

GUNNERY *Leader*

**NO. 10 B. & G. SCHOOL
MT. PLEASANT
P. E. I.**



AUGUST 1944.

The GUNNERY Leader

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

UNDER AUTHORITY OF G/C R. C. MAIR, Commanding Officer

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EDITORIAL

This issue of the Gunnery Leader is a 12 page magazine and in it you will find more pictures than usual of people you know and see about the station. Thanks to splendid co-operation of our Photography Section we have been able to liven up our Magazine with photos of the incidents and personalities we have written about.

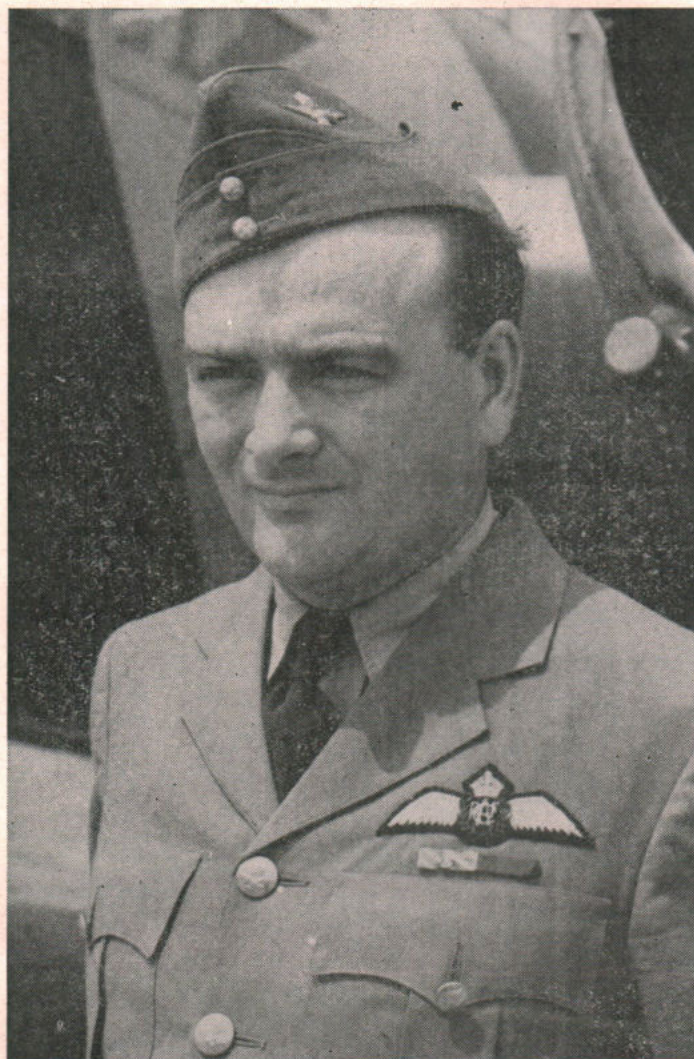
There are many articles worth reading, however, so far we've been using our own ideas and we are interested in finding out just what you think about our attempts? Pass along your comments to the magazine by dropping a note in the Editor's Mail Box situated in the Rec. Hall and while you are about it, how about slipping in a story, gag or idea for the improvement of your magazine.

We have decided upon having a different cover for each issue, one that would blend in with the particular activity of the month. Since so many of our Airmen are volunteering for farm labour on their days off, our staff photographer Cpl. White shot this month's cover of the editorial staff pitching in. PLEASE no comments.

Well, Men we sincerely hope you enjoy this issue. Remember a Station Magazine fills two useful functions, in that, it provides not only a local news vehicle and a form of reading entertainment but also a means of recreation and vocational training which is not available through any other station activity.

Watch for next meeting and come out.

"THE CHIEF"



"WING COMMANDER ALF. BOCKING" D.F.C. AND BAR

In 1935 he joined the R. A. F. and after completing preliminary training in England was sent to Palestine, where in the words of the British Air Ministry his record of "outstanding leadership" and "consistently distinguished performance begins."

He played a leading part, according to the official account, in the suppression of the Arab bandits who, during and after the Arab revolt, turned Palestine into a nation of burning villages, plundered homes and terror-stricken inhabitants.

The R. A. F. during this guerilla campaign was the eyes of the army, and while flying on one of these lonely desert patrols, Bocking, flying low in his plane, discovered the village hideout of one of these bandit gangs. Diving low in the face of concentrated fire, he engaged the terrorists with his machine gun and managed to kill a number of the enemy. Then, piloting his bullet-riddled plane, he returned to headquarters, took off in another machine and guided the British troops to the scene of the scrap where the survivors were rounded up. The date of this action was Jan. 12, 1939. For this exploit he was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross. Later he was awarded a bar to the cross.

When the present war came along Bocking was stationed in Egypt and he participated with distinction in that arduous campaign. His particular forte was in bombing Italian and German airdromes from Tobruk to Bengazi. He did a period of duty in the Greek campaign and his squadron bombed an Italian destroyer off the Albanian shore in 1941 which helped the Greeks clear the way in attacks on the Italian, before the German hordes swept in to smash the Greeks completely.

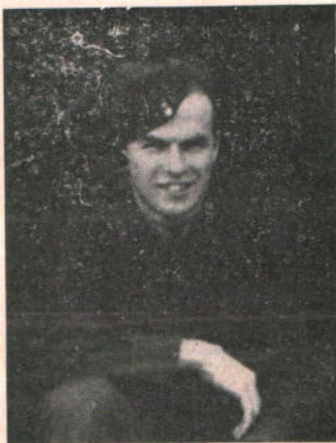
Although not mentioned by name he is credited with being the Canadian airman who bombed a munitions factory at Crotone, Italy, in December 1941. That was in the early stages of the war

(Continued on page nine)

Drogue Operator Saves Plane and Crew

This article has been written as a salute to LAC Biggs, G.D. Std.

LAC Biggs is a drogue operator and in July while flying in a Battle aircraft at approximately 3100 feet, reported to his pilot that the rudder was jammed. The pilot immediately tested the controls and found that he had no elevator control, and that the control column resisted all efforts to pull the ship out of a dive. Assuming that the drogue cable had fowled the elevator, the pilot, P/O McLaughlin, instructed LAC Biggs to cut the cable with quick thinking and cool initiative the operator cut the cable but to no avail.



What was really happening was that when streaming the drogue the electric motor which operates the winch had sheared its pins, and slipped into the port side of the fuselage jamming the elevator control tubing, causing lack of control to the aircraft. In the meantime, the drogue operator was working with cool deliberation, trying to dislodge the motor — pounding and forcing it with all his strength, and badly lacerating his hand in the attempt.

Just as the pilot was about to issue orders to abandon ship, Biggs got the motor free, and so allowing the plane to be brought under control. The pilot brought the plane in and Biggs was taken to the hospital for treatment.

Yes, LAC Biggs, we all salute you for your cool, quick thinking, and we hope that our superiors feel the way we do, and that some commendable recognition may be given to a real hero! Were it not for you, one of His Majesty's aircraft would have been lost, and possibly the crew!

Hurricane Flight



At last the moans from our pilots, both from drogue and gunnery flight, are beginning to die down. Instead of the old beef. "When are we going to fly something else besides these *%?\$/ — Battles, and when are the Bolys coming?" We see a new gleam coming into their eyes. A new determination to quit the beefs and knuckle down to some real keen flying.

The reason? Well, here it is. In the last four months we have brought Bolys in as drogue aircraft. This helped a little. But now we have on our Station, as everyone knows, three sleek, vicious looking Hurricanes—no cracks from the ex-ops boys, maintenance or servicing squadrons please! These Hurries are going to be flown by pilots selected for their alertness, recognition of all safety regulations as well as their ability as pilots.

There have been six pilots selected to fly the initial exercises which will be incorporated into a separate flight, known as the Hurricane Flight, and they will fly with their respective flights when not flying Camera Gun, except the O. C. who will be kept busy looking after the newly formed A/C Flight. These are the originals:—P/O McLaughlin, who was featured in our last issue, with two years ops in the desert. WO2 Murray, who flew for several months on the East coast. F/O Bruce Trenholm, F/O Tommy Flynn, F/O Jimmy Cummings and F/O Johnny Byers, who is the O. C. of the newly formed Flight and has the responsibility of checking the last three pilots out on the Hurricanes.

Now the opportunity to fly the Hurricanes is open to all the pilots who have a good flying record and are anxious to get a crack at them. Do a good job on the Bolys or Battles and you will, as the C. I. stated, have your chance to make the newly formed flight. The exercises flown by the Hurries are going to be camera gun only. They are to retain their camouflage and possibly will have films in their guns so that in a sense we can give the boys a little added reality while pressing the old button. The pilots are going to view the film at least three times a week as a check, that the exercises are being done properly. This will assist pilots and air-gunner students alike.

