

NUMBER 1

B *and* **G**

SCHOOL

**R.C.A.F.
JARVIS**



1944

P A I P I E I R

"YOU'LL
STICK
TO
YOUR
JOB
IN
JARVIS"

"The Fly Paper"

A Record of the Doings and Undoings at No. 1. Bombing & Gunnery School
Published with the kind permission of Group Captain A. D. Bell-Irving, M.C.

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VOLUME 1 - No. 4.

JULY, 1943

In Remembrance

*No. 1. B.&G. respectfully pays
tribute to the service and devotion to
duty, of the men of this station who
died accidentally on June 15, 1943:*

F.O. Edward Blake Norbury

L.A.C. John Arthur Holgate

L.A.C. James Alexander Smith

L.A.C. Arthur Raymond Hayes

L.A.C. Frederick Earl Innes

L.A.C. Hector Patrick Samuel

L.A.C. John Henry Kearney

"Tendencies"

A MESSAGE FOR US ALL FROM OUR
COMMANDING OFFICER

GROUP CAPTAIN A. D. BELL-IRVING, M.C.,

We were led at the outbreak of war by a gentleman who had tried to ward off a hostile air force with an umbrella, to gain a modest "Peace In Our Time." This gentleman was replaced at the first thunderous note of battle. We approved the sweeping away of a tendency to procrastination, and its replacement by a seemingly outmoded bulldog grit and tenacity.

The England of 1940 was a bulldog ready to fight like a tiger at bay: ready to defend the last English cottage, and commencing (under fire) to build up her resources for war, to whatever strength might be found necessary.

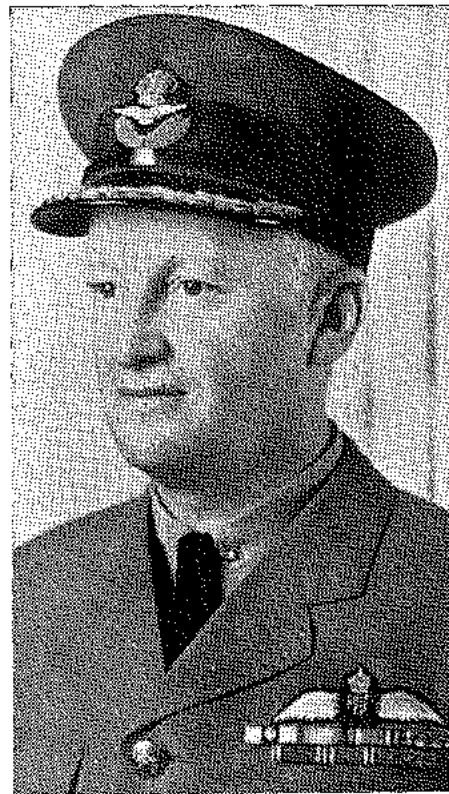
Recrimination is short in memory, so it is well to remind ourselves that a comparison with the war 1914-18 discloses significant advantage in regard to trends or tendencies.

In 1914-15-16 we fought, by tens of thousands we died. In 1917-18 we struggled over the top - we muddled through to Victory - and then muddled the victory.

Leadership! It is an inspiration to brave and intelligent men. It is a comfort today to recall how bitterly our present leader assailed the military leaders of that day, who wasted manpower like bloodied pawns on battlefields of hollow triumph and bitter frustration. Neuve Chappelle, the Somme, Passchendale - wastage which might well have lost us the war if that greatest international blood transfusion, the coming of the Americans, had not revived the stout but tired hearts of those brave British and Dominion troops and their allies.

In 1916 a young soldier-statesman rushed home from France to Parliament and made a speech in which he said: "In the old days, wars were decided by incidents rather than by tendencies. In this war the tendencies are far more important than the episodes.....without winning any important victory we may win the war - some of the occupied countries are hypnotised by the German military pomp and precision: But what they do not see is the capacity of ancient and mighty nations against whom Germany is warring to endure adversity, to toil on with boundless suffering to the achievement of the greatest cause for which men ever fought."

Those words seem prophetic today: tendencies are being stacked up against



our enemies and episodes may be translated into tendencies: as witness the total destruction of an entire fleet of newly developed six-engined enemy aircraft who dared to pass our fighter patrols. There will probably be a tendency on the part of the enemy not to try that again.

Today we see the British Commonwealth of Nations in the dawning light, perhaps, of its greatest hour - we see the great epic of the New World coming to the rescue of moderate living peoples of the Old World. And here too, in the New World, apparent to anyone who studies the matter, and above policies and politics, is the great modern miracle of the adaption of business methods to war - to control that inefficiency and muddling we had begun to think inseparable from war, and to develop that power of production that only a crisis in the struggle of right against wrong can justify.

If we here at Jarvis are to bear proudly our task in the development of these tendencies toward Victory, we shall make so outstanding an effort in our work that no establishment of its class in Canada shall lead us. The tendencies are here. We are steadily improving in all branches of technical work: we are doing (in spite of local conditions) more flying exercises without accident. We are taking a fuller part in whatever tasks are put before us. Let us speed up the day when we shall win (and thereafter hold for the duration) the Pennant indicating our efficiency: let us strive continually to add lustre to the claim "I was at Jarvis."

Welcome To Toronto

Are you thinking of going to Toronto on leave, soon? If so, there are some people waiting there to see you! You'll find them in the big central information bureau "under the clock" and - take our tip - just make for it and you'll find these people with all the answers. They are members of the Landseair Club and other voluntary girl workers - all out to help the fellows in uniform have a good time in the big town.

You can find out from these girls in blue uniforms and tri-cornered hats where to go to sleep and eat; where to enjoy yourself with free tickets to theatres, sports, movies; what places of entertainment are open Sundays; where you can get a free swim or indulge in free sports; where you can get quick service on that creased suit. And if French

is your language, you're still okay - a lot of the girls speak it.

Seven days a week, from 7. A.M. till midnight, they're there to serve you. They want to serve you, so look them up brother. You'll not be sorry!

—V—

An Airman, out for a walk last summer, met an individual who had somehow dodged the draft and was sporting an exaggerated outfit typical of his type - lemon coloured slacks, fancy silk shirt, checked coat and loud muffler. The Airman took it all in and remarked in disgust as he passed, "Good Gosh - you're not even a civilian."

—v—

Don't throw mud. It turns into dust and blows back.

"Tell Me About The Cadets"

In 1939, as His Majesty the King was leaving Vancouver, an ultra-smart guard of honour from the Permanent Force of the R.C.A.F. was inspected. The display and precision were perfect.....not a man moved in his position of attention. The King's face showed real pride in his airmen, but as he left their ranks, turned to the officer and remarked: "Now tell me about the cadets." Doubtless because of his lifetime interest in boys work, His Majesty had remembered vividly the fine display by what was known then as the Air Force Cadets.

This story and the background of what has developed into a great movement and fired the imaginations of younger boys across Canada leaked out accidentally a few weeks ago. Now we know that when a squadron of Air Cadets lines up for inspection; when the members change their high-necked tunics for the more official R.C.A.F. issue upon reaching enlistment age; when these same lads, previously trained to a good standard of efficiency in their own time, step into the thick of the fight; that this is the culmination of an idea of the same man who commands No. 1. B. & G. School. Group Captain Bell-Irving is essentially the "daddy" of the Air Cadet League — now regarded by the R.C.A.F. as one of its most important resources of partly-trained personnel.

It was back in those piping days of peace, plenty and prosperity that our C.O. had the idea of forming Air Force Cadets with the same

relation to the Auxiliary Squadrons as the army cadets to their Reserve regiments. Working through the army people and securing the co-operation of the Vancouver School Board, Group Captain Bell-Irving then supplied a drill hall, posted an advertisement, and 1150 boys turned out to enroll! The 111th Auxiliary Squadron lent an officer as adjutant, S.L. "Nick" Carter, M.B.E., D.S.C. forgot his retirement to become the C.O. and No. 1601 Air Force Cadets Wing was under way. Our C.O.'s baby was lustier than anyone dared hope.

The high point in this chapter of No. 1601 A.F. Cadet's history was the visit to Vancouver of their Majesties, the King and Queen in May, 1939. A few weeks prior to that event, Group Captain Bell-Irving discussed the position of the cadets with the Minister of National Defence, and particularly the lack of a uniform for the boys. The outcome was a wire back to Ottawa authorizing the issue of 250 old-style R.C.A.F. uniforms, complete with high necked tunics. These were first worn on parade especially for the Royal visit.

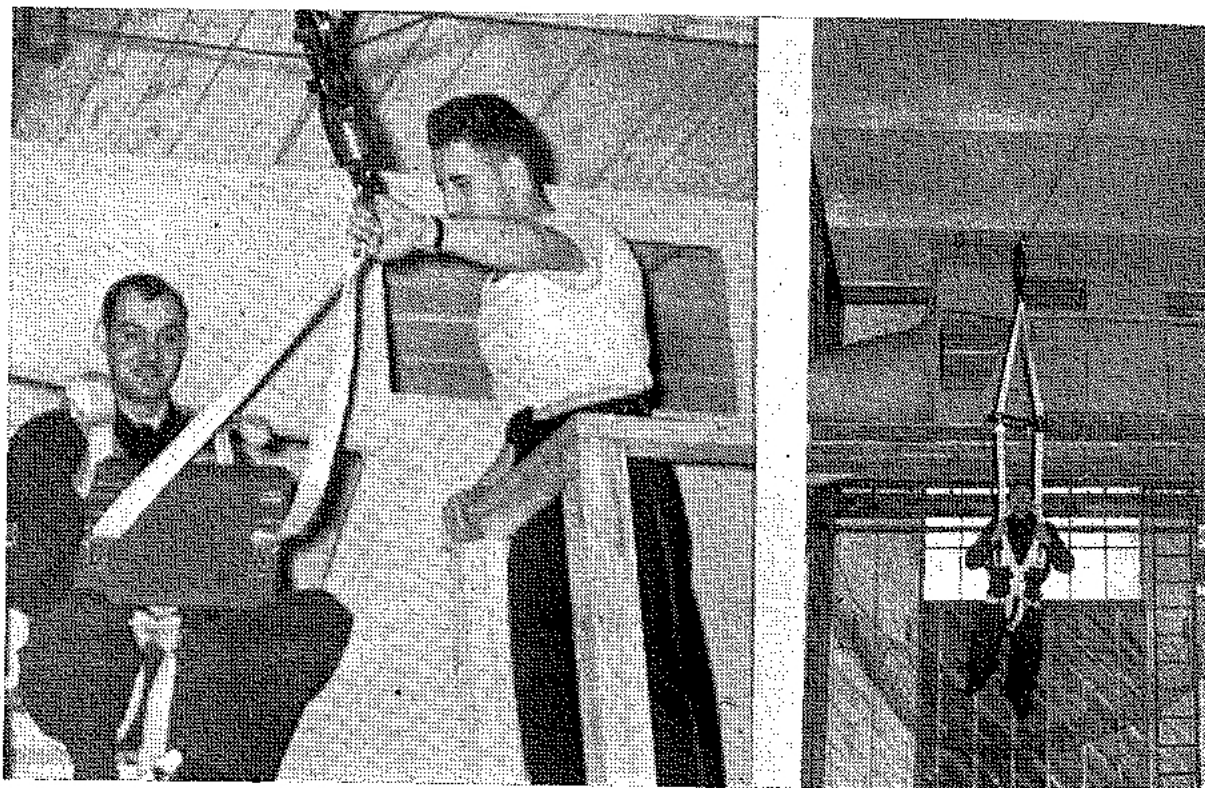
The idea had been brought out into the open and the Canadian public accepted it like wildfire. Enquiries came to our C.O. from all parts of the country and finally being accepted, his idea was developed into the Air Cadet League of Canada.

Of course, with Group Captain Bell-Irving, on the active list, others had to take up the direction of the

Air Cadets, but it is a source of satisfaction to him that his old group - the 1601 Air Force Cadets

of Vancouver - have supplied to the R.C.A.F. personnel equivalent to an entire squadron.

PARACHUTE TRAINER----ANOTHER FIRST!



