



THE STARBUCKS BOOTLE



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THE STAR SHOOTER

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Wing Commander M.M. Foss, Chief Supervisory Officer.

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All material must be in the hands of the Editors not later than the 7th day of each month. Non-chronological material should be received earlier. "The Star Shooter" receives material supplied by Camp Newspaper Service, War Department, 205 East 42nd Street N.Y.C. Credited material may not be published without permission from Camp Newspaper Service.



WAR, in any man's language, is a cruel grim business. It brings in it's wake misery, suffering and heartbreak to countless homes-but this, of all wars, is a real nightmare. When we think of the monstrous deeds perpetrated in its name by the arch-enemies

of free men, we can have but one wish, and that is -to get on with it and get it over as quickly as possible.

With the progress of the INVASION, there are manifested on all sides hopes and yearnings for a world of freedom. It has been a long and tedious preparation for the culmination now under way. At times we have been moved to prodigious effort toward victory. At other times we have been prone to slacken. But to be very practical, our efforts must now become super, in order to speed the victory, with a minimum loss of life, over hateful deeds and plans of evil men. Many of us have relatives Overseas taking part. For them we invoke God's blessing and for them we are working to bring their supreme hazards to an end. How paltry our daily routine problems are, in the light of their sacrifices, is very evident from Mr. Anthony Eden's recent declaration in the British Parliament, regarding the brutal murder of fifty of our Allied Airmen by the Nazis.

In our position at No. 1 A.O.S. in the great British Commonwealth Air Training Plan, the pleading eyes of millions of tortured people in occupied Europe are anxiously and hopefully turned to this far away land, for it is from this fair Canada of ours that flows an ever increasing stream of strong young blood (and especially from these Schools) that spells the doom of their tormentors.

So - if you should ever get to thinking that your little job is of small importance in this titanic struggle, just remember that this seemingly small job is an integral cog in the big wheel and that "no chain is stronger than its weakest link." There never was a time in the history of man when a good job well done could mean so much in banishing human misery and degradation and to bring back a world that we once knew, where joy and laughter were the rightful heritage of all. With these grim thoughts in mind, could any one of us (nineteen hundred odd strong) shirk the task, large or small.

Could there be a single soul amongst us, who, for apparent temporary selfish gain, could wish this savage struggle to continue ONE DAY longer than necessary. If there be such, to him we say "Shake the cobwebs from your eyes - expand your narrow vision and visualize, if you can, the kind of a world this can be, when freed of the mental "cancer" known as nazism." To those who have made any serious study of the

spiritual side of man, it is well known that from the Creation, his spiritual progress has been steadily "upward toward the light", and this present great struggle is one of the giant convulsions in his spiritual development.

Therefore - let us all bend to the task in hand and do our full part to hurry the day of final victory and the better world to follow.

REACTIONS FROM OUR FIRST ISSUE

We have heard through the frankness of various members of No.1 A. O. S. personnel that there is room for improvement in your station magazine. In this, your editors heartily concur. Some of the suggestions for a better publication are as follows:

It is thought that as many of the personnel on the station as possible should be able to see their picture published at some time or other. To start the ball rolling, it is planned to have group photographs taken of section staffs and the staff of Synthetics under the direction of F/O Murdoch is reproduced in this issue. All Section Representatives for "The Star Shooter" should be encouraged to organize through their section O.C.'s or department managers to have a group photograph taken for a subsequent issue.

F/O Brandon, O.C. of the Photographic Section, has made a suggestion that will be acted upon immediately. The plan is to run a photographic competition each month and publish the winners, first, second, and third, and two runners-up. The personnel of "Photo." Section of course are voluntarily barred from entry. Consequently, they will be the judges, (also voluntarily.) R.C.A.F. Security regulations prevent any pictures from being taken on the station. Pictures of people or scenes are eligible for this contest. First prize winner will get two dollars, and second will get one dollar. Our first competition will commence when this issue reaches you and it will be for the September issue.

While we are on the subject of competitions, there will be a two dollar award made each issue for the best article submitted from the Courses. Course 101A gets it this time.

Your contributions to the station magazine are coming from a wider field as we go along. If any individual has a talent that can be shared through the medium of it, please see that your contribution is handed in through any member of the committee or staff. We feel that the prizes for best articles should go farther afield. At the present time we are looking for letters from overseas or ex-personnel of this station. If you know of anyone overseas, preferably a graduate of this school, who would make a good permanent correspondent, please make it known to the staff.

We repeat that some of the articles which were handed in for this issue were not included. They may be held for another issue because of the volume of material which has been submitted. We are ever watchful for higher quality. We owe it to you to give you the best possible from the contributions in the space that is allotted.

On behalf of the staff and committee, we thank all the personnel for the splendid enthusiasm shown for this project. For succeeding issues, we urge you to keep an eagle eye out for scraps of interest which can be included in your magazine. Please do not feel that you have to await the deadline date for contributions. (Please note the new deadline date--front inside cover.)

In future issues we intend to run classified advertisements pertinent to station activity and box ad.'s for various sections. If you have any ideas along this line, please submit them for the next one. For example, we have a very prominent client who is seeking to purchase a good car.

This concludes the reactions for now. We solicit them at all times.

Your Editors.

A man telephoned his doctor; "Come over quick, doc. my wife has appendicitis."
"Nonsense," snorted the doctor, "I removed your wife's appendix three years ago. How can anyone have a second appendix?"
"Listen," cried the husband, "did you ever hear of anyone having a second wife?"

GREETINGS FROM OUR NEW CHIEF SUPERVISORY OFFICER.

By the time this issue is circulated, I will have had the opportunity to meet you at least through your work and I hope personally, as well. May I now take this occasion to greet you informally.

I wish to say that I am happy to work with you on this station. This school has built a most respectable record in the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan and your continued co-operation will boost that record still higher. I know from past experience that a unit such as this plays a very necessary part in the success of the air forces it serves.

In the short time that I have been here, it has already become apparent that we have plenty of ability at No. 1 A. O. S. Something to be proud of -- there is a steady stream of honour being rallied up in our courses. It maintains our boys who have knocked out the Luftwaffe and will continue the pressure to the absolute end--and the end is not yet. The quality of our product has been attained by the best instructional technique, discipline and administrative capabilities in a school and plant that is second to none.

Let us see to it that we do not rest on any laurels at this time. We have not yet achieved perfection and by the continued work of all personnel we should endeavour to bring our goal closer to hand with every effort. Nothing in the world can stand still; it must either go forward or backward. Let us see to it that No. 1 A. O. S. continues to go forward. Those who fight rely on us. We shall not fail them.

Wing Commander M. M. Foss.

WINNERS IN "TEN BEST" COMPETITION

We have pleasure in announcing the winners in the competition for the ten best features submitted for the May-June issue of "The Star-Shooter." Each of the following have been awarded a prize of \$1.00:

F/L J. R. Simpson - Course 10LA Navigators

Sgt. M. Meloche - Clothing Stores

F/Sgt. D. Courtman - Armament Section

L.A.C. George Gunn - Station Hospital

A.C.2 D.M. Wright - Posted to T.T.S.,
St. Thomas, Ont.

Earl Brown - Fire Department

Gilbert Romphf - Metal Workshop

Denis Pidgeon - Maintenance Department

P. Saltzman - Civilian Meteorological
Section

Photographic Section

We are looking forward to some keen competition in succeeding issues, so let's all get on the beam and make it interesting.





The Breezy Sea

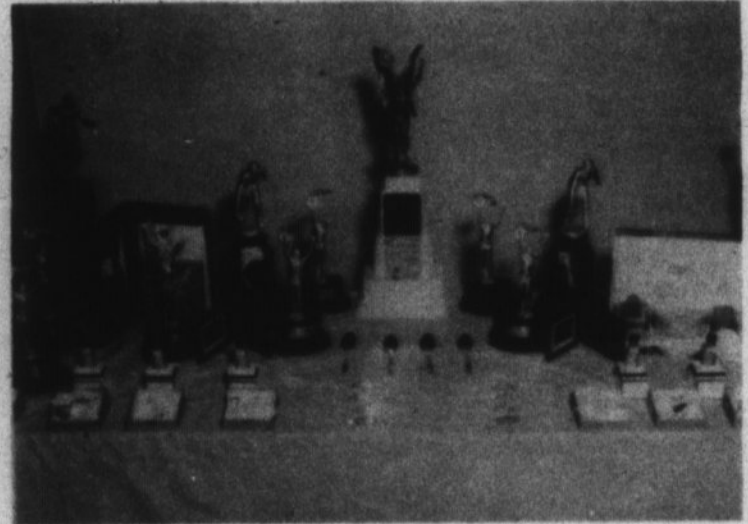
Those who patronize the outdoor dancing, will enjoy this glimpse of a happy throng of airmen and their dancing partners enjoying the cool night air under a blanket of stars. The acquisition of an outdoor dance floor was a master stroke, as it enables us to continue this popular entertainment feature during the summer months. Admittedly the floor is not quite as smooth as that in the Recreation Hall, but it does enable the boys and girls to enjoy dancing in comfort during the hot months of July and August. Speaking of dances, we wonder who is going to break the ice on the Weekly Quizz Spot Dance. The Fund has now pyramided to \$18.00 through the inability of former couples to answer the questions. In naming our outdoor paradise the "Breezy Sea," we had no thought of a place in Toronto called, The Sea Breeze.

Little Theatre

Station personnel took over the footlights one evening and came up with a mighty fine performance under the direction of F/Lt. Moss, who directed the plays, and F/O Ingersoll, producer of the Variety part of the performance. In the first play, "The Quiet Game," Alet Vaschen, one of the cute Radio girls, stole the show with a remarkably fine portrayal of the domineering gabby female. Her "husband," Cpl. Mott, was equally good as the hen pecked spouse. L.A.C. Art Burnie, a veteran stage star, and Spouse Marjory Sawdon rounded out the case to perfection. All four turned in fine efforts. The second play brought Cpl. Burtch and Helen Durack to the centre of the stage in "Madame President." Theirs was a difficult task, as the theme of the play was quite similar to the first one. However, they did not let this discourage them and came through with a bang-up effort. Outstanding in the fill-in part of the evening's programme, were LAC's Stevens and Nash, a pair of classy ivory ticklers. LAC Simon handled the M.C.'s job to the king's taste, while Cpl. Loomis and F/Sgt. Clark laboured with the curtains and the lights. Fine work! Let's have more of these!

Sports Round Up

As we go to press, the first week of league competition in softball and Soccer has been completed, with some close and exciting games being dished up: Six teams entered the soccer league, with two more expected when the new course arrives on July 3rd. Course 98 and Course 103 struggled to a one-all draw in their match, while Course 104 eked out a 2-0 win over Course 100. Course 101 triumphed over Course 102 to the tune of 9-0, and looks like the team to win the league title.



TROPHIES WON ON SPORTS DAY

In softball one game was postponed. Course 102 came from behind to win an extra inning game from Course 103 boys. Course 104 had little difficulty disposing of the permanent staff boys 17-5. Probably the game that brought out the most spectators was the clash between the Officers and the Senior N.C.O.'s. The men with the board hats just couldn't make the grade and the Sarges took an 8 to 6 win at their expense.

By the time this issue hits the news stands both leagues will be well on their way to completion and we'll bet the competition is keen. We wonder how many Stations have an 8 team soccer league. Or for that matter an 8 team softball league!

Physical Training Instruction Staff

F/Sgt. Clark has been ploughing through the Malton mud for the past 18 months and now has departed for greener fields at Trenton. Chuck was one of the most popular "groan and jerk" addicts to ever grace these premises. He was well launched on his way at one of the Wednesday night dances and we wish him good luck. F/Sgt. Brent also packed his grip after some 6 weeks service here. Sgt. Buell has the most beautiful tan you have ever seen and looks like a Golden Greek. This isn't being written by a member of the said staff so we are safe in throwing in a few bouquets for them, instead of brickbats. Theirs is not an easy task but they are doing a swell job, keeping you boys in shape and being "right guys" at the same time.



W/C THOMAS TROPHY
for good Sportsmanship

They Made It Possible

The Field Day and Dance held July 5th was a great success and we would like to toss a few bouquets while we are in the mood. F/O Parsons, chairman of the entertainment committee, deserves the lion's share of the honours. He certainly gets things done. He not only directed the events, but devoted hours to organization. F/O Amsden, Sports Officer, undertook to get the grounds in shape in spite of all obstacles. With the whole-hearted co-operation of his staff, he worked miracles. F/Sgt. Harrison, for his tireless energy in laying out the track, pits, diamonds and so forth, deserves credit too. Sgt. Buell and Cpl. Loomis were in there pitching and assisted with most of the eliminations. Bill McLeod and John Rae worked many hours with the tractors. The officials and members of committees co-operated 100% in a hectic day of sport. S/L Badgley's advice and experience proved of great help throughout the whole affair. (Editors' note: Since Jim Kendrick wrote up this article, you will notice very little mention of his part in this very successful field day. Did you notice that it finished up on time. This was a triumph as not many of them do. Much of the credit is due to Jim Kendrick's efforts and F/O Parson's too. Anything that goes for the others goes equally for Jim.) Throughout this issue you will find various snaps of the Field Day activities.



