

## Who's Who, Why and How in the Officers' Mess

In case you're wondering about the Officers' Mess Staff at No. 1 A.C.U. I'd like to give you a little information on who's up here.

When I first arrived on the station they shoved me into this place. At that time we had over one hundred flying personnel who'd rush in and out through the day. But seeing that we have no more planes—only the ones the Commando boys are racing across—our flyers have almost all gone. So have quite a few of our staff.

The N.C.O. in charge of our mess is Cpl. Harris, just posted here from the bush station of Prince George. He thinks everyone else is "bushed" but himself. He is a real swell guy. Our chefs, all girls, are LAW. Potter—one of the best; LAW. Hollingdale, who just became Mrs. Blair; LAW. "quick-like-a-bunny" Smith; and LAW. Gilbert, who usually takes care of the ticket end. Oh yes, the officers must have a ticket before they eat. If they haven't they'd better start for "Pop's!" Most of the boys are good sports about everything, though, even if

we tell them, "No ticket, no meal."

Another of our kitchen staff is LAC. Hodge, whose ever-familiar, "Time's up; close the blink-in' door," can be heard at the end of each meal. Also in the kitchen is LAC. Cottington.

Our N.C.O. in charge of the dining room is Opl. Nichols—a swell kid to work with, as well as a good friend. Our other girls are Cpl. Hobin, whose well-known laugh can be heard in the dining-room throughout the day; LAW. Antonio, our beautiful blonde; and myself. (Evie might have added that she's not so hard to look at herself!—Ed.)

"Telephone call for F/O. —." Oh, that's one of our bar boys, LAC. Wright, calling. Also in the bar is LAC. Labonte, who should be an experienced soda jerker after the war.

Well, I guess I've told you "who's who," though just how they got here I don't know. But I do know why, and that is, to do a very important job for our boys in the service, namely, FEED THEM!

LAW. WESSELS.

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## So Long—

With this issue we bid "Hail and Farewell" to a new President, S/L. Goodall. His stay with us has been all too short, but we are pleased to have had him with us for this one issue. The best wishes of the Committee go with him in his new undertaking.

We are also sorry to report that Padre Jordan has left us and now

is stationed in Hagersville. We bid him "Godspeed" and welcome his successor, Padre Abel, who is stationed at Clinton but will spend part of each week with us.

As we go to press we learn of the departure of our popular business manager, F/L Holt, who is on his way to civvy street and then to college. The best of luck, "Doug!"

# Padre's Corner

## HABITS—GOOD AND BAD

Much more of life than most of us realize is made up of habits. We get into the habit of listening to a certain radio programme every week; of walking home by the same route every day; of polishing our buttons at a certain time each evening, (or perhaps of not polishing them at all!); of spending our Sundays in a certain way; of putting a sum of money in the bank each pay-day. Some people are habitually late, whether for work, for parades, for church or for a date. Some get into the habit of biting their finger-nails. Some are always owing money, while others cultivate the habit of paying their bills promptly. Habits become so much a part of us that the murderer in many a mystery story is discovered by inquiring carefully into the habits of his victim.

When we speak of a person's habits we generally tend to think of the undesirable ones; though probably most of us acquire many more good habits than bad ones, if we take them all into consideration. And it is well that we are able to do so many things from force of habit. Think, for instance, how much time and energy would be wasted if we had to make a fresh decision regarding every action we were going to take, no matter how often we faced exactly the same situation before. Habit takes care of many routine decisions for us, giving us time for the more important things in life.

Especially is this true in the case of uninteresting or distasteful duties which we dislike doing,

but which nevertheless have to be done. Probably no man really finds any pleasure in shaving, in spite of what they say in the shaving-cream ads.; and if he had to decide every day whether he was going to shave or not the duty might become an intolerable burden. But once he gets into the habit of removing his whiskers at a definite time each day he scarcely thinks about the matter any more.

Habit may also be very valuable in an emergency, when we haven't time to decide what is the right thing to do, but just do it automatically because we have been in the habit of doing it.

