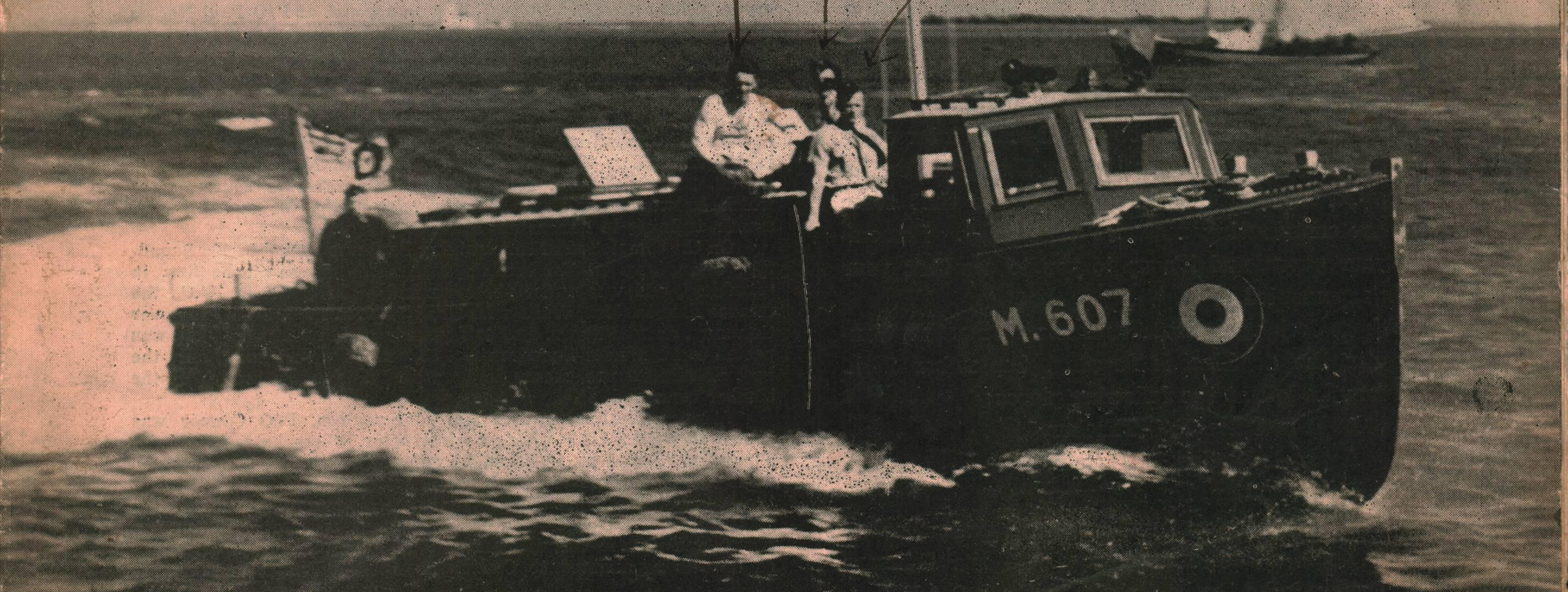


Sept 1944

# GUNNERY Leader

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

L.A.C.  
MacLean  
Cook  
MacFarlane



SEPTEMBER 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

MANAGING DIRECTOR — F/L C. BENDALL.

## EDITORIAL STAFF

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF — LAC. Davis, I. A.

MANAGING EDITOR — P/O Thacker, T. N.

ASSISTANT EDITORS — F/O Rogers, J. D.,  
Sgt. Maranda, V. L.,  
Sgt. Hoffman, P. A.

ASSOCIATES — Cpl. Gauvreau, L. J.,  
F/O Tonks, N. V.,  
LAC. Gain, M. W.,  
LAC. McIntyre, J. R.,  
LAC. Langevin, G. G.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY — Sgt. Mongraw, E. O.,  
Cpl. White, J.,  
LAC. Duff, L.,  
LAC. Nestor, J.

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## EDITORIAL

In this month's issue we are saluting the Marine Section for the fine work they are doing. The cover shot of the crash boat was taken by our photographers, Cpl. Gerry White, and LAC L. Duff, and from all appearances looks to be the best cover to date.

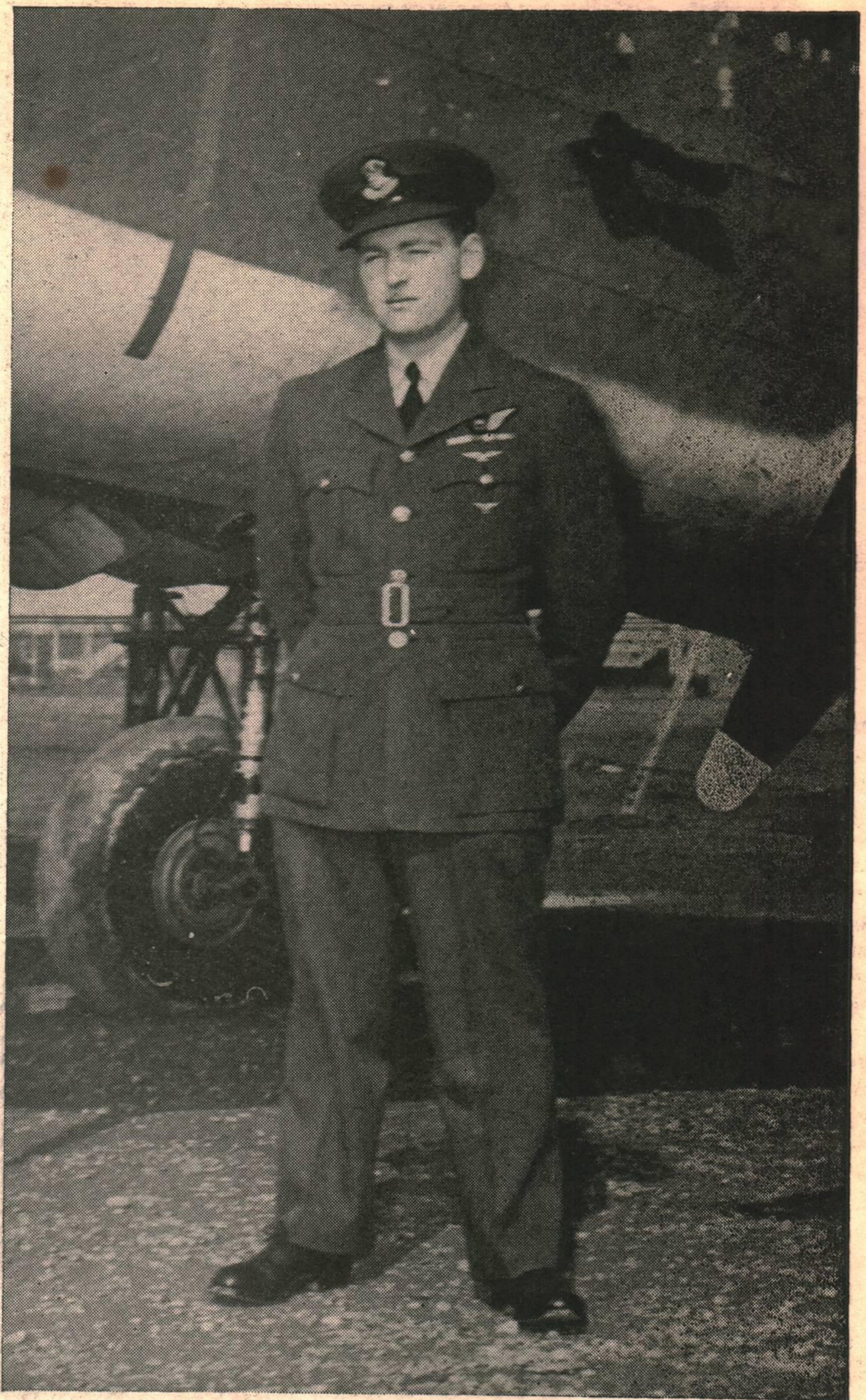
Perhaps we had better clarify the date of issue of the Gunnery Leader. The staff have decided, due to difficulties encountered in the building of the station paper that it will be on the 15th of each month.

In this month's issue can be found many interesting articles, but they have been written by the same few individuals. It is gratifying however to see that some sections are contributing material voluntarily. Remember, it's your paper, and it's up to you to see that your section is represented.

For those desiring to contribute to next month's Gunnery Leader, the deadline is Tuesday, September 26th. Material may be left at the following places:

- A. T. S. Office, P/O Thacker,
- Accounts Section, LAC Gain,
- Photo Section, No. 4 Hangar.

Watch D.R.O.'s for next meeting, and remember we need your ideas, stories and cartoons. If the Gunnery Leader is going to be the best paper in the R.C.A.F.



P/O P. N. Connor, D.F.C.

Did you ever notice how curious people get when they see anyone wearing a decoration? Most of us would give a day's pay to find out how he got it, and have a first hand account of his experiences. This article is just that, it is an account of P/O Paul Norton Connor, D.F.C.

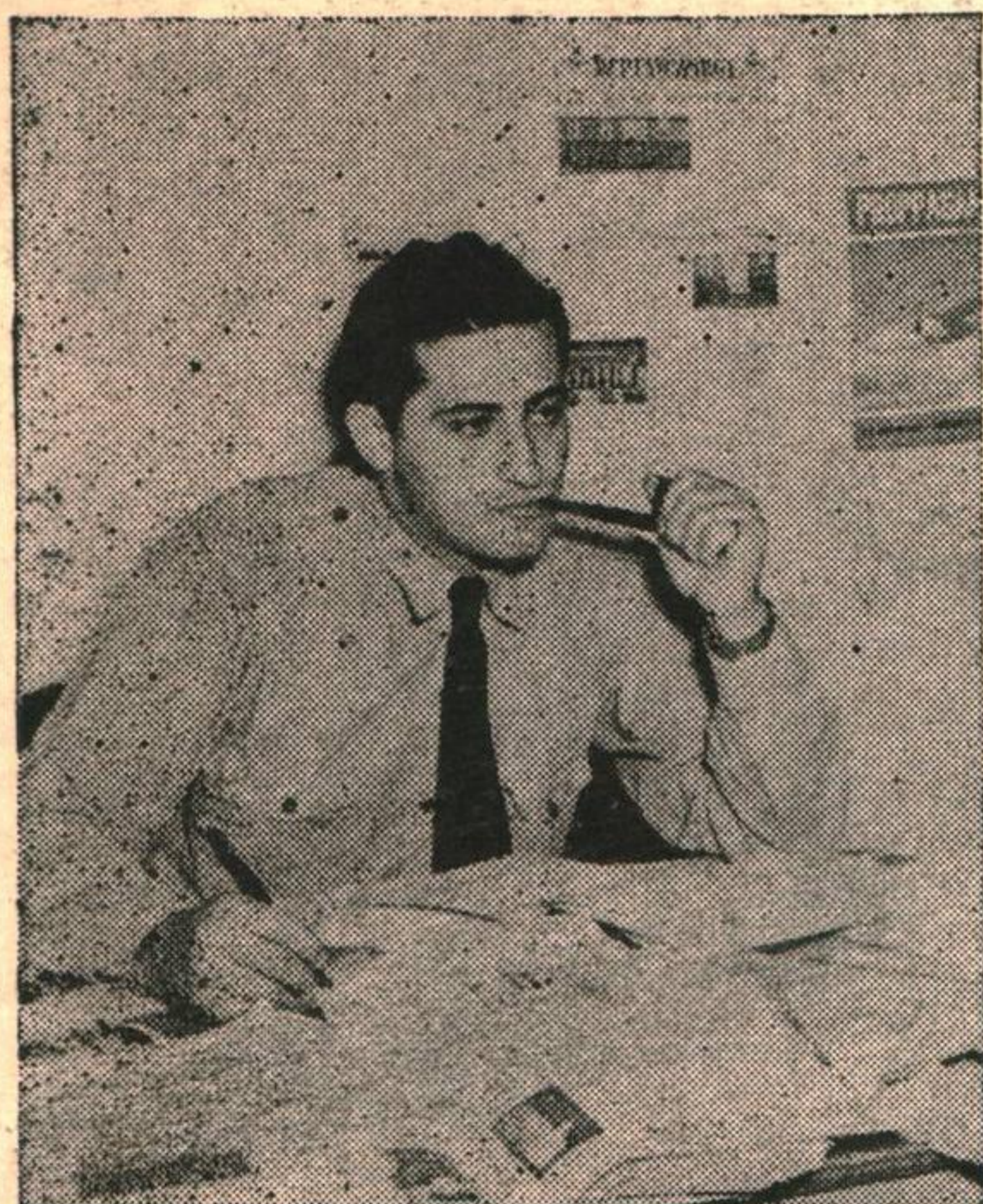
Paul is a Blue-noser, hailing from Kingston, Nova Scotia. He joined the Air Force on August 29th, 1941, and received his training as an Air Gunner at No. 7 Bombing and Gunnery School, Paulson, Manitoba, where he graduated with the grand sum and total of 10 hours and 40 minutes flying time. He was posted overseas arriving in England, May 29, 1942, and then sent to No. 7 Air Gunner's School, Stormy Downs, for a three week refresher course, after which he was transferred to conversion flight for an additional month, training in Lancasters MK1.

On the completion of this training Paul was posted to 106 Squadron, main force in the bomber command, here again he flew in "Lankies", and was under the command of W/C Gibson, V.C., the famous dam-buster. While with this squadron he flew 23 trips over Germany, as mid-upper, and tail gunner and eventually he was posted to Pathfinder Squadron No. 83, and as we all know, only the best of aircrew are chosen to fly with this famous branch of the bomber command.