Presentation of "McLeod Trophy" by
Mr. W. McLeod to Course 104 Bombers.
L. A. C. Campbell Accepts.

C.O.'s, and McLeod Trophies

Competition for these two prizes was keen. All events were bitterly contested and, when the dust of battle had cleared away Course 104 Air Bombers had amassed a total of 31 points to edge out Course 99 Navigators for the C.O.'s and McLeod Trophies. 97 Navigators finished in 3rd place, just one point below 99. Following the field events, Staffords and Croftons, two of Olympic Ladies Senior teams, staged a thrilling exhibition softball game, with Staffords finishing on top 4-3. Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell, aided by Miss Young, staged an exhibition of plain and fancy archery and thrilled the large crowd with their feats. Mrs. Mitchell is Canadian Ladies' Archer champion. Dancing wound up the days events, with a display of pyro-techniques thrown in as an added feature. A large crowd enjoyed dancing in the Recreation Hall and on the Breezy Sea, with the Manning Depot Dance Orchestra supplying the music, both floors were packed. Those who took advantage of the outdoor floor had a decided edge as it was much cooler and a full moon provided an ideal setting for dancing under the stars. Features of the dance were the presentation of the C.O.'s Trophy by S/L Badgley and the McLeod Trophy by W.A. McLeod, to LAC Campbell, who accepted them on behalf of his team-mates in 104 Bombers.



L. A. C. Hammond Accepts the Badgley Trophy
from S/L Badgley after he had galloped
ahead in the 1 mile race.



This month the swing shift was introduced into the Radio Room, causing a slight furore, with the usual pro and con discussions; however, now that the commotion has died down, it seems that on the whole everyone is satisfied, and the problem of arranging holidays has been simplified.

Doug Freeman, Radio College graduate, who has been with us for the past six months, has left to join the Merchant Navy. The best of luck, Doug.

We are more than happy to see that the ground outside the Radio Room is being "dressed up" with green grass. No more dust and dirt pouring in the windows when the aircraft warm up.

Can you imagine our Radio Workshop foreman, Chris Fortney, getting so interested in installing a radio in his new Nash one Saturday afternoon, that he forgot a dinner date. At seven-thirty, we learn, the young lady in question began to investigate, and was informed that Chris was at work. Tsch!, tsch!, Mr. Fortney.

Sitting here with the noise of an Anson revving up outside the Radio Room, I find it hard to concentrate - but at that, it's quieter than between flights, when the gals of "C" shift are practicing ju jitsu, apache dances and their superb take-off on "The Angel" and Man Mountain Dean. We suspect there is a lot of hidden talent here - the team of Coupe, Kirkup & Co. should go far. However, getting back to Ansons, did you notice how small they looked under the wing of the giant Stirling Bomber? The poor Ansons must have felt slighted to realize that we don't guard them with bayonets. We hear that some of "C" shift are going to be very "pluty" and drive to work in a limousine. Any mechanics willing to ride with them - just in case?

FROM THE RADIO ROOM MUSE - Our correspondent suggested the other night that if I had anything to offer by way of a contribution to the Station paper, not to be bashful. So, braving the expected jibes of certain cynical people, who will shake their heads and look knowingly at one another, putting this brief splurge into the field of literature down as just another stage in that peculiar type of insanity reserved for Radio Operators, I'd like to set down a few of my impressions (sober too) of the airfield at night.

However, before going on, I would like to exonerate any persons, who on reading this, might feel a sense of guilt or of remorse, and say to themselves, "what have we done to this poor fellow to bring on this condition", because I was in this state of mind before coming to Malton.

Frankly, the airfield at night does something to me. Standing on the runway, in the mellowness of a summer night, it is easy to allow the imagination full reign and see things not as they are, but gilded by that same imagination.

When the sun is low on the horizon to the west, and the first shades of approaching night are filling the hollows of the earth, a plane taking off into the west, beautiful as that sight in itself is, seems somehow like the departing soul of one no longer for this world, and just as the plane leaves the earth with a triumphant surge and hangs silhouetted against the glory of the setting sun, so the soul might shake off the last restraining bonds of earth and rise triumphant to a promised glory.



A Corner of the Radio Room

When the lights come on, red on the hangars in the distance, and blue, green and yellow around the taxi strips, they might be, if one were slightly under the influence, ghost or fairy lights, beloved of the Irish, kindled by some prankish pixie out for a lark. Then, when the motors are being warmed up on the tarmac, the aircraft cease to be just aircraft; they take onto themselves life, a life pulsating and flowing through their mechanical veins, and they seem like a group of hooded falcons being readied for the chase, straining at the leash that holds them, eager to be off and to "slip the surley bonds of earth". Like giant birds, they wing their noisy way over the horizon and into the soft folds of an enveloping night.

The beacon in the distance revolving, its long white finger of light probing the night, lighting now here, now there, silently sweeps round and round in a seemingly endless search; always it searches, like the silent hand of fate. Momentarily, just as fate brings into the limelight one of life's particular sorrows or joys, bright for an instant, then engulfed in passing time, so the beacon lights up some object for an instant, goes on its silent way, and again all is darkness. Walking down the taxi strip and coming suddenly upon a ship

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MEET THE CHIEF SUPERVISORY OFFICER

Most people of this station appreciate Wing Commander Opie's interests and influence on this station after his sixth week of duty. Many have asked, "What station did W/C Opie come from." The answer to this is No. 2 A.O.S., Edmonton. That station was the loser when No. 1 A. O. S. gained this gentleman of rich and wide experience as its C. S. O.

W/C Opie was born at Dawlish, in Devon, England in 1903. This place is near Cornwall in the south west. He obtained all his education in England and completed his University training as a mining engineer at the Royal School of Mines, South Kensington in London.

Since then he has had 22 years of experience in his own field of interest, travelling around the world. His mining experiences have taken him: 1,000 miles into the interior of Indo-China - territory belonging to France and now occupied by the Japanese; three expeditions into and all through Central Africa, Kenya, Uganda, Tanganyika, and the Congo Border; in addition he has worked in the Malay States, Sumatra, New Zealand, Australia, Central America and Canada.



W/C R.P. Opie
Commanding Officer

W/C Opie learned to fly originally in connection with his engineering activities in 1932. He drew his commercial pilot's license after training at the Brookland's Aero-Club, London. Later he obtained another commercial license in New Zealand. His flying took him into Central Europe, Germany, Austria and of course, England. Further flying experience was gained in the Malay States, New Zealand and Canada. His trips into Germany and Austria had some political interest. A sojourn in Austria occurred shortly before the Dollfuss murder. He stayed with people who were Nazis and Anti-Nazis in the same dwelling. Other European adventure with six private pilots included entertainment by authorities in Cologne and Bonn.

W/C Opie was about to enter the R.A.F. just when the last war terminated. He experienced some of the bombing of England by the Germans in the last war. Our C.S.O. came to Canada in early 1939 and made his home in British Columbia where his father died in May last year. Engineering seems to be in his blood judging by the experiences of his father who had fifty-nine expeditions all over the world except in Russia. He saw the war clouds gathering in 1939 and left Canada to return to London in July. After waiting most of July and August for the war to commence and join the R.A.F., he decided to "push off" again since Mr. Chamberlain had made his famous announcement of "Peace in our Time." However, after two days out on the Queen Mary, war was declared.

The Queen Mary docked at New York and from there our C. S. O. proceeded to Western Air Command where he was sworn in. The R.C.A.F. stations where he received training are Trenton, Camp Borden, No. 7 S.F.T.S. McLeod and No. 1 C.N.S. Rivers. He has been C.S.O. of No. 3 A. O. S. Regina, No. 2 A. O. S. Edmonton, No. 1 A. O. S. Malton and by the time you read this issue he will be the C. S. O. of No. 4 A. O. S. London. His training at Trenton was with the first navigation course in 1939-40. He then took a refresher course at Camp Borden where he met our S.A.O. S/L Badgley.

W/C Opie has two sons. Thornton, the older, is taking the University Army Training Course at the University of British Columbia and is now probably proceeding to the University of Toronto. Thornton has been educated in England, New Zealand and St. Andrews, Aurora, Ontario. The younger son, Martin, is now receiving his education at St. Andrews. Mrs. Opie comes from Woodbury in Devon near Exeter, England and has travelled considerably too. Her travels have consisted of going with W/C Opie to the Malay States, New Zealand, and flights to Germany and Austria.

In the sport field W/C Opie has taken active and enthusiastic part in Cricket, Rock-climbing, mountaineering, but has resolved itself into mountaineering, skiing and fishing. While in Australia for four years, he did considerable swimming and played a lot of tennis. His hobbies are sports cars, racing cars and tuning up his sons Aerial motorcycle. In addition he takes quite an interest in photography.



As far as what our C.S.O. can eat, Well--- what is your guess? He doesn't appear to be undernourished. He himself says he can eat anything.

W/C Opie thinks one of Canada's problems is its size. He likes the ruggedness of many parts of this country as they compare favourably with that of the Cornish Coast where he was raised. He has spent much pleasant time in Canada and it is our wish that he will be able to continue his contribution to society here.

Wing Commander Opie wishes to thank all personnel of this station for the splendid co-operation which has been offered by all. In case any of you have not heard, his posting to No. 4 A. O. S., London is official and he will be leaving on the 12th to report 13th July. There is no doubt that this station's loss will again be the next station's gain. To use his own words "I was happy to come and now am sorry to go." Your Editors and Committee would like to add a very hearty vote of thanks for all the interest and support that Wing Commander R. P. Opie accorded to this magazine.

By the time this issue is in your hands W/C Foss will be directing the activities of the R.C.A.F. personnel. We all wish him a very hearty welcome and hope that he will be able to say that this is the best station that he has commanded.

S/L M. F. BADGLEY

On the 5th of June, 1896, in the city of Montreal, this Station's Senior Administrative Officer, S/L M. F. Badgley first saw the light of day. He received his early education in that city graduating from the Montreal High School in 1914. With the outbreak of war, S/L Badgley joined the forces. He served with the 66th Battery C.F.A. and the 1st Battalion Canadian Tank Corps, returning to Canada in May, 1919. (It is interesting to note that S/L Badgley's two brothers served in the last war and like S/L Badgley himself are on active service again in this one.)



S/L M. F. Badgley

In between wars S/L Badgley has been active in financial circles and in sports of all kinds. To prove this statement, he has participated in baseball, football, figure skating and won various championships in each. Upon gaining such active knowledge, he has been considered by his colleagues as the man to manage their sport for them. In this connection, he managed the Montreal Amateur Athletic Association football team in the interprovincial union during 1919-21. He was the Assistant Coach of the Queen's University football team during the years 1922-24 when they won the Dominion Championship three years consecutively. One of his championships was the Dominion Waltzing Championship for figure skating in Ottawa, 1922. S/L Badgley was a little reticent about giving these facts to your correspondent who thought that these interesting facts should be included at this time.



"Oh I know, we'll pull straws for him!"

Our S.A.O. enlisted in the R.C.A.F. October 25th, 1939, whilst Adjutant of the Veteran's Guard in Montreal, to which he had been called by the Canadian Legion at the outbreak of war. Upon receipt of his commission as Flying Officer June 5th, 1940, he went to Trenton for the Administrative Course and from there directly to Camp Borden where he remained prior to posting to an operational station. Incidentally, S/L Badgley met W/C Opie while training at Camp Borden. A great believer in "Esprit de Corps" and high morale, S/L Badgley, or "Badge" as he is called by his friends, has made untiring efforts to obtain the necessary facilities to make this station a top notch in Canada. Already during S/L Badgley's stay with us, an up-to-date set of movie equipment has been installed; our sport's palace--the drill hall with its appliances for all types of recreation, has been opened and the airmen's lounge renovated. He has taken a keen interest in the "Breezy Sea" outdoor dancing at the Recreation Hall.

If we were to ask S/L Badgley how we could best show our appreciation for his efforts on behalf of the Station, he would tell us that we could best show it by keeping these places of recreation in the best of condition at all times so that all personnel on the Station might enjoy a pleasant environment for a long time to come.

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A MESSAGE FROM GREENWOOD N.S. JULY 2ND

To-day is Sunday -- a glorious day!

Four years ago yesterday was a glorious day also -- at least for me. I had just started my tour of duty at No. 1 A. O. S. Malton; at which station I was extremely lucky to be for three years and eleven months.

I met, made and parted with more friends than a fellow knows what to do with. I can honestly say that I don't think I had a single enemy, or person who I considered "off the beam" or who wasn't a "straight shooter" during the whole of my stay there, and if all these friends I left behind treat everybody as they did me -- well, there should be no complaints; God bless 'em all.