W.O.1. Steiss and Flt. Sgt. Keogh Demonstrate

There are darn few of us who haven't felt just a little nervous at the prospect of "bailing out" from an aircraft some day. Every time we go flying, the service provides us with a parachute that's sure to open — so well are they maintained by the Parachute Section — but it's just the prospect of how to do a jump properly that gives the jitters. Realizing that something should be done to teach the procedure of bailing out, our two parachute veterans W.O.1. Steiss and Sgt. Dillon, with Sgt. Pizer of the Parachute Section and the co-operation of W.&B. Department, designed and constructed the conditioning trainer in the

Drill Hall.

All aircrew students are to be given a turn on this training device — there is none other like it anywhere — and other people on the Station may make use of it by applying to a P.T.I. in the Drill Hall. The first person to make a jump under the instructors was our C.O.! He pronounced it as a valuable trainer and is anxious that everyone who flies make a jump when they can find time.

To date, over 500 jumps have been made and the trainer has been inspected by high-ranking officers of Training Command, meeting with unanimous approval.

Mentioned In Station Despatches

The undernoted personnel have been brought to the attention of the Commanding Officer by the head of the Branch concerned, for especially commendable and meritorious conduct in the terms of the citation.

W-304349 L.A.W. DOW, I. T.

This Airwoman has shown keenness and ability consistently above average in her work in Records Branch of Maintenance Wing. In addition, L.A.W. Dow has been an untiring and most useful member of the Station Pipe Band.

W-304430 L.A.W. MILNE, I. M.

This Airwoman is commended for her capable work in Maintenance Wing. Her care and diligence has prevented loss and encouraged the development of a satisfactory centralized tool shop.

1572 W.O.I. Watt, W. G.

R-65831 F.Sgt. TAYLOR, A. N.

R-91797 Sgt. BROCK (Posted)

For diligence and merit in connection with their work in equipment stores, which has shown a most commendable improvement in recent months.

W-305890 L.A.W. LINTON, H.

For consistent good work in provisioning and recording airframe and aero-engine spares. This Airwoman, through diligent and careful check is largely responsible for the efficient supply of "spares" which keep the aircraft serviceable.

W-301995 L.A.W. GREAVES, V. T.

For long hours of careful and painstaking work in the Equipment Records: a job which though little recognized or understood, is vital to the efficiency with which "supplies" are procured.

R-135302 L.A.C. OULLETTE, J. A.

For tireless energy and efficient work on the "Freight Run" between Jarvis and the Station. For almost a year this Airman has been largely responsible for the movement of shipments, "incoming and outgoing" and his efficient and conscientious work is commendable.

PILOTS OF THE MONTH

R-92752 F.S. GREGORY, W. P.

Who flew 71 hours in Bombing Flight this month. F.S. Gregory's bomb aimers' scores are always good and consistent and his morale is very high.

R-124872 F.S. HEMMING, C. G.

Flying 69 hours in Gunnery Flight this month. Flt. Sgt. Hemming is quiet and unassuming, yet gets his work done well and efficiently.

A Salute to the Maintenance Wing

— By —

Squadron Leader S. McConnell

Officer Commanding Maintenance Wing

I wish to take this opportunity of expressing my appreciation of the high co-operation and good spirit shown among the personnel of our wing.

The Maintenance Wing is one of the hardest working Wings on our Station and without co-operation between the various Flights and Trades our efficient record could never have been maintained.

Outside of our own work to keep up, we can generally do the Lions Share for other sections, a man is required at the drill hall, another at the I&R Section, still another to act as a runner for the day, Yes call Maint, we will try to help you.

We not only do what is asked of us but we do it with the spirit behind us. No other section can boast of better esprit de corps than one can find in our Wing.

To win this war it takes co-operation not only between trades and sections but between every single individual. Singly we are weak,



united we will fear no man nor enemy, and with unity and co-operation foremost in our mind nothing but victory will be ours.

If Columbus had turned back after 65 days of sailing uncharted seas, no one could have blamed him, but no one would have remembered

him. Even if you have a good excuse for giving up, remember that all the rewards go to those who stick till they get what they are after.

MURMURS FROM MAINTENANCE

— By Sgt. R. H. Fuller —

Maintenance - that vast organization which consists of Six Hangars and many shops therein contained. We here in Maintenance whose jobs cover each hour of the day, seven days a week; we, who dare not for one minute relax; this is the story of Maintenance - it is a story of the men and women who keep them flying; of men who probe into every nook and corner of a modern aircraft; of men who trace wires and hydraulic lines; of women who repair fabrics, check sparkplugs and keep records of serviceability, who ensure the correct functioning of parachutes; of men and women who run around with chocks, record forms and look after the thousand and one details that go into the servicing of an aircraft before it can be released to fly.

These are the people on the station who do not mind at which figure that the hour hand of the clock is pointing - we are working every minute of the twenty four hours in the day, and we are working with a pride that's rewarded only with hundreds of hours of successful flying without a failure report.

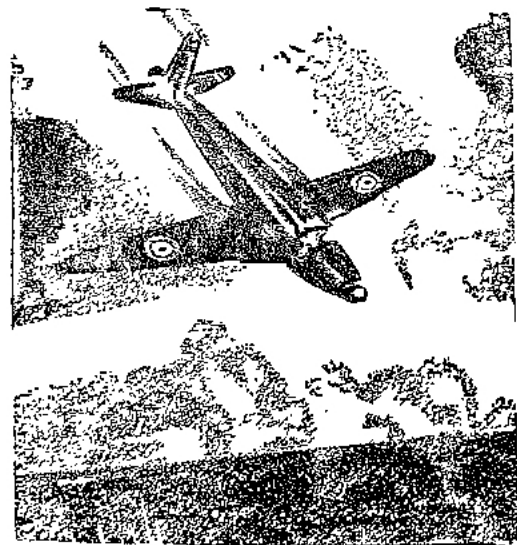
It is hard for anyone who is not familiar with ground operations to realize just what has to be done to keep an aircraft serviceable, each trade has many details to take care of. Fitters have the engines to check and overhaul, the riggers have the airframes to maintain in an airworthy condition, electricians, instrument mechanics, wireless, armament and parachute riggers all have their duties to perform with

the utmost accuracy.

In "A" Hangar we have our machinist, Cpl. Harry Dean, who has contributed a great deal to the Maintenance of aircraft, many parts have been turned out on his lathe, thereby saving many hours of delay, which would have otherwise resulted.

Spark Plugs are also being serviced in "A" Hangar. L.A.W. Phillips who first became interested in Spark Plugs on her father's farm where she used to tinker around, pulling them apart, and reassembling them again, she later worked in an aircraft factory where she was in charge of the spark plug division. She has been servicing spark plugs for thirteen months and has done a very fine job.

To mention each one individually would take a lot of time and space, but each man and woman has a job to do — a job that requires skill and devotion to duty. Their names are not mentioned in daily newspapers for some outstanding feat which they have accomplished, but they are performing tasks that are necessary, in order that we may enjoy long and lasting peace that is to be ours when Victory is won.



Maintenance

Dinner Dance



On Tuesday evening, June the first our Maintenance Wing held a very successful dinner and dance at the Jarvis Arena.

As soon as the happy crowd of girls and boys entered the Arena the fine work of the Décorations Committee was the subject of much appreciative comment. At one end of the hall the stage was resplendent in red, white and blue bunting while at the other end, over the door, a large sign, the letters of which were ingeniously made of quarter inch rope spelling out "Maintenance Wing" caught the eye of all present. The walls and ceiling were beautiful in a clever combination of crepe paper and soft lights blended to give the atmosphere of romance.

At nine o'clock the Grand March led by Group Captain and Mrs. Bell-Irving and Squadron Leader and Mrs. McConnell officially opened the dance. Dinner was served immediately following the Grand March and if the comments heard regarding it are a criterion, it was very well received.

At the close of the dinner a program was presented by Cpl. Bam-brough which was thoroughly enjoyed after which our Commanding Officer spoke giving high praise to the splendid record of the Maintenance Wing. Squadron Leader McConnell then thanked the Committee

in charge of the dance for all their fine work which contributed so much to the great success of the evening.

Much credit is due to all the Maintenance personnel who were active in the arrangements, particularly to F.S. Davidson and Sgts. Calhoun and Crabbe. To Sgt. Glennie and all the members of the station orchestra a vote of thanks is offered.

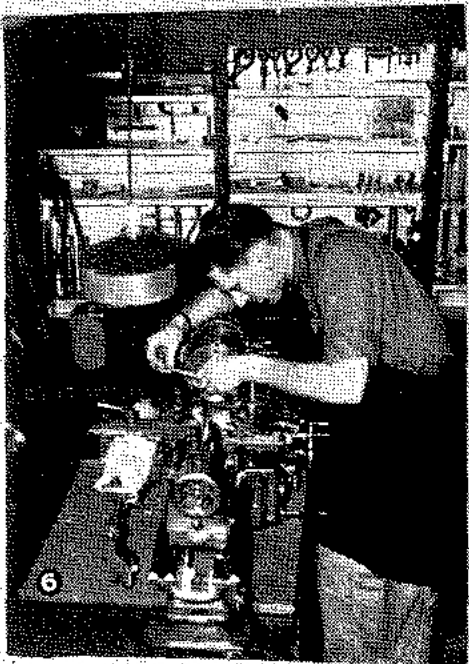
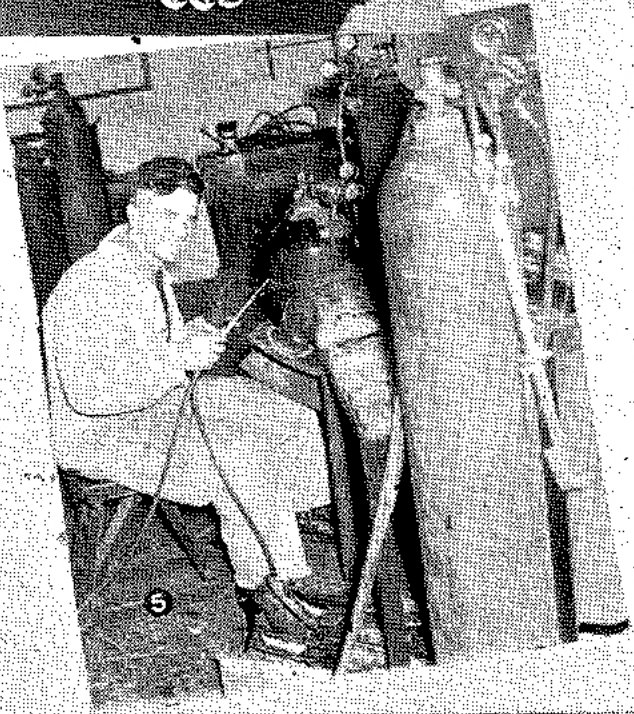
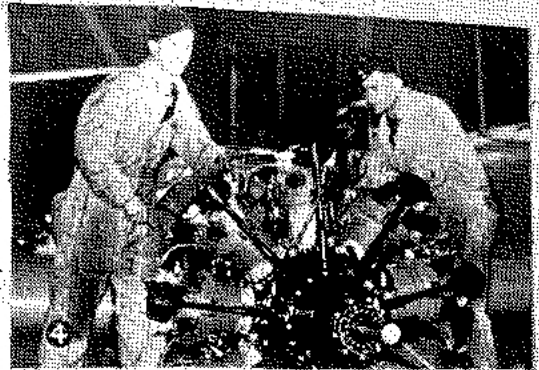
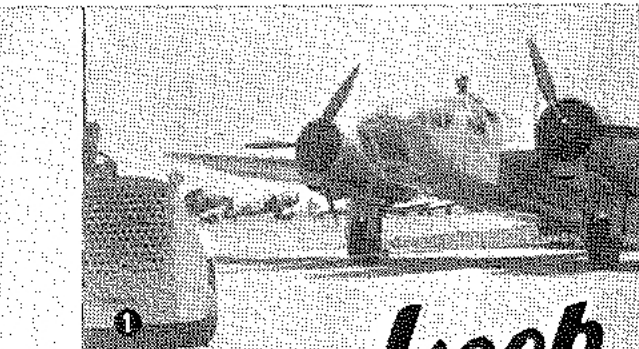
Among the guests noticed at the dance were: Group Captain and Mrs. Bell-Irving, Wing Commander Peace Squadron Leader and Mrs. McConnell, Flight Lieutenant and Mrs. Davidson, Mr. Peter Banks, Chief of Police of Jarvis, and Mr. and Mrs. Miller of Jarvis, who were largely responsible for the splendid floral decorations.

