

THE

REPAIR



SCOPE

**VOL. 1
No. 3**

No. 9 REPAIR DEPOT

**JULY
1944**



WELCOME HOME, W/C HIGGINS!

REPAIR-O-SCOPE

No. 9 R.D. R.C.A.F.

St. Johns, Quebec

●
By kind permission of
The Commanding Officer
W/C E. H. HIGGINS

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EDITORIAL

A couple of months ago some of us started this magazine knowing full well the difficulties that faced us. We all realized the limits beyond which Mimeographing could not go; but we went ahead with plans and layouts. We felt certain that soon we would be given sufficient funds to PRINT our magazine — just as soon as we proved ourselves serious and able to handle the job.

That day has not yet come. Money for this magazine has to come out of the Station Fund, and this means Canteen profits. So — if you fellows want the inside of the Repair-O-Scope to look something like the Covers get in there and pitch. Buy shoe laces and soft drinks; tooth paste and paper; hot-dogs and handkerchiefs . . . we don't have to sell you on the beer!

That's one way of doing it. Buy . . . buy . . . buy everything you can at your Canteen; and, perhaps, we'll have enough of what it takes at the end of the month to produce a magazine worthy of this station of ours.

We are grateful indeed, to the Station Fund Committee for the funds allotted this month for the Cover. It gave us the opportunity to show what PRINTING can do.

The REPAIR-O-SCOPE receives Camp Newspaper Service material. Republication of credited matter prohibited without permission of C.N.S. War Dept., 205 East 42nd Street, N.Y.C.

A MESSAGE FROM THE C.O.

W/C E. H. HIGGINS

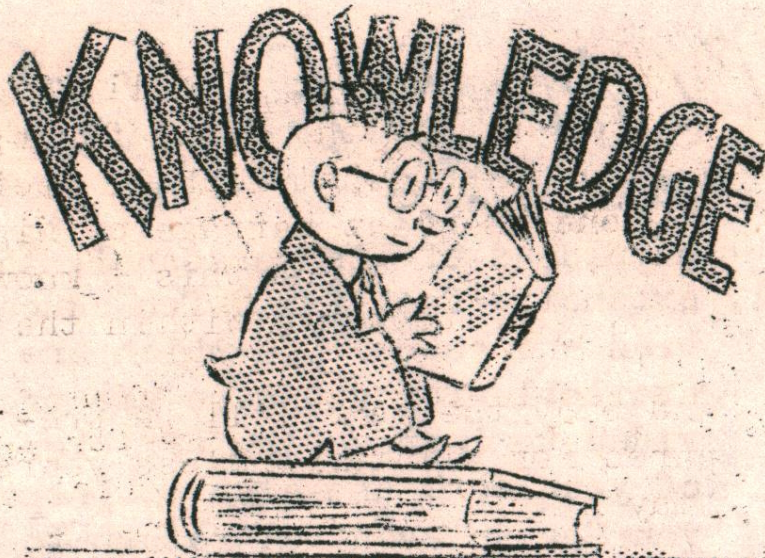
With this, the third issue of Repair-O-Scope, I wish, first of all, to extend congratulations to Flight Lieutenant Scrase, The Press Club, the editorial staff, section reporters, and all others who have contributed in any way to the organization and production of our station magazine. I have seen a large number of similar publications produced by R.C.A.F. Units, and can say without qualification that the Repair-O-Scope compares favourably with the best. Although this is a relatively new enterprise at No. 9 R.D., it has proved a success from the outset and is now firmly established as a major station activity.

A station magazine fills two useful functions, in that it provides not only a local news vehicle and a form of reading entertainment, but also a means of recreation and vocational training which is not available through any other Unit activity. It therefore deserves your full support.

The primary function of this Unit is to complete the work assigned to us in the shortest possible time, and to achieve the highest standard of quality in that work. All other Depot activities would be of purely secondary importance if it were not for the fact that the efficiency attained in any section is directly effected by the health and

happiness of its personnel. The extensive facilities for education and recreation which are available for you here are provided to improve the efficiency of your work and also to prepare you for an eventual return to civilian life. It is therefore to the advantage of each individual and to the Depot as a whole when you take an active part in these activities. Such organizations as the Press Club are of the greatest value to those who engage in its work, and I urge all of you to select at least one activity or study and apply yourself to it energetically. It will pay you a personal dividend and the entire Depot will benefit.

It is unfortunate that recent postings have deprived us of three members of the original editorial staff who were to a large extent responsible for the success of the first two issues. The ranks have, however, been quickly filled, and as you can see from this issue, the original high standard is being maintained and we can look forward to continued progress in the issues to come.



HANDICRAFTS AND VOCATIONAL TRADES

Fighting for a future should be everybody's aim; a future offering not only peace and victory but also security and opportunity for all.

What will you do when the war is won? Don't think that the question is stupid. Sure, the war is not over yet and the conditions that will then exist can't be wholly foreseen by anyone. But, what if you don't prepare to play your part in this world of men? You will never be ready then if you do not prepare now. Or do you think your task will be done and that everything should be granted to you? Be careful and wise. Behind every promise for service personnel there is your **PERSONAL QUALIFICATION**; and that will play the most important part regarding your future success and happiness.

The world is in need of men of character. Find the courage and the will-power to build yourself up to a high standard. It

will take work, sacrifice, pain. Admitted, but what of it, if you succeed? Brush up your education. Join courses of all kinds; there is something much deeper than the additional knowledge you will benefit through that. I mean all these fine qualities:- courage, energy, initiative, aggressiveness, application at work, stoicism, devotion to high ideals, broadmindedness, self sacrifice, and all those other virtues which are so vitally necessary to make your way in the world and which are to make you fighting men in the true sense of the word.

As seen in D.R.O.'s, classes are to be organized in handicrafts and vocational trades. Workshops will be open to students in the evenings.

But before setting up classes which are to be conducted as closely as possible to similar classes of the best Technical Schools and which will include a section of Theory and one of Practice, we want to know the number of personnel interested in each. We anticipate a great deal of enthusiasm and expect a considerable number of personnel to report as soon as possible to the Educational Section to express their desires and make the proper application.

There will be one condition regarding the organization of these classes: A SUFFICIENT

NUMBER OF SERIOUSLY INTERESTED AND QUALIFIED PERSONNEL.

To make sure that all facilities will be given to students and to ascertain that nothing will impede their good work and success, we take great pleasure in announcing that serious and regular students, bearing a special card from the Education Officer, will be excused, where possible, from Duty Watch.

"I do not know what I shall find
on out beyond the final fight;
"I do not know what I shall meet
beyond the last barrage of Night;
"Nor do I care - but this I know -
if I were to serve within the
fold
"And play the game I'll be pre-
pared for all the endless years
may hold".

F/O Cadotte.



CAN YOU TAKE IT

Recently a circular was sent by the Educational Department to personnel on this Depot who seemed to have discontinued courses they once began.

