FLAK

VOL. 1, No. 4

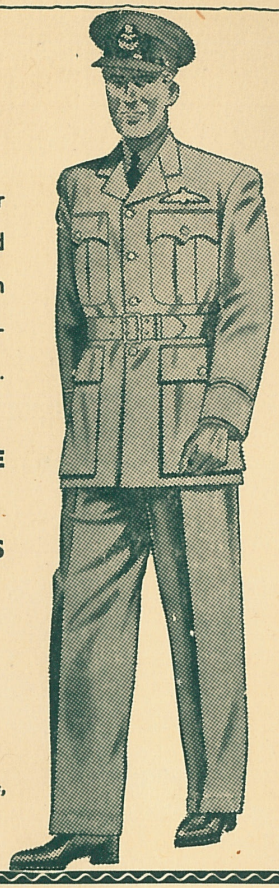
No. 9 A.O.S.

MAS, 1944

Merry Christmas



EATON'S *for Officers' Uniforms*



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FLAK

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and MR. W. WOOLLETT.

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A Christmas Thought

By the time this goes into print, Christmas will almost be upon us. I, like thousands of others, have not spent a Christmas at home since 1940. During the past four years, the many different places that I have seen, and the people with whom I have spent the holiday season, have shown me that the Christmas spirit in itself could almost be said to be the reason this war is being fought.

Christmas time is one of joy and happiness especially for little children, and I believe this war is being fought to its bitter end so that our little ones can clap their hands with joy rather than have to hold them rigidly out in front in a Nazi salute. This is a little thought that I would like to leave with you and one that you might remember next time you feel put out owing to some war-time restriction.

Peep and Pry

Now the station *must* close. The perennial Michael O'Neil has been posted. "Michael, your ghost will haunt the G.I.S. long after human life has left the precincts."

Our country also says a fond farewell, (tearful, in one case!) to Rachel Sewell. This perfect example of peaches and cream is going back to England after four years of playing 'survival of the fittest' in Canada. Needless to say she survived. We hope it is only a temporary visit.

Dig—Dig—Dig—DD—Dora Scott and Dusty Perkins finally got their Red Cross posting to 'somewhere in the United Kingdom.' Proving all things come to her who waits (or is it weights?).

Are we to understand a secret marriage on our station is now not so secret? ? ?

And as for M. M. (Molly Mouse), may we warn the precocious rodent that Building No. 2 is full of rat poison—a word to the wise.

"Did you see"—I repeat—"Did you see the vision in Mauve at the last party of the Officer's Mess — Hallowe'en to be exact — who *disproved* that 'discretion is the better part of valor!'"

We hear that even Mr. Wollett is not above lengthy good-byes in the vestibule of Building No. 2.

Our favorite S.P. Wally Fortin, after being lost forever to No. 9 A.O.S. by a posting to No. 9 R.D., is soon to leave the R.C.A.F. A family man's responsibilities caused the decision. Glad to have met you, and good luck.

Modern psychologists say self-expression is good for the mind. How nice of the Officer's Mess to install a microphone, so that every evening after 12, the officers and guests can express themselves!

Who is it that a certain section officer around here must concernedly telephone at the end of an evening, to make sure he has reached the 'safety of 'ome'? Staggering news—what?

What prominent civilian was heard yelling in protest (?) the other evening, when three anxious ladies tried to keep his neuritis warm? (with an electric pad—you dope!)

Could the intense interest in flying, shown by one Wogette here, be a military SECRETT?

It looks like 'Our Barbara' will have a 'rosy' future with a certain officer. He must be a good engineer.

'Twas the night before Christmas and all through the house, not a creature was stirring, not even one louse. They had all passed out. Santa Clause, Santa Clause, wherefore art, etc.

Where is the 'missing link' in the chain of our present Pin-Up Girl? Who cares? she found another from London.

Editorial

So This is Good-bye

With this, the fourth number of "FLAK", publication ceases. Since May of this year when the idea of a station magazine was first dreamed up, we have attempted to give you, every two months, a brief resume of station activities and interests. This last edition is meant as a souvenir copy for those who will be leaving No. 9 in the immediate future. Thanks to the Station Photo Section and Mr. Brodie Whitelaw, we have managed to get together a representative group of pictures sufficiently varied, we hope, to cover all centres of interest on the station. If you find them a suitable remembrance of No. 9 A.O.S., and a perpetuation of the memory of the more celebrated characters and dives on this Unit, they will have served their purpose.

It seems unfortunate that just as we are getting started, circumstances force us to close up shop. There is one factor though which far outweighs any regrets we might have. The official decision to suspend all training activities in Canada is the great keynote that victory is at hand. This does not, however, give cause for any let-up in activity until the job is completed and well done. Those of you who are leaving before the last blow is struck can be justly proud of the tremendous accomplishment in which you have played so important a part. And those who remain will, we are sure, carry on with the same earnestness of purpose that has been exemplified throughout Canada in the lifetime of this great training project.

We would like to thank Wing Commander Lambert, as head of R.C.A.F. personnel and Mr. W. Woollett, General Manager, Dominion Skyways (Observers) Ltd. for their complete co-operation, and it is certainly through their kindness and indulgence that this souvenir edition has been made possible. In matters of policy, they have been a great help to us, making possible the seemingly impossible, and giving us a free hand at all times.

I would, personally like to thank all members of the Editorial Staff for their wonderful support and for those many hours so willingly spent in the drudgery of preparing such a publication. I would like to mention specially F/L McKernan, Mrs. Perkins, and F/O Law. Their individual contributions towards the success of "FLAK" have exceeded all bounds.

Last, but far from least, we thank you, our readers, for your kind indulgence, and wish to take this opportunity of wishing you all the Merriest of Christmases and the Happiest of New Years.

WING COMMANDER LAMBERT'S

Christmas Message

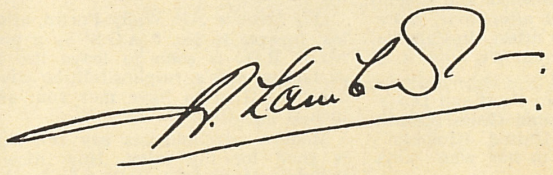
It is with a mixed feeling of gladness and regret that I pen to you all through the medium of " FLAK " what will probably be my farewell message to R.C.A.F. and Civilian Personnel on this Station. Gladness because we are beginning to see the end of this conflict which has caused so much disaster and sacrifice throughout the world; and regret because it means the cessation of so many pleasant associations and memorable experiences. However, the great thing is that we are reaching the ultimate goal, and all else is completely eclipsed by that tremendous realization.

As you all know, in accordance with the most recent decisions made concerning the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan, the gates of No. 9 A.O.S. will soon be closed to potential Navigators and Air Bombers. Here in these surroundings so familiar to you all, hundreds of aircrew personnel have received training and experience fitting them for further advanced work; and I feel it is a tribute to the staff, both Service and Civilian, that the records of our graduates have been unparalleled. And I would like to take this opportunity of expressing to Squadron Leader Moles and his entire Instructional Staff my sincerest appreciation of their excellent co-operation and assistance which I have received at all times, and which has meant so much towards the successful operation of this Unit.

It is also very pleasant to be able to say a word to the trainees presently stationed at No. 9, as well as all those who have preceded them. In my capacity as Chief Supervisory Officer, and on behalf of all the officers, I would like to take advantage of this occasion to wish them the best of luck in their future endeavours. When the present concept of the future seems so indefinite, we must not feel that our Air Force training has gone for naught. On the contrary, we are merely adding to a great wealth of experience which comes with life itself. And though, in some cases, our present training may not be of any practical advantage, it at least equips us with a wider scope, a better sense of values which will be of invaluable assistance in moulding our futures. And so, to you all, I send my sincere personal greeting, and particularly to those of you who are away from home during this happy season. Christmas means a great deal to every one of us, the strongest bond between ourselves and our home and people. And I feel confident that your first Christmas spent in Canada will be a memorable one.

I have a very direct message to all personnel of the Civilian Operating Company, Dominion Skyways Observers Ltd., with whom it has been my pleasure to work during the past eight months. Their unstinted co-operation in all departments has not only meant success at No. 9, but has also been a most essential factor in the birth, development and ultimate completion of the great training scheme. From the management and their entire staff I have received only the utmost support, and their collective eagerness to see a job well done has facilitated my position on this Unit in an immeasurable degree.

And so in keeping with this festive season, I can find no better way of expressing my wishes to you all than in the time-old words " Merry Christmas and A Very Happy New Year."



A Christmas Message from Our G.M.

The Christmas season again rolls around, just as consistently as sunrise and sunset. It is always a time when we pause in the busy round of activities to think of home, family, and friends. The many separations brought about by Wartime duties at home and abroad make that pause a little longer and more meaningful to many.

We on this Station will soon be called upon to separate and pursue our duties elsewhere, so before that time actually arrives I would like you all to know how deeply I appreciate the magnificent job that has been done at No. 9 Air Observer School by all of you and by our grand team-mates of the Royal Canadian Air Force.

Without the team and family spirit that has existed on this Station between all concerned it could never have produced the same high quality or have been the same place to work in, and I cannot help feeling that my unofficial motto of "A Happy School and an Efficient School" has had some merit.

We have all had our struggles and headaches, but one of the greatest of the many joys of the job has been the overcoming of the difficulties as they cropped up and the continuous aim to have everything done just a little bit better.

I think we all have good reason to be proud of our job, but we should not forget that we have a great deal to be thankful for — good food, recreational facilities, and innumerable comforts. We have all added much to the sum total of our experiences. We have also made many friendships which will not soon be severed or forgotten.

Many, I know, have made personal sacrifices and I would particularly like to thank those who have postponed the opportunity, honour, and all that goes with it, of serving in His Majesty's Forces up to the present because at this Station it was thought that with their particular qualifications they were serving our common cause to the best of their ability.

To my "Dominion Skyways (Observers) Family" and to those very "close relations" in the Royal Canadian Air Force, I would like to express my sincere gratitude and to add my very best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

God Bless You All.

Walter Woollett

General Manager

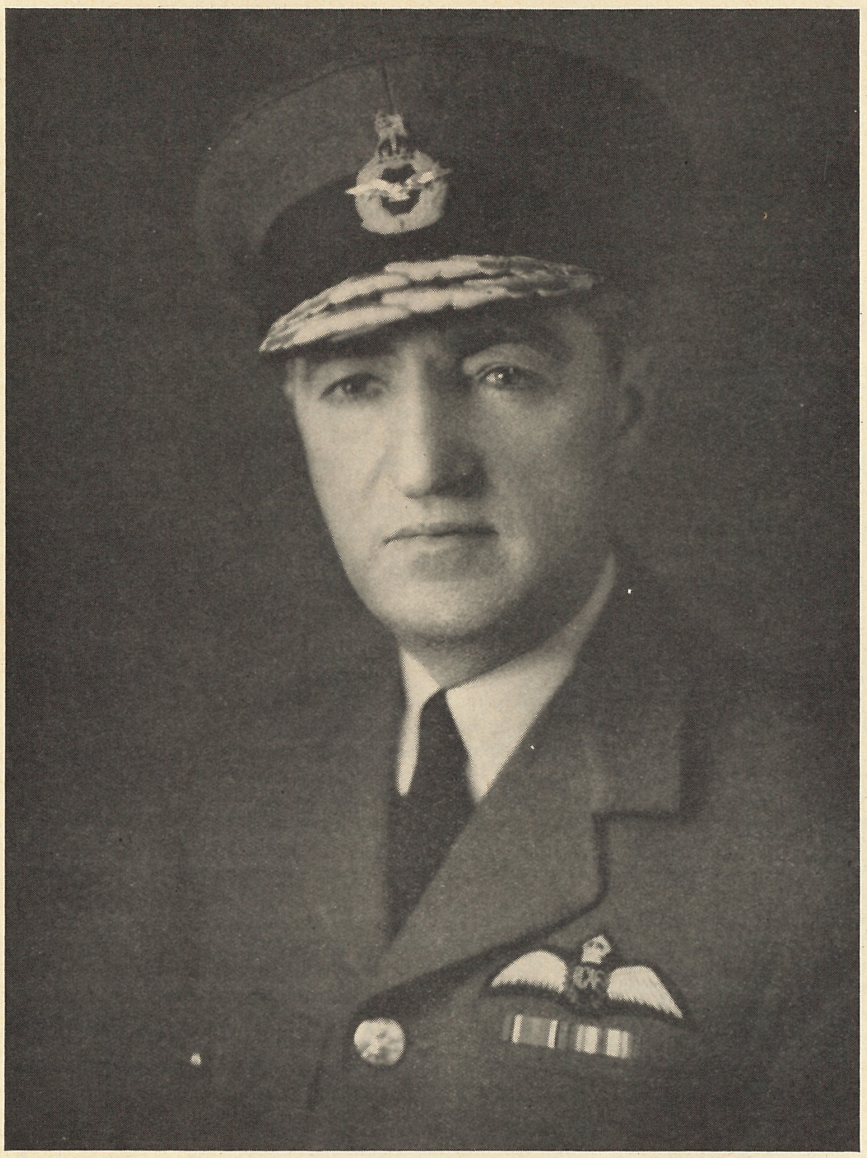


Photo Blank and Stoller, Montreal

Air Vice-Marshal A. Raymond—A.O.C. No. 3 Training Command.

No. 9 HITS NEW HIGH IN 7th VICTORY LOAN

It is interesting and encouraging to report that the combined Service and Civilian quota which was the highest set for this camp was oversubscribed to a total of $212,000 which represents 145% of the objective. The breakdown shows that the Service quota was $60,000 and the subscriptions were $72,000, while the Civilian goal was $86,000 and the subscriptions totalled $140,000.

The following is a play-by-play account of the results:

SERVICE	% subscribed
Officers	124
WAGS	109
Headquarters	130
Trainees	116
CIVILIAN	
Buildings and Ground	172
Camp Engineer	165
Catering Department	160
Operations (Flying Staff)	154
Maintenance Dep't.	139
Management	230
Canteen and Bowling Alley	460
Radio Department	149
Stores Department	205

It was through the untiring efforts of Flying Officer Bradbury, chairman of the Service drive and Mr. H. Gauthier, chairman of the Civilian loan that this camp was able to make such a splendid showing. It is only fair to give a considerable amount of credit to the able committees who worked so conscientiously. Flying Officer Bradbury was capably assisted by WOI H. Challis and Sergeant Cassidy. Mr. Gauthier reports excellent support and the mere mention that 86% of the civilian employees on this station subscribed 134% of the Company objective on the first day bears silent testimony to his comprehensive account which, unfortunately, space does not permit us to print.

The Padre's Christmas Message

Once upon a time, on a far-distant planet, an astronomer and his friend were scanning the heavens through a giant telescope. One planet seemed to have a special interest for them, for they kept swinging the telescope back until it centred again upon this particular body. At times it glowed with surpassing brilliance; then, even as they looked, the light would begin to fade. Then, ever and again, as the years passed as but moments of time, the brilliance would be renewed as if fed by an inner flame. The astronomer's friend asked the name of the planet and the explanation of the peculiar phenomenon. "Oh," said the astronomer, "that is the Earth; and there is rather an interesting story about its strange behaviour. Legend has it that long ago a Baby was born who became the Prince of Peace and the Saviour of His people. Annually they celebrate His birth, and under the influence of the season, everyone is a little better than at any other time of the year. Old grievances are forgotten, a richer glow of fellowship is to be observed, and the hopes and aspirations of the people are raised to greater levels. It does seem that more of God's own Spirit is to be found in the world of men at that season."



Station Photo Section

For a time there was silence as the two men continued to observe the strange ebb and flow of light. Then, as they turned away from the telescope, one said to the other, "Isn't it too bad that the light could not be kept at its peak of brilliance throughout the year."

Well, now we are coming to another Christmas Season, the sixth war-time Christmas Once again we celebrate the birthday of the Prince of Peace, the Saviour of the world. What sort of a mood shall we bring to our celebrations? Joy and good fellowship? Yes, even in these times. But deeper than that, do you not feel a burning dissatisfaction with things as they are, and a desperate conviction that there must be something better than we have yet known? If such is your feeling, then, in addition to the surface joy of the season, yours will also be the conviction that here—in the Advent of a Baby—is the Hope of the world. May it be so, and may your joy be such that even in these days the glow of earth will be of surpassing brilliance because of a spirit fraught with joy and thanskgiving, and a mighty hope.

F/L A. L. ANDERSON.

Gone But Not Forgotten

à la JOAN AIRD

We are very elated as we've just received a fan letter from that "master of wit", et cet, Ross Phemister — he told us that Oakie Davidson and Ed Hunt are on four engine jobs in the American Transport Command; and that Apgood, former Link man, is now in Lima, Peru, in fact he's just become a proud father: it's a boy.

You can't keep these young men down. Joe Bell, leading seaman, is gunner on a Merchant Navy ship. Having toured the seven seas, he's stationed at Cornwallis, N.S. — Maurice Roy, jitterbug cum laudo, is in the R.C.N.V.R. stationed in Montreal.

Miss Lumbers, our former Supervisor of Women, has been Personnel Manageress for Dominion Electrohome Industries, Kitchener, Ontario, but is at present on temporary leave due to ill health — and Mrs. Knowles, our first supervisor, is living in Montreal with her daughter.

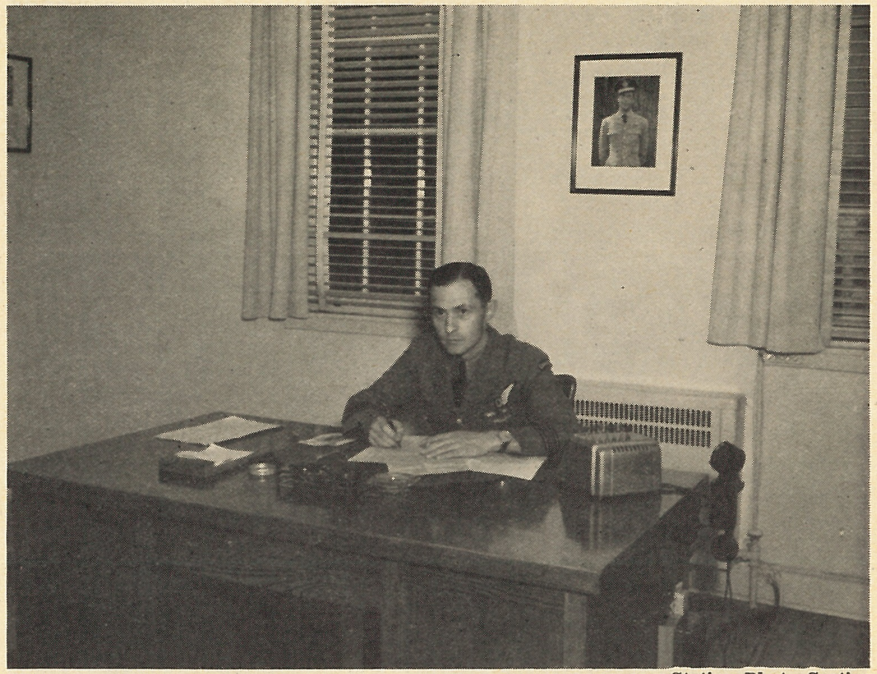
Jovial and healthy version of navigator, "Rip" Fisher is on Coastal Command — thoroughly browned off too!

The R.A.F. types of 98NX are on "heavies" at an O.T.U. in England — all but Ken Ireson who is on Mosquitos — best of luck Ken!

Morris Liddle — glamour boy of the G.I.S. — has left us for British Empire Products — he's apprenticing as an electrical engineer. Mrs. Berube is in Ottawa working for the Prisoners of War Department of the Red Cross — Mrs. Leach, former private secretary to Mr. White, has retired to pursue domestic activities.

Does anyone realize what "pin-up" gals the flight clerks have always been—howevah, some of our favorites have departed — alas! Pauline Bishop is with the C.P.R. in Montreal, ("a company girl")—Lorraine Leaman has gone south of the border to Philadelphia —Anna Troup is in Merchandizing at Cockfield, Brown & Co., aussi en Montreal — and Gaby Huot is a lady of leisure — the lucky gal!

Ena Mansell, formerly of the Maintenance Office, is taking a business course at the Mother House, in Montreal—and Rita Lorden is working for her father at J. B. Martin's in St. Johns.



Station Photo Section

Wing Commander Lambert—Chief Supervisory Officer.

Miss Murphy, No. 9's first nurse, is in Montreal — but is expecting to leave soon for Bermuda.

Georgette, the brunette Betty Grable of the switchboard, is now a telephone operator in Farnham.

George Fox, ex Radio Shirk Shopper, is taking the navigator course at Malton—unfortunately he was not posted here, but we can't all be lucky!

One of the first members of our Catering Staff. Margorie MacAuley, is now in Morgan's Coffee Shoppe — Alice Boudreau is taking a special course in telephone operating at the "Bell" company in Montreal — in fact Montreal seems to be a very popular place these days. Mrs. Crux, formerly Miss Servos, who has been living in St. Jean, is moving to Welland, Ont.

Wogettes — Audrey Dixon, Florence Campbell, and Betty "Tref" Woodland are at Ferry Command — Betty Rutledge is home in Vancouver for a much needed rest before she goes overseas in the V.A.D. of the St. John Ambulance Corps — best of luck Rut!! Working in a bank in Montreal, Libby Shaw can't seem to be able to adjust herself to regular working hours. She's had it! Bunty Patrick is in Barrie while Jack's at Camp Borden. The last time we heard from Lisalotte she was just moving into their new apartment — completely furnished with a bed and a bar!! Diana Fricker is stationed in England, and her husband "Wally" is stationed nearby.

Remember tall, blonde 'n 'andsome Emil Thorsen — he, Driscoll, and Fricker are together at the same station in England.

Tandy Davoud, having been with us for nigh on to three years, has left to go to Transport Command — lucky Tandy! We mentioned before that there were rumours of wedding bells for Robert Louvigny and Clary de Samazon — we were correct in our suppositions. Best wishes, mes amis!

Howie Boyd, Murray Newton, and Steele Murdock are in Bournemouth waiting to be posted — Boyd's and Newton's postings to Transport Command were cancelled—George Leggett is in Wolverhampton doing a little flying, but still not knowing what's cooking! Hammett, Menzies, Graham and Donovan are at O.T.U. at Comox — Schlipf, Masterson and Hull are with the American Transport Command — Charlie is engaged to a Tennessee gal; and there's been a blessed event in the Texan's family!

Flight Sgt. O'Neil the original airman of No. 9 has deserted us. All our best wishes in your new work, Michael.

And now good-bye — very soon we, too, shall be gone — nor shall we forget all the wonderful characters and types we've met here at No. 9!

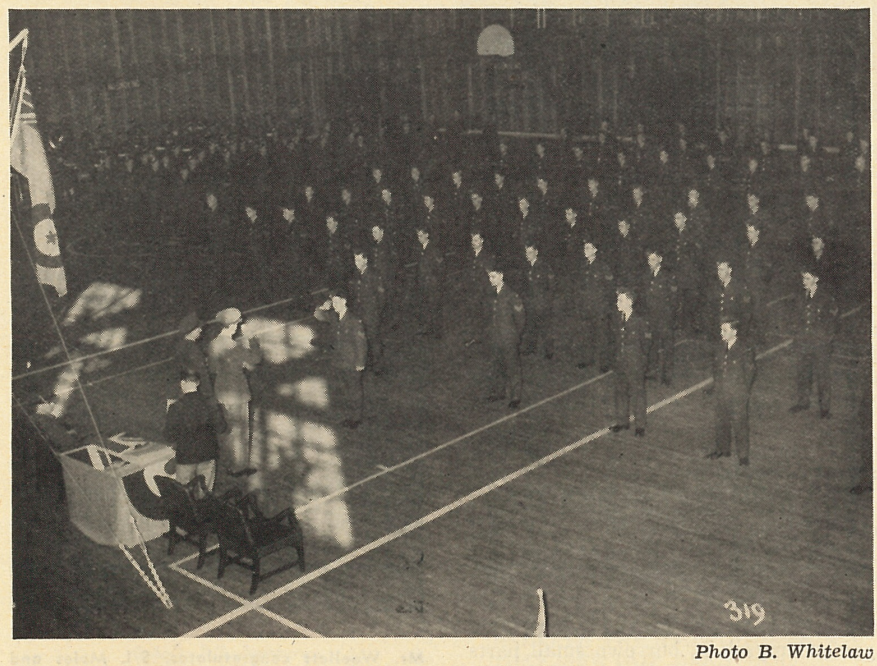
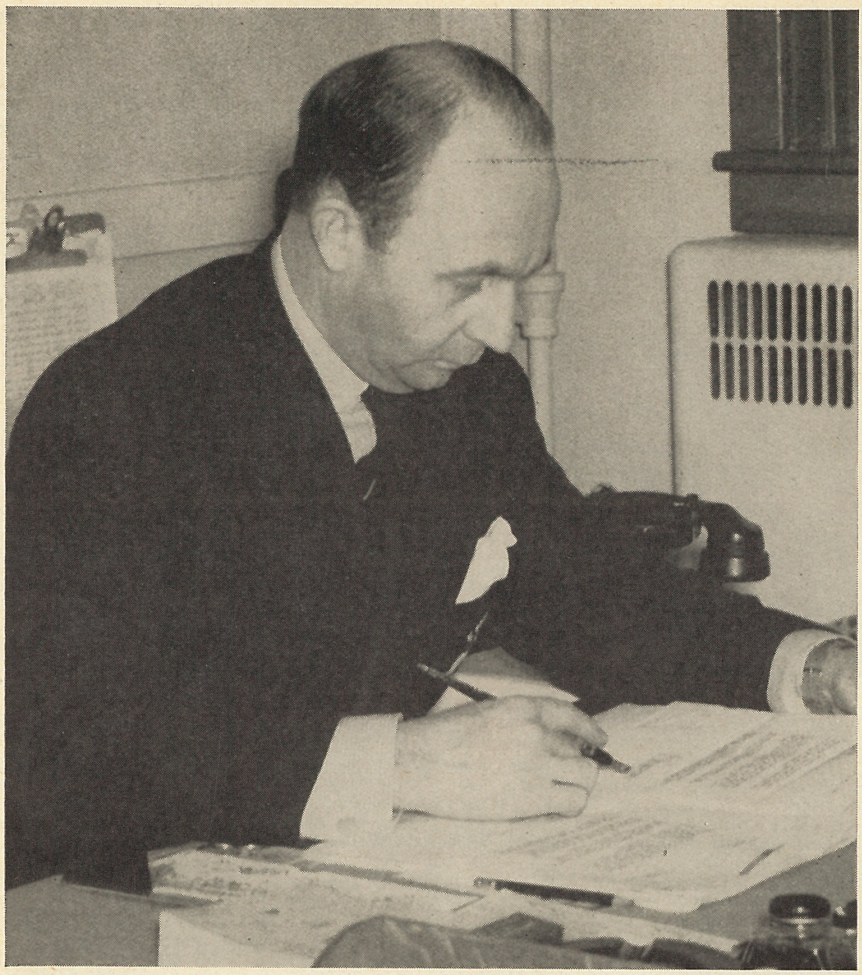


Photo B. Whitelaw

A recent Wings Parade.



