

# GUNNERY LEADER



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# The GUNNERY Leader

GUNNERY LEADER NO. 10 B. & G. SCHOOL  
MOUNT PLEASANT, P. E. I.

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## EDITORIAL

At this time I wish to thank all those who generously contributed articles to this issue and its predecessor. I feel that our first printed, pictorial edition was successful in proving to you, the readers, our sincere and earnest desire to give you the finest station paper available. This definitely can be accomplished with your full co-operation.

The paper, like everything else, is subject to growing pains, and undoubtedly it contains various faults, but they can and will be corrected. No doubt many of you have discussed among yourselves the pros and cons whereby the paper could be improved. It's criticism we want !! Plenty of it !! **Constructive** thought, backed by articles which are of a humorous, informative and interesting nature that you think are worthy of publication.

There are numerous suggestion boxes located on the Station in which you can place your written opinions and ideas. Use them, fellows !! It's your privilege to take an active interest by submitting articles to make this, "Your own paper", one of the best. So Help yourselves by helping us to improve the Gunnery Leader.

I think that at this point a vote of appreciation should be extended to the Publishers, The Journal Publishing Co., Summerside, for their wholehearted co-operation and especially to the president, Mr. Brennan, whose guidance proved so helpful to our first printed edition.

In closing I again thank those who have given freely of their time and talents towards the paper's behalf.



S/L GALLAGHER

Introducing S/L Gallagher, the Chief Engineering Officer. Graduated from School of Practical Science, University of Toronto, Class of "34", as a full fledged Mechanical Engineer. For six years employed in manufacturing, building and mining concerns. Commissioned in the RCAF S. R. in November of 1940. The C. E. O. has been on various stations including, No. 4 B.G.S. Fingal, where he held the position of Maintenance Officer, No. 9 B. & G. S. Mont Joli, No. 3, T. C. H. Q., No. 9 R. D. St. Johns, Que. and finally No. 10 B. & G. S. Mount Pleasant, P.E.I. He has been with us since September of last year and his valuable service experience as an Engineer Officer has contributed much to the success of our school. Without doubt, he commands the respect and admiration of all personnel for his fine performance.

## Sixth Victory Loan

You are all very familiar with the heading of this article, but we are just wondering if you are really acquainted with the progress of our part in the Sixth Victory Loan.

The Sixth Victory Loan commenced April 24th. and ran until May 13th, during which time our station surpassed quite a few peoples expectations by going over the top on our \$100,000.00 quota. During the 21 days that the 6th Victory Loan canvassers were out they met with very heartening, and on numerous occasions disheartening, results. Once the Loan reached the \$90,000.00 mark on May 3rd, it climbed very slowly (\$2,000.00 a day) until May 8th where it stood at \$101,000.00 for 4 days, gradually rising to \$106,200.00 on the final day of reckoning.

The best days of sales during the drive were April 28th when 89 subscribed, via Pay Assignment, for \$15,400.00, and on May 3rd. when Cash Sales reached a high of \$2,850.00 for 12 subscribers.

I would like to take this opportunity to show you the final sales, amounts received and the percentage or average sale, achieved in this loan by our station.

**SERVICE PERSONNEL**

	No. Sales	Amount	Percentage
Assigned Pay .....	953	\$84,350.00	\$ 88.50
Cash Sales .....	142	\$20,400.00	\$143.66

**CIVILIAN PERSONNEL**

	No. Sales	Amount	Percentage
Assigned Pay .....	20	\$ 1,300.00	\$ 65.00
Cash .....	2	\$ 150.00	\$ 75.00

All in all lads it works out that for 1,117 sales we netted the sum of \$106,200.00 or an average of \$95.00 per sale, or on a station average of \$70.00 per man.

To sum this all up, our station had a quota set at \$100,000.00 or \$63.00 per man, of which we topped our quota, and our average per man. To all those who bought and to all those who sold, . . . it was a good show that our station put on . . . for those over there who are dodging steel and dishing it out to the "Jerries."

W. O. II CATER, J. G.

# AG TELLS OF BRUSH WITH DEATH

## Wimpy Crew Parachutes Into 41 Days of Ritzzy Internment Before Returning to England

We took off at dawn from our base in England enroute to our base in North Africa. Our crew consisted of the regular five airmen and two ground mechanics. We had been in the air about two and a half hours when I sighted three Junkers 88's off our port quarter at about a thousand yards. I informed the pilot and he proceeded to take evasive action. The three aircraft broke formation and two carried out an attack. One dead astern and one, that had moved up to the port bow, a beam attack. I opened fire at the aircraft off our tail and as he broke away two trails of white smoke were coming from his starboard engine. During this action the aircraft on our port beam had carried out his attack. His machine gun and cannon fire raked our plane and inflicted severe damage on both the aircraft and two of the crew. All of our hydraulics in the port motor were shot away, also the radio, the intercom, water tank and the inspection plate from the bottom of the rear gun turret and part of the perspex from the top. A twenty millimeter shell blew away the port beam gun and at the same time wounded one of the ground mechanics in such a manner that he could not sit down. The navigator also got shell fragments in both legs.