After several trips with No. 83 Squadron, P/O Connor was posted to No. 28 O. T. U. as an instructor, where he remained for 5 months. Bored by inaction, he camped on the C. O.'s doorstep until he finally granted him a posting back to No. 83 Squadron of the Pathfinders. With the posting came a promotion from F/S to WO1. As a WO1 he carried out many more raids over enemy territory, and then it was felt that he had done more than his share, so he was repatriated to Canada as a WO1, D.F.C. wearing the

(Continued on Page 6. Column 2.)

# "BLOWING OUR OWN HORN"



LAC Irwin Davis, our station draftsman and Editor-in-Chief of the "G. L." came to us from No. 9rd some three months ago and really showed the rest of us how to put a magazine out. A past Editor of the R.D., "Repair-O-Scope" Irwin was on arriving at the station immediately "drafted" onto the staff of the Gunnery Leader.—and shortly found himself No. 1 man. At the time of writing Irwin is on a station defence course and can be seen dragging himself to and from the Gunnery Leader Office wondering what he can write about certain station defence instructors.



F/O Douglas Rogers, Unit Signals Officer, is the only officer on the station that doesn't want a desk job. (S/L Gallagher please don't take notice) as Assistant Editor on the paper one of Doug's "babies" is the joke column. It was here that F/O Rogers received his "A" group as a poet laureate and chief plagiarist. Doug is really a great deal towards benefitting the paper.

**Favorite Expression:** "It's disgusting" (not the expression).

**Pet Aversion:** People who make catty remarks about her garden.

**Prototype:** N/S Beaugrand "No one tho' would ever want to look like me".



Seated: LAC McIntyre, F/O Tonks, (O/S.) LAC Gain, Cpl. Newbold O/S.

Standing: Cpl. White, LAC Langevin.

In this picture we have more of the staff who do so much to make our paper possible. Reading from left to right, seated are LAC McIntyre, F/O Tonks, LAC Gain, and Cpl. Newbold. Standing are Cpl. Gerry White and LAC Gerry Langevin. To tell you just what these boys do would take many pages, let it be said that without each and every one of them the Gunnery Leader would be in a sad state. We are sorry to have to announce that we are losing F/O Tonks and Cpl. Newbold who have been

given overseas postings. To both of them we wish good luck and "bon voyage". We will be looking forward to cartoons from Norm Tonks and those witty articles from Cpl. Newbold our future foreign correspondent.

While on the subject of the lads behind the paper we wish to state that two more men deserve to be "mentioned in dispatches" namely; F/S Drury Languedoc WO. 2 John MacNeil. Drury has left us to do battle with the Jerries and "Mac" to instruct at Greenwood. We also wish to send congratulations at this time to Drew and Mac both of them are now shiny new P/O's with great box car numbers! So long for now.



Sgt. Vincent Maranda, a Montrealer has been here at Mount Pleasant since July, 1943, and is N.C.O. I/C Education Section. Vince has been a great help in the turning out of our "G.L." and is one of the assistant editors. Unlike most of the editorial staff V. M. was on the staff of a college newspaper and his previous experience has proven a

great help to turning out the guy and has done a great "G. L." "Like hell"!

## CALLING ALL NEWSPAPERMEN

**A**TENTION, newspapermen! We have been informed that there are several former newsmen hiding out on this station. The Gunnery Leader needs men with experience—ex-reporters, desk men, advertising men, cartoonists, artists, or anybody with journalistic experience. There're no fifty-a-week salaries, but at least it will be like old times. You may even hear the ancient city room jokes again. Drop around to the "G.L." office and have a chat. And, as for you other guys if you'd like to learn how to be a reporter—well, come and see us. In Rec. Hall.



P/O Norman "T. N. T." Thacker our managing editor is really the push behind the Gunnery Leader. The rest of the editorial staff wish that he would stop pushing and get out in front and do a little peddling. The pride and joy of Clarkson, Ontario, "Norm" was responsible for the first printed issue of our station paper. In all seriousness it is P/O Thacker's undying efforts that have made the "G. L." what it is today. Norm is an A. T. S. Officer at G. I. S.



Sgt. Pete Hoffman our only army representative and assistant editor can be found, anytime, pounding out articles that are never accepted on the typewriter in the Dental Clinic. Having had to search for news afoot Pete finally had a bike sent up from home so he can get the news faster. It was Pete who wrote the night in the big town which appeared in the August issue and received such favorable comment.

"Ha! ha!" laughed the recruit, "You can't fool me. I know they've got potato-peeling machines in the Air Force."

"Yes, smart chap," replied the sergeant "and you are the latest model."

Nursing Sister to M. O.: "I think he's regaining consciousness. He just tried to blow the foam off his medicine."

# “ A DROGUE FLIGHT ”

“Come up with me today, Sir, it's a good plane and a good pilot, and it really is beautiful up there.” These words were spoken in perfect English with the delightful French Canadian accent. You would have to know Jerry, of course, to appreciate the occasion. Jerry sparkles when he speaks. I think it was the sparkle actually that lured me into the thing. You see I had already confessed that I was just wandering around the place when I met him in No. 3 hangar and so when the invitation popped out that morning not so long ago, I had had it in effect. You know how it is—one of those times when you are on the spot and there is just no backing out. Well, that was the way with it. But don't think I didn't know that Jerry was having fun and the prospect of a bit more fun was already written uncomfortably plainly all over his face. I sensed this in the rapid way in which the situation developed from then on. I suppose I must have said O. K. for within no time at all parachute, harness, and helmet had all sprung into place obedient to the industrious hands of the same Jerry. He didn't even try now to conceal his anticipation, for in every tug and twist and click there was an unmistakable zest.

“Will the padre need his Mae West, sarg?” I looked in the direction of the “good pilot,” a little encouragement from anywhere was all I needed now. It didn't come. “If he is going to fly with me, he will.” You can imagine how I was cheered, for in addition to this reply I was torn to the roots to recognize our good skipper as one who, only the Sunday evening before, had been bored to distraction in listening to one of my sermons. The jinks was up. I felt like the ghost of banchee hauled over a boot jack. My poor Aunt Mabel would never get that letter I owed her now, and there were so many things I wanted to explain to so many people.

We were soon ready to take off, however. “Now”, said Jerry, accent still most attractive, “I have to take care of my passenger. O.K., when we start brace your arms and your feet.” He showed me how. “You know,” he continued, “she is a good ship and a good pilot, but just the same anything can happen.” Yes sir, he was taking care of me alright; I could see that. The whole trip was punctuated with just such “intimations of immortality” as a little later when I was deriving such comfort to see the target stream far behind the ship, information proffered by my little guide was to rob me of that and not without a sign,



of that and not without design, see,” he explained, “fires three hundred bullets; about five hit the drogue target, the rest go anywhere. Sit forward as far as you can when they begin to fire. Every inch counts up here.” I was forward before he finished.

Well, I never really did find out if the port engine did catch on fire or whether the fish acted difficult in “exactly the same way” as it did the time a friend of Jerry's “got it” in Mont Joli. But I did find out what a good drogue operator has to do and that he is pretty nearly as important to the safety of the flight as a “good pilot” and a “good ship.” Few people except the pilots themselves recognize this fact. Certainly it would seem that the proper authorities do not, for the drogue operator is without doubt “Aircrew.” He takes all the risks the others take. He carries out an operation that requires a good deal of responsibility, not a little knowledge of

practical navigation, and quite an amount of skill. Yet he is listed as a man without a trade. He has almost no chance of promotion in rank or advancement in grouping. The whole point in my mind, however, is this — the drogue operator, by virtue of his choice as such, is a man possessing cardinal qualities of courage and service. Because of a failure to meet some medical or educational standard, but has, in all probability, been set aside. He cannot be a pilot or a gunner; he may well rest there. But not he. He takes to the air still undaunted, eager to serve the hard way amid hazards and so displays those very traits which, were he able to engage the enemy would bring him recognition. And yet with all this he has not even an insignia marking him as a member of this select company. In answer to this complaint it has been stated, “that these men get flying pay, that is the reward.” What a narrow

conception is this. As if man laboured solely for money and did not have a finer side. It is to be sincerely hoped that some one who has the means may create a trade for drogue operators and give them the recognition they deserve.

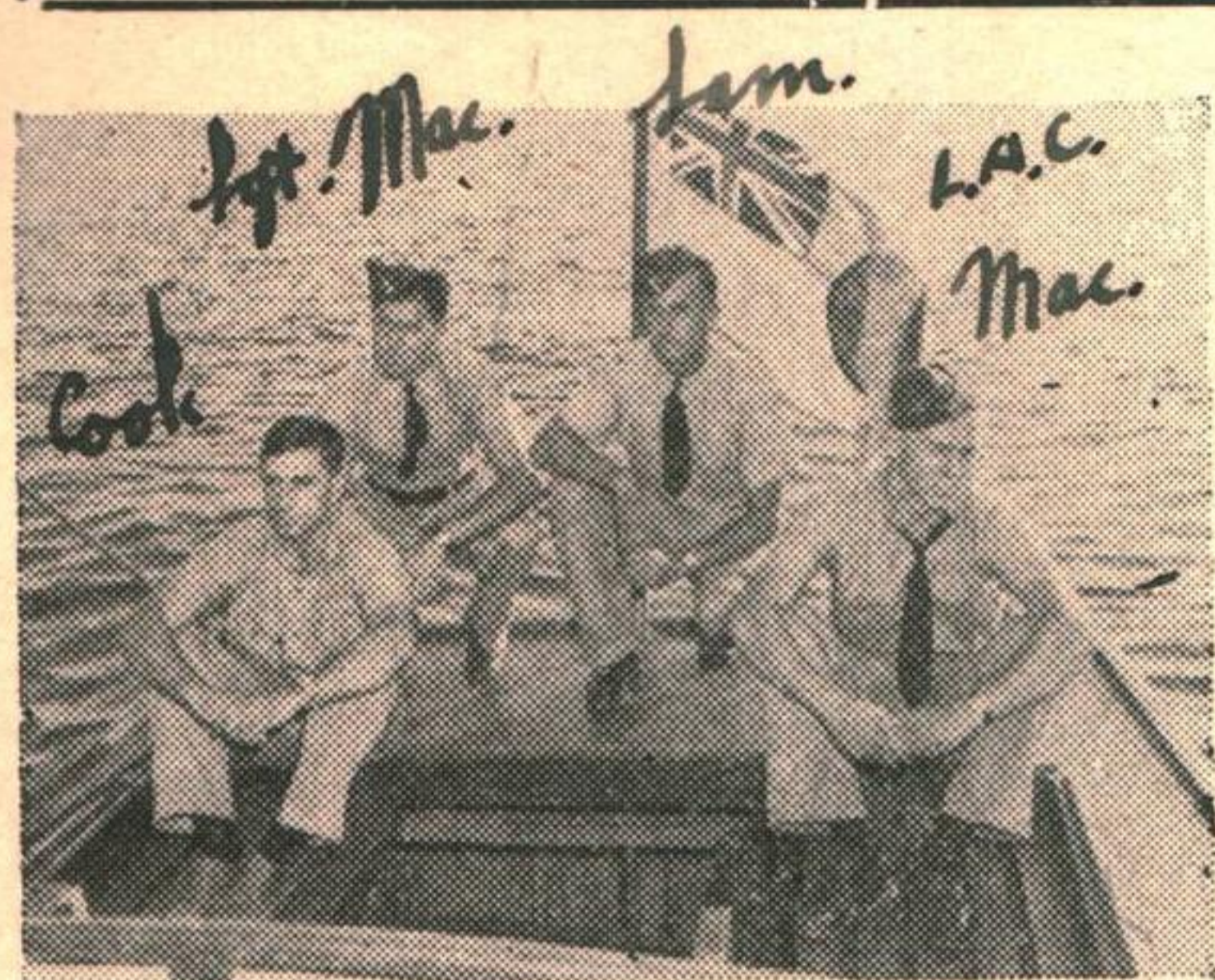
But back to earth again. The exercises are over, the gunnery ship breaks away from the line, and twenty-five miles out to sea I hear midway calling, “9200,” — “state your reason for coming in, 9200,” and the ambiguous reply of Sergeant-Pilot Thompson somehow keeps sticking in my mind, “I have F/L Smith with me, Sir, on a drogueing exercise. We have been up for two hours and I think he is about ready to come in.”

And so to the good ship 9200, a really fine pilot, and a veteran operator (926:00 hours), Jerry Langevin, I say, “Happy Flying.”

“Roger Out.”

By Padre F/L D. Smith.

# MARINE SECTION



Situated about 28 miles north east of the station at Alberton can be found the Stalwart Lads of the Marine Section, who in M607 are on duty twenty-four hours a day prepared for any eventually.

The M607, the name of their craft, is a 38 foot crash boat, powered by Paul-Scott 275 h.p. 6 cyl., twin ignition motor, and is capable of doing 17 knots.



Although the M607 has had no thrilling experiences to credit, she and her crew are doing an admirable job patrolling the waters in the vicinity of our ranges. "A chord in G for the men of the Marine Section, Maestro."

The O. C. of the Marine Section is WO1 M. C. Grath who hails from Halifax, N.S. Major Mc-Grath had a colorful career in the R.C.M.P. before enlistment in the Air Force, and at the present moment is on his way to Alberton with a new boat.

