



— THE NAMELESS CHRONICLE —

STATION NEWSPAPER COMMITTEE

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Sgt. Mackie

Managing Editor: Sgt. Hay

Co-Editors: WO1 Weary
Sgt. Buchan

Sports Editor: Mr. Walter Goss,
Y.M.C.A.

W M N

\$5.00

NOTE CAREFULLY.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO WIN \$5.00?

Here is how you can win five dollars:

Submit a suitable name for this paper, and if it is selected by our judges as the best of those submitted you will be rewarded with a cash prize of \$5.00.

You may send in as many names as you wish.

Address your contributions to the "Name Contest" Editorial Staff, G.I.S., before Wednesday, Dec. 22, 1943.

This competition is open to all Service personnel on this Station with the exception of the Committee of this paper. ACT NOW.

The judges' decision must be accepted as final.

DRILL HALL

The concrete flooring has been laid in the Drill Hall and it is rumoured that it may open around Jan. 15, 1944. Let's hope so.

Our deepest sympathy goes out to W/O2 Harris, W. who was called home suddenly due to the sudden and untimely death of his father.

EDITORIAL

"Judge not the package by the outside wrapper but rather by the contents therein." Thus we are endeavouring to put forth a bi-monthly newspaper that will soon become the news organ of this Station. However, all things must have a beginning, and the nucleus has been formed in G.I.S. to develop with your co-operation into a widely read and interesting newspaper.

The name of this organ has not as yet been selected. It will be chosen from names submitted by any man stationed at No. 10 B. & G. and that man will be rewarded to the extent of \$5.00. Read carefully the conditions of our "Name Contest" printed on this page.

Now you are on a new station and this is a new paper. It will be developed with the Station and will be the means of communication between all personnel, and a conveyance of news to you on all that is happening on this Station. Get to know your fellow, not the man that sleeps in the next bed to you, but the man who sleeps three huts away and works in a different section. Talk with him, read about him and write about him.

Can you write? How many times have you asked yourself this question? Now here is an opportunity to try. The man who says, "Oh, I can't do that" probably will never do anything. You never know what you can do until you try; and a little patience and perseverance on your part may produce amazing results.

Know YOUR talents. Pitch in and see what YOU can do. You can't lose, so give us your co-operation. The seed was sown last Sunday and this is the first bud.... let everyone take interest and nourish this bud into a mature and worthwhile newspaper.

Any articles, stories, jokes or poems of originality must be submitted (typewritten if possible) on or before Wednesday of each week, to the Editorial Staff at G.I.S.

LET US HEAR FROM YOU!

INTRODUCING THE COMMANDING OFFICER OF NO. 10 B.G. SCHOOL.

Robert Cromie Wair was born in Edmonton, Alberta, in the year 1908 where he spent most of his boyhood until going to Scotland. Here, he finished his schooling and after returning to Canada went to Camp Borden as a Provisional Pilot Officer and in 1929 was granted his wings. It was at this time he entered the University of Alberta and enrolled as an engineer. During the summer of those four years that followed he flew with the Forestry Control in northern Manitoba, and in the spring of 1934 graduated with the Degree of Bachelor of Science in Civil Engineering, and that same year was granted a permanent commission in the R.C.A.F.

The years that followed up until the war saw him engaged in Army Co-operation work, adjutant at the Trenton Flying School, and Flying Instructor at Border.

Since the war the greater part of his experience has been in the two operational commands; and during this time he has in turn been Chief Instructor at McLeod and Commanding Officer at Saskatoon and Ucluelet. Previous to coming to No. 10 B.G.S. he was the Senior Administrative Staff Officer of No. 2 Group Headquarters, Western Air Command.

One of the highlights of his varied experience took place in the waters of the Atlantic when as pilot of a Stranraer, together with eight other occupants, he was forced down and for a time given up as lost. It was only through expert seamanship and airmanship that he brought his craft through. On that occasion he recommended his Wireless Operator for a ribbon. This was later awarded in the form of an O.B.E.

Wing Commander Wair is probably as pleased with his posting as we are with ours, but he is here to do a job and, if we are any judge, it's going to be done.

The other day we heard a new arrival discuss his former station. "What was the matter with it," he was asked. "Oh, you know, C.O. trouble," was the reply. "Well, we've got a lot of troubles here at No. 10 B. & G. but there is one we haven't got--and that is C.O. trouble."

If I must be a Gunner,
Then please Lord grant me grace;
That I may leave this station
With a smile upon my face.

I may have wished to be a pilot,
And you, along with me,
But if we all were pilots
Where would the Air Force be?

It takes GUTS to be a gunner,
To sit out in the tail,
When the Messerschmitts are coming,
and the slugs begin to wail.