So, as you can see No. 10 B. & G. School is really giving the embryo airgunners the next best thing to actual operations, as the boys will have to know their range estimation and be right on the bit in turret manip. to pick off the Hurries as they come in at about 300 plus, to obtain a good mark on camera assessment. So Gunners, get cracking on sighting, R.E., and Turret manip so you can turn in a smooth performance when you get up there.

The rumor is that the stress is going to be on camera gun instead of drogue firing, and according to appearance, the rumor will become a fact in a short time. The type of Hurricane used is the MK—2—B which mounts 12 machine guns, 6 in either wing, plus camera gun and radio. Cruising is approximately 180, with 1—2½ lbs. boost 230 m.p.h.

P.S.—The O.C. of the Hurricane Flight F/O Johnny Byers will probably be gone by the time the paper is published, so we wish him good luck at Tampa, Florida, where he is doing on course with the U. S. A. A. F. and welcome his successor as O. C. of the Hurricane Flight P/O McLaughlin.

Course 87

By AC2 Banning, AC2 Burnett, AC2 Devlin

As this is written, Course 87 has just finished its second week at No. 10 B. & G. Although our first impressions of the station were not too happy, I think the majority of us have developed a liking for it, despite the dust.

Judging by the first progress test in Armament, Course 87 is going to set a new record in course averages. If we get down to work, boys, we can do it easily.

AC2 J. N. Carey hails from Niagara Falls, Ontario. On civvy street, John managed various Dominion Stores. Has spent 1½ years in the Canadian Army, but decided he would like to fly instead.

"Mac" Gamble has returned from his week-end in Summerside looking very happy and refreshed. Undoubtedly he found a pool table. Have you still got your eagle-eye, Shark?

Who is the Navigation instructor who nearly blows his top, when a trainee merely states that he is a "simple soul" and can't quite grasp what he's driving at?

"Josh" MacMillan hasn't been his usual happy self lately. Could it be that he hasn't heard from Olga?

AC2 Ed Greenwood, "C" Flight, Course 87, a former popular band leader in Toronto, has lately been beating his drum sticks to a couple of mouth organs and a guitar, in barrack block 12.

An interesting group, commonly known as "212", posted from No. 1 I. T. S., Toronto, to Course 87, have been together a year.

The above-mentioned are as follows:

AC2 Archibald, M. R., Edmonton, Alta., AC2 Brooks, A. J., Toronto, Ont., AC2 Burnett, E. A., Fort Erie, Ont., AC2 Devlin, J. D., Milton, Ont., AC2 Fernandez, R. V., Toronto, Ont., AC2 Greenwood, E. T., Toronto, Ont., AC2 Hurley, J. L., Detroit, Mich., U.S.A., AC2 Hughes, F. J., Windsor, Ont., AC2 Hamilton, W. B., Barrie, Ont.

Things we would like to know:—

1. Why is it that after every Wednesday Sports Day, there is an unusually long sick parade? Is it that the boys are getting old?

2. Where some of the lads from 87B stayed in Summerside on Saturday night. Pretty fast work, Boys!

3. Why they don't put sugar in the coffee marked "Coffee with sugar"?

« « « ADVANCE PARTY » » »



On July 9th, 1943, two Douglas Bombers landed at Mount Pleasant, P. E. I. They were flown across the Straits from Moncton and were carrying about thirty-five airmen, on their way to No. 10 B. & G. S. This was a new station still under construction, the writer had been informed, and situated, he thought later, in the vicinity of Shangri-la, not because of any excellence in location but due to the stillness of the countryside and the scarcity of habitations.

Most of the airmen had been posted from No. 5 Manning Depot, Lachine, and in the course of the journey I soon found out about their rather sad experience before the Aircrew Selection Board, a group of psychologists who delve into the intricacies of evasive argument presented by somewhat expectant or timid aircrew potentials.

The motors stopped, the doors opened and we immediately set foot on P. E. I. where the lobster-red earth maketh a pleasing contrast with the green lawns and pastures . . . Naturally, to mention Prince Edward Island, reminds us of our national history. The early French settlements, the successive migrations, at a later date of Scottish ship builders and crofters known as the United Empire Loyalists, of Irish farmers who now felt the benediction of the new, rich land, of English merchants and law makers. To mention Charlottetown brings to mind the famous Conference where, within the span of human life, the heart of a nation began to pulsate. To mention "Green Gables" recalls to our memory the readings of childhood, the noble poetry of Tennyson, the Victorian atmosphere and the scent of things forever gone . . .

We were greeted by the Commanding Officer F/Lt. (now S/Ldr. Guillon) and his informally dignified Adjutant F/O (now F/Lt. Royle). Of course, new arrivals were expected by the next morning at the Station Hospital where F/Lt. West, our first M. O. is often heard to say, that a healthy individual is a sick man who ignores his condition.

Our first impression of the station at that time did not reveal much enthusiasm; this feeling, however, was alleviated soon enough because the sense of comradeship is always stronger under difficult circumstances. The writer had already made the acquaintance of WO. 2 Grant Cater, our Station Warrant Officer, Vinnie White, the "Muscle Builder." Paul Nadeu, "Slim" McIsaac and a host of others, not to mention everybody's friend, Ross "Fearless" Young, our first original "Rythme Boy", who can really blow a trumpet, as everyone knows.

For over two months the G. D. Airmen did a magnificent job in helping to have this station operate in the shortest possible time. I will remember the booming, blustering voice of one Sgt. Bouchard who, in no uncertain way, showed many an airman how to become efficient at handling a pick or shovel. In all seriousness, though, these boys are the unsung heroes of Mt. Pleasant; they really do deserve the cheering thanks of every trainee that graduates from No. 10 B. & G. S.

F/Lt. Guillon was replaced by S/Ldr. Staddon during August, we all remember that S/Ldr. Staddon's executive problems were greatly diminished with the acquisition of the "Norseman": Moncton, Scoudouc, Mont Joli, Halifax and even Ottawa took notice of Mount Pleasant's "Norseman". Administrative problems vanished as our Commanding Officer moved from one point to another, giving

the good news to all concerned that No. 10 was in existence. Things were done.

Then came September and the hope of moving into our new quarters across the landing field. The impressive row of barracks seemed, at times, a promised land which we could never reach. But soon enough, on the 8th, airmen started moving their chattels across the field, kitbags, mattresses and beds. The machinery of administration was transferred to the present Admin. Building.

With the organization of G. I. S. this article ends: In the instructional domain, as in the administrative, we were fortunate enough to be directed by a man of untiring energy, who with S/Ldr. Staddon, has contributed much to the success of training here, F/Lt. "Skipper" Bendall.

From then on, the Station grew rapidly: Aircraft were flown in and personnel to fly them; maintenance crews were assembled and the various sections fully established.

On the fourth day of October, training had begun.

Sport's Quiz?

WHO DUNNIT FIRST?

1. Who was the first Major League Manager to win four consecutive pennants? (a) Connie Mack, (b) Frank Chance, (c) John McGraw, (d) Joe McCarthy.
2. Who was the first race horse to win the three big 3 year old stakes? Kentucky Derby, Preakness and Belmont? (a) Man O'War, (b) Sir Barton, (c) Count Fleet, (d) The Black Stallion.
3. Who was the first heavy-weight champion to retire undefeated? (a) Jim Corbett, (b) Jim Jeffries, (c) Gene Tunney, (d) Farmer Brown.
4. Who was the first golfer to win the British and American Open Titles in the same year? (a) Jim Barnes, (b) Walter Hagen, (c) Bobby Jones, (d) Gene Sarazen.

Ans.—See Page 10

NAZIS FLY U.S. FORT

Spain—Nine Germans made a forced landing here recently in a U. S. Flying Fortress and were interned.

The Fort, undamaged, bore German markings and appeared to have been patched together with parts from allied planes that had crashed in Germany.

STATION MASCOT



Photographic Section discovers "Boly" the gremlin. Boly it seems had been troubling the photo section for sometime, but he was ingeniously discovered after a long arduous process of filter experimenting. When apprehended, Boly agreed to accept the position of Station Mascot.

Flight Around The World

One night I noticed a particularly large group in a corner of the Mess. I learnt that they were listening to Sgts. C. E. Simpson and A. J. Williams of the Atlantic Transport Command, who were here on a refresher course in gunnery. They



were telling the boys of their trip around the world that they had recently finished.