Well! enough of that! Now for this station: I arrived here on June 14th in a torrent of rain which didn't boost my impression of this place one little bit. The country is beautiful. (So is Mimico and Malton.) This place is only 750 airmiles from Toronto; a mere three and a half hour trip. Don't be surprised to see yours truly walk in when you least expect me.

There are a few very good points about this station. I'll try to tell you of the most impressive ones:

(i) The hospital is really a nice building. There are thirty-six beds and it is built in the shape of a four spoked wheel with a section at right angles to the end of each spoke. The corridors are nine feet wide, and I should imagine it takes up easily three times as much space as No. 1 A. O. S. hospital. There is a beautiful kitchen attached to this hospital and this alone is larger than the new addition to No. 1 A. O. S.'s. Of course, that includes vegetable room, diet chart-room and stores.

(ii) Then there is the theatre. It is a magnificent place; the best in Canada at any flying station. It seats around five hundred and has raised plush seats plus a balcony. We get all the latest pictures. There are five changes each week, Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday. On Sunday, there is one showing of Saturday's pictures. Each night of the week there are two showings; 6.40 p.m. and 8.50 p.m.

(iii) The sports ground is worthy of note. There is a one quarter mile cinder track inside of which there is a football pitch and a cricket pitch. The baseball is located in another part of the grounds. Just by the sports field there is a small river which the C.O. had dammed (not damned) and dredged out so that it made a real swimming pool with diving board included. It's really very nice.

Well! I think that's about all for now and I hope through the medium of "The Star Shooter" that you will please convey my very kindest regards to all my old friends.

Yours as B 4,

Jack. I. Power.

FLY WAR BULLETIN

On the 15th July 1944, war was declared between His Majesties Forces at No. 1 A. O. S., Malton and the forces of His Satanic Majesty as exemplified by "Musca Domestica", the House Fly.

The actual declaration took place in the beautifully decorated and furnished hall of the Dominion Skyways Ltd., where were gathered all the dignitaries of the Royal Canadian Air Force of No. 1 A. O. S. and of Dominion Skyways Ltd. The House Fly Ambassador was handed his passport by Wing Commander Foss at exactly 1100 hours, and it is expected that the House Fly Diplomatic Corps will leave with the earliest spray available.

The declaration was the result of a long series of acts of sabotage committed by the enemy on this station. For months now the agents of the enemy have been active in causing intense annoyance, interference with sleep, and took intense delight in making the station's food supply as unattractive as possible. Bacterial sabotage was not neglected and numerous members of our station have been incapacitated for one or more days as the result of the enemy's efforts. The fact more casualties did not occur was considered to be very fortunate by the station medical advisers, and was no doubt due to the fact that the enemy have not been able to obtain germs of typhoid fever, infantile paralysis, dysentery and other extremely dangerous diseases, which had they been fortunate enough to obtain, would quickly cause a serious epidemic on the station.

We therefor are at war and the energies of every able bodied man and woman must be directed against the forces of our enemy. We must not doubt the outcome of the long and trying times which are ahead, as we go forth with right on our side. This is our land and let us push these detestable aliens back to the furthest reaches of our station. Let us swat them, spray them, entangle them, and protect our habitations from their noxious presence. Let us fight in the barracks, in the classrooms, in the dining halls, and in the canteens, and let us show this detestable insect that the people of No. 1 A. O. S., Malton are not to be trifled with.

We shall not however, go forth to battle unprepared. We shall have the benefit of the best equipment obtainable and the most up-to-date information on the subject made available



Concluded on Page 22

Spilled Water

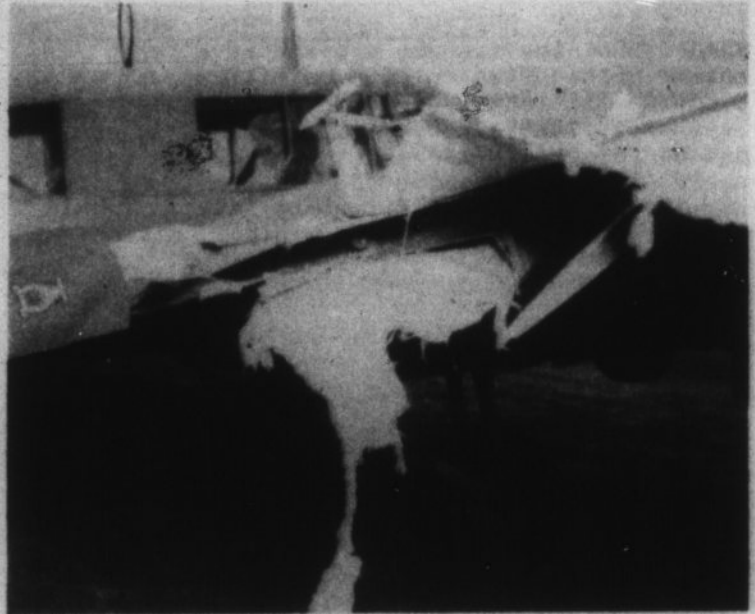
Having made a rather desperate effort to foist this job onto my friend, big Mac Weisbrod (with, as you see, negative results), I am again left holding the proverbial bag, so without further ado, let's open the bag and see what's in it.

The prize, it seems, is one, Pilot Jerry Norris, who can never again say that Lady Luck doesn't ride with him. Jerry's hair-raising experience the other night was enough to have him talking to himself, but he took it all in his stride without faltering. His pre-take-off check on his next flight was certainly a wonder to behold from our vantage point in the Flight Control Office. As a matter of fact, all the pilots are beginning to realize that Operations Manager Gordon Hiltz, the Assistant Operations Managers, Fearless Frank Hawkrige and Eddie Bond, have equal vantage points, and they are beginning to taxi accordingly.

At this writing, we are awaiting with no little interest the results of our coming field day, and before we actually go to press, you will have a full account of the results elsewhere in this issue. An ideal feature for this meet, we might suggest, would be a race between one of the construction men and our amiable General Manager, Bill McLeod, on a couple of Bull-dozers. Mr. McLeod is no mean performer behind the controls of one of these contraptions and if one should gaze far afield on a fine day, he would as likely as not see the General Manager on one of these bucking bronchos having fun in his off moments.



Link Trainers



This is what can happen as a result of careless taxiing

But getting back to the Sports Meet in a more serious vein, there is no reason why the civilians can't give the Airforce some real competition. The events are varied and cover almost every type of field and track activity. Pilots Art Ravensdale and Bill Little are looking after the activities of the Pilots. Looking behind the scenes, let us go back a few years, before the aforesaid Ravensdale became the corpulent semi-bald individual he is to-day, to the time when he was tossing cinders in the "pans" of a lot of well known athletes. There are perhaps very few on this Station who know that Art was "tops" at one time, and no doubt his mantle is loaded with Silver Trophies which he won in his palmier days. As your scribe remembers, Art was good British Empire Games material and stood his fellow-Canadians in good stead. Of course, back in those days he may have been purely mercenary, and was probably just accumulating the silver to hock during the rainy seasons of his life. All joking aside, Art should still be able to walk away with one or two more trophies. The track, which, no doubt, was laid out by one of our leading Navigation officers who had just completed a round trip to somewhere and back in an Anson, was harrowed by Camp Superintendent Rae and Assistant General Manager L'Aventure, and will be pounded into shape by the Oversize flat feet of our leading athletes. After the events, there will be quite a show. We understand they are going to put all the athletes on display in the various positions they no doubt will assume after the finish of their respective events. This should really be "something", if they are all in the same condition as your scribe will be. Many of our Pilots have done a bit of track work in their day, so let's all get out and have a heap of fun.

The Pilot's Room is nearing completion and looks quite smart. It would be a treat to walk in there some day and see the fellows sitting in the new chairs which have been provided for their use.

A LITTLE CHATTER ABOUT THIS AND THAT:

Wonder who the twosome are who have lunch together quite often in the cafeteria, or do we wonder? In fact, we believe you guess who. It's a pity the juke box in the cafeteria couldn't be repaired, as a lot of lads are wasting their nickels. Wonder of the ages. We just asked a pilot who was a little late in landing after a recall, where he had got to. His answer



Staff at work
in the Flight Control Room

was unabashed. I got lost, he said. More power to you Klimovitch. When a pilot admits he's lost and then finds his way back to base, he's got something on the ball. What makes Bob Love blush so profusely when having dinner at the Cafeteria? Clem Wragge and Tom Senior have their Waco at the field now and no doubt the rest of the pilots will soon be "wackie" for Wacos. Les Force has his little put-put here, and your scribe held his breath when he watched it climb on take-off. Remember way back, when, fellows? Not to be outdone, our genial farmer (his boots are clean) Herb May delved into the past and came up with a Stinson which he has secluded over at Barker Field. The Pilots' Club Room has gotten to be quite a restful spot during the noon hour. With its comfortable lounging chairs, it is getting to be quite a discussion centre.



Billiard Room. Pilot's Lounge

Something should be done by the Cafeteria staff to eliminate the long line-ups at 12:00 o'clock noon. Some people get only half an hour for lunch and it is very annoying to spend most of it waiting to get served. We still look at our friend Zimmerman with a good deal of wonderment. Some of the girls on the Station would no doubt be interested in your diet, Don. If you fellows want some entertainment some day, why don't you get Howard Hamilton to park his piazza on the piano bench. His boogie woogie has great possibilities. You fellows who shoot snooker billiards for a little wager now and then, had better steer clear of Dick Griffiths - also Shenton who knows how, and Duke Miller who handles a cue like a veteran, and likes nothing better than to prove his point. It's a pleasure to watch these artists work with a billiard cue. And then there's Stockdale who beat the races for seven "bucks" in two days and promptly lost ten on galloping dominoes; still quite happy though because he beat the races.



Pilot's Lounge

Fearless Frank Hawkrige is biting his fingernails down to the elbows these days, trying to keep up with the changes in the flying schedule, so if the pilots get a little agitated when they see it, they should come up to the Operations office some day and watch Frank get agitated. An adding machine would be required to count the times the schedule passes from Frank's to Eddie Bond's desk.

Sorry to say goodbye to some of the older Officers on the Station; F/L Wismer and F/O's Carty and Crook, who finally received their Overseas postings. Congratulations to Ted Price, who managed to get his Commercial License after the terrific ordeal of a cross-country flight. It would seem that the Department could waive this part of the procedure in the case of A.O.S. pilots. Said "hello" to Sgt. Don Summerville, who showed up the other day looking quite fit and happy in the Airforce uniform. Well, like all other humans, your scribe has to eat every now and then - so, so-long till next issue.

Flight Commander "Dusty" Miller.



Hello everyone! Well! news this month is about as scarce as a \$100. bill, but flash anyway, here goes.

Promotions: Many of our WAGS are now walking around "lop sided." Congratulations are however in order to F/Sgt. E. H. Smith who has been recently promoted to W.O. 2 while Sgt.'s Stewart, Dowling, Hutchison, Haynes and Easton have all been made F/Sgt.'s.

Rumble Money: Quite a lot of our members must have forgotten all their good intentions to keep clear of trouble this month because our rumble fund is quite substantial. In case it hasn't been mentioned before we'll give you an idea how this money is collected. The gravest offence is missing a flight. This usually costs the unlucky person a 48 hr. leave, also a dollar. Failure to shave (and getting caught) also reduces the value of ones pocket book while putting feet on the seats, being late for briefing or classes also helps. Gosh, in these days every penny helps so you can see how careful we have to be. The disposal of this money is delegated to the WAGS who are thought to be the most efficient in their work for the month. Those who received it, this month were: Sgt.'s Sister, Britten, Smart, Stead, McGill, Case and Brien. (Just between ourselves we point out that all of the above, with two exceptions are Newzies and Aussies.) We could say more but don't want to show up the other country involved. Guess which one? !!



F/O Bennett, F/L Badgley, W/C Opie
and F/L Ross

POSTINGS: Numerous postings, both inward and outward, have occurred recently too many to mention individually. However there are three which we can give you, all being inward postings.

They are: P/O Morrison and W.O. 1's Hirst and Morehen. These men have all completed their tour of operations overseas and will be a big asset to the WAG Section by passing on suggestions to those who from time to time are posted overseas for operational duties. P/O Morrison has completed 39 trips over enemy territory in Wellington Bombers, W.O. 1 Morehen 27 on Stirrings, and W.O. 1 Hirst 45 on Lancasters. W.O. 1 Hirst was attached to a pathfinder Squadron.

Well! there is our news for this month. We'll be seeing you again next time.



F/O G. L. Bennett (left)
on C.O.'s Parade

FAREWELL TO F/O G. L. BENNETT

Some of the old standbys at No. 1 A. O. S. Malton are wondering what things are coming to, judging by the number of postings that have taken place on the Administrative and Headquarters Staffs in the last few months. It is now our regret to say farewell to Flying Officer Gordon L. Bennett, our Adjutant. "Gord." (as he is known to his friends) is going overseas and will be just about on his way from "Y" Depot by the time this issue reaches you.

