

THE FLY PAPER

No. 1. BOMBING & GUNNERY SCHOOL
JARVIS - ONT.

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150

Volume 1.

NOVEMBER, 1943

Number 6

 *With the*
R.C.A.F.





In This Issue - - -

- "Airmen As Great Team" — F.O. Tapp
- Group Captain Bell-Irving Honoured
- Cartoons and Flight News
- Ball Team Crowned Ontario Champions
- World's Largest School

THE FLY PAPER

Record of the Doings and Undoings at No. 1. Bombing & Gunnery School, Jarvis, Ont.

Published with the kind permission of Group Captain A. D. Bell-Irving, M.C.

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Let Us Not Fail In Our Task!

— By —

FLIGHT LIEUTENANT T. H. MITCHELL

During the past two weeks the Dominion has been serving notice on the Axis, that she is fully prepared to "Speed the Victory" and is backing up our gallant troops overseas by the purchase of War Bonds.

These Bonds are the assurance that our Country is giving the fighting troops - "That they will not want for anything necessary to keep the enemy in retreat."

Canada is telling the whole world that now, at this critical time there shall be no let-up in the pressure being brought to bear on the enemy.

We at No. 1. B. & G. School are also doing our share, but when the Bond Drive is over we will have told the world that No. 1. stands for more than the numerical order of a Station.

Our Commanding Officer has indicated to me that he is highly pleased at our response to the Fifth Victory Loan.

Let us then not slacken our pace - the drive is not over - We must go "Over the top" in our objective in order that those overseas may go "Over the top" for us at home.

The Victory Loan Committee joins Group Captain A. D. Bell-Irving, M.C., in thanking you for the splendid showing made so far in this campaign.

During the final week let us pull together and show our country that we are Number "One" at everything.

Aircrew Seen As Great Team By Veteran Flying Officer

— By —

CLIVE JACKLIN

We are fighting a war against unparalleled monstrosities. We must face the bitter ordeal with formidable might, a will to see it through to a greater peace than for which our fathers fought... to a conclusion that will free the world from the bitter strife which has enveloped it. In this conflict with barbarism, science must meet science every step of the way and our skill must match the craft and cunning of the enemy. But, in the words of Flying Officer V. E. Tapp, veteran flyer who speaks knowingly, "all this is in vain unless individualism is thrown out the window." In its stead, unity and crewmanship must be a prime practice.

An airgunner himself, Flying Officer Tapp, who is in charge of synthetic training on this station, clings to the belief that much of the overwhelming success attained by the R.C.A.F. to date in its block-busting raids on German terrain is due to the unanimity among members of the bomber crews.

"A bombardier or wireless air gunner is a vital link in the chain every bit as much as the pilot," declared the Officer. The twenty-eight year old veteran of many raids over Germany condemned the impression that just because a gunner or a bombardier did not have the control stick in his hands that he earned



less recognition than the man directly behind the controls.

"Today, every man in uniform is an essential cog in the machinery of war," he said, adding that "no matter how you look at it, a bombing plane is almost useless without its full complement of men, just as a crewless ship tossing aimlessly over surging ocean waves."

F.O. Tapp was invalided back to Canada after cracking up during a take-off in a bomber headed for the great German industrial centre of Hambourg on August 24th, 1943. He was the only member of the crew to escape death, but he suffered the loss of his right leg. He holds the distinction of being among the first Canadians who did such a powerful job in blasting Hambourg and Brest literally to rubble in those unforgettable day-break to dawn raids in the summer of 1941.

The Officer declined to comment much about his exploit. "Those experiences are old stuff now," he said. "Raids on the Nazi domain are so common these days that my experiences have become antiquated and aren't worth telling about. I am only one of thousands who could relate the same story."

The young Officer enlisted in

NEW EDITORS TAKE OVER 'FLY PAPER'

Succeeding Flight Sergeant G. A. Gamble, Roy Fromer and Clive Jacklin have been appointed co-editors of the "Fly Paper" by Group Captain Bell-Irving. Fromer has been an active contributor to the "Fly Paper" acting in the capacity of section representative for the last several publications and Jacklin, former Ontario newsman, made his entrance to the staff of the camp magazine last month. Marion McBride, formerly on the editorial staff of a western Canada newspaper, has taken over the post of social editor. Also added to the staff is Wilf Bell, Y.M.C.A. Director at Jarvis Station, who will act in the capacity of Sports Editor.

Toronto in 110th Canadian Squadron in 1935. This was in the auxiliary force. He went to Britain with this unit and subsequently was transferred to the 405th Canadian Squadron, of which he was gunnery leader. This unit was the first Canadian Squadron to carry out successful daylight bombing raids on Germany, and the flyers who took part in those first few memorable trips over won wide admiration in Britain. The name of the Royal Canadian Air Force was made and Flying Officer Tapp is proud to say that he was one of those brave men in the blue of Canada's flying force.

Well does he remember his first trip to Germany on July 24th, 1941. Questioned as to how he felt as he saw the coasts of Britain slowly dimming behind him, he replied: "I was damn scared. Just like the rest." He recalled one occasion when his plane sprung a glycol leak in the port engine right in the midst of a raid over Brest. Unflinchingly, the crew sat tight, hoping for the best, and managed to limp back to the English coast. The pilot sat the craft down just 230 miles from home base. But there again," F.O. Tapp concluded, "is just another unlucky break that might happen to any airman."



Come on Canada
BUY *The New* **VICTORY BONDS**

They Gave Their Blood So Others Might Have Life

Group Captain A. D. Bell-Irving
S.L. Armour, D.
S.O. Race, M.
F.O. Smith, D.
F.O. Taylor, R.
F.L. Webb, E.
P.O. Schwartzman, J.
Sgt. Allison, S.
Cpl. Apted, G.
Sgt. Barbeau, J.
Cpl. Barber, D.
L.A.C. Barber, C.
L.A.C. Barber, D.
L.A.C. Batley, G.
L.A.W. Bennet, M.
A.C. Bennet, M.
L.A.C. Bexfield, A.
L.A.C. Blackwell, R.
L.A.C. Brown, C.
Sgt. Burton, J.
L.A.W. Campbell, R.
Sgt. Caskner, D.
Cpl. Chinsky, C.
Sgt. Clements, C.
Sgt. Clucas, L.
L.A.C. Crewe, J.
A.W.2 Consodine, B.
L.A.W. Cook, L.
L.A.W. Cook, D.
Sgt. Crandall, W.
Sgt. Crawford, E.
A.W.2 Cuff, P.
F.Sgt. Curran, J.
L.A.W. Dalmore, D.
L.A.C. Derbishire, A.
L.A.C. Desramaux, R.
L.A.W. Dunn, N.
L.A.W. Loddington, E.
Cpl. Farquhar, J.
Field, A.
L.A.W. Hamain, J.
F.Sgt. Fouse, B.
A.W.1 Gilchrist, J.
A.W.1 Gilchrist, J.
L.A.C. Gillespie, R.
A.W.2 Gonyore, A.
A.W.1 Goreman, L.
Cpl. Grainger, C.
L.A.C. Grey, W.
L.A.W. Hadden, E.
L.A.C. Harper, R.
Cpl. Higgins, J.
L.A.W. Howells, J.
L.A.C. Jameson, J.
Cpl. Jarret, R.
Sgt. Johnson, G.
Cpl. Jones, A.
Cpl. Keasy, E.
L.A.C. Knoll, R.
L.A.W. Sanbourn, M.
L.A.W. Lablanc, D.
F.Egt. Lecours, P.
L.A.C. Lemoine, A.
Cpl. LeRoy, C.
Cpl. Leslie, J.
L.A.W. Linton, H.
L.A.C. Song, M.
L.A.W. Sundy, M.
L.A.C. Marcellus, W.
L.A.C. Margerm, D.
F.Sgt. Martin, C.
Cpl. Martin, R.
L.A.W. May, I.
L.A.W. Milne, M.

Seven Men Receive Meritorious Mention In Station Dispatches

The undersigned 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. The Commanding Officer wishes to express his congratulations to the personnel mentioned, and add his personal appreciation of their keenness and good work.

Flight Lieutenant M. Kostuch

As Polish Liaison Officer, F. L. Kostuch M. has been most cooperative and has rendered invaluable assistance to the training staff at this unit in regard to the training of Polish students

Corporal G. M. Hewlett

This N.C.O. is an example to all Airwomen in department and efficiency, and in regard to her keenness and interest in Station affairs.

W.O.2 R. E. Bagnell

W.O.2 Bagnell, of Gunnery Flight, flew 70 hours during the month of September, showing outstanding ability as a pilot, and taking more than the usual share of interest in his work. He is always willing to cooperate in every possible way.

Flight Sergeant T. B. Pearce

Flight Sergeant Pearce spent 65 hours during the month of September towing drogues. He is a steady and level-headed pilot; and his spirit is highly commended.

Sergeant L. W. Baird

This N.C.O. has shown marked aptitude in his trade of aero engine mechanic and his willing, cheerful, cooperation do much to promote esprit de corp among the maintenance men of Gunnery Flight.

Sergeant C. W. Claridge, R.C.A.S.C.

This N.C.O., a veteran of the station, on Thanksgiving Day, 11th October, 1943, celebrated the third anniversary of his arrival at this unit, and the opening of the Supply Depot. The high degree of excellence of the system of Supply during this period has been due in no small measure to his diligent and conscientious performance of his duties.

Sergeant V. D'Alessio

This N.C.O. has been in charge of Gunnery Dispatch for twelve months and has shown keenness and efficiency in his handling of this section. His enthusiastic effort has contributed largely to the recent improvement in the number of gunnery exercises carried out.

Cpl. Minielly, H.
Cpl. Morrow, J.
A.W.1 Macdonald, M.
L.A.W. Macfarlane, A.
L.A.W. McBride, M.
A.C.1 McDonald, D.
L.A.C. McDowell, D.
A.C.1 McFarlane, R.
Cpl. McIntosh, A.
A.W.1 McVeigh, F.
L.A.C. Parker, J.
L.A.C. Pelletier, J.
L.A.C. Pepper, J.
L.A.W. Phillips, J.
L.A.W. Prouse, J.
Pond, P.
Pond, S.
L.A.W. Putman, R.
L.A.C. Racicot, A.
F.Sgt. Raymond, W.
Cpl. Ridley, L.
L.A.C. Robinson, J.
Sgt. Rose, W.

L.A.C. Rosenberg, J.
A.W.1 Sales, M.
L.A.C. Sibley, G.
L.A.C. Sisson, B.
Cpl. Smith, C.
F.Sgt. Smith, C.
F.Sgt. Sorrenti, J.
L.A.C. Spencer, G.
L.A.C. Stevens, M.
L.A.W. Sutherland, E.
L.A.C. Tapson, R.
Sgt. Taylor, A.
Sgt. Verchiarutti, S.
L.A.W. Waitt, D.
L.A.C. Walker, S.
L.A.C. Walroth, H.
L.A.C. Watkinson, C.
L.A.C. Watt, D.
Cpl. Watters, S.
L.A.C. Welch, W.
L.A.C. Widdows, J.
L.A.C. Williams, G.
L.A.C. Young, C.

Fine Tribute Is Paid To Jarvis Station

By Polish Air Force Representative

Glowing tribute and sincere appreciation for the fine work being done among Polish Airmen on this station was paid Group Captain Bell-Irving when he was presented with the Polish Air Force badge by Group Captain Sznuk, official representative of the Polish Air Force in Canada.

The Polish military official pinned the honored award on Group Captain Bell Irving in an impressive ceremony here recently, declaring that members of the Polish Air Force deem it an honor to have the privilege of fighting beside the countrymen of Canada.

"The care and effort you are spending in preparing the Polish aircrews for operational duties" he told the Commanding Officer, "shall not fail to produce the expected results, the effect of which, in the shape of beautiful bombs, will pave the way to common victory and to a free and independent Poland."

Group Captain Sznuk spoke of the cordial manner with which Polish airmen have been received in Canada and said that Polish airmen graduating from Jarvis carry with them the precision and unforgettable expression of the perfect hospitality of this land.

He spoke as follows:

"For this, Group Captain Bell-Irving, I have the honour and the pleasure of thanking you on behalf of the Polish Air Force.

"The recent successes of the Allied arms against our common foe, from the African campaign to the invasion of Sicily, from the invasion of Sicily to the landing of Allied forces on the Italian mainland, and, finally, now, the capitulation of one of the major Axis partners, all these operations and the daily, round-the-clock offensive over Germany are blows designed to shatter the morale of the German people and to send the Wehrmacht to seek shelter behind the empty words and promises of their fantastic leader.