It began at Dorval where we took off for Nassau. It was very much warmer there than in Montreal. The

things we noticed most was the colour of the water, which was a deep green, and very clear. It washed up the white sands on nearby Paradise Island which is supposed to be one of the best swimming resorts in the world.

We moved on from there to Puerto Rico which was very similar to Nassau except that the natives, being Portuguese, were not as friendly.

The only other stop we made before the big hop across the ocean was Natal, Brazil. It has a tremendous airport, one of the biggest in South America. Since the aircraft was due for a check we had a little time to ourselves. So we wandered into town. We were amazed to find that the natives were almost full grown at the age of fourteen. They were not black but tanned.



From here we headed across the Atlantic for Accera, South Africa, stopping off at the Ascension Islands for fuel. The natives of Accera were primitive and their abodes were not very clean.

Cairo was our next stop. The Delta looked wonderful from the air. The big green "V" it formed was the first grass we had seen since Puerto Rico.

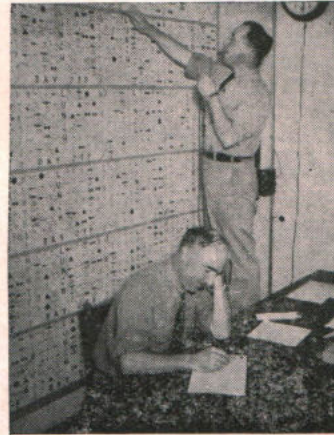
Mauripur, India was our most eastern point. The heat there was intense to say nothing of the dust storms.

At Mauripur we turned around

Nerve Centre . . .

No, this is not a brokerage room, but our Despatch room at G. I. S. This is where all the class schedules for air gunners in training originate. It is here, under the guidance of F/S Kennedy ably assisted by WO2 "Mike" Delaney that the daily programs are made up.

The symbols on the walls designate the various subjects of instruction. For instance, jagged streak, wireless. A couple of balls, Physical Fitness. An aircraft, aircraft recognition, and so on. Our despatch at G. I. S. work in co-operation with Gunnery Flight who phone in at ??? 500 hrs.?? the classes required for flying the following day. F/S Kennedy and WO2 Delaney bang their heads together and put classes here and there, then change them around several times. If this is not a success, they shut their eyes and throw darts at the far wall. Wherever Course 83 dart falls in a certain hour for a certain subject for the following day, "they've had it". Mike climbs up into a chair, hooks up his inter com, peers over his bifocles and informs F/S Kennedy, using the correct despatch hieroglyphics, where to chart each course from hour to hour each day.



All kidding aside, the despatching of six squadrons or courses, comprising of seven flights each, for classes seven days a week, is a mighty chore. Knowing where they are every hour of the day. Juggling classes for days off. Yes, cadets, I said days off. Making alternate plans in the event of flying being "scrubbed", is one helluva job. A great deal of credit is due to two men who are mainly responsible for the systematic and smooth running of the training tables at G. I. S. Nice work, F/S Kennedy and WO2 Delaney!

and pointed our nose toward home stopping off at the Azores and the U. K. and finally letting down at Dorval."

By the time that you readers

see this, these two travelling sergeants will have completed their course, and may possibly be on the other side of the world again.



"I WISH TO COMPLAIN ABOUT AN AIR GUNNER"

Fishing In The Garden Of The Gulf

By a Piscatorial Prevaricator

If you want real fun, relaxation, unexcelled sport, fresh air and sunshine, come to P. E. I.—Land of Adventure, Cradle of Canadian Confederation, Angler's Paradise — where you can ramble down rustic lanes and wade miles of trout streams rushing through silent woodland . . . Here, as nowhere else, is fishing that exceeds your wildest expectations!

Of course you'll find no baracudas, muskellunge, northern pike, sturgeon, pickerel or bass; and the Provincial Travel Bureau reluctantly admit an acute salmon shortage. However, there are plenty tackle-busting speckled trout (*Salvelinus fontinalis*) to test your skill and endurance. Sea trout, which are regular brook trout that have migrated to salt water and returned, weigh up to 12 pounds. The season commences April 16th and remains open until Sept. 15th.

Worms, bugs, grubs, grasshoppers, artificial flies (Royal Coachman, Parmachene Bells, Jock Scott, White Miller, etc.), spinners, live minnows — all are very effective. Fish feed most voraciously at high tide, so plan your expeditions accordingly.

If sunburn, moonshine, mosquitoes, poison ivy and prodigious hikes do not perturb your equanimity, and you can by devious detours find your way to Senator's Pool, you might possibly succeed in landing a gargantuan whopper, not less than seven inches long. Equally famous are the swirling rapids, deep holes and shady pools of Mill River, between Howlan and Cascumpec Bay. Some tremendous trout have been caught in the vicinity of Bideford, Bloomfield, Coleman, Ebenezer, Hebron, Oyster Bed Bay Bridge, Sea Cow Pond, Tyne Valley and Wellington.

Deep-sea fishing also holds an important place on our recreation roster.

Unless you are Maharajah of Hyderabad, or a supreme optimist, don't expect to get any fish cooked in the Airmen's Mess.

To keep fit, keep fishing. Good luck, brother Izaak.

—By GUS GOUVREAU.

Sergeant—(during roll call) "Brown"

Voice—"Here"

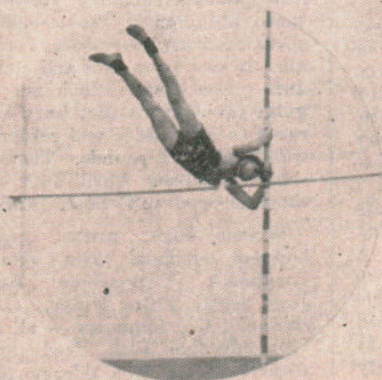
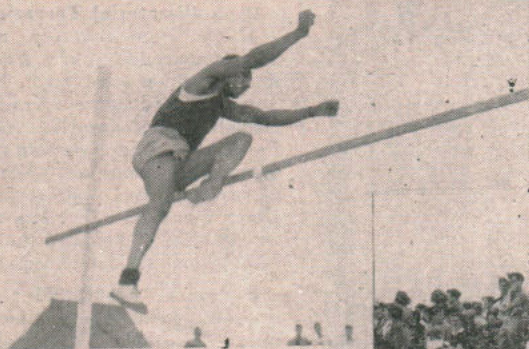
Sergeant—"I don't see Brown Who answered for him?"

Voice—"I did, I thought you called my name."

Sergeant—"What is your name?"

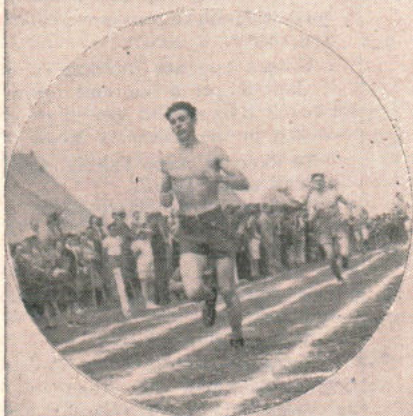
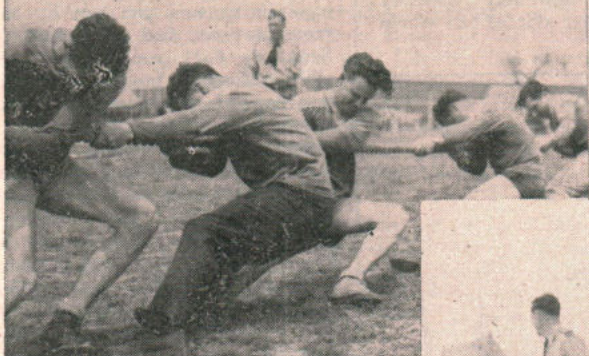
Voice—"Steneopotski."

"HIGHLIGHTS"---CO'S SPORTS DAY



1ST. ANNUAL
TRACK
AND
FIELD MEET.

WED. JULY 12TH 1944.



CO'S SPORTS DAY

At precisely 1.30 p.m. on July 12th, our first Track & Field Meet was inaugurated by our Commanding Officer G/C R. C. Mair. The meet proved to be one of the most successful events to be undertaken on the station, thanks to the keen supervision of F/O Taylor, W. Goss (YMCA) and their staff.

The day's competition was keenly contested with I. T. S. emerging as champions of the day with a total of 30 points. Headquarters was second with 26, A. T. S. third with 22, Maintenance third with 21, and Training Wing fifth with 20.

LAC Young Z. H. of Maintenance was the most outstanding athlete of the day, winning three of the main events.

We are looking forward to a great showing by our boys at No. 3 Training Command Track & Field Meet in Montreal.