To delve into Gord.'s private life a little, we find that he attended several Public schools in Ontario--eleven to be exact. However, he settled down at Runnymede Collegiate where he gained his entrance to University of Toronto in honour Science. Hard times hit a lot of us in the early thirties and he dropped the university work in favour of earning a little money to carry on with. For a year and a half, he worked for the Swift Canadian Company in the Sales Department. He then went to Toronto Normal School 1934-35 where your Editor-in-Chief met him. Upon graduating as a teacher, Gord. went into the world to impart knowledge to the young.

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OFFICE ODDITIES

From all reports, our civilian Editor had a "Bang-up" time on his holidays, at least, that's the TALE we have. It makes "horse-sense" to us.

We understand Cy. Buttrum is a whizz at caring for other people's poultry, but when it comes feeding time for his own little "Walfie", he hasn't got what it takes.

Mr. Roberts, our Accountant, is on Vacation so what can we say? The place sure is as quiet as the tomb these days. No books thrown on the floor, no doors slamming and how we miss those gospel songs!

Also holidaying is our Human Question Box - you know, who. There'll no doubt be something interesting for our next issue as a result of this.

Believe it or not! We were electrified the other day when our usually sedate Mr. Elmer Smith gave out with some stories a la Buttrum. Ask him to tell you the one about Pearline.

Ernie Colton's pet grouse -- "D__n those Pt. Dalhousie boats". We understand he missed a night's sleep on their account recently and we do mean MISSED. He didn't even get to bed.

Many favorable comments were heard on Field Day as to the splendid show put on by the Shorts Parade. We understand one of the girls in the office was selected as 1st Prize winner--Guess who!

What member of the office staff is so air-minded these days that she seldom, if ever, gets down to earth?



"CY" BUTTRUM

TRAINING WING ORDERLY ROOM "GEN"

Once again there has been a change in the Boss's office of the Training Wing Orderly Room. Since the last issue of our famed "Star Shooter" F.O. Wolfe was in the Training Wing Adjutant's seat and out twice. His successors were F.O. Bulger and F.O. Seddon respectively. Both of these officers remained for only a couple of weeks. F. O. Bulger has gone to the University of Montreal and F. O. Seddon to the Recruiting Centre in Toronto. They were hardly here long enough to become acquainted. Our present T.W.A.'s are P. O. Wooldridge, an old acquaintance at this station and F.O. Patton, from No. 1 I.T.S. A hearty welcome is extended to both and none on the station wishes it more than F.O. Wolfe. We all hope their stay will be a little longer than the former two officers.

We also have a new senior N.C.O. lashing the whip down here now by the name of F/S Jack Meaden. Even though he came from the Headquarters Orderly Room, he is not a bad fellow and we think we will be able to get along O.K. Our friend, "Log Book" Collahan is now a Postal Clerk and so he will be switching over to the Post Office next week to do his loafing from now on. (No offence Slim.)

Our friend, Gibby, the D.S.T.L. pilot who has been working in the T.W.O.R. for some time is getting such a reputation of being a whiz on the typewriter that it is rumoured that when he starts flying again, he will have a special desk installed in his little Anson and will bang off C.I.'s memos in his spare time.

That just about sums up all the changes in the T.W.O.R. for now so, until next month, so long.

L.A.C. Ralph Fraser.



F/O G.L. Bennett and P/L A.A. Foster

Master of the House: "Why did you tell your mistress what time I came home last night after I had told you to be quiet about it?"
Maid: "I didn't, sir. She asked me what time it was, and I told her I was too busy getting breakfast to notice."

OVERHEARD

"Oh, I couldn't get any astro shots because I wasn't too certain where we were".



Congratulations for a swell job on the first edition of THE STAR SHOOTER. Sketches were very life-like. Meet the 1944 Tug of War Champs - the Works & Buildings Eight. We were a little afraid that Cliff and Wally would explode with the pressure. Keating got his nose down with a real hook on it. Bob, Hank and George pulled as though they were hooked up to the G.I.S. Building and Pete's hair stood up like a Dutch crocus. Alf on the front end just dug in like a beaver and dammed them. Swell job, boys. We take 'em all, the big and the small. Is the Fire Chief's face red; he was willing to bet a hundred bucks we couldn't win - who's hundred bucks we do not know. Special mention for coaching goes to John Rae and Gerry L'Aventure. They had as much pep as us younger fellows. Dave was there with the come-back stuff. He has conditioned champions before - formula, hard work, clean living, rah! rah!

Some of the boys are away dragging for big ones. Tom Barker will be back with the fish in two weeks, so come around. Hank was up around Haliburton, but not fishing for big ones - just a millionaire lounge around. Well, this is works from "WORKS".

GREETINGS FROM S/L M. F. BADGLEY

It was indeed a pleasure to peruse last month our first edition of the new station publication "The Star Shooter". The magazine is a credit to the Editors and their staff and is indicative of the enterprising spirit which permeates all activities of No. 1 A. O. S., Malton. Through the medium of this magazine, personnel engaged on widely diversified duties, may learn what all are doing as a station. The value of your interest in terms of written contributions cannot be over emphasized. If you will bear that in mind, it is my belief this magazine presages a bright and useful future.

M. F. Badgley, S/L.

BLESSED EVENTS

MARSHALL - F/O and Mrs. David Marshall (nee Doreen I. Milne) of 313 Lonsdale Road, Forest Hill Village, are happy to announce the birth of a son, Christopher Milne, 8 pounds, 9 ounces, at Womens' College Hospital on Monday, July 24th. Mother and son are both doing splendidly.

BENNETT - F/O and Mrs. Gordon Bennett (nee Gertrude Henderson) of 40 Gilmore Avenue, announce the arrival of a baby daughter, Marjory Edna, 5 pounds, 8 ounces, at the Western Hospital. Both are progressing nicely. Donald and Allen now have a little sister to watch over.

FACTS ABOUT POLAND

The Struggle for Freedom

"The struggle of Poland marked the beginning of the struggle for the freedom of humanity. The participation in it is the sacred duty of every single Pole wherever he lives".....

General W. Sikorski.

The Poles, as the rest of the Slavs, were known as peaceful peoples from time immemorial; their warfare was limited to self-defense against inroads of warlike germanic tribes. The Poles, under the leadership of their kings, succeeded in inflicting hard blows upon Germans, such as the battle of "The Dog's Field" near Breslau, the battle of Plowce, Grunwald and others. That peaceful trait of the Poles is supported by the fact, that the word "war" was known in Poland as "potrzeba" (necessity). The Polish fertile lands were a constant temptation to various neighbours for invasion. Defending themselves, Poles became good warriors and distinguished themselves on many battlefields, such as at the battle of Vienna in 1683. The Poles defending their soil, as well as Western Nations, against the Tatars and Turks, justly acquired in history the title of "Bastion of Christianity. They took part in practically every war for freedom: in Austria in 1683, during the Revolutionary War in America, the French Revolution, Wars for the unification of Italy in the 19th century, in Hungary in 1848, for democracy in Vienna, Berlin, and Brussels in 1848. It is worth while to remember that they were always eager to sacrifice their lives for freedom of others, at the time when their own freedom had been destroyed by the partitioning powers. Still more significant is the fact that the Poles, fighting several times against Russia for their own independence, had written on their Banners "For our Freedom and Yours." During World War I, they fought again under the leadership of the late Marshal Joseph Pilsudski. Many other Generals have distinguished themselves such as Joseph Haller, and Wladyslaw Sikorski.

Sgt. W. Dinger.
Polish Liason N.C.O.



FIRE CHIEF J. LOGIE, DEPY CHIEF E. BROWN
F. BOWERING, M.T. RESCUE DAVE FETTES
FROM RAGING TORRENT AND FLOOD
NEAR #3 HANGAR.

EB



HIGH LIGHTS OF THE FIELD DAY AS SEEN
THROUGH THE CAMERAS

'Dough' DISPERSAL

RCAF Accounts Section

Despite the efforts of D.A.P.S. to decimate our staff in its entirety, Accounts finally made a herculean effort to hit the headlines in "The Star Shooter."

As a result of postings in the past weeks, many a new face can be seen peering over the door in accounts with an expressive "Oh-so-you-want-a-casual-chum". To which the penniless airman usually stutters, "Well, ah, Sir, you see, ah, I'm on a 48 ah, and pay-day is.....". ("How to Win Friends and Influence People" must be required reading for airmen, for the unfailling "Sir" is bestowed, without a smile, upon all from L.A.C. to F/Lt.) The all-important "Sir" must get us, for nine out of ten usually walk out richer by a five or ten-spot. (To would-be casual seekers - no doubt this method will become obsolete from date of publication--we hope!)

Our new Senior Accountant Officer F/Lt. A. V. Forster came to us direct from that much talked of station, No. 1 "M" Depot. He succeeded F/O L.B. Rosebush, who after seventeen months at Malton, moved on to Brantford to dish out that all-important green-stuff on the 15th and 30th of each month. Our jovial senior N.C.O., Sgt. Art Peterson, has returned to his first love, No. 1 T. T. S. at St. Thomas. Sgt. Duncan Elliot has moved in from T. T. S. to fill Pete's position. The inimitable Corporal Jack House and L.A.C. Bob Proctor are somewhere in England by this time. No doubt General Eisenhower held up proceedings so that he would be able to consult this irrespressible pair. They could



"OR MUST I USE FORCE?"

W/C N. N. Ross and W/C R. P. Opie

probably introduce many a strategic move that gained ground at Sunnyside. Our ex-suit-salesman, part-time accountant and comedian, par excellence, L.A.C. Carl Mendelsohn, has joined the staff of No. 11 P.A.T.S. in Toronto at the request of D.A.P.S. which usually is the result of saying "Hi there" to the C.O. Our typist, L.A.C. Bill Richardson, has deserted accounts for the more "exciting" life of fire-fighter, and has proceeded to Trenton for a course. The old timers still amongst us include F/O Jack Mitchell, who watches over non-public funds with an eagle-eye and with the able assistance of rotund L.A.C. Ken Rodgers, Cpl. Russ. Burch after much varied work on N.P.F., travel claims, etc., has taken over the R.A.F., Polish and R.A.A.F., R.N.Z.A.F. ledgers. Our Headquarters ledger is capably taken care of by the ex-shot put champion of Haldemund County, L.A.C. Stan Hoover. A newcomer to our ranks, L.A.C. Howie Huber of Brampton has fallen heir to the R.C.A.F. Courses with the return of L.A.C. Harry Myring to No. 1 T. C. Corporal "Pres." (for-Preston-my-old-home-town) Herman follows Sgt. Meloche and his cohorts from Clothing Stores around with an audit stamp and manages to keep Accounts and Stores on speaking terms. L.A.C. Pie Cunningham, who represents Accounts on "The Star Shooter" has the impressive sounding title of "Assistant Supervisor" and so confines himself to reading D.R.O.'s and the morning paper. F/O Jack Mitchell, when last seen, was pecking away at a typewriter with two fingers and muttering "My kingdom for a stenographer!" (Editors' note--suggest that Mr. Mitchell join the Typing Classes each Tuesday and Thursday from 1800 hours to 2030 hours.)

L.A.C. "Pie" Cunningham.

Breadner: Lady why don't you shoe your flys?
Mrs. Hagan: Airman, it's so hot today I thought I'd let them go barefoot.

"I sent my little boy for two pounds of peaches and you sent only a pound and a half."
"My scales are right, madam. Have you tried weighing your little boy."



Once again in Maintenance one of Cupid's arrows has found its mark. Congratulations to Betty Fry on her recent marriage to Sgt. V.J. (Bud) Jay, of Canadian Dental Corps. Maintenance gang presented Betty with a pair each of Kenwood Blankets, Flannelette Sheets, Cotton Sheets, Bath Towels and Face Cloths, all in matching borders of rose color. The blushing bride expressed her thanks and appreciation. Last Tuesday noon hour, Vivienne Dodds gave a kitchen shower in Betty's honor in the Rest Room, which was decorated in pink and white streamers, and the tables were attractively arranged with good food and spring flowers. The bride received many useful gifts, including a rolling pin - "Poor Bud".

Mary Aziz has picked up a new vocabulary since she came to Maintenance Hangar Stores. We had a pleasant and unexpected visit from our old friend and former fellow-worker "Blondie" Ray Koskinen. Blondie has been convalescing since April, but seems to be quite fit again. A certain newlywed has developed a very bad cold. How about using that wedding present from Maintenance, or what's the matter with Bill Sorry to learn of the death of Joe Johnson's brother who was killed in action in Italy. We extend our sincere sympathy. Many of the boys from Maintenance have been presented with identification bracelets on leaving for the Services. Jim Van Wart comes in to work all dressed up these days. We wonder who the new bundle of love is. Ossie Woods of the Woodshop will appreciate any information on cat raising. The Girls' Rifle Club got away with a bang last week. Some of the Pistol Packin' Mamas had a few accidental bulls-eyes.