PICTURES NEXT PAGE

- 1—"Draggin' It In" at F. Hangar.
- 2—"Where's Blackstone" Wire less, L.A.C.'s Ivory and Duncan.
- 3—"Bomb'er Up" A.C.1's Batley and Connor.
- 4—"Engine Change" L.A.C.'s McLean and Klisowsky.
- 5—"Weld done" A.C.1 Knoll.
- 6—"Lathe-y Days" L.A.C. Margerm.



"We Keep 'em Flying"



Winners In Station Economy Competition

These \$10.00 War Savings Certificates are waiting for you too! Have you had a new idea on saving time and material in your job? Can you get a new idea that will pan out? If so, get thinking and submit it for consideration to the Senior Administrative Officer before the 15th of each month. You may be the lucky one!



April Award

F.S. Cocks, P. R. recommended that a saving be made in the salvage of feed worms of iron firemen used in heaters on this station. He was awarded a \$10.00 War Saving Certificate.

May Award

The suggestion was brought forward by Cpl. Story to his Senior N. C.O. when the Armament Section (Bombs) was assigned the task of equipping the Anson aircraft with extra light series carriers, that more students may complete exercises on each trip. The modification has effected a great saving in both steel material and the manpower required to complete this work. Cpl. Story also was awarded a \$10.00 War Saving Certificate.



The secret of happiness is not in doing what one likes, but in liking what one has to do.

and left Quayside at three P.M. Hove to for two hours at six and then set sail for convoy rendezvous at.....

Friday, October 11 — Wallowing along in a terrible weather and high seas. Machine-gunned by German bomber flying out from the Welch coast at 11. A.M. during my lookout. Making about four knots in heavy swell.

That was the day I really met Billy for the first time. I was standing right up in the bows in my oilskins, peering up ahead through the cold drizzle that slanted down from low, dirty clouds over the angry looking heaving grey seas when I felt a touch on the shoulder - "Ello Matey, - 'ave a fag? - I took one without speaking and looked at him. Average size, stocky chap with a mass of thick wavy black hair, and very peculiar looking eyes, and a grin that came right out and took you by the hand. We talked a lot there as we hung on to the forward mast spar and squinted out into the drizzling mist. He was only twenty and had been to sea pretty well all his life: He'd been torpedoed twice within a couple of months, and he confided with me about those queer looking eyes of his, - eyes that stared blackly out at you through slits in his face. He was in the stokehold when the last torpedo had hit, and the flash had all but blinded him. He could barely see a dozen yards ahead of him and his hands were pitifully scarred and welted from grasping the white hot steel slicing bar at the wrong end while cleaning fires. —'Why the hell don't you see a doctor?' I asked him. - Matey,' he had said, 'If I went to a blinkin' doc, I'd never

get to sea again, - and wot else could I do?.....

At eleven o'clock the Jerry came through the low clouds just over the mast-tops - we heard him humming toward us from the British coast, so just stood and looked for the familiar R.A.F. roundels to break through - and it wasn't until a crackling machine-gun was sending bullets rattling into the steel deck of the forepeak that we saw the black crosses under the wings. We dove behind the anchor-winch as he circled back again and took a shot at the bridge, but only splayed chunks off the concrete slabs that covered the wheel-house. We had not so much as a rifle aboard, but we were lucky - he apparently had dropped his load on the coast and was racing back under cloud cover, so after another futile attempt at the wheel-house he headed out across the channel. "Matey, Billy said, it must be great when you can see what's shooting at you."

Tuesday, October 15, Eastern Atlantic — Ship three hundred yards to starboard beam torpedoed at 4.30 A.M., while I was at the wheel. Convoy kept going, course altered by flares from commodore ship. Another ship in about the same spot torpedoed four minutes later. Found at daylight ships were big oil-tanker and merchantman. Submarine warning all day and destroyers busy dropping depth charges.

Wednesday, October 16 — Two Short-Sunderland aircraft out today after U-boat. Another day of incessant alarms and depth-charges. Seven hundred miles logged at 4. P. M.

Thursday, October 17 — At 2.30 A.M. during my watch below, U-

boat sank another ship next line to starboard, - sank stern first in two minutes. At 2.45, another ship in same direction hit, - torpedo passed visibly by our stern. Two life-boats put out from her and a London ship stood by for rescue. She also caught it a few minutes later and we left them both ablaze in our wake. Ordered change course.

I wasn't due on the bridge for my helm watch until 4. that morning, so I went down below to chat with Billy for a few minutes in the stokehold. We knew somehow that we'd bump into some kind of trouble before dawn, - something we could feel in the air, - so we just sort of hung on and waited as Billy fired and raked the four big furnaces. With the shuddering shock of the first explosion to our starboard, we raced up the ladder just in time to see the ship alongside, bows pointed high, and grotesquely in the air, shudder once and then just slide sickeningly stern first into the black waste of water. Not a chance for a single poor devil aboard. Billy went back down below, and I stood there outside our Foc'sle on the stern deck with the rest of the off-watch crew. Not many minutes later, a hoarse yell from the mess-boy at my side turned our eyes to a white phosphorent streak boring toward us; we knew what it was, and we also knew that we couldn't do a thing about it, - so we just held our breath in a sort of a dreadful fascination. In a second that seemed a lifetime, the torpedo had burrowed past our stern, and we watched it as it ploughed on and buried itself with a sickening thud into the bowels of the ship off our beam and a little aft. She burst

almost immediately into a mass of billowing yellow flame, silhouetting the darting figures of the crew as they swung the life-boats over the side. The ship astern apparently had orders to stand by for rescue work, and we could see her manoeuvring to leeward of the flames;A moment later another grinding crash turned her, also, into a seething pall of fire. I went down below then to see Billy, and for a minute I couldn't find him. But then I heard him, - way back in coal bunkers, shovelling away and faintly cursing the day-worker who had left him a little short of coal in the stokehold. - Heaven knows that we



all expected to catch our packet any minute, - and back there in the bunkers there's not a chance in Hades of getting out! But Billy liked his fires to burn bright, and to see the pressure needles swinging up there near the blow-off line!

Next day we turned South with another steamer bound for the same port. We separated during the night and no one ever saw her again.

We had our troubles before we finally completed the first stage of that trip and ridded ourselves of that cargo. First, all the Swedes in the crew quit the ship in Funchal Madiera, - they'd had enough of the

war-zone, and they made no bones about it - and headed home for Sweden, via Lisbon. Then we had to rake together a ragged, motley looking crew of local fishermen to add to the five of us who were left to get us over to Lisbon where we could get together another experienced crew; and then down to the West African coast and in to Dakar where a river collision ate into our time and tempers. But came the day when finally we headed back for England.

Friday, January 17 - Gibraltar — Hauled anchor 2. P.M. Headed out with large convoy. Full speed in perfect weather and calm sea.

Monday, January 20th — In the teeth of a wild westerly gale. Valve blew in engine room at 5.15 P.M. Rest of convoy left us adrift. Steam subsided in three hours and valve fixed and underway again at midnight. Taking water in crack in starboard beam. Two A.M. torpedo hit in port quarter. Abandoned ship at 2.05. She sank in twenty minutes. Picked up by British destroyer just after dawn. Lucky. No loss.

Not exactly lucky. Had it not been for Billy's plain and wholesome guts, we would have floundered and sunk or been blown to creation long before the torpedo ripped into No. 1 hold and sent us scrambling into the boats. When the steam valve blew in the engine room, it was but a minor repair job if the engineer had kept his head and replaced it immediately, but he came racing up onto the deck and within a minute the engine room, and stokehold were a raging mass of hissing, writhing steam, - then up came the fireman from the

stokehold, choking and spluttering; - we must have looked a wierd unearthly sight to the rest of the convoy, wallowing there in the lashing swell of the gale, - steam roaring up through the engine-room sky lights, the deck-ventilators, doors, portholes and even seeping up through the hatch covers over the holds. As the last of the convoy swung by, - there was not a chance of standing by in those seas - it seemed about all we had left to do was pray. The engines had been stopped and we were swinging helplessly around abeam of the gale, heaving and rolling like a mad thing, and our deck cargo of timber pit-props for the mines of Wales, piled up high on the foredeck against struts, was straining and shifting dangerously to port. The whole crew, except the Skipper and three of us who were up forward trying to smash loose the chains that held the deck cargo to release it over the side, were right back aft, hanging on for dear life. It was a race between the fires and the boilers; - if the water in the boilers ran out before the fires burnt away then we'd all be blown to Kingdom-come. And in the meanwhile, at the complete mercy of the gale, we might at any minute wallow under a swell and flounder. And then Billy came shuffling up out of his bunk to see what all the fuss was about. On went his coal-begrimed dungaree jacket, over his head went a chunk of wet tarpaulin, and down into that mass of boiling steam in the stokehold, went Billy. Up forward, where we were battling with the heaving cargo, we could hear the clank of fire-doors and knew that he (Please turn to page Thirty-three)

The Women's Division

— By Cpl. Ruby Horton —

W.D. Administrative trade to be obsolete? Why? How? Re-mustering! What trade will replace it? So the rumors went around and then F-L-A-S-H from DAPS "W.D. Admin. will be obsolete."

It will (we hope) leave a rich store of memories in the hearts of W.D.'s. Memories that will keep its pioneer work alive a long time after you've seen the last of us, will bring thoughts of —

The ANSWER MAN to all the questions popping up from DRO's and DO's "Sergeant, why are we C.B.'d"? Corporal, I'll be on a 48 next Clothing Parade!

The MEDIATOR for securing interviews.

The WELCOME COMMITTEE for new W.D.'s arriving at the station. "Say, Corporal, can we get a forty-eight soon?" Did you say lights out at 2230 hours, why at my last station they were on till 2300 hours."

The SCHEDULE MAKER for Clothing Parades, Barrack fatigues, duty librarian, Orderly Sergeant and so forth.

The "savoir faire" with which they donned the role of "DOROTHY DIX."

Not forgetting your health, there was the daily sick parade (largest on parade days) in the hands of a sympathetic N.C.O.

As for the W.D. N.C.O.'s themselves, they have come in contact with girls from coast to coast. As each name is slowly read, some in-

dividual characteristic of the airwoman stands out - Black's happy smile, Boothby's wit, Graham's quick temper but in her better moments, generous and willing, Grey's curiosity, prim and proper Rogers, Grandel the bookworm, West the domineering type, Northup the energetic athlete and others too numerous to mention here.

This trade as well as giving opportunities of leadership, has proven a great endurance test - unexhaustible patience, fair knowledge of every trade, deep and sympathetic understanding, good memory, perseverance, a happy disposition, with seldom a moment to call your own.

But in all sincerity, the W.D. Admin. Staff at Jarvis, have appreciated the co-operation and work done by a great gang of girls. We will certainly miss you, everyone, and trust your memories of us will not all be horrid nightmares. So, until we meet again, Hi Sarge, Say Corp, Where? What Time? Corporal, Sergeant, Corporal.

—v—

We are happy to see our nominal roll swelling. Hi, Sales, Musgrove, Pougnet, Bull, Cuff, Couchouron, Edwards, M., Macdonald, Chekaluk, Walters.

—v—

Now in the lighter vein - To be issued to all W.D.'s: A Sleep Ration Card.

This ration card is issued in the interests of our national effort and is directed to those persons who doze

take a siesta, hit the hay, flop, take five, and otherwise loose valuable time in sleep. Holder of card is restrained from parking on the Ostermoor. Beds and mattresses are a lot of BUNK, anyway. You can stay awake any length of time by forcing yourself to it, its just a case of triumph of mind over mattress and for the duration you'll have to find something else to combat the unrest.

For our Brides, we recommend this recipe: Long ago a heart specialist wrote that the way to a man's heart was through his stomach. So we present this recipe by an anonymous cook who created this "Husband Conserve."

"Select the best man you can find and brush him carefully to rid him of any indifference. Be careful not to beat him as you would an egg or cream: for beating will make him tough and apt to froth at the mouth.

"Lift him gently into the home preserving kettle and tie him with strong cords of affection which are not easily broken. Do not sear him with sarcasm, for that causes sputtering which may ultimately result in spontaneous combustion. Scramble when difficulties arise.