Second in Command is F/S (Sam) Arbuckle, a pre-war fisherman from Listmore, N.S. F/S Arbuckle is skipper at present.

When Eve brought woe to all mankind  
 Old Adam called her wo-man.  
 But when she wooed with love so kind,  
 He then pronounced her woo-man.  
 But now, with folly and with pride,  
 Their husband's pockets trimming,  
 The women are so full of whims  
 That men pronounce them wimmen.

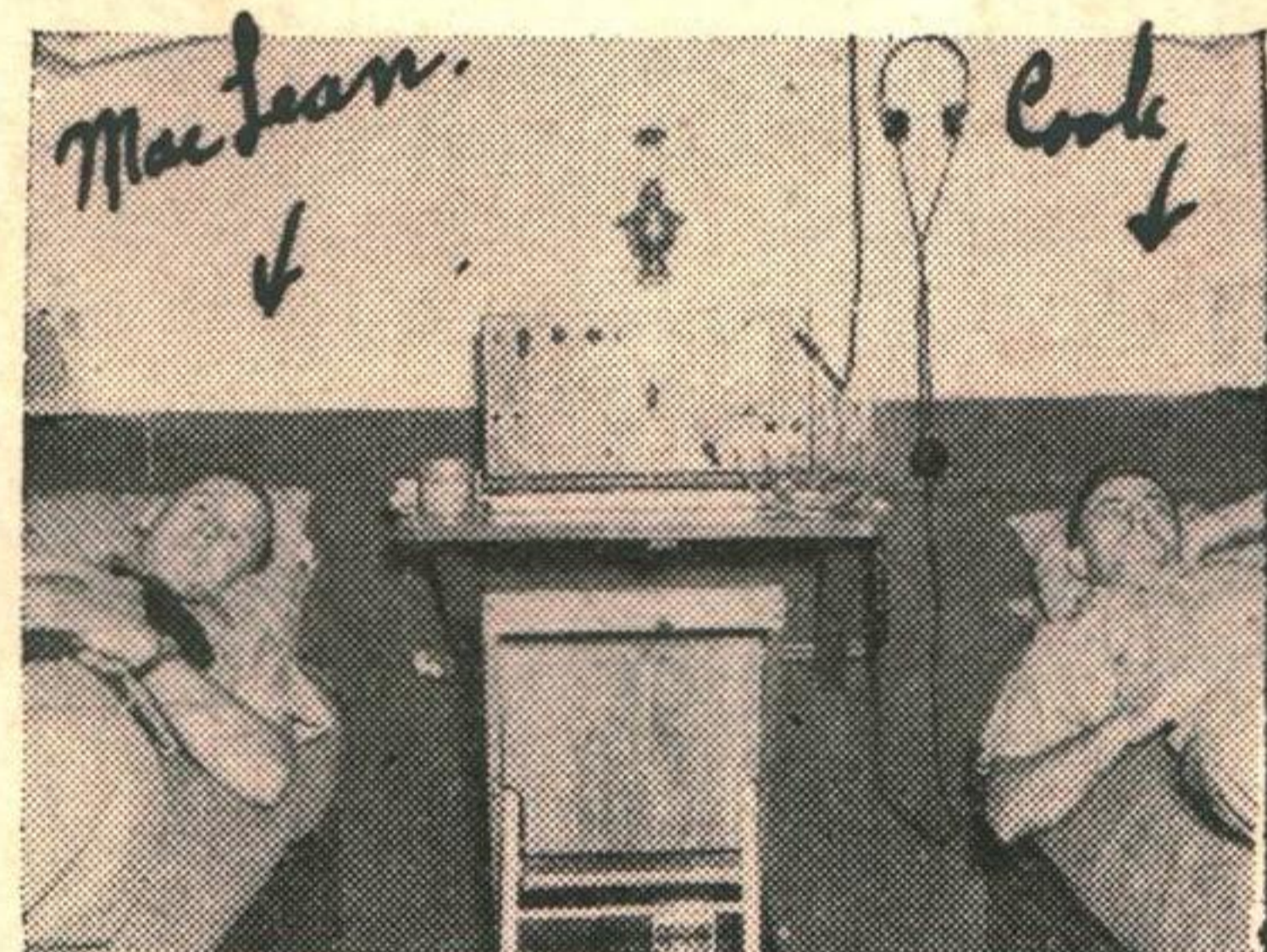
I drink to one and only one,  
 And may that one may be me.  
 Who loves but one and only one  
 And may that one be me.

F/S Bud Lynch, the Chief Marine Mechanic who hails from Ottawa, has had a very interesting period of service in the R.C.A.F. having served in the Eskimo R.C.A.F. Supply Ship, which battled Atlantic gales, that took a Es imo incident will long be remembered, and her valiant crew will e rewarded, we are sure, for their outstanding courage.

Sgt. (Mac) MacLean the coxswain, has served before as mast since he was 12 years old. Among the most unique craft he has shipped on was the last of the big four-mastered schooners, The Avon Queen, which sailed from her home port, Amherst, N. S., to Martinique, and the British and French West Indies. He is a qualified captain, and after the war will carry on his seafaring career. Good show, Mac.

Seaman Cpl. "Cookie" Cook, a Torontonion, operated a ferry service on Georgian Bay prior to his enlistment.

Cpl. Halliwell a former merchant mariner, boasts that he has been all over the globe, and that he can speak many different languages. He hails from Montreal.



Cpl. Clark and LAC Stevens are the Wireless Operators, who have the arduous task of listening for any S.O.S.

Cpls. "Red" MacFarlane and Ward Dick, are both away bringing the new boat back. The former was a motor mechanic and resided in Alberton, while the latter was a seaman from New Brunswick.

Last but not least is LAC MacLean, who serves as a seaman. He comes all the way from the Magdellan Islands.

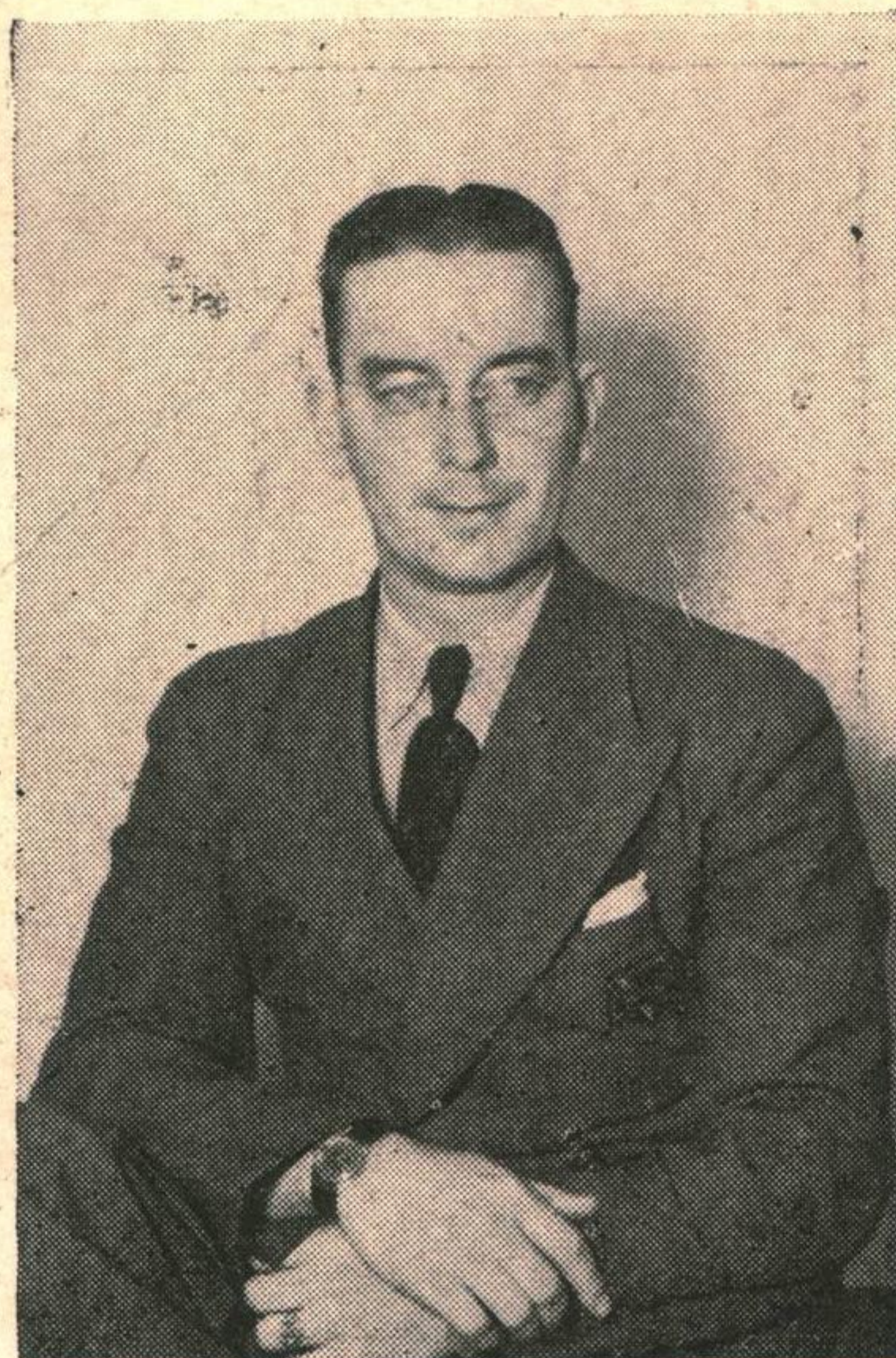
The boys of the Marine Section are on guard from May to November, at which time they leave for their home base at Dartmouth, Nova Scotia.

The lads are cheerful, and like Alberton very much, but miss the wet and dry canteens. Please Note.

Executive (dictating and in doubt as to the use of a phrase): "Miss Jones, do you retire a loan?"

Miss Jones (wistfully): "No, sir, I sleep with Mom."

# Y-MAN



WALTER GOSS

On July 6, 1943, the Y.M.C.A. sent it's representative to organize recreational activities for the new R.C.A.F. Station that was springing up at Mount Pleasant. This herculean task was placed on the shoulders of Walter Goss, and as you and I know, he has accomplished what most of us would have considered impossible.

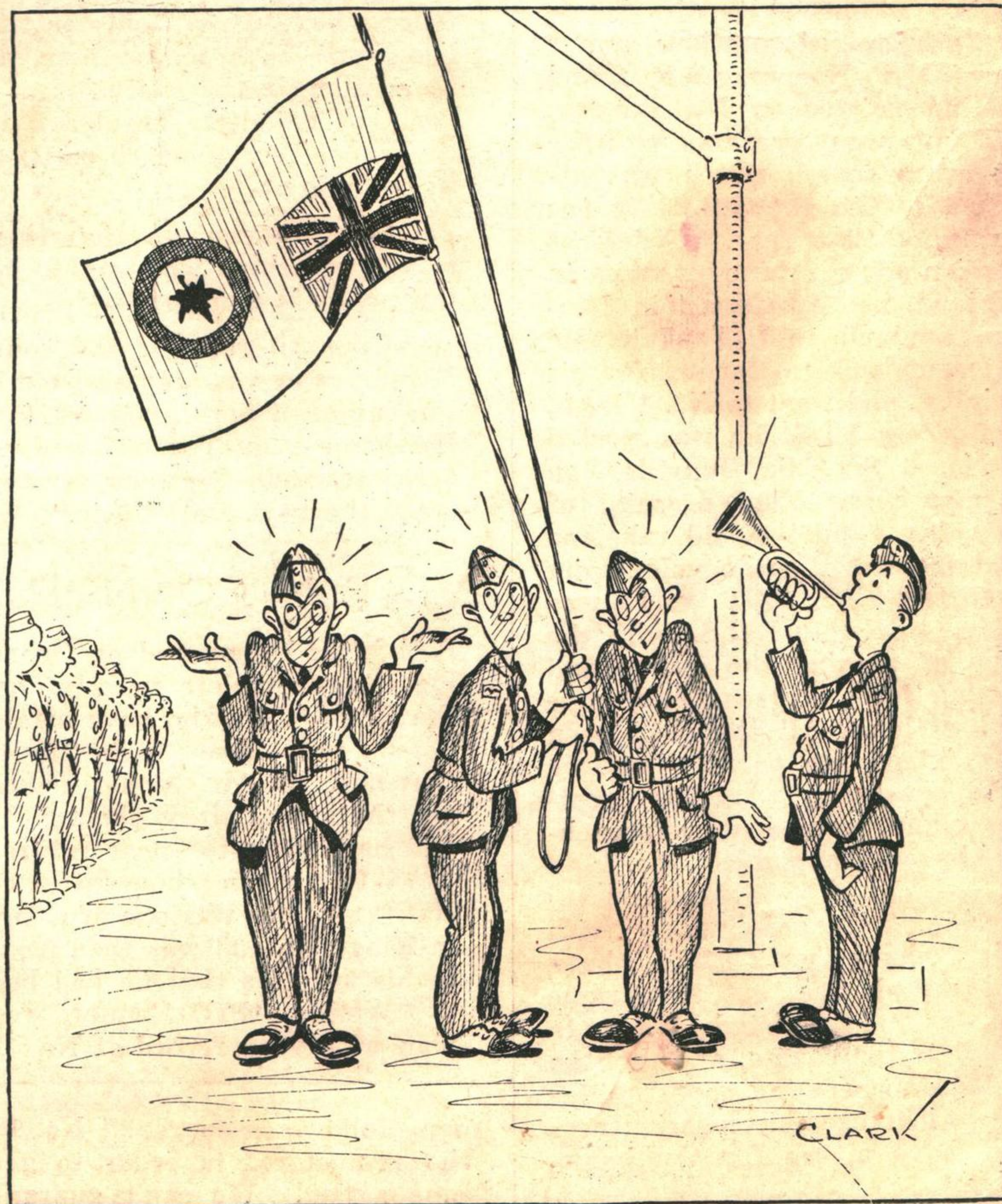
Walter's home town is Charlottetown, and while attending Prince of Wales College there, he

excelled at both indoor and outdoor sports. Walter's speciality has always been Basketball, and he is considered to be one of the best Basketball players to come from the Maritimes. Many's the time that the headline on the Sports Page blazed "Goss Scores Again", or something to that effect. Such natural atheletic ability, and keen understanding of human nature made him a natural born coach, and he was the inspiration of many championship Island teams.