By talking bluntly to each person concerned, this section hoped to impress upon him the simple fact that the RCAF, in cooperation with the Canadian Legion Educational Services, is going to

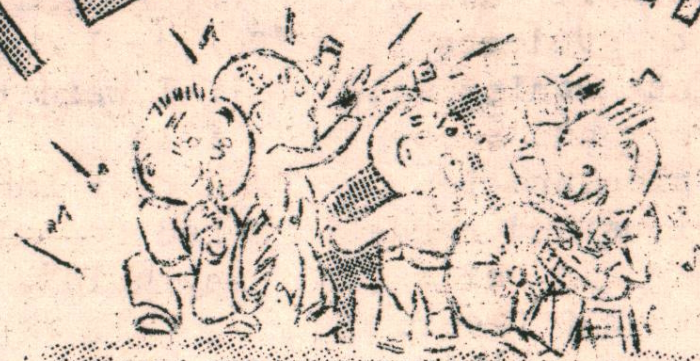
great pains to make it possible for every serviceman to brush up his knowledge, to improve his general education, and to prepare himself for his peacetime livelihood.

We want to be your best and sincere friends by telling the truth; it should not hurt so much. How about it fellows?

How about realizing plainly and entirely that, whatsoever promises have been made regarding rehabilitation, we are going to succeed and be happy only insofar as we are able to take advantage of these fine promises by outstanding personal qualifications.

F/O Cadotte.

ENTERTAINMENT



DIGGER DODGERS REVUE

In a magazine the size of ours it's not wise to spend too much on past events. An exception has to be made in this issue in regard to the station show, the **DIGGER DODGERS REVUE**.

Most everyone turned out and those of you who didn't attend don't know what a grand evening's entertainment you missed. It's playing was timely indeed, with our new C.O. there to say a few words. G/C Verner also attended as a guest and made a farewell speech. The show was presented without a hitch although to see the bedlam backstage you'd wonder how it went off so smoothly.

Full credit goes to "Alfy" Goulet for this splendid entertainment. His job wasn't easy, among other things he had to keep getting men excused from duty to attend rehearsals. Some sections were a bit leery about the whole thing, consequently all was not a bed of roses. All their doubts were washed away though after seeing the

DIGGER DODGERS in action.

There were quite a number of people who helped other than the actual entertainers who we think rate a mention here. First comes Miss Peggy Cooper of St. Johns who's job it was to teach the "line" their dance routines. Our thanks also to Mr. Lemay, the electrician, and to Johnny Bellocq of Legion fame for his grand job on the spotlights. Our gratitude to the fabric shop for some last minute alterations to part of the wardrobe and to F/S Kedey and the band for a really terrific job. Extra special mention to LAC Black, the pianist, for his contributions. He spent countless hours rehearsing the different acts and to him alone goes credit for the polish that all numbers seemed to have. There are many others too numerous to mention here. One man we can't thank enough is F/L Rankin. The show was really his baby and no man worked harder to put it over. All in all, the show was a smashing success. Let's have more of this sort of entertainment.....

Thanks to the Canadian Legion all movies in the future will be free to R.D. personnel. Each Tues. and Thurs. evening there'll be a free movie in the Rec. Hall, and each Tues. and Thurs. afternoon there will be a show at the Hospital. All pictures will be of the same high standard we've been used to in the past few months. Some pictures already booked are HAPPY-GO-LUCKY, a musical in technicolor with Dick Powell and Betty Hutton. The SULLIVANS, a story of the sea. THEY GOT ME COVERED starring Bob Hope and Dorothy Lamour. THE BRIDGE OF SAN LUIS REY, featuring Akim Tamiroff and Lynn Bari.

During the summer months, due to excessive heat, all troupe shows out of Montreal have been cancelled. This is purely a temporary suspension and when Sept. rolls around we'll be back on the two-month schedule.

BAND NEWS AND ORCHESTRA BRIEFS

The orchestra has been under a new co-operative system for the past couple of months. This new arrangement has taken a big load off F/S Kedey's shoulders. Before the new system was adopted it was his job to take care of all booking arrangements, music, and a hundred and one other minor jobs. He still heads the crew but his job has been made much more agreeable in that all work is distributed evenly amongst other members of the organization.

Sgt. Glenn has found the proverbial "Needle in the hay stack". He has found a cute little Irish colleen in St. Johns of all places. Its been hard to get any dope on her as he keeps her pretty well in seclusion. We don't blame him much, she seems too good to be true.

One of the more interesting romances on the station is that of Sgt. Rancourt and his lady love. Blackie swears he got the inspiration for his new tune from them, "Please Make Up My Mind".....

I saw two of the cub reporters tossing coins the other day to determine who was going to interview Bob (fourth tenor with the Kedey Krew) on his return from the honeymoon. Five will get you ten that the first question was "How did you like starting the honeymoon off in a lower"? Best of luck in the future, Bob.

Bob Hahn had better look to his laurels as an arranger. Benny blew in the other night with a nice scoring of Holiday for Strings and after being mauled over by the Station Local Union of Musicians (or what have you), the opinion was that it was good. By the way, how do you count the darn thing, two four or four four? Only kiddin' Benny, keep it up...

Gold notes to "Jeep" Rancourt who has started a composition of his own ideas. The boys sweated through the opening passages at a recent rehearsal and we say quote "This is a fine bit of work." Good work and good luck, Paul...

The Moth Box Mauler who spent most of his life searching for sharps and flats is now searching for one....about two or three rooms. Have you tried any places along St. Charles St. yet?

The C.O.'s remarks about musicians' haircuts on a recent inspection has shown a marked effect on the coiffures of some of the band members. First to start the cavalcade was Gerry "Short-cut" Kedey with Bernie Black a close second. Henry "Slush pump" Langdon didn't show any surprise at the new styling but he added they were sure copasetic (with apologies to any good commercial spelling book).