"It is best to let him simmer tenderly at will, to blend tactfully with dressing and seasoning. Stuff him one hour before taking him out or before asking a favour of him. A little caress will often add to his tenderness.

"Flavor him with oil of happiness, an ounce of understanding and a bushel of fun and laughter.

"Should he seem weak or troubled with feminine infatuations, smother him in onions and treble your charm

"Do not spoil him by over indulgence, but serve him daily on a platter of strength and courage, garnish with clean shirts and collars."

—V—

From An Airman To His Mother

Each night I hear your sweet voice
say;

Above the noise of battle's roar,
Dear Father, keep him safe while he
Through endless space does soar.
The winged squadrons of the sky
Are safe in Thy protecting hand
Dear Father, bring him back again.
To his own native land.

"Though pomp and power and loud
applause

Add glory to some other's name,
I do not pray that they be his,
Just bring him back again.

For pomp and power and loud ap-
plause

Are worthless to an aching heart
So, Father, keep him in Thy care
While we are far apart."

"In times of danger, keep him brave
In times of duty, keep him strong.
That he with others may succeed
And stay the maddening throng
So to our land where honour dwells
No vice shall come, no mob berate.
Dear Father, bring him safely home
I'll pray for him and wait."

—ANON

—V—

Guest: (to host in new home) -
Hello, old pal, how do you find it
here ?

Host: - Walk right upstairs, and
it's two doors to the left.

July Fourth — and Canada

— An Editorial by Flt. Sgt. G. A. Gamble —

When July 4th came around, the thought struck us that it would be a good thing for we Canadians to think a moment of what this date in history means to us, as well as to the native Americans. It is possible for us to do this now, for while relations were slightly strained in the days of 1776, the principle enunciated then has been so diffused and accepted through all the free nations of the earth that to-day there is not a scar on the face of our friendship to remind us of that friction.

It does seem strange now, to any of Britain's children that the Declaration should have been even disputed. This, however, was the first political document to assert that men — all men — are endowed at birth with certain inalienable rights — Life, Liberty and the pursuit of happiness. It went further and boldly asserted that the very function of government is to guarantee these rights. This was the doctrine that inspired Lincoln to add another bulwark to democracy as he enlarged upon it at Gettysburg when he declared that the dead there had given their lives that government of the people, by the people and for the people shall not perish from the face of the earth. This Declaration of Independence not only created a new nation, but established that nation as the ally of the country from which it separated — both having learned lessons from the quarrel — in stemming the flood of Nazism that would have cast a blight on Gettysburg.

It was the Declaration of Independence on July 4th, 1776, that made possible the "Good Neighbour" policy of the United States of America. What this policy means has been shown to hundreds of us, coming from all the free nations of the world united in this Combined Air Training Organization, as we have experienced the warm hospitality south of the border.

We, therefore, have reason to pause as our friends celebrate this remarkable date every year, and rejoice that such a doctrine ever was asserted. We can be happily certain too — in spite of the tinge of regret that they are not politically a part of our Commonwealth — of a day when all the present free democracies will be a closer knit family of everlasting defence of the "Four Freedoms".



'Hello Sports'



— By F.S. Eric Whitehead —

Wallowing along in the mire of the muddiest spring in living memory, Ol' Man Sport has at last thumbed his venerable nose at the scowling skies and sent his summer chillun forth to brave the elements. Johnny Baseball, a perannially husky young lout, is again, as always, first to poke a tentative finger into the sodden, winter-bound soil of our national playground and call for his fightin' clothes. And while civilian aggregations shiver doubly under belated wintry blasts and the chilling draughts that seep through the gaping holes left by departed talent the Athletic Directors of our service camps sit smug and happy under a veritable blanket of educated biceps.

Witness the weird record of our own Jarvis softball nine; in the season's first three fiascos, a total of 23 innings, our laddies have skipped jubilantly across home plate no less than 52 times as against a woe-ful 6 retaliations! — That, old man is definitely NOT cricket, tho' the scores may sound like it.

Our boys are possessed of the happy knack of belting the leather with a most heartening gusto — a gusto that promises fair to make the outer precincts of outfields their target for tonight and most any other night.

However, with the advent of inter-station competition our lads will undoubtedly have their round trips curtailed considerably and will be

compelled to swing their hickory with a little more deliberation. But it's still this man's guess that our little powerhouse gang, defensively geared by two very capable hurlers, and Capalbo, will cut a most comfortable swath in this year's competition.

—v—

We have a new local racket. Legitimate and legal, but nevertheless a racket. It emanates nightly from the East side of the drill hall — a rumbling, rattling clatter flavoured generously by feminine squeaks and an occasional male "dammit"! Boys and girls, come out to play - -Skittles. Only skittle alleys sounds silly, so we call them bowling alleys. They are a lovely piece of work, but we're afraid that Sally, at 90c per day, won't be able to play in our alley as much as she'd like to.

—v—

In the good old days when the great diamond pastime was still a man's game, unsullied by the squeal of girlish grunts, curves were a happy phenomena to be found only in the pitchers' box. Now, with the coming of softball, and the ladies' version of the same, we find curves on every corner of the infield and the grassy stretches of the bewildered outfield. Your Jarvis lassies are no exception to the beautiful rule. Tommy Hirst, guiding light and coach of your

ladies softball team, is optimistic about the coming season — and why not? "Figures," sez Tommy "don't lie!"

Seriously though, the gals look good, and figure to go places this season and come back with a natty profit. If they don't, we'll eat our last golf ball.

—v—

Speaking of golf, or were we? — our local links lounge, F.S. 'Agony' Shankman, belted his buxom way around the Simcoe course in a dazzling sixty-six the other day. Afterward in the club house, when questioned as to his immediate golfing future, 'Agony' wearily mopped the froth off his chins, and quoth "with a score like that, why should I play the other nine holes? Don't be foolish! Another beer, please."

—v—

By the time this goes to press, the new bowling league should be underway. With the recent appearance of a trainee crop of Anzac and R.A.F. lads, soccer seems due for a local boom. And if we know the Anzacs, we mean boom.

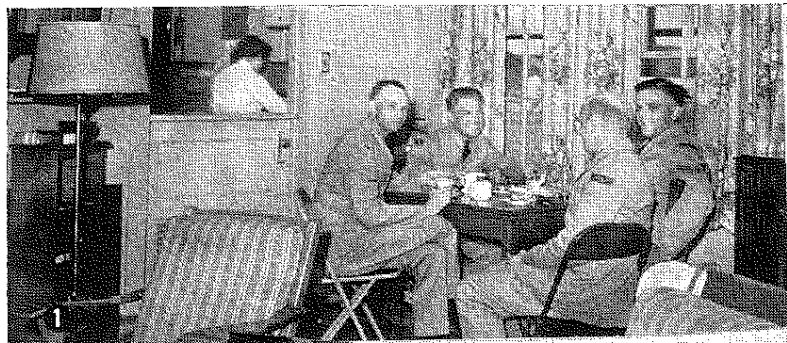
—v—

If mutual understanding is to be the basis of international amity in the future, what healthier breeding ground could be found than the globe's sports arenas and playgrounds? Yet it's a strange modern phenomena that despite the highly mechanized propulsion of common news knowledge, one country knows so little of another's sports and sportsmen.

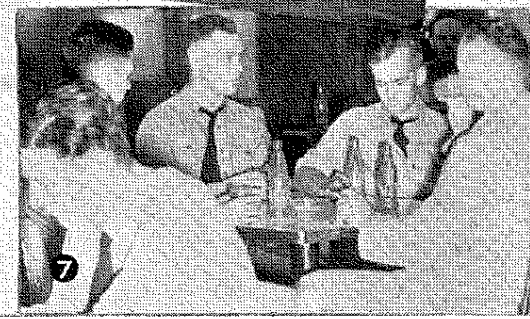
For instance, did you know.....that Japan, not the U.S.A. has the world's largest baseball stadium? America's biggest is Yankee Stadium, seating 82,000 but the Japs

have colossal arenas for up to 150,000 fans for their college games..... that Jap ballplayers and umps have retained the American diamond vernacular and toothy cries of "Strike", "Foul Ball", "Yer' Out" go echoing out amongst the cherry blossoms.....that the Japanese wrestler's principal weapon is his stomach, which he patiently develops to enormous size and toughness and uses as a sort of battering ram. These merchants, of course, are apart from the ju-jitsuists.....that soccer is King of the English sports' castle to the extent that in the city of greater London alone, the kick-as-kick-can game is housed in six stadia holding up to 95,000 fans, six that each accommodate over 40,000 more, and countless smaller arenasthat pre-war "petty" gambling in legal forecast soccer pools net many millions of pounds weekly. And as much as \$150,000 has been paid out for a 2c investment..... that in 1936, there were thirty baseball teams in Britain; in 1938, over seven hundred clubs were registered with the English Baseball Association.....that the cream of Canuck





Nº1 B.&G. *at Ease*



- 1.—A fragrant pot of tea in the Hostess House does wonders to a long evening.
3.—Even Officers relax a bit!
4.—Magazines to matches in the Airmen's Canteen

- 5.—More "Quiz Kids" of Jarvis - Left to Right: F.S. Eric Whitehead, L.A.W.'s Connie Coppen and Phyllis Stevens, A.C.2 G. F. Jarard.

- 2.—The new bowling alley - a popular spot.
6.—A first-run movie just costs 15c now!
7.—Not much more than "coke" these days!

ice-hockey amateurs led the parade in the biggest sports boom in Britains history. In the meaty years 1935-39, London built the world's three most modern hockey arenas, 10,000 seat palaces with luxurious clubs and bars for the wild-eyed fans that flooded in to watch the Canuck speedsters ply their trade.....that Don Bradman, the peerless Australian cricketer with the mighty bat, probably means more to cricket fans than even Babe Ruth means to baseball's rabid millions.....that motorcycle speedway racing is a major sport industry in England and Australia, enticing hysterical mobs of 100,000 to international matches. The king of 'em all was the Aussie daredevil "Bluey" Wilkinson who rode roughshod to the world championship in England, and then after defying death in roaring, screeching duels on a thousand cinder tracks, the fabulous "Bluey" was killed on the streets of Sydney, in his native Australia, by a passing automobile.....And that, my friends, is that.....So long.

—v—



SPORTS NEWS

Indoor Sports Night, May 11th, was a huge success with many activities running simultaneously; opening with a bang when the Ping Pong Basketball and Badminton tournaments started at 1900 hours.

Forty players entered in the Badminton mixed doubles through steady and interesting eliminations to the semi-finals when W.D. Sgt. Hill, L.A.C. Lauder lost to L.A.W. Robitaille and L.A.C. Burne; L.A.C. McQueen and L.A.W. Beebe lost to L.A.C. Nazar and L.A.W. Dupuis, who in turn defeated L.A.W. Robitaille and L.A.C. Burne in the finals. Sgt. Coombs and W.O.2 Harris capably handled the Badminton.

In the Ping Pong Tournament, out of approximately thirty entries, L.A.C. Cockshutt lost to Sgt. Vahl, and L.A.C. Clifford lost to Cpl. Cohen in the semi-finals. In the finals Sgt. Vahl defeated Cpl. Cohen. This tournament was ably handled on schedule by F.S. Card of G.I.S.

The Basketball games held the interest of the majority in some of the most evenly matched games seen in our drill hall. Four teams entered, Tarmac, Maintenance, Class 80 and Class 81; in the finals a nip and tuck game with never a dull moment Course 80 defeated Maintenance 18 to 16. These three swell games ran very smoothly under the direction of Sgts. Wright, and Johnson of G.I.S. with Cpl. Cohen refereeing. x

The Exhibition floor hockey game drew tremendous interest as the playing was fast and furious between teams from Courses 80 and 81. The winner, Course 81, managed to just scrape a lead.

Track events added that extra bit of color as W.D.'s and airmen sped the length of our floor. W.O.2 Harris officiated with great success despite a faulty pistol.

The evening was topped off as the spot light centred on the fencing between L.A.C. Lazarus and F.S. Keogh who put on a good show between the flashy boxing bouts. Sgt. Pilot Wilson and Cpl. Harpell in the heavyweight bout wore themselves out in the interest of the spectators giving a swell exhibition of durability and sportsmanship.

The highlight was the lightweight bout between two flashy A.C.2's Serton and Pearce whose fast exchanges kept the crowd in suspense until the final whistle.