Station Photo Section

Mr. W. Woollett—General Manager.

Farewell Messages from Civilian Executives

From Mr. L. B. Unwin, President, Canadian Pacific Air Lines, Ltd.;

"With the coming to an end of this part of the Air Training Plan, in which the officers and staff of your School have taken so important a part, I would like to congratulate all of you most sincerely on the splendid job you have done in making the Plan so successful."

From Mr. C. H. Dickins, Vice-President and General Manager of Canadian Pacific Air Lines, Ltd.;

"In Canada's war effort, the Air Training Plan has been one of our outstanding jobs, and all those who have engaged in it may indeed be proud of their service and of the great success achieved. On behalf of the officers of the Company and myself, may I extend to each and all of you our thanks for the work that you have done."

From Mr. C. R. Troup, General Supervisor of Schools;

"I have asked your Manager, Mr. W. Woollett, to convey to all of you my sincere congratulations on your achievements during the past four and a half years. Conditions at times have been very difficult for each of us in turn, but we have always been right up to the minute in meeting all training requirements, and providing the unbroken flow of graduates for overseas service. Again I would congratulate you all for your untiring efforts, and thank you for the co-operation which has so greatly assisted your Manager and myself in our own small parts in this giant operation."

NOT THE SAME

By Sgt. H. A. Speers

Armament Section

So different now, the season seems to be,
Since war has sent us each in separate ways,
Our paths so spread. Are there no days,
No more of such, as when we
Dwelt in childhood dreams ecstatic dreams?
Christmas still comes, but yet it seems,
Though children gather 'round the Christmas tree,
Not quite the same to me.

So different now that friends have parted,
For Freedom's cause to go their ways alone,
Fair memories of the past that we have known
Are vain to fill the moments so departed;
And somehow all this festive cheer
Now coming at the closing of the year
Can't change it; The season seems to be
Not quite the same to me.

And different too the theme of every heart
That was once so lively, gay and true,
In those sweet days when we little knew
What things could tear our lives apart;
Could we but treat these dreams, just dreams,
These years when life-blood flows in streams
Then in future years the Christmas tree
Might seem again the same to me.

THE MUSINGS OF MOLLY MOUSE

Dear Ed;

I was spirited away by a foul plot, but my cunning little mind soon found a way to get in touch with you. As I'm using my last breaths to write this, Ed., you will understand if it's shorter than usual.

Even though my rodent life will have long been spent before Christmas, and turkeys plus plum-pudding with cheese sauce will be just a has-been for me, I had to find a way to get back and be able to write in my section of "FLAK"; "MERRY CHRISTMAS". Fur Alltid Din,

Molly.



Photo B. Whitelaw

Mr. Woollett congratulates. S/L Moles and F/O Law approve.

"A Christmas Note"

Once again Christmas is getting close and everyone will commence to enjoy themselves as only Christmas warrants. We often enjoy ourselves, but there is a certain atmosphere about Christmas that calls for a different kind of celebration. It is the time to forget old grudges. Make new friends, etc., etc. There is one thing, however, that tends to mar this spirit of Xmas to a certain extent. That is the thought of what is going to happen after. We all know that the war cannot last forever—That some day we are going to have to fit ourselves to a different sort of life. This thing is bound to happen, so, therefore, we must prepare ourselves for it. The men of the R.C.A.F. accustomed to training and discipline, are going to be a little uneasy after they are discharged. They are, in fact, going to be restless. They will find that wearing civilian clothes and walking down the street without saluting will be somethng new to them. But it has to come and it is up to everyone to carry on as near the same as they did in uniform.

The civilian employees of the station will not find the same sort of life. True, they will find a difference, but in a different sort of way. We can only hope the while they had steady employment, they had the foresight to put that certain sum away in preparation for what may come after the war is over. Otherwise, that is the hard luck some will have to face—to both services on this station, the R.C.A.F. and the Dominion Skyways. Some of us have watched the station grow from small to very large. The co-operation between these two concerns has been as close to 100 per cent as any station could be. There have been new friends made and some have even made it a lifetime job by marrying and all we can say is that our best wishes and luck go with them. When we leave the station we will go with many a fond memory. But before we close, let us think for a moment of the boys, both civilian and R.C.A.F. who have been with us, but will not come back. And to their families whose Christmas will not be the same, but who can feel proud of their boys, let us all hope and pray that their sacrifice has not been in vain. And so we leave you and may you all enjoy a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.



Station Photo Section

S.A.O. S/L Juister
" Report to my office at once."



Station Photo Section

Squadron Leader Moles—Chief Instructor.

THEY ARE NOT DEAD

THEY ARE NOT DEAD
WHO SLEEP IN NORMANDY
THEY ARE AT REST
THAT THE WORLD LIVE FREE.

THOUGH RIVERS RUN
AND SHADOWS DARK THE SKY
THEY SLEEP WITH THOSE
WHO LONG IN FLANDERS LIE.

AND AS THEY REST
THAT WE MIGHT LIVE AGAIN
IT IS THROUGH THEM
THAT WE ARE FREE AGAIN.

LIGHTS WILL GO ON
AND STARS WILL SHINE ABOVE
AND WE CAN SAY
MAN HATH NO GREATER LOVE.

AND AS THEY REST
BENEATH THE SNOW AND RAIN
THEY ARE NOT DEAD
THEIR GLORY WILL REMAIN.

FLASH . . . ANNOUNCING

By Your Rambling Reporter

Flight Clerks Sympathy Orchestra and Rhythm Band

Chief sympathizer: Mlle Jeannette Sabourin, Conductor and playing triangle.

Arrangements by Mr. Bud Hambly through courtesy of Mr. G. S. Moffitt.

PERSONNEL:

Chinese Whistle:	Bobby Killingworth
Kazoo:	Diana Phillips
Cymbal:	Joan Faulkner
Tom-Tom:	Yvette Boudreau
Jews Harp:	Evelyn Wilson
Sweet Potato:	Elizabeth Hume
Piccolo:	Doris Benoit
1st Flute:	Pauline Bridgman
2nd Flute:	Anita Mandato
Dog-House:	Marianne Champoux
Swooning Crooner	FRANCES MUNROE

"Music as you don't want it.—When you don't want it."

Gentlemen by Appointment

Why the Officers' Mess

Prelude to Sin

The mental strain produced by a series of instruction months has finally produced a useful streak in one of our more "wonder-how-he-became-an-instructor" types. Many of our dear readers may not consider his new found ability particularly attractive, but it does serve the purpose by producing the odd momentary spark of human life in that mausoleum called the Officer's mess — so, for that fact alone, we hasten to condone his actions. These consist of suddenly leaping to great life around the small hours of the morning and executing the extremely pleasant pastime of breaking some of our more ancient records (yes) over the unsuspecting heads of the pseudo-literati. The sudden look of drop-jaw amazement and waver of 'nouveau' dignity is worth all the tea in China to behold! Now, what causes this 'unseeming' behavior — strange as it may seem, none other than the worthy Sergeants' Mess.

Our story begins with the Officers' excellent and diabolical barman brewing up a drink, mild to taste, but blasting to digest, named, "The Kiss of Death". We all remember too well that after one sip we would have welcomed a series of those kisses. Not to be outdone the Sergeants' produced, in short order, a small poisonous guillotine — the name since interred with the remains of those who dared all to sample. However, George, our worthy aforementioned barman, believing where there is smoke there is fire, went into immediate meditation with the spirit of Lady Macbeth and woke up with a new taste sensation, namely, "The Noose" which name is the effulgent masterpiece of understatement. The Sergeants jealously watched various officers become prospective tenants for that cedar box, and hied off to the Valley of Bane, returning with the basic ingredients for a new explosive, which they appropriately termed, "R.D.X.". The order of the day at the Officers' Mess was sackcloth and ashes—George was cajoled, threatened, bribed and tortured to produce. The spirits of all the best of the ages from Lucrezia Borgia down through Catherine de Medici to the V-41 were invoked and 'eureka' the gods laughed and we now have the absolute, "Prelude to Sin". We point with pride to the little known fact that the War Production Board is dickering for the patents — it seems that it is the perfect fuel for a proposed jet aircraft.

Well, gentle readers, we come to the end of our story, it is this gentle message of the interior, "Prelude to Sin" which causes our officer (see para. 1) to perform with the records. Personally, we rather admire his control, as the combination of 'Prelude to Sin' and the 'joie de vivre' of our happy group certainly would lead us to far greater heights of heinous homicide.



Photo B. Whitelaw

Mrs. Lambert **is amused.**
W/C Lambert **is entertained.**
"Dode" Cross **is diverting.**
Mr. Woollett **is BORED.**
Mrs. Ellson **is generous.**



Photo B. Whitelaw

The attractive Mrs. Higgins.

Prop Wash

Montreal has many a pleasant cabaret — but none so popular for **Flying Officer Dave Robertson** as the Samovar. It seems he rather likes the type of 'dish' which appears there the odd week — this 'dish' has a distinct Mexican flavor and the most wonderful dark brown eyes. We understand that **Mr. Bill Rochefort** is a very dark horse. Anyway, that quiet little flat in Montreal has been the scene of some VERY quiet week-ends lately.

This next one is for all over the age of twenty-one. Any who do not see what we mean will receive a detailed explanation on forwarding their birth-certificate along with their right eyeball. The item concerns two officers (unnamed for humanitarian reasons) who suffered a nasty shock the other evening — as they were walking down the hall, they happened to pass a poker game in progress and the dealer remarked at the same instant, "There's a couple of queens".

Now that **Flying Officer Bill Cope** has attained that promotion with its pecuniary benefits, will the transportation charges to Montreal be adjusted in an inverse ratio?

It's really wonderful (and weird) what the fair inhabitants of our two feminine quarters will suffer for new blood. We know that we



Photo B. Whitelaw

There will be weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth.

are rather tired and old-looking, but do they have to barter their brains to achieve the objective. The latest victim of their nefarious yet latent schemes is the charming RAF officer, **Flying Officer John Ashley.**

Do you remember those astronomical long, long distance telephone charges that **Flight Lieutenant Garry McKernan** used to pay? The distance has now shrunk to a mere over-night jump, which explains the no-drink, no-smoke, new-light-in-the-eye attitude.

It is the sacred duty of the senior service and civilian personnel to care for the comforts and conditions of the men and women employed on this unit — that is their right and let no man deny it to them. At times, however, we are led to believe that they can be too solicitous. Many a new day will dawn before one of the fair inhabitants of Building No. 2 will recover from the attention showered on her by a VERY senior officer and a VERY senior civilian. Tired and weary from a day's contribution to the war effort little J.A. was sliding into the little trundle-bed, only to find that it had been apple-pied!

Our worthy editor-in-chief, **Flying Officer George Falle,** certainly has this little paper at heart at all times. He has worried, toiled and struggled to get the issues out on time. A few weeks ago, deep in concern about this, our Christmas and last copy, little George was tossing the grey matter hither and yon as to what would be the most advantageous date for the issue so as to hit when money was free and Christmas spirit was in the air. Long moments he stood, one evening, gazing profoundly at various charts and star curves, muttering mild incantations all the while. Picking up a calendar, he ogled it, deep, deep furrows lining that noble brow; finally he looked up and with a glazed gleam in the eye and with a voice as from the oracle pronounced slowly and solemnly, "You know, Christmas is on the 25th this year!"

"If looks could kill". This twisted adage has been bothering some of our officers the last little while — otherwise why do they travel all the way down to the cafeteria for breakfast AFTER 0830 hours?

Flying Officer Max Baker has deserted Montreal for long walks in the evening around the camp and vicinity. He and his fair companion (who, they SAY) have been run OUT of the ditch by the odd taxi.

Flight-Lieutenant "Monk" Reynolds firmly believes that variety is the spice of life — as witness one morning on Commanding Officer's parade. Our worthy officer felt it was too humdrum to carry the Squadron Commander's exact command to his flight — so, when came the time, our "Monk" turns to his flight and shrieks, "For cripes sake, do SOMETHING".

Have we or have we not in one of our recently promoted Flying Officers a ballet star hiding his light under a bushel? For a clue, remember that those who **"SEE ARE"** those who believe.

We commend the following little bit of verse by Dorothy Parker to **Pilot Officer Rick Crossey:—**

Let another cross his way —
She's the one will do the weeping!
Little need I fear he'll stray
Since I have his heart in keeping.

Let another hail him dear —
Little chance that he'll forget me!
Only need I curse and fear
Her he loved before he met me.

To close this column we extend to all our readers very best wishes for Christmas and nothing gives us greater pleasure than the thought of all those beautiful hangovers you will suffer.

Submitted to the Editor by the receiver, who remains anonymous.

Chattanooga, Tenn.

Dear Uncle Roland,

Your Uncle Joe has a new job at last. The first time he's worked in years. We are rich now, $17.25 every Thursday.

We sent to Sears and Roebuck for one of them fan-dangled bathrooms like you rich folks have up north. It came and we got her up all right. You should see it. Over on one side of the room is a big, long thing like the pigs drink out of. Only you get into it and take a bath, all over at once. Over on the other side of the room is a little white gadget hanging on the wall called a 'zinc' which is for light washing, like hands and face.

They also sent us a roll of writing paper, but it's kinda cheap, so that's why I didn't use it. It tears so easily. But over on the other corner. WOW!!!! They got a thing you put one foot in and scrub it 'til it gets clean, then you pull a chain and get fresh water for the other foot.

We sure are wishin' you was here.

Yours truly,

YOUR COUSIN ELMER.

P.S. Two lids came on the damn thing. We ain't got no use for them, so Ma is goin' to use one for a bread-board, and we framed Grandpappy's pitcher in the other.



Photo B. Whitelaw

A smile, please, Mrs. Moles.

DO YOU KNOW...?

Here are some facts about our station which will stagger you:—

Operations:

The number of airmen graduated per year is almost 1,521.

The number of hours flown per year is 77,512.

The number of air miles flown per year is 11,000,000.

The number of gallons of gasoline consumed per year is 2,222,658.

The number of gallons of oil consumed per year is over 33,000.

The M.T. section gas consumption per year is 20,206 gallons.

The M.T. section oil consumption per year is 695 gallons.

Messing:

The number of man-hours per year averages 7,200,000.

There have been over 1,800,000 food services from the six distributing centres on the station during the past year.

Over 300 tons of meat, of which weight there were 175,000 steaks consumed in the year.

Hens are asked to contribute over 1,000,000 eggs yearly.

We drank milk to the total of 255,500 quarts in the past ten months.

Over 425,000 lbs. of potatoes were used.

Butter amounts to 18 tons per year.

We used 5,500 gallons of ice cream during the past 12 months.

Maintenance:

Total flying time was 103,258.45 hours in the past 17 months.

Cost per flying hour was $5.63.

Spark plugs used were 2,641.

Tyres used were 220.

Gallons of oil reclaimed were 13,482.

Net savings were $6,750.

Parachutes:

24 'chutes are packed daily and it requires one hour to pack each 'chute.

375 harnesses and bandoliers are issue daily.

Radio:

In one month our H/F D/F station furnishes more than 650 bearings to our and other aircraft.

General:

There are over 36,000 panes of glass in the windows. There are as many more again in the storm windows.

Cleaning materials exceed 10,000 lbs. yearly.

Over 7,000 flashlight batteries are used each year.

JACK SCARLETT makes the following caustic report:—

There isn't one thermostat on the entire station that hasn't been tampered with. And will each man ask Santa Claus for a toy one for Christmas?

It keeps one man steadily employed repairing water taps, "Sure some drips on this unit".

Two carpenters are continually repairing, adjusting and keeping doors in condition. Jack claims that the Eskimos have a real thing in their IGLOO design.

It keeps one man steadily employed changing burned out and broken lights.

One man has a full time job cleaning and repairing kitchen ranges.

The stoking staff consists of 7 men to a shift, 3 shifts a day.

The daily consumption of water for the A.O.S. and the R.D. is 180,000 gals., which would fill the bowling alley room.

At the present time we consume 9 tons of coal per day.

Our yearly electric light bill is in the neighbourhood of $8,500.

Victory Garden:

Our Victory Garden produced over 2 tons of tomatoes last summer.

Over 1,800 larger vegetables, such as melons, pumpkins, vegetable marrows, cabbage and turnips.

Over 1,775 dozens of radishes, beets, cucumbers and corn.

Other results:

228 packets of onions.

70 hampers of spinach.

987 pounds of beans.

35 cases of lettuce.

3,871 packets of carrots.

Everything produced on the station Victory Garden was distributed among the messes to supplement rations, resulting in extra messing to the amount of $2,600.

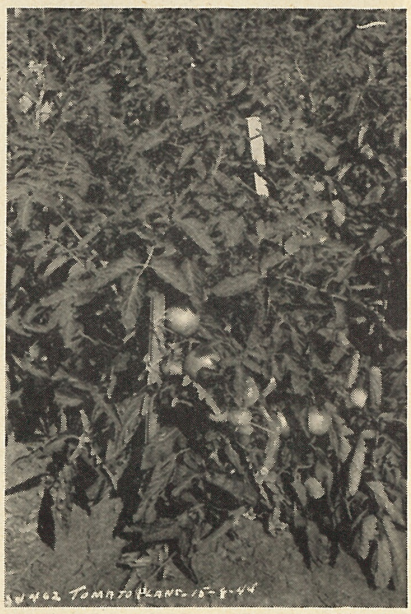


Photo B. Whitelaw



Photo B. Whitelaw

A young Air Force Navigator, stationed at an A.O.S. in Quebec was flying near Mont Tremblant, carrying out exercises in navigation and discovering his geographical position with a sextant. After a series of involved and confused calculations, he turned suddenly to his pilot and said,

"Take off your hat."

"Why?", asked Mr. MacCracken.

"Because, according to my calculations, we are now inside St. Paul's Cathedral."



Photo B. Whitelaw



Station Photo Section

Mr. White and Station Fire Department.
" Keeping the home fires burning " certainly doesn't apply here.



Station Photo Section

PERSONALITIES

F/L Roy Green



Station Photo Section

By " Dusty " Perkins

Picture a typical Canadian winter at its peak, turn your mind to the mountains north of Montreal, the playground of Quebec, the Laurentians — then think of the snow-clad hills decked with evergreens, stalwart Canadian youth, hurdling down those hills, shouting, laughing, expert on their wooden boards. Clear-eyed, vital youth. The crême de la crême of Canada, from that cross-section of Canada comes Flight Lieutenant Green. It is with great pride that we may call him a typical Canadian, one of the thousands of men who went forth to foreign soil to bring honour to our country.

Roy started life in London, England, in 1917 but two years later his family was installed in Outremont, a suburb of Montreal, and there they have lived ever since. Strathcona Academy educated Roy, and childhood and adolescence are filled with many friends, sports, and the ideal family life that fosters that type of man that makes our Canadian way of life.

His Air Force career is the stuff stories are made of and yet how few of these stories will ever be told—except perhaps to former buddies in the years to come, reminiscences upon a chance meeting. Four years are an integral part of a man's life and it took four Air Force years to make this story. Upon completion of his training in Canada, Roy went overseas via Ferry Command as a navigator in '41. There he took two full courses of O.T.U. — the latter course on Wellingtons prepared him for Ops. in the Middle East. On a night in February, 1942, he flew to Gibraltar; the stay there for a few days meant fresh fruit, still a vivid memory after two years.

Crashed in Mediterranean

The Wellington then took off for Malta with a crew of six, the pilot and co-pilot, Roy as navigator, a Wireless Air Gunner and two straight A.G.'s in the turrets. They were attacked by fighter aircraft and crashed in the Mediterranean, the impact of the crash tore off the starboard wing, all the crew were thrown clear except the turret-gunners who did not escape. The Wellington sank immediately. The starboard wing remained afloat due to the petrol tanks acting as an air-chamber; the crew used this as a raft and were on it for ten hours until a Vichy French flying-boat picked them up on its daily patrol.

Prison Life in Sahara

From there on a nightmarish sequence of events took place. Roy temporarily lost his memory. Consequently he did not suffer from shock. However, he spent three long, weary months, with a broken ankle, head injuries and a deep cut on the thigh in a French Hospital near Bizerte. The attendants were solely Arabs. Still in a weakened condition, Roy was then sent to a German idea of an adequate prison camp. The camp was situated three hundred miles south of Algiers in the Sahara, where it was one hundred and twenty in the shade twenty-four hours a day. This particular camp was an old Foreign Legion Fort made of stone surrounded by the usual barbed wire and guarded by hostile Arab Guards equipped with knives and guns.

Wooden beds with straw, no sanitation, two plates of soup a day—that was a day.

(Continued on next page)

COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS

Long ago we had the great flood. Later calamities include the Chicago fire, the San Francisco earthquake, and world war number one. Then came the birth of one Mervin Barsky. Scientists and historians have long been arguing as to which of the above mentioned disasters have had the greatest influence on world disorganization.

The above mentioned personality first saw the light of day on the thirty-first day of March in the year of our Lord nineteen-hundred-and-twenty-two. The exact hour was six p.m. This you may notice is a mere six hours before April Fool's Day—after all what is six hours among friends? However, allowing for watch error and zone number it seems that Mr. Barsky just got under the wires and after lengthy investigation we find that he has the distinction of being "THE FIRST FOOL OF NINETEEN TWENTY-TWO."

His mother took one look at what she had done and silently vowed "Never again"; the proud (?) father was heard to say in a shaking voice, "No, no, it can't be" and is still trying to figure out what heinous crime he committed early in life to deserve such a cruel blow.

Mervin was not exactly a backward child but records show that it was not until the age of eleven that he had successfully mastered the difficult phrase of "Goo goo." However, by the time he was fourteen he came out one day with the expression "DA DA." When this happened the mentioned parent went out and got drunk for two weeks as he had been hoping against hope (ever since that dreadful day—see para. 2) that the youngster might choose to ignore the relationship.



Station Photo Section

SGT. MERVIN BARSKY

School Days! School Days!

Finally junior went to school. The trouble was that he stayed in the first grade so long that when a new teacher arrived at

(Continued on page 38)

"Johnnie Brown"

By Mrs. C. C. Cook

What's in a name? The Christian name is one of those grand old names, which has been given a very youthful touch by suffixing the "nie" and when one hears it so frequently mentioned about the Station one cannot help but feel that our Operations Manager is regarded not only with esteem but also with great affection.

Johnnie Brown hails from a small town in our neighbouring province, Almonte, Ontario. These small towns and country places throughout Canada have given us some of the best specimens of Canadian manhood, who have made names for themselves in World War I and the present crisis.

Johnnie Brown acquired his early education in the Public and High Schools of Almonte, Ontario, later going to Ontario's largest city and educational center, Toronto. There he attended the Central Technical School, where he completed the Aircraft Mechanic's Course.

In 1937 he embarked on his flying career when he joined the staff of the Toronto Flying Club as an apprentice, and obtained both his Pilot's and his Engineer's licence.

In the fall and winter of 1937-38 he taught A/C Engines at the Central Technical School. In May 1938 he joined the staff of Dominion Skyways at their base in Rouyn, Quebec. In October of 1939 he returned to Toronto to teach once more in the Central Technical School.

Staff Pilot at No. 1 A.O.S.

In September 1940 he enlisted at the Teachers' College at Hamilton, Ontario, intending no doubt to blaze new trials in this conservative profession. After two months he was offered, and accepted, the position of Staff Pilot at No. 1 A.O.S. at Malton, Ontario. In war time there are many and rapid changes, and Johnnie Brown was not immune to the spirit of the time. Our Operations Manager has the distinction of being the first civilian pilot in Canada to receive the complete R.C.A.F. Navigational Course at the same time as he was taking his twin-engine flying instruction. He was in fact the first of the now famous "Pilots Under Instruction" (P.U.I.s).

In the spring of 1941 he became Flight Commander and was transferred from Malton to A.O.S. No. 9 when it was opened in June of the same year. He has steadily climbed the ladder of success, and in May 1942 he was promoted to Assistant Operations Manager, and then to Operations Manager in September of the same year.

Duties of Operations Manager

This responsible and enviable position calls for the safe operating of 87 aircraft. At the same time he is in charge of a staff of 126 pilots and a Secretary. To guide and safely direct the destinies of this large and individualistic group one must have the wisdom of Solomon and more instinctive ability than that possessed by the leaders of our great migrating flocks that so surely wend their way southward in autumn from their northern haunts.

This group of 126 pilots are all masters of their own Fate and that of their crews when they are high above the clouds or in the starry spaces. To do this safely calls for courage, skill, endurance and resourcefulness so often not needed on terra firma. Hence these lads are inclined to be Monarchs of all they survey in one instant and then members of a large group in another.



Photo B. Whitelaw

Master Pilot

Our Chief Ops Manager is not only a master of the theory of flying and the administration of a large group, but he himself is a master flier. On one occasion when he was flying back from Toronto in a very heavy snow storm contact was established by radio several times and then there was a long period of silence and some doubt in the minds of those in charge of the Tower. Suddenly Johnnie's voice boomed in from the ether. The operator eagerly questioned "Where are you?" The assured reply was "On runway 29".

To do this operational job well one must be versatile and that characteristic Johnnie Brown claims easily. He works very hard, and plays equally hard. He has been credited with keeping the Civilian Officers Mess open and alive after 1.00 a.m. on Saturday. He is an ardent sportsman, frequently indulging in hunting and skiing. On one occasion at a corn roast he displayed alarming tendencies towards incendiarism, and after half the chairs had been reduced to ashes it was with some difficulty that the remainder were saved.

Is he slightly temperamental? At times he is easily approached and then often he puts up an invisible and invincible barrier, which the wise pilot does not attempt to surmount. This may be his safeguard, and after all we are all entitled to our own defences.

It has always been a man's world, and all this about Johnnie without mention of the existence of the very popular Mrs. Brown and daughter Barbara, born in May 1943.