After the first attack we ran into cloud and stayed there circling until we thought it safe to come out. We broke cloud and the enemy aircraft had disappeared. After a discussion among the crew we decided to try and make Gibraltar and set course down the coast of Portugal. A few minutes later Bombardier informed the pilot that there was a gas leak and it would be impossible to make our determined destination. We pinpointed Oporto, the second largest city in Portugal, and flew south eighteen miles until we saw an abandoned airport on the outskirts of the small town of Ezimarez. We then abandoned the aircraft by paracrate and the plane went into the sea. All of the crew landed in different parts of the countryside, but we were finally rounded up by the police and taken to the Red Cross centre where we were fed and our wounded attended to. The International Police arrived and took us to Oporto where we were handed over to the British Consul. We spent a very pleasant

week-end with the Consul and were taken to Elvas in south eastern Portugal, where we spent a few months in internment until we were finally repatriated back to England.

We arrived at Elvas, where the internment camp is located, at six o'clock in the morning. Our guard, an international policeman, took us to the military barrack where we had to wait for the Colonel to come down. After we had waited two hours a big fat character, bedecked with medals appeared. Enter the Colonel. It seems that we were supposed to spring to attention but by that time the boys were so disgusted they wouldn't move. The guard informed us we should stand but our bombardier, knowing the Colonel couldn't speak English proceeded to tell him off in the best of sailor's language. I guess the Colonel thought he was being complimented as he was all smiles.

After we were tabulated the policeman told us we would now go to our quarters. At that point we all had visions of barbed wire guards with bayonets and the usual treatment that goes with prisoners of war. Imagine our surprise when we were taken into a very nice looking hotel and told since it was crowded we would have to take double rooms. Since we hadn't had much sleep we all went to bed.

Around noon I awoke in the midst of a terrific argument. I stuck my head out the door and the first thing I heard was, "Why you damn Yankee, (censored)" and followed by "You (censored) Canuck" followed by a few choice words. When the argument finally settled down I found out there were a bunch of American, Canadian and English internees who had been there quite a time. I awoke the rest of the crew and we introduced ourselves. One of the Americans had a bottle of brandy so drinks were in order.

The boys took us all around town that day and that night they introduced us to the night life of Elvas. Liquor in Portugal is very cheap. Brandy was ninety cents a quart and champagne was a little more — a dollar a quart. We went to bed around four o'clock in the morning after a very wet night.

Later in the morning the maid woke us up with a tray with coffee and rolls on it. In Portugal it isn't customary to eat



WO II. W. J. BRISLAN  
Tells of thrilling experience.

breakfast, only coffee and rolls. A six course dinner is the lunch and is served between two and three. A sieste or sleep follows and dinner, an eight-course meal, is served around eight and the night life starts at eleven.

During the day we had the city swimming pool opened to us and the skeet range was put to our disposal.

Speaking of sports the Portuguese consider boxing a brutal sport but they use live pigeons for the skeet. When they have bull fights, the bulls' horns are padded so he can hurt no one. The animal isn't killed only tormented with short barbs that the matadors stick into the bull's shoulders and back as he rushes past them.

We had forty-one days of swimming, drinking, skeet shooting and drinking, attending bull fights and drinking and occasionally we would do a little drinking.

Forty-one days after we arrived in this paradise we arrived back in England.

A famous professor gave a lecture at an insane asylum. He began by saying, "Why are we here? Why are we here?"

A nut in the back stood up and shouted. "Because we aren't all there."

The patient, clad only in a flimsy hospital gown, was running pell mell, helter skelter over patients, beds, tables and chairs. The nurse, scissors in hand, was closely pursuing him. An interne was trying to attract the nurses attention: "But Nurse, all I said was, slip off his spectacles."

## Tsk! Tsk!

Believe It Or Not by Ripley or somebody., "Mac" Woodfield one of our G.I.S. clerks, had a son recently—I mean his wife had a son. The following statistics were dully recorded: Born 8th of November time, 8 p.m. Weight 8 pounds 8 ounces. The old man's behind the Eight Ball.

Pilots are quite likely to meet seagulls over the Gulf but three of them met the Stork recently; their initials are as follows: P/O Stockwell, W/O2 Gaboury, and F/S Ring-er. Whoever is next will they please hand out a better brand of cigars?

Sgt. "Doc" Robertson, man about Drogue Flight, enjoys a visit from F/S Turgeon of instruments, but in future the fit. will have to clean his rubber boots before entering the sanctity of Doc's office.

And the little paper dolly cried and cried and cried, when she found out that her mother was just an old bag.



How's about the S.P.'s renting their Jeep on a "Drive Yourself" basis to all these enthusiastic "Fisherman"?