The winners of all events were presented with their prizes by Group

Captain A.D. Bell-Irving, our Commanding Officer, who stated his pleasure at the physical fitness of our W.D.'s and Airmen. The Sports staff, F.O. R. A. Taylor, F.S. J. N. Keogh, Sgt. T. H. Hirst wish to extend their thanks to W.O.2 Harris, Sgts. Johnson, Wright and Coombs, L.A.C. Lazarus, F.S. Card, F.S. Gamble and Cpl. Revoire. F.S. Gamble did a fine job of announcing the various events as they progressed sounding not unlike Foster Hewitt as he kept spectators informed.

An Intermission in which our Station W.D. Pipe Band, under W. O.2 Weir, presented many of the stirring Scottish Melodies, was a real bracer and did much to carry enthusiasm of all participants and spectators to a high pitch.

Hitler's Will

Some government circles are deriving a bit of amusement from a document drawn in legal form and entitled, "Last Will and Testament of Adolph Hitler," and dated "Very Soon."

To Russia I leave the Russian Winter where my brave Arayan soldiers froze just when we expected to land deep in the heart of Moscow.

To France I leave all the beautiful damoiselles in occupied Paris. I never was one for the girls.

To England I leave the original manuscript of Mein Kampf, which the R.A.F. spoiled. I had written a different finish but their flyers got me in the end.

To Italy I leave Japan the Land of

the Rising Sun, and vice versa. It is a question who will be getting the worst of it.

To Count Ciano, son-in-law of Mussolini, I leave the Iron Cross for bringing down in one day forty-one bombing planes and seventy-two fighters, all Italian.

To Franklin D. Roosevelt I leave my apology for interrupting his fishing trip but he got even.

To Winston Churchill, I leave a box of matches. I never yet saw his cigars lit. Besides who will want matches where I am going?

And to the entire world, I leave. And will they give thanks?

—V—

"Please don't cry, honey," pleaded Roddy as he awkwardly patted his girl's shoulder. "Honest, I haven't a girl around every airport. I haven't been in every airport."

ON THE HOSPITAL NIGHT SHIFT

As a hospital assistant making my round, the clock struck ten. Lights Out! At last I can get at that book I've been simply dying to read "Quiet down there, it's time to sleep." Now back to my story. Did someone call me? Taking a jaunt down to the men's ward, I find a mosquito had made a forced landing in one of the patients ears. The poor thing must have been lost. I thought at first I should notify the Control Tower of the crash but with the aid of oil we were able to fix it ourselves. Once more the ward quiets down and so I bury my nose in my book again. I think I'm going to like the story, although right now I've memorized the first paragraph reading it so often. But wait, was that the fire siren, the telephone! "Fire in 14 West" everyone stands by. The M.O. and nursing sister are here and we are ready for anything. We can see airmen and airwomen streaming from their respective barrack blocks and can hear a continual babble each one asking the other what it is all about. The ward of course is also in an uproar. Presently the all clear is sounded and we are notified that it was a false alarm - someone up to pranks again, I guess. I pass the word along to the patients that they may go back to sleep once more. Everything is quiet again and I go back to my book, still in that first chapter, but perhaps I'll be able to at least finish one chapter. Sh! was that a W.D.? Must go and see. Sure enough, she was having a nightmare, so I stayed with

her until she settled down. The Dawn, so passed another night on the night shift.

The book!

Reading a book on night shift is as simple as a camel passing through the eye of a needle.

—V—

NEW BOWLING ALLEY BIG HIT AT JARVIS



Daily routine rumour was authentic for once! In spite of the unbelieving and cynical sneer that scorned the grapevine's report of new bowling alleys in the offing, there DID come a day when the opening of the bowling palace was announced in D.R.O.'s. The first ball to connect with the 5-pins was rolled by our Group Captain and since then, the place to find anyone on the station of an evening is the bowling alley.

Red Cross Blood Donors

The Simcoe Branch of the Canadian Red Cross Society have held monthly blood donor clinics at No. 1. Bombing and Gunnery School, Jarvis, since February 17th. All personnel except aircrew trainees and pilots are eligible to act as voluntary blood donors. The society has been impressed by the cheerful response of the Station personnel to the call and support of this worthy cause. This Station is the first in the Armed Services of Canada to have a regular clinic on the station for the Blood Donors' Service of the Red Cross. The honour of being the first blood donor to this first clinic goes to W.O.2 H. P. Weir, of the Maintenance Staff.

The Commanding Officer and Medical Staff are grateful for the support of the people of this Station and it is felt that every member of the Station should be properly proud of instituting one of the many achievements which go to make this Station THE No. 1. Bombing and Gunnery School.

Flying staff and aircrew in training are not eligible for blood donorship.

Names of the people who have not forgotten their brothers-in-service, and who have contributed their blood for the saving of a life are:

February 17th Clinic

W.O.2 Weir, H. P.; Sgt. Gilroy, M. L.; F.Sgt. William, W.; W.O.1 Watt, W. G.; F.Sgt. Cocks, P. R.; F.Sgt. Highet; Cpl. Reeves, E.; L.A.

C. Clarke, W. H.; L.A.C. Beninger, M. L.; A.C.1 McLeod, G. N.; L.A.C. Clausen, R. S.; Sgt. Curran, J. L.; L.A.C. Harris, W. G.; L.A.C. Baines, R. C.; L.A.C. Dart, J. E.; L.A.C. Jupp, A.; Cpl. Apted, G. E.; L.A.C. Blackwell, R. J.; S.L. O'Leary, E. L. L.A.C. Hisson, M.; F.L. Daly, W. C. Sgt. Lennox, R.; A.C.1 Morrison, F. L.; Cpl. Sparling, H.; Sgt. Pert, W.; A.C.1 McGrigor, H.; L.A.C. Woods, W.; L.A.C. Heaton, R. E.; Sgt. Smith, E.; A.C.1 Nudel, B.; L. A.C. Mabee, A.; L.A.C. Hosking, E. G.; L.A.C. Griffin, C.; Cpl. Bidnell, E.; L.A.C. Lovegrove, W.; A.C.1 Magnus, L.; F.Sgt. Martin, J. C.; Cpl. Martin, L. G.; A.C.1 Hadley, B. G.; L.A.C. Krabsen, L.; L.A.C. Bachand, J. L.; Cpl. Held, R.; L.A.C. Lortie, R.; L.A.C. Ringuette, Maurice; A.C.1 Garber, B.; L.A.C. Kelley J.; A.C.1 Buckley, R.; L.A.C. Patterson, C.; L.A.C. Chinsky, C.; Sgt. Taylor, A. N.; F.Sgt. Wade, J. H.; F.Sgt. Ingram, F. W.; Sgt. Hone, M. E.; Cpl. Strachan, J. M.; F.Sgt. Falle, F.; Cpl. Bambrough, J.; A.C.2 Gavan, V.; L.A.C. Michie, A.; L.A.C. Manganelli, A.; L.A.C. Pelchat, A.; A.C.2 Jameson, J.; A.C.2 Klisowsky T.; L.A.C. Miller, H.; Cpl. Dennstedt M.; L.A.C. Urness, J. L.; Cpl. Waters, S.; L.A.C. Rempel, J.; L.A.C. Beingessner, H.; Cpl. Jones, A. E.; A.C.1 McKeown, G.; A.C.1 McKeown, G.; L.A.C. Foulds, W.; L.A.C. Johanson, G.; L.A.C. Dennis, J.; Sgt. Pickles, A. H.; A.C.1 Ripley, W.; L.A.C. Mash, W.; L.A.C. Mont-

gomery, W.; A.C.2 Johnson, H.; L. A.C. Rae, L.; L.A.C. Meyers, H.; L.A.C. Atkinson, E.; L.A.C. Margerm, D.; Cpl. Fischer, C.; L.A.C. Daniel, P. M.; L.A.C. Kregmen, K.

(W.D.)

A.W.1 Sutherland, E.; L.A.W. Putnam, L.; L.A.W. Exner, A.; A. W.1 O'Connor, T.; Cpl. Crawford, E.; L.A.W. Moisey, R.; A.W.2 Gonyou, A.; Cpl. Horton, R.; L.A.W. Lambourn, M.; Cpl. Oke, M.; A.W.1 Linton, H.; A.W.1 MacFarlane, A.; A.W.1 Jones, M.; A.W.2 Martin, R.; Cpl. Higgenbotham, G.

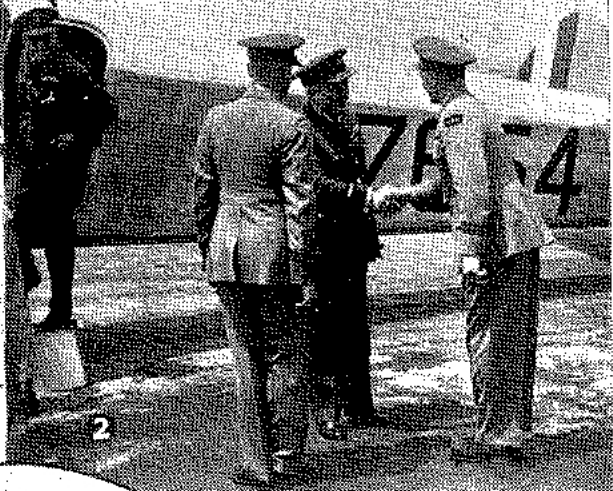
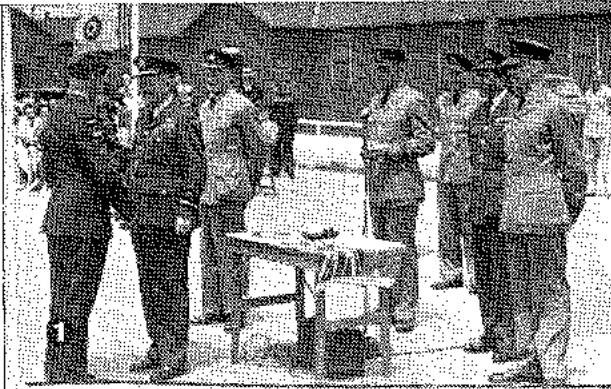
March 12th Clinic

S.O. Macdonald, E.; S.O. Wismer M.; L.A.W. Wall, E.; A.W.1 Campbell, R.; S.O. Stephens, M. G.; L.A. W. Phillips, J.; Cpl. Lynass, A.; A. W.1 McConvey, L.; A.W.1 Benedette, M.; A.W.2 Howells, E.; F.L. Hurry, E.; A.W.1 Dearborn, M.; L. A.W. Hadden, E.; Sgt. McKinnon; Cpl. Anderson, M.; Cpl. May, H.; A.W.1 Innes, O.; L.A.W. Dalmon, D.; A.W.1 Carmichail, R.; F.O. Taylor, R.; P.O. Colquhoun, F.; S.L. Butchart, G.; F.L. Metcalfe, R.; S.L. Armour, E.; Kohl, W.; Cpl. Smith, C.; A.W.2 Moore, E.; Cpl. Tolmie, E.; Cpl. Bell, L.; L.A.W. Johnson, E.; L.A.W. Robinson, J.; A.W.1 Torrance, R.; L.A.W. Flamin, J.; Cpl. Verner, M.; L.A.W. Dow, I.; F.Sgt. Sorrente, J.; F.Sgt. Fouse, B.; W.O.2 Steele, O.; Sgt. Holden, W.; Sgt. Clements, C.; W. O.2 Cadeau, B.; F.Sgt. Card, R.; Sgt. Glennie, J.; Sgt. Johnson, A.; Cpl. Rodger, J.; L.A.C. Endicott, T. L.; L.A.C. Holden, S.; Cpl. Howard J.; Cpl. Luhrmann, C.; Sgt. Clucas, S. P.; L.A.C. Clark, M.; W.O.2 Howell, G.; Cpl. Wright, W.; Cpl. Brunel, I.; Sgt. Burton, J.; L.A.C. Plouffe, L.; Cpl. Bethune, L.; L.A.C.