ROY GREEN

(Continued from previous page)

The Red Cross parcels never got further than the outside of the barbed wire where they were left to rot in full sight of the men. One of the prisoners who contracted infantile paralysis died there, the authorities refusing to send him to the Coast to a hospital. Dysentery, yellow jaundice and rotting teeth pervaded over the camp like an unseen guest. The prison personnel was Naval and Air Force, some of the men had been there two years and longer. Roy spent nine months, from May to November, 1942. One of the prisoners had a pen-knife with which in six months, the men dug a 187-foot tunnel starting from a stone slab in the barrack floor to the outside. Twenty-nine escaped. All were apprehended — what chance did they have in the desert three hundred miles between them and water?

Rommel Routed — Roy Released

The parcels they did receive were mostly pilfered, macaroni being substituted for cigarettes. The civilian population in that country was so starved and poor that foodstuffs never reached beyond the hungry fingers of the postal authorities. The Germans cleaned the land of anything wearable and edible like a host of locusts. But in spite of impossible conditions the men started a University and with books he could get from the Red Cross, Roy studied Accountancy. He lost thirty-two pounds in that living hell, and probably many illusions about the Geneva Conference on the treatment of prisoners of war. Then in November, the British and Americans swept Rommel from Algeria and in their wake, Roy was released. Life again started for those men.

During his adventures abroad he still kept in touch with a girl from Innisfail, Alta., a girl he met when he was in the embryo-stage of his Air Force career, the girl he came back to and married.

Christmas, 1942, saw Roy at home in Canada, posted to No. 9 A.O.S. as an Instructor. Since then, the water has slipped more quietly under the bridge for him. He has graduated three classes of navigators, seventy-odd men who could benefit from his first-hand experience, and might I add, the lads thought the sun rose and set on their instructor.

Today we have a man, who still thinks skiing and golf are the best sports in the world and the Laurentians the best place to ski. He intends to settle down in Montreal and continue his career in Accountancy. Counting his Air Force years, Roy has nine years' service with P. S. Ross and Sons and a promising career as a Chartered Accountant ahead of him.

Aero - Nouvelles

Message de Noël

Bien chers amis de l'aviation;

En dépit du conflit qui ensanglante le monde entier à l'heure actuelle, le message que la fête de Noël nous apporte est un message de paix. A la naissance de l'Enfant Rédempteur dans l'humble village de Béthléem, les envoyés célestes proclamaient au monde, en des accents joyeux, la paix bienheureuse qu'il allait établir entre Dieu et l'homme. "Gloire à Dieu au plus haut des cieux et paix sur la terre aux hommes de bonne volonté". Ainsi, la Crêche de Béthléem devait être le signe et le symbole d'une paix réelle et durable sur la terre, paix de l'esprit et paix de l'âme.

C'est cette paix issue de l'Incarnation du Fils de Dieu qui a inspiré et soutenu tant de héros de la Croix dans les épreuves et leurs tribulations.



Station Photo Section

Nous vous exhortons donc à vous agenouiller fréquemment en esprit à la crêche solitaire de Béthléem, en cette sainte saison de Noël, à implorer la pitié et la miséricorde du Roi nouveau-né, non seulement pour vous-mêmes, mais aussi pour ce monde déchiré par la guerre, afin que la paix dans la victoire nous soit rendue avant l'aurore du prochain Noël. Nous invoquons en même temps le Divin Enfant de faire descendre Sa bénédiction sur chacun de vous, et nous prions qu'il vous ait en Sa sainte protection, dans les bons comme dans les mauvais jours, en attendant qu'il vous élève jusqu'à la lumière et la paix de Son royaume céleste

Votre Padre,

G. A. MARCHAND.

Aux Employés de la " Maintenance "

Nous voici rendu aux fêtes; nous profitons de cette occasion pour remercier chacun de vous pour le bon travail et la bonne volonté que vous avez montrés durant l'année qui se termine.

Grâce à ces deux points, qui sont essentiels dans une entreprise comme celle-ci, nous avons eu des résultats que vous connaissez tous comme étant des meilleurs. Continuez jusqu'au bout!! Chose que nous ne doutons pas.

Nous profitons de cette opportunité pour souhaiter à chacun de vous un Joyeux Noël et Une Bonne et Heureuse Année, et que l'année 1945 vous apportera Bonheur, Santé et Prospérité.



Photo B. Whitelaw

Left to right: Joan Faulkner, Gaby Huot, Jeannette Sabourin, and Lorette Bouchard. They time them and gas them.

Départ

DORA SCOTT ET DUSTY PERKINS SE PREPARENT DE PLUS BELLE POUR LEUR GRAND VOYAGE. C'est formidable de penser que ces jeunes filles pétillantes nous laisseront pour soigner nos héros (les vainards). BON VOYAGE et HEUREUX RETOUR.

Rumeurs

Marina et Margaret nous feront regretter leur présence autour de nous, ces deux jeunes filles qui passent sans faire de tapage mais qui sans nul doute laissent des cœurs contents après leur passage.



Photo B. Whitelaw

" Hold that line."

Aero - Nouvelles



Station Photo Section

Mr. Wheeler and Civilian Stores Staff.
No. 9's General Store.

★ ★ ★



Station Photo Section

Claire Raymond and Claire Cantin.
Just a couple of Mercuries.

Bonne chance

Si vous êtes née du 12 décembre au 21 décembre.
Votre pierre est l'amethyste — **votre chiffre** est 57
Vos jours sont jeudi, samedi,
Votre mascotte est le cheval noir, le chien noir
Votre parfum est Lavande
Votre qualité principale est le sens religieux
Recherchez de préférence les Martiens, les Mercuriens
Votre maquillage doit être Ocre et cyclamen
Vos cheveux châtain foncé
Surveillez la croissance, l'assimilation
Vos aptitudes sont — Direction d'entreprise: ville ou campagne
Chance et dessin réalisés par — l'autorité.
Si vous êtes née du 22 décembre au 31 décembre:
Votre pierre est l'amethyste et le saphir noir
Votre chiffre est 75
Vos jours sont samedi, jeudi
Votre mascotte est le cheval et le chien noir
Votre parfum est Lavande
Votre qualité principale est la fermeté
Recherchez de préférence les Martiens et les Mercuriens
Vos cheveux noirs
Votre maquillage doit être Ocre pâle et rouge sombre
Surveillez les os
Vos aptitudes sont Fonctions publiques
Chance et dessin réalisés par le travail intelligent et persévérant.



Photo B. Whitelaw

Hangar Flying.

SI VOUS N'AVEZ PAS D'AMIS C'EST DE VOTRE FAUTE.

" Coffee Bar "

ALICE (la connaissez-vous? ?) à l'œil vif du " COFFEE BAR " qui est célèbre dans tout le camp pour les nombreuses tasses de café qu'elle nous donne, et les crêmes qu'elle s'empressent de nous faire avaler, qui passe tous les grands comme les petits et qui ne se lasse de faire bien ce qu'elle a à faire. LA CHANCEUSE, ce qu'elle doit en faire des gens heureux avec son cœur plein d'entrein.

Il n'y a pas de honte à avoir peur, mais il est absurde de prendre une décision grave sous l'influence de la peur.

Aero - Nouvelles

Noël

Noël, synonyme de joie, de bonheur, nous revient. L'univers même ressentant la nécessité de célébrer dignement cet événement revêt ses plus beaux atouts, et le froid glacial semble nous inviter dans nos chauds intérieurs comme pour rendre la célébration encore plus intime, plus attrayante.

Hélas, depuis quelques années, en dépit de cet atmosphère et de tous les conforts modernes, cette fête a perdu beaucoup de son éclat et non sans raison.

Avec la fin de cette année, la réalisation partielle des prophéties de nos chefs, l'espoir que le jour de la victoire approche, la sensation que de grands événements sont à la veille de se produire. Tout ceci va certainement réchauffer nos coeurs et redonner un regain de joie et de bonheur à la célébration de cette fête.

Il est vraie que ce Noël, 1944, ne pourra pas être le vrai Noël d'autrefois. Les absents dans nos demeures, la pensée de la misère et de la souffrance qui règnent dans ce monde suffisent à restreindre notre exubérance.

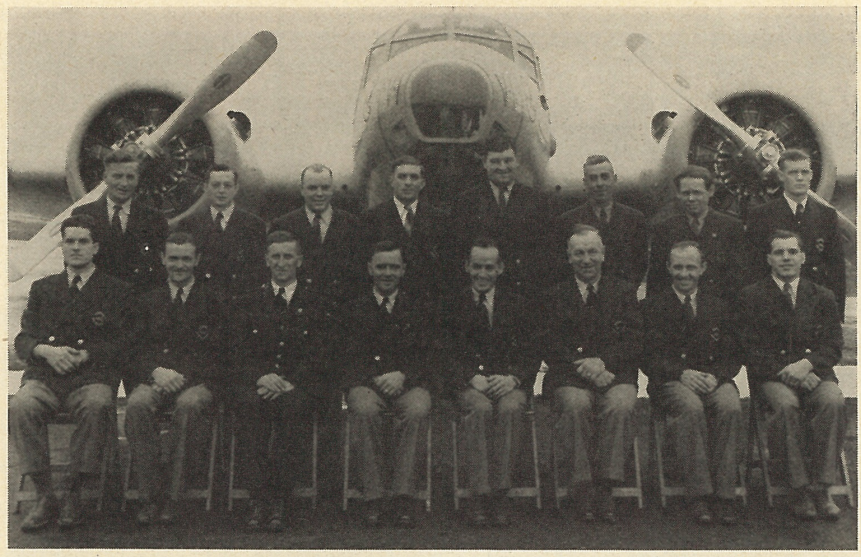
Heureusement, il y a l'espoir que le prochain Noël nous verra tous réunis. Pour certain, hélas, même cet espoir est perdu. Pour ceux-là, notre sincère sympathie ne fera que très peu adoucir leur chagrin. Seuls, le courage, la résignation peuvent leur donner la force, la volonté de continuer leur tâche sans défaillance.

Pour d'autres dont le sort est plus heureux, Noël va reprendre un peu de son aspect d'autrefois. Soyons reconnaissants qu'ici dans notre pays, nous puissions entrevoir dans ce temps de Noël une période de repos et de distraction. Malgré ce regain de bonheur, n'oublions pas que tout n'est pas encore fini. Le dernier coup, qui probablement, exigera notre plus grand effort, notre plus grand sacrifice est à venir. Que cet arrêt dans notre vie coutumière de ces temps-ci soit comme un tremplin d'où nous sauterons plus loin, et avancerons plus vite vers la fin de ce sentier tortueux où nous marchons depuis plus de cinq ans. La fin est en vue, de jour en jour, l'espoir augmente. Ne pêchons pas par excès de confiance.

Réjouissons-nous donc durant ce temps de Noël. Pour quelques moments, oublions nos tracas, nos misères. Que cette détente redonne à notre esprit et à notre corps plus de clarté, de détermination, de force pour reprendre par la suite notre ouvrage, et achever dignement ce que nous avons commencé et si bien réussi jusqu'ici.

Formulons l'espoir que ce Noël, 1944, soit le dernier de cette série de Noëls de guerre pour un longtemps à venir, et que ce soit l'aurore de cette époque que nous désirons si ardemment depuis longtemps.

Au nom du personnel de "FLAK",
Je souhaite à tous
JOYEUX NOEL.



Station Photo Section

Mr. Bienvenu and Staff of the M.T. Section. No coupon worries here.



Photo B. Whitelaw

The ' Auxiliary ' G.I.S. He wanted Coffee too.

Ingénieur en chef

ET PUIS, M. Hambly (Bud) que pensez-vous du personnel dans le bureau des commis sur la piste d'envol, pas mal du tout, et je suis assurée qu'elles se réservent le plaisir de vous donner plus qu'une poignée de mains quand elles descendront vous offrir leurs vœux à la Noël, devinez-vous ? ? Croyez-vous que ce sera agréable ? ? ? je crois que OUI ! ! !

Mademoiselle Gabrielle Huot nous a fait ses bonjours le mois dernier pour retourner dans sa famille et prendre un repos. Elle a été une jeune fille remarquable pendant qu'elle a travaillé dans le bureau des "FLIGHT CLERKS" et a fait preuve d'un beau dévouement et une sagesse innoubliable. BONNE CHANCE, GABY et au plaisir de se revoir très bientôt.

Envolées

Jusqu'ici nous avons GWEN, MAY, NORA et JOAN qui ont fait leur voyage en avion et je les vois très heureuses de penser que nous avons la permission de voler et que Ross et Arthur seront l'objet d'une série de Ah! Ah! Ah! à tout casser et que les jeunes filles en auront pour des heures et des heures à raconter leurs émotions de là-haut ? ?

Aero - Nouvelles

RE: IMPRESSIONS

Chers lecteurs, vous conviendrez avec moi que la direction de "FLAK" est bien imprudente? Bien imprudente de demander au signataire d'un article optimiste de recidiver. Quand on m'a prié de donner mes premières impressions Canadiennes, je l'ai fait sans restrictions, tout à joie de découvrir, le magnifique pays qu'est le vôtre, mais quand après six semaines du régime 9 A.O.S. on me redemande mes impressions, j'incline à penser qu'il s'agit d'une conspiration, que les éditeurs de votre journal ont voulu goûter la joie du traqueur trouvant le gibier pris dans ses rets; ma situation est en effet bien délicate, jugez plutôt: si je vous dis la 9 A.O.S. est un paradis, tous les cadets vont me traiter de menteur; si, par contre, je vous dis c'est un vrai bagne je risque d'avoir les pires ennuis avec l'administration de l'école. Eh bien malgré tout tant pis pour vous qui aurez le supplice de me lire, tant pis pour moi qui me compromets, je vous donnerai cette fois le point de vue du cadet navigateur parvenu au 1/3 de son cours.

Saint Laurent je te bénis (il est d'ailleurs très liturgique de voir Sainte Marie bénir Saint Laurent,) Saint Laurent je te bénis donc, car tu est ici la ressource des apprentis navigateurs. En effet quand, penché sur nos cartes, maniant fébrilement, computeurs, protracteurs et autres instruments barbares, dont il nous faut faire usage, nous nous demandons avec anxiété quel continent nous survolons, un simple coup d'œil aux hublots et nous t'apercevons majestueux et limpide, suivant inexorablement ta course, à l'encontre des pauvres navigateurs qu'un vent perfide vient toujours détourner de la leur. Saint Laurent, tu est pour beaucoup, je crois, dans la devise de l'école, car n'est-ce pas grâce à toi que "MAN IS NEVER LOST".

Si l'homme n'est jamais perdu il n'en est pas de même des instruments de vols du charmant camarade avec qui j'ai le plaisir de voler: Canadiens, mes amis, je profite de l'occasion qui m'est offerte dans ces colonnes pour vous adjurer de vous écarter sous le passage de notre "ANSON" il n'est pas de vols où mon ami ne laisse échapper les objets les plus variés; je n'ose plus lire les faits divers de vos journaux tant j'ai peur d'y découvrir: "UN PAYSAN TUE DANS SON CHAMP PAR UNE NOUVELLE ARME SECRETE" en l'occurrence cette arme secrète s'apparenterait plus au genre compas ou computeur qu'à celui des V 2. Mais, si je bénis le Saint Laurent, providence, du navigateur, je n'en dirai pas de même de vos lacs; autant je les apprécie vus de la terre ferme autant en vision aérienne je les déteste; ils sont trop nombreux que voulez-vous,, et bien souvent "nous sommes dans le lac" mais rarement dans le bon, je veux dire celui au dessus duquel nous devons tourner.

Dois-je vous parler en terminant de la vie au camp? Vous la connaissez mieux que moi qui n'appartient qu'à la 112ème génération de martyrs; vous avez remarqué comme moi sa merveilleuse installation, tout y est, ce qui est bien, tout y est confortable ce qui est beaucoup mieux, néanmoins ne trouvez-vous pas qu'il y manque un bâtiment essentiel, je veux parler d'un asile d'aliénés ou d'habiles praticiens essayeraient de remettre d'aplomb les méninges du pauvre cadet, sortant de ses 20 semaines d'instruction; cette idée me vaudrait d'ailleurs le plaisir de passer quelques mois de plus dans votre beau pays..... . . . . .

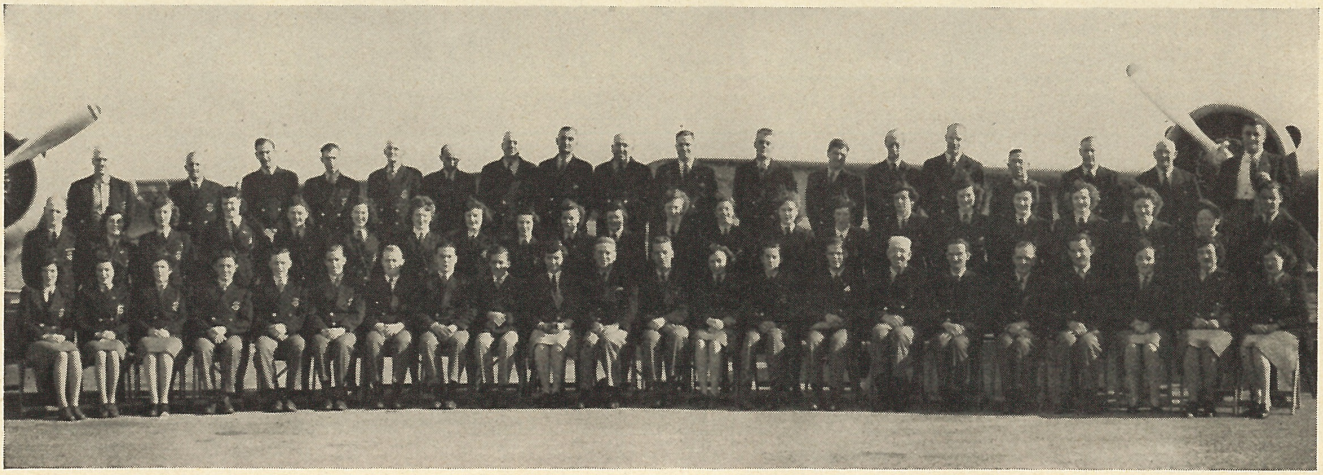
HENRI de SAINTE-MARIE,
Vierge ET . . . MARTYR.

Un chagrin acceptée est déjà à moitié guéri: c'est dans la révolte qu'est la souffrance.



Photo B. Whitelaw

Left to right: Germaine Boyer and Lucienne Giroux. They could make a fortune in stockings.



Station Catering Staff. Theirs is not the parable of the loaves and fishes. *Station Photo Section*

Aero - Nouvelles



Commandant MacMahon and a group of French Trainees.

"FELICITATIONS"

Il neige encore — qu'est-ce que cela veut dire — cela signifie que la guerre continue bien, que les saisons changent mais que l'Ecole de Navigation aéronautique No 9 va fermer ses portes.

Ce centre d'entraînement s'est développé d'un petit groupe de travailleurs ardus à un groupe beaucoup plus considérable de travailleurs aussi intéressés à leur tâche. En ici, nous avons tous fait notre part dont nous devons être fiers.

L'administration a accompli un excellent travail malgré maints ennuis et tribulations. Il a fallu faire face à la chaleur intense des étés et les froids rigides des hivers mais tout cela ne nous a pas empêché d'accomplir notre tâche depuis le début comme nous le ferons jusqu'à la fin.

Les pilotes et l'équipe de l'air partiront emportant de nombreux souvenirs de vol durant le jour et le soir sous les étoiles. Nous les remercions pour un travail bien fait et leur souhaitons beaucoup de succès.

Plusieurs d'entre nous ont couvert des milles de papier tout le temps que cette Ecole fut en opération soit avec des chiffres, soit avec des renseignements qui ont permis à cette station de marcher avec une coordination parfaite.

Beaucoup sont venus, beaucoup sont partis, chacun contribuant de tout leur possible à une tâche qui a été bien accomplie. A chacun et à tous nous offrons nos remerciements sincères pour un aussi beau travail et entente parfaite.



The Administration Staff. "The Brain Trust." *Station Photo Section*

Aero - Nouvelles

JEUNESSE

JEUNESSE, mot magique et merveilleux, qui évoque quantité de têtes brunes et blanches d'adultes aux yeux rieurs et plein d'entrain. Belle image, seulement l'âge a une trop grande part dans cette conception. Quelque soit leur âge, ils font toujours parti de la jeunesse ceux qui, entre autres qualités ont conservé intactes leur simplicité et leur faculté d'émotion et d'amour.

La simplicité me semble l'une des plus belles et des plus importantes. Peut-être parce qu'elle est plus rare. Quel sentiment d'ennui n'éprouve-t-on pas auprès de ces gens qui se complaisent à compliquer toutes choses, à rechercher et à provoquer le mystère. Croient-ils paraître plus hommes, plus mûrs ? ? ? Leur attitude affectée est uniquement dirigée dans le but de produire une certaine impression.

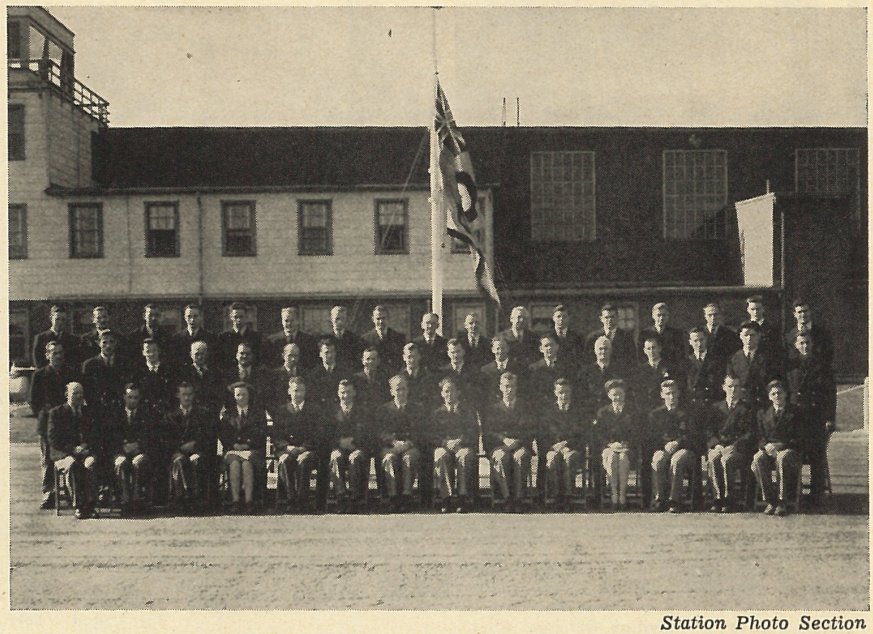
Ne cherchez jamais chez eux la moindre manifestation d'émotion, je veux dire d'émotion naturelle et sincère. Ils ne pourront jamais exprimer qu'une émotion factice en accord avec leurs idées préconçues.

J'ai fait visiter, une fois, une ville très curieuse à un homme d'âge mûr et de position très sérieuse. Ce fut un enchantement. Il s'émerveillait sans cesse et savait trouver beauté au pittoresque dans les plus petites choses.

Mais, autant, il savait écouter les points laids et déplaisants et aller directement à ce qu'il était possible d'aimer. Dans la première jeunesse, le monde est séparé en deux parties: celle que nous aimons et celle que nous n'aimons pas. Plus tard, nous avons tendance à donner une grande importance à la deuxième. C'est que nous devenons trop pratiques.

Comment rester jeunes? ? ? Beaucoup ne le veulent pas! ! A leur aise. Mais, pour nous, il n'est qu'un moyen. Ayons un idéal que nous aurons choisi après sérieuse réflexion et servons le avec élan.

P. F.



Station Photo Section

Some complain about oil dilution. Bud Hambly and the Starting Crews.

Joyeux Noël

Noël, le Nouvel An, les Rois! Semaine merveilleuse, constellation de fêtes de feux bienveillants qui étoilent nos souvenirs et les hivers de notre enfance! Jours d'attente, d'allégresse et d'inexplicable bonheur.

" Cafétéria "

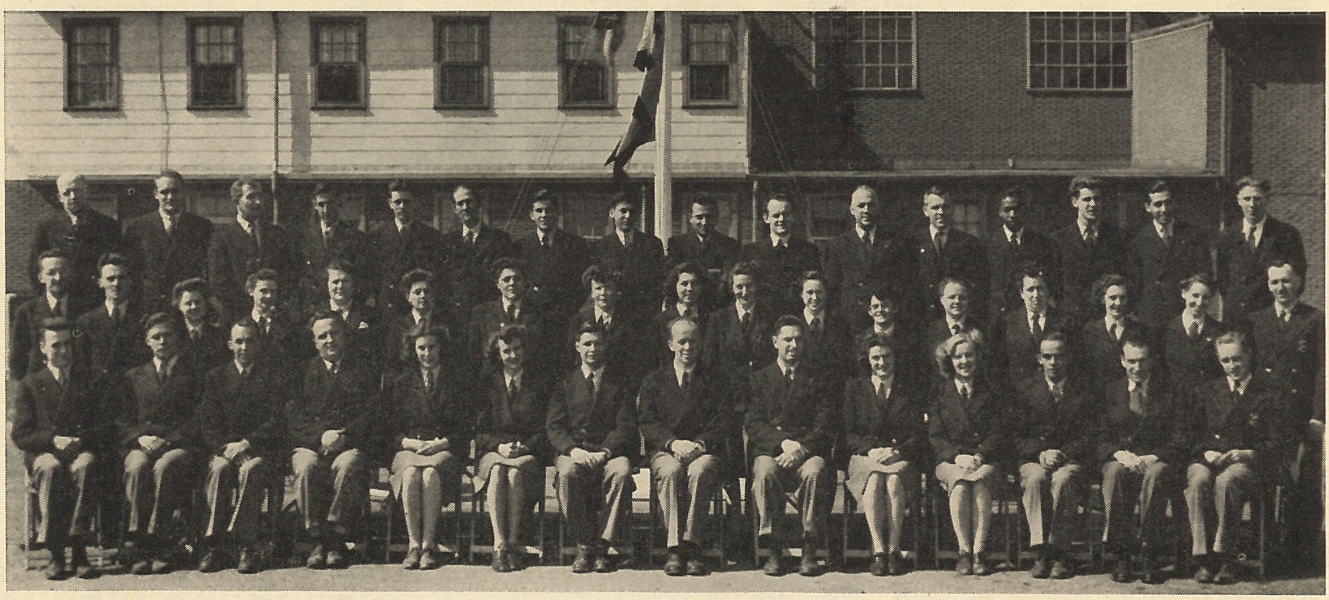
Le chef, à la grande CAFETERIA s'il continue de nous donner des choux à la crême nous pourrons difficilement garder notre ligne, et les beaux plats qu'il nous prépare méritent un "BANC D'ADMIRATION".