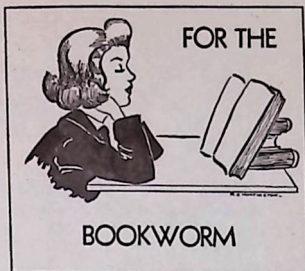
Unfortunately it is generally found that the best habits are the hardest ones to cultivate and the easiest to find reasons for dropping; while we can fall into bad habits even when we try to resist them, and it often requires a determined effort to break them once they have become firmly established. To become a slave to a habit, so that we are no longer masters of our own lives, is a condition into which no right-thinking person would want to let himself drift.

How can we go about overcoming a habit which is found to be having a harmful effect on our lives, or on the lives of those with whom we come into contact? First of all, it is absolutely essential that we have a sincere and earnest desire to be free of the habit in question. Until we are thoroughly convinced in our own minds that we really do want to get rid of it we can never hope to make any progress. In the second

place we must stop thinking about the habit, or indulging in it even in our imaginations. Then, as far as possible, we must avoid the situations which tempt us to continue the objectionable habit. If necessary we should choose new friends, preferably those who believe in the higher standards which we seek to attain. At the same time we should keep away from places where we know that we shall find a strong temptation to return to our old ways. Finally, we must find some new activity to take the place of the one we are trying to give up. To discontinue a habit without finding something better to replace it is simply to invite an even worse habit to occupy our time and attention.

It is not an easy thing either to overcome a bad habit or to establish a good one. But in both cases, once the goal has been attained there nearly always follows a healthy feeling of achievement, and a general improvement in character and personality.

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



Greetings, fellow worms! Let's worm our way thro' some more of the latest literature. Here's some of the recent gen on what to read. Reading is the favourite pastime at No. 1 ACU. Little wonder—for you are blessed with one of the finest libraries in the Command and you believe in taking advantage of it. We have a complete reference and non-fiction section as well as the ever-popular fiction. Let's be away, let's go...

**Earth and High Heaven** by G. Graham. Can love and religion mix? Thew knew they were madly in love—but could not trust their hearts. Was the price too high? Here is a beautiful love story woven around a great social problem.

**Captain from Castile** by S. Shellabarger. Marriage would have been scandalous. In search of gold and glory, young Pedro de Vargas successfully fought intrigue, hardship, and death. Only his heart was vulnerable — and though it was a matter of course that Catana be his mistress, it was scandalous to think of marrying her.

**Leave Her to Heaven** by B. A. Williams. Makes jealous women blush for shame. The thrilling story of a jealous woman—of her fierce, uncontrolled emotion and



## Male Call

by Milton Caniff, creator of "Terry and



passion, of her possessive instinct which stopped at nothing—of the agony she caused and the price she paid.

**Green Dolphin Street** by E. Gondge. Married for years — then came LOVE. He sent for blue-eyed, laughing Marguerite, but unloved Marianne arrived from half-way round the world. Then for years he lived the lie—until at last another miracle came to pass—and he fell in love with the woman he thought he hated.

**Image of Josephine** by B. Tarkington. She behaved like a fool. She wanted to be loved, admired, respected, but she behaved like a fool. And earned the contempt of the very ones she cared for most. Her new lover pitied her until, at the right moment, he tamed her with truth.

**Great Son** by E. Ferber. They paid for what they got. Here is a story of the Great Northwest and four generations of Americans who helped build it. You will be thrilled by 92-year-old Grandma Melendy, and serious minded

young Mike—who paid for what they got. A great book by the author of "So big," "Show boat," "Cimarron."

**Miracle in the Rain** by B. Hecht. This novelette is a beautiful and tender story of a lonely girl, of a soldier she met one night in the rain, of their love, and of what happened to them in the days that followed. Above all, it is a story of a miracle.

**The Red House** by Geo. A. Chamberlain. For nearly half a century terror of the "jumpity little red house" had held Ellen and Pete Yocum and Lottie, their colored servant, locked in its coils. Present-day mystery and weird events of the past are skilfully blended into the colorful background of the Jersey barrens.

**A Smattering of Ignorance** by O. Levant. An informal racy book about music and musicians in America today. Lots of laughs.

**Slacks and Callouses** by C. Bowman. How two lady school teachers solved the manpower shortage in a bomber plant. Con-

## Target of Opportunity

the Pirates"



Allen Caniff, distributed by Camp Newspaper Service

stance Bowman and Clare Marie Allen didn't know a *Liberator* from a Spitfire. Perhaps that was why people laughed when they told them of their intention to build bombers during their summer vacation. This is a tale that can be read with amusement, it's a rare combination of wit, apt descriptions, and clever cartoons.