"These operations, these magnificent examples of skill and daring and sacrifice are today writing the history of all the air forces.



"Today, Canada is the nest where the young eagles are born and brought up until their wings are strong enough to carry them over enemy territory.

"We, in this Country, are far from the battleground. We have not the honour and the luck of participating directly in those operations.

"Yet, without fears of exaggeration, I dare say that those successes were born in Canada, in this land, on stations like this one, through the careful and almost scientific preparation of aircrews by the thousands.

"Those successes find their origin in the patience and devo-

tion shown by the instructors in the training of the aircrews with in the British Air Training Organization.

"In my capacity of Delegate to the Inspector-General of the Polish Air Force on this Continent - I wish to thank you, Group Captain Bell-Irving, and all the instructing personnel of this station for the great care and kind attitude shown in the training of our Polish personnel."

Group Captain Sznuk said Polish airmen deem it an honor to fight beside Canadians, and with these closing remarks, pinned the Polish Wings on Group Captain Bell-Irving's breast.

Hurling It Back At Hitler

BOYS IN BLUE ALL
AROUND THE GLOBE

By Clive Jacklin

When peace comes to us again it will be graduation day for 125,000 members of the nation's largest school - men and women of the Royal Canadian Air Force. More than 50,000 aircrew - sufficient to man more than 15,000 combat aircraft - have been trained in Canada since inception of the British Commonwealth Air Training Scheme. The R.C.A.F., once a proportionately small division of the Canadian Armed Forces, has expanded in four short years to a point where it is now a decisive hard-hitting member of the Allied air forces, and has taken Hitler's formula for aerial combat and hurled it back at him in decisive manner.

The boys in blue have become familiar sights in all parts of this global war. Men from every niche in the globe are wearing the blue tunics of the R.C.A.F. and have shown themselves admirable airmen from the sweltering jungles of the darkest Africa to frigid Alaska. They showed their mettle in Malta, that battered little isle where they did their part in winning the George Cross for the people of that brave bastion in the Mediterranean. They have seen service in Australia and have been a great help in familiarizing Russian pilots with British war planes.

Last, but not least, they have

joined hands across the border with our neighbors to the south, taking part in many battering raids on Japanese territory. The names of R.C.A.F. lads have been written into 400 citations for bravery and heroism in the line of duty. Day by day that list grows as more young Canadians and our allied friends serving with our services in the air win recognition for their exploits.

When Canada went to war, Bob played fullback on his high school's football team. May, the girl around the corner, was president of the school Literary Society. Today Bob's hands are skilled, not in handling a scalpel over the hospital operating table, but in manoeuvring the controls of a mighty war plane and May, that girl who was the toast of her classmates, is tapping out important coded messages over R.C.A.F. sound waves, instead of following her desire to become a history specialist.

Likewise, thousands upon thousands of young Canadians severed their civilian education to enter the service of their country. And their graduation days, though not along the lines their parents had hoped and prayed for, were proud ones. They, like the multitude more, will return to civilian life some day, more mature, but perhaps

just as eager to take up where they left off.

And if they don't? That is where the training they received in this war should come in. In the keen competition of civilian life, the diplomas they received in their respective Air Force trades will rank high and will provide adequate proof of their skill.

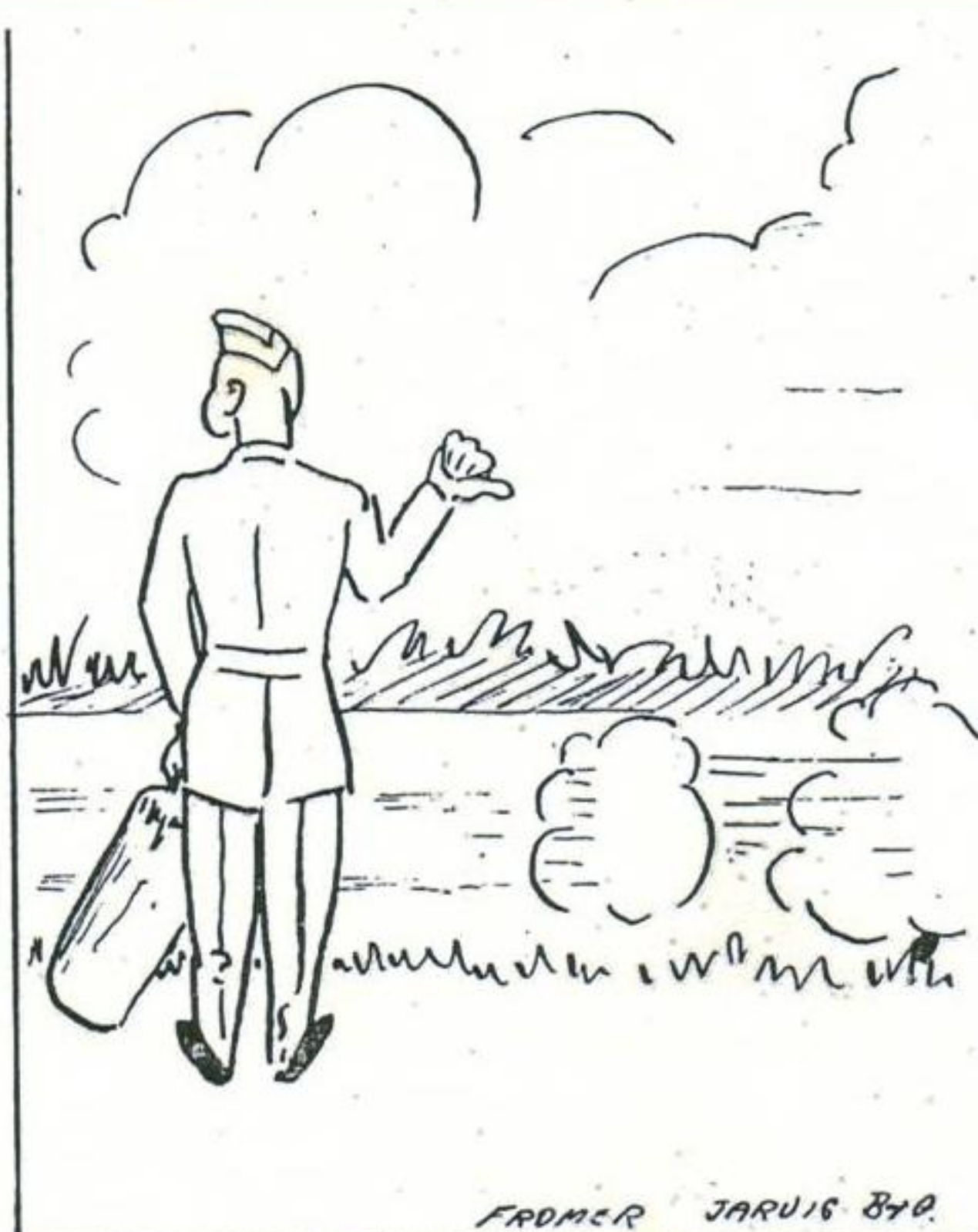
We mobilized for war, so then must we mobilize just as judiciously for peace. It is not too early to talk of Demobilization Day, that great day when all should turn their eyes to Heaven and thank God for the preservation of our liberty. No, it is never too early. Peace to us means more than liberty; it means the birth of a new world, our world, when freedom and democracy will reign everlasting.

"Give us the tools and we will win the war."

Mr. Churchill, we, in this country not only give you the tools, we also give you the graduates, the skilled personnel to handle them. Young Canadians are fighting for their own survival, for their own welfare and security, which after all is democracy, and we, the future citizens of this great dominion will not fail in the task before us for individual and national security in the post war period.



STORY WITHOUT WORDS.



FRONIER JARVIS 840

Alaska Outposts Far From Being Pink Tea Party

» » *By W. H. Mills* « «

(Ed. Note:) L.A.C. Mills, W. H. of Bombing Flight at No. 1. B. & G. was stationed for some time at an R.C.A.F. outpost in Alaska. Here he describes life as he saw it, on the Northern Pacific Frontier.

—V—

If you are one of those who have the illusion that Wing parades are fashioned for personnel who are stationed within the heart of Canada, just lend an ear.

In Alaska, a wing parade isn't just a matter of that little extra work of polishing brass, shining shoes and being marched out on a parade square. There, an airman must appear on parade with a full kit, which includes a rifle, bayonet, rounds of ammunition, steel helmet, water bottle, gas mask, great coat, blankets, shaving outfit, change of underclothing, extra socks and a first aid kit. And that isn't all. The rifle must be thoroughly clean and the brass on his webbing must be brilliant. Wing parades in the hinterland are no cinch.

I was stationed miles from... ..where the best place to spend a "48" was right in camp. But if you got tired of staying in one place all the time, and you itched to be on the move, you could take a six hour boat trip to a town about the size of Caldonia. Of course, if you were in the habit of getting seasick, you would stay at home, if you



L.A.C. MILLS

were wise. Five days traveling time was allowed for a leave but the allowance didn't

start until you reached a nearby city.

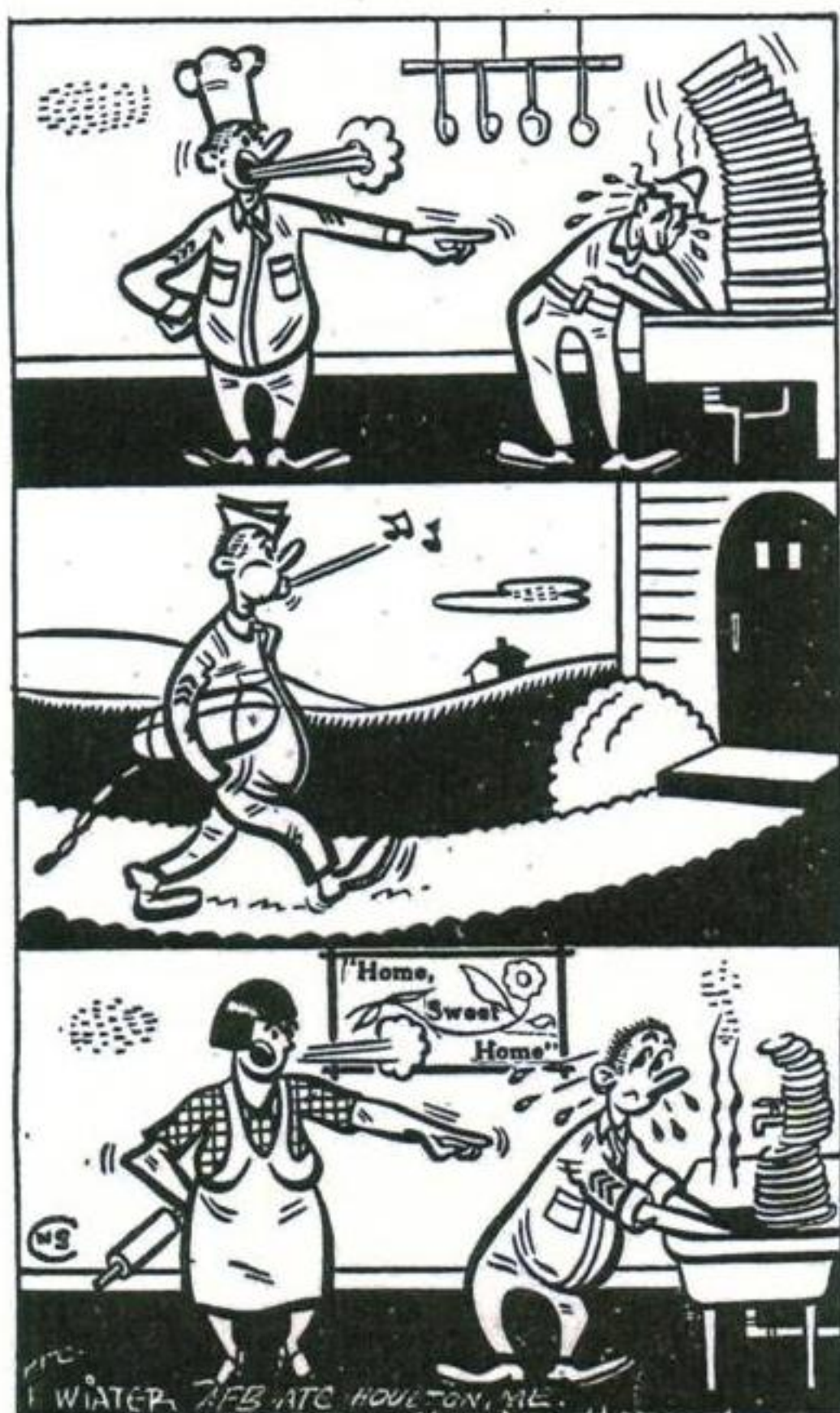
That station grounds are much more attractive in Jarvis than they were on our Alaskan station. Instead of grass lawns decorating our camp, there was boggy muskeg. If you stepped from the beaten path you would find yourself up to your knees in the mire. So an airman who had a fondness for the wet canteen would make sure that he had a mate to escort him home.