Fiançailles

LOUISE MAHER, porte à l'annulaire gauche, une bague magnifique qui lui vient de celui qui la rendra heureuse pour le reste de ses jours. FELICITATIONS. . .

Voeux

A l'occasion de Noël et du Nouvel An, nous désirons offrir à tous nos lecteurs-amis nos meilleurs vœux de Bonheur, Succès et Prospérité.



Station Photo Section

Mr. Green and Office Maintenance Staff.

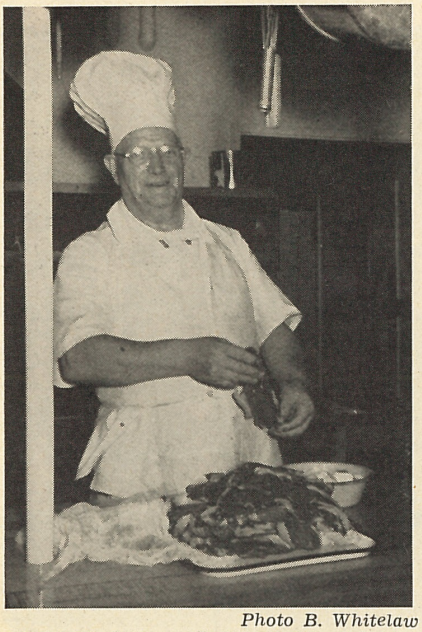


Photo B. Whitelaw

Ralph Burkett — Civilian Officers' Chef. His specialty — Yorkshire Pudding.



Sgt. " Red " Fortin and erstwhile S.P.'s. " Nor shall the wayward wander."

Station Photo Section

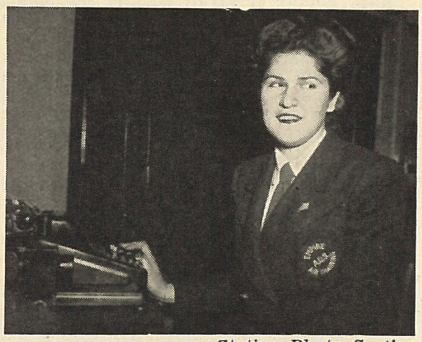


J. A. Fortier, Chef of the Airmen's Mess. He must satisfy a gourmet's taste.

"Air Force boys are funny," says Chef Fortier. Each one wants just what his Mama used to give him—but where is the Mother with the family I have?" However, catering to mass taste has been the Chef's problem for nearly twenty-five years.

Mr. Fortier was with the United Hotel Company for 18 years before the war, catering to the south and north of the United States from Florida in the winter to New Hampshire in the summer. Finally, travelpalled, he established himself at the Chateau Frontenac, where he was when the war broke out. The Chef has been with the Air Force since then, seeing service at Camp Borden, Malton, Goderich and finally St. Johns.

When queried as to how many meals he had served during his entire career the answer was, " Go empty the Atlantic with a teaspoon."



Station Photo Section

Pauline Courtemanche With us from the start.

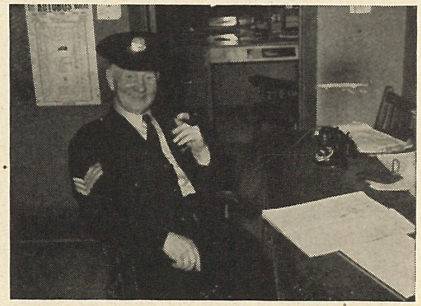


Photo B. Whitelaw

Pappy-at-the-Gate—Sgt. Todd.

MORE REVERBERATIONS FROM THE SERGEANTS' MESS

By Sgt. " Red " Fortin

" **Beef** " is a word sometimes used as a name for meat taken from cows, but it is most commonly used as a medium to lay a complaint of some nature, generally obscure. However, as we all know, some fellows would kick if they were playing football, but then it does your heart good to see some lads, after being posted to another Unit return for a square meal. On being asked by yours truly " How are the meals at No. ???? ", I got this answer: " Not bad. But what hurts is when an L.A.C. with a Service Patrol Armband steps in line ahead of you and says 'Excuse me, 'bud, I'm in a hurry' ".

The best " **beef** " I have heard so far, and the one that I believe takes the " **feather-lined thunder mug** " for the month is when our esteemed president was approached and asked: " Say, Flight, about breakfast. I don't get here very early and don't have much time to eat. I wonder if something could be done. The food is usually too **HOT** to eat!!!!!! ". " **Beefs** " of this type are apt to make the chef take to **drink** and I wouldn't blame him.

Congratulations are in order to one of our favourite waitresses, " Mary ", twenty years old. Many happy returns, Mary, and remember you are a big girl **now.**

Recently yours truly thought that he had concluded a case for Dick Tracy by locating " **Shaky** " for him, but it was only one of our Orderly Sergeants the **morning after.** When asked if he would care for a **Bromo,** he said: " My God, no. I couldn't stand the noise ". (It's old, I know, but reliable.) I don't want you to get the impression that the Sergeants are **all** hard drinking men. On the contrary, we have some that are **continually** taking the pledge.



Station Photo Section

Orderly Room Staff.
" The wheels of industry " . . . . .

F/S Sutton: " Are you in favour of clubs for women? "

Sgt. Livingstone: " Sure thing; that is, if you can't handle them with your bare hands."



Station Photo Section

Sgts. Roy, Watts, and Rodgers. Their nightmare; Clothing Parades.

Pretty soon we will have a legitimate excuse for a binge, Christmas, stuffed turkey with all the trimmings washed down with copious quantities of **R.D.X.** or some other suitable liquid. (Excuse me while I take time out to drool.)

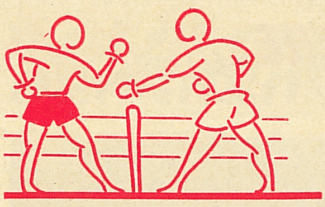
Ah, yes, there is no doubt about it, Ole St. Nick is bound to be ushered in this year in grand style in the Sergeants' Mess. I only hope he makes his visit to my home before some well-wishing Sergeant talks him into a drink of our R.D.X. Should this come to pass, anything can happen, **and probably will.**

Our Mess has been very quiet the last month or so. However, should you happen to drop in around noon hour, you may hear " Sammy " (as his friends call him) going through the lurid details of his latest escapade, **which are many and varied,** interrupted occasionally by shouts of " Get to the point " by the on-lookers and listeners-inners. I think that the big reason things are so quiet is that some of the fellows are getting " **muscle-conscious** " and are spending some time in the Drill Hall. The bosom pals, " Windy and Casey " are trying to strike a happy medium, but in either case I think it's only wishful thinking. I just can't picture " Windy " with muscles.

With all the rumours floating around I wonder whether there is any truth in this one, that a certain Flight Sergeant was checked recently for not having a mess card. Permanent Force too. TSK.... Tsk....

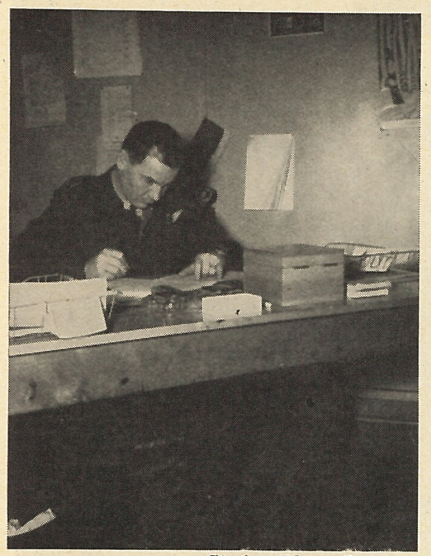
Let us arise now and close this season with the singing of the senior N.C.O.'s national anthem entitled: " Don't chop any more wood, Mother; I'm coming home with a load ".

Footnote: Any similarity to persons living or married is purely coincidental.



A·O·S SPORTS





Station Photo Section

F/O Alex Duff. "The Brains . . . . . ."



Station Photo Section

Sgts. Paquette and McMullin, Cpl. Perreault, F/S McGinnis and Berube . . . . . "and the Brawn Department."

CPL. JEAN PERREAULT

The "Victor Mature" of the section was born in Quebec City in 1921 and educated in Montreal Schools. Before the war, Jean was a parachute worker, and so it was only natural to join the Air Force which he did in 1942 as a P.T.I. His first station was No. 1 Manning Depot, Toronto where he stayed for six months, returning to Trenton as a Staff Instructor for a period of five months. He was posted here in May of this year, and we can say that he displays a more than satisfactory interest in his work.

His only hobby is bike-riding, but he will develop on occasion an additional one, called women.

After this war is over, well, we'll let Jean explain it in his own inimitable way: "After the war, my ambition is not decided yet"

SGT. G. S. "JERRY" McMULLIN

Jerry is the newest addition to the bumps and groan section, and was immediately selected as its "pin-up-boy."

This packet of Irish energy was born in Fredericton, N.B., 23 years ago, but was raised and educated in Edmundston. He first felt the rub of military service in the Army, but needing a third dimension for that vitality, transferred to the Air Force in September, 1941, as a Radio Mechanic. However, a good man is hard to keep down, so we find him a P.T. & D. type early in this year.

His particular sports are swimming, boxing, and hockey, although he certainly displays an energetic enthusiasm in all branches of physical prowess. However, it can be said that his all-time interests are his wife and baby-boy — and Jerry points to these with unparalleled pride.

After the war, Jerry intends to complete his educational training, and then branch out into a retail business of his own. May we add our good wishes?

SGT. R. PAQUETTE

This quiet, efficient type was born in Waterloo, Que., and educated in Three Rivers. Before the war, Sgt. Paquette was an Army man and transferred to the Air Force at the outbreak of the war, and has seen service in St. Thomas, Mountain View, Trenton, St. Hubert, Montreal, and St. Johns.

The "Sarge" does not claim any particular sport as his favourite, just shakes them up as he sees fit.

F/S BERNARD McGINNIS

This intrepid N.C.O. first opened his eyes in Montreal in 1920 and they have been wide open ever since. He attended St. Stanislas High School and played hockey for them at Lafontaine Park, then on to the Intermediate League for Villeray and St. Francois Xavier.

"Mac" joined the Air Force in the fall of 1941, and was stationed at Valcartier and Quebec City. While there, he played for the Quebec Aces against the Cornwall Flyers. Then he was posted to Toronto where he tried out for the Marlborough Seniors, but before anything developed, he found himself moved to Trenton for the Security Guard course, and was later sent to Yarmouth, N.S., where he took an active part on the Station Softball Team.

One year, after enlisting, "Mac" entered the career of 'Disciplinarian', and came to No. 9 A.O.S. as a corporal, just in time for Christmas, 1942. Winter was spent playing hockey for the R.D. and summer baseball for the A.O.S.

Sometime later, "Mac" returned to Trenton to study the intricacies of calisthenics, and since coming back to St. Johns, has displayed a keen interest in all brands of sports.

He intends to go back to the C.P.R. Angus Shops as an electrician after the war.

F/S O'Neill: "How did you find the ladies at the dance?"

F/S Pretty: "I just opened the door marked 'LADIES' and there they were."



Photo B. Whitelaw

Mr. Woollett buys the Cokes.

F/S R. B. BERUBE

"Atlas" Berube was born (year lost in history) in Ste. Anne de la Pocatière, and completed his education there.

Our man is a military type of the old school, for we find him in 1935 in the Montmagny Regiment as a Sergeant until January, 1939, when he transferred to the Permanent Force of the R.C.A.F. His ensuing career reads like a travel-folder. Trenton, Camp Borden as S.P., No. 1 I.T.S., Toronto, No. 1 B. & G., Jarvis, Ont., No. 13 S.F.T.S., St. Hubert, P.Q., No. 5 Manning Depot, Lachine, Montreal, and then St Johns where he is the physical inspiration of many a budding physical culturist.

"Atlas's" interests in sports must keep him hopping as he claims as favourites softball, Borden ball, volley-ball, floor-hockey, ice hockey, swimming, and weight-lifting.

His post-war world is already cut out for him — we'll meet him some day giving the "do-how" to our airmen children.

Bowling

Early in the autumn the first Bowling League of No. 9 was organized between Stores and Administration under the enthusiastic leadership of M. J. M. Lorrain with an interested few from other departments, including one professional heckler to add zest to the proceedings.

The teams meet Tuesday night under the leadership of their respective captains, Messrs. Moffitt, Falardeau, Wheeler and Lorrain.

Sports have always played an important part in the life of a community, and this gathering of hard-working executives, with many members of the staff, really proves this. Everybody relaxes, and forgets the 'gripes' of the day amid the harassing medley of heckling voices and cheers.

The interested bystander has made many observations while watching this game. Mr. W. Woollett, our General Manager, plays the game unerringly well, with his 'old school tie' in evidence, and with the knot becoming alarmingly smaller as time goes by. He does a graceful ballet dance before going into action, and tip-toes into place with his face beaming whether the score is high or low.

Mr. Lucas, our Assistant General Manager, throws a powerful ball, which has necessitated the building of a cement bulwark on the other side of the wall.

Miss Pauline Courtemanche and Mr. Moffitt drop theirs from a great height from an upright position, which often pierces the floor, and suddenly comes through again near the pins to level all in one fell swoop.

Miss Lorraine Fredette, poised on one toe, whispers caressingly to the ball, and then reluctantly sends it rolling down the alley to knock off a good score.

Mrs. Alice Kelly has the distinction of having the highest score up to date. This she is guarding with her life. This little girl demonstrates her skill, minus weight and excessive physical strength, but with evident spirit and good humour.

Mr. Gauthier, our Personnel Manager, bit the dust and bounced on one occasion, and rolled half way down the alley to arise smiling and quite unperturbed except for his shaken morale.

Mr. A. David, our Canteen Manager, displays all the skill and fighting ability of the David and Goliath of ancient days. I should hate to think what would happen to this ball if attached to a slingshot.

Mr. H. Wheeler, our Chief Storekeeper's countenance shines like "the early morning face" mentioned by Shakespeare, plus the "turned-up pantaloons" mentioned elsewhere in our story books. He keeps his eye unerringly on the records as well as on the ball.

Mr. J. M. Lorrain is our star. He always makes a killing, and ends up by spinning his rotund body about six times like "Southwest Wind Esquire."

He always finishes up gracefully, facing his pin-up enthusiasts with his face wreathed in smiles. He is an inveterate gambler, and woe betide the unlucky person who puts money on his throw.

Mrs. M. Maxwell, Mrs. J. Watson, and Mrs. Cook hold the record for slow motion.

"Maintenance" challenged the League, with the Administration girls beating Maintenance, and Maintenance beating the Administration men; hence the score was even. Then the party of 30 repaired to the V-41 Club where a most enjoyable time was had by all until the wee small hours. Mr. Lucas surprised the assembled crowd by his knowledge of the modern "jump and jive."

Harry Harris was playfully christened "Dolly Dimples" by one of the young ladies in the party. This name is clinging tenaciously with devastating effects when hurled into the ether as his turn comes to perform. It is then he turns in a "Nil" Score.

The future of bowling "for the duration" promises to be interesting, with several hopes for challenges from other departments. Departmental heads, hurry up and organize, and join in the fun.

The following is the standing of the teams, with averages, up to and including November 21st, 1944:

Name:	*Aver.*	*Name:*	*Aver.*
Mr. Lorrain	225	Mrs. Kelly	166
Mr. David	200	Mrs. Sylvestre	162
Mr. Remillard	199	Miss Ronalds	158
Mr. Green	186	Miss Nugent	156
Mr. Walker	181	Mrs. Martin	153
Mr. Harris	178	Mrs. Cameron	155
Mr. Woollett	175	Miss Perron	155
Mr. Wheeler	174	Miss MacDougal	150
Mr. Dagenais	174	Miss Behr	149
Mr. Maxwell	166	Miss Erlendson	145
Mr. Langlois	156	Miss Fredette	141
Mr. Little	155	Miss Courtemanche	139
Mr. Falardeau	152	Mrs. Watson	129
Mr. Moffitt	147	Miss LeMoine	126
Mr. Lucas	135	Mrs. Maxwell	116
Mr. Tremblay	116	Mrs. Cook	81
Mr. Gauthier	114		



Photo B. Whitelaw

"Watch that foul line."

Team points:

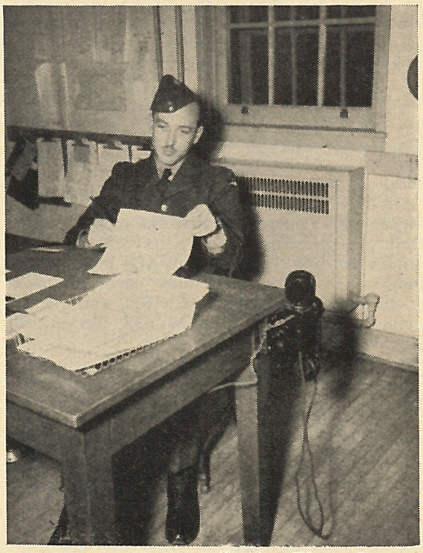
Captain	*Points*
Lorrain	33
Wheeler	30
Falardeau	15
Moffitt	10

Oh! Mr. Green

Anyone interested in taking dancing lessons (the cheek to cheek stuff), apply to Mr. Percival Green, Maintenance Office. I am sure he would gladly give you a few whirls around the floor after five p.m.

A Local Mr. Carnegie

"Dimples" Harris is starting a new class afterwards also. Subjects dealt with will include "How to Win Friends and Influence People by Smiling to Exhibit Personality."

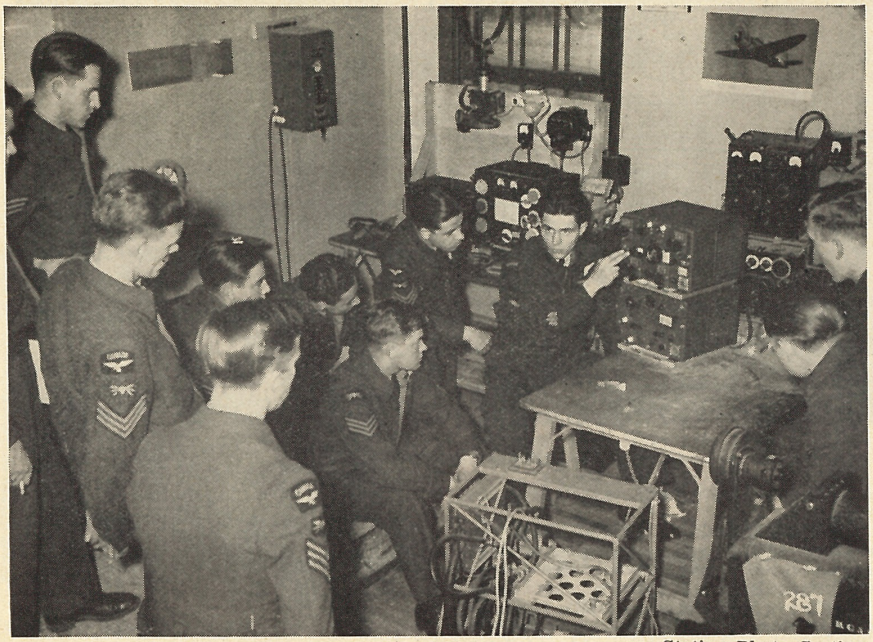


Station Photo Section

SWO Jacques

"Kiss me good-night, Sgt.-Major."

HIGHLIGHTS from THE SIGNALS SECTION



Station Photo Section

Hugh Challis and a few of the Boys.
He can back it up.

The Signals Section of No. 9 A.O.S. has been famous in the past years, mainly through virtue of its boast of the greatest group of 'characters' on the Station. When something really outstanding comes to pass, the WAGS are always out there right on top. They have fulfilled a very important role and added in a tremendous degree to the social as well as operational success of No. 9. Their participation in all events at the Sergeants' Mess has always been considered as wholeheartedly outstandingly.

Notes from the Section:

"The stork has certainly been keeping us in suspense around here lately. . . . Our hearty congratulations go out to P/O Robertson, Sgt. Dynes, Sgt. Davis, Sgt. Lobzun and Cpl. Groves. The fathers, we are happy to say, have ceased pacing the floor, and are doing as well as can be expected.

Anyone wandering around No. 2 Hangar Tuesday or Thursday mornings may wonder what all the ringing of bells and clicking sounds coming from the WAG Instructors' Room are all about. If they cared to look in, they would find WO1 Challis, and six or seven intelligent-looking WOGS bashing it out on typewriters.

Now that "Casanova" Pretty has acquired a brand new crown, we are expecting to see discipline on the Station improve one hundred per cent.

The Signals Bowling Team is still well in the running despite the fact that some of our top-notch bowlers have been posted.

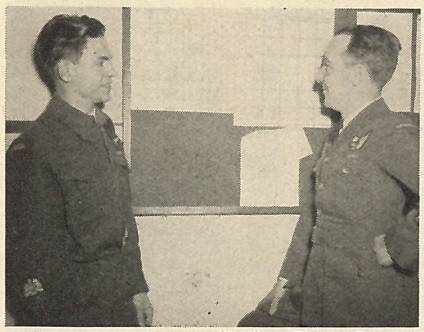
We would like to take this opportunity of wishing everyone a very Merry Christmas and the best of luck in the New Year.

And to all members of the Signals Section we wish you all the very best in your future work. Your guess is as good as ours!!!!!



Station Photo Section

F/O Baiss
The WAGS are his charges.



Station Photo Section

WO1 Challis and WO1 Burton "Could we suggest P.T.?"

Navigator to Pilot

An Appreciation

I wish to take this opportunity to congratulate the editor and staff of your magazine for the very fine job done on the OCTOBER issue. I have read your publication from cover to cover and found everything to be of the highest standard . . . . except for one article. On page 14 I found a literary effort entitled "PILOT TO NAVIGATOR". How you gentlemen could bring yourselves to ruin an otherwise perfect piece of work by printing such a conglomeration of absolute drivel is more than I can fathom. Yes, my friends, it is a blot on an otherwise perfect literary landscape.

To explain just what I mean I have taken the liberty of, shall we say, analyzing this mess.

First of all the writer(?) begins (I quote) "I mentally commend myself, etc., etc.". Now gentlemen I ask you, how could anyone with the obvious brain matter of a fifth-rate moron (one degree above the average pilot) "mentally" commend anything or anyone?

I Continue . . . .

The next complaint I find is that our pilot on entering the briefing room finds all the navigators grouped around the first four tables. This, he states, is because the mathematical ability of the average nav. does not exceed the figure four. Has this individual ever stopped to realize that as the first four tables are at the front of the briefing room and the pilots enter by the rear door the students are merely putting off as long as possible the odious association with these self-styled supermen which is unavoidably forced upon them on every air exercise? . . . such a thought I realize would not enter a pilot's mind even if he had one.

Refer A.F.R.O. 560

Next I find that the writer is complaining because his student used a computor for cracking nuts, opening beer bottles, etc. This I admit is hardly the way to treat delicate instruments, — however I hardly think that this is as dangerous or silly as a pilot I once saw using a leaky primer pump to strike a match on and then half an hour later testing the glass on the compass face by vigorously banging his pipe on the same to remove the ashes.

Shall We Proceed? . . . .

The pilot became extremely annoyed on finding one of the students about to begin carving a foothold in the side of the aircraft. This I doubt but I do know that there have been several instances when I would have very much appreciated a little extra something to hang onto as I was entering the aircraft. The reason: just as I put one foot up the chauffeur at the controls taxed his warped sense of humour and hit upon the idea of seeing how far down the field he could blast me by suddenly giving the starboard engine full throttle. A daring feat such as this I understand gives one of these supermen considerable prestige in his mess and amongst his fellow idiots. This ranks, and it seems to me I have mentioned this previously, with having the distinction of being the top man in purposely making students airsick. I believe that five such acts of bravery make a man an ace at No. 9.

Checking Helps

Our diSTINKuished author then complains that one of the students had the nerve to try to ascertain whether or not there was sufficient gas in the kite. I fully realize that this is part of the pilot's routine checks but

(Continued on page 48)

The Intersection

Love and Scandal—Bldg. 25

As I was saying before Dagwood interrupted me—love is a wonderful thing when entered into for the mutual enjoyment of both parties concerned. The trouble arises when there is a third party to be taken into consideration (not the iceman). Such is the problem of one of our worthy pilots whose name rhymes with cushion. Does a square Peg fit into a round hole or not, and if so, is Cushion prepared to live in an igloo anyway? Hour after hour he flips a coin, "Heads I become Don Juan the lover, tails I flip again until I get a head." So I'll put it to his public. If any man knows any lawful reason why friend Cushion should not pursue his right to happiness with the woman he loves let him now speak before he loses his throne.

P.S. We hear that he is now flipping a coin with two tails.

But on beyond the shadow of doubt. Has anyone noticed what a gallant admirer of a certain damsel in town the villian of our own last show has become since bringing his blue limousine to rust in our parking lot; or of the transformation of the villian's Bud? The latter had to invest in a new pair of trousers, having worn a hole completely through one pair sliding back and forth to Montreal when the weather looked as though the flight "might" be washed.



Photo B. Whitelaw

What does the Future hold for me?

Let's Get Engaged!

Advancing yet another step into the blissful period of the "engagement." He is tall, blonde, wavy hair, blue eyes and dimples, the girls all think he's cute. She is a dark girl with a twinkle in her eyes and resides in town. They both always seem so content with life as is—must be great to be engaged. Oh, no! they aren't engaged to each other, her fiancee is across the sea and his across on the West Coast. But he keeps the wolves from her door and she does wonders for his morale—chummy, isn't it?

But what we can't understand is why Mac has been going around ever since the last issue of "Flak" talking about "My girl Joan." Some fellows are just greedy, I suppose—or perhaps we should say, Hungry?

They say that red heads are dynamite. What better proof could you ask than that our red headed duty pilot dynamited his friend right out of the running. Or perhaps it is just the runner up can't afford to keep both a girl and a car. Be that as it may, the girl in question is also a ginger snap and if you ever see these two in front of Bldg. 4 you say "Dynamite!!" You'll say.

Speaking of Bldg. 4 why should one of our telephone operators get, quote "absolutely furious" unquote, because the residents of said building won't mind their own business?