**Strictly Personal** by S. Maugham. The man who wrote "Of human bondage" tells his own story of his experiences in Europe before and after the Nazi invasion and of his amazing escape to England.

**The Raft** by R. Trumbull. World War II's great true story of men against the sea—the unbelievable account of how three Navy flyers drifted without food, equipment, and for awhile without clothes in a rubber raft for 34 days.

**The Great Lakes** by H. Hatcher. A lively, intimate and wholly fascinating history of these mighty lakes—from the prehis-

toric days when the ice-cap slowly receded to leave these vast and lonely stretches of water, to the breath-taking discoveries of the explorers, the noble sufferings of the missionaries, and the creation of mighty cities along the shores.

**Sixty Below** by T. Onraet. Tony Onraet, a young French-Canadian trapper and prospector who is now a Sgt. in the CAO, tells of his life Down North—a decade of sheer adventure from the day in 1929 when, down on his luck, he scraped up a pardner and a grubstake and made his way to Great Bear Lake, to the Thanksgiving Day in 1939 when he traded in parka and mukluks for battledress.

**The Crossword Puzzle Omnibus** edited by Buranelli, Hartwick and Petherbridge. The 149 crossword puzzles included have been selected as the best among thousands submitted to its editors over a period of 16 years. Never a dull moment while working a crossword puzzle.

E. WOODWARD,  
Station Librarian.

## "Now It Can Be Told"

Off the coast of Newfoundland a slow-moving convoy is sneaking through the foggy night, ever alert to the danger of collision and the even more sinister threat from the U-Boats which skulk along its flanks waiting for the stragglers and strays. The patrol, as usual, is a pitifully small group of corvettes—boys sent out to do men's jobs, and doing them well. Every man is a hero in these escort groups.

Suddenly the night is filled with a roar and a flash as a "tin-fish" hits home. A big, grey, heavily-laden freighter staggers from the shock of a torpedo which has blasted a gaping hole right through her prow. Another crash, and she's hit amidships—a blow to the vitals!

A quick appraisal of the situation tells the Captain all too clearly that his ship is doomed, but he can't give her up to Davy Jones without a struggle. The crew rush to their posts and the fight is on. It is a gallant battle, but the odds are against them heavily as a corvette draws alongside to check the damage and lend what aid it can. The Captain still won't give up his ship for lost, but he sends a large number of his crew aboard the corvette while the rest continue the seemingly hopeless struggle.

Miles away in St. John's the messages come crackling over the wires of the Headquarters Control Room, . . . "survivors aboard . . . not completely abandoned . . . search proceeding for sub. . ."

Shortly afterward the telephones ring in the Red Cross and Y.M.C.A. Offices, and the Merchant Navy Hospital, "Survivors expected to-morrow evening at about

eight o'clock. Probably 140 or 150 all told." It is the signal for Auxiliary Services to start acting.

Next evening as the grey warriors pull in to the dock a fleet of Navy trucks are waiting. First of all the ambulances—and the wounded are whisked to the Hospital. Then the remainder of the crew file ashore into the waiting trucks. They are a weary, bedraggled, motley group. There are white men, black men, and yellow men—Chinese, Malaysians, Lascars, Indians, Negroes, and men from the British Isles.

At the Red Cross Headquarters comfortable woollen clothing is distributed to supplement the only clothes they could save—the ones they are wearing. Everything is ready and it doesn't take long. Soon they are on their way to the Y.M.C.A. Hostels, where hot meals are waiting, and hot showers, and bunks for their weary, aching bodies.

But one group stands aside. They are the Mohammedans, and they can eat only certain foods prepared by their own cooks. No unbeliever may prepare their food, and despite their hunger they obediently await the instructions of their leader. "They may use the kitchen later?" "That is good." "Towel and soap for a shower?" "Thank you, that is good."

But now another problem arises. They must not eat in their working clothes. That, too, is forbidden. But "George" has an idea. He can solve the problem. . . . An hour later a line of white-clad figures makes its way through the lobby, which is now filled with couples coming to the dance. What

ARE they wearing? You're right! It's the Red Cross woollen underwear!!!