The pilot's just a chauffeur,
It's his job to fly the plane;
But it's we who do the fighting,
Though we may not get the fame.

But we're here to win a war,
and until this job is done
Let's forget our personal feelings,
and get behind the gun.

If we must all be gunners,
Then let us make this bet;
We'll be the best damn Gunners
That have left this station yet!

GUNNER G.H.H.



The coming features will be shown in the new Recreation Hall on the following dates:

- Sat. Dec. 18 The Little Foxes
with Bette Davis, Herbert Marshall, Teresa Wright.
- Tue. Dec. 21 Star Spangled Rhythms
with Bob Hope and all star cast.
- Wed. Dec. 22 To be announced.
- Sat. Dec. 25 Highways by Night
starring Richard Carlson, Jane Randolph.
- Tue. Dec. 28 My Favourite Blonde
with Bob Hope & Madeline Carroll.
- Wed. Dec. 29 Hit the Ice
with Abbott and Costello.
- Sat. Jan. 1 Dance Girl Dance
Maureen O'Hara & Lucille Ball.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT F/L. C. BENDALL.

OUR SKIPPER. BY THE EDITOR.

Flight Lieutenant C. Bendall came to 10 B. & G. in August and was appointed Chief Ground Instructor.

At the time of his arrival G.I.S. was just a building, hardly completed, and nothing more. His task was to inaugurate the training system that we are now using, and to transform the G.I.S. into the whirlpool of activity that it is today.

Being a natural born promotor, his ingenuity is enormous and ideas plentiful, and needless to say our G.I.S. is leading any other both in the system of training and the quality of the resultant product, namely the Air Gunner.

The first thing that strikes a new trainee when he enters the school is the atmosphere of air gunnery that surrounds him. Even before he enters the main door, his eye catches the sign announcing the fact that: If he does his part, then G.I.S. will make him the "Fightin'est Air Gunner that ever flew".

He then enters the main assembly room where he sees a model of the station in miniature from which he can obtain his knowledge of the layout in a few brief seconds of study. The "action" murals painted on the walls will excite his interest.

On the Intelligence Room walls are more murals depicting the "Evolution of An Air Gunner" from the time of the raw recruit until he is a member of a bomber crew on operations. Each picture has descriptive data in verse form. From this the trainee derives what is ahead of him in his training and gets a comprehensive idea of what an Air Gunner's course is about.

Also in this room is a very large relief map of the world upon which the progress of the war can be followed day by day. This map covers one entire wall. The Navigation classrooms have similar maps of continental war zones, and are being used for Navigation instruction.

The classrooms of G.I.S. are in groups, each set of rooms being used for one subject of instruction. On their walls are painted diagrams, accurate and plain, so that the trainee can always refer to them in the pursuit of his studies.

Each classroom has its instructor in charge, specializing in that particular subject. There is an instructor in charge of each group of specialists in every subject pertaining to air gunnery.

The Records Office is well organized and the complete training history of any individual trainee can be had at a moments notice.

All in all everything--to quote Mr. Bendall's own phrase--is "Copesthetic", and we feel sure that the future will prove that No. 10 B. & G. will graduate the finest gunners ever produced by the Combined Training Organization.

Hats off to F/L Bendall for his very fine work.

Tales FROM TURRETS BY STEEP.

This being the first issue of No. 10's station paper, the turret section takes this opportunity of wishing success to the men responsible.

Instructors presently employed on turret instruction are F/S Porter, Sgt. Steeper, Sgt. Malcolm, F/S Reeves, Sgt. Peters, Sgt. McClure, Sgt. Murphy and Sgt. McGuire.

A fine fellow with a background of a number of years in the Navy, and a sound mechanical training, is our F/S Porter i/c turret instruction. At present he is in charge of five classes of Course 66. Sgt. Steeper, armourer, is in charge of one class of Course 66 and four classes of Course 68. Sgt. Malcolm, the ex-Mountie, is in charge of two classes of Course 68 and four in Course 69. F/S Reeves who arrived a short time ago from Mont Joli, is in charge of two classes of Course 69.

Just behind G.I.S. is the Turret Building where turret manipulation is carried out. This is the place an Air Gunner spends plenty of time in order to master the operations of his turret, which is one of his most important jobs. A very capable fellow is Sgt. Peters in charge of manipulation, ably assisted in his work by Sgt. McClure, Murphy and McGuire.

Each and every turret requires the best of maintenance and we are fortunate in having one of the best turret men, namely Sgt. Patterson. Sgt. Patterson has a number of good men working under him and it is these men who toil day and night keeping the turrets in good working order.

At present we lack equipment but hope in the near future to have the best turret set-up at any B. & G., so you Air Gunners may pass through this school knowing turrets the way an A.G. should.