Living quarters are structures made of steel. They have rounded roofs. Each hut houses twenty men and is well camouflaged and hidden in the bush. Food on the station was extremely good. The station is on American rations.

Each aircraft has its own fitter and rigger, who takes a personal pride in their own ship. When an aircraft goes to Maintenance its ground crew goes with it to assist in the work. Allied trades are independent, as they are on this station, and service all aircraft.

Duty watch is replaced on the Alaskan station by a readiness crew. They are on duty from five p.m. to six a.m. when they are relieved by the dawn patrol.

Recreational facilities are similar to those on this station. The gymnasium resembles No. 1. B. & G. drill hall but lacks the bowling alley.



PERTINENT PROVERBS

It isn't what you start that counts it's what you finish.

—V—

If you want to kill time, why not try working it to death?

—V—

Few men are satisfied even when they get what they deserve.

—V—

Misery loves company, but remember, it loves cheerful company.

—V—

Our reputations are made by what folks say behind our backs.

—V—

Anytime a man marries for money, he earns it.



Our bombers will continue to get through if we—

BUY MORE BONDS!

Switches To New "Happy Gang"



The exigencies of war forced Bob Farnon to sever connections with the talented Toronto "Happy Gang" and today Bob is supporting the colors of a new "Happy Gang", having enlisted in the Canadian Army. Captain Farnon's uncanny talents on the trumpet and his brilliant musical compositions, together with his genial personality on and off the stage, won him wide admiration among Canadian music lovers.

VOICE OF HOCKEY



FOSTER HEWITT

Golden voice of hockey, who soon again will be heard in his exciting descriptions of the world's fastest sport from the gondola in Maple Leaf Gardens in Toronto.



FLIGHT FOR FREEDOM



The transition from his mundane sphere to a life so new, so exciting, fraught with all the dangers of mortal combat, was still like a dream. The months of study, the days and nights of seemingly endless repetitive flying exercises, were now justified in his mind.

The target for to-night, they had been told, was a huge steel works on the edge of a large industrial town, represented by a tiny dot on a map. It all seemed so simple in the briefing room but, as his aircraft was airborne, and he circled through the darkness of the night to the appointed rendezvous, that dot on the map became a very distant objective for a moment and the vastness of the universe overwhelmed him.

However, as his aircraft nosed through the clouds at an altitude of 12,000 feet, a panorama of matchless beauty met his eye - the billowing clouds bathed in the pale radiance of the moon, the dome of heaven patterned with myriads of twinkling stars, was like another world. Gradually this peaceful world was peopled with other winged vehicles bent on their joint mission for freedom.

Now all was well - doubts vanished - confidence returned.

— By —

ADELE

Here at last began the fulfillment of his appointed task.

As he took his place in the formation, Mac, his navigator B. came forward to lounge in the doorway of the pilot's compartment, to grin his assurance of "all's well." Switching on the inter-com. he then checked with all members of the crew, who replied, each in his own inimitable way, "O.K. Skip," etc.

Ahead was the formation that would light the target with incendiaries and parachute flares. Suddenly, the voice of his navigator came over the inter-com.

"Approaching the target Skip. Should be there in ten minutes."

This was confirmed by terse instructions from the Flight Commander advising the formation to prepare for their run-in on the target. Looking ahead, he saw that the first formation was nowhere in evidence, till suddenly the ground below and in front was lighted as if by a million candles as parachute flares were released and there, clearly silhouetted, were the "fire setters" dropping their in-

numerable sticks of incendiaries. Pandemonium seemed to break loose as sticks of light and crashing flak screamed all around. Down through this maelstrom of red hot death went the nose of his plane as he fought the controls to counter-act the effect of bursting ack ack fire. The piercing fingers of light focused with a blinding glow on the machine but with a maximum effort he managed to maintain his course.

The bomb doors were now open. Mac lying prone in his bomb-aimer's compartment cautioned quietly over the inter-com.

"Left - left - steady - right - steady Skip - dead on - bombs away."

Hardly had the words left Mac's lips when the whole aircraft seemed to shudder as if gripped in the hand of some wrathful giant, and despite his most frantic efforts would not respond to the controls. After what seemed like an eternity of time, when it seemed as if the aircraft must crash amidst the swirling madness of lights and sounds below, the plane straightened out in a screaming dive from which he was able to effectively recover and nose off into the covering of the clouds.



FOR WOMEN ONLY



News and Views IN THE Women's Division

— By —

L.A.W. McBRIDE

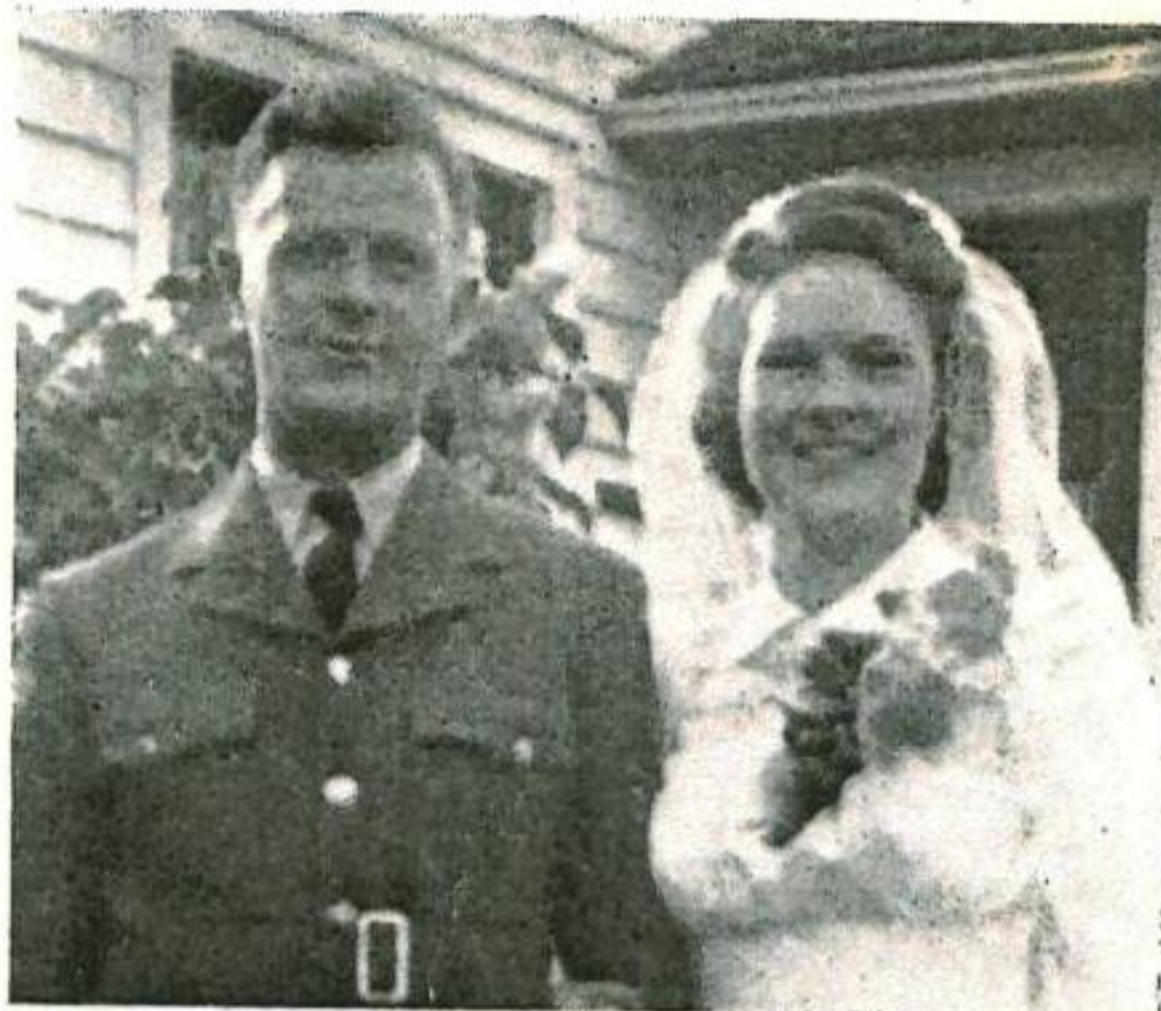
A few stray passers-by were surprised last week to hear moans and groans issuing forth from the Rec. Hall, and upon investigation discovered the source to be the W.D.'s busily engaged in taking P.T. Strange, isn't it gals, how poor our co-ordination is after a late pass of forty-eight? Also the number of new muscles we never knew we possessed?

The welcoming committee had a large job on their hands this month what with all our new W.D.'s. Fair exchange for our W.D.'s posted to Gander are Cpl. Ridley, and L.A.W.'s Leblanc, Fulton and Bell. Wireless School, Guelph, sent along L.A.W.'s Luzny, Hanley and Jumaga. Hi there Gilchrist, Horn and Farquharson from KTS Toronto. Welcome to your first station. Airwomen Woodroffe, Snow, Leadley, Robicheau, Lindsay, Sanders, Jordan and our new set of sisters, the Mac Faydens. Here's hoping to see you all at our Canteen dances on Thursday nights.

The fatal leap was taken this month by our own Cpl. Stevenson, pardon us, Cpl. Barker the name is now. Congrats, Stevie that was a lovely silver tea service presented to you by Maintenance. Congratulations are also in order for Cpl. Iris Cocklin. Good show Iris, when are they making you Orderly Joe?

In Memoriam—To the memory of Sarge McGregor, and her able assistants, Cpls. Ruby Horton and Betty Verner - our thanks for answering all those questions as to what and where and how regarding Friday parades. Voted to be the outstanding popular hit on the W.D. song parade on Friday noon hours "This Will Be My Shining Hour."

June Nuptials



Flight Sergeant MacNeil and Corporal Chris. Prangle, who were married in Edmonton on June 16. F.S. MacNeil was one of the first airmen posted to No. 1. B. & G., arriving here on July 22, 1940. Corporal Prangle, on this station for the past sixteen months, is attached to the accounts section.

In Answer To You Wearing The Blue

— By ADELE —

They ask you why you're wearing blue,
This is nothing new to you
It's quite a common question too