From then on life at the Red Triangle is full of surprises, problems, unusual, and sometimes trying, events. Did you ever try to speak "pidgin English?" Well, I hope you manage better than I did. They want to learn to dance. They want innumerable nickels to play the pin-ball games. They exchange coins from the four corners of the earth with the friendly Canadian Navy boys who make the Club their home. Where can they go? What can they see? Yes, it's a lot of work for the staff—but it's fun too! Those

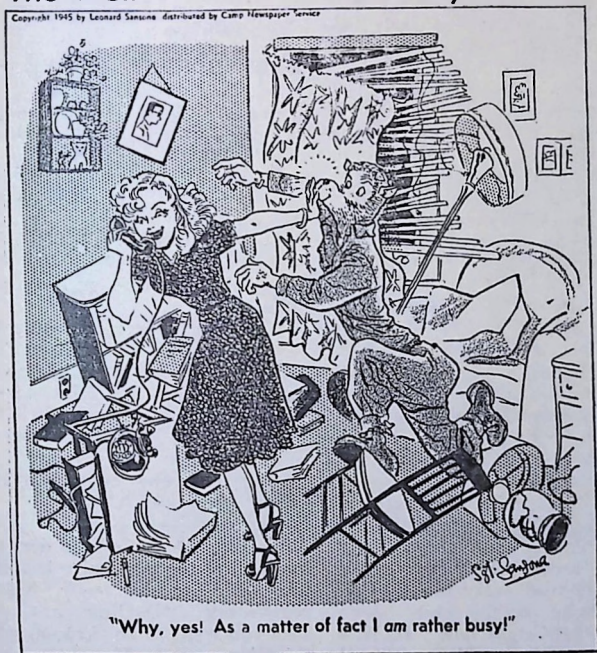
friendly smiles mean more than the few English words they can say. You realize more than ever before that all men are brothers whether black, white, yellow, or red. And what's more, you are proud to call all of them "friend."

Oh yes! What became of our stricken vessel and her fighting crew? That's another chapter in the heroic book of the Merchant Fleet, so let us only say that they brought her in—no one knows how—and she lived to sail again. It's hard to believe after you've seen motor launches cruising right through that gaping hole in her prow!

By Earl Zurbrigg.

## The Wolf

by Sansone



## Station Headquarters Gen

Here we are at last. The most probable reason for the great delay in having our smiling faces in the Flyer, is because we have been so busy that we weren't allowed enough time off to have a photograph taken. We know that it is impossible to realize how much there really is to do here unless you have to do it yourself.

Although there have been many rapid changes in our staff, we are still going strong and certainly hope to do so until that certain slip of paper comes along some day.

We get disgusted on many occasions. "Is my discharge in yet?"—"Am I being posted?" or "Has my leave come through?" are being asked so frequently and in the most non-business like places.

Aside from the shifting about of our staff we have lost many a good penpusher. WO.2 Danko has gone on temporary duty to Toronto, Cpl. Pat Patterson was posted to Ottawa, LAW. Dickey off to Toronto and LAW. Conley to Trenton. However we are fortunate to have some hard workers left. Our N.C. O. i/e, F/S. Roy Ellis, is a pretty good fellow. He tries hard to keep his staff happy. Then we have our boy, Sgt. Freddie Bodaly, who is in charge of records. Sgt. Terry Corbett is the person who sends you out on your posting with a friendly smile as if to say, "Thanks for your help in maintaining the station during your stay." Cpl. Julie Simpson and Cpl. Gladly Morrow are kept quite busy putting out those daily routine orders which everyone is dying to read every night. Cpl. Edie Lohn is the chief steno around here right now. LAW.'s Dunsmore, Macke, McDavitt and

Burflock are right in there, always on the tear.

If you ever visit central registry commonly known as "CR" you may see Sgt. Oney Davis—that is if she ever comes up from behind some large pile of files. Then there's Cpl. Stan Ouellette, a repat after three years in India, doing a fine job on "the mail must go through."

Last but not at all forgotten by the staff is our Adj., F/O. Al. Shaw, who sure does a great deal in morale building around here.

Please don't think we are conceited when we say that we honestly think that we are doing a great job here at Station Headquarters. We trust that you are all of the same opinion.

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### NEW ROCKET PLANE TO HIT 100,000 M.P.H.