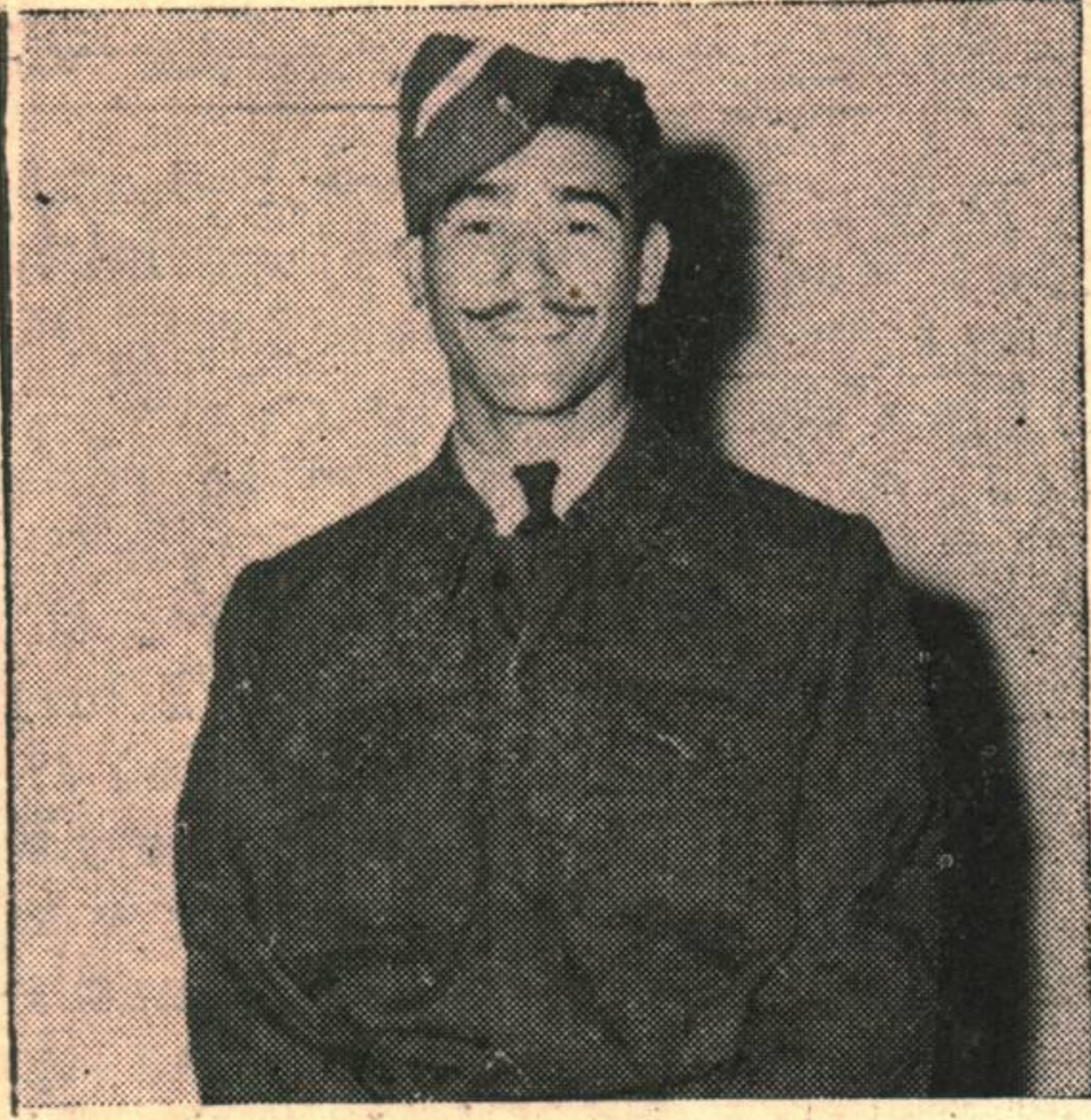
Walter's arrival here touched off a diversity of sports and other recreational activities. Last Winter, he organized our Basketball team which lost a close decision to No. 2 A.N.S. in the finals. Our Softball team, which lost by an equally slim margin, was another outcome of Walter's organizational ability. (Incidentally, our team not only missed out on the Championship, but also on a trip to Montreal. Better luck next time fellows).

There is no place on earth more desolate and dreary than a station which is in the progress of building, and in the Fall of 1943 when Mount Pleasant was nothing more than a quagmire, Walter's troubles were at their peak. He planned dances, movies, games, and many other act-

(Cont. on page 10. col. 4.)



## ON COURSE



While wandering through the drill hall a few nights back, I noticed a tall, rather foreign looking airman, and by the white flash in his hat knew that he was on course here as an air gunner. With a nose for news, I stopped to ask him a few questions.

"Pardon me", I said, what is your name, if you don't mind my asking?"

"No not at all", he replied, "Louis Hooper".

"Hooper eh", I mused, "and where do you hail from Lou?"

"Montreal", was the reply.

"Oh, I guess that I'm not a very good judge of faces. I could have sworn that you came from some foreign country".

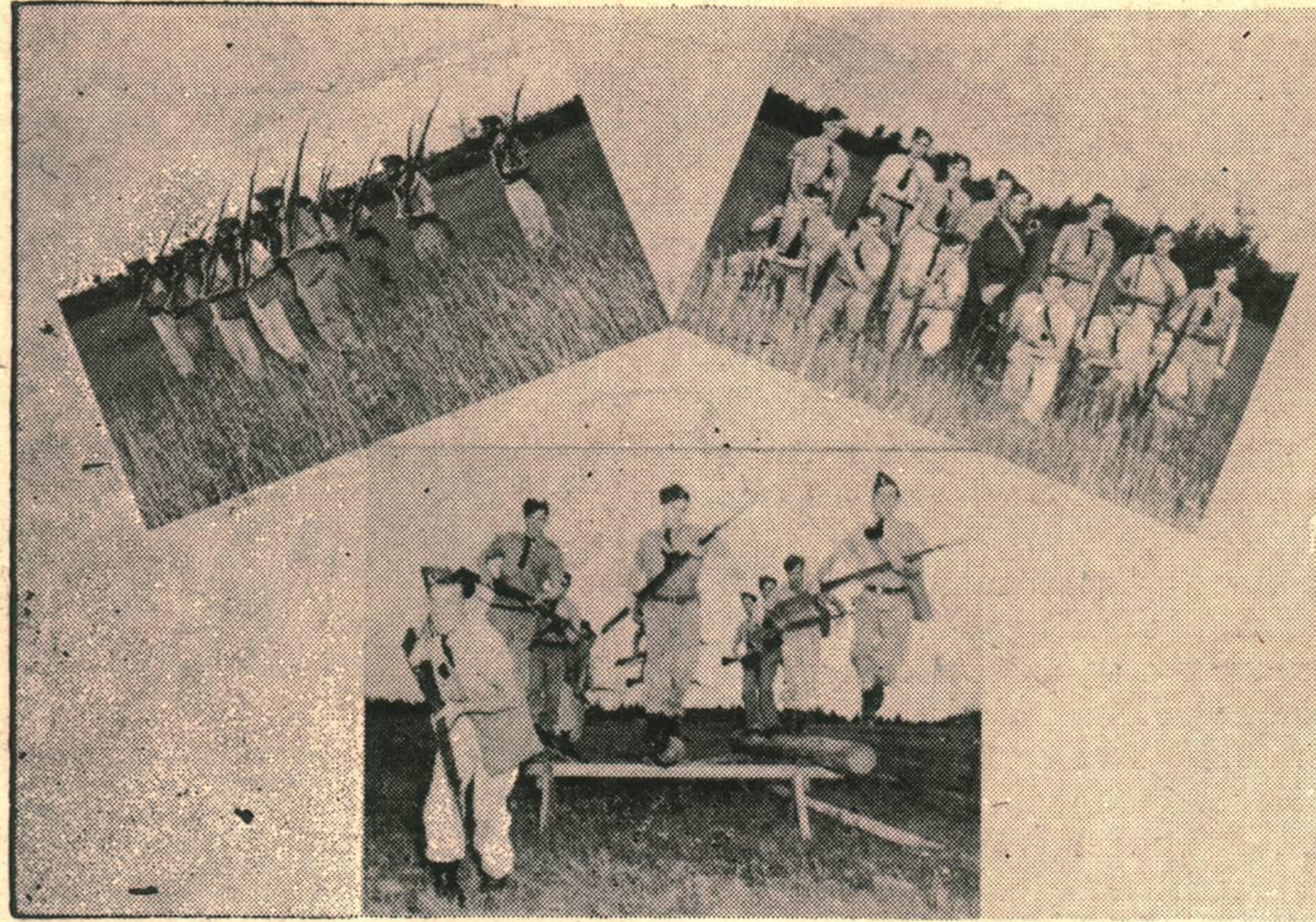
"Well", replied Lou, "I don't wonder at your thinking that, because the truth of the matter is that my mother and father are both Brazilians".

This, somewhat breaking the ice, we adjourned to the Snack Bar, as we fired questions at our friend Mr. Hooper. We found that he enlisted on January 7th, 1940, and went overseas with the 1st corps squad, which was attached to the R.C.A.S.C., in the spring of that year. Tiring of inaction after three years in England, he transferred in London, England, to U/T pilot. He was sent back to Canada for his training, and went to No. 1 I.T.S. completing I.T.S. he was posted to No. 6 S.F.T.S., Dunville, on Tarmac duty. The process of becoming a pilot would take too long for Hoop, so he voluntarily remustered to A.G., and was posted to No. 10 B.G.S., with the hope of passing the course and getting back overseas into some real action. All this had been very interesting to us, but we were wondering what his post-war plans were, so we approached him on that subject too.

"Well, I had 22 months apprenticeship as an aero-engineer, with only 2 months until I would have had my degree, but then came the war and I enlisted. I hope to complete the course, and then go to Brazil where the opportunities due to increased air-consciousness will have a use for my knowledge.

Louis Hooper is just one of the

## Our Commandos



The truth can now be revealed! Documents which fell into the hands of the Allies recently, showed that after much investigation in the vicinity of No. 10 by enemy agents, a dastardly plan to overthrow the Island's defences was abandoned. The reason for this sudden change of plans?—Our Commandos! Therefore in the future 'Youse Guys' had better show a little more respect and appreciation to the gallant defenders of our beloved station.

The station defence course is the outcome of an order from the Eastern Air Command, and affects all stations on the east coast. In the event of an attack, they reasoned, we should be prepared to defend ourselves, and this course is designed to teach us just how to go about it.

Training is spread over a period of two weeks, during which time the Commandos learn the mechanism and operation of the Rifle, Browning Machine Gun, and Sten Gun. They have a touch of Aircraft Rec., and Unarmed Combat (Jiu-Jitsu to you), which is ably instructed by LAC. Johnny Janetakes, who really teaches the fellows how to put holds on the enemy. (Editor's Note: All Germans and Japs please note, and assist Commandos as much as possible in the execution of these intricate and involved grips); last, but definitely not least, is the St. John's Ambulance course, the completion of which entitles you to wear the familiar black and white badge.

So you can see that this course will be of unlimited value to any personnel who might be posted overseas where contact with the enemy is more probable.

Up until recently the course was under the guidance of F/S Murphy who was ably assisted by Cpl. Stan Hall. However Sgt. Ed. Darlington a Service Police Defence was posted in to take charge. His home is in Toronto, and he has been doing this type of work across Canada for the past two years. He really knows how to make the boys cry "Uncle."

### P/O P. N. CONNOR, D.C.F. (Continued from Page 1)

Pathfinder badge, and an Operational Wing with two bars, signifying three complete tours of ops. There are only five members of the R. C. A. F. who have attained this remarkable record, and P/O Connor is believed to be the only one in Canada to-day, the fact that he is an Air Gunner makes it more outstanding. (We couldn't get the actual story about how he got the D.F.C., but we hope we will have it in the near future).

After a very uneventful crossing, he landed at Dorval in a Halifax, which was one of a flight of four. He took a short vacation in Kingston, and was then posted to No. 10, where he learned much to his surprise that he had been appointed to a commission.

Welcome P/O Connor, we are honoured and proud to have a man with your record at No. 10.

many fellows on course at No. 10 who remustered in order to get some action. We can't guarantee anything, but A.G. is the ac-

tion branch of aircrew, and if you can't find what you are after in it, well then it just isn't to be found at all.