# Snack Bar Nears Completion



SNACK BAR

The other night after a press meeting P/O Thacker and myself noticed that the lights were still on in the new snack bar. Being anxious to see how it was coming along we went in to look the place over. We found F/S Massey and Joe Potts, the Coco Cola representative discussing snack bars and what kind of a coke dispenser we should have, and if it should have advertising. However we soon broke the discussion up with "hellos", "when will it be open"? And demanded all their attention and a statement.

F/S Massey, like a beaming mother began to explain the various aspects of the Bar, and proudly displayed the chinaware and the brightly colored pictures on the walls, the venetian blinds and new furniture. We both had to admit it was beginning to look mighty fine.

We then pressed for a definite opening date. but the Monsieur Massey hesitated as he explained everything was to be completed in minute detail before it could be opened. But in all probability it would be the first Sunday in June. With a mischievous gleam in his eye so that we were not sure whether to believe him or not, he claimed that there would be a pink tea opening from three in the afternoon until seven. There are to be flowers on the tables and music by Benny Goodman's Orchestra, recordings, of course. The guests are to include the various committees and some of the more prominent citizens of Summerside. It sounded pretty good to us, so we decided to take a chance and sent our uniforms out to the cleaners.

## You've Had It

Nice Lady: "Do you know my daughter May."

Corporal "No, I didn't, thanks for the tip."

A sultan at odds with his harem

Thought of a way he could scarem;

He caught him a mouse  
Set it loose in the house,  
Thus starting the first harem-scarem

Did you hear about the fat W.D. who got off the street car backwards because a woman said she was going to pinch her seat when she got off.

Teacher: "What is the future of: He Drinks."  
Pupil "He is drunk."

Little Miss Muffit  
Decided to rough it  
In a cabin both old and medieval.

A Gunner he spied her  
And plied her with cider  
And now she's the forest prime evil.

Sgt: Is that Ice Cream pure?  
Waitress: As pure as the girl of your dreams.

Sgt: Give me a ham sandwich.

Could I see the Captain?  
He's forward miss.  
Oh, I'm not afraid, I've been out with airmen.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

\*

No. 1 A.G.T.S.  
Maitland, N.S.  
May 13th, 1944.

P/O Thacker and Editorial Staff,  
Greetings and congratulations, it's a swell issue so I thought you would like to know what kind of a debut the *Gunnery Leader* made down this part of the country.

There are a lot of the Old Order from No. 10 B. & G. down here and they still have a warm spot in their heart for the station they helped to build, this was very evident by the way they crowded round that one copy all trying to read it at the same time and remarking on its outstanding jump to the Big Time, though I'm afraid by the time it had gone the rounds it was looking a little battle scarred.

Now to say a few words myself regarding The *Gunnery Leader*, it's TOPS and gives me a great feeling of personal pride to have been a member of its editorial staff and able to play a small part in the launching of the new issue. I was very much impressed by the variety of the different sections write-ups, both of Wit, Wisdom and general events around the station and feel The *Gunnery Leader* can be a great factor in welding the bonds of comradeship and deeper understanding amongst all personnel.

Because of the isolated position of the station this feeling of goodfellowship is of vital importance to No. 10 B. & G. School, though, no station can hope to operate efficiently or to fulfill its essential requirements without it.

With your kind permission—a little about No. 1 A.G.T.S. It was with some uncertain feelings that I left No. 10 after finding an interesting occupation for my spare time on your editorial staff, but when DAPS say you go, and go, so here I am, and liking it fine. This station is not at all like it has been painted, in fact it has been done a great injustice, all personnel are happy and friendly, the food is very good, Truro, Halifax, New Glasgow and Amherst are within easy reach of a 48, the surrounding countryside is something to see and plenty of fishing close at hand, so what more could be wanted? One must remember we are at war not on a Cook's Tour. So ends my Swan-Song to No. 10 B. & G. Wishing you and The *Gunnery Leader* every success.

I am,

Respectfully yours,

CPL. ELLIS, F. J.

Dear sir:

At the time of writing I am home on embarkation leave, but I'm never too busy to remember the good times I had, and the swell fellows that I met during my stay at Mount Pleasant.

It grieves me to know that I can no longer scribble "Odor from the Kitchen" as I got quite a thrill out of handling the gossip column for the staff of the Mess, and from their comments, I'm sure they enjoyed seeing their names in print.

Seventeen years ago I sailed from Greenock Scotland, after saying goodbye to my mother and brother. My only wish is that I may see them again and that my duties may carry me in that direction. May I take this opportunity to say goodbye to the gang, and to be remembered to Sgt. Dryburgh, Jack Allen, L Foreman, T Mainland and all of the Kitchen Staff. I might add that I have nothing but regrets at leaving No. 10 B & G. and I hope to see all of you again.

Before closing this epistle, I'd like to wish the Staff of the *Gunnery Leader*, every success and I do hope they will mail me a copy that I may keep in touch with you all through the pages.

Yours for Success  
LAC McCrindle.