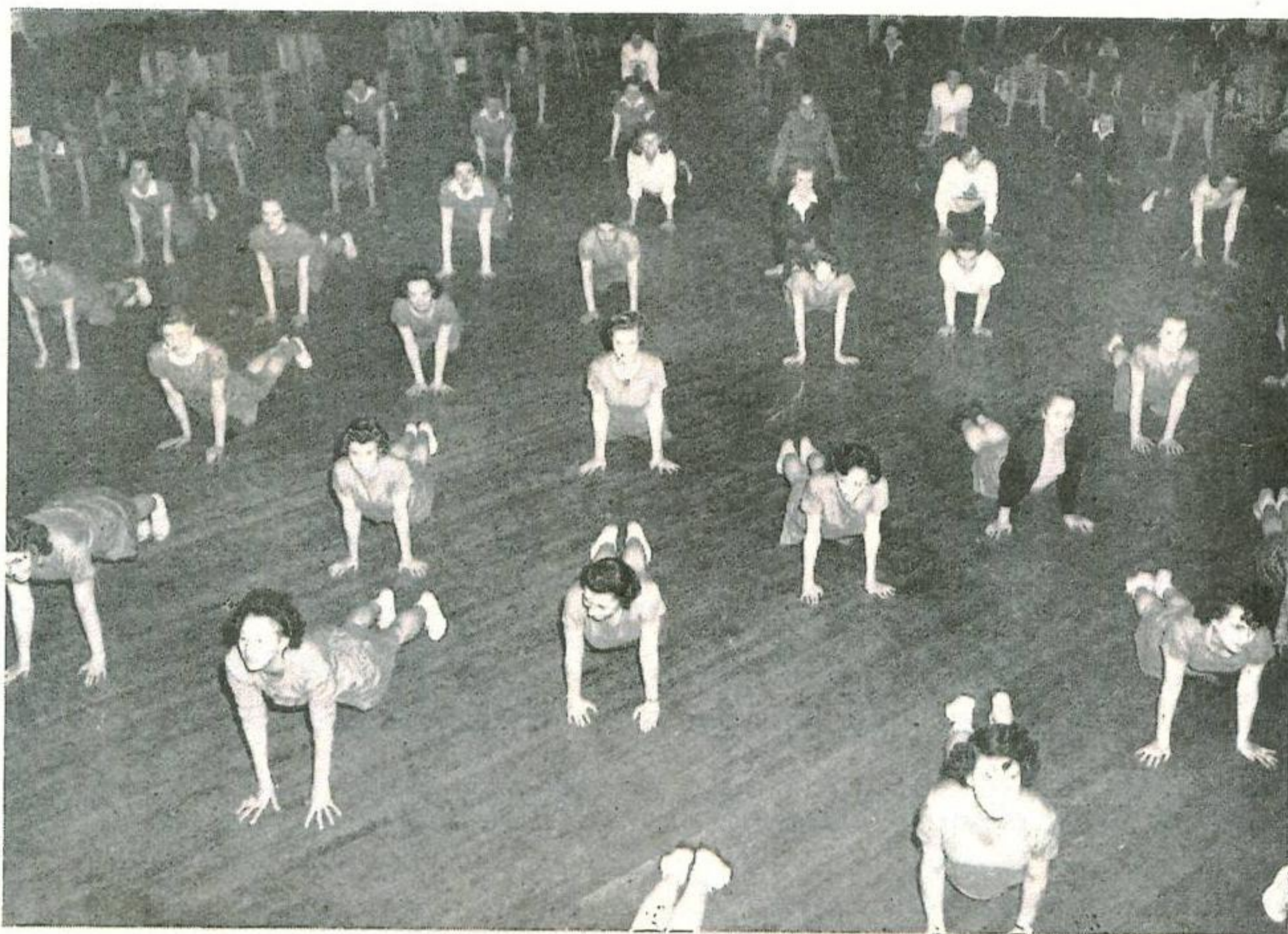
But an explanation comes in view—

It's not the glamour of the life
It's not the lure of sacrifice
It's something here inside
That you simply cannot hide
It's not for all the fun you'll have

It's not for all that you can get
It's for something greater still,
That civilian clothes cannot instill.

You're fighting for a cause, good and true,

Your head held high, your honour too.



Muscles creak and the girls groan as they are put through a stiff physical training session by genial Wilf Bell, director of Y.M.C.A. activities at Jarvis.

(His wife joined the W.A.V. E.'s) and he now has bid her good-bye.

Wife - "I'll be back after the war, dear. After all, I'm not to be a permanent wave."

Sally - "I wish to express my sympathy on the loss of your husband."

Anne - "Silly goose, he's at home and very much alive."

Sally - "So is your maid."

Is Lonesome For Jarvis Station, Likes Paper

— By —

CPL. RUBY HORTON

Being lonesome for Jarvis station, I was certainly pleased when a dear friend sent me a copy of "The Fly Paper." May I take this opportunity to express my pleasure at the good turn-out of this issue. I sincerely feel it is one of the best yet published. Keep up the good work, staff, and I do hope every single person at No. 1. B. & G. will get behind you and lend a helping hand.

Here at Rockcliffe, Air Force life is certainly different. At present I am attached to Number 1 squadron working with recruits, while awaiting inclusion in a future clerk operations course. Two parades daily and P.T. once a week, but ah, bus service to Ottawa every six minutes.

Do you remember Cpl. "Tommy" Thompson? She's here too and has a soft spot in her heart for Jarvis and sends her best wishes.

Cpl. Rivoire, who is doing similar work to mine, and Cpl. Verner, the lucky girl on course, are all out 100 per cent. for Jarvis. How true it is that "a prophet is never honoured in his homeland," Jarvis never seemed as wonderful to us, as it does now.

But life must go on, so we'll make the best of what we have.

Perhaps some of the old timers at Jarvis will remember Hamilton the hospital assistant. She is now an Admin. Sergeant here who just arrived from Brandon Station on the 24th. I was disappointed at not being able to say good-bye to several of the personnel whom I came in contact with during my year at Jarvis. So instead, I say "Au Revoir" and best of luck.

I, as ex-member of the Entertainment, Canteen and Fly Paper Committees drink to you, members a toast "Keep up the Good Work and Forever Hold Jarvis Number One."

Memoirs In And About Port Dover

Now that the Port Dover season is over, we were reminiscing the other night about the Saturday nights of the summer when the whole camp somehow turned up there. I am by nature a nosey person, and here are some of the choicest bits I picked up all season.

Airman - Do you dance?

W.D. - Yes, I love too.

Airman - Great. That beats dancing.

And sitting out on the step at the side door, a poor lonesome sergeant gazing soulfully at the sky and muttering—

Starkle starkle little twink,

Who the heck you are, I think.

Up above the high so sky

Starkle? Twink?

Over in another corner—

P.O. - Where's your ethics?

Second unemployed - Home in the grudge.

Which proves that the human conscience is that portion of the psychic that is soluble in alcohol.

This was over heard in the Erie Beach—

Squadron Leader - Do you know who I am?

Airman - No, I don't but if you can remember your address I'll take you home.

Stewed Prune - Say that's some blonde with you, where did you meet her?

Ditto - I dunno. I just dropped my wallet and there she was.

On the dance floor—

He - Shall we waltz?

She - It's all the same to me.

He - That's what I've been thinking.

On the way back to camp—

Drip - I think I've got a flat tire.

Girl - I think that makes us even.

The morning after, on the phone—

Hello, how are you feeling?

All right.

Excuse me, guess I've got the wrong number.

Best In Fun And Drama Offered In Theatre

Through the columns of this paper, we, the theatre committee wish to open our doors for the first time. Your attention is drawn to the poster in each canteen listing the pictures for the coming month. This committee has in the past and still is doing its utmost to provide the best pictures and entertainment available.

Now then, we have a favour to request of our patrons. In the past the station disciplinarian has had to be on hand to check the clothing and appearance of those attending the show and to keep order during the movies. It is not necessary to wear full blue uniforms in the show but if fatigue clothes are worn they must be clean and presentable. Instances have been known where airmen appeared in fatigue pants with enough grease and oil on them to constitute a fire hazard. Badly ripped and torn shirts and tunics have also been observed. The favour we ask is that care be taken in these respects. Don't be surprised after this warning if you are refused admittance when your clothes are in the condition described.

This column sounds like a lecture and in a way that is what it is. You might consider it in the light of "What Not To Do At The Theatre." So in that vein we proceed. Don't jump up and leave the theatre before the end of the picture. Even if the ending is as transparent as cellophane have consideration for others, they may not have your intellect. Gum chewing is not a pretty art and it seems that some are afraid that they will be caught. So before lights go up they reach furtively in their mouths, withdraw the offending substance and park it on the floor or on the back of the chair before them. And then who is it who squawks the loudest when the dance floor is not as smooth and finished as it should be? It all amounts to the same thing. You know, "Do Unto Others....."

**Share In Victory
BUY BONDS**

EDITOR REMUSTERS TO AIR CREW

The loss of Flight Sergeant Al Gamble, his aggressiveness, geniality and enthusiasm in station activities, will be keenly felt at No. 1. B. & G. As Editor of the "Fly Paper", the popular N.C.O. won wide admiration, and though he has left the station to enter upon a flying career, his efforts here will be long remembered.

Al has remustered to air crew and has been posted to No. 1. Manning Depot in Toronto, awaiting further posting. In his capacity as Senior Armament Instructor of embryo Air Bombers at Jarvis, he became exceedingly popular with the trainees and his colleagues alike.

It is mainly through his conscientious efforts, ability at organization, and enthusiasm toward his job, that the "Fly Paper" has earned the title it possesses today. During his twenty-one month stay in Jarvis Al made numerous improvements in the camp magazine, and remained just long enough to see it grow into a full-sized magazine publication last month.

He joined the "Fly Paper" staff as G.I.S. reporter at the time of its reorganization. A month later he became associate editor and with the posting of Sgt. Gilroy was appointed Editor



In Chief.

Flight Sergeant Gamble has been writing for a lengthy period starting back in his scholastic days when he wrote, "Please Excuse Johnny" letters for the kids. He contributed periodically to his High School paper, and after graduating entered advertising, writing free-lance copy for his own business.

The good wishes of his former associates here in Jarvis go with Al as he embarks upon the greatest adventure he has yet undertaken.



FIRE AT No. 1! It's the German Focke-Wulf Fw. 187 "Zerstorer" (destroyer), a low wing, two-seat, twin-engine fighter. It has a thin, streamlined fuselage with large underslung engine nacelles forward of the nose. Both edges of the wings taper equally to rounded tips. The tailplane is also tapered and has a single fin and rudder.

NOT AT No. 2! It's the British "Mosquito," a low-wing, twin-engine bomber that has been stinging Germany on frequent raids. The nose of the cigar shaped fuselage is almost on a line with the engine nacelles. The trailing edge of the wings tapers more than the leading edge to rounded tips. It has a tapered tailplane and a single fin.

Unclassified Chastisements

(Results guaranteed - Staff left camp very fast on extended leave).

TO THE PUBLIC — Please be patient if your ads. have not been printed to date. We have been deluged with an avalanche of material and request your closest cooperation. We assure you that your ads. will be printed at the earliest opportunity. Thank you, The Advertising Manager

THE BRAWLEY INSTITUTION OF RHETORICS invites hand picked students for a seasoned course in Oratorical and the art of making friends. Why be a silent listener? Exercise your powers at all public affairs. Make a mess of the mess meetings. Say your say and people will admire you. Charm your listeners by using our sure-fire scheme. You will be admired or thrown out. It is worth the chance! **BOISTEROUS BRAWLEY — THE RHETORICIAN.**

WE HAVE SEVERAL vacancies open for boys who are difficult and hard to handle. We prefer those who disregard C.A.P. 100 but will welcome anybody. You will be surprised at the results. Give us a trial. Everybody eligible. Conveniently located next to the Post Office. Head Office - Toronto. Head Master - Noel Arnold - Esquire.

WE WILL PAY your wife, your children, your mother, your insurance agent. We will pay anybody but you. Come and see us when you want some money. We will deduct your income tax, etc., etc., and gladly give you the balance. (If there is any). For further information read your local D.R.O. **GARLAND GUARANTY AND TRUST CORPORATION.**

ARE YOU MOVING? Do you want transportation to and from work? We have a couple of drivers and one serviceable vehicle. Give us a call whenever you feel the urge to travel. Eventually you may get service. Time is no factor — The man who made time made lots of it. **MARTIN THE MOTOR MAN.**

ARE YOU SCRAWNY, undernourished? Have your strength and vitality been sapped by perpetual toil, strife and hardships? Cast off that haggard look and emerge a better and happier man. Spend half an hour per day with me and I guarantee you a superb body — beautiful. **THE KEOGH KORPUSCLE KLUB** Directing Manager (Keogh - The Body Beautiful Boy).

Wide Sports Programme For Winter

All plans are ready and approved for one of the biggest Athletic programmes yet to be launched at Jarvis. This coming winter and spring personnel of this station will be competing in monthly tournaments for the Commanding Officer's trophy along the lines laid down by the Sports Committee. A brief resume of what the programme will consist of and how it is to operate is printed here so that an early start may be made.

There will be fourteen teams possible in each one of the different competitions. These teams will represent each one of the six hangars, headquarters, six Air Bomber Courses, and G.I.S. staff and Wags. Every man, Officers as well as N.C.O.'s and airmen, will compete with the team to which he is naturally attached.

Competition will be open to these fourteen teams in each of the following sports:

1. Basketball: There will be three groups consisting of four teams each. Every month the teams will rotate within these groups so that the same teams will not be playing one another in consecutive months. After group winners have been declared within the three groups, each month, the fourth week of each month will be used to declare station basketball champions.

2. Bowling: Each of the fourteen teams is to submit the name of its five highest bowlers for the month in the regular bowling league. The high single score of any player for the month will be taken as the basis of competition.

3. Badminton: Monthly champions are to be decided in monthly tournaments for doubles only.

4. Table Tennis: There will be monthly competition for singles only.

5. Volley Ball: The same system of competition will be used

as for basketball.

6. Borden Ball and Floor Hockey: After the first month's competition these two sports will be inserted in the programme alternately. The same type of league will be used as for basketball.

AWARDS — A shield-crest or a free ticket to the station theatre for one week will be given to each man on the team winning the monthly championship. In individual competition the first and second winner will receive the same awards.