If anyone is doubtful or disillusioned regarding the geographical location of Ottawa, let me enlighten you. It is approximately 905 miles from Brentwood, N. S., birthplace of that brash, breezy, bumptious, bossy, bombastic, blond bombshell—F/S Hurricane Eggbert Wynn, diminutive bundle of double-distilled dynamite, N. C. O. i/c Training Wing Orderly Room, Victory Gardener, and Junior W.I.T. Officer.

Before arriving here seven months ago, he was attached to the Aircrew Selection Board, No.

M Depot, Toronto, for 2½ years. Prior to joining the Air Force, Short Snorter H. E. W. brought glory to the Canadian motion picture industry as theatre manager at Saint John and Campbellton, N. B., Charlottetown, P. E. I., Middleton and Jersey, N. S., and with enthusiastic patriotism contributed much towards maintaining a high standard of morale in the Maritime Provinces. He is our Station Cinema's chief projectionist.



When some staunch, high-minded, well meaning upright, pure-souled individual telephones G. I. S. and asks for a handsome, aristocratic, meticulous, unassuming, excitable, nimble-witted, rotund, rollicking, debonair bumpkin, we immediately know he is referring to none other than Sahib Wynn, who claims "all the height that counts is from ears up." Another favourite maxim frequently expressed by him is: "Who marries for love without money, hath good nights and sorry days."

Cigar-smoking Simon Legree Wynn takes diabolical delight in persecuting his overworked, demoted staff of Service personnel. But he should know by now that all his rantin' and ravin' has very little effect upon Corncob's incurable constitutional inertia. The only solution is an overdose of potassium cyanide.

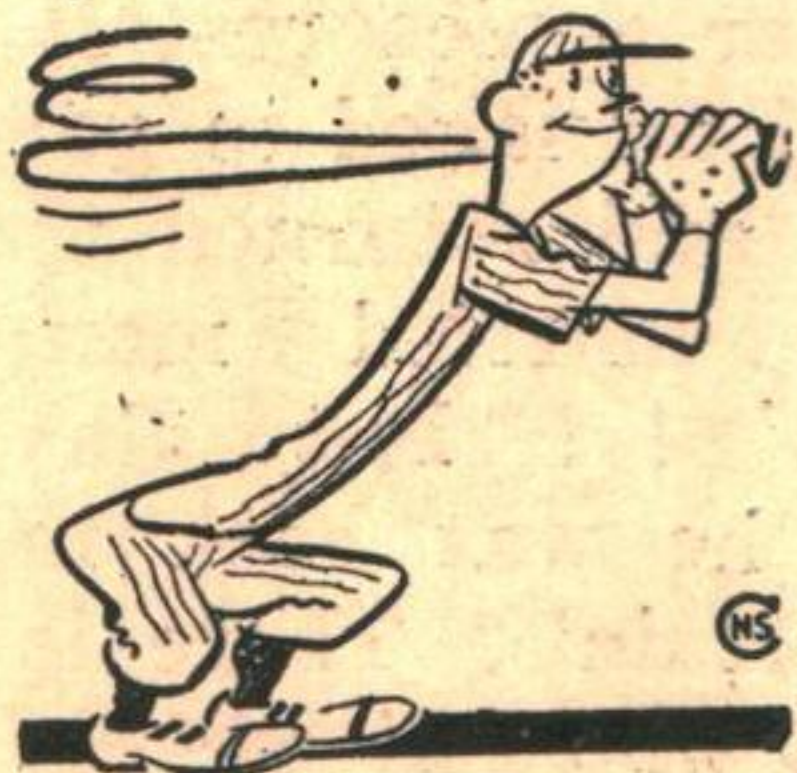
If the Fiji Islands had more stalwart Bluenose sons of his calibre, the world would be an infinitely better place to live in. Banzi, Swami Wynn.

Anonymous

# STATION SOFTBALL TEAM



An Inter Station Softball League was organized between No. 2 A. N. S., No. 1 G. R. S. and No. 10 B. G. S. approximately July 1st. The team that represented No. 10 B. G. S. was chosen from all participants in the Inter Station League and all other personnel who reported for practices. During the season the team was under the management of Sgt. McIsaac, (P.T. & D.I.) and Walter Goss (Y.M.C.A.)



At the first of the season our team got away to a poor start being defeated in the first three games, later it developed into a very good ball club winning 5 and losing 1 out of the next 6 games. At the end of the Series No. 1 G.R.S. led the league and No. 10 in second spot with No. 2 A. N. S. slightly behind.

The playoffs were decided at a meeting of representatives of all three clubs and No. 10 and No. 2 were entered in the first of the playdowns. The first game of the "best out of three" was won by No. 2 A.N.S. by a score of 5-1, after a well played game on both sides, No. 2 A. N. S. won with a deep homer to left field and three men on base. This game was given a very fine write-up in the Charlottetown paper which stated that it was as good a game as had ever been witnessed in Charlottetown. No. 2 A. N. S. came through with another win on the second game of the series defeating our team by the score of 11-8 in a very hard hitting and closely played game, thereby defeating our Station team in two straight games.



Since the last game with Charlottetown it might be mentioned that they have gone on to win the Charlottetown championship defeating the Navy 9 and have started on their playdowns for the Island Championship.

All in all fellows it was a very good season of ball with our Station Team doing very well for the number of games they had played and for the poor start they had in the league. It was a highly enjoyable series and all participants will say that even though they did not win the playdowns they went down fighting and that the best team won.



The following is the line-up of the Station Team:

Sgt. J. Mackie, Catcher.  
Cpl. D. Capalbo, Pitcher,  
Sgt. J. Evans, Pitcher,  
WO2. J. G. Cater, 1st Base,  
LAC. S. McGill, 2nd Base,  
LAC. A. Paddock, Short Stop,  
Sgt. H. Gibson, 3rd Base,  
Cpl. T. Slaughter, Left Field,

Cpl. B. Sewell, Centre Field,  
Sgt. G. J. Baker, Right Field.  
Substitutes:  
LAC. N. Morray, Fielder,  
Sgt. F. Patterson, Fielder,  
LAC. H. Snoddy, Infielder,  
Sgt. D. Steeper, Infielder,  
LAC. N. Coursol, Infielder.

# STATION LIBRARY

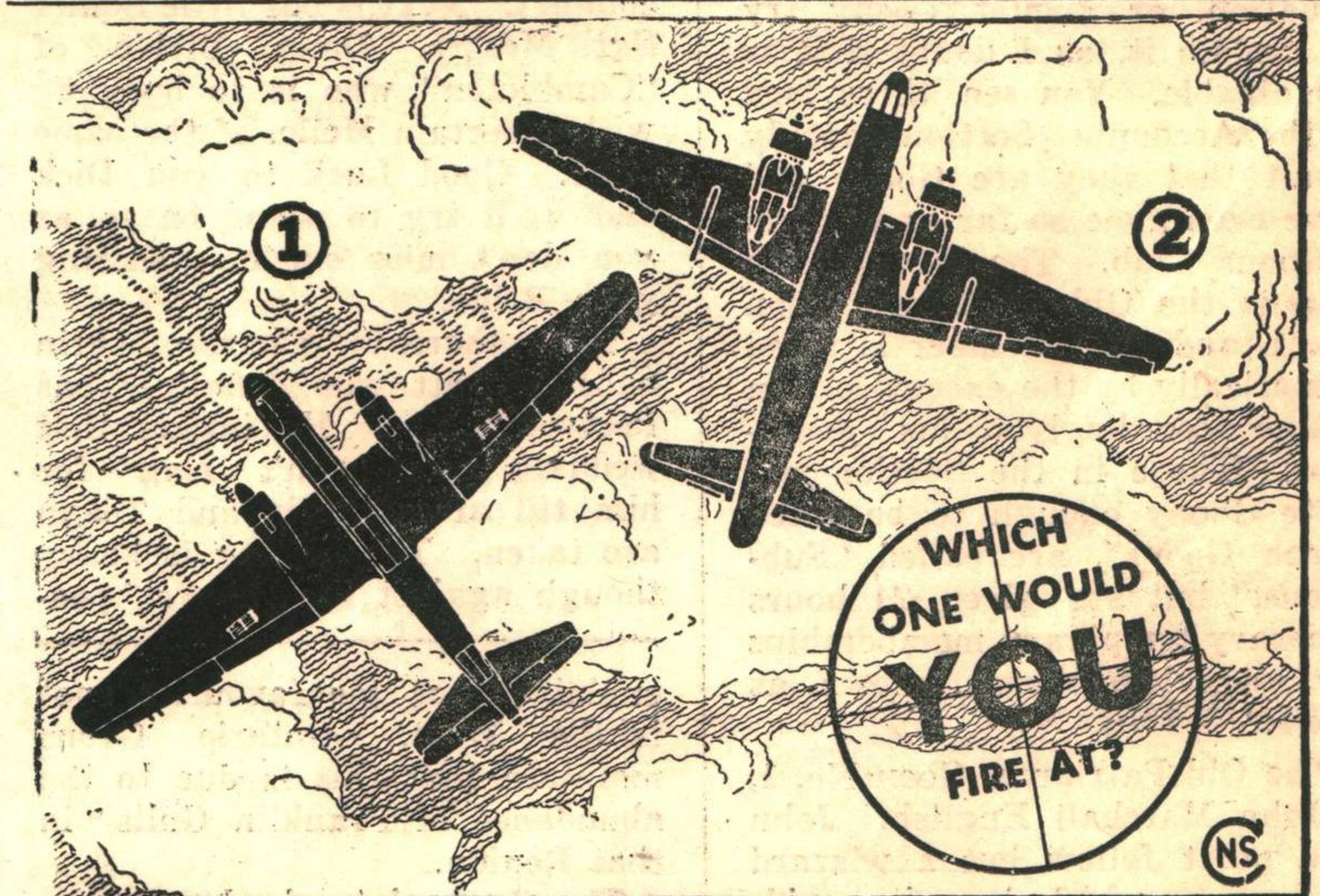


As you know the station has a new library, on your visit there you will find a splendid selection of books which is getting bigger and better as the days go by. At the present there are exactly (1,512) one-thousand, five-hundred and twelve books in our catalogue and this will be enlarged soon by some of the latest books that can be purchased.

What a calm leisurely occupation, browsing among books—here a little recreation—there a little serious learning—the contemplative life. Quoting the words of Winston Churchill, "Books in all their variety offer the means whereby civilization may be carried triumphantly forward."

I'm sure some of you will ask how a library operates, well, most stations make grants from non-public funds, which is used for the purchase of new books. Then again there are readers that cling so tightly to the books they borrow, that only a fine can pry them apart. Small as these fines are, in the aggregate they make possible the purchase of more new books! The Y. M. C. A., I. O. D. E. and other voluntary organizations give substantial support to your service library, in the contributing of reading material. Magazines and papers must be purchased from station funds. So drop over fellows there are books to please everyone.

LAC. HYATT.



**FIRE AT NO. 1!** It's the German Heinkel He. 177, a low mid-wing heavy bomber with two engine nacelles. Each nacelle contains two engines geared to drive a single propeller. The plane has a long fuselage with a rounded nose projecting well ahead of the engines. Both edges of the wings taper to rounded tips. The leading edge of the tailplane is swept back to square tips and there is a large, angular fin and rudder.

**NOT AT NO. 2!** It's the British "Wellington," a mid-wing heavy bomber powered with either twin radial or in-line engines. It has a long nose and its deep, narrow fuselage extends beyond the tailplane. Both edges of the wide spanned wings taper to rounded tips. The leading edge of the tailplane is swept back to rounded tips while the trailing edge is straight. There is a tall, triangular single fin and rudder.

# SECTION MUTTERINGS

## ON ACCOUNT OF

Like the painter who never thinks of painting his own house; I'm supposed to represent the Admin. Bldg., but write about everything else. It isn't that I'm not reminded enough though, as never a week goes by that someone doesn't cast insinuating remarks. With me, Pay Ledgers and administration affairs are neither entertaining nor funny.

For instance, after several wise cracks one day I made up my mind to see what I could do about it, and started with the Accounts Section. While taking everything in, hoping to find a spark that would ignite a story, several airmen came in with tales of woe which were handled very sympathetically by F/S McAlear, otherwise known as "Sea Level". The studious looking Clerk Accountants were trying to get a balance and there wasn't a smile in a car load. This was rather unusual, as most times the Section is in an uproar with Goon Egan trying to out-talk Goon McAlear, while at the same time down the hall, Goon Stinky Mellor is trying to out-talk Goons Fennell and Crooks, with regard to the correct pronunciation of "Trujillo" or some such thing.

Before I get too deep in this thing, I must explain this Goon situation, or should I say try to explain it, as I doubt if it is explainable. You see, these lads in the Accounts Section openly admit that they are Goons and have even gone so far as to form a Goons Club. The head of the clan is the Old Patriarch, Goon No. 1, and each member is rated numerically by the executive committee accordingly to his gooniness. Those in the Section not quite Goony enough to be rated "True Goons", are called "Sub-Goons," but are given 24 hours honorary temporary memberships for all celebrations, known as "Do's."

The Old Patriarch, Goon No. 1, is John Marshall English. John is a quiet fellow but a wizzard at finance, which is quite evident when one realizes that he is also the Secretary Treasurer of the Organization. When not involved in Goon Affairs, there is nothing more satisfying to the Old Patriarch than to be put up at the crack of dawn and out watching the little feathered fellows flitting from tree to tree, as he is a lover of Ornithology, and staunch supporter of the Frankling Gull. While John has travelled extensively throughout our Dominion, his home is now in Windsor, Ontario, but he always

## "SIGHTING EVENTS AT THE ARMAMENT SECTION

By: LAC. Rabinowitz, B.A.