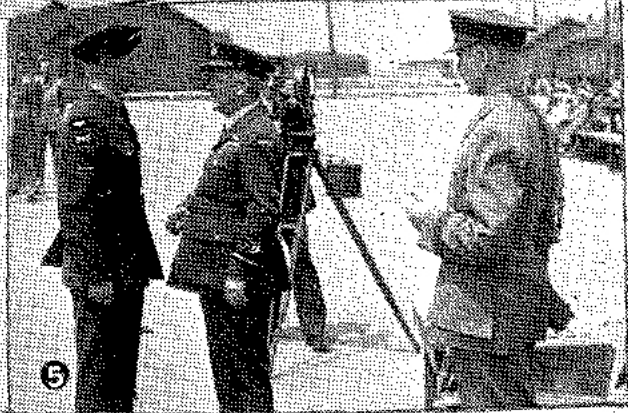
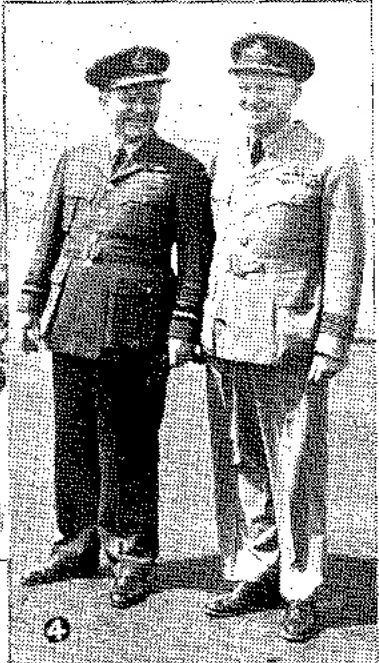
Bruton, A.; Cpl. Keaney, E.; Cpl. Minielly, H.; L.A.C. Cashen, E.; L.A.C. Tapson, R.; Cpl. Higgins; P.O. Griffith, L.; Cpl. Goulding, G.; G.Cpt. Bell-Irving, A. D.; L.A.C. Cleland, S.; Mason, C. A.; Cpl. Calvin, J.; Cpl. Barker, L.; Cpl. Mason G.; L.A.C. McNally, W.; L.A.C. Spires, R.; L.A.C. Gray, W.; L.A.C. Story, T.; L.A.C. Martin, M.; A.C.1 Monk, V.; A.C.1 Seymour, H.; L.A. C. Nicholl, J.; L.A.C. Whitehead, L. L.A.C. Banting, O.; A.C.1 Newman L.; F.Sgt. Dougherty, J.; L.A.C. DeSalve, J.; Cpl. Leroy, C.; L.A.C. Caddle, S.; L.A.C. Bernier, F.; L.A. C. Pidgeon, E.; F.Sgt. Clarke, R.; L.A.C. Campbell, N.; Cpl. Harpell, A.; L.A.C. Velland, J.; L.A.C. Loomis, F.; Sgt. Symington, L.; L.A.C. Burrows, A.; L.A.C. Barber, J.; L. A.C. Bozowsky, P.; L.A.C. Leblanc J.; F.L. Armstrong, E.; Sgt. Ransom, E.; Sgt. Dixon, H.; L.A.C. McNutt, N.; Cpl. Stark, F.; A.C.1 Shaw, T.; L.A.C. Brown, C.; F.Sgt. Carter, O.; Sgt. Ungerman, D.; L. A.C. Melnar, E.; L.A.C. Bryant, E. W.O.1 Steiss, C.; L.A.C. Nazar, P.; L.A.C. Grant, A.; A.C.1 Urquhart, D.; L.A.W. Sinclair, A.; L.A.C. Smith, W. L.; L.A.C. Herring, F.; L.A.C. Lasby, E. R.

April 22nd Clinic

F.O. Arnold, N.; F.S. Collins, G.; Sgt. Taylor, A. N.; L.A.C. Clark, W. H.; L.A.C. Deviller, G.; F.S. Hight J. L.; L.A.C. Manganelli, A.; Cpl. Rose, W. C.; Sgt. Hope, M.; Brown M.; Pond, S.; L.A.C. Heaton, R.; Cpl. Bidnall, E.; Sgt. Kleinsteuber, G.; A.C.1 Huene, T.; Cpl. Morrow, J.; Cpl. Watters, S.; L.A.C. Bull, G. L.A.C. Ringuette, M.; L.A.C. Griffin, C.; L.A.C. Dart, J. E.; A.C.1 Hadley, B.; Cpl. Sparling, H.; L.A. C. Drabsen, L.; L.A.C. Kelly, J.; A.



CANADA'S WORLD WAR I ACE
AIR MARSHALL "BILLY" BISHOP
VISITS JARVIS TO PRESENT
WINGS



C.1 Newitt, J.; A.C.1 Buckley, R.; Sgt. Schurman, J.; A.C.1 Anderson, W. D.; L.A.C. Widdows, J. A.; F.O. Lanyon, A.; Flt.O. Henderson, A.; Cpl. Drakes, G.; L.A.W. Exner, A.; L.A.W. Ellis-Toddington, E.; L.A. W. Linton, H.; L.A.W. Sutherland, E.; L.A.W. Moisey, R.; A.W.2 Prouse, I.; A.W.1 Steele, E.; L.A. W. Brown, R.; Cpl. Wallace, H.; Cpl. Parks, V.; A.W.2 Leslie, J.; A. W.2 Martin, R.; Cpl. Forsell, A.; L. A.W. Woolfrey, A.; L.A.W. Putnam L.; A.W.1 Daniel, I.; Cpl. Revoire, E.; L.A.W. Davidson, J.; A.W.1 Kaye, I.; A.W.2 Gonyou, A.; Cpl. Horton, R.; Cpl. Hughes, K.; Sgt. Pickles, A. H.; Cpl. Reeves, E.; Sgt. Jeffey, A.; Sgt. Hawley, G.; L.A.C. Bulmer, S.; Cpl. Wilson, J. L.; L.A. C. Rae, L.; L.A.C. Sibley, G.; L.A. C. McLean, A.; L.A.C. Urness, J.; L.A.C. Foulds, W.; L.A.C. Howard G.; L.A.C. Pepper, J.; A.C.1 Pelletier, J.; L.A.C. Laroche, L.; L.A.C. Gooding, A.; A.C.1 Jamieson, J.; Cpl. Jones, A. E.; L.A.C. Woodley, G. K.; L.A.C. Marcellus, W.; Cpl. Strachan, J.; W.O.1 Watt, W.; L. A.C. Bubs, F.; L.A.C. Holgate, J.; L.A.C. Samuel, H.; L.A.C. Heckler, H.; L.A.C. Geoghegan, F.; L.A.C. Samuels, F.; L.A.C. Fenton, D.; Sgt. Sloan, W.; L.A.C. Turcotte, J.; L. A.C. Stephen, A.; L.A.C. Worster, W.; L.A.C. Clifford, R.; L.A.C. Merrick, P.; L.A.C. Dunn, E.; L.A.C. Searles, T.; Sgt. Brock, L.; L.A.C. Guilbeault, J.; L.A.C. Rochefort, G. L.A.C. Pegg, H.; L.A.C. Hosking, T.; L.A.C. Cohen, B.; L.A.C. Price, J.; L.A.C. Mather, A.; Cpl. Apted, G.; L.A.C. Jordon, W.; Cpl. Cleaver C.

May 20th Clinic

Sgt. Crandall, W.; W.O.2 Harris, W.; Cpl. Lomas, L.; S.L. Lamport, A. A.; Sgt. Burton, J. L.; Cpl. Shaf-

to, A.; L.A.C. Gray, W.; L.A.C. Wright, H.; Sgt. Handson, A.; L.A. C. Baribeault, R.; F.S. Card, R.; Cpl. Brunel, I.; S.L. Armour, E.; Sgt. Allison, S.; L.A.C. Chinsky, C. F.S. Fouse, B.; W.O.1 Finch, F.; Cpl. Thompson, R.; W.O.2 Weir, H.; W.O.2 Howell, G. C.; Cpl. Howard, J.; W.O.2 Steele, O.; Cpl. Swabey, E.; W.O.2 Stephens, C. G.; Cpl. May H.; Cpl. Smith, C.; Sgt. Clements, C.; L.A.C. Birkett, J.; L.A.C. Turner, E.; Cpl. May, H.; Cpl. Carpendale, E.; L.A.C. Palsen, G.; Cpl. Lee, T.; L.A.C. McInally, W.; A.C.1 Frost, W.; Sgt. Johnson, G.; L.A.C. Svimbjamen, I.; L.A.C. Reaume, L. A.C.1 Rosenberg, J.; L.A.C. Garber B.; L.A.C. Hardy, D.; Sgt. Dixon, H.; A.C.1 Clarke, L.; L.A.C. Cashen E.; Sgt. Clucas, L.; L.A.W. Lundy, M.; P.O. Griffith, L.; Cpl. Rodger, J. E.; L.A.W. Wall, A. E.; Cpl. Mergens, G.; L.A.W. McConvey, L.; L.A.W. Campbell, R.; A.C.1 Leventhel, J.; L.A.W. Johnson, E.; A.W.1 Gilchrist, J.; L.A.W. Watts, M.; A.C.1 Monk, V.; A.W.1 Torrance, R. L.A.W. Swan, H.; L.A.W. Lambourn M.; L.A.W. Milne, M.; P.O. Colquhoun, F.; L.A.W. Greaves, V.; Cpl. Lamarche, J.; Cpl. Bolton, B.; A.W. 2 Foebel, J.; Sgt. Crawford, E.; A. W.2 Watt, H.; A.W.2 Stanford, A.; Sgt. McGregor, M.; S.O. Wismer, W.; L.A.C. Watkinson, C.; L.A.C. Welch, W.; L.A.C. Fromer, R.; L.A. C. McIntosh, A.; L.A.C. Farrell, A. L.A.C. Harper, R.; L.A.C. Carlaon, H.; L.A.C. Johanson, G.; L.A.C. Williams, B.; Cpl. Martin, M.; Cpl. Whitehead, L.; Cpl. Vinchuk, W.; A.C.1 Sayers, B.; Sgt. Abbott, H.; Cpl. Leroy, C.; Sgt. Wright, H.; L. A.C. Margerm, D.; L.A.C. Cleland, S.; L.A.C. Mulholland, A.; L.A.C. Devlin, G.; L.A.C. Alderson, J.



Our Gunnery Flight Operative sends in a few pertinent notes..... It seems that "Babs" has a 48 that's a bit of a secret - Montreal was the destination - and she won't confirm or deny that it had something to do with a certain Air Gunner's return from tropical parts.....Jean Davidson is trying hard for a sun tan. Maybe next time you'll get it Jeanie.....Mary Langston's posting to Wireless School leaves us with a feeling of loneliness. But we wish her all kinds of luck. By the way, Mary always seemed to think that Dover was one of Canada's lovely spots.....Oh Gee, girls, aren't they handsome in their new uniforms; yes, P.O.'s Miles & McKellar. Congratulations, fellows, on the new commissions! Congrats are also in order for W.O.2's Thompson and Picard, recently promoted from Flight Sergeants. The crown didn't take too much prominence in that wedding picture, did it Ray?

v v v

Bombing sends in a few notes and our operative there wants to hand

out a few bouquets to the co-operating sections that have put this Flight headed by F.L. Spencer (a regular guy) in the efficient position it occupies.....Orchids to the prompt and efficient work of the bombing Armourers under Sgts. Ponting and Exley and to the smooth and selfless work of the Wireless Section, under F.S. McKenna. Thanks fellows, you help us tremendously.....A few questions: Now that L.A.C. McMillan has returned from his long leave, will he be setting up housekeeping in town?What A.C.1 spent a whole night repairing fishing tackle? Catch anything, E.D.S.?.....If L.A.W.'s (Wireless) will ever give the Bombing boys a break?.....Welcome to Sgt Brown who has replaced Sgt. Hawley, the latter now gives the West a break.

v v v

No. 1. B. & G. bids a tearful farewell to a couple of N.C.O.'s. who've been almost an institution around here - W.O.1 Young and W.O.2 Harris. Both have been with us as Senior Armament Instructors

since the days of Muddy Seas around the camp. Wait Young as head of the Armament Section had the loyalty and respect of his men in the finest manner. Wally Harris, as a tireless, conscientious worker was admired and respected by his classes and fellow instructors to a tremendous degree. His enthusiasm in a modest unassuming way for station activities was demonstrated in the manner in which he undertook the drill hall decorating for two Station Dances last winter and his work on the Indoor Sports Night of May 11th.....No. 1 B. & G. was mighty fortunate to start out with two men such as these on the staff.

v v v

Speaking of Armament—did you know that Armourers are of two distinct varieties — Bombs and Guns? Both are tremendously important in the work of any Bombing and Gunnery School. Here at 'ol Number One a good deal of healthy rivalry exists between the two parts of the Armament Section but you'd look a long way before finding a better bunch of fellows or a more efficient organization.