BIRTH OF A STATION

(AS VIEWED BY "JOE")

One year ago today No. 10 Bombing and Gunnery School consisted of nothing more than one hangar, a mess building, a guard house and an M.T. section. At that time the Station, which we see around us today, was in its prenatal period.

One rainy evening in early summer we began to arrive. Three hundred and fifty tired and bewildered G.D.s. We "took over" the hangar for our sleeping quarters. The mess building housed everything from our canteen to our hospital. We didn't realize it at the time but that night a Station was born.

Oh, it wasn't much then. When it rained we took our showers in the pools around our beds, and when it was fine the sun burned our bodies and bleached our hair; but we were laying the foundations for what we have today and what we shall have tomorrow.

On looking from the rear door of our "quarters" we could see (on a clear day) what appeared to be a ghost town long since abandoned. As the days rolled by there was no perceptible change, until one morning we looked to the west and were amazed. Our "ghost town" had sprung to life. Powerful beams reared their clean, stately heads to the sky. It reminded one of the miracle in "Jack and the Beanstalk". Roads took the place of muddy tracks and tarmacs took shape.

It wasn't easy, was it fellas! Rome wasn't built in a day, and we realized that we had a long and tedious job ahead of us. We arose at 5.30 a.m. Remember our bugler? On fine mornings we were gently aroused from exhausted slumber by the romantic strains of "Velvet Moon", and on nasty mornings to the inharmonious discords of "Lazy Bones". Many times we huddled in ditches with rain dronching our shivering bodies. But despite our inconveniences and labour, we stuck to our jobs. All looked for plenty to complain about and we found it, but never the less we put up a good fight and won.

In September our personnel began to increase and we had our new barracks over our heads.

Today our Station is really something to brag about. "Our" double-double hangar is the pride of this Station and every other station. It is the only one of its kind to grace a B.&G. School in Canada; and we built it, from the first shovel full of dirt in the foundations to the last barrow of gravel on the roof.

There is still much to be done. But next spring will bring a change.

Paved streets will make the camp like a prosperous community. By summer, green lawns skirted by stately pines will overrun our sea of mud. There will be loads of recreation facilities and despite our isolated location, this Station will be THE STATION.

Look back, fellows, and compare June with December; look ahead and visualize what we'll have by next June. It's almost unbelievable isn't it? We have put in a good many hours of solid work but we have also learned a great deal.

We, the insignificant G.D.s, may truly and proudly term ourselves "gentlemen of the 'Old School'".

-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o

A PILOT'S DILEMMA

We are a happy lot of fellows
And really willing, with all our might,
To sweat, swear, strive, and work
For No. 10 and all that's right.

We volunteered to come here, Sir,
To fly the mighty twins they said,
So here we are, and what do you know,
There are no twins for us to be had.

Now the Battles, they were quite a
waggon,
We've had them two months--now they're
dragging;
Now take the Bollies, they are really
fast,
But the fellows say that they can't last.

A crack at the twins the fellows say,
It's now or never and we'll stay,
The dual is never ready, but always on
the line,
It's U/S in the L.14, but that's no
fault of mine.

The O.C. and C.I. are swell we know now
They are doing for us all they can and
really all they know how.
Now what's the hold-up and where is the
catch
If we aren't checked out soon, they can
all go to scratch.

-- F/S Jim Kennison

Congratulations go to ACl Dean, A.B.
on the birth of a son.

Best wishes for a happy marriage to
Cpl. Demont, I.B. and also
ACl Sangster, G.D.

A VOTE OF THANKS.

By FC/SGT. WESTON

At the present time the G.I.S. Building at No. 10 B.&G. is the envy of every other B.&G. in Canada. How any school can ever earn this reputation when only in operation 4 weeks is amazing.

The most amazing item in the organization is the way the pioneer Instructors started out with a burst of energy never before heard of from instructors in such an isolated place.

It is the purpose of this write-up to try and thank these instructors for their undying efforts in carrying out these deeds.

At the top of our list of valour and efficiency comes our well known "Baldy Pop Hay". By his paint brush and ingenious design, the Intelligence Library was created.

Next on the list comes a swell bunch of fellows, Course 66. On arriving at No. 10 B.G.S. they were regretfully informed that they were not to start course until two weeks later. Instead of moaning and crying these potential air gunners took up their duties with the remainder of the pioneers and strove to get the school going so that they could carry on with their course. We'll all be there to see them graduate next week. Let's give them a big send-off.