Here and now as I touch ink to paper I am breaking an oath for I promised not to write again after my last miserable attempt. The necessity for another article arose. This "Joe" or I should say Yours Truly happened to be present. Naturally being a well disciplined airman after being asked to job a few things, I couldn't refuse especially when the request was made from one who is approxi. ½ dozen ranks above me.

Enough of this nonsense and on with the Propaganda. Yes, Yes Herr Goebbles and myself. As History is being made in France and Europe, there is almost just as important events occurring here with our own boys in the section, with of course, just some slight changes. For with the lads here this Past Summer, the Love Bug is taking its tragic toll.

This certainly has been a season of Love and Romance for our Men. To start the ball rolling, LAC. Charlie Doc Davis took the vows and promised to cherish and to hold a certain young lady by name of Helen Dobson of Truro, N.S. Congratulations and the best to both of you. I guess it will only be a woman that can make Doc work; we tried and we couldn't. Next is our little Squirt Sgt. Messrs. Doug Dickie of "Cambleton" who is to hook up with a certain Melle. of the same town. Good Luck to you Dick and we'll try to stand on so as you don't miss out on Kissing your Bride.

Then there is Charlie (grin and) Barrett who definitely has Postwar Plans. He insists that wedding bells won't ring for him till after Berlin and Tokyo are taken. The betting is heavy though against the above pos-

explains that his favourite spot is the West. Ontario Goons maintain that this is due to the abundance of Franklin Gulls in that Region.

The Goons date back to the Netherland man, but it seems that they still haven't reached a decision as to the proper definition of a Goon, but merely state that he is immediately recognized and given a number. So the next time you are on a four o'clock pay-parade and routine doesn't seem to be going the way you think it should, in all probability the Old Patriarch has spotted a rare bird through the window, or the Goons are having an emergency meeting over a new prospect.

sibility especially since, Grin procured his new store boughten Crockery.

More good Matrimonial possibilities are Cpl. G. H. Schenider. LAC's Glenister. I also won't forget a certain Cpl. J. Warrington who is just so and so about a certain Susie for that is her name too see.

We forget about Romance for a while and we take you back to Reality. Have you heard of a certain Soft Ball Game between our section and H. Q. Evidently Sports Store issues the wrong type of Equipment, Boxing Gloves and Armament Equipment such as Pistols, Bayonets, Rifles and Shotguns, etc., would've been more in order. Don't get me wrong, there was no scrapping between H. Q. and Armament. The cause of the strife was a civil war between The Armourers themselves. Casualties will be reported at a later date. Incidentally in case you're curious we lost the game to the tune of 14 to 4.

More on Reality We are anxious to know about our two Plough Jockey Friends W. O. 2 W. P. Lampman and LAC. W. C. Ross, who are no doubt at this minute Toiling at tilling the soil. Crops should reach a new high this season. No doubt females must be employed at their farm this year. Naturally a little inspiration is necessary for their best respective efforts.

Now we reach the common question and answer department which really should be called the "Question Department" for we really never get the answers. All names used are not fictitious and any similarity between the mention characters those deceased is not a coincidence.

Why do we see a certain AC1. Osborne having sleepless nights, not eating, hounding the Post Office, biting his nails and constantly corresponding with Dorothy Dix? I think there is a triangular affair there somewhere. There is a certain silent type sober-faced gentleman who must have been warned by his M. O. to stay away from cigarettes. For he has recently procured an especially long cigarette holder. He and F. D. R. Can it be that a posting is bothering him?

Who is that Moron who was heard enquiring of a certain young lady what the price of eggs and butter was at the Grocery where she worked. What a technique? The above episode took place in Charlottetown on a 96 hrs. pass.

## MAINTENANCE

It's been a while since Maintenance appeared in this paper. So here we are with a few facts to show you we're always in there pitching.

You may not have noticed but we have a new O. C. Repair, yes a quiet chap, from No. 9 B.G.S. He knows the score from A to Z, yep he is from the ranks and that is why he understands everybody's problem so well. He does not talk much and you don't see him often but don't kid yourself he knows what's going on, so we welcome you "Jack" and we all know that everything will be O. K. with you in charge of Repair Squadron.

If you go by Instrument Section you'll see that Cpl. Summers is all dressed up lately, Why? Also there is "Pete" and "Harry" from the Electrical Section who are going to Wellington regularly not to mention "Tibsy" who after a nice rest in our cosy hospital managed to get some sick leave and returned to this Station a married man, "Congratulations"!! But alas two days later he was back in hospital "Is it strain"? There is poor Cpl. Logan who fell off his bicycle and banged himself on a stump (Slightly inebriated no doubt) he still wonders how that happened.

Congratulations to our Cpl. Dallyn who became the father of a big "Girl" a few weeks ago. "I haven't seen any cigars yet".

In my opinion Sgt. "Pop" Pop McLeod has more resistance than "Doc" Robertson who came back from leave to spend almost two months in the hospital, then scrounged a few weeks sick leave. Wonder what's going to happen when he comes back.

You've certainly noticed that stout Sgt. going about with a firm step, a smile on his face, well I don't blame him for being proud, after all it's not everybody's privilege to have a 1½ month old son to carry on "Daddy's" work.

This Station acquired lately a most unusual type of aircraft powered by two Merlin engines (No doubt the latest modification), this was discovered when a certain Pilot came down one day and wrote in a Battle Log Book that the "Starboard Engine" was using too much gas!!!

Favorite Expression: "My goodness listen!"

Pet Aversion: An emergency operation following one of those parties.

Pet Obsession: F/O Mousseau. Prototype: "Une Petite Parisienne!"

# G.I.S.---GEN.

Gad! Time grows short, and I must meet that deadline or G.I.S. won't be mentioned in the next edition.

Oh! Hello there gang. I was just wondering how to begin the first of what I hope will be a monthly column for and about G.I.S. The chances are that you have never heard of me, but you may rest assured that I know you, so don't be surprised if you see your name in print.

Congrats to S/L Bendall on his appointment to that rank. Best of luck "Skipper". The \$64.00 question. Why don't the Officers of G.I.S. learn how to play softball, 3 defeats in 3 starts!

We have a new Gestapo chief around G.I.S. in the person of F/S Wexler. Boy that man has a powerful voice.

LAC "Pop" Betteridge from records is doing a land office business selling cokes. Since he has started flipping double or nothing, he has changed the name of his establishment from "pop's" for Pop" to "Pop's Flip Joint."

Hope that the walls around G. I.S. can stand up after all the rubbing and scrubbing they are getting. Sgt. Evans and his B & B.B. (Bucket and Broom Brigade) are now in search of one of those no rubbing, soaks dirt off, Soaps.

Bet you can't catch F/O Churchill on the aircraft of the day.

What certain LAC from the Wireless Section is still picking the thread out of his uniform where there used to be a set of Corporal's hooks. Sorry Gate better luck next time.

Residents of Barrack Block 12 consider P/O Greene to be a poor type since he started having inspection at 0700 hours. C. T. that man P/O Brown, and remuster him to a discip.

The question of the month is when are we going to get sod around the other half of the School?

Congrats to F/L Pichette on his appointment to that rank.

F/S Weston has been beating agents for the station team off ever since he made that double play in the G.I.S. league. Why he has even gone so far as to grow a moustache as a disguise.

Well au rest, zoot, send me bay, and all sorts of stuff like that there. Did you check the suit with drape shape that P/O Aubin has been sporting around the station. Sharp as a tack, Vancouver.

LAC "Crash" Clark has been spending all his spare time around Wellington. Fishing; No. Helping with the Harvesting? No. Well why then? Ah, Cupid's Arrow has found it's mark, and by all, but in fairness to all concerned you will just have to be satisfied with the present sys-



(W.O. 2 J. Grant Cater.)

In 1940 Grant Cater joined the service, full of vim, vigour and vitality, raring to go as aircrew in the B. C. A. T. P., but woe and behold, the "Medicos" decided no, for his colour vision was abnormal. Leaving him little to choose from WO2 Cater decided upon Service Police, only to be told that he was too young—as the age limit had been raised from 18 to 32. Well, after pondering over all the trades left he decided to leave it up to the Attestation Officer who told him Disciplinarian would be his trade, so not knowing what a "Discip" was Grant enlisted as such.

After spending 6 months at Manning Depot Toronto as a General Duty awaiting induction in the next Disciplinarian Course Grant was posted to Trenton, Ontario, for the opening of the K. T. S. Training Wing. At Trenton he entered Disciplinarian Course No. 5, and was later posted to the K. T. S. Cease Training Aircrew Squadron, another newly organized unit. While at Trenton, June 1942 to be exact wedding bells rang for WO. 2 Cater, and since that time he and his pretty wife have resided in the vicinity of an Air Force Station.

In July 1942 our J. W. O. was posted to No. 9, S.F.T.S. Centralia where he was promoted to W.O.2 in charge of the Trainees. On July 1st, 1943 a year later Grant was posted to this station in the capacity of S. W. O., and once again for the formation of another new unit. Since that time he has watched the station grow from a small unit of 150 G. D.'s and a handful of tradesmen to its present strength.

W. O. II Cater was born and raised in "Hog-Town" Toronto where he was educated at Runnymede Rd. Public School and later at Western Technical School, where he took his matriculation course. In 1936 his working career started as a mechanic and salesman. Later he joined the Toronto Police Department where he spent a short time in a very interesting type of work until his enlistment in the service.

"Crash" has joined the Proverbial "Steady Club."

If you think the lounge of the Royal York is smart, you should drop around and see the new instructors room in G. I. S. All the comforts of home have been provided for the fellows, and tea is served every afternoon at three.

A note on G. I. S.'s newest instructor, Corporal "Mo" Bilotte. For ten long months "Mo" struggled with weekly training reports, course reports, et al, and then he was selected to give Admin lectures

while F/O Joy is on furlough. He spends hours pouring over A. F.A.O., K.R. Air, A.F.G.O., and a hundred and one other Air Force publications in preparation for each lecture. His delivery is clear, and his diction excellent. And now if he would quit twisting my arm, I would tell you the truth.

Officers and N.C.O's please note: I am sorry to report that you will just have to wait until your turn comes around to be duty instructor. We realize that it is a job that is sought after  
(Cont. on page 11. col. 4.)

# "NOTHING TO IT"

"92 please . . . Hello, Sgt. Lacatoure please . . . Oh Sarge, how are the articles for the paper coming along? . . . What! F/O Roger is doing them? Now listen Sarge, he just told me that you were handling them. . . . You're not getting any co-operation? You say that memos have been sent around, and the lads in Maintenance disregard them. Hmmm, well keep after them, and in the meantime drum something up, and tell some of those Maintenance jokers if they want to get in the news to help you out by handing in any little bits of gossip or any jokes they hear. O.K. Sarge, thanks, I'll be around to-morrow to see what you have."

"30 please . . . could I speak to Sgt. Hoffman please . . . Hello Pete, say boy have you covered your assignment yet? . . . Sure, sure, I know Pete. pedalling to Ellerslie tires you out. O. K. But how about the articles? . . . You will have them Monday for sure? Fine, fine, that's swell . . . No don't bother telling me any more, just have the gen. so long, see you at the meeting. . . . Yep, seven o'clock Monday night.

"Well let's see now. I had better see if Gus has his assignments ready. If he mentions that damn train picture depicting the P. E. I. Express, I'll throttle him. Oh, here he comes."

"Any entries for daily diary?"

"No, but say Gus, how are the articles for the paper. All ready?"

"No they are not. Bull-whip Wynn has flayed my head with words of abuse, telling me to work harder. My constitution will not bear up under the pace. He reminds me of a slave driver on a galley ship . . . Besides, I went fishing last night, so I must recuperate . . . give me a couple of weeks . . . and anyway you have enough material for a 48-page paper."

"Now listen Gus," I shouted as he paused for a breath, "Get those articles in come hell or high water by Monday night."