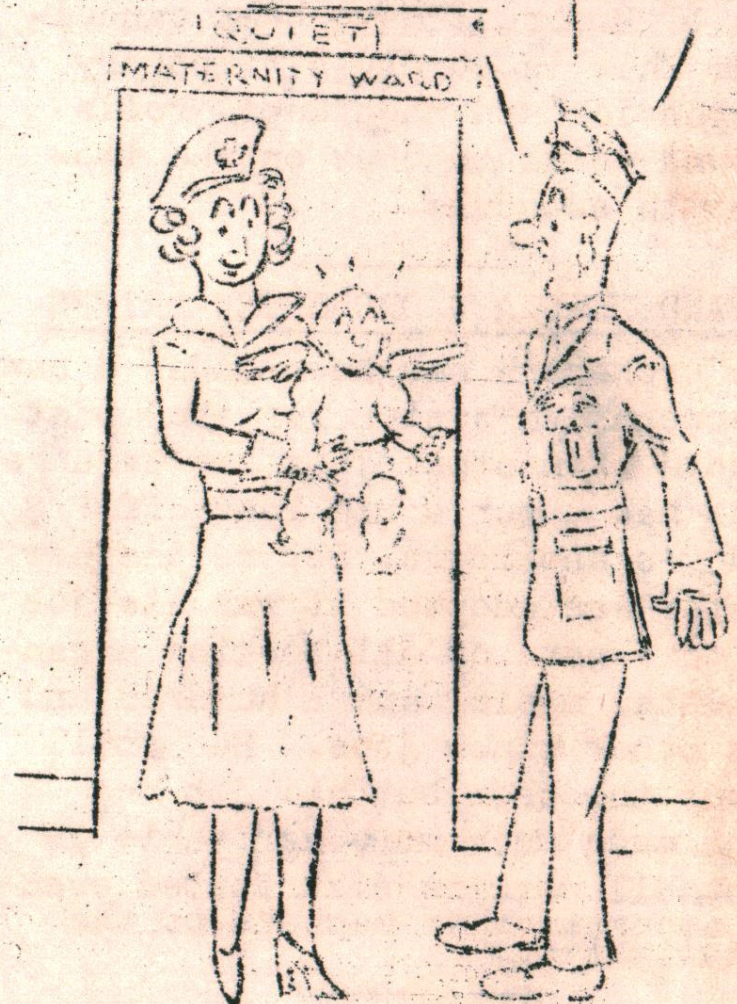
Congratulations to "Pappy Yokum" Rivers who has taken up wearing shoes again. He experienced great difficulty going around without his shoes on and countless times had to show the M.O.'s slip of exemption to the Air Force constabulary who thought he was a radical trying to do away with

the old custom of footwear. Now his only worry is how long he can wear his new shoes without having to polish them...HMMMMMMMMMMMM

What prominent slide man is skipping heart beats and REHEARSALS to be with that cute local Florence Nightingale ? ? ? ?

The maestro of the swing fourteen emphatically denies the rumour of a marital tie-up this year, or any other year for that matter. The only fair way to judge the rumour is to consult those who have seen the Big Boy at work.....

Who is the latest Drip in the band?



SPORTS

INTER-SECTION SOFTBALL

Our softball league is in full swing and heckling on the field predominates!

Plenty of good exciting ball playing and plenty of good and other kinds of ball players!

If you haven't done so as yet, there is still time to get in there and enjoy the fun.

Those who cannot represent their sections should turn out and cheer their teams on to top standing in the league.

Right now that coveted top notch is being filled by G.E.S. They've played five games and won four.

League games are played on Mondays and Wednesdays, weather permitting.

STATION SWIMMING TEAM:

Aspirants for the station swimming team should contact F/SGT. Senez at the earliest possible date to wear the colours for #9 R.D. in the coming Inter-Services and Provincial Championship Meet.

Two months remain to condition yourself.

Let's have a big turnout!

DRILL HALL PERSONALITIES

IN THIS CORNER.....introducing F/SGT. Senez, L.W.

B.P. (before posting) to #9 R.D., our most capable P.T. and Drill Instructor was attached to the Manning Depot at Lachine. Many will remember those gruelling early morning runs he used to lead from the barracks to the athletic field!

Since our Sports Officer's recent illness, F/SGT. Senez has a great deal of work to do. In addition to managing the Drill Hall, he runs the Inter-section softball league and coaches the swimming team.

He is doing a bang-up job all 'round and plans to arrange for an unbeatable swimming team to represent No. 9 R.D.

July 28th is a big event on his calendar too. The Track and Field Meet sponsored by No. 3 Training Command in Montreal will find our boys competing against the finest in the Command and we know they won't let us down!

It's up to you. Get out there and cheer our team on to victory.

IN THIS CORNER.....weighing in

as a newcomer and packing plenty of punch we introduce CPL. K. deROUX.

Originally an aircrew candidate, he recently completed his course at Trenton and finds this, his first work as a P.T.I., right up his alley.

He enjoys our station, our P.T. periods and all station activities. He has found a swell pal and real sportsman in the person of Jackie Brace.

CPL. deROUX has seen service at Toronto, Little Norway, Belleville and Lachine.

We hope he stays here awhile too!

SPORT-IN-SHORT

Thanks to Sgt. Faille and his sun-bronzed crew for a real up-to-date ball diamond - grandstand seats and all.

- X -

We have many badminton enthusiasts who are looking forward to a hectic season when cooler weather rolls 'round.

- X -

Right now the open spaces call, and with rod and bait in hand you'll find our hopefuls on the banks of the Richelieu River praying for a bite and that isn't meant as an invitation to the mosquitoes. How that pun escaped the Editor's blue pencil, we'll never know. Could be because he has dreams of being an angler too? No further pun intended!

F/S Ouellette will be back with us soon and the boys feel that a little P.T. and drill will have him ship-shape again.

- X -

This Fall promises to be the best we've ever had. The basketball courts will be ready for a big season and we're looking forward to Inter-Section and Inter-Service games.

- X -

Equipment is available for every type of sport. Use it beneficially but don't abuse it.

Play the game, and give the rest of the boys a chance to do so too by returning the equipment as soon as possible.

- X -

Wonder when those hooks will arrive for LAC Jackie Brace? And we don't mean a right and a left. He packs plenty of those and the former champ is rounding into shape for a few bouts this summer. Keep your eyes on this pugilistic prospect. We have a future big time battler in our midst.

- X -

A tense moment during the ball game between Workshops and the Hospital team:

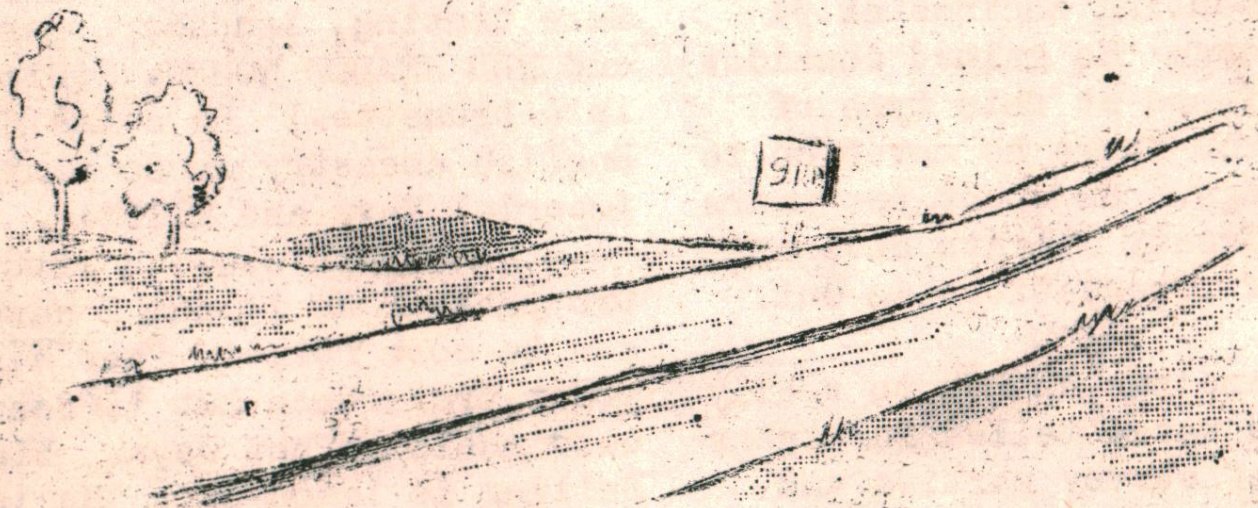
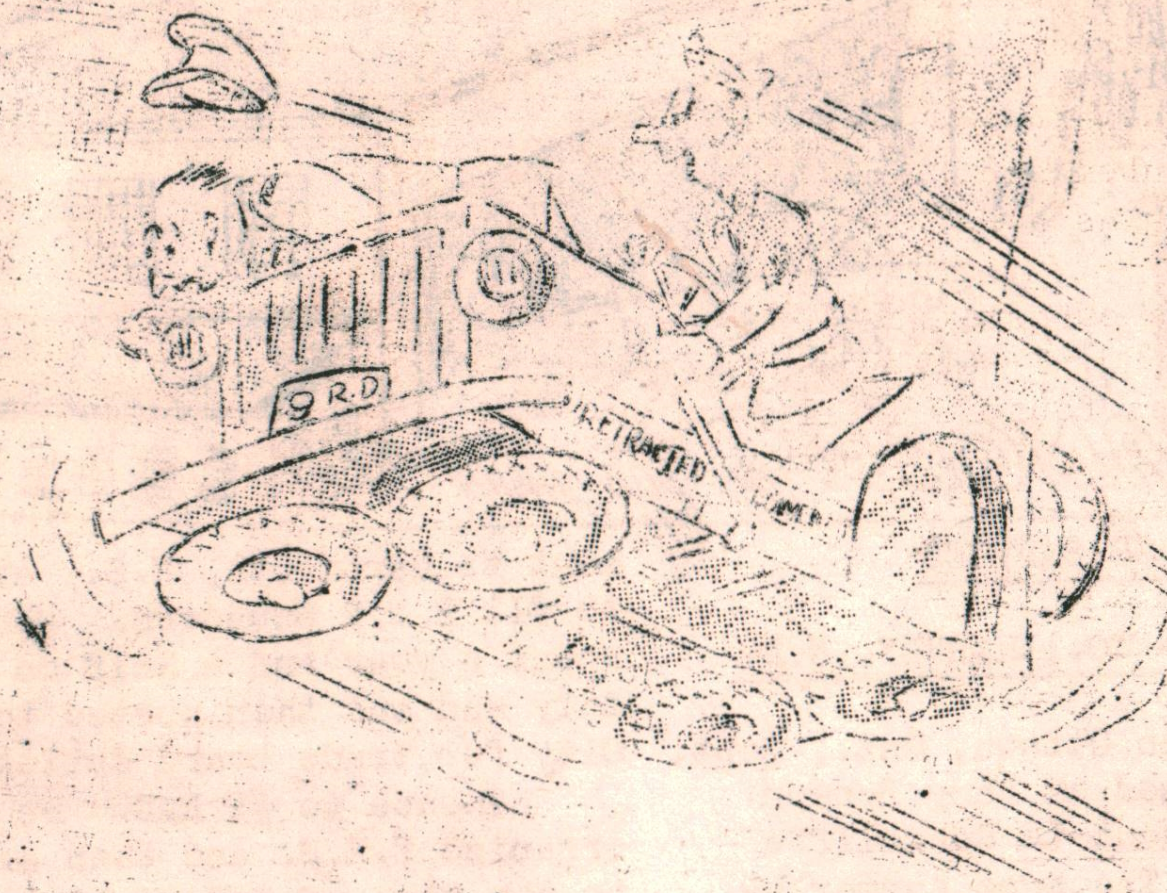
F/L Riven at bat.

The pitcher ties himself in a knot and lets go!

F/L Riven fans himself with the bat (IT'S HOT!)

UMPIRE: "Strike Three!"

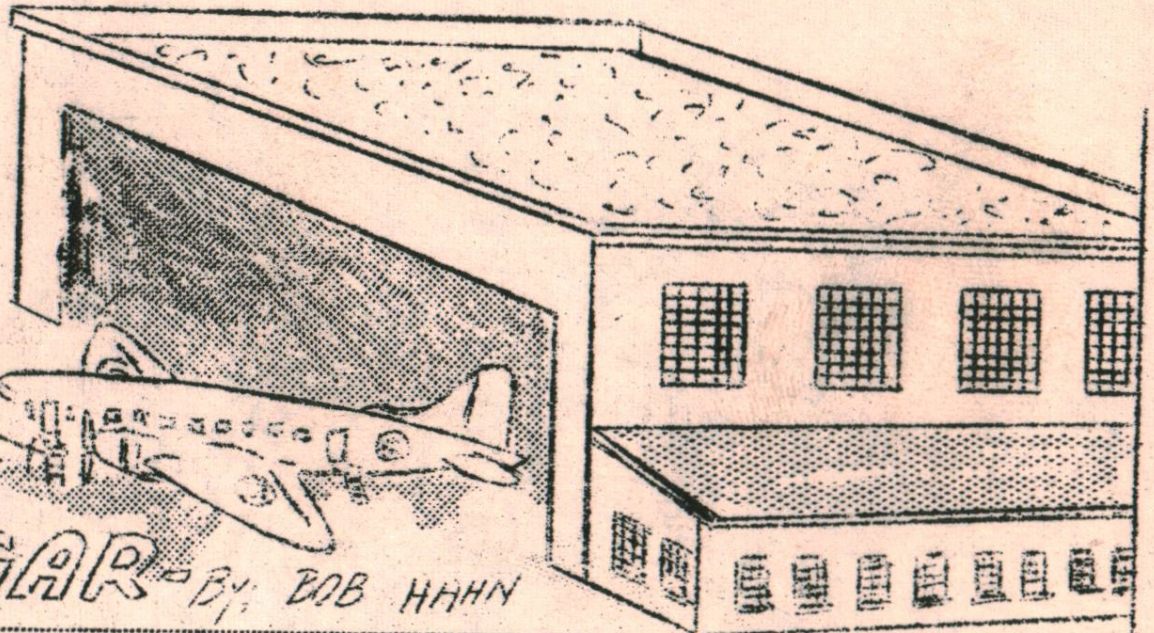
SGT. Corby: "Just you DARE to come on sick parade tomorrow morning!"



F/S NADEAU TO F/O STUBINSKA "IT INCREASES
7 MILES AN HOUR — S/L RIGGS TOLD ME
WHEN HE PUT THEM ON" — — —

HANGAR DUST

No. 2 HANGAR - BY BOB HAHN



SALVAGE SALVOES

OUR MAJOR - WO.1 HARVEY, N.E.

Enlisted in Ottawa, Ont., Sept. 29, 1929. Trained at Camp Borden and was then sent to Rockcliffe Air Station. The same summer he proceeded on aerial survey with Oskelano, Que. as headquarters for the summer months. Winters were spent overhauling engines at #1 Depot, Ottawa. He gained considerable experience at this type of work and from there he moved on to bigger things. He spent two years on Indian Treaty Flights covering most of the reservations in Ont. and Que.