The day was gayfully concluded with a dance in the drill hall.

100 Yard Dash: 1, Bikerdike I.T.S., 2, Harmer; 3, Boulton. Time: 10 Seconds.

200 Yard Dash: 1, Bikerdike I.T.S.; 2, Quennel; 3, McIsaac. Time: 24 Seconds.

120 Hurdles: 1, Young, Maint.; 2, Machie; 3, Gardner. Time: 16 Seconds.

1 Mile: 1, Power, H.Q.; 2, Burke; 3, Slight. Time: 5:37 minutes.

440 Relay: 1, McIsaac, H.Q.; 2, McRae; 3, Hyatt.

880 Relay: 1, Power, H.Q.; 2, Fennel; 3, Smegal.

Shot Put: 1, Riley, T. W.; 2, Dickey; 3, Flynn. 43 feet, 7½ inches.

Hop Step and Jump: 1, Young, Maint.; 2, Watson; 3, O'Donnell. 37 feet ½ inch.

High Jump: 1, Young, Maint.; 2, Cochran; 3, McLean. 5 feet, 5 1/7 inches.

Broad Jump: 1, Dickey, H.Q.; 2, Young; 3, Scaife. 19 feet, 11 inches.

Javelin: 1, Neary, A.T.S.; 2, Lemieux; 3, Cater.

Discus: 1, Flynn, T.W.; 2, Riley; 3, Neary.

Pole Vault: 1, Scaife, I.T.S.; 2, Flynn; 3, O'Donnell.

Tug-O-War: 1, Reid, Clifford, Praught, Warden, Lebenkic, McPherson, Rayner, Lafontaine, Coach, WO2, Henniger, H.Q.

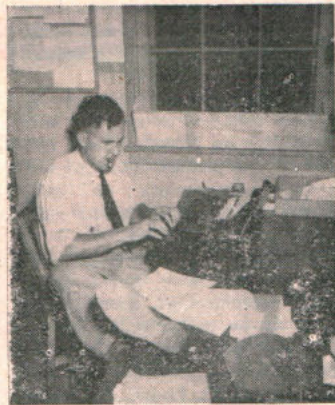
OUR "GUS"

Come along with us for the next quarter hour to away down east — oops — wrong introduction. Ratling off at least fifty words a minute, (trade-test officer please note) I find myself on the business end of the typewriter discussing a well known figure of G. I. S. Cpl. "Gus" Gauvresu arrived at Mount Pleasant last November, and since that time has caused more grey hair than a front seat in a burlesque theatre.

Gus is F/O Jov's nemesis. Our adjutant may be seen galloping up and down the halls, in and out of rooms, practically any day in search of our favorite Corporal. There was some serious consideration on the event of our first field day, about entering Gus and Mr. Jov in the one hundred yard dash. Mr. Jov declined, explaining that in the last eight months he hasn't been able to catch up with him once, so it would be too one-sided.

Heaven or hell,
I'm not fussy.
I'll get Heaven,
'Cause I've had Gussy.

Mr. Underwood would surely roll over in his grave if he ever watched Gus type. If it weren't for the fact that you can hear the keys hitting the roll, you would never suspect that there was anything happening at all. There Gus sits, feet up on the



desk on either side of the machine, corn-cob pipe jutting from the of his mouth, and completely oblivious of the rest of the world. Every few minutes he pauses long enough to re-light his pride and joy, or to fish around in his pocket for his best nickel cigar. Every afternoon you can hear the call "any entries for daily diary" echoing through the corridors of G. I. S., and, after visiting every office in the school, and not meeting with any success, he writes pages on the evils of Mount Pleasant!

If you wish to find out when the W. D.'s are coming, when the station will be moved, or any other problem which baffles the C. O. himself, consult our Gus! If he is unable to tell you the

Vital Statistics . . .

BORN

(The Stork on Operation!)

(1) 24th, May a son William Peter at Summerside, P. E. I. to WO. 1 Wirtanen, W. G.

(2) Born 2nd June a son Joseph Brindon at Hunter River, P.E.I. to LAC. Doiron, J. R.

(3) Born 7th, June a son Charles Raymond at O'Leary, PE.I. to LAC. Smith, J. K.

(4) Born 9th, June a daughter Mary Elizabeth at Valleyfield, Que., to LAC. Adams.

(5) Born 26th, June a son Dow Beverlie at Moncton, N. B. to Sgt. Hicks.

(6) Born 15th, June a daughter Wilma Dianne, at Charlottetown, P.E.I., to LAC. MacMillan, L. W.

MARRIED

(Cupid's Victims!)

(1) On June 4th, to Thoda Spector at Outremont, Que. By Rabbi C. Bender F/Sgt. Wexler.

(2) On 12th, June to Gertrude Dorothy Thibeau at Lower Sackville, Halifax, N. S. by Rev. H. Wash to LAC. Kuhn, N. R.

(3) On 15th June to Grace Sofraniuk at Mimco, N. B. by Rev. J. F. Corrigan, LAC. Levesque.

(4) On 17th, June to Ina Bistroy at Toronto, Ont., by Rev. W. Christie, Cpl. Lucas.

(5) On 22nd June to Doris Chartier, at Toronto, Ont., by Rev. C. E. Wilson, to Sgt. Williams, R. B.

(6) On July 1st to Marjorie. Eleanor Goss at Windsor, Ont. by Rev. J. A. Rooney, to LAC. Dobbs.

exact date, he will take it up with his friend "Chubby" Power, or the chief of the air staff. At the present moment he is working on a formula which will tell him the exact date of the end of the world!

If fish have a language of their own, I'm sure that word has spread to the far corners of the island about Gus. He is the G. I. S. "Angler Extraordinaire". Early in the spring, fearing a shortage of trout flies, he placed orders with every company east of Winnipeg, and much to his surprise they were all filled, and he found himself with about twenty dozen. He promptly placed posters around the station, and in no time at all, they were all gone. Now he is unable to get any more!

What does our fisherman take with him on one of his fishing expeditions? First of all he heads over to sports stores, and gets their best pole, next he whips up a bag full of onion and mustard sandwiches, gets enough cigars to last Mr. Churchill for a month, and is on his way.

Gus uses several different kinds of bait, but favors flies. It is rumored that he uses his cigar butts when in a pinch, sprinkling the tobacco lightly on the water and waiting until it sinks. The tobacco is swallowed by the fish and when they come up to spit, Gus hits them on the head!

As a gangster caches his loot in several different places against a lean day, so Gus has his trout stowed away all over the station. If he should ever decide to put them all on the market at the same time, there would almost, certainly be financial chaos in the fish business.

Our Gussie's mail has been noticed to bear such strange

post-marks as, Cow Bay, Passamura, Egypt, Bella Bella Island, Hardwood Lake, and many other places that never appear on a road map. His friends include, Bronaslava Njinski, Olga Zalkowski, Aloysius Bardonus Gustavius Nicodemus Emanuel Garcia Bustamente Srinivasaragava Chakrapany, (the third,) and many other well known personalities, so he says!

Gus has been known to write twenty letters in one night, and one of these days there will be a tie-up in the post office when he gets answers to them.

Gus has had a little trouble getting his leaves lately. The last time he took a forty-eight, nobody knew that he was gone, and Mr. Joy spent the day looking all over the school for him. Imagine how he felt when he found out that Gus was up at Bloomfield fishing! To avoid further confusion, Mr. Joy has asked Gus to apply in advance for his passes. The result is that Gus has made application for a forty-eight on the fourteenth and fifteenth of November. His next move will probably be to apply for his 1946 annual leave!

And now before Corporal Pilotte catches me writing this on the government's time, I will leave you with this thought about Gus. He does have a lot of idiosyncrasies, but then again I guess that that is why we like him so much. He is our nomination for a swell guy, and we hope that he will remember us when he leaves this station, just as we will remember him. When the war is over, and Gus is manufacturing corn-cob pipes by the million, don't forget him, or his slogan. "Is Life Worth Living?" it all depends on the liver.— (Shakespeare).

By LAC MacINTYRE.

SECTION MUTTERINGS

PAINT AND PIPE LTD.

By WO2 Ed "Tiny" Henniger

Having been asked by the Editor of this periodical to contribute a small article from the most overworked section on the station, namely, Works and Buildings, I am entering these few notes, with our usual promptness (?) for your persual and edification. A grain of salt is to be given to each reader!

The trials and tribulations of a Works and Buildings section are many. Imagine being on a station without lights, water, a place to sleep, or a runway to fly on! The maintenance of these essential services is kept up with a skeleton staff, which has been fends off scroungers.