We extend our best wishes to two popular fellow-workers, (Miss) Bernie Gosselin and Bill Hunter on their recent matrimonial plunge. May they have many happy days ahead. The Hangar gang presented them with a pair each of Kenwood Blankets, Flannelette Sheets, Cotton Sheets, Bath Towels and Face Cloths in matching borders of blue.

Barney Bolton and his muscular twin offsprings are about to take over a temporary position as Engine Foreman. "UH", we got the stuff, "UH"!!! A familiar sight in Maintenance Hangar for some time now is that of (Mrs.) Audrey Davis, reclining gracefully on her creeper (more or less), surrounded by an array of grease guns, oil cans and pots of grease. Despite being the butt of many practical jokes, Audrey has done fine work on one of the more unglamorous jobs at Dominion Skyways. We submit herewith a sketch of a proposed new creeper for Audrey's use, designed by one of our boys. It might have great possibilities in industry if brought to the attention of some of our great efficiency experts.

Bob Firby, our Aircraft Foreman, is a shy and retiring gentleman with a distinguished silver streak in his graying hair, and a winning smile. Before coming to No. 1 A.O.S. in September 1941, he had many years of valuable experience in the automotive industry. Since then he has been promoted from aircraft engineer to foreman.- So, here's one to Bob!

Each day, along the way,
You'll see "McFirby", and he'll say,
A little more dope; a little more soap;
Come on Mac, let's pump that jack!
You understand, he is keeping in view
That glorious record of our aircraft crew.

It would be a good idea for the Maintenance Office to start a Travel Bureau, with Ruby Dawe taking a holiday in Florida and several other trips being planned.

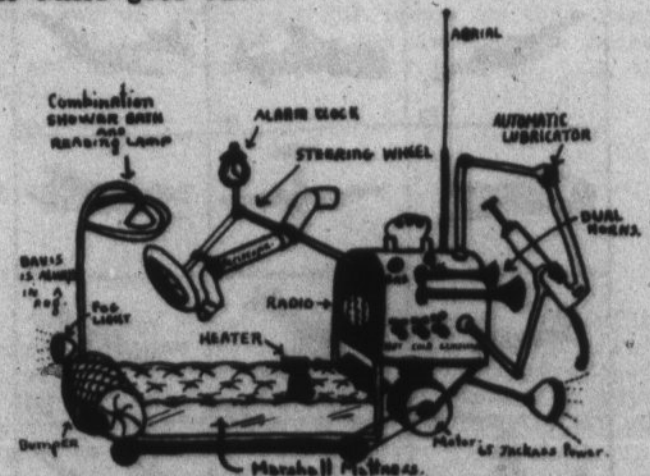
S/L M. F. Badgley (Concluded)

Squadron Leader Badgley has two children, a boy and a girl. Elizabeth Jane, 17.5 years, is the older and has just graduated from the Barrie Collegiate Institute's commercial course and will take her place in business as soon as National Selective Service finds a place for her. Jack Fraser, 16, is a Petty Officer in the Sea Cadets. Mrs. Badgley was born in Montreal also and now resides in Barrie with the children. She is very interested in vocal music and figure skating. Her main side interest at present is the organization of the Barrie Skating Club of which she is the President.

S/L Badgley is a great asset to this station and we look forward to assisting him in every way possible in his efforts to make this Station a "stand-out" one all across Canada.

First Man: "You say your wife is always having trouble with either you or the furnace. How come?"

Second Man: "Every time she watches one of us the other goes out."



SLEEPER CREEPER.

DESIGNED FOR A. DAVIS BY WALDO BURP OF AJAX CREEPER CO.
You Can Sleep on the Job.

AIRCRAFT IN THE NEWS

Well! What are we going to see next. How many would believe their eyes when they saw the Sterling come in. Then to see the four engine Mitchell with Halifax fuselage and wings,--well! that topped everything.

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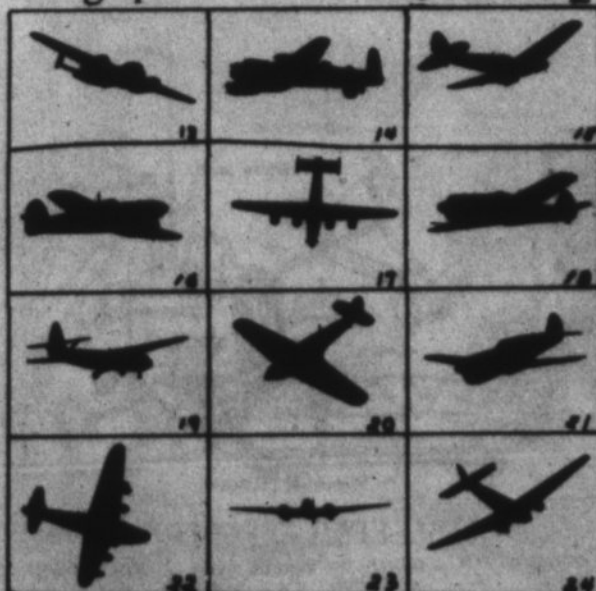
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F/Sgt. R.T. Smith, Sgt. Lomax, A.H.

Sillographs

Recognition Test No. 2



See Editorial for announcement of competition for above Sillographs.

SYNTHETIC DEAD RECKONING TRAINER

Personnel:

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Course Comments

STRICTLY 101A NAVIGATORS

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To introduce ourselves; if my memory does not fail me, we are 27 in all--composed of some 18 Polish, 6 R.A.F. and 3 R.C.A.F. types. As our instructor from "down-under" has put it, "quite a gathering of the Allied Nations."

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Yours etc.,

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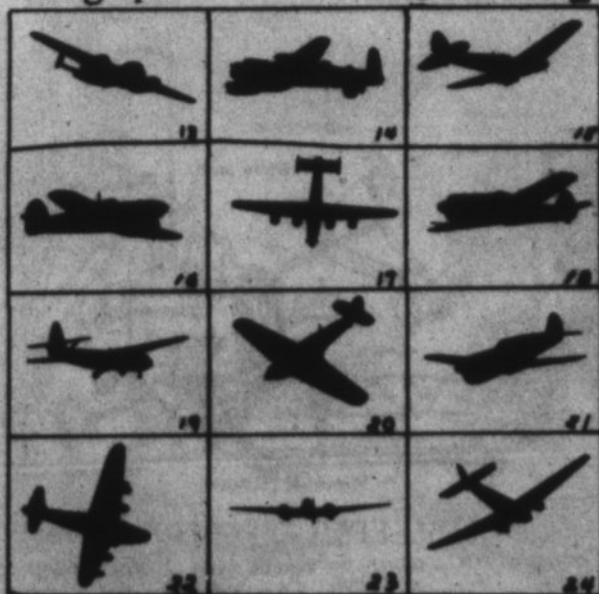
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103B Navigators (Cont'd)

Stepping outside the hangar and heading for our crate, I filled my lungs with the crisp morning air and took a gander at the sky. In another few weeks, thought I, those odd looking clouds will mean something to me and --- Crash!! I picked myself off the tarmac, muttering oaths at the unknown who had parked that contraption right under my feet. Just how that loose end of my harness had managed to loop and "konk" me on the head, I couldn't quite figure out. However, except for a slight ringing sensation, my head was perfectly clear now. I could remember every word the Met. man had said, right from the moment he took over the mike down there at the far end of the briefing room ----.

"There's quite an extensive "high" moving in this direction, that last night covered roughly the area between Pittsburg, Peoria and Oshkosh. At the rate it was moving it's due here sometime soon, or perhaps it will dissipate before it reaches us. In that case, that "trough" of low up here may develop and swing around this way, in which event we're likely to have some weather. This will probably be accompanied by all the conditions usually associated with such a state. Some indications, however, point to the development of a warm front along this line, and this might mean a rapid deterioration. Added to this is the considerable formation of cloud due to the rapid cooling that has taken place on the surface during the night. "Then again, over here in this area this cold front that yesterday extended from the Gulf of Mexico to the Tropic of Capricorn can be expected to conclude that warm front that it is rapidly overtaking. At least, on the basis of past experience that's our conclusion. Accompanying this warm type cold front we'll likely find a deck of cumulostratus clouds at 2,000 yds. lowering to nimbulobimbus near the surface. However, there's a definite possibility that all this will blow over, in which case there will be no weather at all.

"Now, as to the winds -----"

At the time we received the R.T.B., I was just logging the one weather observation I made--"Dense Fog, THROUGHOUT FLIGHT UP TO NOW."

Aw, sit down!
You forget; that
I, once, found
Vennachar.



The lads from 104B Nav.'s are really getting "hep" to this pin-pointing business. On their first navigation flip they were to use Vennachar as a turning point, but what with airsickness, confusion with the hundreds of lakes and the lack of railroads, it's not surprising that most of them missed. However, some of them succeeded in finding the place and from here on in, they shouldn't have much trouble, providing they don't fall out of the aircraft looking for turning points.

L.A.C. E. D. McHugh.

What "Ottawa Kid" from 104B Nav.'s wanted to know whether you applied variation or deviation to get G.M.T. Maybe all the pretty dials on his issue timepiece had him confused for awhile. Now, however, he goes around giving time checks to anyone and everyone who is within hearing distance.

L.A.C. E. D. McHugh.

Could you tell me the right time?
I don't think I'll ever get to Greenwich



Fly War Bulletin (Concluded)

to us. Our leaders will be men and women of the highest ability and courage. Funds for the project will be available from the coffers of Dominion Skyways Ltd. as well as from the station benefit fund.

Therefore, let us stand steadfast, recruiting offices will be opened at an early date and we shall select our leaders in this fight. It may be long and the progress slow, but we are assured that in the end our efforts will be rewarded, and that we shall drive this unclean, this unhealthy, this irritating, this Nazi-like insect from our land.

W. A. McLeod,
General Manager,
D.S.(T).L.

W/C M. M. Foss,
Chief Supervisory Officer,
No. 1 A. O. S., Malton.

Definition of a meteorologist: A man who can look into a girl's eyes and tell whether.
(Bennett Cerf)

FIRE Department



We take pleasure in welcoming Fred Gordon to the staff, as a driver on the Pumper. Fred was formerly with the Skyways Guards, where he made many friends, and we hope he will like his new surroundings. Johnny Jefferson is to be commended for the fine job he did on the Fire Truck last week with Deputy Chief Earl Brown. A new development of our Department is the taking over of the Crash Truck drivers, Hugh Bethune and James Mathie, who henceforth will be regular members of the Fire Department. This will eliminate the eight hour shifts and will bring about the four hour shift, with all Firemen, who will be thoroughly schooled on Fire and Crash detail, taking part.

Driver Fred Winson is quite an automobile salesman and is also an expert at second-hand articles. No matter what your needs may be, Fred can help you out. Henry Hale is taking his test this week for driving the Pumper. He will be a driver on Dep'y Chief Earl Brown's shift. Fireman Cecil Jones is away on vacation. We hope that wherever he is spending his holidays, the weather is nicer than it is here.

Joe Murphy has sure got the front of the Fire-Hall looking nice. Good work, Joe. Bob Gigeroff is wearing his summer shorts at last, and needless to say, the Guards are quite jealous. Chief Logie has almost lost his voice, but I think it's from voicing his disapproval of some of the little French girls who seem to like the look of the big red Fire Truck. The Chief has a new assignment to look after now, and Deputy Chiefs Gambell and Brown and the boys of both shifts are to be seen on the aircraft starting line at each flight, checking up on the boys who start aircraft without fire extinguishers. Beware, you Pilots and have your extinguishers with you.

At the Pyrotechnic display held last Wednesday afternoon opposite No. 3 Hangar, an excellent exhibition of shooting the various types of Rockets and Flares was given. It was the first time we ever saw tears in the eyes of Airmen after the flight was washed out, although there is strong possibility that tear gas may have played a major part in the wholesale weeping. Ask Sgt. Rudy Loescher what happened to the Rudy Very Pistol Flare; that was a good show, Rudy. Mr. McLeod, the General Manager, fired the opening shot, and the show was interesting and instructive, being roundly applauded by the large audience present. Deputy Chief Earl Brown fired the last rocket.

"THE FIRE HALL
SNACK BAR."



HOSPITAL HOT SHOTS

THE SICK PARADE

Do you suffer from fallen arches, dyspepsia, ingrown toe nails, warts, diarrhoea, insomnia or catarrh? Then, you must pay us a little visit on sick parade and we'll talk things over, and see if we can't overhaul the machinery.

First you report to the station orderly room and merely fill out a form, giving your regimental number, course number, name, initials, trade, marital status, age, religion, colour of eyes, nearest of Kin, hobbies, political affiliations, and at least two reliable character witnesses.

This may sound very silly, yet strangely familiar. It must be that same form, you spent 2 whole days filling out at the recruiting centre some years back. Imagine what fine progress has been made since! With the orderly room staff, these forms can now be completed in a mere half hour.

The station ambulance then whisks you up the winding road to the hospital. It is true the hospital is quite some distance from the main camp, but it is a gross exaggeration when some say, "You'd better take a sandwich or two along. It's quite a trip, you know." It is absolutely not necessary to take food along. There is a cafeteria next door to the hospital.