Then came his chance to really travel. He was detailed for transportation of survey parties and officials back and forth across Canada. He took in territory as far east as Labrador; west to Vancouver and Prince Rupert; as far south as Salt Lake City, Utah; and north almost as far as one could go.

When war was declared, he was

sent to Dartmouth, N.S., attached to #11 B & R Squadron. Here he spent a year and a half on convoy duty and was then posted to Quebec City for trade board duties.

Thence to #9 R.D. He helped organize E.R.S. and then A.R.S. up to the time of Oxford winterization and then worked with F/L Downes to organize Salvage Section. His hobbies are photography, picture tinting, landscape gardening and RED HEADED WOMEN. (His wife is a brunette.) He comes from English ancestry whose family is Imperial Navy and Militia.

He's been W.O.1 a little over two years. He is not a hard person to cook for, in fact has no great preference but is fond of cold meals on hot days. His main failing is lemon pie. He is a real family man, very fond of his two children, a boy and a girl (Bob and Dawn). After work he roams the fields with them until bed time. Is quite reserved to those who do not know him but is really quite human at home, cheerful, jolly and witty.....

It all happened while the boys were out getting sods for the Sergeants' Mess. Sgt. Coss, one of the braver men in our section, decided he'd like to go western, so he got permission to board one of the farmer's horses. He was the first man up and the first man down. Next brave cowboy was F/S. Glover who didn't fare any better. Then, and at his own request, came big, strong, LAC Kossman. He put up a good fight but it was only a matter of seconds before he too was in the drink. Poor "Cyclone" has had his tough breaks lately, with a nasty spill off his motorcycle a few weeks ago and now this episode with the strawberry roan.

Right about the time this issue comes off the press, LAC Hickey will be saying his "I Do's" down in Millinocket, Maine. We would like to take this opportunity to wish him all the best on his new venture. May your years of married life be many and happy.....

RESERVE STORAGE SECTION - ^{By:} LAC. FREED, S.

Sgt. Lemieux's "Personnel Board System" is working so well that he has installed it in his own household.

None of his kids is ever missing for more than five minutes!

INFORMATION PLEASE!

LAC Caplan wants to know if seven days make a whole week.

A familiar sight in St. John's any evening: LAC Kane and the family struttin' their stuff.....

At the moment LAC Sandiford is about the happiest man in Salvage. A married man of only a few weeks, he can hardly wait for five o'clock to roll around so's he can get home to the wife.....

P.S. WHAT A WEDDING!

While on that Victoriaville crash, is it true that Sgt. "Smiley" Parent went 17 miles one night for something for his dan-druff? ? ? ? ?

Lady Godiva did not ride that night but Pierre our "Dashing Romeo" walked seven miles each way to gaze at his lovely Juliet as she waved her dainty lace-edged mouchoir at him from her balcony.

Wonder if "Side Pocket" Quinn has been choking it up at P.E.I. these last few days?

One good base umpire wanted. How about it Sgt. Smith?

Why do lap customers pay the same price as seat customers riding into town?

Deeds Worth Mentioning.

After three years of unsuccessful dickering, W/C McLellan has broken down the barrier between all you ball players and a diamond to play on!

This field was placed in the most capable hands of Sgt. Faille and his men from R.S.S. and in a short time they have transformed a desolate looking spot of muck and mire into a beautiful baseball diamond, so let's keep it that way, fellas.

Why are certain N.C.O.'s taking French lessons? Could it be blondes or brunettes?

No. 3 HANGAR By: AC. ROSEN, B.

THAT SILVER HAired DADDY:

A future airman made a good landing on the 5th of this bright month of June in the person of Jimmie Jr. Since the blessed eventful event "Daddy" Saunders has new love in his eyes and peace in his heart. Is he keeping you up at night, Jim? Best wishes to the Mrs. and Baby.

What is it that interests Sgt. Dunbar to visit Sgt. Marshs' family every weekend? Still fixing that radio, Sgt.?!?!?

I wonder if LAC Langstone has gotten over his two day 500 miles on a bicycle----and all alone.

Bundles of joy were delivered by the Stork Express to the

The Modification Section lost a good N.C.O. in the person of F/S Irish who has been transferred to A.R.S. Good luck Flight...

What's that burning in the Modification Section? Could it be Bullock's pipe?

QUACK! QUACK!

Best wishes to LAC R.E. Alheim who married that ducky little gal from Verdun - named (Yes Sir) - Marjorie Gosling.

We strike a serious note to welcome our new O.C., F/L R.C.C. Brown who may rest assured of our full co-operation.

homes of LAC Saunders and LAC Ellis, both boys.

Congratulations, "Daddies"!

LAC Legresley dropped in the other day wearing civilian clothes except for his Service Jacket and Cap. Reason is that Phil's house burnt down during his Farm Leave. Sorry to hear of the sad news, Phil. Get out your E-26, Cpl. St. Germain.

Who is the A.E.M. Sgt. in 3 Hangar who has his mustache shaved off occasionally with carving knives in the Sgts. Mess - using beer as a lather - only to feel sorry for himself when his wife discovers his loss of lip cultivation?

CARPENTER SHOP

We would like to say good luck to Cpl. Martindale and LAC Gould on a posting to Greenwood, N.S. We will really miss you two. Cpl. Martindale was well-known socially - lavishing undivided attention on the Fair Sex. As for Billy Gould, we still haven't met anyone who could tell us bigger, taller and better yarns. He was a walking delegate of the Lion Tellers' Union.

D.A.P.S. know him as Cpl. George, H.K. We know him as George or more commonly as "Buck-shea Kullman". Mickey, pretty Mickey, "the girl he loves", knows him as "the man who comes to dinner"----and cooks his own steaks!

Incidentally, George and his partner in crime, Cpl. Charlie S. challenge any one to a game of cribbage, in which they indulge rather frequently---you might ask George who "skunked" him last!

FABRIC SHOP

Jealousy has us all these past few months and we wonder what has LAC Sauve got that makes the girls weep every weekend when Maurice leaves for camp. Don't cry, girls, he'll be back next week - stand-to's aren't impossible.

Important:- At last the Fabric Shop need no longer take come-what-may A.F.M.'s to help her out, for now 14 new names have been placed on her list and imagine, all Fabric Workers.

What certain Sgt. is so interested in Football that he even wears his shoulder-pads under his summer tunic? Come now, Ed, why not wait for the proper season?

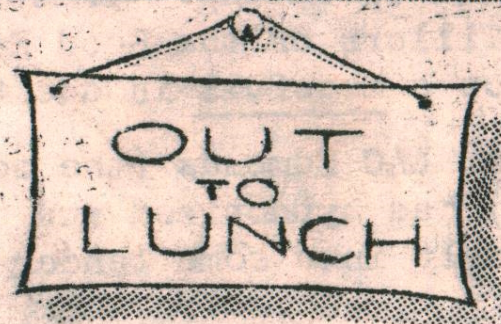
Within the very near future 9 R.D. will again be entertained by a certain championship soft-ball team who make it a point to teach the game to their opponents. Possibly, it would be advisable to change a certain R.D. coach. Red hair generally indicates quick temper in the field of Battle!