We now come upon the Gunperry rooms. To their superb appearance we owe supreme thanks to the following instructors:

Sgt. "Tiny" Diebert
F/S Hamilton
Course 66

Credit sighting rooms goes to:

F/S Kennedy
Sgt Buchan
Cpl Stewart
Course 66

For general efficiency and good fellowship, orchids go to:

WO2 Harris
WO2 Oakley
F/S Lyons
Sgt Webster

In fact a vote of thanks is in order for all Instructors of G.I.S. for their fine co-operation in getting this School started.

Place: Mt. Pleasant

Time : 8 a.m.

Sgt. - "Did you shave this morning?"

AC2 - "Well, Sarge, it's like this.... about twelve of us shaved this morning around one mirror and I guess I must have shaved some other guy."

DEC 18

WE
ARE
WONDER-
ING



If the C. & M. Unit will ever get our Skating Rink ready to skate on this winter?

When the Drill Hall will be open for Sports and the Bowling Alleys complete.

When the W.D.s will be on the Station?

When the 35mm. Projectors will be here?

When all the wickets will be open at the Post Office?

Why the Summerside gals did not accept the invitation to an Open House in the Sergeant's Mess during the Holiday Season?

When the Billard Table will be in the Sergeants' Mess?

JUST WONDERING -- THAT'S ALL.

BOUQUETS

A vote of thanks to Sgt Gray, Pay Accts., and Sgt. Baker, G.I.S. from all station personnel for all the extra time they put on work involved in securing the Special Xmas and New Year's trains.

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For Good Books to Read --

Visit the Station Library.

TO THE TRAINEE.
By SGT. "MUSTY" HAY.
(PHOSGENE).

Not so very long ago you arrived in the black of night at the large metropolis of Ellerslie, to be herded onto an M.T. vehicle and driven over bumpy roads with much discomfort. Suddenly the truck stopped and you received the order "All out", and to your dismay you jumped from the truck into ankle-deep ooze, slippery, brick-red mud. So this was Mount Pleasant! This was No. 10 B. & G. School! No doubt you were not very impressed.

You finally got settled. Going to bed in a somewhat tired and disgusted state, you went to sleep. On awakening next morning you put up with the further discomfort of having to use the small issue mirror of your razor kit to shave with, no mirrors being installed in the barrack washrooms. You then had to stand in line for a lengthy time to receive your breakfast.

You went through your first day in a whirl of getting grouped into classes, marching through mud to be medically inspected, and finally allocated into the training system of G.I.S.

You found there was little you could do at night in the way of entertainment, except attend an overcrowded show three times a week provided you were there early enough to get a seat and did not get killed in the rush.

All the above mentioned inconveniences of No. 10 B. & G. you have put up with because the Station is new and not yet finished. These discomforts will not be here for future courses. However much as you may have suffered in a minor physical way, the most important thing you must understand is that your training as an Air Gunner has not in any way been lacking. In fact it is safe to say that the training you receive at this Station is above that of any other school of this kind in Canada.

Each instructor who teaches you specializes in one particular subject. It is to his interest as much as yours that you obtain above average marks in that subject. Thus it is imperative that you become an all round good man as each specialist drives home to you the essentials of his subject. Also each classroom has vivid diagrams on its walls dealing with the subject taught in that room. These are a constant help and reference to you in your studies and are not to be found on many school classroom walls in Canada.

So you see that when you graduate from 10 B. & G. you will pass out of here above average and better trained than if you had attended another school

Some day we may hear of your exploits and the School will say, "We trained that man" and be proud of you. The better training you get, the better gunner you become. Better gunners make better crews and victory will be ours. The sooner this war is over, then that is so much less time that people will have to swim in mud and shave with issue mirrors -- we can all go home.

Good Luck to you all.

NOTES FROM THE RANGES.

By HAM.

You may think it's cold, wet, and miserable on the Range--well it is, and how, but very few duck hunters go shooting on fine days--all you have to have is a good imagination, warm clothes, and the spirit to shoot, come what may.

To those of you who have seen the nightly fireworks in the direction of the two bit range need not be alarmed--it's only Sgt. Diebert putting the boys through their paces on the B.P. Turret, and the "fireworks" is only "tracer" ammo.

We are expecting to have the new Ranges open any day now; we've been waiting for this event for a long time now but we are assured that "it won't be long now".

Our present Mo-Skeet-O range is a WOW! 100% air conditioned and absolutely guaranteed to hair you up and wool you over--and although there are a few handicaps, the first team to shoot in inter-flight competition put out a fairly good score, regardless of the fact that it was snowing and blowing fairly hard. Class exercises have been so arranged that the best flight teams will compete against teams of the different courses, and we hear that the boys are straining a bit to make their course team--the highest 5 men in each course will comprise the team.

Note: Especially for trainees-- You do have to go out and "take" the weather for an hour a day, but don't forget that your Gunnery Instructors are out in it for EIGHT hours a day... so do your best to co-operate with them. Do your job, they are doing theirs.