Ed: Yes, it does our heart good to hear from the boys who have been posted from No. 10 B & G. Wishful Vista and we want to make a bargain with you. When you leave here, drop us a line. If you'll do this we will put your name on our mailing list. No matter where you go you will have a monthly remembrance from Mt Pleasant and the friends you left behind.

## ROMANCE

"There is something that will shine increasingly through the darker days," declared the orator.

"Don't pile it on, gov'nor," whispered a sympathetic voice. "You're not the only one wearing a blue serge suit."

Sam: "My girl got her nose broken in three places."

Jim: "Well, she should keep out of those places."

# MEET YOUR DENTAL CORPS



CAPT. DUBE AND HIS MEN

By Sgt. Pete Hoffman

Well boys, at long last you are going to hear from that house of moans and groans, namely the station Dental Clinic. What a place, and I should know. I work there! First I will tell you just how well we are situated. On one side we have the bush. On the other the station hospital. Now when a patient decides that the end has come, and he can't stand it any longer, he can go one way or the other. If he heads for the bush, well, that's bad. If he heads toward the hospital, that's worse. They can't get out the back door any longer. One officer did, but now we keep that locked. So you see my friends, once we get you into our clutches, you are a lost soul.

Now let us introduce our professors of the great arts of Chinese tortures. To be more specific, I mean the dental Officers. May I present the number one on the drill parade, Captain (call me Vic) Dube. He is a smiling sort of sadist, who isn't happy unless he spots a great big molar that he can extract, and chum, does he ever find them. Next in line we have our genial Lieutenant "Johnny" Nadeau. If you are unfortunate enough to have him work on you, all I can say is, "relax brother". You are good for an hour. I don't care if you were dentally fit last week, Lieutenant Nadeau can always find a few more cavities. He is the one who claims that he needs glasses. Boy, those eyes don't miss nothin'. Lastly but not leastly, we have Lieutenant "Jack" Olivier. There's a man that doesn't say very much but does he work! I don't know who suffers the

most, Lieut. Olivier or the patient. It may hurt you when the drill starts to whirr, but there's no stopping until the lieutenant's "chair assistant" starts to sweat. Oh we have such fun.

Now the N.C.O.'s come to the fore. There are four of us. Sgts. LaBadie, and Cadieux are our two technicians. They replace teeth that have a habit of falling out. Next we have Sgt. Rousseau, whose job is to try to keep up with Capt. Dube, and Sgt. (that's me) Hoffman. I buzz in and out of the orderly room and try to look busy.

Hold on! Don't leave us yet. There are our three "privates". Ptes. Chevalier, Desjardins and Morin. These are the lads who really do the work around here. Command has "promised" us one more, one of these days, so that the Sgts. will have one for each of them. Yes lads this is truly a rest home. Here, the screams and agonized cries of pain that emanate from our little section make "inner sanctums" seem like a comedy show. Talk about shattered nerves. Tell me, were you one of the lucky boys that have been here of late? No! Well, someone was here. During the past two months there has been an average of 1,235 cavities filled and 168 teeth extracted. Boy, that is a lot of agony passed. Take a look at your pal right now, is he smiling with or without his teeth? If he hasn't any, you can bet your bottom dollar that he has paid a visit to Capt. Dube's happy gang.

Oh yes, there are the happier moments in our otherwise "quiet" routine. For instance there are those four famous last words muttered, yes I said muttered. You try to utter, when you have a mouth full of forceps. There

## Financial Wizard Is Interviewed

AN INTERVIEW WITH  
SGT. \$500.00 GIBSON

Sgt. Pete Hoffman

After much coaxing, cajoling and bribing of petty officials, your reporter was finally granted an interview with Sgt. H. Gibson, winner of the five hundred dollar Victory Bond, and henceforth to be known as "Old Moneybags!"

Friends; you have never seen such a change as that which has come over old Gibbie, as his friends used to call him. There was a time when one could drop into the room of Sgt. Gibson and his equally infamous roommate WO1 Al Large, sit down and have a real chat. But now dear readers, bear with me for just a little longer and hear my tale of woe.

Time was, when approaching the door of Gibson's room, one could see a sign on the door telling one and all that therein reposed the bodies of Gibson and Large, sanctum sanctorum and please to wipe your g - - - d - - - feet. Alas and alack, came the five hundred skins and all has changed. On approaching the door one sees a stalwart acy-deucey pacing up and down, doing guard duty. After showing said guard one's fingerprints, birth certificate and 'I' card, you are allowed to knock upon that famous door. The old sign is gone and in its stead there is a glittering new one which reads, Messrs. Large and Gibson, investment brokers and money lenders. This sign really amazed me, why should it read Large and Gibson instead of vice versa? After all, if I had been informed correctly, it was Gibson that was in the chips and not Large! In reply to my knock, I was allowed to enter, still with the mystery of the mixed names foremost in

my head.