After waiting patiently for your turn, you are ushered in before the M. O. Temperature and pulse readings are taken, of course, and in the meantime you look about the room, eyeing that foot long needle and syringe on yonder table, wondering whether you'll soon be the recipient of cold steel. Bayonet practice is evidently known in the Air Force as well as in the army.

Following the M.O.'s interrogation, you're next step is the dispensary. Your white chit with its mysterious hyroglyphics brings gloating response from your pharmacist. A box of white pills is thrust at you. It is not true that everyone gets aspirin. Your pharmacist distinctly recalls an L.A.C. who did not get any last week. A box of brown pills, one to be taken every three hours, is next, followed by a box of gray pills, one every four hours. "Whoa, just a minute, fellow, here's a bag of powder, a teaspoonful to be taken every hour, and some cough mixture used four times a day." The scarcity of alarm clocks will be keenly felt and appreciated now.

Seriously speaking, the staff at the hospital aren't ogres or villains at all. They're a bunch of grand fellows, so, if you're not up to par and require medical attention, get on sick parade and you'll receive every consideration and attention from the staff.

Sgt. M. Brown



Well fellows, we know that some of you have been patiently waiting to send home to the little wife, or who have you, that wee bit of odd change in the form of a postal note or money order. Almost any day now, at the new Military Post Office, you may do just that - so we are told. The set-up, too, is going to consist of purely Airforce personnel, as the R.C.A.F. is taking over all Military Post Offices. We already have two lads posted in. They are L.A.C. George Rispin, formerly of No. 5 I.T.S., and L.A.C. N. Colahan, a re-muster from this station. We extend a hearty welcome to these newcomers, and by the time our next issue rolls off the press, we hope to have our new set-up in operation.

L.A.C. Art Burnie

CANTEEN CHATTER

Three weeks ago Dorothy Milner, Fred Carter and Stan Johnston were in a taxi accident on Bloor Street. Stan suffered a badly fractured leg and is in St. Joseph's Hospital. Dorothy and Fred suffered minor injuries and resumed their duties a few days later.

Dorothy Milner was the recipient of a beautiful set of glassware on Friday, June 16th, when she severed her connections with Dominion Skyways. Incidentally there will be several sorrowing swains (these are gentlemen of sundry nationalities). We wonder who will succeed in escorting her to the altar - for after all, that's what counts.

We have a vacancy for a canteen salesman - anyone knowing a person suitable, please phone the Canteen Manager.

'Twas too bad that we had to get John Rae out of bed the other Sunday morning at 5:50 A.M. anent a busted water line - What a man??? Lord knows what we'd do without him.

SNACK BAR NOTE: The keen competition between Glennie and Sue still prevails - each trying to outdo the other in sales. Keep it up, girls, for competition, after all, is the spice of life.

RATS: We now have the "Pied Piper" on the Canteen staff - anyone needing his services for rodent control, see Eddie. Well, anyway, he knows his stuff - charges moderate.

It's not what you say, but how you say it that makes all the difference in human relationships.

GIRLS RESIDENCE (SLEEPY HOLLOW TO YOU)

The gals in Sleepy Hollow had a gay party in their lounge on Friday evening, June 9th, beginning with Spaghetti cooked by Nancy - and Frankie. As one of the girls so aptly described it, it was "blissful". The Lounge was festively decorated with flowers, with the fire on the hearth casting a cosy glow. While eating our delicious dessert of fruit salad and cake, we had a visitor, Madam LeBlow by name, who definitely brought the tone of the party up to a high pitch of hilarity. It is certainly one party that none of us will forget for a long time, and when we are fat and forty, we'll be saying "remember...?"

A few weeks ago, Marjorie McPherson, our blonde and popular Motor Transport driver, left us to be married and a host of her friends gathered in the General Office to present her with a send-off gift. We are all sorry to see Marjorie go - she was always so obliging and did many little favors for us. We wish her health and happiness in her new life, and hope she'll come back and pay us a visit sometime.

On Friday, June 16th, we said a regretful goodbye to Dorothy Milner, who for the past year has laboured diligently in the Canteens at the North and South Schools. Her friends from the Canteen and various other departments presented her with a tray, glasses and ice pitcher, which they insisted were not a wedding present. We're not sure though; Dorothy has had a peculiar look in her eye for some time now - but we wish her all kinds of luck in her new sphere of life, whatever it may be.

May we introduce to you here Mrs. Grace Weller, who is taking Lou Hervey's place as stenographer to Mr. Stephens. Grace has joined the Sleepy Hollowites for the time being and is fitting in very happily. We extend her a warm welcome and hope she will enjoy working with us.



IT REALLY HAPPENED!

The navigator had just finished getting a sun shot from the second pilot's seat, the sun being dead ahead.

"Hang on a moment," says the Pilot, "I'll turn through 90 degrees, and then you can get a fix."

---from Coastal Command Navigation Review



The invasion of western Europe has focused world attention on many aspects of military science and not least on its valuable adjunct—meteorology. The weather over the channel on June 6 was of surpassing interest and while details are not yet at hand, this much can be said, meteorological science came through with flying colors.

A large measure of success is due to developments still on the secret list brought about since the war, including no doubt the application of radio principles a la radar, rocket-soundings etc. All of these newer methods will prove of great help to forecasters in peacetime.

But the question worrying some people is: will Met. retain its former importance to aviation in view of the extremely rapid advances in aeronautical science? These people believe that high-flying, fast-flying aircraft will be able to fly above the weather, i.e., in the stratosphere, and, moreover, by use of devices such as radar and terrain altimeters, be enabled to land under almost any weather conditions.

In our view, however, Met. will still retain its importance and will even increase it. This will be true because forecasts will become more exact in detail and more accurate longer-range forecasts will become possible. Moreover, forecasts will become more localized, that is, for particular small areas, exact time and amounts of cloud, weather, etc., occurrence will be stated proving of greater use to farmers, fishermen, industrialists, sailors, flyers, and the common run of pleasure-seeking, sport-playing citizens.

In regard to aviation in the past, Met. served mainly to forewarn of bad weather. In the future, the emphasis will lie on correctly making use of bad and good weather with the minimum expenditure of fuel and effort and time. Definitely, we foresee an increasingly important and responsible role for Met.

P. Saltzman.

Personal Notes: We regret exceedingly to announce the departure for Carberry, Man., of our esteemed colleague, Mr. E. V. D. Dexter, but welcome in an exchange posting Mr. N. S. Dean. Mr. P. P. Saltzman, has been transferred from the forecasting section of the staff to the lecturing end (dead end) and his departure will no doubt be regretted by all who tangled with his engaging personality.

Doug Dickie of Liverpool, Eng., and Al. Dolson of Galt, Ont., two new future aircrew lads, are working at both Met. Offices and making things hum. Their interest in Met. is testified to by the frequent queries addressed to the

officers by the boys and a lot of reading is going on. Getting up the latest weather gen. is going to put them one up on their future classmates. (they hope)

GROUND PERSONNEL

A considerable number of our "Sons of the Soil," who made such a good showing on our crews have returned to their former occupation. We surely hope for their return next fall.

Vic. Gregg of crew No. 2 has joined the Royal Artillery. We wish you the best of luck Vic. On to Berlin.

Our deepest sympathy goes out to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lucibello who suffered the loss of their only daughter.

We are wondering what that girl's name is in the parachute section who tried to coax spring along a few weeks ago. Better luck next time Pat. Eh! Yes it must be coming. One of our residents of Leaside, Mr. "Alby" Abdale is very busy with his Victory garden these days.

Our gas truck driver Mr. Hughes is also very energetic these days. He has rented a fifty acre farm with a large orchard. Now, we know why we are going to win this war. The other day your writer saw a jack-rabbit taking off in front of an Anson. What a race!

Farewell to F/O G. L. Bennett (Concluded)

The field of school teaching was overcrowded as was many another and after a year of pinch-hitting for other teachers, he went back with the Swift Company until April, 1941 when he joined the R.C.A.F. This was on the 19th of April 1941 and his trade was to be R.D.F. Mechanic. Some of us seem to be colour blind and Gord. was one of these who lacked the colour sense. Upon washing out, he remustered to Cook at Manning Depot 19th May 1941 and proceeded to No. 4 Wireless School, Guelph. He completed the chef's course and hospital cookery to advance to No. 31 B. & G. School Picton on the 11th August 1941. He remained there for 15 months and rose from the rank of A.C. 2 to Sergeant. Gord. has high praise for this station. He saw it develop in very much the same fashion as No. 1 A. O. S. and one becomes attached to them if one stays with them long enough. He was Commissioned in Administration 27th of Nov. 1942 and went to Lachine to pound the parade square for two weeks, after which he came to No. 1 A. O. S. December 15th 1942.

He looks forward to his future experiences but expresses concern for his family who will also make the farewell. Gord. married the former Gertrude Henderson of Brampton. University education has some value, as he met his wife while trying to absorb some knowledge. Mrs. Bennett has some achievement behind her too. She completed her university education and also her High School Teachers Certificate as a teacher in Moderns. Gord. has been living in Toronto and we all wish him the very best of luck. Those who know him well know that he will give a good account of himself while over yonder. At the same time we welcome his successor F/Lt. A. A. Foster who comes to this station from No. 1 I. T. S. We look forward with pleasure to working with him.



A few things to remember when making your choice of a post war job: First: Don't use the "Hen-Yard Theory." That is the instance where one hen finds a juicy worm and all the others chase the fortunate one instead of searching for themselves. The result is that much energy and time is lost and little is gained by any. Second: Don't use the "Crab-Bucket Theory." That is the case where each crab is attempting to reach the top of the bucket, and is stepping all over his fellows in order to accomplish the feat. We have learned a great deal about co-operation in wartime--let us remember some of those things when we settle back to peace time employment. Thirdly: Don't use the "Lily-pad Theory." That is the instance where the bullfrog sits on the lily-pad and waits for the flies to come to him. We know service personnel who pull the bullfrog act. Let all of us remember that if a good rehabilitation job is to be accomplished, it will require not only the backing of the government but the backing of each and every citizen--that means you and me. Indifference towards government and government affairs leads to the election of Hitlers--Mussolinis and Tojos.

E. R. Boyd, F/O

POST WAR PLANNING INFORMATION-- RECENT CHANGES IN HOUSING LEGISLATION

On May 11, 1944, the Minister of Finance announced two changes effective immediately in federal housing provisions, and two further provisions, one of which had already been put into effect in one city, which are to be incorporated in the new housing legislation to be introduced this year. First, the maximum rate of interest which may be charged to borrowers under Part I of the National Housing Act has now been reduced from 5 per cent to 4½ per cent. The second change effective on May 11, 1944, is an increase in the maximum loan under Part I of the National Housing Act. Loans may now be made for houses costing up to \$5,000, the maximum loan being 80 per cent of the cost of houses costing between \$4,000 and \$5,000. This is an addition to the previously existing provisions for 90 per cent loans on houses costing up to \$3,200 and for loans of 90 per cent to 80 per cent for houses costing between \$3,200 and \$4,000.

In the new legislation proposed for this year, provision will be made to increase the maximum period for which loans may be made from 20 years to 25 or 30 years, but loans will be made for this longer period only in communities which have adopted adequate zoning ordinances and where there are adequate community or regional plans governing the future development of these areas. The Minister pointed out, that if municipal authorities or their citizens were to receive the benefit of such long-term loans they should promptly take the steps necessary to provide for adequate community planning and for zoning ordinances which would protect home owners from serious depreciation in property values. He said also that officials of the National Housing Administration

will be prepared to assist municipalities in their planning to the extent of explaining to municipal officials and the general public the principles of community planning, but that provincial governments are or should be in a better position to encourage and assist their municipalities in connection with specific planning projects.

Another type of federal assistance to encourage housing was recently made available and provision is to be made for it in the new Housing Act. In cities where there is an acute shortage of low-rent housing, the Dominion will make 90 per cent first mortgage loans, carrying an interest rate of 3 per cent, on low-rental housing projects where certain conditions are fulfilled. The intention is to encourage groups of public-spirited citizens in communities where there is an acute shortage of low-rental housing to raise at least 10 per cent of the funds required by organizing a limited dividend housing corporation, to study objectively the housing conditions of the particular community and develop suitable plans and specifications for projects designed to meet the ascertained need, to supervise the construction of the project in order to assure sound construction at the most economical cost, and to provide continuing and efficient management for the project throughout its life. An arrangement of this sort has recently been made to provide low-rental housing in Montreal. A group of Montreal business men is providing \$300,000 and the Dominion has agreed to advance up to nine times the amount advanced by the shareholders in the form of a mortgage loan at 3 per cent interest. The money is to be repaid out of rentals in annual amounts of capital and interest over a period of approximately 40 years. The Montreal project envisages the construction and operation of about 900 low-rental dwellings. After the Dominion's loan and the shareholders' equity capital have been retired, title to the property will rest either in the Dominion or in the municipality if the latter gives suitable assistance to make a low level of rents possible. The Dominion is ready to co-operate on a similar basis in any community where there is a real shortage of low-rental housing.