If anyone is really interested in knowing the facts about certain small towns in Vt. where the juveniles want to be delinquent and the divorcees to be re-enforced, just look up any of the boys who have in recent weeks gotten border crossing passes from John Brown. Here's a tip off to McMurray, Seguin and those devourers of licentious literature in Bldg. No. 2. Directly from the library of one of the aforementioned divorcees comes a book "Lady Chatterly's Lover," banned in U.S.A. four years ago—that was before the war, of course—brought back by a friend (name withheld for $4.00 bribe) who went down to get cigarettes last month. All interested parties may rent the book for 10c per day from Room 42, Bldg. 25.

If any other pilots are tempted to follow in the footsteps of these international rebels remember you are captains in the Atlantic Operational Squadron.



Photo B. Whitelaw

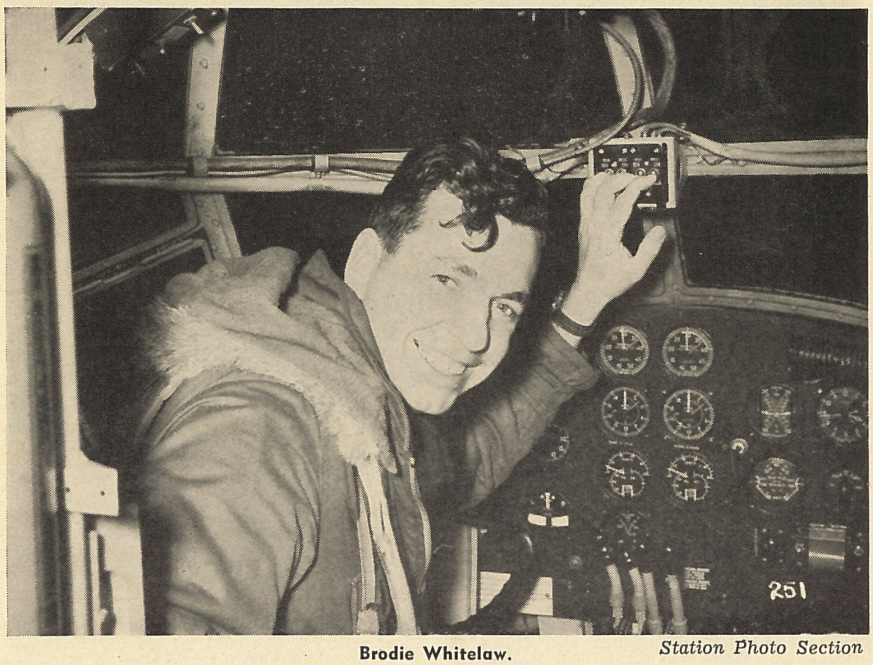
"But TRERICE never washes a flight."

Words of Warning to All Involved Lovers

A little incident has come to my ears of how on the night of Nov. 11th McEachran and party were at the El Morocco. A waiter was posted to watch the table as Mac looked like a gentleman who a few nights previously had stepped out without paying his bill. That didn't bother Mac as he knows that he looks like a questionable character with that hair on his upper lip—and besides this is a competitive world, may the best man win. But it so happened that the McEachrans were celebrating their wedding anniversary and wifey had been under the impression that hubby was flying every night that week. Embarrassing, isn't it?

(Continued on next page)

It is told by Daddy Hagenston that the first trip he flew in 2½ years without smoking he saved 6c worth of cigarettes but ate 2 packages of orange life savers, one package of mints and chewed ten sticks of gum. A slight exaggeration, no doubt, but then I mentioned that this is told by Hagenston.



Brodie Whitelaw.
He handles a mean Camera too.
Station Photo Section

All summer when the moon shone on high, when the roses were in bloom and the gentle breezes wafted against the side of those inviting haystacks he flew at the required airspeed dreaming of the curvaceous maid awaiting his return. But now that the wind is cold, the haystacks wet and the maid gone a-learnin' he rushes around at 140 m.p.h. just because he loves speed. Who's kidding who? But that's what the Navigator says, Scott.

Some pilots will do anything to increase their flying hours. He was approaching the camera obscura with the bomb aimer howling "left, right, right, left, left, right, left" —you know the type—"Flash Gone." The next day he was somewhat astounded when 'called up on the rug' and told that he had refused to turn on the master bomb switch when requested to do so. He just flew down there for the time he got in, you know. "Pile up the hours Hushion" he was known as in them days. Who's kiddin' who?

Oh, Have You H-e-a-r-d?

They both flew to New York last month as Flight Sgts. R.C.A.F. (they were promoted to this rank shortly after their return). Whether it was the 'crown' or the wings I couldn't say but Newton certainly "made a hit" with that Airline hostess whose picture appeared in the Life magazine awhile back (not a day over twenty years ago). A lovely girl, though, I will admit, who neither drinks nor smokes. Just the type of girl for a "clean-cut lad" to associate with.

Contrast this with the return trip when Newton's Aide-de-Camp wasn't the least bit interested in airline hostesses until the blonde number seated behind him broached the topic of English literature. Immediately he was attentive. So would most men if a curvette (blonde, brunette or red head) were to open a conversation upon so deep a subject as literature by a remark that she believed in the type of love portrayed by Lawrence in "The Rainbow."

Have you he-ard that one of our oldest pilots (Old enough to know better), wrote home and asked his mother if she could get a copy of "What Makes Sammy Run" . . . Comes the reply, "The book you mention has had its day around our vicinity but I hear that it is a very mediocre story which does nothing for the benefit of its reader and I must admit that I am rather disappointed with your choice of literature."

Ed. Note. McMurray himself admits that there are some rather nasty words in the book.

Try the Dice

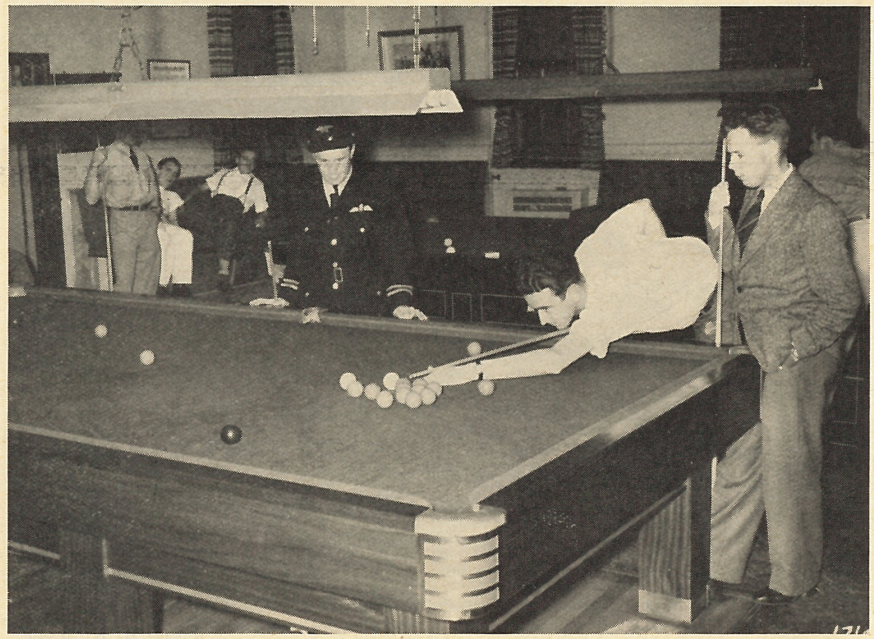
What do you suppose is the reason for the sudden decrease in the card games (in Bldg. 25)? Could it be that the boys are saving their money, or that perhaps they don't want to have money owed them when the station closes. My guess is that it is the result of Muldoon's being posted. Be that as it may the decline is definitely to Trerice's advantage, and to our disadvantage. He'll never wash a flight now.

In connection with fellows leaving may I invite you for a laugh to close your eyes and picture for a moment Whitelaw and Reynolds drilling to the hoarse voice of a Lance Corporal in the Army. Quite possible now that the draft bill has passed Parliament.

I must now say a Merry Christmas to all and go on leave. Who can tell what the New Year may bring forth? The Germans may be defeated, the Japs may be defeated, King may be defeated and Hogey may marry Joan. Happy New Year to all and please remove my pyjamas if you must give me a shower as I have but one pair.

THE ZOMBIE PSALM

Mackenzie King is my shepherd;
I shall not want.
He maketh me not to wear the GS badge;
He leadeth me not across the great water.
He restoreth his vote:
He leadeth me along the paths of Canada
for his party's sake.
Yea, though I move about from one camp to
another,
I fear no draft:
For Mackenzie King is with me;
His government and his cabinet protect me.
He prepareth a table before me
In the presence of mine Active enemies;
He doth not clip mine hair too short;
My glass runneth over with good Canadian
beer.
Surely the government will not alter its
policy;
And I will remain in the confines of Canada
Forever and ever. Amen.



Between Flights.
Photo B. Whitelaw

How To Do Exams

All those in uniform will have noticed the curious zest with which authorities send them on courses of instruction. Some have spent nearly the whole of the war being taught. Naturally, when the instruction is over, the teacher likes to find out how little has been learned, so they give examinations.

Most people can't do exams! Nearly everyone loathes them. The people who have to correct the papers hate them more than anybody. Here are some hints on how to score good marks.

Really bad handwriting is sure to endear you to the examiners. If he has to study each word of three letters to find its meaning, he is sure to view your paper sympathetically.

Do not bother to put your name on each sheet. It is fun for those who correct the papers to try to identify your writing among hundreds of other sheets. Some people do not put their name on any sheet — this makes it still more interesting.

If you are told to write your name, number, class and qualifications on your papers, ignore this. It is just the examiners being needlessly fussy.

Leave no margin. Paper is scarce. Do not leave a line between each question. The examiner can easily puzzle out where one question ends and another begins. He has lots of time and should have unlimited patience.

If you should decide to do the questions in a different order, do not use their numbers, use your own. That is to say, if you do question 8 first, write question 1 at the beginning. This will see if the examiner knows the different answers, or if he has merely learned them parrot-wise.

If in doubt write two answers to a question. The examiner might see the right one first and not notice the other.

If you don't know the answer to a question and think you have never been told it, say so. You are sure to get marks for fearless criticism.

Do not bother to read all the instructions on the papers. You haven't time to waste on this sort of thing, and they are only printed there to fill up space.

If there is a question about one feature of a machine, and you know the answer to another part, do this instead. The examiner may think that he has asked for that information.

Always write down the way you have always done the job — never the way they have taught you. Back up your knowledge! Methods are inclined to get too standardised.

Dirty finger marks, blots and a good deal of crossing out show that you are a practical man, unused to fiddling with pen and paper. You will get better marks if the examiner thinks you are no use at writing.

If there is some point that the teacher has given over and over again, as if it was very important, and you find it asked in one of the questions, don't give the answer you were told. It may be a trap set to catch you Perhaps he's been fooling you all along.

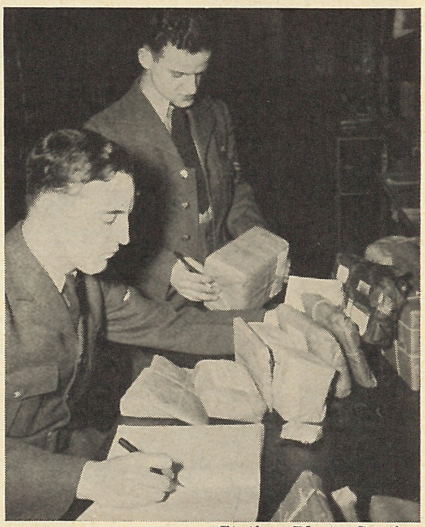
If you think you may need an extra sheet of paper, try writing crosswise over your last sheet. This economises paper and is really quite easy to read with a little practice.

Remember that if you make things easy for the corrector he may get slack and go to sleep. Make him concentrate — it will show you have character.

Don't hesitate to copy from the man next to you, if he writes clearly and you think he knows more than you. That is showing initiative and resource. If he knows less than you, then it shows stupidity and slackness.

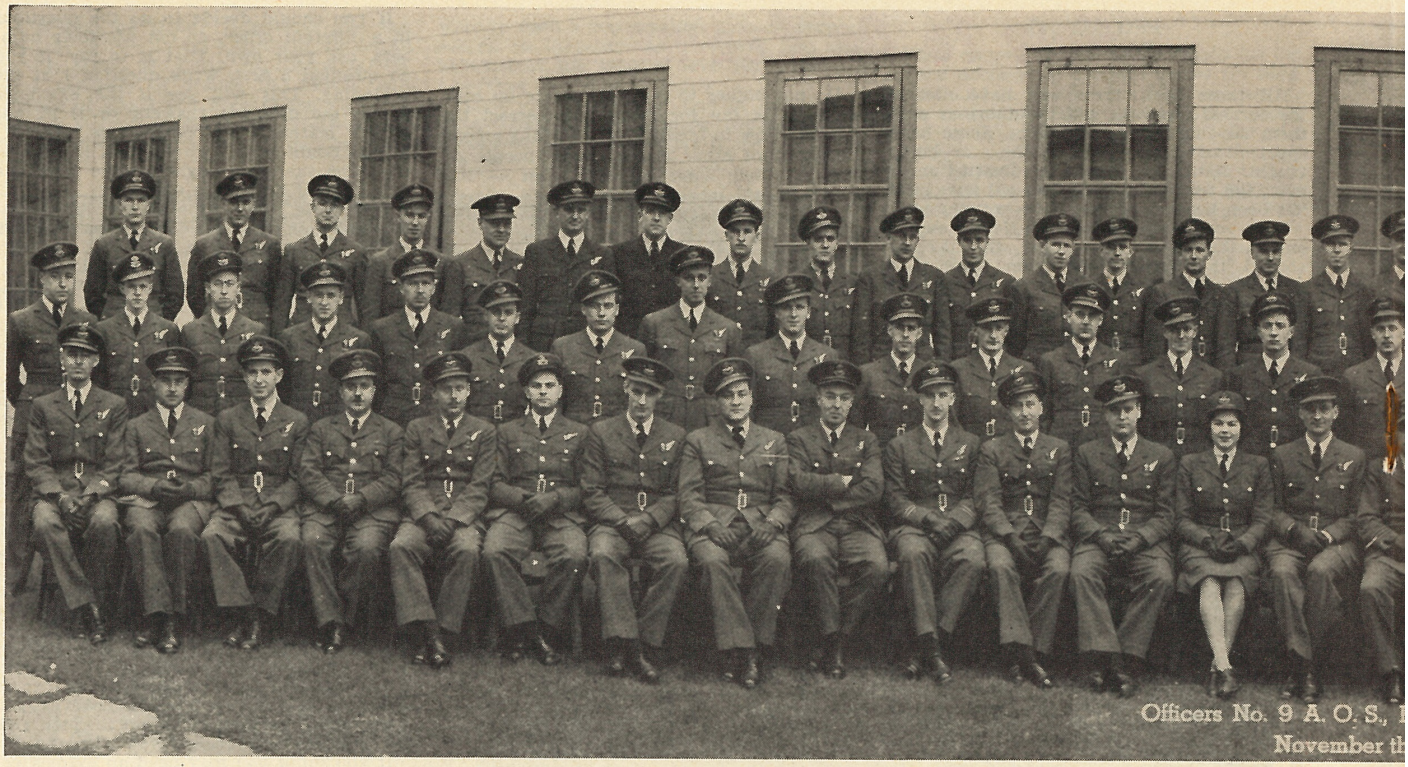
Above all, don't imagine that the examiner has the slightest interest in either you or your loathesome paper, because he hasn't. All he wants is the war to finish so that he will never see either again.





Station Photo Section

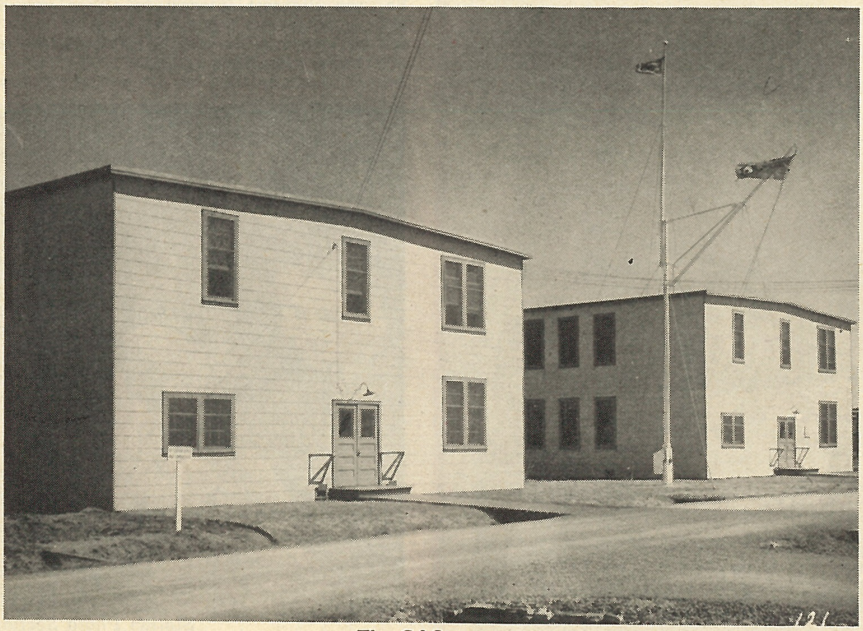
Station Post Offce
Mail Early . . . . No Special Delivery.



Officers No. 9 A. O. S., [illegible]
November th[illegible]

Front Row, Left to Right: F/O Gilday, Montreal; **F/L Heywood,** St. Johns; **F/O McCullough,** Montreal; **F/L Lahaise,** Montreal; **F/L Lee,** St. Thomas; **F/L Reynolds,** Montreal; **F/L Kennedy,** Montreal; **F/L Legault,** Valleyfield; **F/L Dornan,** England; **F/L Reilley,** Montreal; **F/L Smith,** Calgary; **F/L Atchison,** Winnipeg; **S/O Ellson,** Montreal; **S/L Moles,** Hamilton, Ont.; **W/C Lambert,** St. John, N.B.; **S/L Juister,** Montreal; **F/L Davoud,** Kingston; **F/L McKernan,** Calgary; **F/L Dunn,** Medicine Hat; **F/L Hicks,** Toronto; **F/L Aubry,** Montreal; **F/L Green,** Montreal; **F/L Miller,** Moose Jaw; **F/L Davidson,** Sherbrooke; **F/L Anderson,** Fanny Bay, B.C.; **F/L Howden,** Toronto; **F/L Burgess,** Norwood, Ont.; **F/L Collins,** St. Johns; **F/L Huot,** Montreal; **P/O Moran,** St. Catharines, Ont.

Second Row, Left to Right: F/O [illegible]lington, Montreal; **F/O Houldsworth[illegible]** **F/O J. S. M. Browne,** Toronto; **F/O [illegible]Freeman,** Montreal; **P/O Kotofsky,** [illegible]real; **F/O Brown,** Wainfleet, Ont.; **F/[illegible]** Toronto; **F/O Dansereau,** Montreal; **Everingham,** Toronto; **F/O Day, E[illegible]** **P/O Hills,** Verdun, Que.; **F/O Philli[illegible]** **P/O Matier,** Montreal; **F/O Duff,** **F/O O. D. Lawrence,** Mimico, Ont.; [illegible] Owen Sound, Ont.; **P/O Jellett,** [illegible] Harrow, Ont.; **P/O Falls,** St. Johns; **White,** Pointe Claire, P.Q.



The G.I.S.
Through these portals pass . . . . . .

Photo B. Whitelaw



Dora, " Dusty " an[illegible]
This time, 2 Queens and a Jack [illegible]

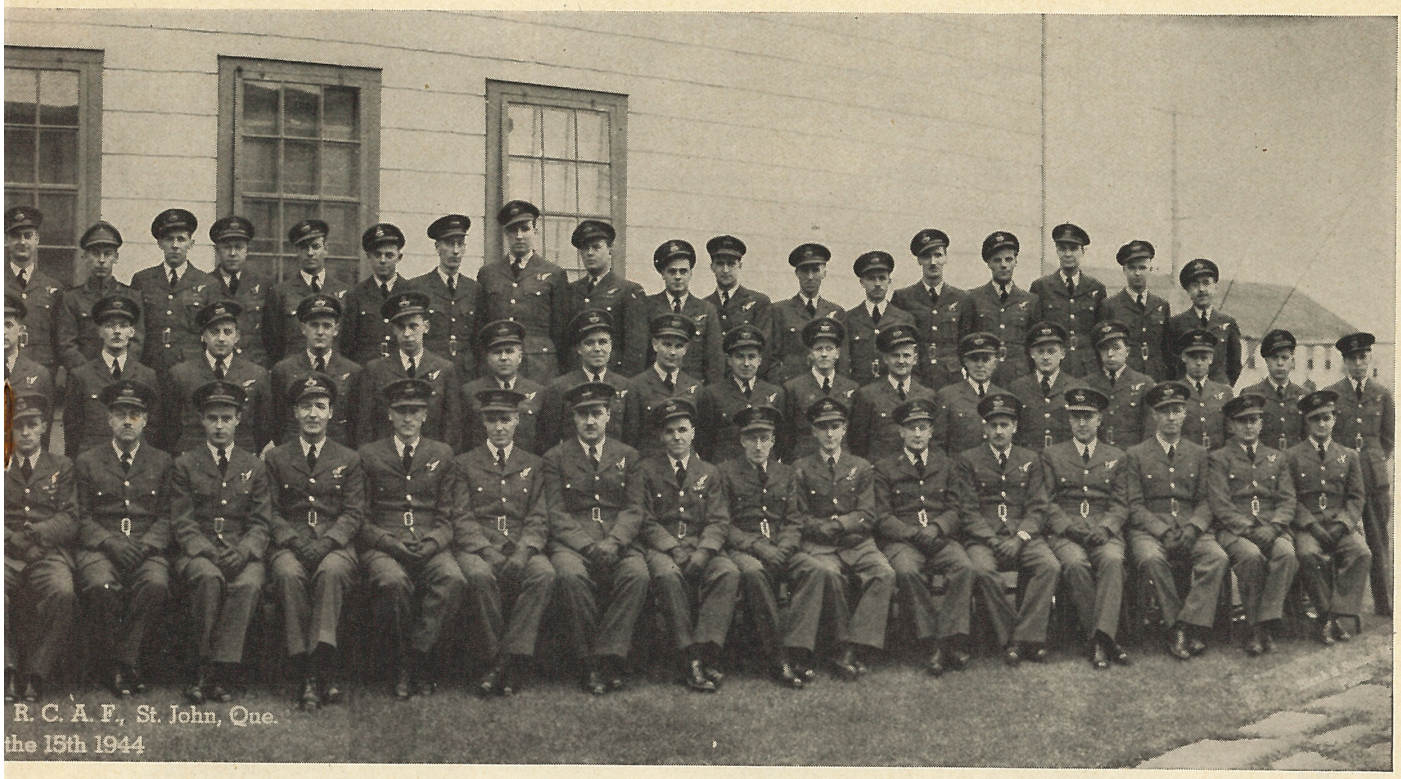


Photo Blank and Stoller, Montreal

) Vaillancourt, Montreal; **F/O Dar-th**, Montreal; **F/O Harvey**, Calgary; **) Ferguson**, Fort William, Ont.; **F/O y**, Montreal; **F/O Bradbury**, Mont-**F/O Wilson**, Toronto; **F/O Lawrence**, al; **F/O Nerenberg**, Montreal; **F/O** England; **F/O Destonis**, Montreal; **lips**, Toronto; **F/O Ford**, Winnipeg; , Montreal; **F/O Emas**, Montreal; ; **F/O Lewis**, St. Johns; **F/O Plant**, Pointe Claire, P.Q.; **P/O Johns**, ns; **F/O Van Brunt**, Calgary; **F/O**

Third Row, Left to Right: P/O Robinson, Verdun, P.Q.; **F/O Cook**, Napanee, Ont.; **F/O Colby**, Montreal; **F/O Baker**, Botwood, Nfld.; **P/O Donnelly**, St. Johns; **F/O Richards**, Australia; **F/O Coen**, Australia; **P/O Boily**, Iberville; **P/O Dube**, Montreal; **P/O Baiss**, Duncan, B.C.; **F/O Leah**, Coteau Station, P.Q.; **F/O Keeler**, Toronto; **P/O Foster**, Brantford, Ont.; **P/O Cope**, Toronto; **P/O Bell**, Toronto; **F/O Prier**, Toronto; **F/O Munn**, Windham Centre, Ont.; **P/O Keogh**, Moncton, N.B.; **F/O Bardsley**, Vancouver; **F/O Maxwell**, St. Johns; **P/O Robertson**, Guelph, Ont.; **P/O Gregory**, Auckland, N.Z.; **F/O Hockin**, Truro, N.S.; **P/O Foley**, Montreal; **F/O Sprung**, Landis, Sask.; **F/O Levine**, Montreal; **P/O Malenfant**, Quebec, P.Q.; **F/O McIvor**, Girvin, Sask.; **F/O Hewitt**, Toronto; **P/O Ross**, Toronto; **P/O Crossey**, Montreal; **F/O Robertson**, Bermuda; **F/O Dunphy**, Tignish, P.E.I.; **P/O Law**, Leamington, Ont.



ıd Jack. *Photo B. Whitelaw*
: make a 'full house'.



Parade Square and Administration Building. *Photo B. Whitelaw*



Station Photo Section



Station Photo Section

MAY 1944



Photo
B. Whitelaw

RANDOM SHOTS

Station Show



Station Photo Section



Station Photo Section


MERRY X-MAS!
To No 9 A.O.S.
With Love!

Attention Graduates!

Beaucraft

OFFERS TO COMMISSIONED GRADUATE AIRMEN A

"PERSONALIZED SERVICE"

IN ALL OFFICERS UNIFORM REQUIREMENTS

UNIFORMS • GREATCOATS
RAINCOATS
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Over 2,000 Officers have received satisfaction and continued service on their Uniforms at prices surprisingly low for such high quality

COME TO BEAUCRAFT FOR
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(NEXT DOOR TO LOEW'S THEATRE)

TELEPHONE
PLateau
8191

Compliments

OF

A FRIEND

★

from

ST. JOHNS, Que.

Compliments

OF

PHILIPPE BAILLARGEON

TELEPHONE
2627

★

264 RUE CHAMPLAIN
St. Johns, Que.

"The Women!!!"

By Mrs. C. C. Cook

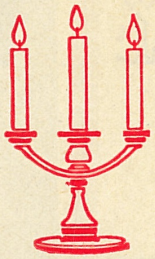
What part do these girls and women smartly garbed in grey skirts, navy blue blazers, blue shirts, navy ties, service shoes and jaunty wedged shaped hats play in this British Commonwealth Air Training Plan?