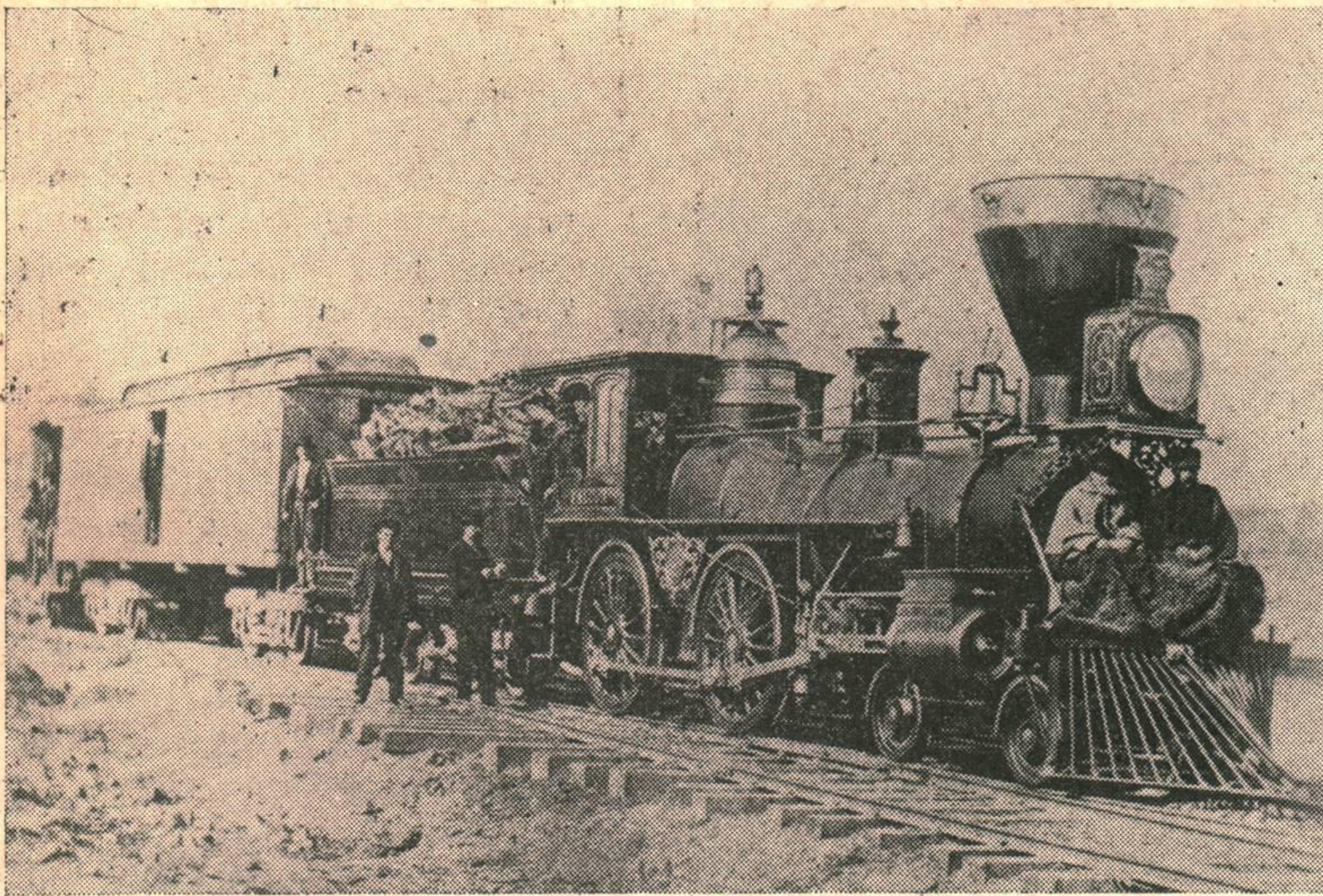
"Oh sure, I'll have dozens and dozens of articles for you, but (vehemently) I still think that we could print that picture of the train . . . O.K., O.K., I'll go" and out Gus lumbers.

"Phew, What a hard man to get going".

"52 please . . . Drogue? . . . Could I speak to Gerry Langevin? . . . What? He's on a 96? Oh! Well how about P/O Tonks? . . . Fine, put him on . . . Hello, Norm? Say Norm have you completed the cartoons yet? . . . What cartoons did you say?"

Well, G — — D — — it you were assigned 7 cartoons 2 weeks ago. O. K., have them in by Monday night . . . Yep, big meeting Monday at 1900 hours . . . See you there, and tell the other  
(Cont. on page 11. col. 4.)

## P. E. I. EXPRESS



Back in the days when the Pioneers were still fighting it out with the Indians, P. E. I. got it's first 'Iron Horse', and it's still here to-day, although now they call it a train.

I'll never forget the day I arrived on the Island. We stepped off the boat, and were immediately steered in the direction of a mass of wood on wheels. At the sight of it, little babies started crying, women fainted, and brave airmen reluctantly accepted it as one of the horrors of war. We clambered aboard, and being very careful not to burn ourselves on the stove, began looking for a seat. Remembering our basic training, we fought our way down the aisle, and landed on one of the wooden benches, which we learned later on were the only seats. Some person suggested that we get rid of our baggage, but we soon found out that due to fear of bandits in the old days people never carried luggage, the result being that no provision was made for the storing of it.

Five minutes after the engineer tooted the whistle—the engine needed a rest after using all that energy—we were off. People who hadn't finished a conversation before the train pulled out walked along beside it, while those who missed it altogether sauntered along and caught it at the next stop. As in a general store in the country old men gathered around the stove to warm their hands, and discuss the latest developments in the potato industry.

By this time we were whistling along at the mad speed of twenty miles an hour, and the conductor promised that after the next stop the engineer would have her up to twenty-five. Somewhere along the line, the conductor stopped the train while he got off to pick some wild flowers for his wife, but after a while he returned, and we got under way. I had a lot of fun looking through the holes in the floor at the tithes as they swished by. I got to know the fellow who was sitting across from me very well. Every time the train would stop, I found myself sitting in his lap, so there wasn't much point to sitting in a total strangers lap. Just to break the monotony, I changed places with him, and he sat on my lap for a change.

Then came a big moment. The Conductor advised us that Emerald Junction was the next stop, and that we would have to change trains. At last we would get a chance to catch up on a little sleep. No—No—Not that! It's just the same as the other one. Where did they ever get two of them, that's a question I would like to find an answer to.

We went through the same routine, stop every five minutes, take on a bag of potatoes, and throw off a half a dozen eggs. We passed through several different places which I can't remember the names of, and still no sleep. I tried everything. Feet up on the seat in front of me, curled up in a corner, sitting straight, but it was to no avail, what with the noise, the heat of the stove, and a hundred other nuisances.

We passed through Summerside, thinking that we were just about there, although as we found out later it is a good three hours by train to Mount Pleasant from the second largest town on the Island.

It was eleven o'clock by the time we reached our destination, and then we looked like characters who had been adrift in the Atlantic for days. We staggered into camp ready to sign a separate peace with Germany, but have changed our minds since we found out that it is possible to hitch-hike over to Sackville, thus avoiding a quaint institution that the Island is famous for.

## ««« Nursing Sisters »»»

Nursing Sister Lariviere has been with us since February 16, 1944 and it is really about time that we got to know something about her present, past and future. Well, to begin with Andrie Lariviere was born in Montreal on a stormy March day in the year, well, wouldn't you like to know? Born of Norman descent Sister Lariviere was educated at St. Urbains Academy in Montreal and later at Ste. Annes boarding school in Lachine, Quebec. From there our little Sister went to D'Arcy McGee High School for a year, to try and I quote "Try to learn to speak English" unquote. After spending a year at McGee, Sister Lariviere entered Ste. Justine Hospital to take up nursing and



N/S Betty Beaugrand who was the first woman officer to arrive at this station caused quite a flutter of hearts when she first came to Mount Pleasant in February 1944. Since then she has made friends with many and now we have the lowdown on her.

Born in Montreal Sister Beaugrand was educated at Gagetown Grammar School in New Brunswick and later took up nursing at Montreal General Hospital. After receiving her R. N. in January, 1941, Miss Beaugrand did private nursing until February '43 when she decided that she was more urgently needed in the service and joined the R.C.A.F. reporting to No. 5, M.D. Lachine. One year to the day Sister Beaugrand left what is now No. 1 "Y" depot and then Mount Pleasant claimed her.

On asking Miss Beaugrand what she intended to do after this war, our correspondent was rather shocked when instead of replying, that she wanted to settle down in a little cottage with clinging vines and a "you know what" Sister Beaugrand replied that her post war ambition was to work on convalescent R.C.A.F. cases.

### Y-MEN

(Continued from page 5.)

ivities which made life bearable to our "veterans."

Under Walter's eagle eye, the reading room in the Drill Hall was furnished, and a more relaxing spot can't be found anywhere.

These are only a few of the many things that deserve mentioning, but, due to restricted space, I am unable to go on. About all we can do is say "Thanks Walter." We have appreciated everything you have done for us, and we hope that if it pleases you, you will remain with us at Mount Pleasant for a long time to come.



received her R. N. in 1939. For the next four years Miss Lariviere spent her time doing private nursing until she received her call to report to No. 3 T. C. in July, and was posted to No. 9 B.G.S., Mt. Joli. During the first week there love came to Sister Lariviere in the form (?) of F/O Mousseau and if you have noticed her lately you can see that chunk of "ice" on her left hand. Now that we are up to date on Sister Lariviere we will let you in on a little dope.

A huge elephant and a tiny mouse were in the same cage at the zoo. The elephant was in a particularly ugly and truculent mood. Looking down at the mouse with disgust he trumpeted, "You're the puniest, the weakest, the most insignificant thing I've ever seen!"

"Well," piped the mouse in a plaintive squeak, "don't forget I've been sick."

"O woman, in our hours of ease,  
Uncertain, coy and hard to please"—

So wrote Sir Walter long ago,  
But how, pray, could he really know?

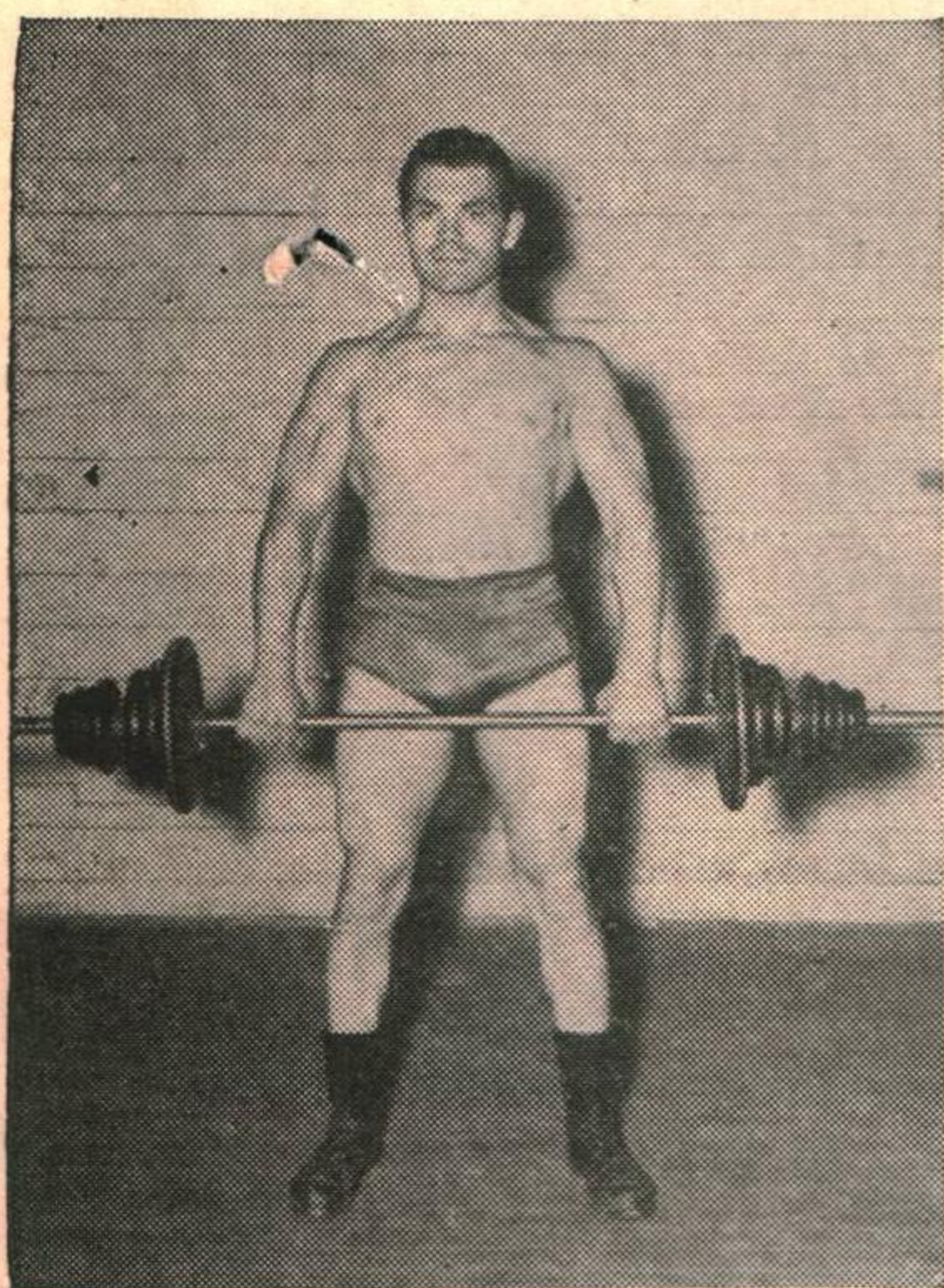
If woman fair he strove to please,  
Where did he get his "hours of ease?"

Tact—making your company feel at home when you wish they were.

# It's Easy To Be Tough

Sure it's easy to be tough . . . if you know how. Most of us go through life relying on a left cross or a good right hook to the jaw, which if landed before the other fellow has a chance to do the same may end the fight right there, but to a master of the fight game, we are beaten before we start. It is one thing to be able to dish it out, but it is another thing to be able to take it, or to prevent your opponent handing it out. Fighting has been referred to as the manly art of self defence, but I have yet to hear it called the manly art of pushing some guys teeth down his throat.

## TEACHER



That is why, when the Station Defence Course came into existence, a certain amount of time was set aside for instruction in Jiu Jitsu. This article is an interview with the fellow that gives those classes, and I will endeavour to tell you all that you may want to know about him.

His name is Johnny Janetakes, and he hails from Toronto. Johnny has been active in all types of sports for the greater part of his life, but our main interest is his career in wrestling. Before the war some of you real wrestling fans from the Queen City may have seen him in the ring, because he has done quite a bit of exhibition and professional wrestling.