Point System: The team amassing the largest number of points each month will be the winner of the trophy for that particular month. Points will be awarded as follows:

Basketball - the team finishing first in the monthly competition will be awarded 25 points; team two will get 20, and team three 15. All other teams will receive 10 points if they complete the schedule. A default will deduct 5 points from a team's total.

Volley Ball - same as for basketball.

Badminton and Table Tennis - The first three in the individual competition will receive 5, 3 and 1 points respectively for their teams.

Bowling - When all the names of the five high single scorers from each team have been received the man with the highest

score will be awarded 5 points for his team; the second man 4 points, etc.

Defaults: To avoid defaults, and the consequent delays, a default will be counted against a team unless a course 48 or course flying intervenes. In such a case the Drill Hall must be notified by 1500 hrs. to avoid having a default scored against the team or teams concerned.

Officers in Charge of Section Teams

A. Hangar — S.L. McConnell
B. Hangar — F.L. Moore
C. Hangar — F.L. Spencer
D. Hangar — F.L. James
E. Hangar — F.O. Lashbrook
F. Hangar — F.L. McKelvey
Headquarters — S.L. Garland
G.I.S. Courses — S.L. Butchart

At the present time it seems that November 1 will be the earliest possible date at which the programme can be swung into operation. The close co-operation of section leaders is urged in lining up their teams for competition so the success of the various leagues will be certain from the outset. This is an ambitious undertaking, but it has been designed to insure that every man wishing to avail himself of physical recreation this winter can do so in as many fields as his time permits.



Another softball season has ended, and though our young lassies were not successful in their bid for Command laurels, they made a creditable showing in their season's play. Back row, left to right, are L.A.W. Putman, L.A.W. Plan, Cpl. Revoirre, Sgt. Hurst, L.A.W. Fleurrie, L.A.W. Gorham and A.W. Anderson. Seated are L.A.W. Graffe, L.A.W. MacAlpine, Cpl. Corcoran, L.A.W. Wall, L.A.W. Cullam and Cpl. Horton.

JARVIS SOFTBALLERS ARE CROWNED NEW CHAMPS

Not Bad. eh Ken.



By virtue of a 6-4 victory over No. 1. I.F.S. from Deseronto last month, Jarvis Men's Softball Team was crowned 1943 Ontario Intermediate Champions. What was to have been a two out of three series, terminated after the first game had been played, due to a sudden threat of polio, which forced No. 1. Training Command to order postponement of the second game. After a prolonged period the title ultimately was awarded to the Jarvis team.

The Ontario Amateur Softball

Association Intermediate final series had been at a standstill for some three weeks and after eliminating the Collingwood Aircraft team in three games, the team headed for the final series in the Ontario play-downs with Deseronto, Eastern Ontario champions.

The two teams met in Simcoe and after a rousing victory over the eastern champs, Jarvis emerged victors. The team was feted at a dinner and social evening in Hamilton recently, putting the finishing touches on the softball season.

Back row, left to right - L.A.C. Maughan, F.S. Fouse, L.A.C. Walker, F.S. Brown, W. Bell (manager), Cpl. Smith, L.A.C. Thompson, L.A.C. McInnes and P.O. Panasis. Front row, left to right - A.C.I. Gibson, W.O.2. Murphy (Captain), P.O. Fox, Cpl. Lovegrove, A.C.I. Earle, L.A. C. Patterson, (Missing) Cpl. Cashen, F.S. Carrote.

Soccer Team Makes Good Showing

One very important omission was made from last month's issue of the Fly Paper in the realm of sport. The Soccer team which represented this station all summer was inadvertently omitted from this column's record. However, to these boys who gave up so much of their leisure time to pursue the round skin no apologies are due in reality. Their fine showing on the field eclipses anything that mere words can attempt to express. After finishing second in the group in a dead heat with Hagersville they turned on their neighbours from the North to eliminate them from further competition. By the virtue of this win, they earned the right to continue in the play-offs with the No. 4 Wireless School team, which as a late entry finished in third place. Guelph likewise fell before the battering toes of Cpl. Templeton and his band of men. In the group final with Mount Hope our boys were eliminated from further competition in their quest of the Command championship. To succumb to the Mount Hope team was no disgrace. With a roster of R. A.F. boys who have been playing this game since Caesar invaded Britain as a sea cadet it is no wonder that the final game went the way it did. Incidentally, Mount Hope went on to Toronto and took the Command Championship with little difficulty.

Girls Are Beaten Out In Bid For Softball Championship



The W.D. Softball team which rung up such enviable records for themselves all during the season was eliminated in the final of the Command Championships by the women from the Service Flying School at Aylmer. The final score was 8-5 for Aylmer. In the first game of the afternoon Jarvis knocked out the powerful Camp Borden team with as nice an

effort as we have seen any women's team put forth. The girls deserved to beat Aylmer on the afternoon's play, especially their hitting. However, it was just another case of anything can happen in a ball game. One costly error upset the old apple cart. With the nucleus of the team still on the station the girls are already laying plans for next season.

JOE, THE WINGLESS WONDER WITH THE WHITE FLASH

— By —

L.A.C. BOB KIRKWOOD

I am the voice of Joe - not the voice of one man whose Christian name is Joe - oh no! - the Joe for whom I speak is a conglomerate character. Joe is a wingless wonder - a lad who wears a white flash in his hat just so he can dirty one every week. Once, in the days of yore, Joe was told that a white flash meant aircrew, potential officer in training. Ah, how times change!

Now mind you, as the voice of Joe, I am not complaining for him. Of course not! But Joe would like to have the folks here at Jarvis know that he is on the station. The other day he went into the Pay and Accounts office to make an allotment and the Flight Sergeant asked him what course he was in. "Course 93", blissfully answered Joe. "93!" exclaimed the Flight. "Why you aren't even on the station yet." You see now what I mean? It would be a gross lack of knowledge for some people on the station, especially the N.C.O.'s who might like to see Joe one of these nice days, not to know of his presence.

Until folks heard of Joe, they thought Superman was a marvelous fellow, but now our eighth wonder puts Clark Kent to shame. After all, Joe is a very versatile fellow. He can wield a paint brush like Rembrandt, swing a hammer like Krupa, and throw heavy weights around like Charles Atlas. Why only the other day Joe received the D.O.C. - the Distinguished Order of Carpentry - and any day I expect Joe to be mentioned in Station Dispatches for meritorious service out of the line of ordinary duty. He helped to capture a live wild mouse in the equipment section the other day. Just imagine that.

Joe has developed a sense of loyalty and duty to the Air Force which is unsurpassed, even by the newest of W.D.'s. He looks like an airman at all times, walking smartly at attention, never more than 15 miles

per hour by order of the C.O., shouldering his broom like a brand new Enfield, and wearing Air Force Blue (in slightly off shade of dirty khaki) like any color poster showing one of those "World Travellers at 21."

Speaking of posters, you know those fast planes that are waiting for Joe? Well, the other day he was going to go up for a flip in one of them. "Run in and get a chute" the pilot told him, and, like a shot out of you know where, he was off. His heart was pounding, his breath was coming in quick gulps, and he could hardly think straight. "Holy Joe," he gasped, (not to be sacrilegious), "I'm going to fly, quick give me one of those chutes" he spouted at the Sergeant. A little taken back, the Sarge politely handed him one, thinking perhaps that this was some Group Captain incognito. Out rushed Joe, holding on to his silk umbrella like a mother hugs her first born child. But the Gods were against Joe, - or were they ever with him? Unfamiliar as he is with the terrain of the hangars, he stumbled and up went the chute. Grabbing frantically at what he thought was the handle, he was suddenly buried in a snowfall of white silk. Joe had pulled the rip cord. Oh the pity of it all! And it cost Joe a whole buck.

Joe had just started to tell me how much he likes Jarvis when one of those N.C.O.'s I mentioned before came along and took him. And with Joe no longer here to tell me his experiences, what more can I write. Perhaps Joe will come back next month and finish telling us how much he likes Jarvis. Who knows?

—V—



Remember The Blokes Who Keep Them Afloat

The Lords of the Air they call us;
They speak of our growing fame
The front page of every paper
Is adorned with some pilot's name.

Connected with deeds of valour
Performed in the azure blue,
With Messerschmitts, Heinkel
and Dornier
Flaming to earth in two.

But there is one bloke who gets
no mention,
You've never heard his name,
He doesn't fly in the clear blue
sky
Or pose for the press in a plane;
Whose job cannot be called romantic,
So he is not in the public eye,
But the Hero can't do without
him
And I'll tell you the reason why.

He revs up the kite each morning,
He fills up the tank each night,
He sees that the engine's running sweet
And the oil pressure kept just
right,
He is out on the field each
morning
And still there when twilight
fades,
Pulling his weight to keep that
crate
Ready to go on raids.

So next time you see your paper
With its pictures of smiling
crew,
Remember the bloke who keeps
him afloat
Though he is only an AC2.
And the next time you cheer
that pilot
And the enemy falls a wreck,
Cast your memory on the bloke
you don't see,
Yours truly, the Humble F.Mech.

—V—

The girl's father called the airman into his den. "Son," he said, "you've been courting my daughter for nearly a year. Now tell me, are your intentions honorable or dishonorable?" The lad's face lighted up. "You mean I've got a choice?"

News From Accounts

The usual quiet of the Accounts Section was broken early Wednesday afternoon by the return of Cpl. Mickey Clarke from an extended visit to the West Coast. S.L. Garland would like to know why this former man hating Cpl. should return with that certain gleam in her eye. The suggestion of a holiday romance may be the answer, but whether sailor, soldier or airman our wily Cpl. just isn't talking.

The problem of the Dirty Laundry vs. the R.C.A.F. has been ably settled by L.A.W. Suttty Sutherland after a "flying" trip to Toronto, so no more worries for the W.D.'s on sheet change day.

We recommend a course in Air Force "time" for Suttty.

Since when did high noon become 0130 hours? Take off those sun glasses and perhaps you'll notice its daylight. Why remain in the dark all your life?

Sadly missed - L.A.C. Stan Hoare, newly remustered aircrew accountant, now of No. 1. M.D. kitchens, sends us the following recipe for applesauce:

2 orchards ripe apples
1 acre of sugar
1 swimming pool of molasses
Mix well, and should last hungry aircrew two days.

FAVORITE SAYINGS—

S.L. Garland - "Cpl. MacNeill, bring your notebook."

Cpl. MacNeill - "Coming, Sir"

F.O. McMorran - "It isn't 2.30 yet."

F.O. Colquhoun - "Oh, Cpl. Parks."

Cpl. Parkes - "Oh Fiddle."

F.S. Highet - "Can we help it if you don't read your D.R.O.'s?"

F.S. Fouse - "But - Sir."

Sarge Clements - "Go away, you bother me."

Cpl. May - "Get that inventory up here, or else."

Cpl. Hewlett - "Darn that phone, anyway."

Cpl. Robinson - "I'm waiting for Cpl. Hewlett."

Cpl. Clarke - "Can I get off parade, Sir?"

Cpl. Oke - "Oh for a bag of ginger snaps."

RED TAPE VS PEPPY PIN-UPS LEAVES THEM NOT SO PEPPY

From:-Air Officer Commanding.
No. 999, B.S. H.Q.
Bulltown.

To:— Commanding Officer.
No. 33 N.B.G.

Date:-%&'(|&—.

Your Ref.:—33 N.B.G. F|A.

Subject: Morale.

Your submission, in your letter of above ref. that Girls, Pin-up; Blocks, Barracks; Airmen, for the use of; are a valuable stimulant to the morale of all airmen of above or below the rank of A.C.2, or to other types who feel the need of the comfort of frequent association with women, has been carefully considered.

2. It is pointed out, however, that our main objection to the practice of pinning up such girls was the subsequent obscuring of Paint, Green, Blocks, Barracks, Mk 7, Airmen for the use of, with which all blocks should by now have been redecorated. (Ref Memo AFC 65, 3). This paint was specially chosen by a committee of 54 psychologists for its soothing effect on shattered nerves, and should not, therefore, be unnecessarily obscured.

3. However, after due re-consideration, it is now agreed that accurate drawings, paintings or photographs of well-proportioned girls, when appended to the walls of living quarters, may be of value in the prevention of absenteeism and statutory red tape providing they are not abused, disfigured or too widely displayed.

4. The Committee has, there-

fore, designed a Standard Girl, Pin-up, Mk 1, Blocks, Barrack, Airmen for the use of, which will be issued on the scale of one per block. This design should meet with all normal requirements. Copies of this diagram should reach units by &@—\$&*!ff and Commanding Officers should indent for the required number, returns to reach this office by * (\$-".?&—.