June was quite a month of surprises. Bob Knox startled us by taking the step down the aisle, while LAC's Rawson and MacGregor tell us that Sept. 2nd will be the all important day of their lives. Cpl. Holk has been talking of a highly important point of interest in Montreal. Could this be Leap Year?

THINGS WE KNOW IN 3 H.:-

Flight Lavery's cookie duster.
Sgt. (Chesty) Taylor's shorts.
LAC (Actor) Ely. (Made good too).
Minus Poochie.

No. 1 HANGAR



No. 4 HANGAR

BY:
LAC INGLIS, R.

FLASH!!!

Wedding bells peal for LAC Austin on July 15th. The Armed Forces are uniting. Peace on Earth, at last, at last!

Did you know that old stand-by, Cpl. Popowich, was kept quite busy saying "So-long" to all his girls in Montreal before he left for the West--- He ran from joint to joint attop speed.

Though his gambling days are not over, some of us "poor" fellows are sure missing that worn-out old pocket book of his.

Hoping you've taken your luck with you Pop, and we'll wish you the best, of course.

Some gentle gentlemen of our abode used chisels on the gas tank of a Hudson! The culprits are still at large with their tools, so Beware all "Fairey Battles"! Please now!

The difference between our Hangar and Works & Bricks could be that "Garden of Eden" to the rear of the Hangar. Thank you LAC's Harris & Levitt on T.D., for the numerous rows of cucumbers, radishes, beans, peas, weeds, and etc's which are now sprouting. Trusting that you "Tillers of the Good Earth" will produce a messfull in due time.

We hear LAC Edmonds (the soap-box orator) has hypnotized and talked himself into some tender and

slender clinging-vine up in Montreal. "Plenty to cling to", says Chuck.

Little did we realize till the night of the presentation of the "Digger Dodgers Show" that we had the "Beasts of Berlin" in our midst. LAC Sandler, our talented AFM, made a hit with his Hitler; and LAC "Goebbles" Glazer shot off in fine style as is his usual method. Trusting No. 9 R.D. does not suffer at their hands.

P.S.---Where is your Mussolini, F/S Granger?

Wishes for speedy recoveries are extended to LAC Brown and CPL. Dennis of our Hangar; they are both hospitalized at Lachine. They sure have been missed in our labouring Hangar.

During the last month we have welcomed back to our Hangar those AFM's and AEM's who also had "Works & Bricks" in their blood. Just remember, lads, to leave your shovels, rakes, picks and early lunches "over there", as no dirt loads come up any roads "over here".

The new form of dismissing the Flights for work - patented by F/S Ashworth is unique. You go directly to your duties from the standing at ease phase, skipping the dull business of "Attention". Please take note all Manning Pools of the F/S method.

LAC Stewie Palmer has manufactured a wonderful new wolf-call. It just goes E-e-e-e-e-e-e, and has been seen to bring the most amazing results in Montreal. He puts the Air Raid Sirens to shame, and at the same time collects the more interesting type of "Siren".
What an Airman!

That "Gable" of ours, called Derby by error, has a little old bundle of Heaven travelling straight from that foreign place called Ontario into his waiting heart. It all happens July 15th-22nd. See to it now, Derby, that Ontario carries back a good impression of Quebec with her, eh?

THINGS WE'D LIKE TO KNOW (And how)

Why doesn't Cpl. Berthiaume give us a real goose-step. Everyone knows he could do it---You aren't afraid of any Senior N.C.O. now are you, Cpl? And as for just plain Airmen---We know how we get along!

Who is that dashing young Officer who haunts the "Palais D'Or" up Montreal way? It couldn't be the objective is zoot-suits? Or could it?

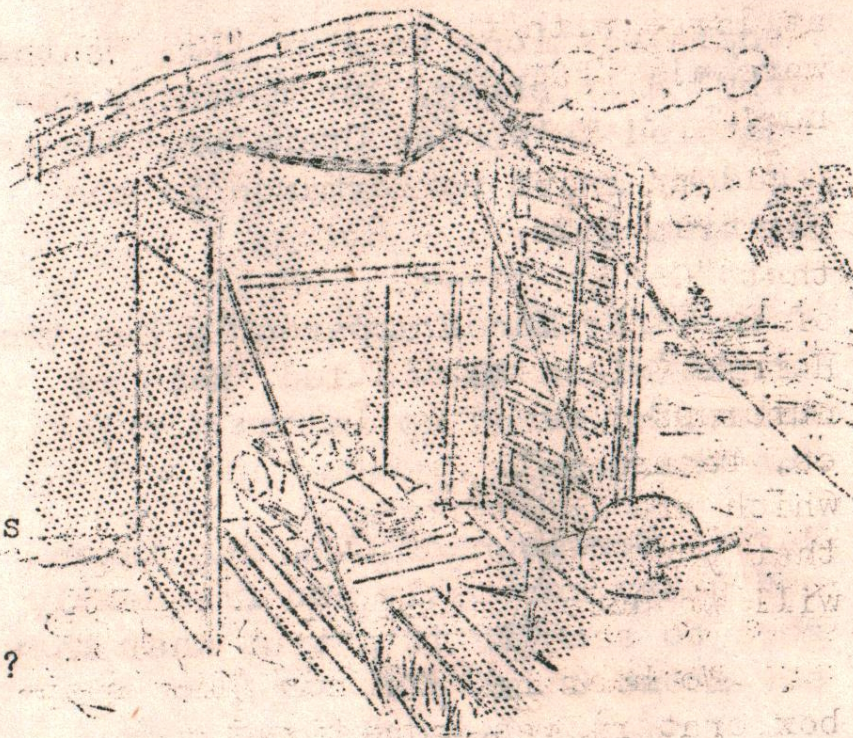
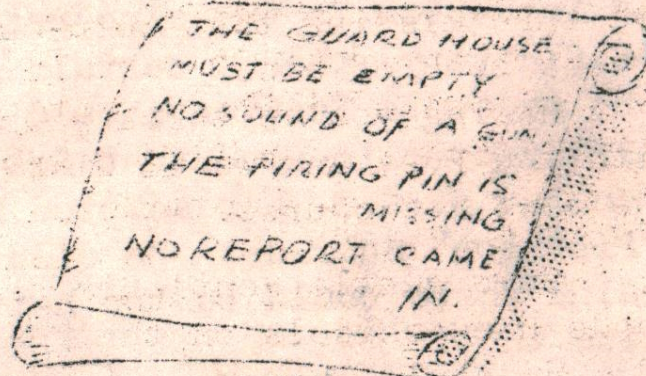
Why does LAC Smith, J. nearly always have a pattern of red streaks spread over his week-end shirts? His answer is this: CATSUP from our Mess. Is that good enough boys?

If anyone has wondered why LAC Johnny Bratus has slowed up his top speed hangar production, it's because he's been kept too

busy on the "home front". Yes, it's true----SOON!!!