His favorite pastime is body building, and those of us who have seen him around the drill hall know that he has obtained results. He works out with the Commandos for an hour every day, and usually spends an hour or two in the gym at night. Lying on his back, called the prone press, Johnny can lift 250 pounds and in standing position, called the military or straight press, he can hoist 192 lbs. over his head. I dropped over the other night,

and after trying to lift 50 pounds had to be taken to the hospital for treatment.

Johnny received his education at Toronto Collegiate, and after leaving school, he opened his own physical training academy. Then, to quote Johnny himself "I had to go to work, so I went into business."

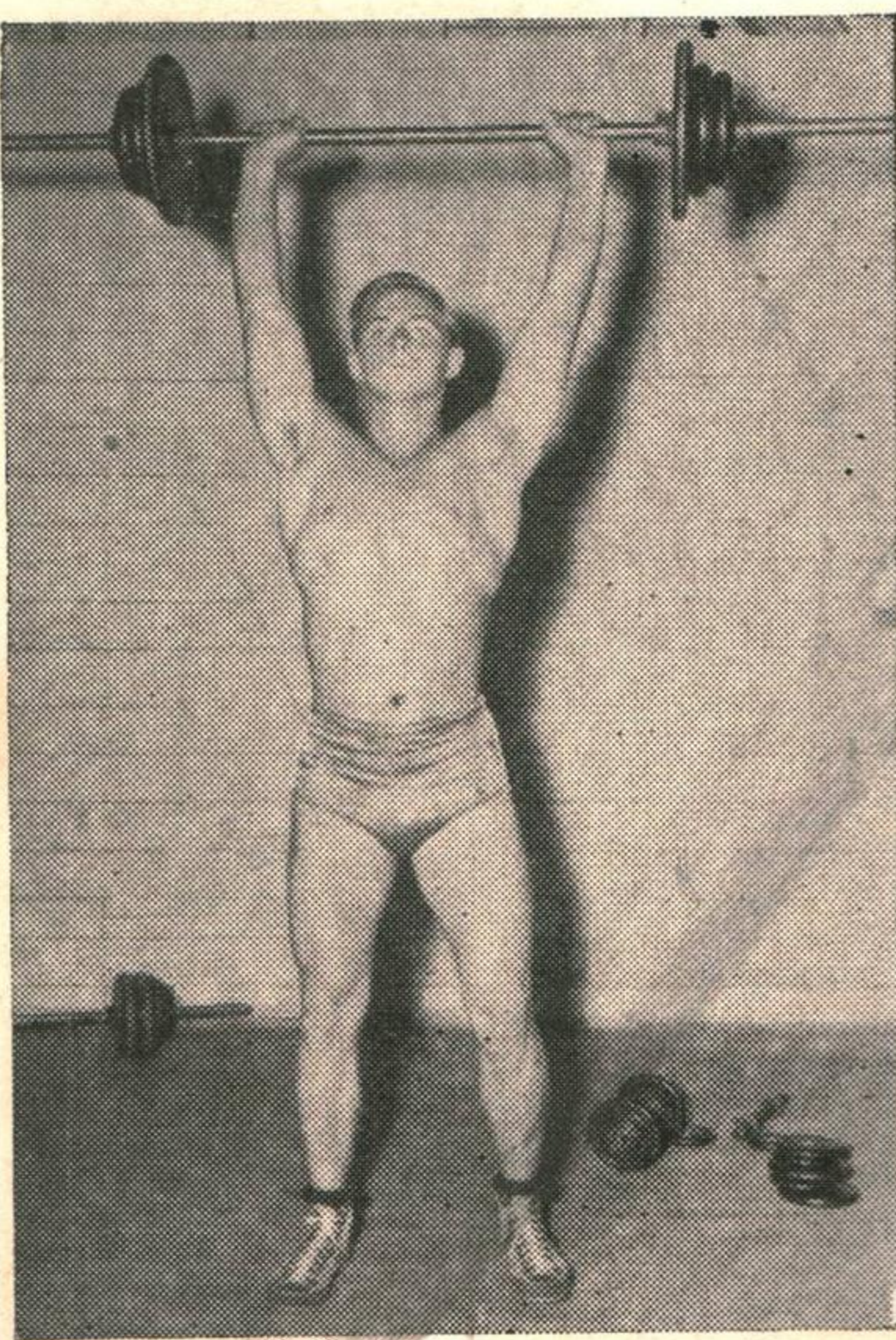
His ideal wrestler is Jimmy Londos, the retired undefeated heavyweight champion of the world, who is better known as 'The Golden Greek'.

What are the main requisites of a good Jiu Jitsu artist? According to Johnny they are, practice, training, condition, and dexterity. The first of these is the most important, because although you may be taught all there is to know about Jiu Jitsu in a short while, it takes many hours of practice before you should try to put it into practice. Many's the fighter who thought himself skilled enough to take on somebody twice his size

Johnny works out with Herb Houston, whom he says is the best built airman at No. 10 and Cpl. George Sobel, our new P.T. & D. instructor, who is a cousin to Joe Sklar, the middle-weight champion of the world. You may see the boys on the mat slamming each other around, and having a wonderful time in general (I don't think).

I discussed the possibility of having a boxing and wrestling tournament for Mount Pleasant,

## PRIZE PUPIL



and he thought that it should be made a definite must. We have plenty of talent on the station, and I'm sure that all of those who couldn't take an active part would surely enjoy a good old fashioned Assault-At-Arms. Let's give it some serious thought eh fellows?



# PADRES CORNER

By F/L. D. SMITH

Dear lads:

They have been telling me that every good station paper should have a padre's corner, so since there are a couple of things I would like to say to you, I will take this opportunity to say them. I have written to you before of this, but I want to tell you again how much I would like you to come in occasionally for a chat. I know that every fellow has something near his heart or on his mind that it helps a lot to talk about sometimes to someone who might be interested. It might be that you would like to talk about the folks at home so come in and tell us about your mother and dad, your wife, your chum, the only girl in the world, or what have you.

Perhaps you have something that is bothering you, causes you to worry or keeps you unhappy. No matter what it is, ten chances to one we have heard it before. You see, we are all the same underneath. We have the same hopes and dreams, fears and pitfalls, generally speaking, both ahead of us and behind us. This is the rather formal way one of the prayer books puts it—

It is necessary that every man have a full trust in God's mercy, and have a quiet conscience. Therefore, if any of you cannot quiet his own conscience, but requires further comfort or counsel, let him come to me or some other discreet and learned minister of God's holy word and open his grief; that by the ministry of God's word he may receive the benefit of forgiveness together with spiritual counsel and advice to the quieting of his own conscience and the avoiding of further worry and doubtfulness.

What I am trying to say then is, that if you are in need of a friend we will always be around. Remember your padre is your minister. Do not think of him as an officer. His rank and uniform are only for the purpose of facilitating his movements in the service. He is your minister. Confide in him; he wants to be of use to you but he will not intrude into your private concerns. You must give him opportunity. Be frank with him and if he cannot always solve your problems, he will share them at least and that helps. So it's wide open, lads—come in.

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Give me a fact. There is nothing like a fact. You cannot get around it. Consider these facts: Lord Dowding, who led the R.A.F. FIGHTER COMMAND through the unequalled

combat of the Battle of Britain, and who took the ascendancy in that dark hour over the minions of hell, is a man whose first thoughts and interests, by his own confession, are for the things of the spirit.

General Dobbie, whose undaunted leadership supplied the defenders of Malta with a courage so strong that they withstood all the concentrated attack that German airpower could pour upon them, said, "I am a servant of Christ. To any soldier who wishes to talk with me of Him, my door is always open."

General Montgomery, who tore up the plan of retreat in taking over El Alemein, wiped the hun off the face of Africa, drove him up the long stretches of Italy, and today is whipping him relentlessly back to his lair—is a man whose strength has been in "quietness and in confidence." He is a son of the Church, whose allegiance he never withholds. His father was the Anglican Bishop of Tasmania. He shows a bible to his men and says: "this is our strength."

You ask me where the spirit of God is in the world today? I say to you "the hearts of such men as these are its dwelling place." Its purpose is effected through their deeds.

For every deed waiting to be accomplished, whether it be a great one or a small, we have still to look about us as Pharaoh did of old and ask, "Can we find such a man as this is—a man in whom the spirit of God is?"

## "NOTHING TO IT"

(Continued from page 9.)

members of the staff to be on time."

And so, the M. O. clanks shut the door, and our Editor continues to try to beat his brains out on the cushioned wall.

## G. I. S-GEN.

(Cont. from page 9.)

tem.

Well fellows, that's about all for this month, so when the lynching party starts looking for me, send them by way of the Union Station in Ottawa, 'cause I'm going on furlough. (Heh, heh).

Before going, I would like to let you in on a little conversation I overheard between Cpl. "Lou" Lewis and a sweet young thing in Summerside.

Lou: I like to take experienced Girls home.

S.Y.T.: "I'm not experienced"

Lou: You're not home yet either.

G'Bye For Now.

# Cornflakes..

## ON THE P. E. I. EXPRESS

Passenger to Conductor: Why has the train stopped?

Conductor: There is a cow on the track.

The train starts and goes about a mile and stops again.

Passenger: Is there another cow on the track?

Conductor: No, we just caught up to it again.

Padre Smith to Airman who is knocking off a brew in the Canteen:—"My dear chap, do you think that bottle of filth is going to quench your thirst?"

Airman: "I hope not."

There once was a maiden of Siam

Who said to her lover, young Kiam,

"If you kiss me, of course,  
You will have to use force,  
But Heaven knows you are  
stronger than I am."

Boys flying kites haul in their white-winged birds,  
But you can't do that when you're flying words;  
Thoughts unexpressed may sometimes fall back dead,  
But God Himself can't kill them when they're said.

"Come, Come" said Tom's father, "at your time of life

There's no longer excuse for thus playing the rake—  
It is time you should think,  
boy of taking a wife."

"Why, so it is father—whose wife shall I take?"

He is not drunk who, from the floor

Can rise again and drink some more;

But drunk is he, who prostrate lies,

And cannot drink or cannot rise.

The lady visitor was chatting with little Elsie. "How many brothers have you, dear?" asked the visitor.

Three replied Elsie.

"And how many sisters?"

"Just one," replied Elsie. "I'm it."

The husband answering the phone said: "I don't know; call up the weather bureau," and hung up.

"What was that?" asked his wife.

"Some fellow asked if the coast was clear."

Do you remember the sergeant who, when asked what he'd done with his pay, answered: "Part went for liquor, part for women, and the rest spent foolishly."

She: "No pie for me, airman—I've gotta watch my figure."

Airman: "Aw, take just a small hunk. I'll watch your figure."

A team composed of Provost Corps members was playing a soccer game with a team composed of buck privates. A soldier was outlining the principles of the game. "If you can't kick the ball," he said, "kick one of the men on the other team. Now where's the ball?"

"Never mind the ball," shouted a big private. "Let's go on with the game."

"We had a bad explosion at our house last night. Somebody told Dad the new maid was dynamite; so he decided to investigate. As soon as he touched her she exploded, Mother went through the roof, Grandma hit the ceiling, and Dad went all to pieces."

"You look like a sensible girl. let's get better acquainted,"

"Nothing doing, I'm just as sensible as I look."

Stepping out of a luxurious car, a middle-aged woman, dressed expensively, approached the sentry and asked if she could speak to her airman son. "He is a tall young man," she explained, "rather goodlooking, with blue eyes, and called Clarence Montgomery."

The sentry stopped her. "I know", he said. Then, putting his head around the guard-room door, he shouted: "Hey, Stinky, you're wanted!"

A drunk watched a man enter a revolving door. As the door swung around, a pretty girl stepped out.

"Darned good trick," he muttered, "but I don't see how that guy changed his cloth so fast."

"There's nothing wrong man," said a doctor. "Stop thinking so much about yourself: throw yourself into your work."

"But," protested the patient, "I—I'm a concrete mixer."

There are two kinds of women. . . those who can get any fellow they like and those who like any fellow they can get.

A bow-legged airman name Keys  
Had plenty of room between knees

When he came to attention  
His Sergeant did mention  
His knees were still standing  
at ease.

High on a ladder in the British Admiralty's war room stood a WREN sticking pins in a map which marked the progress of a North Atlantic convoy. A crusty British sea lord stalked in, glanced upwards at the map, and said: "Captain, that Wren will either have to wear pants or we will have to move the convoy to the South Atlantic."

Officer Wm. Street, home on furlough (from overseas) talking of his adventures to some guests is interrupted by one of them. "I suppose," he said, "that you killed the proverbial fatted calf?"

"Well, I'll tell you," replied the officer, "on account of meat points we couldn't kill the fatted calf, but we certainly did sit around and shot the bull!"

F/S Wexler addressed a new student A. G. "I'm a man of few words," he said. "If I beckon with my finger that means come."

"I, too, am a man of few words, sir," was the reply. "If I shake my head that means I'm not coming."

Jones: "The report says the man was shot at close range."

James: "Then there must have been powder marks on him."

Jones: "Yes. That's why she shot him."

(Over Phone). Airman: "How are you this evening, Honey?"

Girl: "Alright, but lonely."

Airman: "Good and lonely?"

Girl: "No, just lonely."

Airman: "Fine, I'll be right over."

Guide: "We are now passing the largest brewery in the world."

Airman: "I'm not."

"Just fancy that!" exclaimed the proud mother. "They've promoted our Herbert for hitting the sergeant! "They've made him a court-martial."

Few men leave footprints in the sands of time, because most of them are always busy covering up their tracks.



"THIS DAMN DINGHY MUST BE LEAKING!"