Los Angeles (CNS) — Add urgent reasons for preventing World War III:

Hall L. Hibbard, vice-president and chief engineer of the Lockheed Aircraft Corporation says a rocket plane flying 100,000 miles an hour at an altitude of 100 miles above the earth, is entirely possible.

"There is no problem connected with the use of jet propulsion that either has not been solved or cannot be solved," Mr Hibbard declared. He declared that the German Messerschmitt 163 has no ceiling except that imposed by limited fuel capacity and stratospheric pressures.

o—o—o

We like the one of the nervous husband at the maternity hospital who said to his wife before registering: "Darling, are you sure you want to go through with this?"

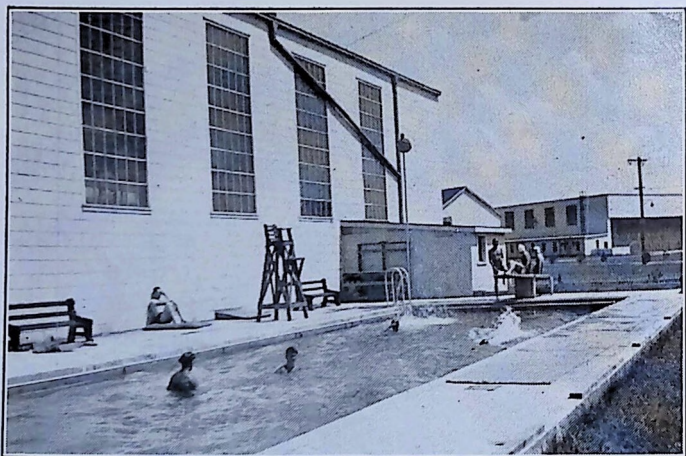
—Houghton Line.

ORDERLY ROOM



STANDING (left to right)—F/S Ellis; F/L Oliver; S/L Goodall; WO2 Danko; Cpl. Onelette; F/O Shaw.  
SEATED (left to right)—Sgt. Davis; LAW Mücke; LAW Whigham; LAW Tonzmore; Cpl. Morrow;  
Sgt. Corbett; Cpl. Patterson.

*Law  
Liquorist*   *Spd  
Simpson*   *Spers  
Sper*   *Julius*   *Law  
Lapi*   *Law  
Legal*



# W. D. Oddities

By CPL. EDITH LOHN

... From eight to nine every morning, groans and grunts can be heard emanating from the baseball diamond. It appears our very versatile coach, Sgt. Bobby Breen, is getting his W.D. softball team in practice for future big leagues. Next week, we hope Clinton gets it. The line-up has not been established as yet but the following are the gals who are going to put the Centralia W.D. Softball league on top—Marg. Horn, Irene Colenutt, Helen Beitz, Doris Madeley, Marie Bedard, Eileen Dieker, Gladys Musgrove, Edie Lohn and our girl, Eileen St. Martin.

... Oh dear, Sylvia Haines has got herself engaged to Bruce Leggett (one of Taylor's Nassau Wolves). Wedding bells shall not ring until V-J Day says the little hospital assistant.

... Sonia Payne has tied the

marital knot to Mr. William Kaipainen in London, Ont. Sonia's bridesmaid was Bernie Dickie, another good steno who has left No. 9. The girls of her Room 45, gave her a wizard shower at the Hostess House, 25th July.

... Dot Wye and Lloyd Wagner were married 28th July; Gwen Wahl and WO.2 Dickson on 4th of August and Grace Drake and Steve Paufford on 27th July. ... Congratulations and best of luck. ...

... Why does F/O. St. Martin habitually call upon Cpl. Horn to have her tea-cup read? ? ? ? ?

... I know that all the airwomen at ACU. would personally like to thank the Entertainment Committee for their splendid efforts in presenting so very many keen programmes of entertainment. The Tuesday night dances, for one thing, have been most successful. We certainly like wearing our civilian clothes and

(Continued on Page 23)

## SPORTS NOTES

### SWIM NOTES

Interest in swimming and diving was aroused at No. 1 A.C.U., Centralia by a peppy half hour show at the swimming pool on Thursday, 26th July. The show was organized by Sgt. Marty Roher from No. 1 T.C., Trenton.