5. Since it is expected that the demands for the diagram of Girl, Pin-up, Mk 1, will exceed present supply, units are to construct locally a Girl, Pin-up which may be used until supplies of Girl, Pin-up Mk 1 become available. Such designs may be constructed on units or by local contractors, but must be submitted to this office for approval before being taken into general use.

6. Such designs must fulfill the following Air Ministry specifications: Bust 30", Waist 36", Height 6'4", Hips 70", Little Toe 1". Maximum permissible error 6". Expression.....innocent. Appearance....Homely. Sex Appeal....Average to below average. Colour.....White or slight tan. Hair....Ginger, parted.

General condition and appearance of torso should conform to existing circumstances consistent with the total waging of war. Face - May be "pretty" but not ravishing.

Bedroom furniture must not on any account be included.

Submitted diagrams to be sent to this office in sealed envelopes marked GIRLS—RUSH.



No. 1. B. & G. School boasts a fine hospital and a fine staff which is respected by all for its efficiency. A group of the hospital personnel is pictured above.

Be A Man Mr. Discip

"Parade, atten.....shun!" the clear harsh voice snaps out and seven hundred airmen spring to attention with clock-like precision. "Surely, everyone can't be right. Certainly someone was late. We will try it again." Again the command resounds through the neighboring countryside.

This goes on indefinitely while seven hundred airmen sweat in the sweltering afternoon sun or freeze on the wind swept parade ground. They all move with such snap and gusto at the stern command of one man who stands perfectly but so unnaturally still or moves smartly but stiffly to and fro. Who is this man who is so calm and collected, so exacting and observing, so doubtful and so hard? You are right. He is a disciplinarian. He is the absolute master of seven hundred airmen. All day long from 0800 hrs. till 1730 hrs. he rules with an iron hand. All ranks, classes and creeds are trampled beneath his iron heel.

But hark, that is only half the tale. This is only the station life. Come and we will see the rest. Come and be patient till we see more of our hero's life. Let us follow him as at 1700 hrs. he leaves for home. As he nears the main gate that hard and cold look vanishes for a second and as he nears the barrier we have before us an ordinary man, meek, mild and usually hen-pecked. The bus is crowded but he slumps down and stares into space. With machine like movements he leaves as the bus stops at its destination. With weary feet he trudges homeward. Come, let us follow him and watch closely as he opens his own side door. (Front door for visitors only; so she says). What has happened to our hero?

Even as we wonder a violent

storm of rather abusive language greets him even before the door is closed. "Where have you been? What rank is she? What does she look like? How long has this been going on? Where is your pay?" Similar, even more personal questions flow forth in profusion if not confusion.

Does this not call for a stern if not harsh reply? Must he not take immediate and drastic action? But from our hero, not a word of protest, not a single murmur or a word of self defence. Unbelievable but how true. Certainly our great leader of seven hundred men is not so easily defeated.

Alas, that is exactly the case. Angel-face is really in complete command, here as in many other homes. Surely that is not in accordance with the Black Book. There must be a remedy. Don't give up the ship at the first sign of a storm! BE A MAN!

Go home tonight and after the first, second and third rounds, stand up (not necessarily to attention as you may use your arms for emphasis) and in your own words (please do not quote me) tell her thus — (results guaranteed).

"Since woman was first created (unhappy day) man has bowed before her; not because he fears her but because he loves her. After the first surgical operation, Adam was at a dis-

advantage and thus Eve had to assume temporary command. While Adam suffered from the loss of his rib, Eve the Curious, took over the reins of the household and led Adam far astray. Certainly man has recovered sufficiently since then to turn the tables. It is evident that the Lord designed man to rule, that is why man was created first. The fact that man provided the material for the women's start in this universe is more reason why he should be supreme in the field and at home

Eve the Curious was not created from the head of man lest she should be vain, nor from his eyes should she be wanton; nor from his mouth lest she should be given to gossiping; nor from his ears should she be an eavesdropper; nor from his heart lest she should be jealous. She was drawn from man's rib, a hidden part, so as to make her modest and retiring. (What a hope). And, yet, notwithstanding all the precautions taken by the Creator, women have all the faults God wished to guard against."

Pause for a few minutes and then finish at your own leisure, in your own words for now angel-face will be speechless and spellbound. Assume that look of confidence and let your voice snap through the house. You are now and forever the boss. BE A MAN. P.S. (Let us know how she reacted).



Fun With The Orderly Joe

One day last week we went the rounds with the Orderly Officer, just to see what makes the station tick. First stop was the mess. Away back near the door someone was feeling playful. We heard a grumble—

Who yuh shovin'?

Dunno, whacher name?

Futher up in the line, the boys were happily chanting—

I never saw a purple cow,

I never hope to see one,

But judging by the milk we get,

I'm sure that there must be one.

The O.O. walked between the tables. He stopped and tapped one chap on the shoulder and asked: "Why are you eating with your knife?" The bloke answered reasonably enough, "My fork leaks." Of course there was no answer for that, so we moved on to the hospital.

In the M.I. room there was a poor victim being miserably beaten, as usual. When the O. O. came in, the doctor looked wise, and prescribed—

"I think you drink too much

The Wolf

by Sansone



"He does everything so well!"

coffee. Try drinking a substitute."

Patient - "But Doc, your advice is superfluous, I eat in the mess."

From there we proceeded to the Airmen's canteen. Above

the din, this conversation was heard—

As they were almost out of beer anyway, we ambled over to the W.D. canteen. There we saw an Orange Crush addict with a bottle and two straws. Immediately we felt there was something to be investigated here. Always a resourceful man, the O.O. at once got to the bottom of the situation.

O.O. - "Why don't you use the other straw?"

Bright young thing - "This one isn't empty yet."

We dropped around to the barber's too.

Bill - "Haircut?"

O.O. - "No, just change the oil."

I'm not saying that the Orderly Officer eavesdrops, but this conversation was heard outside B.B. 8. The girls, it appeared were getting ready for bed.

V.G. - "I don't like your new boy friend."

Allie - "Why?"

V.G. - "He whistles dirty songs."

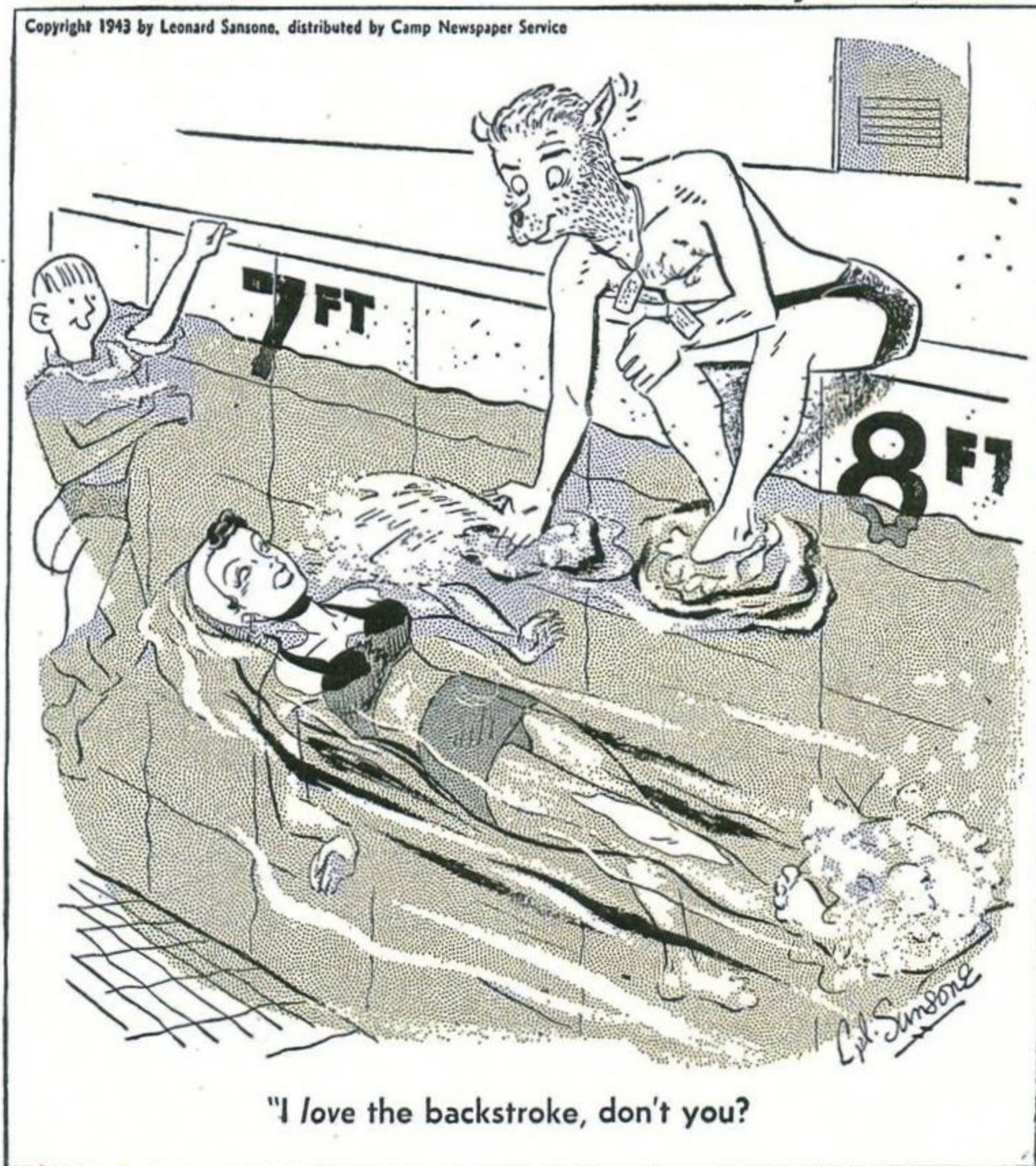
Just then someone discovered us outside the window, and ran in —

"Girls, there's two men outside watching you dress."

V.T. - "That's nothing, you should see the crowds Saturday nights!"

The Wolf

by Sansone



"I love the backstroke, don't you?"

Side Glances In 'C' Hangar

In a recent survey of the various outside activities of the members of "Bombing Flight," it was disclosed that we have among us one bowling wizard, A. C. I. Whalen. (Sideline, Back Jack) also A. C. I. Marcovitch, runner up for the championship at "Spin-the-bottle" for the city of Montreal, three seasons hand running. Among more intellectual lines we have L. A. C. Day, who, after long and careful study of the matter, has come to the conclusion, and decided to make public the astounding facts, that there is no Santa Claus or Easter Bunny. L. A. C. Day occupies the position of horizontal in the bombing flight smoke room, which has just recently been renovated and renamed the "Airman's Lounge" (And no wonder). We might also add that L. A. C. Day is out during lunch hours and pay parades at which times he is said to have covered the distance from the hangar to the mess hall in approximately forty flat (minutes, not seconds) This, incidentally surpasses a previous record of his, a fact which he attributes to the cooler temperature prevailing at present.

Included in our interview was one, Andrew Berger, L. A. C. who, as the first member of Bombing Flight to don his long underwear this season, said, and we quote: "This issue stuff is O.K. but I still wouldn't trade it for the old trap-door model I wore back in the old days." This brings to us the reminder that winter is on its way and the lads out and around the hangar will be "right in there" as in the past, keeping them flying and chalking up flying and unserviceability records which are the envy of all the rest of the station.

Once more in a casual meeting we came across those inseparable connoisseurs of mountain music, Palmer and Vaxvick, L. A. C.'s, and who are, incidentally, two of our best mechanics. (They said so themselves). Vaxvick was once heard to say when in a philosophic mood, (three quarts) that life was such a serious matter that none of us would come out of it alive.

By way of a "pat on the back"

we'd like to say that the lads in the hangar are pretty proud of our two ball-playing gents who represented the hangar on the station ball team that did so well this season. To Cpl. Bud Smith and L. A. C. Bud McInnes, we say "Good show, fellows."

Also in closing, to Cpl. Cleaver L. A. C. Arbuthnot and L. A. C. Leith, who were recently posted, bombing flight sends best wishes via this item, for coming success at their new posts.

—V—

Equipment Newsettes

The success of the last Fly Paper has encouraged the Equipment Section to submit it's two cents worth of news and views and current interests towards making this edition as successful or more so than the preceding issue. Recent posting and movements have created a new face in the Equipment Section. The occupation of our new section has added to the colour of the section and the entire personnel feel that in their new home more efficient work will be obtained with the same untiring efforts as before.