At last I was in the presence of Large and Gibson, Inc. I hastily explained to Mr. Gibson that I was there for an interview for my paper, the Gunnery Leader, and that we would like to have an article on his winning the Victory Bond. He tapped his Sorano-Carona on the side of the ashtray, opened his mouth and Mr. Large — began to speak. Yes friends, the plot thickens. The question kept racing through my head, why had the pride of Windsor, Ont. remained silent while his Detroit neighbour did the talking?

After many guarded questions the truth was finally brought to the surface. It seems that Al was at the theatre when the drawing took place and when his roommate was declared the lucky winner he immediately whipped over to the barracks and found his pal Gibbie in process of shaving, a ritual he performs anytime that he can scrounge a blade. Said Mr. Large, "Gibbie, can you please let me have four hundred and fifty dollars?" To which Gibbie replied, "Holy cow Al you know I would gladly lend you the money if I had it." That did it friends! In those few words you have the solution to our mystery. Sgt. Gibson unwittingly made a statement and, being an honourable man, he kept his word. The fifty dollars that remained was used for a party in celebration of the great event, and now our friend is once again borrowing razor blades.

All kidding aside, friends, I'm sure you all agree with me when I say, "Nice going Sgt. Gibson", we are all happy that if we couldn't win it ourselves, you are the guy that we wanted to see get it." Good luck, and if ever I need fifty, I'll drop in to see you.

was the trainee in course 79 who muttered: "No sir, it didn't hurt, I am sure I will be able to make it back to my barracks with the help of two of my chums." Then there was S/L Gallagher who was overheard saying to Capt. Dube: "Please Vic, do you have to shove your knee in my stomach. I won't move, these ropes that you have tied around me won't let me." We musn't forget F/Lt. Buhler who, when asked how much he had suffered, he replied: "Hurt, Naw, I always shake this way in the morning."

An R.A.F. man says that when the Royal Air Force was formed, the Stationery Officer was told to prepare a special edition of King's Regulations by altering the word "soldier" to "airman" wherever "soldier" occurred in the book that was the basis of army discipline.

This was done—and even now, the informant asserts, one paragraph of the R.A.F. version reads: "No airman may sleep more than 100 yards away from his horse."

Ottawa Citizen



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## Battlephobia

Pilot Officer G. Scott while flying Battle 2038 on first solo April 8th landed due to engine trouble (throttle rod became disconnected) one mile southwest of airdrome. P/O Scott showed marked flying skill in coming in for belly landing in farmer's field.

On second trip, in Battle 2062, port tire blew out on take-off. Circling the field after he had notified the Control Tower by radio to have everything in readiness for crash landing, P/O Scott skillfully landed his aircraft, keeping the port wheel off the ground until the last possible moment, with the result that no damage was caused to the aircraft.

The above trips being the only two that P/O Scott had flown in Battles, we all agree that he proved himself a calm, clear thinking pilot.

Nice work, Scotty.

## Woes of an Editor

Getting out this paper is no picnic.

If we print jokes, people think we are silly.

If we don't, we are too serious.

If we clip things from other magazines

We are too lazy to write them ourselves.

If we don't, we get stuck on our own stuff.

If we stick close to the job all day,

We ought to be hunting up news.

If we do go out and try to hustle,

We ought to be on the job in the section.

If we don't print contributions,

We don't appreciate true genius.

If we print them, the paper is full of junk.

If we make a change in the other fellows write up

We are too critical.

If we don't we are asleep.

## Gunnery Flight

Ah Wee! Spring is here. The birds are singing, bees buzzing, and the tricky trout have started to bite on flies. While on the subject of trout, incidentally, are you chaps wise to the fact that Sports Stores have a choice collection of bamboo poles, airmen for the use of.

Spring has also reached as far as Command, and during the Spring cleaning of their pigeonholes, the mighty welders of the pen ran across some names and decided they had been Staff Pilots long enough - - - so - - - our flight is now minus five true men of the blue..

Headed overseas is the one and only Trujillo, South America's little boy, who went by the affectionate name of "Chic" Trujillo recently startled the staunch and staid members of the Officers Mess by appearing one fine day with his head shaved. "Que ball in the side pocket, Chic".

Ray Picard, proud possessor of the B.E.M., and also incidentally, the oldest of four brothers in the armed services, is another of Gunnery Flights Losses. Ray, a Staff Pilot for almost two years, hopes for either Mosquitos or four engine stuff when he launches his personal attack on the Schickelgruber Regime.

Ernie Jones, the better half of the Reid-Jones combination, leaves behind fond memories with the lads of Gunnery Flight of when he was assistant Flight Commander. It shouldn't be long before Ernie has his own flight, which he justly deserves.

"Mac" Mac Naughton, a "Torontonion" of the first water, and dabbler in stocks and such, was an addition to many a Mess party and was the spark which ignited several various schemes and means.

## "THE SPOT"

Who is the "tiny" W.O./2 of Works and Bricks turned Sports enthusiast?—Trying to reduce, Major?—What about Ballet?—It's far more graceful than Square Dancing in the metropolis of Portage, though admittedly it lacks the attraction of the Belle from the Serg. Mess.