F/L. Tom Delaney of Course No. 1 gave a very worthwhile demonstration of the three basic swimming strokes; crawl, breaststroke, and overarm backstroke. Classmate F/O. Jim Siddle, formerly of the Winnipeg Canoe Club went

through his best eight plain and fancy dives to the delight of all attending.

The show was rounded out by a novelty water skit by Cpl. Scotty Wallace and LAC. Murphy.

Sgts. Roher and Walling did the commentary on the proceedings.



# SOFTBALL

## HOLT'S COMMANDOS TRIUMPH

A five-run splurge in the final inning, plus a sensational catch by F/L. Doug. Holt in short left field in the bottom half of the seventh inning enabled the Commandos to edge out the Station Headquarters team 9 to 7 in the most exciting and best-played softball game of the season.

Station Headquarters behind the excellent hurling of LAC. Davidson enjoyed a 6 to 1 advantage going into the sixth inning and this was mainly due to the batting prowess of WO.1 Devooght, F/S. Legare, Sgt. Sourkes and LAC. Davidson.

However, the game took on a different aspect in the sixth inning as F/L. Holt's "Puddle Jumpers" managed to collect a couple of passes and a single, to have it climaxed by a rousing triple to deep centre by P/O. Hornick. In the seventh frame, the Commandos used to full advantage a couple of the opposition's fielding lapses, a trio of single plus F/O. McIntosh's triple, to safely tuck away the ball game.

The Headquarters' nine rallied for a single tally in their final trip to the platter but F/L. Holt's great catch of F/O. Willson's looper into left nipped the uprising.

Line-ups are as follows:

**COMMANDOS**—P/O. Hornick (p and 2nd), Sgt. Normandin (3rd), P/O. Brust (r.f.), P/O. McEwen (l.f.), F/O. Sangster (c.), F/O. Botham (1st), F/L. Holt (s.s.), F/O. White (c.f.), F/O. McIntosh (2nd and p.).

**HEADQUARTERS**—WO.1 Devooght (s.s.), Sgt. Sourkes (2nd), F/O. Willson (c.), F/O. Shaw

(3rd), LAC. Davidson (p.), F/S. Legare (l.f.), Sgt. Breen (1st), Cpl. Baddagello (c.), WO.2 Danko (r.f.).

## BLEACHER CHATTER

'Tis reported Flt./O. St. Martin and Nancy Tillson backed the wrong team with a "green-back" apiece—F/O. Jack Taylor, umpire-in-chief, was the main topic of conversation throughout the game—how the Commandos love him???? F/L. Holt, manager of the Commandos, had a trio of veteran ball-hawks warm up previous to the game—S/L. Parlett, S/L. Currier and Major Mutton. The former seemed to have difficulty with ground balls—surely, Sir, the ground isn't that far away! Sgt. Normandin, Commandos' third sacker, handles the hot corner in great style. F/O. Don Willson, the Headquarters' catcher is no slouch either. A return game is scheduled for the near future and Headquarters have a couple of "dark horses" lined up for the occasion.



## EQUIPMENT VS. HOSPITAL

Equipment Section's mixed ball team managed to secure an even break in two exhibition tilts, defeating the Hospital Staff 23 to 22 and dropping a 14 to 7 verdict to the Commando nine.

## RESOURCE IN THE ROCKIES

The Canadian Rockies have a picturesque grandeur that words can never adequately describe. Many are awed by these snow covered silent sentinels of the West, but few are privileged to see the sun rise and set in the unknown valleys and canyons winding among cliffs of varied-coloured rocks, dressed up with sparkling cascades flowing from the melting snows descending from those snow-covered peaks which seem to blend into the sky.

Into the very heart of these mountain valleys one morning a few years ago, plodded a file of Officers and Airmen, part of a search party for a missing aircraft and crew. They were led by a Forest Ranger who, though twenty years in this district, had never ventured into this area, known as the heart of the "Grizzly" and Cougar haunts.

Whilst breaking trails, wading waist-deep through streams filled with trout so unused to disturbance that they showed no fear until the party splashed it's way across, and up mile by mile into the silence so intense that it took on a tangible reality, no one could realize that the search would end in a grim example of the courage, determination, and resource that are in the make-up of men of the R.C.A.F.