In reality the service rendered cannot be measured in terms of a job—it is indeed much more. They have transformed what might have been a "Robinson Crusoe Island" into a happy and interesting community. One need only see the glance of a lad clad in dark blue or hear a long-drawn-out whistle or soft "wolf call" to know what it means to him. They have entered wholeheartedly into the work, sports and social life of the Station. The hours spent over coffee and a cigarette in the Cafeteria, exchanging views and ideas with trainees from all over the world, will do much for better understanding and breadth of education for all concerned. These girls have been known to sew on trainees' stripes; wash their sweaters; mend their socks and offer them the hospitality of their homes. In short, they will in a measure have achieved much that diplomats so far have failed to do.

At the peak of our activities, the civilian employees numbered eight hundred and seventy-one in all, one hundred and seventy-two of whom have been women and girls. We have had as many as one hundred living on the Station in three attractively furnished living quarters made as liveable as possible with all the facilities and comforts of home. Girls have expressed their individual and artistic sense by adding the pretty feminine touches to bedrooms furnished with standard furniture. The open fire has attracted and stimulated many a fireside chat over a friendly cup of tea. In many departments the work has been divided into shifts which was a new experience and necessitated the forming of new habits and adapting oneself to very changed conditions of living.



Photo B. Whitelaw



Two of our more versatile Radio Operators. (Names will be supplied on request only.)

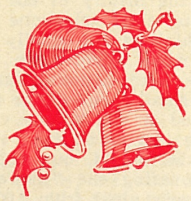




Photo B. Whitelaw



Photo B. Whitelaw

"Dode" Cross and Ethel Smith.
The "Just a minute, please" girls.



Station Photo Section

Nurse Sproule.
We bruise easily; she heals quickly.

Management

The duties of secretaries, stenographers, bookkeepers, telephone operators, cashiers, messengers and stores clerks seldom vary in any field of endeavour, but here we can claim that the work and experience has been somewhat out of the ordinary

Mis Pauline Courtemanche, now senior bookkeeper, claims the distinction of being the first young lady employed on the Station. She loves to relate how she plodded through the mud in those early days, shadowed by an armed guard. This has by no means cramped her style and she has trod on, bravely and efficiently, to her present responsible position.

Miss Betty Eldridge has advanced to the position of private secretary to the General Manager, and in her quiet way has kept closely in touch with all phases of office life and routine.

Early in the history of our Station Mrs. Maxwell, our chief telephone operator, by her quick thinking and equally smart action, prevented what might have been a disastrous fire in the Administration Building in the wee small hours of the morning. She was awarded a meritorious certificate for her courage and efficiency.

Miss M. McDonald, our night telephone operator, covering the "grave-yard shift" each and every night from 1.00 a.m. to 7.00 a.m., deserves special mention for her unfailing courage, cheerful spirit and unselfishness. These qualities of character were no doubt handed on to her by her Scottish pioneer ancestors.

Mrs. M. Lavalliere, Payroll Department, has been outstandingly conscientious in every detail and remains at her post without respite, working steadily until the gong goes.

(Continued on next page)



" Dusty " Perkins—Our Feature Editor.
She specializes in ideas.

Radio

The Radio Department has grown from nine operators to twenty-three. These young ladies studied wireless for three and one-half months at the Radio College of Canada in Toronto. This course was sponsored by the B.C.A.T.P. Briefly, the work is to communicate with the W.A.G. in the aircraft the entire time it is in flight, plotting the position every half hour until finally the aircraft arrives at the home base. The course of each aircraft in flight is plotted on a large glass-topped table map by miniature aircraft carefully lettered, which look like tiny toys being moved about. The shift lasts from three to seven hours and requires the utmost in concentration on the part of the operator. This room always has a silent air of mysterious efficiency with its seven smart receiving sets manned by attractive uniformed operators cut off from outside distraction by earphones and with an ear alert and a sensitive hand ever ready on the key to send a message to some lone day or night aircraft suspended in space and many miles from base.

One of these sets is graced by Rachel Sewell, a charming young English girl who has been a guest of Canada and away from her parents for four years Then too there was Lisalotte Pam, a Czechoslovakian, who has since married and is now proud of being a Canadian citizen. This article would not be complete without a line about our beloved Mrs. " Dusty " Perkins, who not only did her work here, but in her spare time, in the heat of summer, accompanied by Miss Dora Scott, put in hours in hospital wards to qualify for Red Cross Overseas Service. They expect to leave for foreign fields in December. We shall all miss them, but we are grateful for the fine example set and when we have folded our tents they will have gone on to conquer fresh fields with renewed interest.

Lorna Mjolsness and Mary Love, Radio Technicians, joined our Radio Workshop staff after No. 2 A.O.S. in Edmonton closed in July. Their duties frequently call them out on the line to check Radio sets. Their flying white coats with No. 2 AO.S. in large red letters is a reminder of their first love and loyalty to an Air Observer School.

(Continued on next page)



Mrs. C. C. Cook. *Station Photo Section*

Operations

The duties of our flight clerks, under the guidance of Miss Jeanette Sabourin, the only young lady to fill this position in our Air Observer Schools, has been an important position. I shall always see this bright sunshiny office overlooking our runways, with several very attractive girls bending over reams of paper and meaningless figures, with the ever gracious Jeanette smiling and unperturbed, seductively wafting her own brand of perfume and gaily talking about her planes, her trucks, her pilots, her gas and her girls. So much was always being done and so little boasted about, that perhaps we shall never know how many gallons of gas and oil were actually accounted for. In this sphere of activity Miss Anna Day Troup, daughter of our General Supervisor of Schools, played a useful role and was indeed what we all learned to know and love her for—"A Good Trooper". Miss Lolinka Prazak, a young Czechoslovakian refugee, who had many interesting experiences in her flight from Europe, did this task until she joined her father in England in the summer of 1943.



"Sometimes" *Photo B. Whitelaw*

Catering

In October 1943 we took over our own Catering and added sixty girls and women to our ranks. This necessitated opening and furnishing a large part of a barrack block to accommodate the new members of our Skyways family.

The serving of meals is always of paramount importance and in the same way that the health of a growing child depends largely upon correct feeding so does the health, morale and efficiency of our trainees and civilian employees depend on how they fare in this respect. This type of work can be done automatically and by some was reduced to routine. However, I know some have cheerfully put much of themselves into the task, thus providing in a measure the atmosphere of home in a large room dominated by strong men who so often look upon this old art of eating in a Mess hall as a refuelling act. A fine example of this type of cheerful service was given by Miss Marie Ange Giguere, one of our first waitresses on the Station. She endeared herself to many and will not soon be forgotten for her unselfishness and cheerful service in the Officers Mess. Other faithful employees who have given long and excellent service are the Misses Germaine Savoie, Mary Ann St. Laurent, Peggy Gallagher, Mary Benoit and Dorothy Strickland. Perhaps Mrs. Loretta Bousquet has earned the distinction of serving more people than any other waitress on the Station.

(Continued from page 12)

Stores

The Stores Department has been a quietly busy and always important spot where so much business is transacted on paper and bound with red tape when government funds are involved. All this has been kept untangled by a staff of eight clerks. Mrs. Alice Kelly is the most senior female employee in this department. She is not only a good clerk but an enthusiastic bowler. The Misses I. Normandin, L. Fredette and Mrs. A. Sylvestre have served in this department since 1942. Miss Fredette holds the attendance record and since she joined the staff in 1942 was absent from work one day only. These girls did the same work as men in a Stores job. At night it was often eerie alone in a dark store listening to the wind howl or the long and equally disturbing silences.

Canteen

The Canteen has given good service to our boys in uniform and here again a bar of chocolate tastes much sweeter when handed over the counter with a smile.

Maintenance

The work done by women in the Maintenance Department has been rather unusual and here the women have in reality helped to keep the Ansons flying. One need only enter the hangars to see the paint and dope besmeared coveralls worn by the girls and women to realize what their duties are. Their hands are soiled with grease and paint and the nails are often broken and void of polish, which proves that they have filled a man's position. The inside cleanliness of the planes is indicative of a woman's tender care. Two of the girls, Mrs. L. Gynes and Miss E. Pumphrey, have taken a special course in instrument work and have proved by their skill that a woman's deft fingers are needed to make the Ansons' instruments "tick" smoothly. Here too, women run sewing machines in making protective coverings and doing many types of repair work. There is always a great deal of record work and in this Department each Anson has its own complete life history; and this is done by the ever diligent clerks and stenographers.

One of the most interesting sections of Maintenance is the parachute room. Here the "chutes" are packed and checked regularly. The handing out and repair work on each harness is in itself a big job. Each flier is issued with one before taking off and this must be checked in and out on each occasion. The care and filling of bandaliers which contain the emergency rations is another duty. In this department, an average of twenty-four parachutes, which take an average of three-quarters of an hour to pack and check, are done each day; and three hundred harnesses are checked in and out. The worker must always be conscious of the fact that the lives of men might depend on the "chutes" that she has packed. There are seven women and girls in this department which has been most ably run by Mrs. J. Raymond and the fine comradeship which exists is a credit to her leadership. She is the only woman in the B.C.A.T.P. to hold the position of Chief Parachute Packer. Mrs. Raymond, Miss A. Dextraze and Mrs. C. Boyer all learned their trade here and passed the R.C.A.F. trade test.



ALL WORK AND NO PLAY. *Photo B. Whitelaw*



Zero-2. Position — Chicago. *Photo B. Whitelaw*

Housekeepers

Housekeeping has never been an easy or unimportant task and after leaving comfortable and well organized homes, barrack life could have been grim. Instead of that, it has been a delight to many with faithful and kindly people ever ready to fulfill our needs. In this respect Mrs. A. Daley, Mrs. E. Bellemarre and the Roy sisters have taken wonderful care of us all.

Clinic

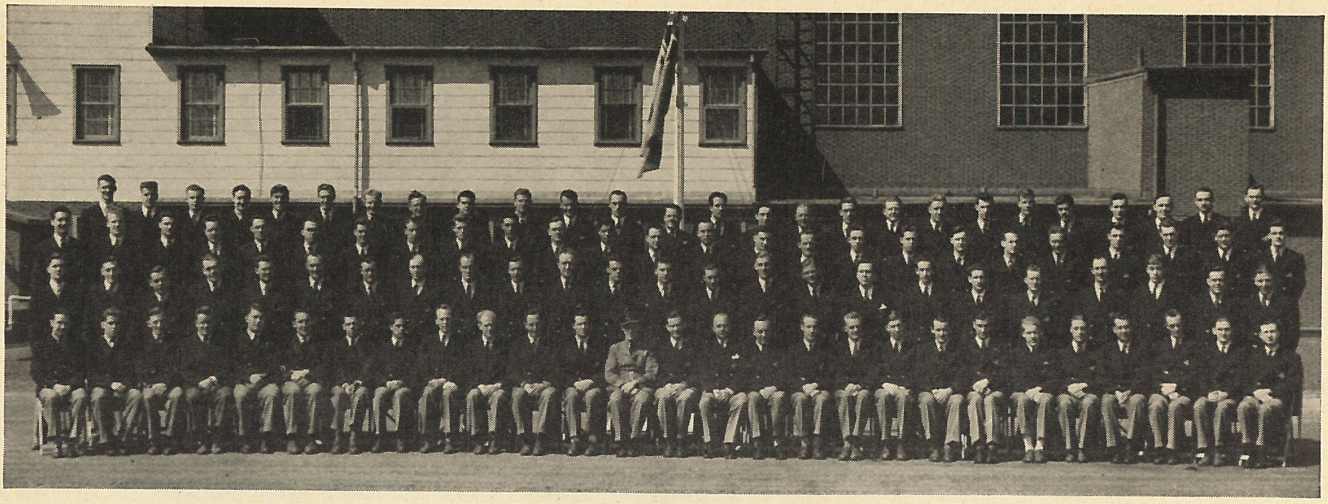
Our clinic is a comforting spot and here the Florence Nightingale spirit prevails at all times. Our first Station Nurse was Miss M. de S. Murphy, R.N., followed by her successor Miss E. Sproule, R.N.—The Lady with the cape and the kindly smile.

We all look forward to the cessation of hostilities and the return to peace time activities of those who have been in this long struggle. In turn, this means we must pursue our civilian way of life and give up reluctantly many fine associations. Our sojourn here will have taught us good team work and we shall realize how much we depend on our fellow workers and friends.

A good community spirit is built up on mutual help and agreement and where each helps to solve the others problems. We should be deeply grateful to this fine Company and its excellent management for providing us with well nigh ideal surroundings, living and working conditions as well as clean and well-cooked food eaten in pleasant Mess Halls. This has been based on such sound psychology and has in turn paid dividends. We have been a happy family and singularly free from any serious behaviour problems so often common to places of this nature. In reality there have been very few restrictions; life here has been based entirely upon the freedom of the individual and the honour system.

In the future I am sure we shall look back to the happy days spent together at No. 9 A.O.S., and in our hearts be deeply grateful for this fine experience and the opportunity of working for a grand Company and humbly serving in so great a cause.

CHRISTY CHISHOLM COOK.



Our C.O. and the G.M. with staff pilots. *Station Photo Section*

BARSKY *(Continued from page 12)*

the beginning of a new term it was discovered that Mervin was two years her senior. This as you can imagine caused great concern among the school board which in a moment of panic pushed him into grade two. He finally graduated from public school leaving behind him the envious record of driving two cases to insanity and causing eight nervous breakdowns among his teachers.

Little more is known until the day he joined up. When he joined the Airforce the Army and Navy immediately held wild celebration while from Airforce headquarters came the public announcement that they hoped the people would realize just how serious the war situation was.

It took the discips in Manning Pool only thirteen months to teach AC2 Barsky the difference between his left and right foot. In fact it seems that our young hero wandered around for two weeks before anyone realized that he was there. He was quite some time in getting a uniform because every time he got in a line that he thought was the clothing parade he was rewarded by some medical officer sticking a needle in his arm or found himself tied down in the dentist's chair with a pair of pliers in his face.

Air Force Quiz Kid

Some months later we find him a full-fledged L.A.C. entering No. 1 A.O.S. at Malton. After two days of classes the instructors were sitting around discussing the good old days when all the students could read and write. One memorable day he handed in an examination paper with his name SPELLED CORRECTLY at the top. This was considered such great porgress on his part that although the rest of the paper was a blank his instructor gave him a pass. Finally, one day he lined up with what he thought was the duty watch parade and before he knew what was going on someone shook him by the hand and pinned a wing on his manly chest. So we find Sgt. Navigator Barsky posted to Number Nine.

No one seems to know the exact moment of his arrival but when we saw F/L Ed. Lee tearing large handfuls of hair from his head while discussing a new member of his log marking gang we surmised that little Mervin had arrived.

A short time later he was transferred to the Navigation Instrument Section. His entrance was rather unique. He entered the office glared at F/L Hicks, and said, quote: "Are you Hicks, I'm Barsky. Ed Lee sent me."

Career Varied

He had quite a career with the compass swingers, as I have mentioned before (see last issue "Nav. instrument section."). He is the only member who has been able to find a 361 degree error in a compass. He has a lot of trouble with gremlins, etc., as many a time when he has come in from a line check and reported a compass thirty or forty degrees out, by the time someone went out to check on it someone or something always seemed to have removed the error.

For a study in human emotion everyone should at least once visit the bowling alley when Mervin is in action. The expression of alternate anguish, joy, agony and ecstacy which pass across his countenance are a complete study in something or other, just what I can't at the moment determine.

Sgt. Barsky has in the meantime been transferred to the orderly room to add to the general chaos which already exists in this centre of operations. We noticed that F/S O'Neill looked more haggard than ever (and believe me that is quite a degree of haggardness if there is such a word) and that he promptly got himself posted. So you see the effects of our little white-haired boy are far-reaching. With Mervin's particular flair for mixing things up, any day now we expect to see a form come out of the orderly room stating that the C.O. has been posted as a Service Police to Goose Bay, or the M.O. as a plumber "A" group to Iceland or some such other pleasant spot.

Prospective landlady: "How do you like the room as a whole?"

F/L Davoud: "As a hole, it's fine, as a room, not so good."



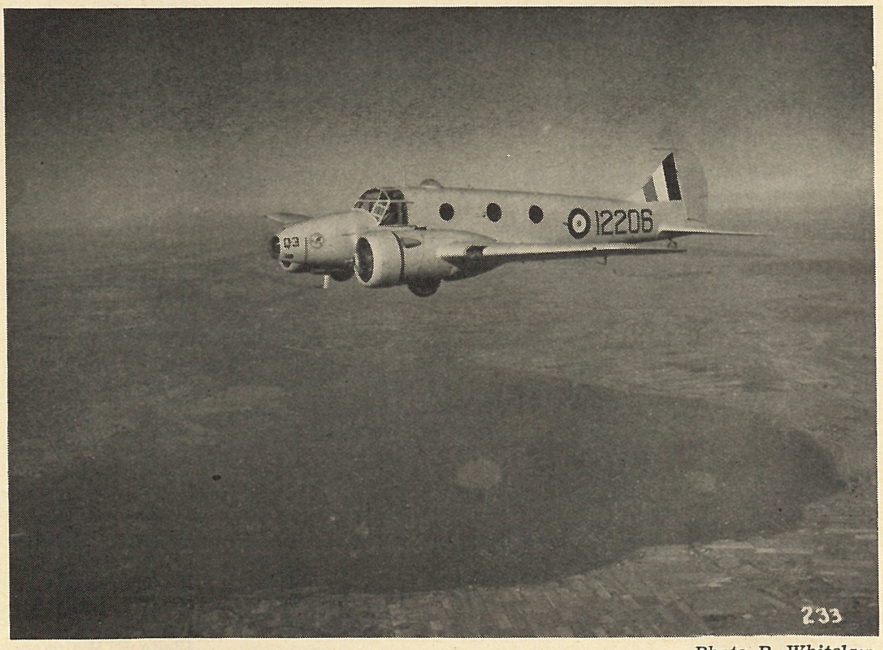
Photo B. Whitelaw

Left: John Brown, Operations Manager, and Assistants, Lloyd Hogan and Ken See.

AVE ATQUE VALE



Station Photo Section



" But, sir, it can't be Cranberry Lake. There's Montreal." *Photo B. Whitelaw*

Number 9 A.O.S. has appropriately bestowed gifts upon the R.C.A.F., this being the Yuletide Season, and truly, the season for giving. Her gifts are the graduating classes, 108 NX and NY (Navigators) and 114 ABX, ABY and ABZ (Bomb Aimers).

Whether the Air Force will throw up her hands in despair, overwhelmed by the steady influx of these and similar gifts is another question and one we do not intend to discuss.

For there are bells to be rung out and praises to be sung, and farewells to be tendered. Once more a group of footsteps resound a finale through the corridors, and through the doors of the G.I.S. as a thousand have done before. Good luck, Navigators! Good luck, Bomb Aimers!

Navigators NX and NY, the classes with characters of unique quality officially call adieu, hurling their books and maps with gusto into F/O Colby's lap. 114 ABX, ABY and ABZ, with their last bombs dropped, and their last flying hours logged, take brief time out from contemplation of the special attributes of Christmas Cake, Turkey, and the girls awaiting their homecomings, to eloquently whisper " G'Bye! "

And so it's over and done with. Another training cycle has been well completed.

Introducing X, no longer the unknown quantity of course 108, for under the everable leadership of F/O Falle, who has done so much, so very well in D.R.'ing the varied amusing, amazing and appalling types to

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Station Photo Section

A dry swim.

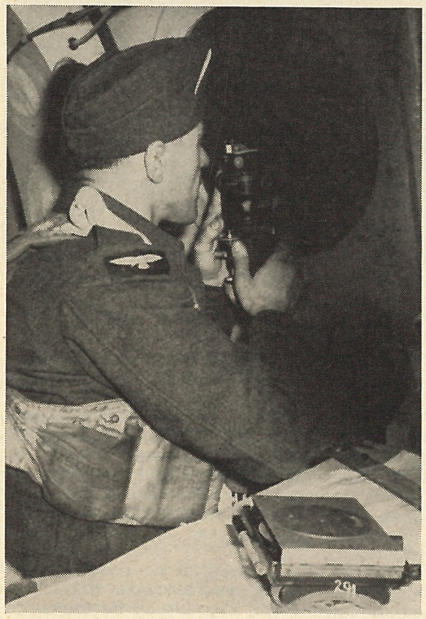

Photo B. Whitelaw

0042; Montreal bears 162-192T Astro Compass.



Station Photo Section

F/L Gratton
The needle-man of No. 9.

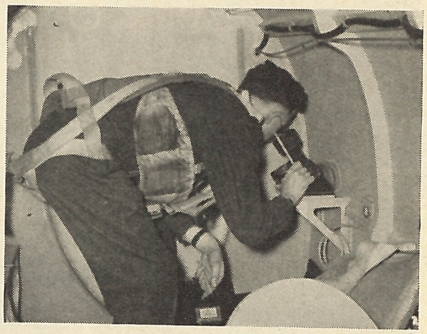

Photo B. Whitelaw

" 6 Starboard . . . . No . . . . Port . . . . No . . . . Starboard."

stars all night before his CNT or whether it was just another sixteen pages to his very best — just why Cater leaves his hat where dishes should be and comes out of the Mess Hall wearing a plate — whether Holmes' map reads his way on luxury plane rides to New York and is tempted to pass new course chits to the pilot — how can our senior man and esteemed Borden ball player, Cpl. Jobson, hammer those Mess Hall doors sharp on 6:30 each morning when you and I can think only of the time we'd like to stay in bed.

Briefing the New Way

Of late, we have carried on perhaps an unofficial type of briefing at Air Force House. These meetings are called to order by the OIC Battersea, but not before he has had to subdue Davis in his loud and well thought-out demonstrations on how to overcome liquid swirl. Comrade Boyle gives a high pressure Met. report but, as ever, he is expecting a period of continuous precipitation. His suggestion that the painting of cirrus clouds on Anson windows to get uniform T-57's from the class was not entirely the type of report expected. But, we listened only vaguely to his mutterings, for Barrass, intent on QFF and imagining himself an altimeter, was saying out altitudes as his temperature rose. The briefing came to

that dream of Navigator erk, brevet, we approach the final round of the stay at No. 9. We all thank our instructor for his help and co-operation; and, in the days to come when navigating our way, whether it be over Burma or the darker streets of some metropolis, we will recall our appreciation in him and our motto "We decline to fall."

Can it be that we came here in the heat of summer, all eager for our new experiences? Of these there have been plenty and in doing the many things a U/T airman finds himself doing on his course we have come to know our types pretty well. We would like to know if House really was shooting

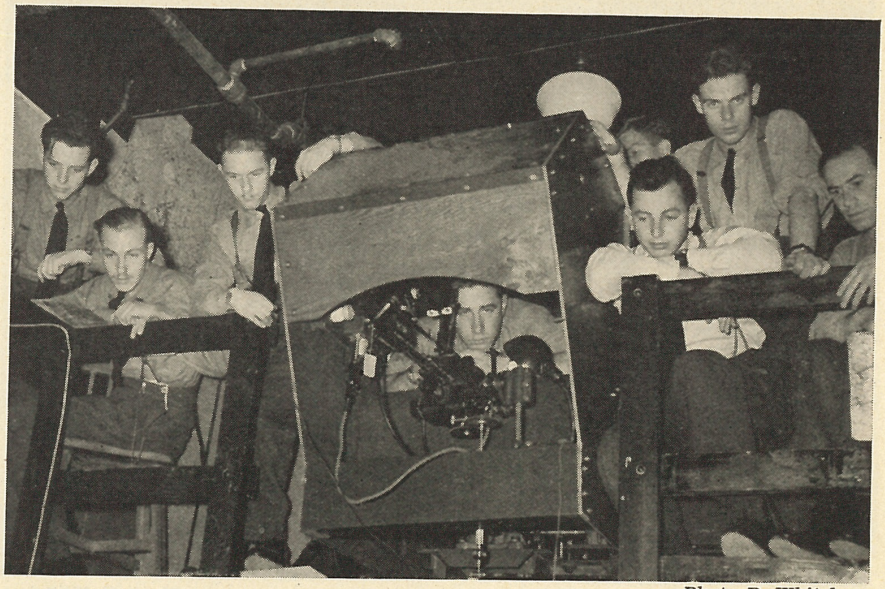

Photo B. Whitelaw

" Keep your eye on the target." The " Bombing Teacher ".

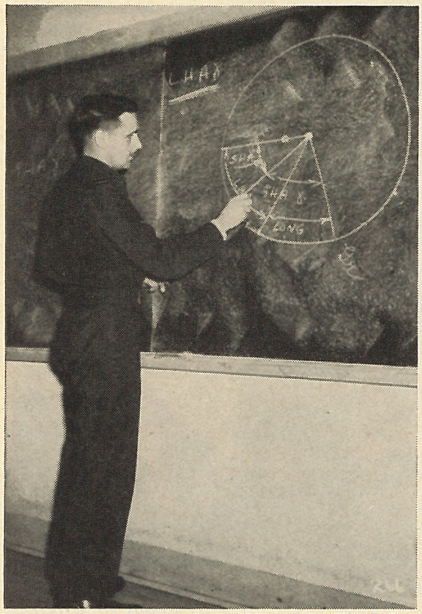

Photo B. Whitelaw

F/L Howden explains a touchy problem.



Photo B. Whitelaw

F/O Jack Browne in " Pinpoint the Bomber ".

a hurried close as strains from the juke box impressed on us the presence of Hay Hay and his Compass Swingtet. We had a minute's silence to think on the pleasant interludes this same diversion had brought us in other times. We had accompaniment then to the music by the sweet and low persistency of Bevan's whistling and when he started hurling Nav. plans and fixes at us, the disorder was complete.

Some of the more nebulous characters — as the one who sends up chits in controlled plots with — "My wind is this, what's yours? " and the fellow who retrieved store teeth lost in a moment of anguish over the bombing range, the really hep gum chewer, and the man who refuses to leave the station on a "48" — just kept quietly out of the row, talking of those who were far away — Bromy, for so long the strong man of the class, Ethier, obviously named ETA until one day he got as far as Montreal and the lads changed this to ATA. Davies and Devries and Bissell — such an entertaining trio around 3:00 a.m., B flat, C sharp, and A sharp minor in that order — or is it? ?