The boys are now bringing pillows to the station movies,—tch, tch what is this modern generation coming to.

## FOR YOUR INFORMATION

While musing over something to write about for this month's issue, the idea came to me that the personnel of No. 10 BGS., might find it interesting to read a few highlights regarding our Station Fund. While most of us are familiar, with the Station Fund, very few ever get around to reading the Monthly Statements issued by the N.P.F. Section, and it is common to hear an airman remark, "What the hell do they do with the profits from our Canteen?"

Very few airmen realize that the more comfortable furniture on the Station or the swell Sports Equipment is not supplied by the R. C. A. F. Nor do they realize that the purchase of a Station Theatre, a Snack Bar, or a Warehouse filled with many thousands of dollars worth of stock is not financed by the R. C. A. F. No, these are all privileges and have to be purchased with the profits from our Canteen. Extra Messing also comes out of these profits, and the appropriation has been gradually increased month by month, to the point where a \$1,000.00 per month is now appropriated for this alone; a fact which is quite evident to those of us who have been eating in the Mess Hall for several months. If you are careless in the Mess and break more dishes than the allowed 3% per month, this also is charged to our Fund. The dish breakage is always quite high, and one particular month we had to pay \$250. Another interesting feature is

that our Commanding Officer has set aside a \$500.00 Benevolent Fund. Should an airman find himself in financial difficulties, he may apply for aid and should his case warrant it, he will be granted an amount immediately. Our Orchestra is also financed by the Station Fund and has been a big asset. When we have a Dance every other week or so, the transportation for the girls to and from the Dance easily amounts to \$100.00. Then too, there is our Station Barber Shop where you can get a nifty trim gratis by "Joe" the Bar-Ber, Dave or Greg.

All these items along with many other expenses incurred in operating a Station of this size, make it easily understood just what happens to the profits from our Canteen.

Our Station Fund is operated much like any well organized business, and it is the responsibility of the Commanding Officer, N.P.F. Officer, and the Station Fund Committee to see that our current liabilities never exceed our current assets. In other words to make sure the Fund is always financially sound, and able to pay all debts promptly. Which incidentally, aids a great deal in purchasing some of those hard-to-get items we can boast about. All matters of expense and improvement, etc., are put before and approved by the Station Fund committee. In the short time this unit has been operating, their balance sheet proves they have done a really swell job.

## Conversion and Parachute Sections

Morning, noon and night we start the long hike across the wastelands and No. 10 B. & G. to our home, which you can see with the aid of glasses on a clear day. It is known as the Relief Hangar to most of you, but where the name came from I don't know, unless it is meant that it is a relief when you finally get over there after the long hike. We might be a long way from the rest of the Station but we are doing our bit to keep No. 10 B. & G. School going. At the head of Conversion Flight we have F/O Stratton who is away on temporary duty right now (lucky fellow) but he will be back with us again I hope; and a nicer fellow you could not wish to meet. His right hand man is F/O Dunphy, flying instructor for the Station.

Then we come to Cpl. Cleaver and his gang. They are on their toes at all times—just ask the C. O., he knows. Cpl. Cleaver is

so popular that they have presented him with the "HANGAR QUEEN" otherwise listed as Anson 6611; and he is going to turn her into a flying queen or bust. By the looks of the aircraft around our hangar it could be bust.

We want to welcome two newcomers to the gang, namely, AC2 Barrow, a fitter, and AC2 Clarke, a rigger, from the school at St. Thomas and hope that they will be happy here.

The burning question of the day that we would like answered are the following: Was F/O Dunphy playing leap-frog with his Harvard recently when he met the Anson a/c from G. R. S., Summerside? Are the gang of Conversion Flight going to remuster the dog, or is she still just a helper? That is Conversion Flight, fellows; and when the old Norseman starts flying again it will be a pretty busy place

# Central Registry Servicing Squadron

Central Registry in its official definition is the section through which all incoming and outgoing correspondence must pass for registration. But on the last trade test a clerk from the Control Tower when asked said: "Central Registry is the section where everything that is ever lost on this station, gets lost." Course you lads know those Control Tower boys. Always out for a joker; great kidders.

Life isn't bad there. Last month there were no suicides. One fellow broke his hand, but it's never been established he did it trying to pull the trigger on the big shogun.

Armed with a compressed edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica, fifteen reasonably good excuses and quick muttered prayers, the CR man balefully keeps one eye on the door, the other on the phone. The first firm step, the first jangling ring of the phone, not a posting, but that he had better start thinking, but fast. For without fail someone has sent something to C. R. that was definitely to reach someone else at a certain time and so far that someone hasn't received the certain something, and someone wants to know why.

However lest anyone think life is too dismal let us think of the brighter moments. Take the time when the mail arrives from the Adjutant's desk. As the letters hit the main desk the entire staff hits that desk almost simultaneously. Their breaths grow shorter, wild feverish lights of anxiety gleam in popping pupils. Quickly trembling fingers rifle stacks of correspondence in a frantic search for those half-size letterheads, those blessed posting letters.