Wanted--a Cartoonist.
Apply Editorial Staff, G.I.S.

SO YOU ARE GOING TO BE
AN AIR GUNNER
BY SGT. MAC KROCK (COURSE 69)

For all you knew, an Air Gunner in training consisted of a being, simple in mind, who sat in a ruddy glass house, looked through a hole in a "doings", and shot at things. That just about completed that! Some good soul pinned a wing on him, then he was off to the war! Oh yes, three stripes were also prominent.

But now, you've changed your mind a little since you made your dramatic (?) entry into No. 10 B&G. I have heard some say, "What the H--- do they think we are... Wireless Ops, Navigators, Mathematic experts, etc., etc., etc.?" Perhaps you wonder why so much time is "wasted" on those things so I'll explain. Get it straight, Mister, Air Gunners do become W/Ops, and Navigators and all the rest of it, when they are on Operations. I knew. After spending three and a half years with Operational Squadrons in two theatres of war, I have a fair idea just how much it takes besides a knowledge of your own work. Air Gunners do take bearings and they do very often have to take over the wireless set. Too often sometimes, because when this occurs it means that a friend has been wounded in the aircraft. Could you help get him home if you couldn't get your homing directions and vectors from your Station Operations because you hadn't learned Morse? It has been done, many times, by fellows like you who were able to cope with a difficult situation when it arose.

Also, you can't fight if you don't know your guns and turrets. You can't shoot away any attacker if you've forgotten your Fire & Safe; do you know how to clear that stoppage? (They occur, you know)-- or you wonder why you can't rotate your darned turret when you've knocked off your Master Switch. Small things, certainly, but I have read many reports and seen many turrets after an encounter with the enemy during which a Gunner paid with his life for a small item he overlooked, and lastly but definitely not least, your Aircraft Identification. It doesn't pay very well to call a Focke-Wulf a Thunderbolt. You'll see them both over Europe before long so make sure you know aircraft when you see them. As for your wing spans, there are few to learn here so know your groups. At your Operational Training Unit you will get more on that, also.

To conclude, don't think you are hard done by here, because you are not.

You have much more to learn before you make your first trip across that thin English Channel or North Sea and it's up to you to learn it. Your instructors are fine and will help you all they can. The rest is up to you.

So when the B.B.C. news commentator says in a few months, "All our aircraft returned safely," you will be a part of that. Make sure that ALL OUR AIRMEN RETURNED SAFELY also because you will be the guy who does it.

Good luck to you all.

"Famous Sayings" AROUND
G. I. S.

by Eavesdropper.

"Zip, zip, zip. Everything's Copesthetic." - F/L Bendall.

"Have you got a cigarette?" - WO2 Oakley.

"I need tools." - Sgt. Scrutton.

"Who swiped my black paint?"

- Sgt. Hay.

"Oakley, have you seen my comb?"

- Sgt. Patrick.

"Clear that hall--keep moving."

- F/S White (with an i).

"Don't bother Mr. Chirsky, he's busy."

- Sgt. (Hoot) Gibson.

"I'm waiting for the wood."

- F/S Kitchen.

"When are you going to make me some more paper mache?" - P/O Black.

"Scrut, where is my saw?"

- F/S Taylor.

Anybody gotta match???

The three Chinese sisters who aren't married:

Tu-Yung-Tu

Tu-Dumb-Tu

No-Yen-Tu

DUE TO THE HOLIDAY SEASON
THE NEXT ISSUE OF THIS PAPER
WILL NOT BE PUBLISHED
UNTIL
SATURDAY, JANUARY 8TH.

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WISHING YOU ALL

A MERRY XMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR

THE GOON NEWS.

(ACCTS. SECTION)

FLASH- All goons are happy today. Our inimitable Goon No. 10 has at last come into his own (S/L). Needless to say the Goons en masse will celebrate this momentous occasion in typical Goon fashion at an official "DO" to be held in the near future. The goons are properly proud to own, as a charter member, a S/L. The question going the rounds now is, Will this promotion accelerate or retard No. 10's development into one of "The greatest of the Goons"?

All true goons, sub and lesser goons, and potential goons breathed sighs of relief as a week ago our Old Patriarch and symbol of our hopes and fears returned safely to the fold. He was welcomed with acclaim by the true goons and envied by lesser and sub goons and would-be goons. (Needless to say the "Old Original" has lost none of his superior qualities.)

Farewell- At an impromptu DO the other night at the canteen the goons said good-bye to good old No. 5. Songs were sung (the chorus was led by No. 10). Beer was consumed and the goons were rapidly approaching that "edge" such as goons only can attain when the beer ran out. (There was weeping and gnashing of teeth.) Nevertheless No. 5 has the best wishes of his blood brothers for a "gooney" holiday".