Our latest loss to the section was W. O. I Watt who was posted to A. F. H. Q. and incidentally his home town. Major Watt was a capable and efficient man and will be missed at Jarvis. We wish him the best of luck at his new job in Ottawa.

A recent addition to our equipment staff and particularly I. & R. and clothing sections was that of Major Bottril, a jovial and friendly asset whom we all feel will aid in maintaining the reputation of the Equipment Section as being the most friendly and cooperating section on the station. "Just try and get something new."

Cpl. "Joe" Howard has left the Equipment post in Maintenance for Tor Bay Nfld. In his place we have Cpl. Kelley.

Flight Sgt. Taylor has decided that "Adventure in the Sky" awaits him and is at present attending pre-aircrew classes on the station.

We would like to take this opportunity to thank those of the Equipment Section who have

Welcome To New Officer

The Equipment Section welcomes F. L. Wickes our new Equipment Officer in charge of the I. & R. and clothing stores and we all hope his stay here will be an enjoyable one. We are sure he will receive all the support he requires from all the personnel in his section in order to maintain the high efficiency it has attained in the past.

Our own Marion Gates is living out now, her husband being on this station. The couple go to Hamilton on 48's refusing to give any reason, although Marion says she shops. She said she was so embarrassed the other day in a store. She knows all about the help shortage, and inexperienced people in stores, but she asked a fairly capable looking floor-walker where she could find some silk covering for her settee. The floor-walker looked at her blankly, then grinned sheepishly and said "Two aisles down and one over for the lingerie department."

Barrack Stores are wondering how the sergeants like the double decker beds. We are sure we heard them singing in their regular Sunday night sing-songs which keep the W. D.'s in B. B. 8 awake this lullaby:

Rock-a-bye sargie, in the
bed-top,
Don't fall out
It's a hell of a drop.

Our good Major Bottril caused quite a furore in Clothing Stores the other day by unintentionally opening a compass box in Clothing Stores. No one was more surprised than he when a live mouse hopped out and started doing a tango down the counter. Of course, it was just a coincidence that there was a W. D. Clothing Parade on

helped in obtaining the material for our share of the Fly Paper. Special mention is due L. A. W. Johnson, E. M. for her work in obtaining material and for the preparation of it. If all the staff will pitch in and submit their little bit why there is no reason why the Equipment Section cannot be the most outstanding contributor to our camp paper.

Memos From Maintenance

— By —

FALLE & KELLEY

Reintroducing the old column by new editors spilling little what-nots and who-done-its over the page partly to fill space and partly to spill the beans on unsuspecting members of the Maintenance clan. You can rest assured that with an Irish team such as Falle-Kelley, some rare concoctions are bound to come forth.

Topping the list of entertainment was the marriage of one of our staff. You might even say two of the staff, because the groom was on this station from June 1942 to May 1943, and he worked in Maintenance too. After an eleven months courtship with interested spectators adding jibes and encouragement to both parties on the pros and cons of matrimonial bliss the couple took the step and were bonded together inasmuch as they could be, both being in the Air Force, on September 25th at 6.30 p.m. in Christ Church in Mimico, Ont. Now you know all the details except who the courageous couple were. Well, I can hold out no longer, they were Cpl. Mary Stephenson and L.A.C. Jack Barker. This wouldn't be a real homey newspaper column if it didn't add its congratulations and best wishes to these two, and to further add "It's surprising what they can't put together at Maintenance these days."

Maintenance is not all smooth sailing though we do pride ourselves on our efficiency. An instance follows. Some time ago one of our officers dropped his glasses and in spite of the noble efforts the W & B department did not regain them. Trying, entailed messing up the airmen's washroom in "A" hangar by ripping up the plumbing. All efforts grossed them nothing. The glasses were lost. "Unless you want a recurrence, Sir, I wouldn't carry my glasses in my hip pocket."

Another incident worth mentioning here is one concerning Sgt. T. Jones. We must say that Jones was brave and kept his head. To quote the pilot,

the incident went like this :— Jones looked out and noticed the port prop stopped and as this struck him as being rather unusual, in that the aircraft was in the air, he drew it to the pilot's attention. By this time the aircraft was losing altitude and losing it fast. Things were really going around - trees, houses, farms, roads, fences and lake - all in a maelstrom of activity. Jones decided that his place was to help the pilot. Always a man of action, he pulled the fire extinguisher, clamped it between his knees, closed his eyes and waited to see whether St. Peter's eyes were brown or blue. But St. Peter didn't have the welcome mat out that day so the aircraft landed without too much damage. No one was hurt but it took some convincing to persuade Jones that he was not hurt. This correspondent didn't think of it at the time but you might ask Sgt. Jones if the fire extinguisher was to cool things down a little where he thought he might end up.

—V—

Famous Quotations

- Money Bags Garland—"I got the gold!"
Bomb-Aiming Bungler—"It looked just like the target."
Merry Widow Merrifield—"About that Commission - Sir."
L.P.O. Armour — "Get me five copies of the Invoice."
Fog and Frost — "Discipline is where you find it."
Mighty Mitchell — "My cars."
C. R. Josephine — "What's the difference? Put it on any file!"
Ben Hur Brawley — "Now my horse—"
Mechano McConnell — "If it runs we'll modify it."
Winsome Weir — "No I can't charm B—— snakes."
Agony Shankman — "What other gas tanks."
W.O.L.F. Clucas — "But she says I'm only a cub."
Adamant Adelson — "So I took a 48."
Woeful Watt — "Down the drain they went."
Maestro McKie — "I get the blues when they bomb."

Happenings At Hospital

While keeping up the Air Force name
And work to fight the foe,
We like to keep our friends with us
But some just have to go.
First they take our S.M.O. — he really was a peach
"The best of Luck" we send to him,
In lands that he may reach.
Then they took a pal of ours — L.A.W. Meek
Her sunny smile will stay with us
No matter where we seek.
But then we have more folks arrive
To step in to take their places,
N.S. McCalpin, and F.L. Jardine
We like them - they have honest faces
We haste to mention Fulton and Bell
A "Cook" and "Assistant" that's all we can tell
Cpl. Drakes is back with us too
To feed the poor boys and make them like new
And now for some gossip - or shall we say "news."
We can't tell you all - but there is nothing to lose
First our own "Murphy" while on his leave
Ups and gets married - trys to keep up his sleeve
The "BURNING" question arises too
Why sister Barton wants to change her hair-do.
Are non-slip brakes rationed? to keep Corporals from soaring
Fawcett and Bolton try to ruin our flooring.
Then Sgt. Barber we must remember to mention
These electric razors are quite an invention
Flt. Dougherty of course is not very wee
We wonder if tripping is from being on a spree?
There is more we could tell you to add to this rhyme
But then that can wait - maybe next time.

Hardtack Hoad — "Did you ever hear me blow - my bagpipe?"
Waiting Wade — "Wherever she goes there you'll find me."
Calamity Callahan — "I'm still waiting for D.A.P.S. to come to."

Good Work **HERE...**



..... *Does This* **THERE!**

THE STAFF CLERK

"It's the aircrew's right to grumble
When in billets or in line,
When the raid becomes a fumble
Or when things are going fine.
But you've heard so many stories
Of their life when danger lurks
That, for once, we'll hear the wailings
Of a poor Staff Clerk.

"We have heard about the sniper
Calling down the sniper's wrath
Of the bomber and the gunner
Making fun of Heinie's staff;
Yet these heroes all do tremble
When F.O.'s act the "Turk,"
But it's the wrath of a Squadron Leader
On a poor Staff Clerk.

"While they never take staff courses,
They must know the Air Force law,
Quote K.R. (Air) on charges,
And ten thousand items more;

D.R.O.'s and Ancient History
They can tell you with a jerk;
For the Modus Operandi
Ask a poor Staff Clerk.

"When the guns have ceased to thunder
And the dog fight is no more,
When Hitler sees his blunder
And they stop this bloody war;
What a life will be the aircrews
Lots of fun and little work,
But they'll still be wanting statements
From a poor Staff Clerk.

"When we've gained the last objective
Of this life and got above,
Where the airmen stop their scrapping
And do nought but sing of love,
When their faithfulness to duty
And the jobs they did not shirk
Will be entered in the Good Book
By a poor Staff Clerk."

OH WOE!

— By —

A.W.I. FOEBEL

Here you will read a few trials
and woes
Of we poor souls — the "counter joes."
From morn till night we hear
the same line
But some alibies are really quite fine.
"This suit won't match - these buttons won't shine"
Are two of the reasons which make airmen whine.
"A new uniform or greatcoat," they often say —
"Sorry the Major must authorize any exchanges to-day."
"I am soon being married so will need new shoes,
And I'm going on furlough, so must have new blues,
But these shoes don't fit and are worn on the toe,
Do you think I could buy new ones by L.P.O.?"
Kit inspections, E-159's and repayments galore;
What a waste of paper to win this war.
"I have some socks and shorts here to trade"—
"Get out - this isn't your clothing parade."
The W.D.'s all want to try a new size of hose,
Merely because they turned others up at the toes.
In the movies, on the street, the bus or train—
They all have clothing problems on the brain.
So you may think our stores the worst in the land—
But remember, we act under "Orders From Command."

SADIST

Because Count de Sade, an 18th century Frenchman, found his greatest delight torturing friends and mistresses, the term sadist was derived from his name. His memoirs shocked his nation and the world by the alarming frankness with which he described his morbid and bloodthirsty cruelty.

Next time you are blue, look in the glass and make faces at yourself.

MEN AND WOMEN ANALYSED

Some cynical male chemist (probably with nothing else to do) busied himself charting a chemical analysis of Woman. We submit it without prejudice, in the hope that some acute lady chemist will find time to give us an equally penetrating analysis of Man.

"Symbol WO. Member of the human family. Specific gravity variable; molecular structure, exceedingly unstable."

"Occurrence. Can be found wherever Man exists."

"Physical properties: All colors, sizes and shapes. Generally appears in disguised combinations: natural surface rarely free from extraneous covering of textiles or film of grease and pigments. Melts rapidly when properly treated. Boils at nothing and may freeze at any moment. Ordinarily sweet, occasionally sour and sometimes bitter."

"Chemical properties: Exceedingly volatile, highly inflammable and dangerous in the hands of inexperienced persons. Possesses great affinity for gold, silver, platinum and precious stones of all kinds. Capable of absorbing astonishing quantities of expensive foods and beverages. Reacts violently when left alone. Turns green when placed next to a better-appearing specimen. Ages rapidly. Fresh variety has powerfully magnetic attraction."

In response to the suggestion in the preceding reporting that a like chemical analysis be made of the male species, two lady chemists herein present an analysis of Man:

"Symbol MN. Member of human family. Specific gravity variable; molecular structure never as impressive as MN would have us believe."

"Occurrence: Can be found wherever food exists."

"Physical properties: All colors, sizes and shapes. Generally found smothered in superfluous coverings of wool and starched cotton; scarpular surface rarely free from thick coating of oleaginous fluid. Explodes at low temperature, and melts readily under smile of a blonde. Charitably minded: often sits up with sick friend. Ordinarily substantial, eyesight weak — can never find shoes, socks, toothpaste and other belongings.

"Chemical properties: Irresistibly drawn toward apron string. Intense allergy to dishwater. Under proper pressure occasionally exudes gold, silver, platinum and precious stones. Capable of absorbing astonishing quantities of rich foods, alcoholic beverages. Reacts violently when disturbed. Loses hair rapidly. Portly variety turns purple with rage or exertion. Fresh variety particularly obnoxious.

STATION VOTES TO RETAIN NAME

By a large majority, the populace of No. 1. B. & G. School has voted in favor of retaining the name "Fly Paper" for the station's monthly magazine. A total of 580 votes were cast, with 238 favoring the magazine's original name. "Targeteer", with 144 votes ran second in the balloting. Both names held substantial leads over the other seven titles submitted.

Ballot results were as follows:

Officer's Mess 59
Sergeant's Mess 51
Airmen's Mess 470

Total 580

Results in order of standing, were:

Fly Paper 238
Targeteer 144
Jarvis Gen 52
Jarvis Attack 39
B. & G. 30
Blockbuster 28
Adastra 24
Pennant 21
Happy Landings 4

580

THE SONG OF THE WINGLESS BOMBARDIER

— By —

L.A.C. Bob Kirkwood

Listen my children and you shall hear

Of the plight of the wingless bombardier.