But quickly the lights dim in those bright eyes. Today's mail again has nothing but postings for some underserving airmen who have only been at Mount Pleasant seventeen or eighteen months. Course Daps never did appreciate the true worth of CR men even after they have been two months on a station.

Strange requests often reach them but accustomed to searching for things, several are considering in the rehabilitation period, of taking detective courses by mail. The usual request goes like this:

"There is a letter dealing with ice-picks for mixing drinks in the airmen's canteen that arrived here from Command."

"When sir," an over zealous clerk ventures.

"Oh sometime in 1943 or early in 1944. Its here all right for so and so said he saw it on what jamacallits desk before the last big snow storm."

Armed with this information, our sleuth or sleuths grab their Sherlock Holmes caps, crooked stem pipes and whistle to the hounds. And so life goes on.

"The drinks are on me" cried the scotsman as he was run over by the brewery truck.

Did you hear what the firefly said when it bumbled into the lawn mower?

"Delighted, no end."

"We'll have to rehearse that," said the undertaker as the coffin fell out of the car.

Literary Critic: Do you read Poe?

AC2 Brilliant: No, I read pretty good.

Gather around a second:—Last issue we introduced you to No. 5 Hangar Maintenance Wing. How'd you like to meet Servicing Squadron? The name explains itself "Service". Housed in Hangars No. 3 and 4, consisting of Droque, Gunnery Flights, Parachute Section and Servicing Headquarters, it's a smooth running Section commanded by F/O Millar. From continual practice Mr. Millar has acquired a perfect set of lungs, the force of which we in Maintenance have felt more than once. His quivering tonsils are the envy of the P. T. & D. boys.

"Mother" Belliveau is the Senior N. C. O. i/c and has recently returned to active duty after a short sojourn in the "Cabinet Making Business", at which he swings a mean hammer.

F/S Beckwith, the N.C.O. i/c of Gunnery, claims he's sold more bonds to the "Tough to crack—but easy to bend" Servicing Sqdn than if Hedy LaMarr were present. Oh! Yeah! A Canteen has been established with his indispensable services. Without his moral and financial support it would still be a mythical dream. With "Big Business Beckie" in charge the profits have gone up by leaps and bounds. Some of the boys are still dizzy from the party thrown with the proceeds.

Sgt. Stewart, a recent arrival to gunnery Flight has become a valuable asset to the section after a hectic winter in Repair Squadron.

Sgt. "Doc" Robertson runs Droque Flight Orderly Room—Painted as the whirlwind of Droque Flight he has the knack of listening to the telephone, yelling into the P. A. system and



WO II GABOURY

received commendable logging for landing crippled gunnery Boly at No. 1 G. R. S.

taking down notes which he hopes to be able to read afterwards.

"Snortin' Jenny" is the latest mechanical addition to Servicing Squadron. She takes the place of at least four brooms and four men leaning on them. Jenny's O. K. but has a mean habit of cleaning the dirt off open hatches while the fellows are working inside.

The corporals and airmen have all been thawed out now that winter is over and records show that none are missing. Day by day they were out on the line with icicles hanging from hands and faces, but even the coldest weather didn't stop them. Our hats go off to those frozen faced floozies of the line.

our Senior Medical Officer Doctor "ave-a-brew" West, then your worries are over. Your next alternative is to be greeted by our tall handsome red haired Ontario who answers by no other name than Archie (F/L MacVicar to you). If you survive his questionnaire "Where have I seen you before, didn't I recruit you in the spring of '42", you will either be taken in as a brother or politely told to scam with an Attend slip in your hand. If you should succeed in ducking the two above mentioned gentlemen you will be confronted by the one and only young (man about town handsome I am a daddy today) Dr. Chuck Manning. After undergoing his grueling examination and convincing him that you didn't hold the thermometer over the radiator, you may count on a few days of heavenly bliss in our delightful hostel.

## Bedpan Alley

For the benefit of the new-comers (Bless the lucky stiff) our sick bay since last July was nestled over by the conversion flight, in the old Officers and Senior N. C. O.'s quarters. Those were the days! For many moons, hardships such as never were known before were our lot, what tales to tell our grandchildren, from within its dingy walls.

On Easter Sunday, April 9th (better the day, better the deed) the grand trek began. For two days and as many nights the arduous task continued, then finally on the third night a grand house-warming inaugurated the new Rest Haven.

If you should have the misfortune or otherwise of being paraded into the presence of



A Formal "DO" at the Sgts Mess

# " CORNFLAKES "

The one who thinks these jokes are poor,  
Would straightway change his views,  
Could he compare the jokes we print  
With those we did not use.

Some of Uncle Sam's boys, after taking Naples, were looking at the molten lava inside Mt. Vesuvius. One doughboy remarked: "Looks as hot as hell." An Englishman mumbled under his breath: "These Americans have been everywhere."

"What a perfect fit," said the Sgt. as they carried the epileptic out of clothing stores.