SERVICE POLICE



"I hope, from now on, you'll let me do the driving without any advice from you."

HEADQUARTERS

BY:
SGT. CUTT, H.

ADMINISTRATION ANECDOTES

It was with regret that we saw LAC Irwin Davis, formerly of the T.O.R., depart for his new unit in Charlottetown, P.E.I. The erstwhile editor of the "Repair-o-Scope" was untiring in his efforts to turn out the best magazine possible and willingly devoted a great many leisure hours to the exacting task of preparing and editing our Depot journal.

If imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, then a certain F/S of the Accounts Section should feel highly complimented that Sgt. Pete Mancino of C.R. has adopted his "Flat-top" hair-do. We didn't think there could be two hair-cuts like that!

Congratulations to Fred "Mr. Weatherby" Salvisburg, our recently re-mustered Telephone Operator, for an Academy Award performance in the Station Show.

Cpl. Earle Morel apparently has two "right" sides to his bed. Rain or shine, he turns up in the morning "on the beam".

Harvey Morrison of C.R. has taken our query seriously and frequently goes to see "if it's true what they say about Chambly".

Feeling that it was high time our civilian staff got their names in print, we tracked down a couple of them and secured the following data on:

MRS. ROSEMARY BROWN -- Our efficient Orderly Room stenographer hails from Jarvis, Ont., but was educated at Simcoe High School in Simcoe. After graduation she was employed by a firm in Hamilton, then went back to Jarvis to work for No. 3 B.G.S. of the R.C.A.F. there. And it was at that unit she met Sgt. Jimmie Brown (of the T.O.R.). This was an important event in Rosemary's life, because later on she married him and came to St. Johns to live. In addition to her duties at No. 9 R.D., Mrs. Brown finds time to keep house and also indulge in her hobby of writing poetry and illustrating it herself with skill.

What Corporal (who shall be nameless) has been having zipper trouble?

Central Registry's Norm Austin seems to be spending quite a lot of time these evenings over at "The Farm". Norm used to work for a seed company when a civilian. Could he be sowing a few wild oats?

The long-awaited wedding of the O.R.'s Sgt. Ken Belyea finally took place in Montreal on June 3rd, and was a highly successful affair. Much of the credit for this goes to the best man, Bill Spady of C.R. Bill, for once minus his drum, supported the groom nobly and unflatteringly produced the ring at the required moment. Ken has joined the "Commuter's Club", and along with LAC Nathan Caplan, travels between St. Johns and Montreal nightly.

BY THEIR WORDS SHALL YE KNOW THEM

"Do you think I could get this typed?" - WOI Bonshor.

"I'm going down to the Accounts Section". - Eric Thompson.

"Can I have the conduct sheets for....." - Hymie Fuxman.

"What an awful sunset"! - Phil Aziz.

"You're not gonna..... nyare yuh?" - Rog. Auger.

"Oh, I'm going mad"! - Ken Belyea.

"Is Sgt. Thompson around"? - S/L Marshall.

"It's not signed yet". - LAC Caplan.

"Are you being looked after"? - Hank Cutt.

"Can I use the typewriter in here"? - Gus Lyle.

"Well, it's been a busy day". - Elmer Morris.

EQUIPMENT.

GIMME - GIMME - GIMME

The demands our Equipment Section gets are many and varied - sometimes unusual such as Left Handed Monkey Wrenches, Hammer Stretchers, 10 lbs. Tarmac, 1 gallon Airscrew Pitch, Red Paint for the last post, etc.

The uproar and din continue all through the day and as the Sun slowly sinks in the west, the day's work is done, and the Equipment Assistant slowly plods his weary way to the Airmen's Mess to have his usual supper of T-Bone steak smothered in mushrooms, French Fried, and beer - What am I saying, or is it all a dream? It must be for it can't happen here.

PERSONNEL AMONG THE "GIVE OUT"
BOYS

Flight "Sport" Radigan---He loves games---but he won't tell which he likes best---but we can suspect, can't we! Being an Equipment man, the Flight has become so accustomed to giving that while on leave last month he even bought oats for the horses and the more he bought - the more they ate - the fatter they got - the slower they ran - It's a vicious circle. Dorothy Dix says "Put them on a Diet". Incidentally, this only applies to the horses and not to the Sgts.' Mess of which the Flight has just been elected Secretary---

SEEN AND HEARD

Asked John Senecal what he thinks our title sounds like, and he replied "Sounds like my wife".

-X-

Equipment men very deeply touched to the tune of Two Dollars for tickets to the Equipment Banquet.

-X-

LAC Roy strolling down Richelieu Street with a Brunette, (Gentlemen prefer blondes) remember Roy "Give out" but don't "Give in".

-X-

Jimmy Borland, the grey haired maestro of the Ping Pong tables, making a left hand turn in the Mess Hall and getting a bawling out from Cpl. Goldman who happened to be directing traffic. Guess it's more drill for you, Jim.

-X-

Blessed Events.

The Equipment Section anticipating cigars from WO.2 Falls and Cpl.'s Gordon, Goldman and St. Germain who are infanticipating. Will vouchers have to be raised to cover Incoming Shipment? And will they go through the accounts, we do mean Bank Accounts? Will our Major be the first to pass out cigars? Follow this thrilling serial in our next issue.

-X-

LAC's Bombardier, Metzler and Dacoutoux running up and down the tarmac for not knowing right from wrong (or should we say, right from left?).

-X-

Who is the Corporal whose favourite expressions at work are "Oh Gosh". "That's bad". We believe that Joe Vaillancourt was thinking about the "Gaiety Burlesque" he saw last week but on enquiry he was only checking demands from different sections. Joe says he believes in higher education for some of the airmen who make out demands - he would teach them to read and write.

-X-

SOFT MUSIC for "Zoot Suit" Tailleur who was wounded in the baseball battle between our station and the Montreal girls - what a beautiful shiner - he thought it was a bomb but it was only a base-belle.

"Zootie" expects to be decorated. We say he has been already - and very colourfully too.

-X-

CONGRATULATIONS and best wishes to Miss Aline Blais - stenographer at Tech. Stores who is celebrating Dominion Day by strolling to the Altar. - Aline shyly admits that it's nice to draw pay from the Air Force but nicer to be supported by the Army.

-X-

Is it true that F/O Darby is going to make station Sgt. Majors out of the Equipment lads in six weeks time??? We wonder too!!

-X-

Our good natured, smiling discip., Cpl. St. Germain, with a 12 inch ruler on the parade square measuring the distance between the lads' heels while standing at ease----- Now, we've seen everything.

"The Brow" who presently is filling Dick Tracy's comic strip, was modelled by our own Cpl. Abramson, who at the present writing is on leave, I'm lucky he's away, honest I am. Where have I heard that before?????????????

-X-

Mort Goldman, our indispensable corporal, (it's spelt right) has had his hands full these past few weeks, the reason being, "The Brow" on leave. (After that crack I'll either get two bits from the boys or two hits.)