He waits for his course to come along

And meanwhile sings this morbid song:

Oh why, oh why must I always be

The Joe boy of Jarvis B. and G. Why must I push a broom or three

Instead of learing my gunnery? While the fast planes wait and I do too,

The N.C.O.'s find work to do. Alas, my friends, this morbid song

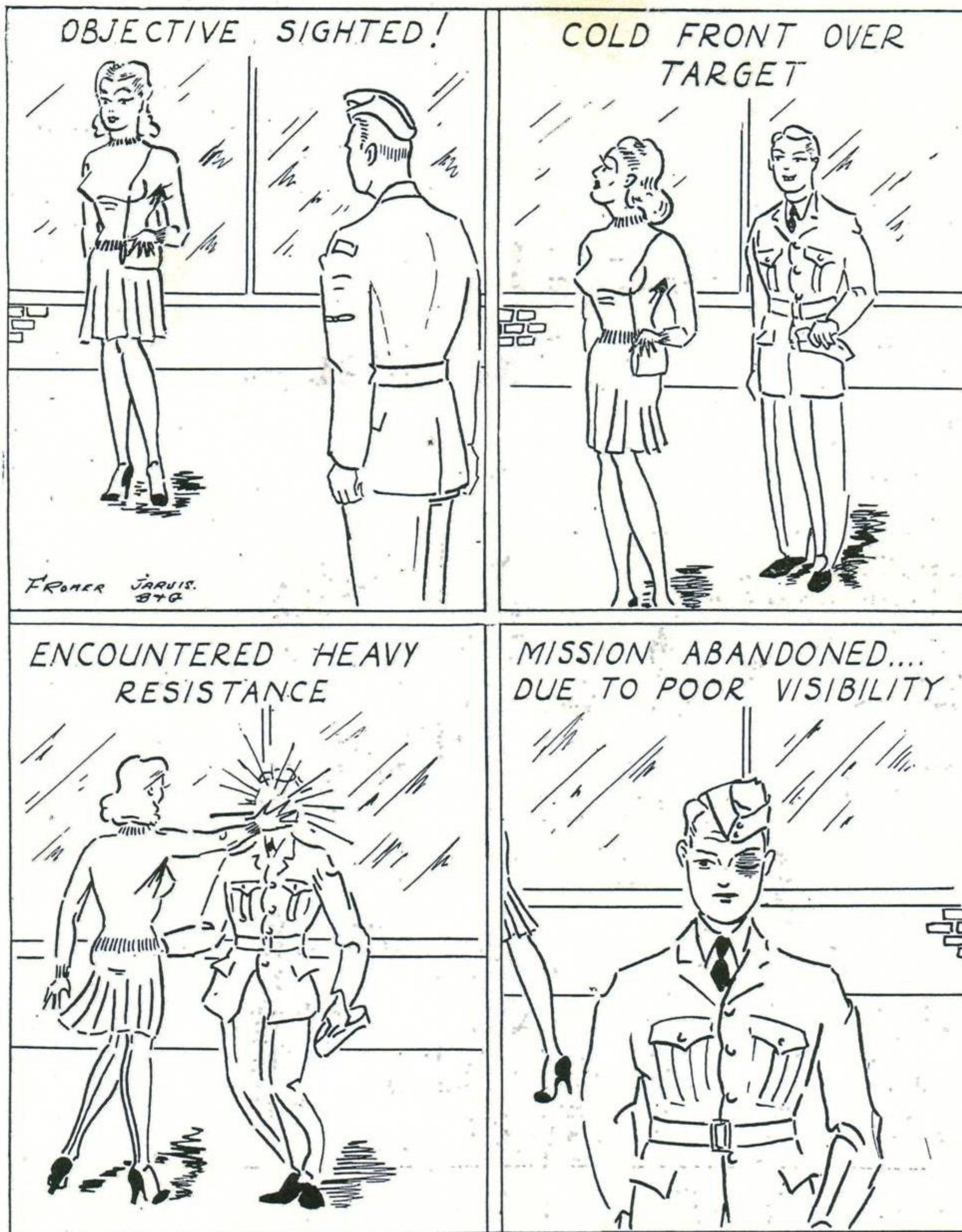
Has now by far gone on too long No tears please, none, or I shall be

A hopeless creature of misery So let me go my merry way Until I sprout my wings some day.

The Wolf

by Sansone





'Goodness, I Haven't A Thing To Wear' Say WD's Sporting New Summer Garb

The new summer uniforms issued to the personnel of the Women's Division, R. C. A. F., have certainly disproved the age-old theory that it is the male of the species that sports the brighter plumage. Men may have tolerated women's sartorial superiority in civilian life in the interests of amity, but it is doubtful if they will allow their G.I. clothing to be subordinated to that of the female without a loud and protesting holler. Natively tailored, and augmented by brilliant red albatrosses and "props" on shoulders and sleeves, these lightweight olive beige tropical worsted uniforms now available free of charge to the girls of the R.C.A.F. only emphasize the drabness and general

sloppiness of the summer khaki drill issued to the male personnel. It has always been a practice in the R.C.A.F. heretofore to keep uniforms of both the men and women as similar in style and design as possible, even down to the buttons and badges, but it is apparent that in this instance, someone slipped. As a result, the male ego has been dealt a cruel blow.

But even with their new uniforms (which include khaki shirts with collars cut low for summer comfort, khaki rayon stockings, and smart, blue shoulder bags) we imagine that Jarvis' W.D. still commences preening for a Dover date by muttering the time-hackneyed phrase, "Goodness, I haven't a thing to wear."

Are You Interested In A Commission?

With the new ruling just out, of course many are applying for commissions. However, reports of the intelligence test that come seeping out are very discouraging. With a great deal of sleuthing we managed to sneak a photostatic copy of this test, which a friend smuggled out in her girdle. We are pleased now to make this public, so future hopefuls will know what to expect.

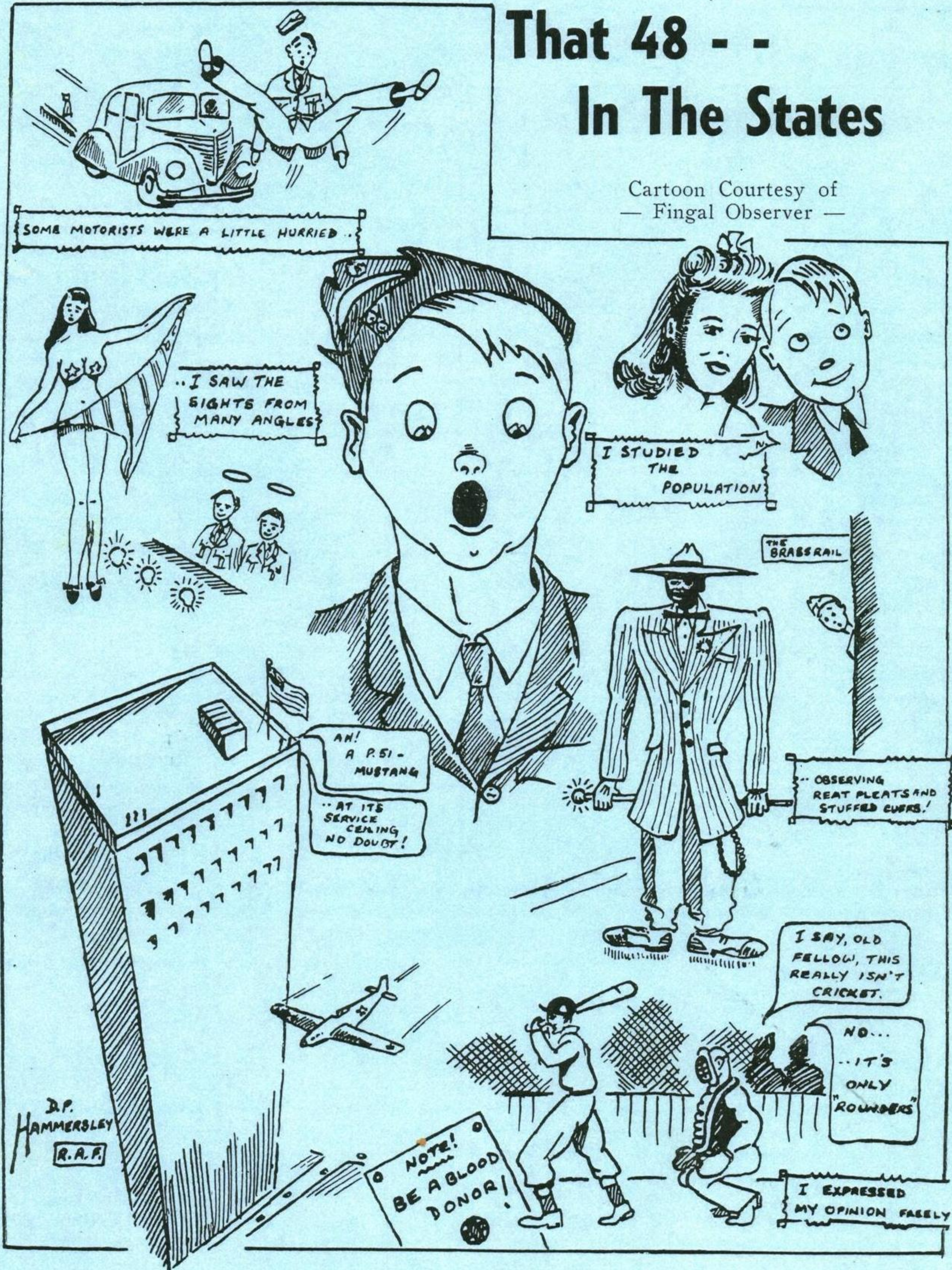
Intelligence Quotient Test

Kindly answer only one question at a time.

1. Are you—
 - (a) Bow-legged?
 - (b) Ugly?
 - (c) Purntoed?
 - (d) Harmless?
2. Have you—
 - (a) Bad breath?
 - (b) Big ears?
 - (c) Holes in the liver?
 If so, we extend our sympathy
3. Do you go—
 - (a) To station dances?
 - (b) To the girl's canteen?
 - (c) Anywhere?
4. Do you—
 - (a) Remember when corn-plaster ads just showed the foot?
 - (b) Believe all bachelor's children will be bachelors?
 - (c) Think you honestly have a friend?
 - (d) Wrestle?
5. Do you drink—
 - (a) Out of a glass?
 - (b) Almost?
 - (c) Want to make something of it?
6. The correct way to address an officer is—
 - (a) Your Grace?
 - (b) Your Eminence?
 - (c) Joe?
7. Beer is—
 - (a) A recipe from heaven?
 - (b) Wonderful?
 - (c) You bet?
 - (d) You too?
8. This station needs—
 - (a) Large spacious offices for each officer?
 - (b) Gold rings for same?
 - (c) Passes to all functions for same?
 Shame on you!

That 48 - - In The States

Cartoon Courtesy of
— Fingal Observer —



An Editorial

BY FLIGHT SERGEANT FALLE

All signs point to the fact that victory is not far over the horizon. With Allied armies on the march, making landings in Europe, striking lightning blows with swift precision, and pushing resolutely forward we are on the crest of a wave of self satisfaction and complete egoism. We are at the point now where "the boys" own enthusiasm is carrying them onward. Are we prepared to lend them the support they will need when their efforts have browned off? Wars have their tides with the ebb and flow of victories, discouragements, material losses of men and territory and the armistice following a terrific defeat or a general collapse of one side.

Have you done your bit to uphold the moral and material support to our armies to tide them over from one victory to another? Wars are costly and this one is no exception. In fact the reverse is true. It is the greatest and costliest war since creation. Can you hold your head high knowing that some of your money has gone into paying for a tank? a jeep? a barge? clothing? food? ammunition? a bomb!

Victory will be ours but it is going to take every ounce of our energy, money, ingenuity, and faith to do it. We have a powerful, crafty enemy to defeat. Let us not lose sight of our goal. You are doing a lot by just being a member of His Majesties Services, but we are asking more. Is it such a lot to ask that you invest in Victory Bonds only part of your savings? Do not give grudgingly but willingly. Your money brings you security after the war and you will live to see the thousands of home-coming veterans take up their peace-loving life where they left off. Could you face them knowing that you had not done your part to support them in battle? Support entails many things, the one being stressed now is money. Give your money until you feel the pinch and help this station do it's part in boosting the Fifth Victory Loan not merely up to its mark, but over the top. When you put the Victory Loan over the top, watch for a duplicate feat by our forces.

This station started it's campaign on October 18th and we are out to smash all records. Let's "All Swing Together Through The Stormy Weather and Carry On" to "SPEED THE VICTORY."