Casualty- Amidst the greatest gloom and disappointment, our "Old Gray Goon" No. 2, one of the founders of our clan, left our hatchery for Trenton. Goons are reluctant to talk about it, but the Old Gray Goon is an ex-Goon now.

Goon No. 11 - (Potential) is now being seriously considered as a replacement for old No. 2 in the esteemed Order of Goons. So seriously is this candidate being sized up that it is quite possible that by the time we go to press, he will be accepted as one of that great company of Goons.

To all Goons- With the approach of the festive season drawing nigh and hearing the sighs and hopeful looks to the calendar (slyly made), goons must remember to bring the celebrations to a specific closing date, because on half of us remains the pleasure of the other half; if we come back a day late, they will probably lose the same-- so members who are unable to gauge their capacities, and occasionally go over the line, give some one they can trust the warning to put them on the correct train, and in time.

Footnote - Big Chief (Lot's-all-pitch-in-and-do-it) Sub-Goon No. 24 is kept on the jump these days. However, the boys are of the opinion that when the commotion has died down, he will live up to his name--should he fail, beware of the "Goon Curse".

Orders will be issued to No. 6, to start the ball rolling with one or two of his super-duper extra special, colourless type, unseen, unheart but unfortunately very noticeable from the viewpoint of one or two of the other senses. Lot old No. 24 keep these warnings in mind.

SO LONG UNTIL NEXT ISSUE

THE EXPECTANT FATHER

By Musty Hay

Of parenthood there's many tales,
And now you hear another;
But it's about the suffering males,
Not about the little mother.
He shakes the snow from off his clothes,
He steps in through the door,
His eyes he wipes, his nose he blows,
He starts to pace the floor.

He walks a while, and then sits down,
He lights a cigarette.
The nurse brings back his worried frown,
As she says to him, "Not yet!"
So up he gets, to walk some more--
A bad case of the blues--
He looks, expectant, to the door,
So eager for some news.

The night wears on, he's getting worse,
He thinks he'll lose his mind.
This fatherhood's an awful curse,
To inflict upon mankind!

He sits down, gets up, sits down once
more,
He's breaking under the strain.
A score of butts lay on the floor,
Then the nurse comes in again!

He rushes up and grasps her hand,
His face lights up with joy;
He smiles again and he feels grand,
For she says to him, "A Boy!"

His wife and son, both doing well,
He is happy to discover.
And even though he's been through hell
It's expected he'll recover.

HEARD ON TRAIN

Canuck; Say Aussie, What's the difference between a bison and a buffalo?

Aussie: I don't know, what is the difference between a bison and a buffalo?

Canuck: A buffalo is an animal that roams the prairies, and a bison is something an Australian washes his face in. Haw, haw, haw.

STOPPAGES FROM THE ARMAMENT SECTION. BY AC WILKOVESKY.

The boys would like to know just WHAT that gal in furs had over the WO2 in Charlottetown the other day. They say that he was afraid to throw the ball down the alley for fear of hitting the pins. We wonder just what was he looking at. Tch! Tch! Major. P.S. He was in town for an eye test and glasses. Major you don't need glasses, you need eyeshields.

Congratulations, fellows, on your recent promotions: Sgt. Smith, Cpl. Newitt, Cpl. Budd, Cpl. Maynard.

Two of our family were hurt from slipping on ice... Cpl. Mullins broke a couple of ribs. AC Glenister slipped while carrying 2 Brownies and fractured his shoulder.

Sgt. Patterson has just returned from a camp in which he was on T.D. Now every time he hears the tune of Blue Heaven, he walks as though he just finished a 40 ounce of Island Scream. We asked him what was the reason; he just wiggled his shoulders, gave us a "Oh, I love you" smile and said, "It always happens when I am dreaming of one of my sisters in Blue." Time really marches on. In civilian life we used to call them cousins. Pat, is it true that W.D.s do go for grapes-- or was she lonely?

There's a certain flight who must watch his strength especially when he has G.D.s around. The other day a couple of G.D.s who were new to our section came up to me, scared stiff, and said, "Boy there's one Sgt. we won't cross." I asked them what was wrong, and they said, "We just saw him move a turret around. Who is he, the Angel's brother?"

We would like to know what Cpl. Budd and LAC Hachey do when they get home at night and on 48s...

SKREET COMPETITION RESULTS

It looks as if No. 1 Flight of Course 6 will be the Course Champions with a score of .71 x .125 for their team, although we still have to hear from Flight No. 3. Single Hi gun honors go to No. 2 Flight though with Graham H. knocking off 19 x 25--

shooting in a snow storm..... Jerries, beware!