Our genial O. C. is back from his leave and must have had a grand time if the expression on his face is any indication. Now our "Tiny" can take a breath once in a while. Annual Leave certainly must do things to us. Just look at the smiles on the faces of the Sanitary Engineering staff now that Charger's man Friday, F/S Davis returned, and they are at full strength again. There is also a contented (?) look on Jimmie Wadell's face showing that he is happy to be back in our midst.

Our steno seems to be pretty happy too. Reason! A certain red-headed electrician, LAC Savill, and our storekeeper, LAC Trevelyn, were out pitching hay (or was it?) at her residence. Of course that's a mustache just above the aperture on the face of our storekeeper that so many girls this district, Summer-side and Boston, seem to take a fancy to. If you should want something from our stores, and can't find Trev. he will probably be somewhere pruning that decoration on his upper lip.

We, too, often wonder what the Civil engineers see when they look through their transits. Just now we were thinking of the movie "Show Business" and if you can remember what the old boy saw through the opera glasses, we may have the answer.

That gentleman going up the streets with his hands so far apart is our "Tiny" Henniger telling about that big fish (the one that got away, of course). Our O. C. has some good ones too.

Our subsidiary, Arson Inc., had their write-up last month, so it will not be necessary to go into further detail at this time.

Now that our tractor operators have moved over to this side, our family is all happily to-

Gimmie Gimmie Section

The happiest man of the month F/L "Spud" Murphy. Not only has he been promoted to F/L, but after one year at Mount Pleasant (?), (the question mark referring to the Pleasan'), he is once more returning to civilization. F/L Murphy has been posted to Montreal. We'll all miss you, but congratulations on your good fortune.

Incidentally, fellows, the replacement of F/L Murphy by a W.D. Officer (whoo, whOO) will no doubt plunge the Equipment Section into a shaving, shining and cleaning up programme never before witnessed in the history of No. 10 B. & G. Would this have any bearing on the house-cleaning already commenced. We are wondering if this "feminine" addition to our staff, will effect those renowned Equip. Section parties, such as was held on July 10th, for we are certainly no pretty sight to behold "the morning after."

The stork has swooped low over the Newman household, making "Archie" the proud father of a "bouncing baby girl" congratulations, Archie.

We would like to print the following casualty list from the battle of Mt. Pleasant. First of all Cpl. Swanson, who is confined to the station hospital with a severe case of laryngitis. A second casualty, not so serious, but probably one whose name will be on this list many more times is Ken Atkinson. It seems that Ken has a bad habit of running into things, and getting in the way of falling objects. His last misfortune occurred when he stuck his foot under a barrel of bleaching powder just as it was about to reach the floor, and he has been forced to walk with a limp ever since.

It will be noticed that Minnie and Mollie have both departed from our midst. Could it be that McCluskey's lurid language regarding them, had its desired effect. In spite of the cat shortage, reports show that there has been no increase in the mouse establishment. O.C. I/C Cats please note!

LAC. MILLER.

gether.

Our new clerk, LAC Jones formerly of Prince Rupert, B.C., is doing a good job, but of course the office company is pleasant. The section's philanthropist, the gent in charge of carpenters, F/S MacDonald, is badly missed while away on leave. We hear that one of the electricians had his blood group-ed the other day, and it was found to be "A". ("A" for alcohol, no doubt.)

POSTAL POSTSCRIPTS

Twice daily at No. 10 B. & G., a long line of smiling, expectant airmen forms up at that building (with the beautiful landscaping) namely the Station Post Office. After the wickets have been thrown open and the line slowly begins to file through, many emerge from the building still smiling and proudly brandishing — a letter. Others however have not been so fortunate. They've had that now only too familiar phrase thrown at them "Sorry Chum, not a thing today." They leave bitterly disappointed, and exclaiming (among other things) "They can't do this to me!"

They? Who are they? They who peer out at the fortunate, and less fortunate, from behind the chicken wire and wickets. Bear with us and we shall see.

First we have Sgt. Adams of Toronto, (the boss). He usually can be found down behind the chicken wire issuing money orders or keeping an eagle eye on all transactions taking place. He does a pretty good job of it too.

Second in charge Cpl. Alexander, of Owen Sound, can usually be found in the same locality. At this writing, Alex is on furlough, and we trust having a swell time with his bride of four months. Sort of a second honeymoon, you know!

LAC Saunders of Toronto is probably better known to our Sr. N.C.O.'s as "Pop". "Pop" can usually be depended upon to put up strong arguments on both sides of a discussion on any subject. How can he lose?

LAC Baz Landers—"Legs" (or have you seen those shorts) hails from Pembroke, Ont. However he prefers to be called a Torontonion. Now what possible reason could he have for that? (Ed. note: I wouldn't know, I'm from Montreal!)

LAC "Bud" Moir, a Windsorite is truly a man of letters. No kidding that man gets more letters — especially from a certain party in Windsor. Now if you have no mail you know who to see. Sic 'em boys!

LAC "Rickey" Richardson is a recent addition to the Postal Staff so not much comment can be made about him. However we do know he visits Saint John, N. B.—quite often.

LAC Eddie Forant a staunch supporter of Canada's Capital recently returned from a furlough there. According to Eddie everything was swell — except one thing. Just ask him about it and see what happens.

LAC Maurice Cote of Drummondville is the sole representa-

Shutter Bugs

Many times you have heard, our Battle Cry, "smile—hold-it," bang your picture was taken!—Did you ever pay any attention to the man, who was doing that type of work? He is what's commonly called a photographer, who carries around, all types of gadgets and equipment he never uses, which makes him feel important. You will often see him talking to himself, cursing the weather or fate who stuck the shutter of his camera, just as he had a chance to take the picture of the century.—All jokes aside, they are a fine bunch of boys doing some great work — Our "Leader" is Sgt. Earl Mongraw.—who with Cpl. J. J. Johnson and LAC Les Baxter went through the "Blitz" of Mount Pleasant, (their shoes are still covered with red clay). Next on the line are LAC's George Waters and Norm Vincent (the gold dust twins) who are praying, that D.A.P.S. won't forget about them.—A new addition LAC Johnny Nestor who came to us directly from Lachine, and last but not least Cpl. Jerry White, who was "hiding" at Mont Joli. —Mix them all together and you have our Section,—if you ever happen to meet any of the aforementioned walking with their heads in the clouds, please don't disturb them, otherwise you'll be ruining the best dream a man ever had. A photographer is a dreamer and belongs to Ntorion, keep on dreaming fellas and keep up the good work!

—CPL. JERRY WHITE.

there. However a slight handicap in English does not stop our Maurice, if we can judge by the amount of letters from down Tignish way. Right or wrong Maurice?

LAC Elmer Coholan, better known to everyone on the Station as "Shorty" hails from Moncton and Saint John, N. B. But in our opinion (and we're sure a former barber of this Station would agree) "Shorty" would much rather make Campbellton his permanent stopping place. How about it "Shortstuff"?

LAC Burt Hayes, our own "Glamour Kid" from Stanley, N. B. has become quite a ladies' man of late. He has all the young ladies of the surrounding villages Sinatra-ized, we hear. They love that boy!

Now dear readers you know your postmen. "What's that you say. It still doesn't help if you have no mail. Well, maybe between now and next time, we'll have an answer for that. That's all the postal notes for this time! See you at mail time. "BERT"

More News From Sections

R. C. A. S. C. SUPPLY DEPOT.



At long last we were able to get that hard working section known as the supply depot to suspend operations for a little while to enable Cpl. White to snap this "pic" on that infamous crew.

Reading left to right we have A.Q.M.S. Jack Lockhart who is officer in charge of supplies. Next is L/Corporal Phil Lichenstein our supply clerk, who hails from Toronto. Pte. Bill Stewart, who calls Edmonton, Alberta, his home, is the butcher at the depot. Bill has just returned from over two and a half years service overseas, and at present has two sons serving with the R. C. A. F. Our next two are Ptes. MacDonald and Campbell, two real live Islanders. Mac is the driver, and Campbell the issuer.

Believe it or not gentlemen, all these rations that find their way into your mess come through this depot. Any time you have any thoughts as to the quality of the food that we are getting, you are welcome to pay the sergeant-major a visit, and he will be glad to show you around.

There isn't much "dirt" to throw at these lads, although we are happy to say that Jack, "I've ordered my muscles at Eaton's, and they will be here next week", Lockhart is the proud poppa of an eight pound private. When last seen he was heading towards Kentville, N. S. to see his new son.

Phil is a quiet boy. His tow line is in Toronto, and every Saturday night before he heads toward his stamping ground in Summerside, he takes time out to write her a letter, then he "tanks" up."