Transport had been left behind the previous day, after traversing dried-up river beds as far as possible. Drivers had remained with their vehicles to establish a base camp, while the chosen few forged ahead into the unknown.

At noon on the second day the advance party reached a three-way division of the canyon they were exploring. Aircraft could

not be used to spot the wreck, due to the hazards of flying at peak level. It was considered that by now the party must be close to the scene of the wreck, but which way should it go? The C.O. solved the problem by ordering six of us to split up, two men to climb each of the three peaks commanding the views of the three canyons. Join the Air Force and turn mountain climber!

The climb was at first over wind-fallen trees, then through stunted spruce and pines, then above timber line, up almost vertical rock faces, up and up, while our hearts pounded like sledge hammers, and our ears rang with the exertion at 9,000 feet, and still up. This, if nothing else, would bring realization of the need for physical fitness. Fortunately, all personnel in this party were picked men, consideration being given to strength and endurance.

At last our efforts were rewarded, just as we got into the snow and ice, for there, away to our right, several miles up the centre canyon, was a small yellow streak, vivid in the rays of the sun. "There's the wreck," shouted my partner excitedly. And then to our surprise came a thin eerie shout, "Have you found me yet?" It was hard to realize that a voice would carry three or four miles, but in that vast stillness our voices had carried a long way and given courage and hope to the survivor. We almost broke our necks in our hurry to get down again to where we could signal to the others where to go.

After three more hours we arrived on the scene to find "Sandy," the survivor, grinning

at us from under an improvised shelter made by propping one end of an engine nacelle up on a forked stick. He had a fractured thigh bone and had had no food for two days, so we gave him a chocolate bar and some raisins from our emergency rations. He was not thirsty, to our surprise. We soon found the answer. Sandy had remembered his First Aid, and thirst had made him tax his ingenuity. He could hear the splash of water from a cascade down the rocks a scant fifty yards away; so near, and yet so far, to a thirsty man with a broken leg. The instinct of self-preservation is strong, so in spite of the pain which must have accompanied his efforts the injured airman collected six pieces of wood, about one inch in diameter and twelve to eighteen inches long. He wrapped his leg in the silk from a parachute, placed the sticks in position around his thigh, and bandaged them firmly in place with more strips of parachute. Such a good job was done that he was able now to crawl to the water and relieve his thirst, thereby, no doubt, saving his life and preventing further damage to the limb. Once this was done, he found the Aircraft First Aid Kit and treated his other cuts and scratches, and resigned himself to await his rescue. He had seen aircraft overhead the previous day so had opened another chute and thrown it over a wing in the hope that its dazzling whiteness against the dark green of the vegetation would be seen by the searching plane.

His long and lonely nights on the roof of the world must have been filled with anxiety and apprehension. Each night he had heard the sound of some large animal crashing through the

underbrush, so he had crawled back into the wreck to arm himself with a battered fire extinguisher, and listened to the sound of twigs cracking around and around his refuge. Whatever it was, was evidently keeping its distance for the present because of the strange pungent odour of gasoline and oil. When we later looked around, we found the tracks of a huge bear, and bits of its fur caught on twigs. A hungry bear and a helpless man; with such a thought we were thankful we had not taken longer getting there.

We had to fix Sandy very securely for the long and rough journey back, so got busy, and using the G.I. axe cut splints from a wing flap, used a blanket for padding, and more parachute silk for bandages and soon had the limb securely bound. The stretcher was a tough job though, but at this point the other section of the party arrived with some grub and a tarp. So with the tarp, some poles, and shroud lines for lashing, we soon had a serviceable stretcher.

So, preceded by an axe party to cut away bark and trees where necessary, and to act as pathfinders, we started the return journey. The way back was long and hard, carrying Sandy down mountain sides, over creeks and waterfalls that had been tough going even without the load of an injured man on a heavy improvised stretcher. In spite of it all, there was never a complaint from Sandy during the two days it took to get him back to hospital.

His courage provided inspiration to the party, all of whom were ready to drop by the time the base camp, with the ambulance and trucks was reached. From here it was plain sailing even

though we did get into the ditch twice on the final eighty-mile drive, during which our patient further surprised us by singing many of our well-known "Bar-rack Songs," and cracking jokes.

Sandy finally got back into the air and finished his training. "Guts" McGouther, they called him.