Incidentally any one of the Armourers will come "a runnin'" if you shout "Joe!" Could it be because Armament is one of the sections that works three shifts, 24 hours a day, rain or shine? It it's to dismantle a bombsight, fix the bombing teacher, strip a Browning, or DI your Ronson—call an Armourer.

Some of the Bombing Armourers are due a vote of thanks for doing a little extra work in order to allow one of their number to do the make-up and printing on this issue of the Fly Paper. Thanks, men — and you too, Sergeant(s)!

The Fly Paper is grateful also to Corporals Mary Stevenson and Ruby Yaffe who typed the copy.

—V—

Cookie

If you want to get on in the air-force,
There's 'undreds of things you must do.
And during six months as a rookie,
I've tried a considerable few.
And out of my trials and troubles,
I've learn't what you can't learn
from books,
And tell you the golden rule is —
Always keep in with the cooks.

For the drills may be 'ighly distasteful,
And the marchin' may worry your feet,
But a nice cupper tea in the cook house
Will smooth down your feathers a treat.
And you'll find that the W.O.'s sarcasm,
And the corporal's piercin'est look
Quite 'armlessly slide off the well-nourished hide
Of the chap who keeps in with the cook.

So remember her face may be smoky,
But her bakeshop an 'aven of rest,
And drop her a coke when you've got one,
And count yourself one of the blest.
And in future when C.O.'s get shirty
And adjutant's fly off the 'ooks,
You can say to yourself "Ah, poor fellers,
Why don't they keep in with the cooks?"

—Percy B.

Discipline of Mind

Vital To Victory

BISHOP RYAN CHARGES AIRMEN AT JARVIS

The Recreation Hall at the R.C.A. F. Station at Jarvis, Ontario, was the scene of an impressive ceremony on the morning of Sunday, May 30. The Most Reverend Joseph F. Ryan, D.D., Bishop of Hamilton, Ontario, offered Mass at 10.00 o'clock, delivered an inspiring sermon and administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to five of the Station personnel.

"Mens sana in corpore sano" - "A sound mind in a sound body," was the theme of the Bishop's inspirational talk. He pointed out that the daily routine of military discipline is designed to develop and maintain a sound body, capable of meeting every emergency, of enduring the hardships of war, and of overcoming great obstacles. A sound body is indispensable in time of war, but it is even more essential to have that sound body governed and direct-

ed by a sound mind, - a mind that realizes the value and the sanctity of the cause for which we are fighting, - a mind made sound by self-discipline.

The sound mind is founded in Faith, and maintained by a lively practice of Faith. St. Paul says: "Let every soul be subject to higher powers, for there is no power but from God." The sound mind has just such respect for authority, and gives prompt and cheerful obedience accordingly.

The sound mind is conscious day by day that we are made by God for God, - to know and love and serve Him here on earth, and, afterwards, to be happy with Him for all eternity in Heaven. We shall achieve that all-important objective only if, while bringing the body into subjection, we likewise discipline the soul in the school of Christian virtue.



Left to Right—Flt. Lt. Doyle, Flt. Sgt. Krussel, L.A.C. Bannick, Sgt. LaMarche, L.A.C. Molinski, Bishop Ryan, A.W. 2 Anderson, A.W. 1 Nolan, Flt. Sgt. Martin, Flt. Sgt. Brawley, Rev. A. J. O'Brien.



The Bishop laid special stress on the importance of Catholic men and women in the Service being earnest and regular in regard to Prayer, Sunday Mass, and the reception of the Sacraments.

The stage of the Recreation Hall Auditorium, with the Altar set in the middle and clad in snow-white linens, decorated artistically with flowers and candles, and surrounded by palms, - provided a beautiful setting for the solemn functions.

The Children's Choir from Simcoe Ontario, enhanced the occasion by a splendid rendition of several appropriate hymns.

Corporal Jeanne Lamarche, soprano, referred to locally as the "Nightingale of the R.C.A.F.", sang Gounod's "Ave Maria" at the Offertory.

Group Captain A. D. Bell-Irving, M.C., Commanding Officer of the

Station, was present at the Service. Many other Officers also attended, including Flight Lieutenant R. H. N. Davidson, the Protestant Chaplain, and Flight Officer A. F. Henderson, Senior Officer of the Women's Division.

The five who were confirmed by Bishop Ryan were: Flight Sergeant R. L. Brawley, of Toronto, Flight Sergeant P. Krusell, of Welland, Ontario, L.A.C. Z. Molinski, of Poland, LAC A. W. Bannick and AW2 E. M. Anderson, both of Niagara Falls, Ont.

Bishop Ryan was assisted throughout the ceremony by Father A. J. O'Brien, of Hamilton, and the Catholic Chaplain, Hon. Flight Lieutenant C. A. Doyle.

The visiting Bishop commended the Commanding Officer on the splendid appearance of the grounds and buildings of the Airport.

During the American Civil War, Jefferson Davis wanted a reliable officer for an important command. He asked General Lee what he thought of a certain man by the name of Whiting, for the post. Lee commended him highly. One of the latter's officers was greatly surpris-

ed at the General's commendations and calling him aside, asked him if he knew what unkind things Whiting was saying about him. Lee said: "I understand that the President wanted to know my opinion of Whiting, and not Whiting's opinion of me."

S'Long and Good Luck, "Ed"

All who knew him — and most everyone did — had a feeling of real regret when Flight Lieutenant Ed. Hurry left his Works and Buildings Department for another station a good deal nearer the Mikado's shores than is Jarvis. The reason



for our sorrow was that Flight Lieutenant Hurry was a kind of an institution around here, and he had made his department so darned friendly and co-operative that we were all glad to see him around. To this, of course, is the reason that to everyone "Ed" was one of the boys, and never forgot an old friend.

Coming to Jarvis in December 1940, he was L.A.C. Hurry and bunked in Barracks No. 18 with "old timers" Sgt. Clucas, Sgt. Crabbe, F.S. Pearce and F.S. Taylor. Before this he had worked as A.C.2 in the bull-gang who constructed the Mount Hope airport. In December 1941 (December must be Ed's lucky month) he was commissioned.

Flight Lieutenant Hurry wrote this message for us the day he left:

"In addition to the support of that grand group of service personnel in the W. & B. Section, every co-operation has been rendered by all ranks throughout the station. I'm really sorry to leave you all for in Jarvis I'm happy to know I have many real friends who have been great associates in my work."

'READY FOR SEA'

(continued from page fourteen)

was raking out the fires onto the steel stokehold floor, - and I know we closed our eyes and winced inwardly at the thought of that searing inferno down below. We paused as he came up a few minutes later; he staggered out through the stokehold door and collapsed onto the deck. But the fires were out

of the boxes, sizzling harmlessly away to cinders on the stokehold floor. Now there was no more worry about being blown to Hallelujah - and a minute later the top-load of timber went rolling over the rails into the plunging seas. So now we could just hang on and hope

to heaven we wouldn't flounder before we could get steam up again and get underway once more. So, when, at two hours past midnight, limping along at four knots, heeling ludicrously to port with the remainder of our cargo askew and a nasty crack in our port beam we took that torpedo in our belly, it was almost like a gentle aftermath - an anticlimax. There's not much to tell about that. First thing we did was get Billy to his boat station - a mass of bandages, but still able to curse profusely at his newest discomfort. And it was no tea-time there in the lifeboats in those teaming seas for the few hours until daybreak - and when we sighted the British destroyer a little after dawn it was a wonderful moment; - she had been notified by the convoy commodore of our plight the previous day and had come out from the Rock to see us through. We thanked heaven for the uncanny navigation of H.M. Royal Navy!

Billy's wounds healed somewhat at Gibraltar and shortly afterward we went up the coast to Lisbon and boarded another snip, all set to sail for England after a stop in Spain.

And finally, - Sevilla, Spain, February 28 - finished loading and sailed at noon. Dropped pilot at river-mouth and set course for convoy rendezvous.

We cleaved uneventfully through the rolling Atlantic, homeward bound, and I spent odd minutes with Billy in the stokehold and he'd amble up to the bridge during his watch below, and we'd gossip away the long look-out hours.

He was there the day Paddy broke loose from his cabin and got loose on the forepeak after clubbing the

old man and breaking his arm with an iron winch-bar. Padding was one of five Free State Irishmen we were taking home to Ireland via England; they had been torpedoed in the Bay of Biscay and captured by the Germans when they landed on the French Coast. They were kept in internment camps for six months before the Irish Consulate in Paris, could arrange for their release and repatriation through Spain. - Paddy was the youngest of the five, - a huge, rawboned Irishman of twenty, - and that had been his first and only trip to sea. The ordeal had preyed heavily on his mind, and a few days out of Gibraltar, he began acting queerly and muttering violently to himself, and when he grabbed Henry, the big Estonian A. B. by the throat, the Old Man put Paddy away in irons. But he broke loose one day when the steward was giving him his dinner, grabbed a huge iron bar and went after the first person he saw. That was the skipper, and he caught the blow right on his arm. Then Paddy streaked for the forepeak and leaped up in the bows of the ship, standing there at bay with all the available ship crew closing in on him, shouting hoarsely and ludicrously while brandishing the bar, - "I am the Commander of the Royal Navy!!" And then he started battering at the winch locks that held the anchor chains. If those anchors dropped, going as we were at about ten knots, we'd swing right around and across the line of ships either to our port or starboard and there'd be plenty of trouble. So Billy left me at the wheel, dashed down the bridge-ladder onto the fore deck, walked right up to poor Pad-

dy, looked into those poor, wild vacant eyes and those sunken cheeks Paddy raised the iron bar high over his head, - and then started to blubber like a baby.

Paddy was taken ashore at the first port of call in Scotland some days later, - a pitiful, gaunt skeleton of a thing, hopelessly mad.

March 23rd, Sunday — Sailing South of Scotch coast, raider attacked twice at dusk. No hits. Came in again just over mast-tops and got big Dutchman in middle of Convoy. One engine of raider apparently hit and she blew up. Apparently heavy raid on Newcastle district after midnight.

Cleaving gently up the Humber River toward Hull on the last few miles of our voyage, Billy and I stood gossiping at the rail, and for the first and only time since I had known him, he spoke a little wistfully of home. He hadn't been back since he was eight years old, - although he had promised himself he'd go after every voyage. But each time he'd toss his pay away in a couple of nights and another ship would get him. - "This time - I told him, you're going to get all dolled up and you're going home!"

Four of us took him ashore as soon as we tied up at Goole, and practically carried him into a clothier's store. A half hour later, - there was Billy Harris, resplendant in a ready-made five guinea suit, grey fedora - and a pair of tan shoes he picked out himself. He grinned that grin of his as he caught his reflection in the mirror, hunched his shoulders awkwardly, and said, "Blinkin' O'Reilly, - Me mother will think I'm a toff, won't she?" His train to Sunderland was due in at

nine that night, and we went into the "King's Head" to have a drink before I went back to the ship to help make decks ready for unloading. I left Billy buying drinks for the local gentry, and as I left he shouted, - "See you at sea, Matey."

I never saw him alive again.

We found an old gent leaning on the bar of the "King's Head" who gave us a clue as to what had happened to Billy after I saw him. "Aye, 'e was pretty drunk, that 'e was," he said, "fine young chap 'e was and all, - bought us whiskey after whiskey 'e did, - doubles they were too! Left 'ere for the pub up on the 'igh Street with a lot of the lads."

Off to that pub we went. The landlord there remembered Billy well. "Aye, fine young 'un, buying eveyone double scotches 'e was. Left a good bit before closing, said as 'ow 'e was goin gback to the ship to get a few more quid. Didn't come back tho', 'e didn't."

So the miserable port blackout and Billy's wandering feet and poor old eyes combined to complete the tale.

The rickety old wagon rumbled up to the open door of the baggage-car, the coffin was shoved roughly inside and the door clanged shut. A minute later came the timid blast of the train whistle, the cars jerked into motion and Billy Harris started his journey home.