And that is about all there is to say about the Service Corps, but in closing I would like to say that it isn't right to throw knocks at these poor lads just because the meat is bad, hit the cooks!

WING COMMANDER BOCKING

(Continued)

when the Canadian air ministry was not identifying these pilots by name.

Bocking was credited with being the hero of other exploits in the Greek campaign. He was believed to have been the flier who bombed and crippled an Italian destroyer in the Sant Quaranta harbor; flying through snowstorms to attack shipping at Valona docks, the chief objective of the Greek drive and machine-gunning Italian troops in snow-covered mountain passes. The Italian destroyer he bombed was later captured by the Greeks.

At the start of the Italo-Greek war he was one of the first to bomb Koritza and by the time this brief campaign was over he was regarded as one of the aces of the R. A. F.

Realizing the terrific strain under which a combat flier labors, the R.A.F. command withdrew him from an active theatre of operations and sent him back to Canada. He was posted to Weyburn in the summer of 1942, and after a few months there, he was posted to R.C.A.F. headquarters, Ottawa. From there he was posted to Pennfield Ridge, N. B., as chief flying instructor.

He is now Chief Instructor at No. 10 B. & G. S. and we wish him continued success.

RANGE SALVOES

The new 200 yard Range is now in full swing and has completed two full courses. This range, incidentally, is beautifully situated on Egmont Bay, about 8 miles south west of the Station, and right on the beach.

All the range crew have been clamoring to get posted out there and so far they've nearly all had their turn.

The Boulton Paul Turret is generally under the supervision of Cpl. Archibald who when not giving instruction over the intercom, holds forth on how farming is done in Ontario.

The Fraser Nash Turrets are under the watchful eye of our one and only Sgt. Frank Pelletier, who sees that no one sits or stands around on the side without they have some ammunition to belt up or some empty cases and links to sort.

Night firing takes place every night, the truck leaving G. I. S. at 2000 hrs., and generally getting back about 0130 hours.

The boys really get a bang out of this because it doesn't take long to find out one's short comings, clearing stoppages, etc., in the dark. It has its draw backs for the instructors though—one night, not so long ago, about 2300 hrs, every one tired and sleepy, our well known instructor with the corn cob pipe who always forgets tobacco to wit, Sgt — now F/S Williams, told one of the trainees to go ahead and climb into the turret. In case you aren't aware, kind reader, the first thing a gunner does on entering his turret is to check his

intercom, so after about five minutes the conversation was something like this — bear in mind too, that where the turrets are located is pitch dark—

Sgt. W— "Instructor to Gunner— check your intercom."

A minute later.

"Gunner check your intercom" (Lapse of another minute and the hackles rise on the Sgts. neck)

"Gunner will you for — — — check that blankety blank intercom."—(still no answer — another lapse of a minute while the flame in the Coleman lamp flickers back to normal and the mike on the intercom resumes its shape) The Sgt. turns around and glares balefully at the rest of the trainees—

"If that so & so has gone to sleep, he'll get a rude awakening" so off comes the ear phones and Sgt. Williams, jaw thrust out, shoulders hunched goes to the turret—"What in heck's the matter with you" (still no answer) upon looking into the turret the Sarg finds no trainee.

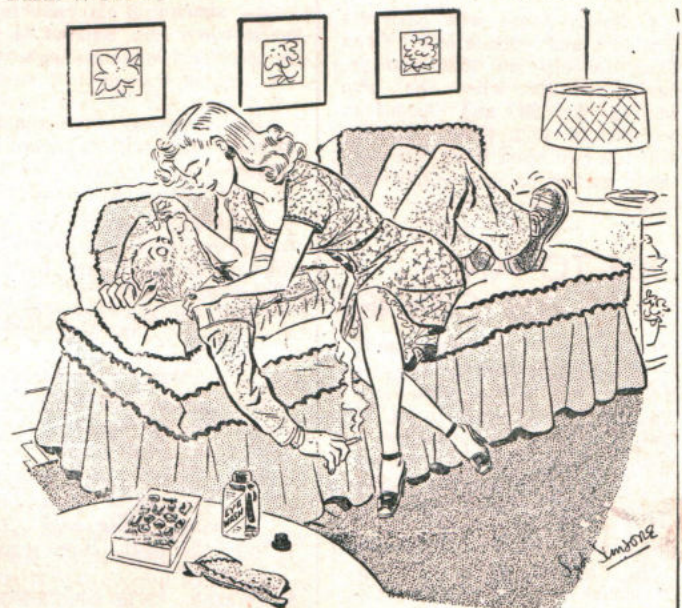
"Shades of purple hell and Aunt Susy's umbrella, where is the guy?—glances down toward the water, looks under the turret and finally hears a faint rustling sound from the F.N. 4—not in use—no guns installed, no motor running, no intercom hook up — so ends the sorry of the "Lost Trainee".

So Pilots beware, these lads are apt to get in the tender and not your turret.

F/S "Ham" Hamilton.

THE WOLF

by Sansome



"I can't understand it! Every time you come up here— you get something in your eye!"

ORCHIDS

To our beloved Padre F/L Smith on organizing our daily swimming expeditions to Bideford Wharf.

These trips have been extremely popular with the personnel of the Station.

We have all at one time or another looked forward with great enjoyment to the refreshing dip in the cool water after a hard days work.

Again on behalf of the Airmen of the Station we wish to thank both padres for their untiring efforts in making life on the Station a little more enjoyable.

ANSWERS TO SPORTS QUIZ

1. John McGraw was the first big league manager to win four straight National League Pennants. His New York Giants won in 1921, 22, 23 and 24.

In the American League this feat was duplicated by Joe McCarthy whose New York Yankees won both the league flag and the World Series in 1936, 37, 38, and 39.

2. In 1920, Sir Barton won the Derby, Preakness and Belmont Stakes, the famed triple crown of racing. Five other horses have won the triple.

3. First heavyweight champion to retire unbeaten was Jim Jeffries, who quit in 1906, subsequently he made a comeback and was flattened by Jack Johnson. Only other heavyweight to quit while still champion was Gene Tunney, who hung up his gloves in 1928.

4. Bobby Jones won both the British and American Open Championships in 1926 and repeated in 1930, when he also won the British and American honors. In 1932 Gene Sarazen won the two open titles, the only other golfer to accomplish this feat.

ODE TO AN AIR GUNNER

He may not be the top man
In a Lanky bomber crew;
He may not be the pilot,
Who has lots of work to do.
He's only Tail End Charlie
With nothing much to do,
But if it wasn't for the gunner,
There wouldn't be a crew.

So here's to the Tail End
Charlies,
Of whom we now have lots;
He knows his Brownings very
well
And never wastes a shot.
CHIC ARCHIBALD.

Cute, and She Can Cook!



S/O Walley our Messing Officer known to her family and friends as Francis Joan, can claim to be a bona fide Canadian, her forebears having lived in this country for several generations. Born in Vancouver, B.C. Later moving to Montreal. Miss Walley attended McGill University, where she received her B. Sc. She was employed as a dietitian at the Sanatorium, Ste. Agathe, Des Monts, Que., until April 1943 on which month as date she enlisted in the R.C.A.F. as an A/SO. She has seen service at Uplands, Arnprior, No. 3 T. C. Before her posting to No. 10 B. & G. S. on 22nd May, 1944. Like majority her plans for after war are still indefinite, but it is probable that she will carry on as a dietitian, unless of course she embarks on the lifetime career of marriage.

An airman is a pain in the neck when he's around, a pain in the heart when he isn't.

One reason a dog is a good friend: His tail wags not his tongue.

A theatre manager in Charlottetown took the Public into his confidence, put upon the marquee.

Some old stuff. 2 features
One pip, one stinkeroo.

The parodies of Maizy Doats are becoming legend: Here is one of the best unveiled:—

Spar swear blew and tar
swear blew and liddle
scoud swear caki
A wha-kle- caki, too, wouldn't
you?
Gobz lykz kertz, m'renez are
flertz and little do-bois
wistle—
A fo-refell wistle too, wouldn't
you.

Peeps Through the Key Hole By Who Said IT

Have you by any chance seen LAC. Miller of clothing stores lately. Those baggy eyes and that sallow look are the result of late hours. Mrs. Miller just arrived in Summerside you know. Oh happy days.

The Dept. of Transport, postage Division, wishes to advise Sgt. McKenzie that if he must park. PLEASE use the side of the road.

Who was that A. G. from Hurricane Alley that was cuddled up around the gas pump at Mouscoucho the other night? It's a good thing that that truck went by at 0500 hrs. eh Pat.

My, oh my, If Alabams little girl knew about those week ends in Florida! !