In Course 68, team No. 10 is leading with a total of 63 x 125, with Flights 8 and 12 out of the picture. We still have to wait for Flights 7, 9, 11. Hi gun so far is Cpl. Lermieraux with 16 x 25.

MEANDERING
DOWN
MAINTENANCE
WAY.
BY
LAC
ISAACS

Here we are seated in the spacious, smoke filled, mechanic infested loafing rooms of the Flights & Repair Squadrons, digging up the latest dirt on Xmas leaves, whether it's wise to visit those places put out of bounds, shop talk, and photos of the fellas' girl friends.

In between chokes, gasps and shouts of "Close that---door", we've been talking to some very interesting personalities of the maintenance world. There's young Lennie Coppold who, when he's not trying to install a new oleo leg on a Battle, thinks, eats and breaths nothing but swing music. Lon tries to play the banjo or is it the guitar? Anyway, although we hate to admit it, he has a swell style all his own-- in fact, it's so much his own that we wish he'd keep it that way and not bother us with rehearsing it in the barracks.

Then there's Cpl. Bagnall, who looks just like Edgar Kennedy, that funny man of the silver screen. So much so, that he even acts like him sometimes-- you know, dumb kinds. Edgar, or rather "Baggy", as the boys affectionately call him, is not the least bit interested in swing music, in fact he thinks "Rudy Vallee" is a place between two hills.

There's a lot of speculation about whether we're going to have beans or spaghetti for supper tomorrow night.

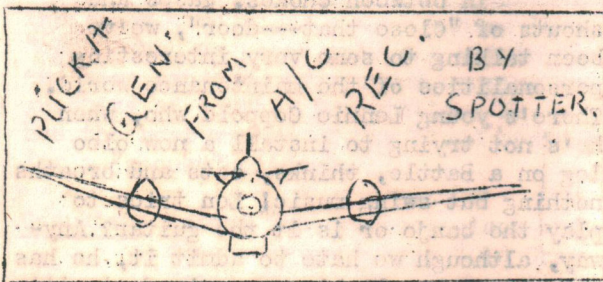
Other discussions are going on, whether we'll have heat in # 5 Hangar by next winter, whether Sgt. Legere has a heart of stone, and whether "Noxema" costs

**MEANDERING DOWN
MAINTENANCE WAY (CONT.)**

15¢ or 20¢ in the Canteen, per small jar. In fact the only thing the boys seem to agree on is that we have three swell 'Guys' (if they'll pardon the expression) in charge of Maintenance--we mean, F/L Gallagher, F/L Goldberg and F/O Miller.

The subject of W.D.s arriving on this Station in the near future has also brought on much speculation.

And now as the N.C.O. in charge, good old F/S Belliveau, has just come into the room and told the riggers to get on with their rigging, and the fitters to get on with their fitting, and the loafers to get on (that's no), we must leave you for now. Wishing you all a very Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year; and remember, even if you only push a plane (like me) or sweep a floor (like all of us), your doing something to bring the end of this war closer to being a realization, instead of just a dream and something to be speculated on and discussed in "smoke rooms"--and after all that's what really counts.



"Four enemy aircraft crossed the South coast of England. Slight damage was caused all the enemy aircraft were destroyed." In that extract from the Air Ministry Communique is expressed the main purpose of Aircraft Recognition--the destruction of the enemy aircraft.

Of course that purpose must be rightly directed; an offensive spirit will be worse than useless unless it is employed in the right direction, as the following story will illustrate:

'Near the French Coast British Fighters sighted an aeroplane flying at 300 feet; one of the fighters dived at the Aircraft, which made a steep turn away; the fighter identified it as a JU88 and fired one burst, but when the attacked machine straightened out and the fighter drew closer it was recognized as a Beaufighter. By this time another fighter had joined the action and delivered two bursts. Fortunately, the Beaufighter got away. It landed safely and reported that it had been attacked by Me 109's but had beaten them off.

This may perhaps make interesting reading, but this story would never be told had the British Fighters been 'Bus' Beurlings.

There are stories of a Blenheim that carefully tagged onto a formation of Me 109's in the belief that they were its own fighter escort, of a poorly led squadron of Spitfires that shot down two Ansons, three Hampdens, and most remarkable of all, an elderly Vildebeeste; of an innocent Auro Tutor who was skilfully brought down by anti aircraft while flying quite low; etc. Such episodes may be multiplied indefinitely.

There must be dozens of cases similar to the above which have never received attention because no one returned to tell the story. The official communique in such cases probably read; "Three of our Aircraft failed to return." Had the true facts been known the story might have read: "Three of our Gunners mistook Me 109's for Spitfires, 'or sad to relate, 'Three of our Blenheims were mistaken for JU 88's"

We venture to say that not once but many times a Gunner in an agony of doubt had hesitated with his finger on the trigger - hesitated for that fateful last moment that meant the difference between life and death.