Friday, April 4 — Saw Billy off on 8.15. New fireman aboard at noon. Finished loading and headed for sea at 6. P.M. Destination, - somewhere South.....

—V—

If you keep on your toes, you won't get down on your heels.

Action In Dits and Dahs

Sgt. A. Karlsbrun - "Karl" to most of us here - let a chuckle escape as he told us of the day he reported for duty with the R.C.A.F. Walking into Manning Depot he was wearing the uniform of a wireless operator, Merchant Marine. The recruits mistook it for the Royal Navy and passed salutes right and left. In a few hours, "Karl" was in an A.C.2's uniform and pushing a broom in the approved manner of all new enlistees!

Nowadays, Sgt. Karlsbrun is in charge of Signals training on No. 1. B. & G. - hence a well-known N. C.O. to all of our trainees. But as he sits at his key in the Morse room of G.I.S., or supervises instruction in the Aldis lamp, his mind sometimes flashes back to Morse keys in more exciting places - where he feverishly sent out the dread signal of the sea - "S.O.S." - not knowing how or when it would be answered.

"Karl" is a native of Poland, and after leaving a technical college in his birthplace of Warsaw, felt the call of the sea and went to England for training at the Marconi Wireless College. His graduation sent him to sea in 1935 with the rating of a 2nd officer in the British Merchant Marine, thus beginning a series of adventures on the Western Seas.

It was in 1939, somewhere between Norway and Canada when Karl had to send his first distress signal. War had just been declared and it would have been a rich prize for the enemy to kill the valuable cargo of iron ore destined for Canada's war industries. It was

necessary, therefore, to steer well to the north. A heavy gale blew up and the steering gear broke. For 24 hours, Karl tapped out distress signals which were finally answered by another vessel which towed the disabled ship to port - 5 days away. For his action in saving this cargo, the Wireless Operator received a reward of \$100.

On another occasion his ship was bound for England with a grain cargo. A mechanical defect caused them to drop out of the convoy. Karl was on watch when a great shock passed through the ship. He ran out on deck and in a few seconds another torpedo struck. The wireless cabin where he'd been a moment before was blown to bits in the second blast. They took to boats - thanks to the buoyancy of grain - and for 22 hours rowed towards Ireland. Four miles from the coast, fishermen picked them up and took them to the Free State police. Being the first survivors landed at that port, they were received royally and Sgt. Karlsbrun has a mighty warm spot today for Irish hospitality.

After the torpedoing, the crew were sent to London, arriving the day the blitz started - so the next two months were spent in an Air Raid shelter. Karl got a bit fed up on this subterranean existence, so signed on another ship. This time a "tin-fish" was caught 300 miles out and a R.N. destroyer picked them up, returning them to England. Karl went on another ship sailing for Canada. Injuries received in

the second torpedoing were more serious than first imagined and so upon arrival in Canada, Karl had to go to Hospital for an operation. He recalls that his first words upon coming out of the anaesthetic were: "Is there an air raid today?" It was a wonderful thing to be assured by the nurse, "No, you are in Canada, now!"

By this time, Karl was really mad and figured he'd crack back at the enemy a little more actively. He'd seen war in its worst form - death raining from the skies on helpless civilians, and from beneath the sea upon unprotected merchant seamen. Somebody told him the R.C.A.F. needed wireless men, so he enlisted. A short while later he was posted to Jarvis with the rank of A.C.1. and has been looking after the signals training of G.I.S. since. He's entirely on his own now - all his relatives in Poland are missing - and every night he goes to bed with a prayer that tomorrow will give him a posting to where he may have a more active crack at Jerry than he's had yet.



Sergeant A. Karlsbrun

Confidentially, we'll give the reason for that extra look of satisfaction that Karl has these days - he has just become a naturalized Canadian, and is darned proud of it.

The Blushing Bride

They tell us of the blushing bride,
 Who to the altar goes;
 Down the centre of the church,
 Between the friend-filled rows.
 There's Billy whom she motored with
 And Bob with whom she swam.
 There's Jack, she used to golf with
 him;
 And Steve, who called her "famb"
 There's Ted the football man she
 owned,

And Don of tennis days,
 There's Herbert; yes, and blond
 Eugene,
 Who had such winning ways.
 And there is Harry, High School
 beau,
 With whom she used to mush.
 No wonder she's a blushing bride,
 Ye Gods!!! She ought to blush.

—Anon

Poets

Cornered!

Flight In The Clouds

No clefted clouds, pierced by the
 sun's bright ray
 Soared up to greet us and our yellow
 bird;
 But billowy banks of cotton. These
 held sway
 With sparkling walls of snow, such
 as you've heard
 In story. Such was the home the
 Gods on Mt. Olymous
 Dwelt in; a dream-drenched sea of
 song. The grandeur
 Of fairy-fingered drifts from lower
 levels filled us
 With ecstasy, and packed the clouds
 with splendour.

And then we banked and broke the
 shimmering white;
 Our clipper scudded through the cry-
 stal snow;
 The scene changed quickly like a
 northern light
 To harbour-studded city. Yet in
 marriage
 To sombre, smoky docks! This
 was a blow;
 A poor exchange for memory's shat-
 tered mirage.

—AC Mather, T. L.

Wings

(Dedicated to the boys in the
 R.C.A.F.)

These shall not perish, brothers of
 the stars.
 These men of wings, gay winged
 knights of Mars.
 These flying squadrons of the azure
 skies.
 They cannot perish, bravery never
 dies.
 They rise and soar
 As birds of yore:
 With wings more swift and far more
 piercing eyes!

They shall not die; God gave them
 power to be.
 God's hand is with them over land
 and sea,
 To lift them up and guide them on
 their round.
 Their's be the glory and immortal
 crown
 'Tho stars are bright
 Dark grows the night.
 Lights Out! A siren screeches o'er
 the town!

They shall not die; 'tis history re-
 told;
 These men are fearless, energetic,
 bold.
 They swoop from unknown heights,
 all unafraid,
 Protecting others, mother, wife or
 maid.
 As God's on high,
 They shall not die,
 Or sink into oblivion's gruesome
 shade!

—George Francois Riddell



MONKEY

.. SHINES

Judge: "I'm sorry, but we can't issue a license to your grandchild, she's only fifteen and too young."

Old Negro Granny: "Lawdy, mister jedge, wat we gwinna do? She's ol' 'nuf to do what she done did."

v—v

Mother to young daughter: "Have a good time at the party and be a good girl."

Daughter: "Well, make up your mind, mother."

v—v

An old mountaineer, prowling about the site of an abandoned tourist camp, salvaged a mirror from the debris.

"I swigger," he exclaimed. "Here's a picture o' Paw. Never knowed he had one made."

He took the mirror home and hid it in the attic. His wife, suspicious searched about the attic after he'd departed the house and, finding the mirror, exclaimed: "Ha, here's that woman he's been a-running around with." Looking more closely, she then added. "But I ain't afraid o' her. She's an ugly old devil."

There was an American soldier named Ginsburg. Ginsburg was bad. He was positively allergic to drill, and all thumbs with a gun. They sent him from one camp to another, but everywhere the same reports came back about what a punk soldier Ginsburg was.

Then they sent him to Bataan, and the reports coming in were astounding. He captured six Japs singlehanded, destroyed a machine-gun nest containing ten more Japs, was cited for this and cited for that.

The change was so amazing that one of his former O.C.'s wired for an explanation. The answer came back: "We gave him a machine-gun and said, 'Now Ginsburg, you're in business for yourself.'"

—v—

Draftee: "They can't make me fight."

Draft Sgt.: "Maybe not, but they can take you where the fighting is, and you use your own judgment."

—v—

He is so dumb he thinks a Jeep is a female Jap!

A Polish officer on leave spent a giddy week end in the company of a comely young lady he happened to meet in a not too proper section of London. When it was time for him to depart on his train, the young lady narrowed her eyes and unctuously remarked: "How about a bit of change, mate, as a going-away present?"

The soldier drew himself up to his full six feet four and stiffly answered: "Madame, Polish officers never accept money from women."

v—v

Girl: "My, those hamburgers from that stand smell good."

Modern Lad: "Yes, they do. I'll drive a little closer so you can smell them better."

v—v

AC2 - I can't see what keeps you W.D.'s from freezing.

W.D. - You aren't supposed to, big boy.

v—v

Inspired by the natty shorts of our local sporting lassies, we have a suggestion, that the R.C.A.F. (W.D.) be henceforth called the R.C.A.F. Men's **Diversion**.....

v—v

AN ADJUTANT IS AN UNCOUTH BIRD

Studios Recruit Gives Correct Answer to Army Examination Board

The adjutant of the unit one Canadian recruit goes to may be in for some surprises.

A university graduate, the recruit was before the Army examination board and was asked, "What is an Adjutant?"

Without the blink of an eye came the answer: "An Adjutant is a large bird of uncouth appearance. It

has an almost bald head, a tremendous capacity for eating, and acts as a public scavenger. It can swallow a cat with ease."

Adjutants interested may consult the National and Everyman's Encyclopedia. The recruit had given an almost perfect answer — according to the encyclopedia.

v—v

Stealing a kiss may be petty larceny, but sometimes it's grand.

v—v

No! No! No!

Why did you give me an error
Of 200 yards or so
You know we have to pass the
course
Or to K.T.S. we go.

That bomb right there, it is not mine
It definitely is not so
These bombs marked here have dif-
ferent times
Than when I let mine go.

I don't know just what it can be
That makes my bombs so bad
Unless it's the way you plot them
And I'm getting gosh darn mad.

Of course we know just how you feel
When returning to the ground
In hopes that when you come to us
A direct hit has been found.

We love you like our brothers
And try our best to please
But when you start to let off steam
You make us sorta freeze.

So next time you go up bombing
And would like a better score
Just drop them on the target
And not around the shore.

—Cpl. Babs Wallace

Awards for Achievement In Action

—V—

Day after day, month after month we've watched students enter, study and leave Jarvis for greater fields. There has always been someone here to remember them — the class instructor, the O.C. the school or course — but to the people generally that keep this station going, the constantly continuing duties have

A.F.L. Victor Allen Mulhall,

Can. (J4757) No. 214 Sqn., R.A.F. trained at No. 1. I.T.S. and No. 1. B. & G. School (Eff. 7, May 1943).

"Flight Lieutenant Mulhall has been navigation officer in his squadron for eleven months, during three months of which he has also performed the duties of bombing leader. Despite his duties as squadron navigation officer, Flight Lieutenant Mulhall, has taken part in a large number of operational sorties. Twice on recent occasions he has returned with excellent photographs of the aiming point. The high standard of navigation attained in the squadron is largely owing to the untiring efforts of this officer, while his personal example has been a source of inspiration to his fellow navigators."

P.O. Ronald Claus Moyer

Can. (J16247) No. 408 Sqn., R.C. A.F., trained at Nos. 1. I.T.S. and No. 1. B. & G. School, 1. A.O.S. and 1. C.N.S. (Eff. 7 May, 1943).

"The operations against the enemy in which this officer has participated include attacks against many highly defended targets such as Essen, Berlin and Hamburg. He has also taken part in mine-laying

—V—

dimmed memories. But Jarvis-trained men are still out there, fighting with the Jarvis spirit and it isn't long until their record returns and we're reminded that No. 1. B. & G. has a big part in the great struggle for the air. Here are a few official citations, awarding the Distinguished Flying Cross:—

operations and sea searches over enemy waters. Pilot Officer Moyer has frequently led his pilot to the target with cool judgment and determination and has secured photographs, displaying a fine record of successful bombing. His efficiency in navigation, together with his courage and devotion to duty, have been an inspiration to the other members of his crew."

A.F.L. Douglass Woods Henry

Can. (J15093) No. 214 Squadron R.C.A.F., Trained at No. 1. I.T.S. No. 1. B.&G. School, No. 1. A.O.S. No. 1. C.N.S. (Eff. 7 May, 1943).

"This Officer has been squadron bombing leader since July, 1942. A high proportion of the sorties in which he has participated have been against important targets where much opposition was encountered. Many of his sorties have been of long duration, calling for high navigational skill. F.L. Henry has invariably displayed the utmost keenness for operations and his example in this respect, as well as his excellent work as squadron bombing leader, have resulted in a great improvement in the standard of bomb aiming in the squadron."