Sgt. L. H. Natham.

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**LOCAL TRAIN AND BUS  
SUMMER SCHEDULES**

**CENTRALIA-LONDON  
BUS SERVICE**

	Leaves Airport	Arrives London
Daily	8.50 a.m.	10.00 a.m.
Daily (exc't Sun.)	1.40 p.m.	2.45 p.m.
	6.15 p.m.	7.00 p.m.
Sunday only	5.30 p.m.	6.20 p.m.
	Leaves Centralia	Arrives London
Daily	9.20 p.m.	10.15 p.m.
	Leaves London	Arrives Airport
Daily	1.00 a.m.	2.00 a.m.
Sunday only	10.30 p.m.	11.30 p.m.
	Leaves London	Arrives Exeter
Daily	9.30 a.m.	10.35 a.m.
	1.25 p.m.	2.30 p.m.
	4.30 p.m.	5.35 p.m.
	6.50 p.m.	7.55 p.m.

**AIRPORT-GRAND BEND SERVICE**

	Leaves Airport for Grand Bend	Leaves Grand Bend for Airport
Daily (exc't Sun.)	2.00 p.m.	4.00 p.m.
	8.00 p.m.	12.30 a.m.
Sunday only	11.30 a.m.	12.30 p.m.
	2.00 p.m.	7.00 p.m.
	8.00 p.m.	11.30 p.m.

**CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS**

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

**W. D. ODDITIES**

(Continued from Page 19)

feel that after three or four years in the Service for most of us, we still have not lost our femininity. We hope it is a boost for the male morale as well. At the present writing, outdoor movies will soon be shown, swimming parties are being conjured up and more weiner roasts; all of which takes a lot of planning and hard work.

... Two new parachute riggers from Camp Borden and Mountain View are LAW'S Tanguay and Strudwick. On the Dental Staff is added LAW. McLean from Mountain View. . . . Has Deborah met with your approval?

... Get your beefs ready for the Monthly General Meeting. Are you AW's going to sit back and let the Cpl's and Sgt's have their "outs" again? ?

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"Pa, what does it mean by diplomatic phraseology?"

"My son, if you tell a girl that time stands still while you gaze into her eyes, that's diplomacy, but if you tell her that her face would stop a clock you're in for it."

• • •

The stingiest man we ever heard of bought his bride a nickel's worth of peppermint lozenges and took her on a trolley-ride honeymoon. When they got off the car he said, "Honey, suppose we save the rest of this candy for the children."

• • •

Junior (smart boy) — "Let's play Adam and Eve."

Little Julia—"How do we do that?"

Junior—"You tempt me to eat your apple—and I do."

# Movies at Leavitt's Theatre, Exeter

AUGUST 20-21-22

"THE CORN IS GREEN"

Starring Bette Davis, John Dall

AUGUST 23—One Night

"PATRICK THE GREAT" Donald O'Connor

AUGUST 24-25—Special Technicolor Feature

"DIAMOND HORSESHOE"

Betty Grable Dick Haymes

AUGUST 27-28

"THE FIGHTING GUARDSMAN"

Willard Parker Anita Louise

AUGUST 29

Double Feature Programme

AUGUST 30-31 SEPTEMBER 1

"THE VALLEY OF DECISION"

Special M.G.M. Feature

Greer Garson and Gregory Peck

SEPTEMBER 3-4

"BELL OF THE YUKON"

Gypsy Rose Lee Randolph Scott Dinah Shore Bob Burns

SEPTEMBER 5-6—2 Features

"DON JUAN QUILLIGAN"

Wm. Bendix Joan Blondell

MYSTERY FEATURE

SEPTEMBER 7-8—Technicolor Feature

"THE CLIMAX"

Susanna Foster Turhan Bey Boris Karloff

SEPTEMBER 10-11—2 Features

"THE SUSPECT" Charles Laughton

"PARDON MY RHYTHM"

SEPTEMBER 12-13—Special Technicolor Feature

"WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE"

Fred MacMurray June Haver

SEPTEMBER 14-15—2 Features

"NOTHING BUT TROUBLE"

Laurel and Hardy

"MYSTERY FEATURE"

SEPTEMBER 17-18—Special Technicolor Feature

"NOB HILL"

George Raft Joan Bennett