W.D. "I'll stand on my head or bust."

P.T. Cpl. "Never mind, just stand on your head."

Recruit (when embrace was over) "I'll be frank with you. You're not the first girl I ever kissed."

Local Beauty: "And I'll be frank with you. You have a lot to learn."

It's all right to tell a girl she has pretty ankles, but don't compliment her too highly.

You drunken beast, If I were in your condition, I'd shoot myself."

"Lady if you were in my condishin you'd mish yourself."

He "Knowest thou how to bringge uppe thye childe.?"

She: "Certainly sluggard."

He: "Then snappe to, for thye childe is at the bottom of ye cisterne."

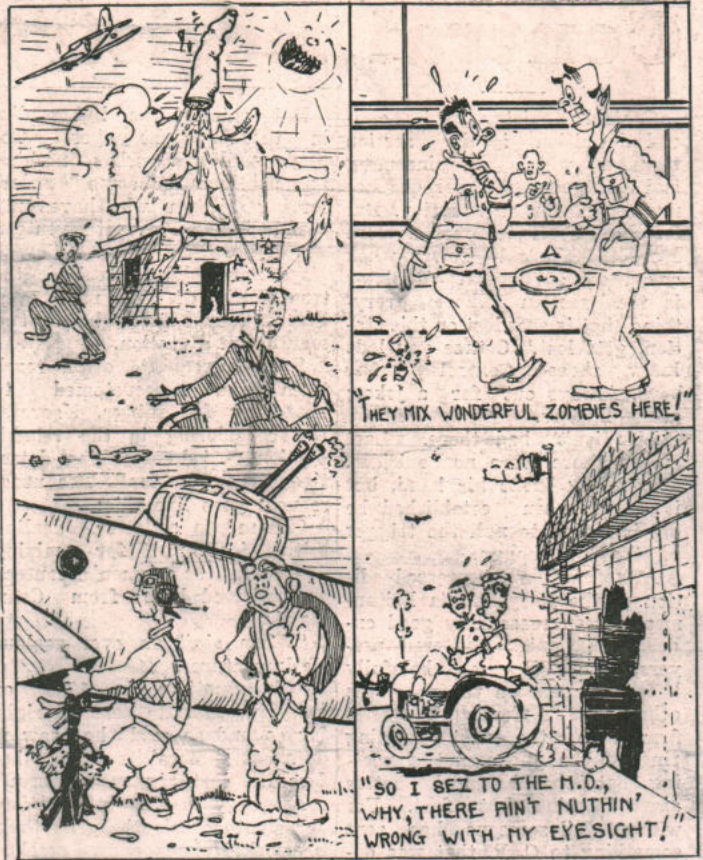
Wife (to drunken husband) "I think we had better go to bed dear."

Hubby: "... Sure, may as well; I'll get hell when I go home, anyway."

She: (sarcastically to AC2 at same restaurant table)

"I hope you don't mind my eating while you smoke."

AC2 " Certainly not lady, so long as I can hear the orchestra."



## Look Fellows! At The CAMP THEATRE During JUNE

FOR WEEK JUNE 1 To 6 PLUS SELECTIONS	Thursday--Friday From Thornton Wilder's Pulitzer Prize-winning Novel Benedict Bogeaus Presents <b>The Bridge of San Luis Rey</b> Starring LYNN BARI Akim Tamiroff • Francis Lederer	FOR WEEK JUNE 8 To 13 PLUS SELECTIONS	Thursday--Friday <b>Andy Hardy's BLONDE TROUBLE</b> Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer PICTURE	FOR WEEK JUNE 15 To 20 PLUS SELECTIONS	Thursday--Friday <b>"LASSIE COME HOME"</b> in Technicolor. with Roddy McDowall Nigel Bruce Donald Crisp Dame May Whitty and "Lassie" The Wonder Dog
	Saturday--Sunday M-G-M's TERRIFIC TECHNICOLOR TOPPER <b>BROADWAY RHYTHM</b>		Saturday--Sunday <b>THE WACKY SIDE OF WASHINGTON!</b> Olivia DEHAVILLAND <b>"Government Girl"</b> with SONNY TUFTS Produced, Directed and Screen Play by DUDLEY NICHOLS From a Story by Adèle Hovars St. John		Saturday--Sunday LOUISE ALBRITTON ROBERT PAIGE <b>HER PRIMITIVE MAN</b> with ROBERT BENCHLEY Edward Everett HORTON! HELEN BRODERICK WALTER CATLET A UNIVERSAL PICTURE
	Monday--Tuesday A STRANGE PICTURE! <b>VOICE IN THE WIND</b> FRANCIS LEDERER A RIPLEY MONTER PRODUCTION		Monday--Tuesday <b>THE SINATRA SHOW!</b> with Frank MORGAN HALEY SINATRA <b>HIGHER and HIGHER</b>		Monday--Tuesday <b>"ONE OF OUR AIRCRAFT IS MISSING"</b>