Between the station hospital and the dental clinic can be found a plot of well turned earth the pride and joy of our own N/S Beaugrand, which she fondly calls her garden. Into which have gone many hours of labour. Dear reader did you ever think, those two he-men F/O Cummings and F/O Flynn were also nature lovers? Truth is these two gentlemen turned and tilled the soil under the watchful eye of N/S Beaugrand.

The biological institute will be glad to know that there is an abundance of trout around Portage, at least that is the report that WO2 Henniger gives — oh yeah!

Notice to Frank If you really want to see some swooning just wait until S/O Walley walks into the airmen's mess any noon-hour!

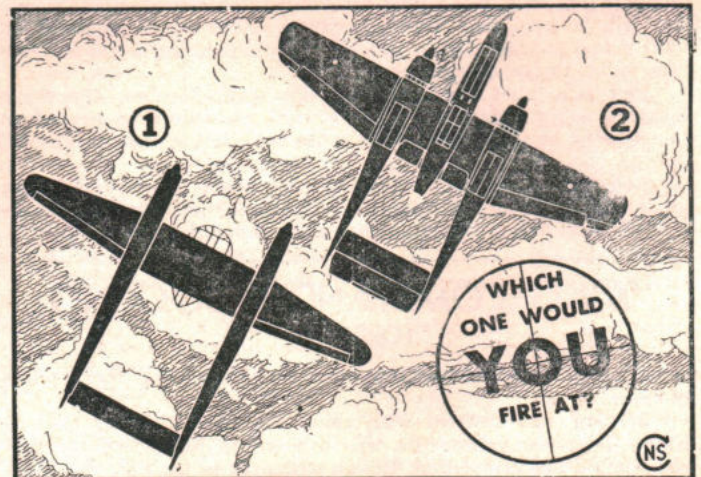
Is it true that a certain station tonsorial artist hasn't ridden a bicycle since the night of July 22nd.

BOUQUETS . . .

We have two this month. The first is to all the young ladies of Summerside who made such a wonderful turn-out last winter, braving the sorts of elements we know so well, to come out to our Dances to lend a touch of gaiety to the place and lighten the load of so many of us. Their presence was and still is greatly appreciated.

The second Bouquet is to the gang in our New Snack Bar, which is proving such a blessing to all of us, against all kinds of odds they are doing a great job. How about helping them out a bit fellows, by taking your cups etc. and putting them on the counter as you leave — it would help! !

Forbes Hibbert. Cpl.



FIRE AT NO. 1! It's the German Focke-Wulf Fw. 189, a twin tail-boom observation and ground attack plane powered with two in-line engines. The engine nacelles extend well forward of the rounded nose of the gondola. The center section of the wings is rectangular and the outer panels taper to rounded tips. The rectangular tail-plane has double fins and rudders.

NOT AT NO. 2! It's the AAF's new fighter, the P-61, "Black Widow." This long nosed, high wing plane is powered with two radial engines and has twin tail-booms extending aft from each engine nacelle. The leading edge of the wings is straight while the trailing edge tapers to rounded tips. The untapered tailplane, set between the tailbooms, has twin rudders.

Buy War Savings Stamps

Hello! Control Tower Calling!

That man Hoffmann has been at it again, and before writing anything else I would like to make it clear that the responsibility of this effort (and I do mean "effort") lies with him.

In view of the fact that as far as this estimable periodical is concerned the Control Tower and its doings have been veiled in silence, I think it would be as well to introduce the members of that worthy establishment, and give some tid-bits of what they have been up to, and their varied claims to fame.

Our O. C. is F/L A. D. Clarke who calls New Brunswick his home, and it was Moncton's loss and our gain when he took over Flying Control at Mount Pleasant. He comes from a true Service family having in the R.C.A.F. besides himself, a daughter in the W.D.'s at present at E.A.C. Headquarters, and a son of whom he is justly proud flying "Spits" out of Normandy having been Overseas for the past two years. F/L Clarke has also seen his share of Overseas having been in the Army and later an Observer in the R.F.C. in the last "show". He has just returned from leave, clear of eye and boasting a tan which smacks more of Florida than this district.

Second in Command of our little group is F/O S. J. Myers (the man who catches fish with his bare hands!) he ordinarily lives in Montreal and came to us from St. Eugene. During his four years in the service he has had a great deal of experience, particularly in getting things done. In this last connection some people are surmising whether he is going to tear down our Control Tower and build a new one somewhere else, when he runs out of innovations, re-decoration and landscaping not that it would be a bad idea, of course!

Of the "Original Club" our Sgt. Gordon Holst is a worthy member, as he was in at the drop of the proverbial hat so to speak. Having had a siege of "Newfie" he came here from Brantford and swears he was gypped. From Kitchener comes our Gordon, and these days he has that "I'll be leave-ing" look in his eyes, no doubt after seven months since he was last there he will be able to arrange to fill in his time somehow or other. If he does not get away from here soon it would not require much imagination to visualize him sitting in Kitchener and upon hearing the telephone ringing, answering it with an almost hysterical note in his voice "No... the Norseman is not going to Moncton!!" It is



hoped by the time this appears in print that he will have a nice new crown to go with those three hooks of his, we are hoping anyway.

Cpl. Maurice Marcus at this time is enjoying (we are sure!!) a little leave in Montreal, where he has his home, and he is no doubt deriving a great deal of pleasure from that recently arrived daughter of his. Maurice came to us from Arnprior via Toronto, Ottawa, Victoriaville and Trenton joining our fold last February.

Your humble correspondent seems to have acquired a life membership in the "Originals Club" having slogged his way through the mire with Sgt. Holst and Cpl. Cudlip (since reprieved) on that fateful November night when the world seemed a cheerless and friendless place. When those rare opportunities present themselves "home"? in this case is Toronto and Kent England. The route which led to "The Garden of the Gulf" touched Toronto, Uplands, Victoriaville, Trenton and Centralia (Oh those memories of Grand Bend!!)

Outside a deep desire to get behind the behind of the man that threw the switch that threw the "robot" plane" which hit a certain house in England, and the sincere hope that our "Nasty" opponents and their ilk the "Yellow Plague" are soon roasting in Hades where they belong he does not ask for a great deal.

Another "Original" is our LAC Don "Moose" Hiller who has been patiently waiting for a matter of eight months to get on Control Course at Trenton. Don has just returned from leave at his home in Toronto where he seemingly managed to have quite a time for himself—he is of course delighted to be back (?) His main claim to fame no doubt is the moustache growing contest he had with one of our boys during the winter. He came to us from Malton!

The last but by no means least of our "Originals" is LAC "Mac" McNeil who has been suffering from the same complaint as Don for a like period. Our Mac during the winter narrowly escaped with his life when a "Boley" tried to demolish the Control

Tender when he was in it... Aside from this he is our athlete and may be seen at all sorts of odd times lifting seemingly heavy weights or sprinting the odd half mile out to the Control Tender in a most energetic fashion, as he is blessed with a very good appetite we are inclined to believe his waistline is more the worry than a desire for exercise. His home is Thorburn, Pictou Co.

Then we have our A.C. 2 "Robb" Shantz who recently completed Control Course at Trenton having taken his pre-course training here. Home to Robb is Peterboro, Ont., but maybe now we should call it Summerside as his wife has just joined him here. We would like to take this opportunity of welcoming Mrs. Shantz and we hope she will enjoy her stay.

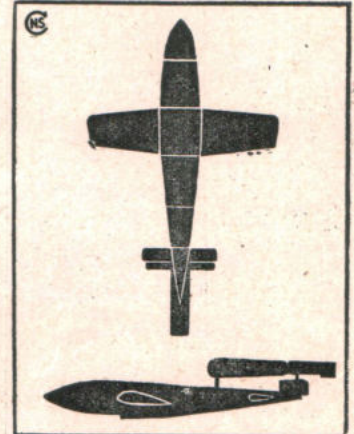
At the time of writing this we have two of our lads away on Course, they have both already spent about three months with us taking pre-course training. The first of these is WO2 G. A. Duffy (WAG) who recently returned from "Ops" Overseas with many tales to tell. The home of our Warrant Officer is Chatham, Ont., where he is heading for leave as soon as his course is over. He apparently had quite a time in England, and seems exceedingly interested these days in ways and means of transporting a certain little lady from there to Canada — he wants to marry the gal!

The second of this pair is AC2 Eric Cox to whom fate dealt a dirty slap when after he had been here on A. G.'s course he was sent back here by the Selection Board for Flying Control training — wouldn't that jar you? He is another man who is setting up home here when his course is over, and in case Mrs. Cox is here by the time this is published — a hearty welcome to her, also.