All these stories point but to one moral: "If you want a long and useful life, 'Know your Aircraft Recognition!" Nothing more need be said to impress upon everyone that A/C Rec. is a serious business.

Other stories have also come through where accurate and instant recognition has really paid off.

So, while, some of the hours spent in the dim and darkened room in A/C Rec., may seem long and boring at times it is well to remember that what you learn will stand you in good stead - and not only to yourself but to your pals and friends.

Therefore, nothing less than 100% proficiency should be your aim. Proficiency is the result of 10% teaching and 90% learning and may be achieved by close adherence to the three rules, (1) PRACTICE (2) MORE PRACTICE, (3) STILL MORE PRACTICE. Close attention to the lectures is not enough - much spare time must be devoted to study; Everyone has the capacity to recognize individuals, motor cars, buildings, etc., What you want now is and extension of this faculty to Aircraft. The time, when you men now on the home front, find yourself in a mid-upper of a lane, is the time when you are going to be glad for all the recognition you have learned. It is the best kind of life insurance.

BEST WISHES FOR A
VERY GOOD HOLIDAY
SEASON.

A LETTER FROM THE FADRE. F/L. SMITH. H.D. (P. CHAR).

10 B + G SCHOOL.

!!GREAT OAKS!!

This week we have 'shoved over and shared our roost, letting 'Blitz and Scoops' from G.I.S. squeeze in.

We are moving away over to the end of the roost and from now on arogoing to let the big fellow do most of the crowing although we will still get our little piece in now and then.

You will always find us back here on this page.

Well this is how it happened --

'So you want a newspaper,' said Pappy Bendall in his characteristic manner; 'well you have come to the right guy.... we'll get you one. This is where we do things. We will have one out by Saturday. Phone Summerside, phone the C.O., get the S.A.O. on the line, find Sgt. Hay, and let's see that guy Buchan. Bring him in too. Take down what I say Corporal----I want to hear what I sound like when I'm crackin'. Yes Sir:we'll have the thing rolling off the press before the week's out....

Oh, there you are, Hay--you are the editor of the Station Paper, and Buchan, you are the Co-editor. Never mind how, We can do it, can't we? You're ruddy well right we can. That's how we do things down here, see? Zip, zip, zip."

So there we were Sunday afternoon in Pappy's office; and here you are Saturday evening with your first copy of Blitz & Scoops. Let's get some of Pappy's spirit, fellows, and help him make it one of the finest R.C.A.F. newspapers around--just like G.I.S.

BE YO' SELF

De sunflower ain't de daisy
An' de melon ain't de rose
Why is we all so crazy
To be sumpin' else dat grows?
Jess stick to where you're planted
An' do de bes' you knows--
Be de sunflower or de daisy,
De melon or de rose.

If you is jess a tad pole,
Don't try to be a frog,
If you is jess de tail
Don't try to wag de dawg,
When a man am what he ain't
Den he am not what he is,
An' as sho' as I'm a-talkin'
He am gwine to git his.

AS WE LOOK BACK four years ago this Christmas to the time when the German hordes rolled on at will and the Empire's future was frightening to think upon; when action and deeds seemed so hard to get going and every heart was "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought"--it is good to remember that now this Christmas; and if you want to read something striking turn to Psalm 124, which begins like: "If the Lord himself had not been on our side when men rose up against us..." Our prayer of thoughtfulness might be well expressed in the following hymn.

Lead on, O Lord, Thy people still,
New grace and wisdom giving,
To larger love and purer will,
And nobler heights of living.
And, while of all Thy love below
They chant the gracious story,
O teach them first Thy Christ to know,
And magnify His glory. Amen.

--Bishop W. Walsham How, 1897.

I promise you forced marches, short rations, bloody battles, wounds, imprisonment, and death--let him who loves home and fatherland follow me.

--Giuseppe Garibaldi.

Consider, Jesus, the workman of Nazareth.
"Is not this the Carpenter?"
"Come unto Me all ye that labour."
Let us give thanks to God for His great love in coming to share human toil.

Almighty God, unto Whom all hearts be open, all desires known, and from Whom no secrets are hid; cleanse the hearts of all those who offer their services in defence of their country, that their labours may be acceptable in Thy sight, and be of Thee abundantly rewarded: through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

A friend is a person with whom I may be sincere and with whom I may think aloud.

--R.W. Emerson.

If I were damned of body and soul,
I know whose prayers would make me whole,
Mother o'mine.

--Rudyard Kipling.