Radio Flashes (Concluded)

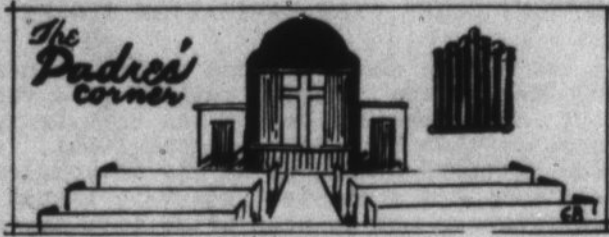
standing silently in the night, caught briefly in the beacon's glare, is like coming across some great bird crouched in the darkness, waiting to pounce on its unwary prey.

Ah well ... Hic ... they say that in the spring "a young man's fancy turns to thoughts of love and fishing", but mine always turns to writing drivel like this. As a consequence, I have had many dire threats, but the gypsy in me will have it's way. So leaving you with these few thoughts that you may use in your coming nightmares, I remain,

ANONYMOUS.

EDITORS' NOTE: We have heard The Star Shooter called many things during the past few weeks, but this is the first time we have heard it called a nightmare.

Gone lately to her last reward is Elinor Glyn, famed authoress and discoverer of "it" which later became S.A., then oomph, and finally a low whistle.



From 1645 to 1500 hours on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of every week there is a group of airmen meet in Padre Nugent's office for Bible reading. You are invited to attend. There is no better weapon than the Bible for use against temptation and debasing influences. Read it more, and you will be defeated less. If you are unable to be one of this group, you may either read the Bible regularly or as it has been found in service life, it is more practicable to mark the great passages which have brought strength to millions of people and read one of these each morning and night. Take a passage like the following one for instance and read it often. Soon the words will be engraved on your memory and in time of need they will come into your mind with a flash. "There is nothing covered that shall not be revealed; neither hid that shall not be known. Therefore, whatsoever ye have spoken in darkness shall be heard in the light; and that which ye have spoken in the ear in closets shall be proclaimed upon the housetops. And I say unto you, my friends, be not afraid of them that kill the body, and after that have no more than they can do. But I will forwarn you whom ye shall fear: Fear Him which after He hath killed hath power to cast into Hell; yea, I say unto you, Fear Him. Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings and not one of them is forgotten before God? But even the hairs of your head are all numbered. Fear not, therefore; ye are of more value than many sparrows." (St. Luke 12:2:7)

It is best to find your own strengthening passages but you can get a list that many Christians have found to be helpful from your Chaplain. You may receive a pocket New Testament from him too.

It might be well to remind you also that we must not leave religion behind when we join the services. In the words of a friend, I would like to say this: "Your Chaplain is your Minister now. Do not think of him as an officer; his rank is only for necessary Service purposes. He is your minister. Confide in him. He wants to be of use to you. But he will not intrude into your private concerns. You must give him opportunity. Be frank with him, and, if he cannot always solve your problems, he will share them at least, and that helps."

Until the next time then, "The Lord bless thee and keep thee."

W.O. Nugent (Prot. Chap.)

One St. Louis bus driver diplomatically admonishes his passengers with: "Kindly push each other to the rear, please."

--The Christian Science Monitor

In-the-steps of St. John.

These lines are written as the whole country, and French Canada in particular, is preparing to celebrate a feast. It is that of the great herald of Christ, St. John the Baptist. The thought of him gives rise to a timely consideration -- that there is no one who cannot resemble him in some way.

It is without question that God regularly uses men in order to make Himself known to other men. So much could be said by way of expanding this statement, so many suggestions could be made. It is enough now to say that each of us is in some measure his brother's keeper. We owe it to him to help him when we can to know and love his Creator better.

Every time, therefore, that you in all prudence admonish your neighbour to do good or avoid evil; every time that being unable to admonish him effectively you give him an example of good; whenever you give him the good advice he seeks or direct him to someone competent to advise; whenever you tell your children about God -- on all these occasions you are in a small but important way proclaiming God to man.

Sometimes we worship our heroes. In our best moments we desire to imitate them. This imitation of the great Precursor is fruitful beyond measure for your own good and your brother's. For both of you it is consolingly true that to know and love God leads you to everlasting life: "This is eternal life, that they may know Thee the only true God, and Him Whom Thou hast sent....." God Bless you,

J. E. Moss F/lt.,
R. C. Chaplain.

And now a little poem from a studious armourer:

Some say armament is a very good trade,
But we think it the worst that was ever made,
We have to wrestle with bombs and flares,
And in our ear the N.C.O. blares.

Get cracking you men before you are on charge,
Then one armourer replies, "But Sarge-----,
"I don't care," is the Sarge's reply,
And we sneak from the section on the sly.

But soon he comes and hunts us out
And gives out with a deafening shout,
"Come on you guys get a-hopping,"
We tear around and things start popping.

We arrive for duty a few minutes late,
If you are noticed you lose a forty eight,
If your tie hasn't got a nice bow,
For awhile your name may be Joe.

But we armourers have never lost hope,
For our N.C.O. sits up high like a pope,
Someday he may fall, but we hope, not die,
For he is really one swell guy.

Adios 'till next time readers, we hope
you have enjoyed our little session.

F/Sgt. D. H. Courtman.

STORES STUFF 'N GUFF

ART. 11111111

With the coming of warm weather, social activities around Stores seem to have sunk to a minimum. Already the holiday season has rolled around, and Lil Hall, who has just had a taste of them, informs us that without a doubt they are the best health tonic.

We were most concerned this month when told that Beryl Henderson, one of the oldest members of our Stores staff, was suddenly taken ill. For some time the situation was critical, but now we are pleased to say she has passed the crucial stage and is on the road to recovery. With all the rest of her Skyways friends, we are all pulling for her and hope to see her back with us before long.

No, Stores is not trying to resemble Grand Central Station, but this month again we have some new members to welcome; Miss Viola Gill and Kay Evans have come to grace the premises, and we hope their stay will be pleasant and long. We must apologize for neglecting to give Jack O'Donnel our welcoming hand last month, but after being here only a few days, he seemed to become one of us so quickly, we hardly realized that he was a comparative newcomer to our little community down at the end of the road. Another new addition to our office staff is Norah Bastien, who hails from Stanley, N.S. and so is familiar with all the added pleasures of working at an Air Training school (sleeping in till noon, paved sidewalks and cool, refreshing breezes), but we hope she will find the change favourable and will enjoy her stay here.

WE WONDER WHY?

Dave is so perturbed over the absence of that certain letter?

Vic is so particular about the day he goes purchasing in the city?

Harold is looking so blue lately. Could it be the absence of interest in entertainment world?

Lil is so anxious to finish the rest of her holidays?

And So They Married — XIV —

GENERAL Orde C. Wingate, the founder of "Wingate's Raiders" who was recently killed in a Burma plane crash, first saw his wife when she was 15 and he 30. Wingate was standing at the rail of a liner when a beautiful Scottish girl approached him and said: "You are the man I am going to marry."

The soldier looked at her in amused surprise. "Right," he said. "When?"

Two years later Wingate received a letter, containing just one word, "Now."

And so they were married.

— Toledo Blade

EQUIPMENT QUIPS FROM NAVIGATION STORES

We can assume that everyone knows the location of Navigation Stores but to the vast majority, the personnel behind the counter remain more or less nonentities. At least, we remain nonentities as long as we are in complete agreement with the students. However, should a slight difference of opinion arise with any of our future Bombers or Navigators, we immediately become very definite personalities and at times have been called individually and collectively, anything and everything that an active imagination can conjure up in moments of duress. However, fellows, we can all very definitely trace our parentage and our names are very definitely inscribed in the records of the R.C.A.F. Therefore, may I take the liberty of introducing our crew in a manner that might or might not be approved by Emily Post. To begin with, our crew chief is "Corp" Lloyd Davis -- a slightly rotund individual with an indefatigable sense of humor. He has the unenviable job of keeping track of something short of a half a million dollars worth of equipment. Its a job that, with the help of a few repayment vouchers, he does very well. Lew Fiorelli, is the man that you take your sextant troubles to. He can find a bubble chamber light that a student will swear is non-existent. Next we have Al. Frogley, he's our jack-of-all-trades. You can get anything from him if you can out-talk him. Our "useful Duties" boys consist of Roger Sauriol and Bob Scally. Sauriol, when not busy on the counter, is a very willing and able exponent of the "Virtues" of Montreal over those of Toronto. Scally, who still retains his ambitions for being a pilot despite the most concentrated efforts of D.A.P.S. will probably know more about navigation than he can ever hope to about piloting if he doesn't get a posting out of here soon. If you have ever been one of those unfortunate individuals who have stepped into the slipstream while carrying your maps, you have probably met the author and have the opinion that his heart is of impregnable stone. "It ain't so."

L.A.C. W. S. Sloan.

Synthetic Dead Reckoning Trainer (Concluded)

clever gadgets. He is very much married. CPL. W.B. RANNEY is the business man of our section. He does an excellent job of arranging and handling classes also the operators. He was born in Toronto but sometimes calls Detroit Mich. his home. He's a good catch for some lovely girl. L.A.C. J. KIRKWOOD is the latest addition to our maintenance staff. He came to us from No. 5 S.F.T.S. Brantford. He is a favourite son of Westhill Ont. Jack is married and has a family of one. He is an electrician by trade. F/O BILL MURDOCK is our O.C. His home town is Toronto. He has had two years overseas service, and since coming back to Canada almost two years ago has been very active in developing the Synthetic type of training at Edmonton and Malton. He also spent some time at Moose Jaw Sask.

Armament Sayings

Here we are again, full of pep and raring to go.

And now a word about our Rifle Club. The "Small Bore Rifle Club" is now in full swing. Anyone wishing to fire, or learn to fire can join the club. "Shoots" are held on Wednesday and Thursday nights of each week from 1800 hrs. to 2030 hrs. For further information on this, watch D.R.O.'s closely, and see F/Sgt. Kightley or Cpl. Mott in G.I.S. Bldg. If you are in the hangar section, contact W.O. 1 Robertson or F/Sgt. Forester. Come on all you sharpshooters - it's an excellent chance to learn.

Bomb of the Month Competition:

If you should notice the pilots "genning" up on their bombing procedure, or see them dashing to the Plotting Office for the results at the completion of an exercise, you will know that they are in there pitching for top position in the new bombing competition.

A suitable monthly award is being made by the Armament Section to the pilot with the best bombing average on all exercises flown during the month. At least ten exercises must be recorded to qualify and all bombing scores will be used to obtain the average.

Winner for the month of May was R. L. Love who achieved the remarkable average of 90 yards in 24 exercises. Runner-up was C. A. Lowe with the "low" average of 100 yds. Congratulations fellows!

And Now the Plotting Office:

As you know this is the busy beehive where all they do all day is plot, plot and then plot some more. That diligent fellow you see there nearly every night is L.A.C. Maximattis, our night plotter. In the daytime you used to see Sgt. Huffman, now you see Cpl. Bowles and his aides. "Huffy" was posted to A.A.S. Mountainview for a guns conversion course. We hear he arrived a few hours late. Tch, tch, Huffy you must "Train" that little lady of yours to stop holding you back. Oh yes, Sgt. Marks is now a fixture in the plotting office. He's a "trouble shooter" now, so beware, air bombers. He traces down all reports on U/S equipment, and they say he can shoot, too!

If you step into the outer office of the "inner sanctum" you will come upon W.O. 1 Robertson. Those maps behind him on the wall are where he "plots" the hideouts of those intrepid men in the mobile camera obscura unit. They play ball and pitch horseshoes up there now too.

In the inner sanctum is our fearless armament officer, F/Lt. Gladish. He also plays baseball quite well they tell us. Does your team win very often, Sir?

Armament Quips:

W.O. 1 Robertson has a brand new calendar with twelve beautiful pictures of feminine creatures. We didn't think you liked beauty, Major.

One of our Aircraft Rec. Instructors took a look out the window the other day and said, "look! a Mitchell with four engines, but it's got a Halifax body?" We wonder who. And then Sgt. Stevenson, one of our erstwhile gunnery instructors actually recognized the Stirling that came in. His class emphatically said "phooey," but he was right. Say! who is teaching Aircraft Rec. around here anyway?

Here are some of the "latest" taken from unserviceability reports made out by our air-bombers:

1. "Bomb didn't drop--can't figure why."
2. "Bombed wrong target--felt sick."
3. "C.S.B.S. (VII) U/S--no drift bar extension. (i.e. a Mk. VII has no drift bar extension.)"
4. "Couldn't bomb camera--bomb doors wouldn't open. (i.e. do not have to be open for camera)"

Our Armament Officer "soloed" on the "International" a few days ago. I wonder if he figures on helping some farmer on his furlough?

It looked like the S.P.'s were raiding the plotting office the other day, but it was only one of the chaps down to pay L.A.C. Scriven his mess dues.