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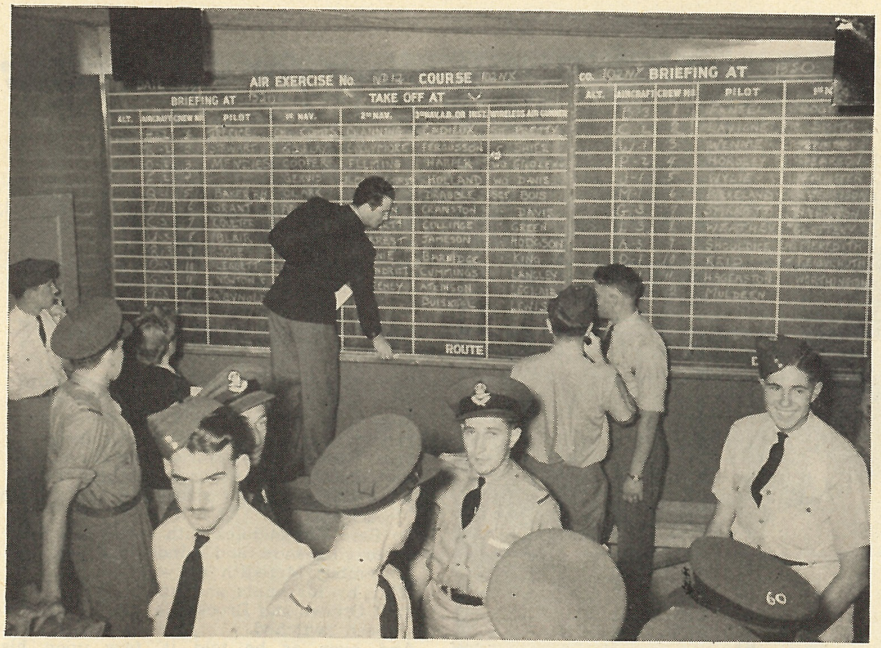
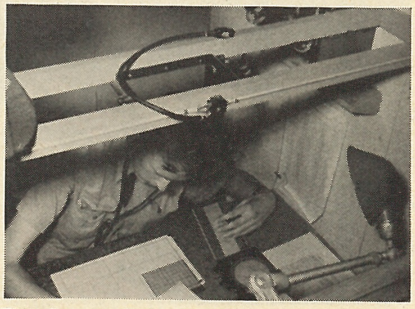


Hogan: " Where in hell's Clements? " *Photo B. Whitelaw*





The Catacombs. *Photo B. Whitelaw*

So eventually the wanderers return to this so proud station and here we are, wanting so much to finish the job we started and beginning to feel that we shall make a job of it. The Navvies in 108 NY fearfully offer the following deathless lines, and at the same time assure F/L REYNOLDS that his prowess as instructor, and his success in the role of friend and father confessor has been amply proven. The best of luck, F/L Reynolds and many thanks for your patience and determination.

★

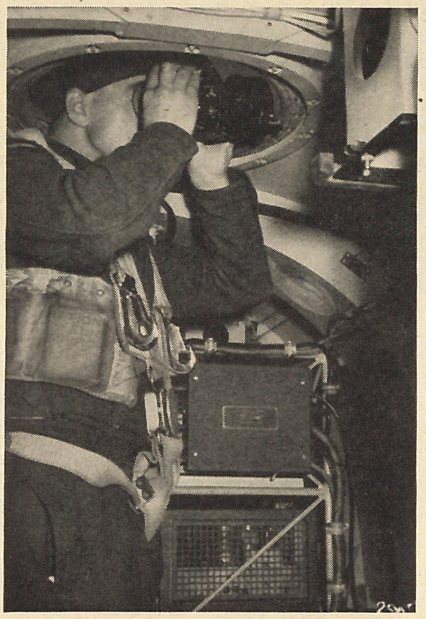


Photo B. Whitelaw

"One Touch of Venus."



Mr. Holly Cross; "That High should go through." *Photo B. Whitelaw*





S/L Moles forecasts. *Photo B. Whitelaw*

Now for the Pome:

"Ode Written in the First Nav's Seat of a MK V Anson"

Alas! With As/Co bearings slightly duff,
And thoughts that whisper "Stop! Enough!"
Lay down thy straight edge. Shrive thy seal,
And let the pilot take control,
And let thee muse on other men,
Who stumbled on improper "gen"
And saw cocked hats come into view
Quite large enough to hurdle through.
Flaunt high the banner of NY
Whose motto reads "Will do or die"
And surely, they'd be dead 'ere now
Had not sage Reynolds showed them how,
With loving care to draw lines straight,
That D.R. gets you home, not Fate;
Though Long or Pugsley would declare
That strange, great spirits rule the air.
And pluck frail Ansons from their track,
Whip them through space and whip them back.
To Base and buddies with a tale
Of driving snow and winds that wail.
Remember Meredith of yore,
Who, by his aunts and uncles swore
That Ottawa and Brockville had, by sorcery, been switched
And even as he told it, fear upon his features twitched.



Photo B. Whitelaw

"Will the Captains answer for their crews?"

Remember also Thomas of whom the prophet spoke,
"If Blokes can't go to Mountains, Bring Mountains to the Blokes".
'Tis said that the Great Circle was fashioned 'round his waist,
That a seven-course steak dinner is but a sample taste.
Forsooth, forget not Salmon, the moustache with a man,
Can brush the crumbs off tables at twenty feet, it can;
And old Abe Lincoln Rakestraw, who by his line of talk,
Was just a few short centuries late in reaching Plymouth Rock.

All Hail to good "Jazz" Sanders, the young man with the horn.
His high 'C''s make the ladies look to see where it was torn.
Then there's the Vartlet, Southwick, with authentic Clydesdale nose,
Who'll tell you when you've "had it" in well selected prose;
And Tomlinson, the scientist, with concentrated frown,
On each flight proving what comes up has usually been down.

★



Station Photo Section

F/L Howden
Boss-man—Bombers.



"I walk alone." *Photo B. Whitelaw*

And young Smith, F., the connoisseur, displaying to the few,
His art collections, covertly, as all true artists do.
Remember all the brave lads upon the field of play,
With NX trying vainly to take the ball away.
Remember, Yea, remember, all the ponies in the pits,
Bold inscriptions on the board, midnight barracks fits;
Iberville, dear Iberville, and twenty lukewarm quarts!
Farewell, you gentle Ansons. Bring on those Super-Forts!!!

Johnny Comes Home

He Was Expendable

The sergeant lay on his face. At the time he thought it the best thing to do, as just above him (a matter of inches, it seemed,) the air was filled with all manner of screaming, steel things. In time, he figured, it would ease up a bit, and then he'd be able to move back to the rest of his company. How he and Johnny had ever gotten into this predicament he still didn't know; but wished heartily that they were out of it.

"Hey, Sarge, look over there." Johnny, lying on his side was pointing to a clump of buildings not two hundred yards away.

"You're right, fellow, that's one all right, just behind that small building. Looks like it's starting to move too."

The Nazi tank was soon in full view, moving at a cautious pace, evidently on the look-out for trouble.

"It's coming right this way, too." Johnny was getting excited. "We'll have a crack at it if it gets close enough."

The tank came closer but evidently somebody else had seen it first, for shells had started bursting around it. It gathered speed and kept on coming. With a resounding noise, the shell hit it, and it exploded, bits flying in all directions.

"Well, that takes care of that." The Sergeant turned towards the spot where Johnny was lying. What he saw made him suck in his breath and exhale a "Good Lord." Johnny's face was covered in blood, and he was very still. Suiting action to thought, and now disregarding danger, the Sergeant hoisted Johnny on to his shoulder and started for the lines.

The Road Back

The ambulance stopped at the gate.

"Which way to building 45?" the driver asked the guard on duty.



Photo B. Whitelaw

Airborne BASE.
" First Course, please."

"Turn right and it's the fourth building on the right."

Within two minutes the ambulance had pulled up outside the main entrance of a large, white building.

"All right, Johnny. We're here at last, so out you get now."

Johnny descended, one large hand clasping a small, firm hand. He had learned to trust that hand because it belonged to Patsy. Johnny was blind and Patsy had been assigned to help him back to Civilian Life.

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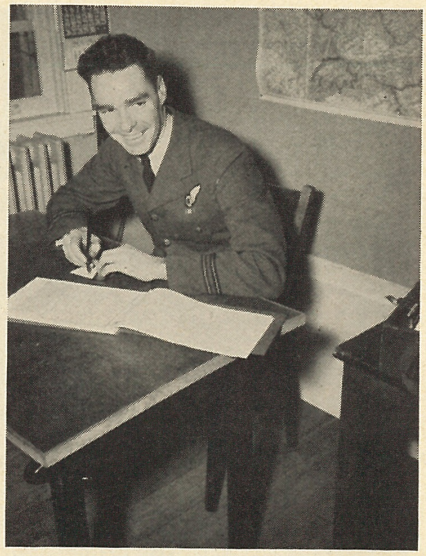
Station Photo Section

Nav. Instruments Section.
They " swing " the works.



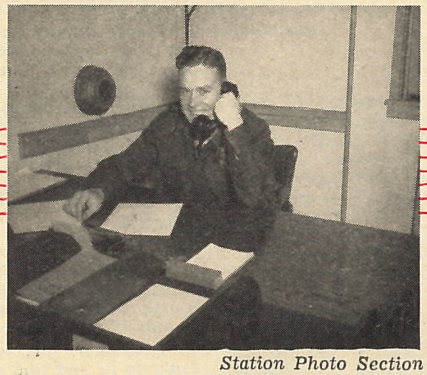
Station Photo Section

F/L Hicks
Station Navigation Officer



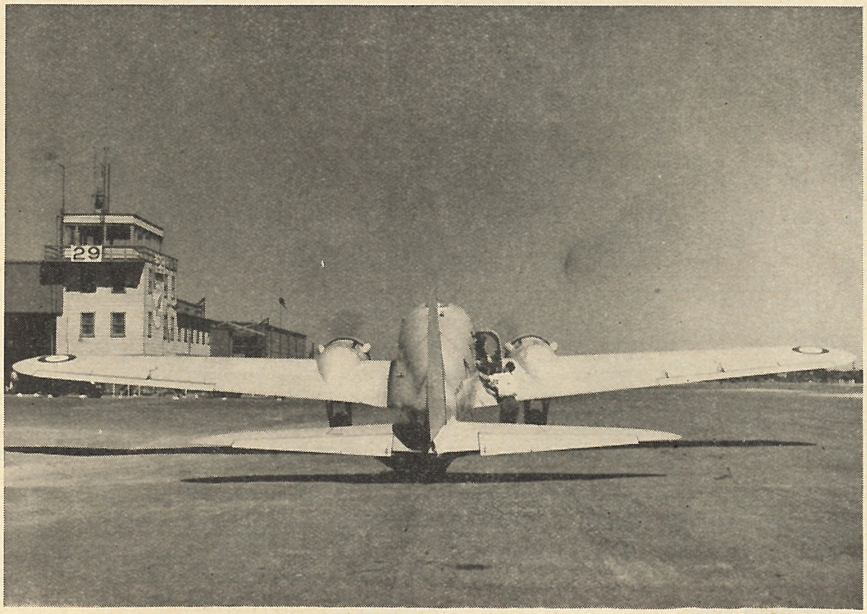
. . . . . on E.T.A.?????

Photo B. Whitelaw



Station Photo Section

F/L Atchison
Boss-man—Ground Floor.



"Wake the WAG to sign the L-14."

Photo B. Whitelaw



Her small figure belied the amount of energy and heart she put into her job of 'rehabilitation assistant'. Now she took Johnny's hand and led him towards the main entrance of the large, white building.

"Good morning, Patsy! See, I can tell your step now. Getting pretty good, eh?" Johnny was evidently pleased with himself.

"If you think I'm going to waste time in idle flattery you're all wrong. Come on, we're going out. It's a glorious day, and you need the exercise. We're going to take a walk around this place. I'll tell you all about it."

They descended the stairs and emerged in bright sunlight. Over to their left were other white buildings, and on the lawns about each building, other veterans were relaxing in chairs or strolling in groups. All had been sent to the Rehabilitation Centre so that when they went out into the world, they would be fit and able to take their place in society. Wounded bodies and minds took a long time to heal, and the Centre was just what was needed.

"We might as well do a complete tour of the place, so let's go this way first." Patsy edged Johnny towards a walk that went down to the right. "All on this side of the camp are very large buildings. I guess this place must have been an Air Force Station before, because they look like hangars. Let's see what's inside." Patsy led the way to the nearest, and was met at the door by a large, very strong-looking individual.

"Good morning," she said, by way of opening conversation. "We're new here. Can you tell us what goes on inside?"

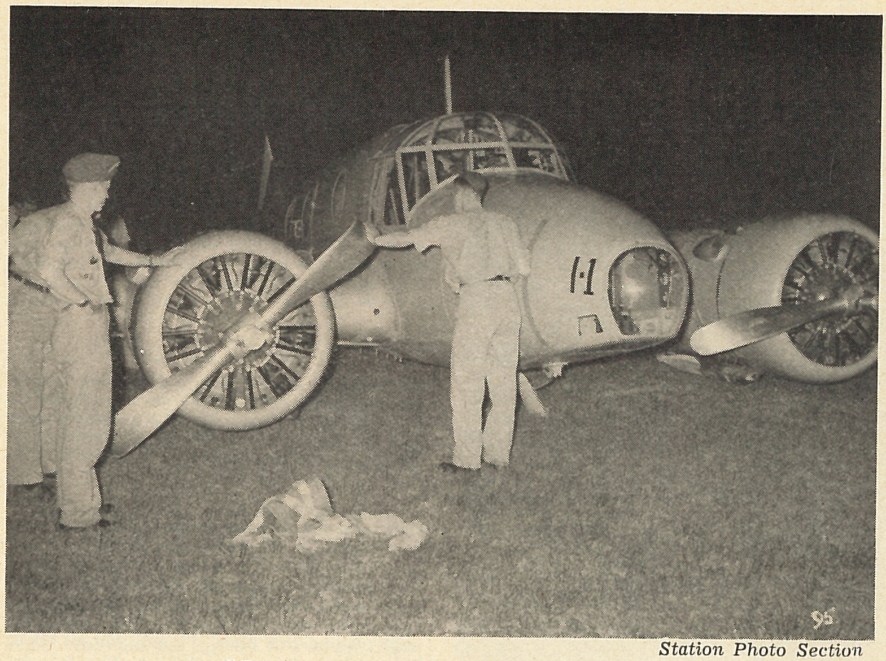
"Sure, come on in." The tough-looking individual stepped aside for them to pass. "You see, in this building and the next two, we get broken-down muscles back into working order. We've got all kinds of equipment here, and before they're finished, they're doing advanced gymnastics."

(Continued on next page)



Station Photo Section

F/L Dunn
Boss-man—Top Floor.



Station Photo Section

"Come out of there, Hagenston. We see you."



Station Photo Section

No. 9 A.O.S. Hospital Orderly Room Staff.
Energetic and aesthetic.



Station Photo Section

S.M.O. S/L Houze
"Any spare Attend C's, sir?"

"I sure would like to try some of that, but you can't do very much when you're blind." Johnny's tone was bitter.

The tough-looking individual laughed and turned to Patsy. "You bring him over here to-morrow," he said, "and we'll see that he gets enough exercise to keep him going for a while. Guess I'd better be getting back to my boys. I've got about forty in this class, and the other instructors are just as busy. Good-bye."

He went back through the door, and Patsy and Johnny heard him shouting encouragement to his class as they went on to the fourth large building. From it was issuing sounds of machinery in operation.

"I wonder just what goes on in here. Let's go in and find out." Patsy already had one hand on the door. "Sounds like a boiler factory to me."

The door opened and they were inside. All around them and away in the distance were rows of various types of machines, wood-working in one section and metal-working in the rest.

Patsy shouted to make herself heard above the din. "There are all kinds of machines here, Johnny. There's a fellow over there making a cabinet. He's almost got it finished. And there's another one who's peeling a piece of steel."

"Don't be silly, Johnny aired his superior knowledge, "he's using a metal lathe. I can hear the cutting tool from here."

"Let's get out of here. It's too noisy.'" Patsy made a face, and turned to the door, dragging Johnny behind her.

As they continued along the path, Johnny turned his head, and nodded toward the building they had just left.

"Say, I'll bet this place was something to see. Imagine having a place like that to work in. I used to be pretty good at that sort of thing before. Those fellows sure are lucky. This is some place, isn't it?"

"I wonder just what this place was before," Patsy muttered. "Let's ask that gardener over there. He might know."

They went over to where a gardener was busily working on one of the numerous flower-beds that dotted the lawns in the Centre.

(Continued on next page)



Photo B. Whitelaw

Left to right: Al Stewart, Bill Corfield, F/L Atchison, and Ross Stephen. From the eagle's eerie.

"Excuse me," said Patsy, "but we were wondering if you could tell us just what this place used to be. They seem to have everything here to make the boys happy."

The gardener stopped work and came over to where the two were standing.

"You know, Miss, you couldn't have asked a better person. I was one of the first people to come here, away back in 1941. We were making an aerodrome then. These buildings used to be a school for teaching navigators and Air Bombers. We turned out hundreds of lads from this school. It was quite a different place then, lots of hustle and hurry instead of the quiet there is now. Those buildings over there were the hangars with the landing-field beyond. That's where the playing-fields are now. The squash courts are part of the old taxi-strip. The six tennis courts over there used to be the drill square. When they told us the old school was going to be converted into this Centre, we all thought 'There goes a lot more money'. But it must have been a smart man who made the changes 'cause, would you believe it, Miss, it only took four months to convert. And do you know why that was, Miss? Why, it was because we had everything here already. No need to build new kitchens. We had seven here before. And the rooms needed very little changing, and we had a heating system second to none. Yes, sir, it sure was a good station. That's why it makes such a good rest-home for you lads. And I, for one, am sure glad to work among you a little while longer. You know, Miss, just two weeks ago I saw one of the former pupils going out of here for the second time. 'Well, Bill,' he said to me, 'I never thought I'd have two graduations from the old school. And I sure am glad this one's here.'

"Gosh," Patsy exclaimed, "that certainly is interesting."

"Oh," continued the gardener, "you haven't heard half of it yet. I could go on for hours telling you what a fine station we had, and how it was converted into this Centre. I was quite proud of the old place and now I'm proud of this one too. Yes, Ma'am, whoever chose this place as a Rehabilitation Centre sure knew what he was doing."



Station Photo Section

Pay and Accounts Section
"The wheels of fortune. . . ."

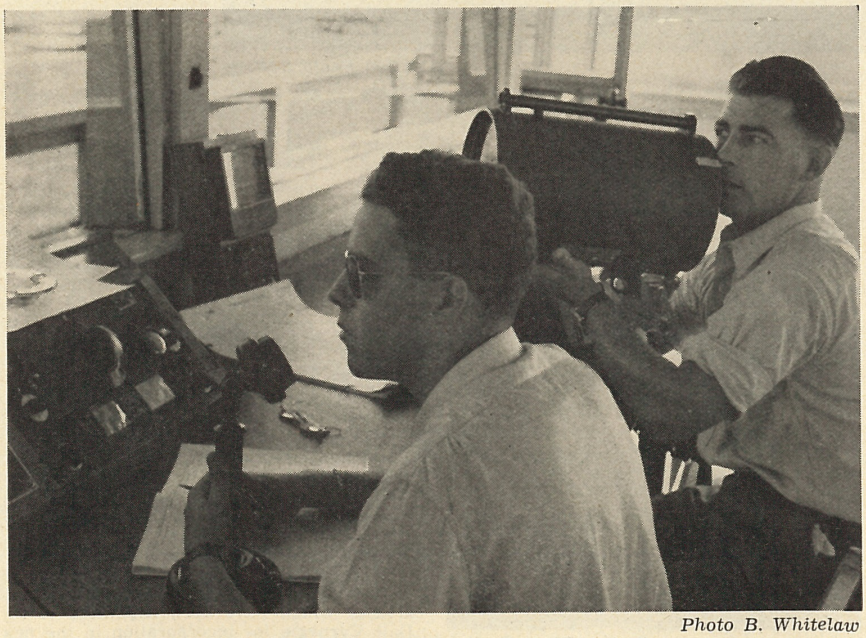


Photo B. Whitelaw

Left: Ross Stephen. Right: Fred Cope. Darwen makes a second circuit.



Station Photo Section

F/L Thompson
The Station Bank.

Patsy glanced at her watch. "I'm afraid we'll have to be going. Time for this gentleman to be getting some food. Thanks for telling us all about the place.

"Any time at all, Miss. Good-bye."

As they moved along the path toward the dining-hall, Johnny was quiet for a moment, and then said "You know, Patsy, I think I'm going to like it here."



Station Photo Section

F/O George Falle, Editor-in-Chief.
He teaches Nav. in his spare time.

NAVIGATOR TO PILOT

(Continued from page 24)

again I speak from experience (bitter). One sunny afternoon the aircraft I was in began to make a sharp curve to the right before we had left the ground and continued to do so after we became airborne. The pilot's remark "Must be a hell of a cross wind" sounded rather stupid when investigation showed that the aircraft had on full "right" trim. This I understand is also one of the pilot's routine checks.

Our pilot then becomes rather irate because the trainee insisted on waving a laundry ticket in front of his face in lieu of a course chit. In my opinion, judging from the scruffy and nondescript dress and general appearance of the people going in and out of building 25, the lad might have been trying, in a subtle way, to acquaint his pilot with the fact that we have such a person as a camp tailor and also that there is a camp laundry.

Track Crawling

Discussing the matter of pilots demanding accurate courses, etc. To this writer the working out of such a thing seems to be rather futile and a waste of time for this reason: recently one of our instructors purposely gave his pilot a ten degree error in course and then sat for half an hour with a resigned expression on his face while the chauffeur made a beautiful track-crawling arc into the landfall. As for sticking him with a pair of dividers to attract attention, many pilots that I have flown with have fallen into such a deep sleep that even a crack over the head with a fire extinguisher has failed to produce consciousness.



Station Photo Section

The popular S/O Ellson.

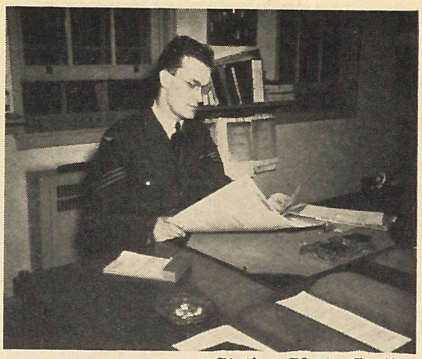
In regard to the remainder of the slurs and insults on the ability of trainees I might close by saying "Let he who is perfect criticize" and a member of any group of men who decide to fly the Dorval beam into Montreal and end up over Quebec City (you think I'm kidding?) is far from perfect.

NOTE: This is the last in a series of articles which have been submitted to Mr. Dale Carnegie for incorporation in the next edition of his Classic "How to Win Friends and Influence People".—Ed.



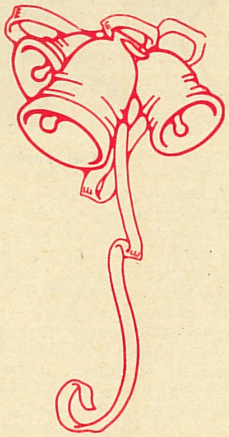
Station Photo Section

F/L Garry McKernan—Managing Editor.
Can anyone suggest a Manager for the Manager?



Station Photo Section

Sgt. " Dan " Livingstone
" Per ardua ad ' Efficiency'."





Station Photo Section

F/O Ferguson and C.N.T. Staff.
" Man is NOT Lost."

C.N.T. Notes

Described by;	
Mr. Woollett;	" The Most Holy of all Holies ".
The Pilots	CENSORED
The Local Farmer;	"A Dern Good Silo ".
Rumour;	Modern White Towers.
TRUTH:	CaNoTell

Operations of the C.N.T. after sixteen months includes 3 babies, 4 marriages and one or two probables. This star-gazing doesn't seem to appeal to the stork, however, as his E.T.A's have been somewhat erroneous causing much anxiety in the Irwin and Gregg cases.

" Fixit " Campbell has installed a micrometer on the newlywed " Bill " Cruxe's alarm-clock, and now, instead of arriving by flying-taxi at 0631, he is on time at 0630. We understand that Stella is expecting . . . . . to move to Welland, Bill's home after Christmas.

F/O Ferguson, our " Oh!!! See!!! ", loves to see the Navvies' bewildered look when he tells them that they start out over the Ruhr Christmas Night next year, and are to fly home and land at " Upan-on-Tyme "—without the use of the ground—and all during the noon hour. Man is NOT lost!!!!

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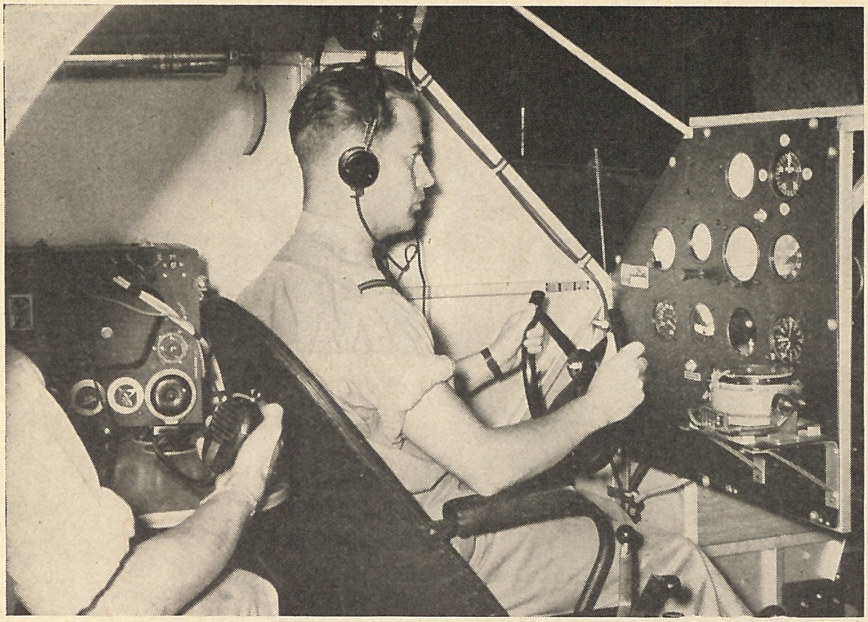


Photo B. Whitelaw

F/O Jack Ferguson, o/i/c/ Celestial Bodies.

"Wolf" Irwin reports that over the earphones one evening came the soft strains of some forgotten song. "Here I Lay Drifting and Dreaming"; and by the result of the trip, the dreamer was certainly moon-struck about his drifting.