Two others of our group are here for training, the first Sgt. S. N. Brown (WAG) who hails from California and Vancouver and who has just returned from leave at the latter place, misfortune caught up with him in Montreal right off the bat when he was relieved of his valuables, etc., by person or persons unknown.

Lastly we have AC2 Mahoney of Montreal, Quebec, who joined us recently. He returned from leave recently nursing quite a hang-over and it seems he had been having quite a time for himself, and we are sorry it was marred when his car was involved in a smash — he swears he was sober and that it was not his fault. These Control Commandos!!

Meet Nazi Doodle Bug



Nazi Germany's jet propelled pilotless "Doodlebug", the enemy's "reprisal weapon No. 1" which has been hurtling against England from the coast of France, is actually an overgrown skyrocket. Its power comes from a jet propulsion engine placed above the tail structure. The catapult platforms from which the Germans are launching their flying bombs against Southern England are said to be capable of discharging one every 40 minutes.

The robot has a wing spread of 16 ft. a fuselage of 25 ft. and attains a speed of 350 miles an hour. The duration of their flight according to experts is determined by a time switch, which can interfere with the automatic pilot and tips the plane into a 60 degree nose dive.

The Doodlebug is loaded with a ton of explosives and when it explodes it seems, as if the sky erupts in a great orange and black flash.

Defensive measures have been put into operation against the German Flying Bomb and they have proved encouragingly effective. They consist chiefly of massed bomber attacks on enemy launching apparatus.



"LET'S SHOW OUR HANDS IN DEFENCE"

A Night In The Big Town



This is the story of one of No. 10's wolves' on a big night.

To-morrow is that long awaited for day off and oh! boy! to-night is my night to howl, Yes Sir, its' me, me for the big town and just watch me paint that place a bright red. I'm just the boy that can do it too.

I'd better get ready if I want to make that 8.10 bus. Amazing what a shave, shower and shine can do for a person. Why if I'm not the perfect example of how the well dressed airman should look as well as God's gift to the women of Summerside, then I don't know who is.

Hmm! No bus yet? Might as well make this a real celebration. Right in the groove now! That blasted canteen should be nearer the gate. Let's see, have I my "I" card? Got to go through the guard house. I'll show these S. P. boys what a smart Acey-ducey I am. OOps! Sorry Corporal, didn't realize that my belt was unfastened. Yes I will get a hair cut right away. Phooey! That darn corporal probably just joined up. He'll smarten up with a little more time in this outfit.

Well there is the bus, One return please. What? Ninety cents, why don't you fellows bring your gun with you. These guys expect me to pay their complete overhead in one night. Oh well what's ninety cents to me, can't spoil my night, no Sir! Gee, I wonder if this road is as bumpy all the way in, I guess that beer was a little too warm, anyhow the singing is loud and plentiful. I wonder where I could learn the words to that 'North Atlantic Squadron'? Shucks, now we have a woman on the bus. Oh well, Onward Christian Soldiers isn't such a bad song to sing. Wowie! We hit that bump so hard that poor fellow has lost his teeth. I wonder if these drivers hit those bumps on purpose, or do they just drive with their eyes closed. Say, what is everyone yelling to the driver to stop at G. R. S. for? Must be a

dance or something going on there, not for me though, I'm going to the big town and really strut my stuff. Give me wine, women and song!

Here we are. Gee it's not very big is it? Well I guess I might just as well get something to eat, it certainly will be a pleasure to sink my teeth into a thick steak. There's a nice looking place, certainly is crowded seems as if every sergeant and pilot officer in the Air Force is trying to get in here. Hey! look at that waitress, now that's for me! I'll show her how we do it where I come from. Hiya babe! Gosh, what a frigidaire and take a look at that icy stare. Hmm might as well get something to eat, these prices are high enough, I wonder if the fellow who owns the restaurant owns the bus line too? Guess I'll settle for a sandwich and coffee.

Now I feel better, let's have a look at the finances, ninety and fifty plus a brew, doesn't leave an awful lot but I still have enough to have myself a time. Say, there's a nifty looker, he—, wouldn't you have guessed it, she has a double convoy there, come to think of it she wasn't so hot, not my type. Well, I don't seem to be making much headway on this corner, there's an idea, that's for me, soft music, a pretty girl, what else could a man ask for? Another forty cents eh? Say what have you here, bank night? There certainly is enough people here! Look at the crowd over there, what are they looking at? Perhaps some one is hurt, anybody could break a leg or get trampled to death in this mob, let's see if I can work my way in and have a peep.

Excuse me, pardon, sorry, ah, there it is, it's a girl, pretty cute eh? Wonder if she will have the next dance, Wow! Looks like a riot, eighteen men and one girl. Holy cats, a civilian gets the dance, guess she didn't see me, perhaps it is her brother or something. Oh well, lots of time left. Might as well have a coke. What, no cokes? All right, a warm bottle of orange is better than nothing! Down to thirteen cents now, better take it easy. Gosh, been here over an hour and still I haven't had myself a dance. Oh, Oh, there's one! A little short and those glasses look as if they would stop a 50mm, but oh well, got to keep up the civilian morale. Wish this gal would let me do the leading for a change, if she keeps pumping her arm up and down she'll get water. OOps! Sorry. Huh, me sorry. If she had stepped any heavier she would have crushed

"CORNFLAKES"

Mother: "Billy, why aren't you in bed?"

Billy: "There's a mosquito in my room."

Mother: "He didn't bite you, did he?"

Billy: No, but he came so close I could hear his propellers."

Zoo man searching for elephant that has escaped: "Say, Uncle, have you seen anything of an elephant around here?"

Uncle Ezra: "No sah, Ah ain't seen no elephant but Ah did see a great big gray bull eating my corn with his tail."

A favorite story in London is about a little old Lady who was walking along a street, when there came a terrific clap of thunder. As the old Lady cowered in fright, an urchin said to her:

"Don't be afraid Lady it ain't 'tler it's God."

The efficiency expert will tell you that if a farmer's boy can pick six quarts of cherries in an hour and a girl 5 quarts, the two of them together will pick 11 quarts. But any farmer knows that the two of them together won't pick any.

And an optomist is a man who thinks his wife has stopped smoking cigarettes when he finds cigar butts around the house.

Grit destroys machinery but it makes men.

my foot. Maybe she is one of these female commandos, Can't last much longer, those seven league boots of hers weigh a ton.

Ah, here it comes, I certainly am glad to hear them play God Save The King! Boy, I never saw so many people try to get through a door at the same time. Let's see now, hey Mac, which one is going to Mount Pleasant? Oh, twenty-one eh? What's that? You say twenty-four? Naw, thirty-one! I guess I'll just get into this one and take a chance. Pile in? Say, all we need is a little oil and they can sell us for sardines! Well, here we go and am I tired! Glad they aren't singing now, I could use a little shut-eye. What a night. Come to think of it that little girl wasn't too bad, one of these nights I'll have to come in and grab myself a date, it isn't long until next pay day anyway. Yes sir, I certainly had myself a time, that town will be glowing for a couple of days since I've been there, now for a snooze.

They were on their honey moon and she regarded him as the most wonderful being in the world. They strolled along the seashore. Suddenly he stopped and in a fine poetic frenzy declared: "Roll on, thou deep and mighty ocean, roll!" "Oh, look George!" she cried on ecstasy. "It's doing it."

A pullman porter starting out on an all-night run had his trip cancelled. Returning unexpectedly, he looked around the house, and then got out his razor and began stropping it vigorously.

"What yo' doin' Sam?" inquired his wife.

"If dem shoes sticking out from under the bed ain't got feet in 'em, I'se gonna shave."

A french farmer engaged in his spring planting was interrupted by a couple of Nazis swaggering through his field. "Go ahead and sow, scoffed the Germans, we'll do the reaping."

"I hope so," replied the farmer "I'm sowing hemp."

Charlie: Where have you been, and what did you see?

Mortimer: ahw ahw saw a nudist colony.

Charlie: Were they boys or girls?

Mortimer: Don't know they didn't have any clothes on!

Morale Worker—Asked how he spent his airman's pay.

Sgt. Maranda replied: "I spend the greater part of my monthly income maintaining civilian morale."

First W. D.—"Good Lord, why don't you peel that banana before you eat it?"

Second W. D.—"What for? I know what's inside."

Chaplain—"Son are you following the ten commandments?"

AC 2—"I don't know, Sir it's all I can do to keep up with the Station Notices and Memos."

Nurse reporting to new army post—"Where do I eat?" "Why you mess with the officers."

"I know that . . . but where do I eat?"

Chinese tombstone — Me, in person. No movie—No talkie.