Long Branch Resort:

Our No. 1 Quadrant at Lakeview is now open for the season. It has wonderful scenery, bathing beauties and fine sandy beaches. Only one dollar per day; for further information contact Cpl. Kennedy, general manager.

The lads at No. 2 Quadrant aren't so lucky. All they have is a beach - no bathing beauties.

However, the range has been spring cleaned. The signals have been repainted and are bright and shiny, (did you notice bomb aimers?) They also have their own boat now, a classy, airflow punt. One of the boys told me he nearly got lost in the fog down there the other morning. Later the same day he said an aircraft, flying on special bombing, missed the target by about 700 yards. I wonder who checks P.U.I.'s out on bombing, now. That pilot will have to fight to win the "Bomb of the Month" competition.

And Now we Hear from our Happy Armourers:

They report that they have acquired a brand new tractor. It is painted a shiny red, a fitting colour for a bomb tractor. It's an International and travels at the high speed of about one mile per hour. There is also the odd feud now and then among the N.C.O.'s as to who is going to drive. The boys say, that they wouldn't mind a good driver on the 4 to 12 and 12 to 8 shifts.

MOVIES

EVERY SUNDAY

- August 13 HAT CHECK HONEY
Grace McDonald, Leon Erroll.
- 20 CALLING DR. DEATH
Lon Chaney, Patricia Morrison.
- 27 RED HEAD FROM MANHATTAN
Lupe Velez, Michael Duane.
- September 3 MURDER BY INVITATION
Wallace Ford, Marion Marsh.
- 10 CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK
Donald O'Connor, Peggy Ryan.
- 17 THE IMPOSTER
Gene Gabin.
- 24 HEY ROOKIE
Ann Miller, Joe Besser.

EVERY TUESDAY

- August 8 ADVENTURES OF TARTU
Robert Donat.
- 15 WHISTLING IN BROOKLYN
Red Skelton, Ann Rutherford.
- 22 LOST ANGEL
Margaret O'Brien, Marcia Hunt,
James Craig.
- 29 JOURNEY FOR MARGARET
Margaret O'Brien, Robt. Young,
Lorain Day.
- September 5 I DOOD IT
Red Skelton.
- 12 SONG OF RUSSIA
Robert Taylor, Susan Peters.
- 19 RE-UNION IN FRANCE
Joan Crawford, John Wayne.

EVERY THURSDAY

- August 10 MARK TWAIN
Fred MacMurray, Alexis Smith
- 17 FLESH & FANTASY
Charles Boyer, Barbara Stanwyck,
Edward Robinson, Robt. Cummings.
- 24 THE HEAVENLY BODY
Hedy Lamarr, William Powell.
- 31 JACK LONDON
Michael O'Shea
- September 7 MADAME CURIE
Greer Garson, Walter Pidgeon.
- 14 FOLLOW THE BOYS
An All Star Cast.
- 21 A LADY TAKES A CHANCE
Jean Arthur, John Wayne.

DANCING EVERY WEDNESDAY

- August 16 YMCA/Bell Telephone, & B. A. Oil
Co. Girls.
- 23 Spécial Guest Organization.
- 30 RCAF Auxiliary & Halifax Insurance
Co.
- September 6 Canada Life, Research Enterprises -
Orchestra.
- 13 Daily Star & No.1 Training Command.
- 20 Queens Park and Victory Aircraft.

KNOW YOUR COMMITTEES

Officers' Mess:

F/Lt W. J. Gladish, Pres.
F/Lt O. C. MacIntosh, Messing
F/Lt E. A. S. Conway, Secretary
F/O S. G. Hennessey, Bar
F/O R. E. Parsons, Entertainment.

Sergeants' Mess:

W.O. 2 G. Hawke, Pres.
Sgt. W. J. Francis, Sec-Treas.
F/Sgt. Forster, Living-out Member.
Living-in Member.

Station Benefit Fund:

W/C M. M. Foss
S/L F. M. Badgley
Mr. W. A. McLeod
Mr. W. R. Stephens.

Sports and Entertainment:

F/O E. Parsons, Chairman
Mr. Jim. Kendrick, Sec.
F/Lt. W. O. Nugent
F/Lt. J. E. Moss
F/O F. Amsden
F/O T. Ingersoll
F/Sgt. J. Nord
Cpl. Davis
Cpl. C. Loomis
L.A.C. A. Burnie
L.A.C. J. Hanna

Library:

F/Lt O. Conway, Chairman
Mr. Jim Kendrick, Sec.
F/Lt W. O. Nugent
F/O E. R. Boyd
F/O J. Mitchell
Sgt. J. W. Elliott
Miss A. Armstrong

C.O.'s Benefit:

W/C M. M. Foss
F/Lt W. O. Nugent
F/O J. Mitchell.

Station Mess:

F/Lt MacIntosh, O.C.
One member from each course and section
One member from Industrial Foods and
One member from Dominion Skyways (Training) Ltd.

**THE
STAR
SHOOTER
GIRL**

JULY · AUGUST 1944



TRAVEL INFORMATION AVAILABLE AT THE Y.M.C.A. OFFICE

West York & District Bus Lines
leaving Jane & Bloor Sts. Toronto

Daily except
Sat. & Sun. Saturday Sunday

leaves Toronto	leaves Malton	Bloor & Jane	Malton Bloor & Jane	Bloor & Jane	Malton
7.15am	8.30am	7.15am	8.30am	7.20am	8.30am
12.45pm	1.30pm	12.45pm	1.30pm	12.00am	1.00pm
3.20pm	4.50pm	3.20pm	4.50pm	3.20pm	4.50pm
5.30pm	7.10pm	5.30pm	7.10pm	10.00pm	10.45pm
9.5 pm	12.00am	9.30pm	10.15pm	12.30am	1.00am
11.25pm	1.00am	11.25pm	12.00am		
12.30am		12.30am	1.00am		

Single Fare-25¢ - 5 Tickets for \$1.00

1944 CANADIAN NATIONAL STEAMERS 1944

TIME TABLE—JUNE 7th to SEPT. 10th
STEAMERS "DALHOUSIE CITY" and "NORTHUMBERLAND"

TORONTO AND PORT DALHOUSIE, ST. CATHARINES, NIAGARA FALLS,
BUFFALO AND ALL NIAGARA PENINSULA POINTS

SOUTHWARD—Read Down						NORTHWARD—Read Up									
Wed. Sat. Sun. Mon. Tue. Wed. Thu. Fri. Sat. Sun. Mon. Tue. Wed. Thu. Fri. Sat. Sun.	Daily	Daily	Daily	Daily	Daily	Daily	Daily	Daily	Daily	Daily	Daily	Daily	Daily	Daily	Daily
7.15	8.15	9.15	10.15	11.15	12.15	1.15	2.15	3.15	4.15	5.15	6.15	7.15	8.15	9.15	10.15
11.30	12.30	1.30	2.30	3.30	4.30	5.30	6.30	7.30	8.30	9.30	10.30	11.30	12.30	1.30	2.30

NOTE "A"—Friday only 6.30 P.M. to Sept. 1st NOTE "B"—Friday only, 10.00 P.M. to Sept. 1st

FARE: Monday through Friday - \$1.50 return
Saturday and Sunday - \$1.00 return

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS FAST SCHEDULES

MONTREAL—TORONTO—HAMILTON—LONDON—WINDSOR—DETROIT—CHICAGO

Nos. 5, 15, 17, 14, 6 and 16 are POOL TRAINS between Montreal and Toronto only

WESTBOUND—DAILY					EASTBOUND—DAILY							
Eastern Time	No. 5	No. 15	No. 17	No. 101	No. 14	No. 6	No. 18	No. 118	No. 20	No. 16		
	Lanark	Interior	City	City	Interior	City	Ex. Sun.	Sun.	Magie	Ontario		
Lv Montreal (Cont. Stn.)	9.15AM		8.55PM	11.00PM								
Lv Montreal (Win. Stn.)		3.00PM										
Ar Toronto	5.30PM	9.45PM	6.30AM	7.15AM	10.30PM	9.05AM	12.20PM	1.15PM			4.00PM	
Lv Toronto	6.00PM	10.00PM	6.00AM	8.20AM	12.30AM	9.55AM	1.15PM	1.55PM			5.00PM	
Ar Hamilton	6.55PM	10.53PM	6.15AM	9.15AM	5.47AM	12.20PM	4.20PM	4.45PM	7.20PM	7.30PM		
Ar London	9.14PM	12.47PM		11.42AM	7.52AM	2.30PM	6.57PM	6.57PM	10.10PM	10.30PM		
Ar Windsor	11.30PM	7.15AM		2.25PM	8.45AM	3.25PM	8.00PM	8.00PM	11.30PM	11.30PM		
Ar Detroit	12.15AM	8.05AM		3.10PM	9.15AM	4.00PM	8.45PM	8.30AM	7.40AM			
Ar Chicago (C.T.)	7.00AM	8.00AM		8.10PM	5.45PM		6.30AM	6.30AM				

† Ex. Sunday. E.T. Eastern Time. C.T. Central Time. * Train No. 9 leaving Toronto 11.59 p.m. daily.

TORONTO—NEW YORK

EASTBOUND—DAILY		Magie Leaf
Eastern Time		No. 99-9
Lv Toronto	7.15PM	
Lv Hamilton	8.20PM	
Ar Philadelphia	9.20AM	
Ar New York (Penn. Stn.)	9.05AM	

WESTBOUND—DAILY		Magie Leaf
Eastern Time		No. 7-31
Lv New York (Penn. Stn.)	8.52PM	
Lv Philadelphia	7.05PM	
Ar Hamilton	7.40AM	
Ar Toronto	8.55AM	

TORONTO - MALTON

West Bound											
TABLE No. 178											
Station	7:15	8:15	9:15	10:15	11:15	12:15	1:15	2:15	3:15	4:15	5:15
Toronto											
Malton											

East Bound											
Station	7:15	8:15	9:15	10:15	11:15	12:15	1:15	2:15	3:15	4:15	5:15
Malton											
Toronto											

OTTAWA—TORONTO

WESTBOUND			
Eastern Time			
Lv Ottawa	9.20AM	3.00PM	11.00PM
Ar Brockville	11.45AM	5.15PM	8.00PM
Lv Brockville	12.15PM	5.35PM	8.30PM
Ar Toronto	5.30PM	9.45PM	7.10AM

EASTBOUND			
Eastern Time			
Lv Toronto	9.15AM	4.00PM	11.25PM
Ar Brockville	2.40PM	8.07PM	8.00PM
Lv Brockville	2.55PM	8.30PM	8.30PM
Ar Ottawa	5.35PM	10.20PM	7.20AM

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY SCHEDULES

MONTREAL - TORONTO - LONDON - WINDSOR - DETROIT - CHICAGO

WESTBOUND					EASTBOUND					
	9-37	25	15-19	21	632	22	20-14	24	39-6	632
	Daily	Ex. Sun.	Daily	Daily	Ex. Sat.	Daily	Daily	Ex. Sun.	Daily	Ex. Sun.
Lv Montreal (Win. Stn.)		9.25am	3.00pm	11.00pm		9.30am	8.00pm		11.50pm	
Lv Montreal (Con. Stn.)	9.15am					3.38pm	2.35am		7.55am	
Ar Toronto	5.30pm	7.30pm	9.45pm	7.30am		4.35pm	3.05am		9.00am	
Lv Toronto	8.40pm		10.00pm	8.20am	11.55pm	5.00pm	3.25am		9.20am	
Ar London	8.50pm		12.30am	11.45am	3.40am	7.30pm	5.40am		12.15pm	5.55pm
Ar Windsor	11.20pm		2.40am	2.10pm	6.45am	10.20pm	8.40am		3.10pm	9.45pm
Ar Detroit	11.40pm		3.00am	2.38pm	7.10am	11.10pm	9.15am	9.30am	4.00pm	
Lv Detroit	E.T. 12.30am		3.15am	2.80pm	7.40am		8.45pm			
Ar Chicago (Con. Stn.)	7.30am		8.20am	8.20pm	11.55am	7.45am		7.30pm	10.45pm	

TORONTO TO NEW YORK & BUFFALO

Station	9:00	10:00	11:00	12:00	1:00	2:00	3:00	4:00	5:00	6:00
Toronto										
Buffalo										

NEW YORK TO TORONTO

Station	9:00	10:00	11:00	12:00	1:00	2:00	3:00	4:00	5:00	6:00
New York (Gr. Cent. Yr.)										
Albany										
Utica										
Syracuse										
Rochester										
Buffalo										
Toronto										

OTTAWA—TORONTO

WESTBOUND				EASTBOUND			
	943-5	559-15	33	14-242	6-540	34	
	Ex. Sun.	Daily	Daily	Ex. Sun.	Daily	Daily	
Lv Ottawa	9.20am	3.00pm	11.00pm	9.15am	4.00pm	11.25pm	
Ar Toronto	5.30pm	9.45pm	7.10am	5.35pm	10.20pm	7.20am	