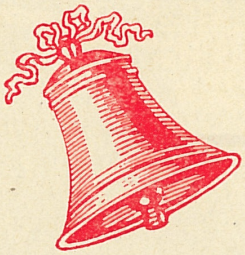
"Rolly" Bourgouin from Dorval — the sport of the Section — modestly says that between the tennis and duck seasons, he had the opportunity to play Pro-Hockey. Rather turned pro — "Les Filles" instead.

Tom Frennette is the Section's paternal adviser, being the father of four, though he shares the electrical problems with Len Drury and Stan Campbell. "Slim" Failes of Toronto does the Instrument-Repair work, and these with our Radio Technician Maurice Taylor, comprise the best Maintenance crew in the business.

Paul Gregg and Frank Clyne are both happily married men from Toronto. Frank has a daughter of two years and Gregg a son of three weeks.

Gibb is going around with an ear to the West, wondering just how soon those wedding-bells will ring.

Time alone will tell.



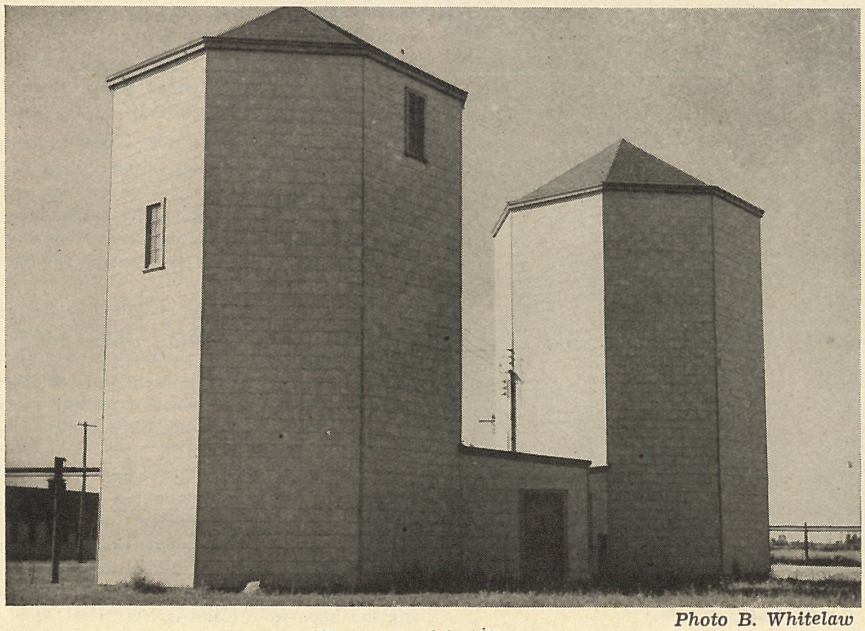


Photo B. Whitelaw

His towers of Intelligence.



Photo B. Whitelaw

. . . . . a victim.



ARMAMENT SECTION



Armament Section. *Station Photo Section*



Station Photo Section

F/L Collins
The crash-and-thunder man.

Armament Classroom Gen.

In the G.I.S. Armament Classroom, Navigators are exposed to some 40 hours of instruction in armament subjects. These subjects enable the navigator to perform duties outside his normal scope should emergency demand. Air-sighting—the theory behind the ability to hit a moving target—is covered extensively. Pyrotechnics—actually 'official fireworks' — are dealt with; the famous Browning gun is stripped and explained, its secrets laid bare. The Rifle receives considerable attention. Range Estimation — first cousin to Air Sighting and of equal importance—is taught with a master's touch! (Ask any armament instructor).

Camera Obscura and Bombing Range

WHEE — EE — EE — poof!!! What was that? Why, just a practice bomb falling on the Range at Laprairie. This one landed near the Sighting-Tower and Cpl. Parsons, N.C.O. i/c Range Crew, has more cause for grey hairs. Such things are frequent occurrences there. When the story of No. 9 A.O.S.'s part

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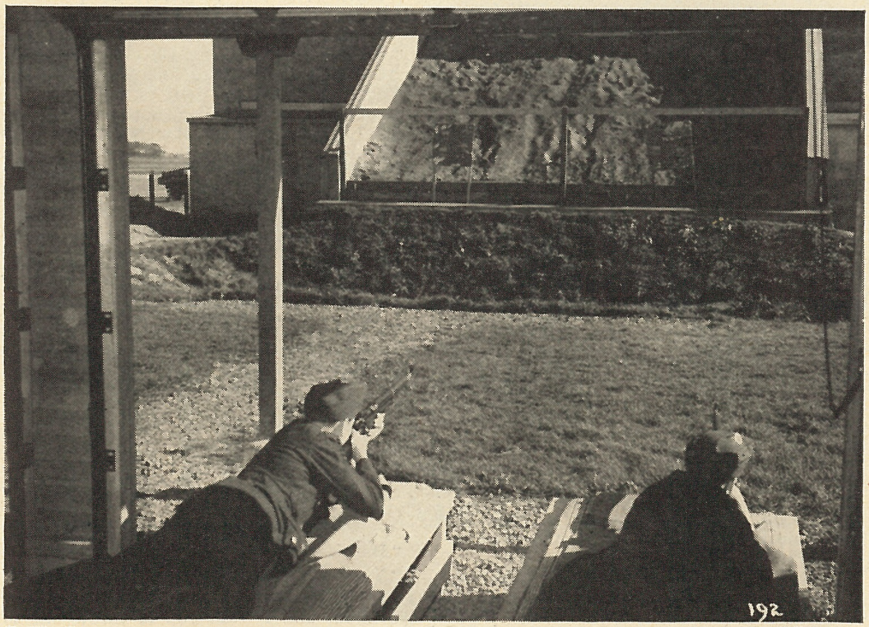


Bull's Eye. *Photo B. Whitelaw*

The following letter is reported to have been written to the Ministry of Labour:
Gentlemen: "We will be glad if you can give this man a further deferment. He is the only man we have in the department, and he has been carrying on with fifteen girls."

The cute little Section Officer entering the store accosted the male clerk, saying: "Do you have any notions in this department?"
"Plenty, but I keep them under control until after closing time."

Doctor: (examining a naval hospital orderly for advancement in rating) "What would you do if the captain fainted?"
Orderly: (promptly) "I'd bring him to."
Doctor: "Then what would you do?"
Orderly: "Bring him two more."

A la petite Cafétéria Kay — Nora — Doris — Anita — aiment à se rencontrer à dix heures et jamais je les vois se diriger de ce côté sans penser au bon temps où Marianne et Clary le faisait ce parcours, aussi Dusty et Jeannette.



Station Photo Section

in the war is written, we feel that a chapter should be devoted to the men who, night and day, plot the bombs, and have the terrors of erring releases.

FLASH!!! Camera Obscura Calling. Aircraft crowding over target!! 'Tis an old refrain, night after night in feverish haste, the ground crew at the Cam. Ob. seek to assemble scores from general chaos. Let us commend these lads who carry on, often under adverse conditions, to do this part of the gigantic job so that Freedom may ring.

Plotting Office

"That can't possibly be my bomb!" This familiar cry is old stuff to the staff in the Armament Plotting Office. A system of interrogating the Air Bombers after the completion of their Bombing and Cam. Ob. Exercises has recently been inaugurated at this Unit, and improved results testify to its efficiency. During their stay at No. 9 A.O.S., the Air Bombers carry out their Bombing Training under the direction of P/O's Moran, Sterling, and Murphy, W.O. Lundy, Sgts. Speers, Cassidy and Ross and Corporal Dash.

Aircraft Recognition

A 'thorn in the side' of many trainees, Aircraft Rec. holds a high place in any aircrew syllabus. In the G.I.S., the instruction of this all-important subject is carried on very competently by F/S's Ross and Baxter, Sgt. Chris Matheson, and Cpl. "Butch" Suddard. Butch is our latest addition. Welcome to him!! It is a tedious subject to teach, one of constantly changing information, working in dimly-lit rooms. These N.C.O.'s are doing a magnificent job. When the job is done, Aircraft Rec. Instructors throughout the Training Plan, should have a high place on the score-board of achievement.

25-Yard Range

An instituion worthy of its noble staff—WO1 Walsh and Sgt. Rothbart—carries on and makes its contribution to the training at this Unit. The handling and firing of weapons forms the bulk of its curriculum. Apart from trainees, the staff members of both No. 9 A.O.S. and No. 9 R.D. carry out their "musketry obligato" under the keen surveillance of the above worthies. If any reader should find it necessary to pass within fifty yards of the Range, don't forget your bullet-proof vest.

When the Armament Maintenance Section originated at No. 9 A.O.S. in September, 1941, there were eight Avro Ansons MK I, and four armourers to service them. Today the section boasts a maintenance personnel of eighteen, forming three pools which alternate on day duty, night duty and fortyeights.

Until recently we had been woefully understaffed, but now our staff has been bolstered by five stalwarts posted here from lengthy service on the East Coast and overseas, and everyone is happy.

We are kept busy servicing the Armament of approximately ninety aircraft, and fusing and loading bombs and flares. In spite of all this, we manage to find time for the occasional bit of 'buck-shee', and some very fine examples of plastic jewellery have been turned out by certain talented members of our little group.

We work under the capable leadership of F/L E. W. Collins and WO1 K. G. Hillier, who are responsible for the smooth running of our section, and very concerned for the happiness and efficiency of the Armament Staff.

AIRCRAFT REC?????

The flight of six had been gone five and a half hours. They were overdue. Anxious faces peered out from the Operations Room. Every now and then one would look out into the sky, and then with a sigh, go sadly back to work. This was the worst part —— the waiting. Suddenly, a Flight Louie turns his head. He listens. A smile appears on his face.

"Listen, fellas, can you hear it?"

Everyone stops working. The noise gets louder and louder and louder until a great rumble is heard overhead. They all rush out, anxious looks upon their faces. Yep, there they are. They look badly shot up. Down they come, one by one until all are safely lined up. Out they get and the Flight Leader begins to shout.

"Clark".	"Here sir".
"Jones".	"O.K., sir".
"Howard".	"Fine, sir".
"Williams".	"Check, sir".
"Smith".	No answer.

"Smith. Where the hell is Smith?"

Suddenly a small object appears from the west. Larger and larger it gets until it takes the form of an aircraft. Down it comes. Perfect Landing. Out pops Smith. The Flight Leader beams. The roll is called again. All present.

"Hurrah", shouts the F/L, amidst a series of the most elusive cartwheels ever performed. "It was a German I got after all".

To a destroyer whose lights were visible, a nearby ship signalled: "Pardon me, but your ship is showing."

Cannibal King: "What am I having for lunch today?"

Cook: "Two old maids."

Cannibal King: "Ugh! ! Leftovers again."

"Is this the janitor speaking?"

"Yes, Miss Sourpuss, what do you want?"

"I just found two strange men in my apartment and I want you to throw one of them out."

Canadian Legion War Services

Do you feel rundown when you've been hit by a steam-roller? You do? Well, banish all worries—the Canadian Legion will help you. First of all if you're even the slightest bit injured and must enter the hospital for medical attention you won't be forgotten. The Canadian Legion will supply you with cigarets, magazines, fruit — in fact, almost everything except a discharge to keep you happy.



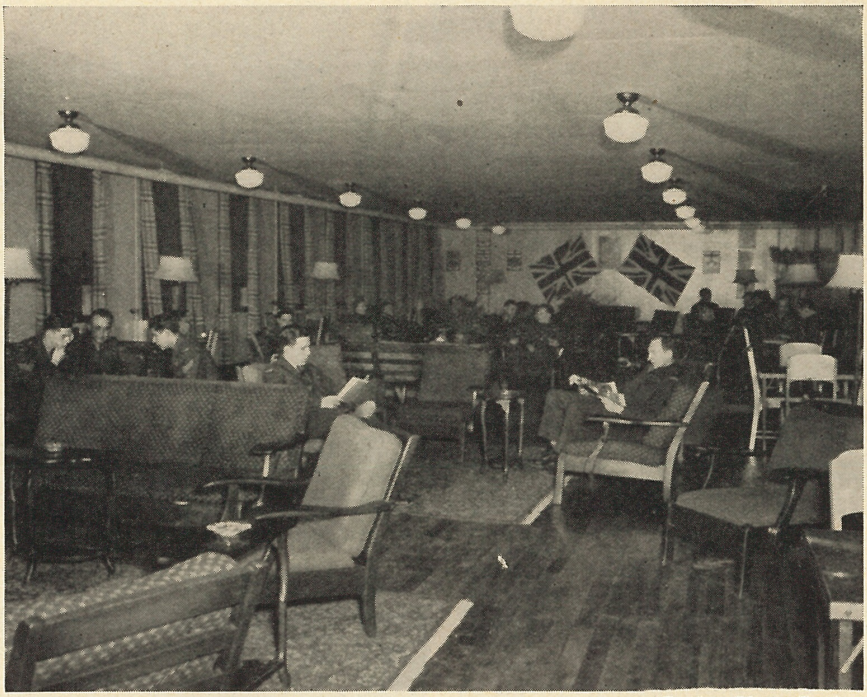
Station Photo Section

The man behind the man behind the computor. Mr. W. Rochefort, Supervisor

Then, too, maybe your watch was broken in the accident. Well then, just give it to Bill Rochefort, Legion Supervisor, and he'll see that it's taken to town, repaired, and rushed back to you in record time.

If an operation is necessary you most certainly will want to have some pictures of it for your album. The Legion will take your films in and have them developed. They love to provide this service, too—the reason being about five feet three inches tall and brunette.

It is more than likely that you'll want to wire home and let everyone know you're okay. In that case the Legion will send your telegrams for you.



Station Photo Section

Air Men's Writing Room.

And finally, when you get those two months of sick leave the Legion will be on hand to make arrangements for a happy vacation.

These are only a few of the many services supplied and it practically makes falling under a steam roller a pleasure.



Station Library. *Station Photo Section*

Started Three Years Ago

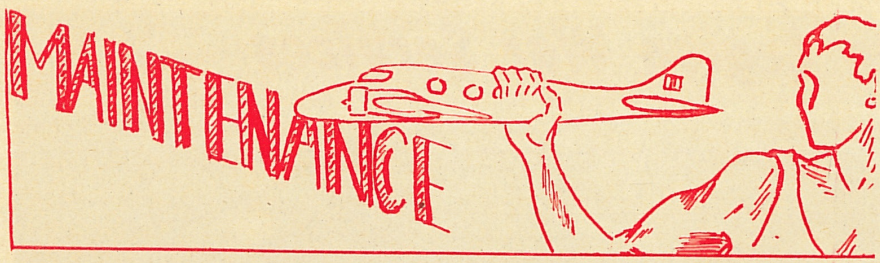
Here since the station opened in July, 1941, supervisor Bill Rochefort has nursed the growth of the Legion facilities from one chair and a table in the Adjutants office of the old G.I.S. to three modern and well-equipped rooms on the west side of the drill hall. Between those times the Legion was housed in the present R.C.A.F. stores, the bottom floor of Barrack block five, and what is now the post office.

Travelling Troop Shows

Although this is the closed season on those stage shows so much enjoyed by the personnel of Number Nine, plans have already been made to bring the first entertainment unit here in September.

In the meantime, the lounge, with its soft comfortable settees is open to you every evening. There's the radio, of course, and record for both tastes—hep cats and long hairs. About the only thing they haven't got is hostesses to hold your hand, but you wouldn't be much interested in things like that. . . . Or would you? In any case how about settling for a good book? The library has plenty of the best and you'll be certain to find anything to suit your tastes from murder mysteries to historic reviews. Plenty of Esquires, too! Or if you're still thinking about romance and stuff how about dropping the girl-friend a line in our writing room.

A sample of the type of entertainment supplied in the lounge was given by a prominent Flight-Lieutenant (well-known at Rivers), who demonstrated the subtle art of the can-can, unknowingly, under the interested and watchful eyes of four trainees, who, for fear of their lives and graduation stoutly denied ever having witnessed the rare event.



If you ever happen to be passing the Drill Hall some Wednesday evening just busy minding your own business and enjoying the keen night air, when suddenly eerie shrieks and deep rumbling sounds emanate from within, rooting you to the spot and making the very hairs on your head stand on end, don't be frightened. It's not an earthquake, but merely the Maintenance Bowling League enjoying a quiet game of bowling with four strong teams battling it out and A. Bibeau, the No. 1 Demoralizer, doing his stuff. Yes, they got off to a good start this year—the four teams being the "Hotshots" with H. Harris as captain and as deadly as their name implies; the "Happy Gang" with A. Bibeau as captain; the "Commandos" with B. Goineau as captain; and, the "Luckies" led by G. Audelin.

Not long ago the idea was conceived by promoter Harris that a challenge match be played between the Maintenance League and the Administration League, so the following friendly invitation was sent to arouse their interest:

It has been said that the alleys of Ye Olde Bowling Hall are undergoing renovation at the request of the Administration Bowling League. The main modification consists of the gulleys being moved to the centre of the alleys to facilitate better control while bowling and to enable one or two strikes to be made during the evening. There are also other added features such as wider pins, Automatic Strike Lever, which is operated by the pin boy, etc.

The contract for this work was naturally given to the Maintenance Department and every Wednesday night they undertake this job in a pleasurable fashion. They are said to strike so consistently that a deep groove is definitely being made right down the centre of the alleys and the pins are receiving such mistreatment and the renewal of the pins so frequent, that a lumber shortage is noticed throughout Canada.

To make a long story short, a few chosen members of the Maintenance staff would be glad of the opportunity to give instructions in the noble art of bowling to certain chosen members of your staff. The cost of the services rendered are quite reasonable, just some light refreshments when the class is out.

The date—Friday, November 17th, 1944.
Time———— R.S.V.P.

Of course a reply was in order and its arrival wasn't a long awaited one.

Well! Proud members of the Maintenance Department, we accept your challenge. You asked for it and BROTHER you are going to get it and GOOD!

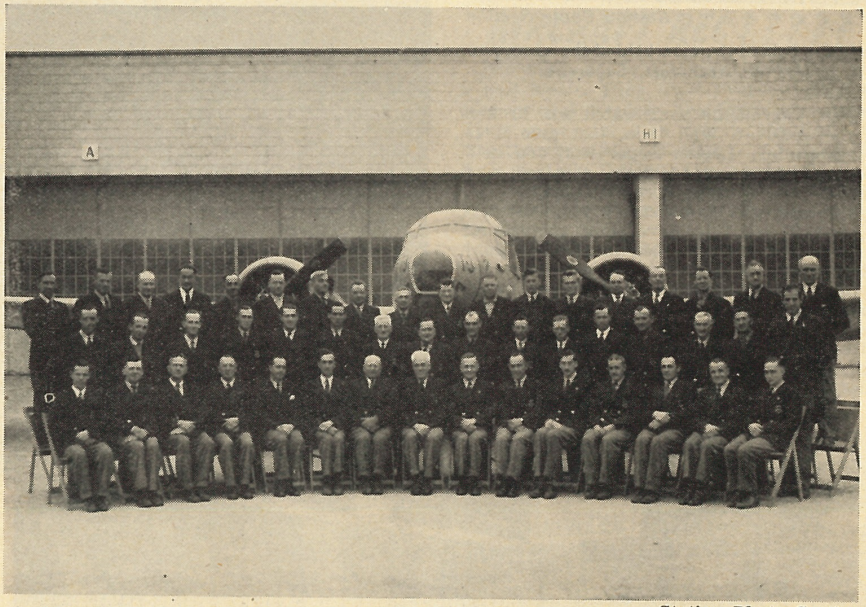
We will permit YOU to use all the devices which you claim are responsible for our extraordinary successes. We will also leave YOU the Groove in the alleys which you have dug in, in such a B E A V E R-LY fashion. If they are as deep as you say, they will provide enough space for you to crawl in after the pasting you are going to get!

After reviewing your line-up, if you feel you are "NOT" strong enough, we might even consider giving you a few pins handicap! ! Gentlemen! Please! We can almost hear you! Tut! Tut! Such vile words!



Photo B. Whitelaw

The Pin-up Boy of No. 9.



Jack Scarlett and His Station Maintenance Staff.
***All those hours* being chased by the little red scooter.**

Station Photo Section

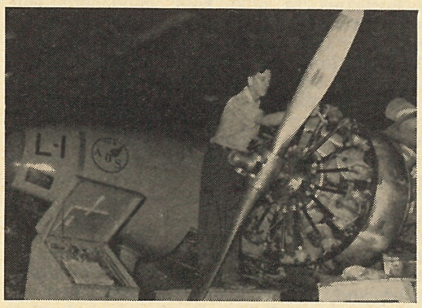


Photo B. Whitelaw

Jacques Robert keeps them tuned.

We will be on time for our appointment and we expect the same of you, if FRIGHT does not overcome you after reading these words.

After this memorable BATTLE it is suggested that we all meet in a respectable ALE JOINT in St. Johns to celebrate our success, or repent of the bragging we have so humbly put forth!

That did it, the battle was on and on Friday night, November 19th, a picked ladies' and men's team from each section really battered the pins around to prove superiority. Victory for the Maintenance wasn't a cinch by any means for at the end of the second game both teams had a game apiece obtained by very narrow margins. There was much tension during the last game when J. Lorrain of Administration, set up a terrific strike barrage that had everyone gaping despite their hoots and howls for his downfall. At this point, "Pops" Lucas and Promoter Harris whose voices had given out by now, took to pacing the floor to the accompaniment of falling pins. At this point also H. Cowan after looking over the situation, installed his built-in muscles and with his side arm twist ball, pulled through with a mere 318 to give us the edge over Administration by a few pins. Our ladies' team managed to win one game while the Administration ladies took the remaining two, thus making everything even for the night. At the conclusion of the bowling all assembled at the club "V-41" where refreshments were served. When all speech making, back patting and return match suggestions were over with, the party really got under way and all took to enjoying every minute of it.

The party was a real success. Orchids to Alec Ruce who spent the better part of the evening playing the piano.



Syd Walker and His Radio Staff. He keeps them sparking. *Station Photo Section*

Special

"PERCIVAL GREEN'S BIRTHDAY PARTY"
OR
PATSY INNIS'S REVENGE

One afternoon about a month ago, Percy in his usual teasing manner, announced that he would be absent on the morrow, as it was his birthday. We all realized that he was only kidding, but decided to celebrate his bogus birthday in the usual manner.

The following afternoon found our victim sitting down on our log-book desk, calmly smoking a cigarette and completely unaware as to what was in store for him.

At a given signal, Ben Goineau sat on his right and Wilf. Cannon on his left, while Bud Bjerstedt and Harry Harris were assigned to hold his legs. Quicker than you could bat an eyelash, Percival was on the floor firmly held. Patsy Innis assigned herself to deliver the shellacking and this she canned out with a large "Tee" square. Her face was all aglow as that was the first time she had been on the winning side of any argument. The "Tee" square was used with such force, that although it was a lovely afternoon, people swore that thunder was heard.

Percival took it all in good fun, and I honestly believe he enjoyed those few moments as much as we did.

To All Maintenance Personnel:

The holiday season is now at hand so we take this opportunity to thank each of you for your splendid efforts and co-operation during the past year. Our records speak for themselves! So keep up the good work till the end.

At this point, we wish each of you a Very Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year. May the year of 1945 bring you health, happiness and prosperity.



Major Morris and Station Police. "Who's in that taxi?" *Station Photo Section*



Photo B. Whitelaw

"Our Hearts were Young and Gay."

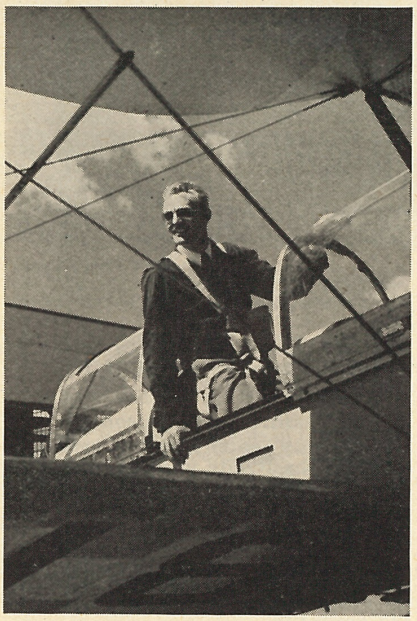


Photo B. Whitelaw



Photo B. Whitelaw

. . . . . 'til came this fateful day.

Pilots' Navigation Course

The above is a classroom scene taken at No. 9 A.O.S. of the second class of pilots to obtain the Pilots' Navigation Course given under the supervision of the Royal Canadian Air Force.

The Pilots' Navigation Course is a complete advanced training made possible by Dominion Skyways (Observers) Ltd. and the R.C.A.F. as an experiment, and is equivalent to that given to the R.C.A.F. and R.A.F. Navigators under the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan. Three classes of pilots consisting of twelve pilots each have obtained this training, but unfortunately, owing to the closing of No. 9 A.O.S. in the very near future, this will not be extended to all. This course covers a twelve-week period composed of approximately 215 hours of ground work, lectures, examinations in Navigation Theory, Meteorology, Elements of Navigation, Pre-Flight Briefing and Air Analysis, and also approximately 40 hours of Air Exercises flown as First Navigator.

Each Service and Civilian pilot requires a certain knowledge of Navigation, which is by no means as extensive as that needed by the Navigator. However, those pilots fortunate enough to have received this advanced training in such a field, feel that it was time well spent, and that it will be of great importance to them in Post-War Aviation.



Station Photo Section

Major Probert and Staff of Station Photo Section.
They know the camera doesn't lie.



Station Photo Section

WO2 Probert
Head of Station Photo Section to whom we owe so much.

Some of Uncle Sam's boys, after taking Naples, were looking at the molten lava inside Mount Vesuvius. One doughboy remarked: "Looks as hot as hell."

An Englishman mumbled under his breath: "These Americans have been everywhere."

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Prenez un "Coke"=Vous êtes avec des amis



. . . ou un moyen de mettre les soldats à l'aise

Le foyer est le quartier général de l'hospitalité, et le mot *Bienvenu* est comme le synonyme de ces trois mots, *Prenez un "Coke"*. Pour votre combattant, c'est la façon de dire *Vous êtes mon copain.* Dans le monde entier, le Coca-Cola répand la coutume de *la pause qui rafraîchit*—est devenu le symbole de la façon de se rafraîchir amicalement, pour ceux qui sont à l'arrière comme pour ceux qui sont sur le front.



"Coke"=Coca-Cola

Les noms populaires acquièrent tout naturellement des abréviations amicales. C'est pourquoi vous entendez dire "Coke" pour Coca-Cola. 684F



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