-X-

Our hats are off to F/S Rotar and Sgts. Simmons and Willis whose cooperation in the Repairable Section has made work easier. Are so far doing justice when singing. What say, Bill and Joe?????

-X-

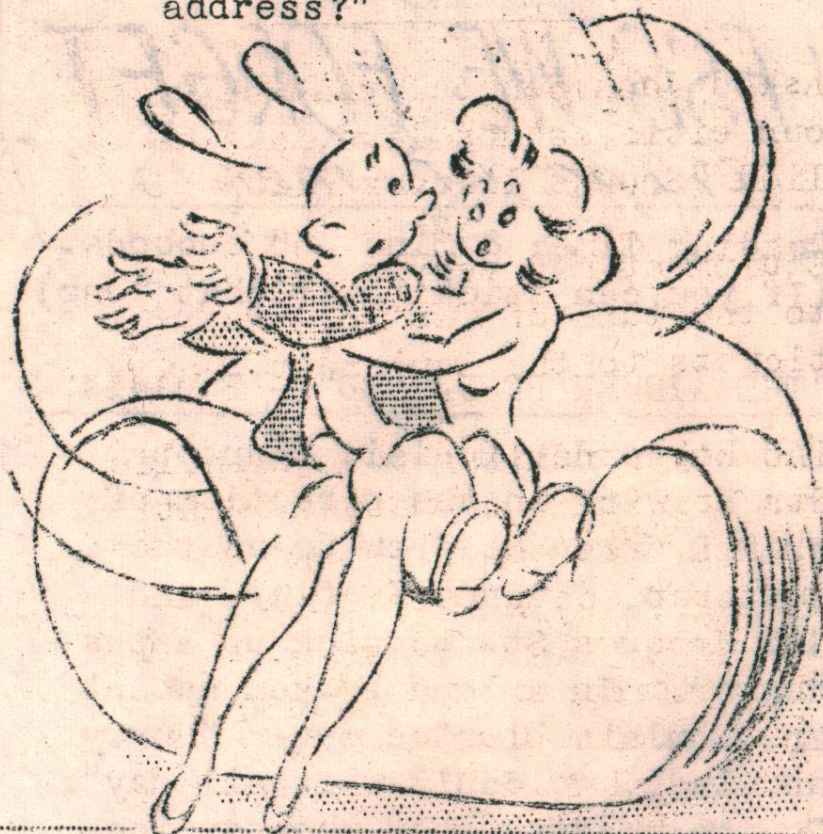
The lad with a title for a name, LAC Duke, has been seen lately flashing that long greenstuff with the short future. Been playing checkers lately, Duke?

-X-

The "onco of Repairable's I & R is Cpl. Bill Gordon, who certainly keeps his boys in check. Yesterday he was seen starting off the day by typing the ankle of Lachapelle to Lafrance to Duke to Eisenburg and keeping a firm eye (his good one) on George Atkin. Your A.C.1 paid should appear in D.R.O.'s any day now, Bill.

-X-

"Still think you had the wrong address?"



HE WAS THERE

Yes, he was there in '41 & 2 & 3
and more

When half the world gripped by the
Hun, writhed in a total war.
He marched against the barbarous
foe.

On land, on sea and in the sky,
He fought and matched him blow for
blow

That Freedom wouldn't die.

His heritage was shot and shell
His youth spent on the field,
His future life through boundless
Hell,

His job - a sword to wield.

Yes, he was there in '41 and God
was his ally,

He marched against the warring Hun
and Freedom didn't die.

Anonymous.

"LESS" WE FORGET

By LAC. KRAMER J.

Reading Time: 8 mins. 35 seconds.
(If you can stick to it that long)

"THE AIRMEN BE JAMMED" - Boulais.

The other day Boulais Transport was driving in the direction of #9 R.D. when he drew up at the corner of Jacques Cartier and St. Jacques St. to pick up a passenger. In a loud broken accent Mr. Boulais blurted out: "Hurry up, lady, we can't wait all day". To the amazement of the sardine-packed airmen within, an indignant female voice inquired: "Can't you wait till I get my clothes on"? All the airmen got up as one to stare out the windows only to see a young lady get on with a basket of laundry.

WHY AIRMEN GET GRAY.

It was the day before a Wing Parade and there was a long line-up of airmen in the Barber's lounge. A black pup, often seen wandering around the Headquarters Building, was sitting comprehensively gazing at the barber. One of the airmen waiting his turn politely remarked: "Your dog likes to watch you cut hair, doesn't he"? "It ain't that," the barber snapped back, "sometimes I snip off a piece of ear". (This advertisement was not solicited.)

FAULTS IMPRESSIONS.

It was the 15th of the month and as is the case on every pay day the V-41, one of the high spots in St. Johns, was filled with airmen. Two elderly gentlemen, sitting behind their beer, eyed the airmen enviously. "Clarence", one remarked to the other, "I think the Air Force is making a big mistake not taking us older married men - we're well disciplined, seasoned fighters, who can go days without decent food".

BEHIND THE DIAMOND.

It was 9 R.D.'s third game with the Army on Station Grounds. The score was 2 - 2 and the tension was very great. The greatest crowd that ever turned out for any of our games was assembled around the diamond. Then suddenly Corporal Useless was seen on the field. The crowd went wild. Nine hundred voices were urging him on. He knew he must not fail. He must save the game - for dear old No. 9 R.D. - for the boys he couldn't let down, and for her! He must save the game. He must, he must! Every eye was upon him now. He couldn't fail. And then, from nine hundred throats, came a mighty, a triumphant roar! Corporal Useless had done it. He had saved the game! Where all others had failed, he had looked under the bush in the outskirts of the field and found the ball. The game could go on!

LIGHT UP AND LISTEN.

Everyone will long remember the dinner party which took place in the Officers' Mess before the departure of G/C Verner, June 14th, 1944. It was a sight never to be forgotten! The beautiful chandeliers, the soothing music, the "well-groomed" officers, their lavishly gowned women with their bracelets and earrings and necklaces of precious stones. Eight Acey-Deuceys were invited too - to lay the food on the table. And then suddenly - the lights went out! Pitch darkness! For an instant, Mrs. Verner had the feeling that somebody was hovering near her, and then - as suddenly as before - the lights came on again. It took but an instant for her to verify that her intuition had been correct. She screamed, and pointed at the sugar bowl. It was empty!

HE'S HERE AT LAST.

In the silence of the early morning, two airmen could be seen pacing hastily to and fro in the back of the old canteen. One was carrying a lantern to light up their path as it was only about 5:30 in the morning and it was still rather dark outside. "I don't like this", muttered Len. "If anybody were to discover us at this time of morning!"

"Sh!" hissed Howie, "You keep on looking in that direction and I'll do the watching on this side!"

The tiny beam from Howie's dark lantern threw an eerie light on the macabre scene.

"I'm telling you it gives me the creeps," insisted Len, "and besides if it was to turn out you were wrong--"

"I'm never wrong" whispered Howie. "Look! Didn't I tell you? His index finger pointed to a distant approaching object. He was right --- Meunier was coming.

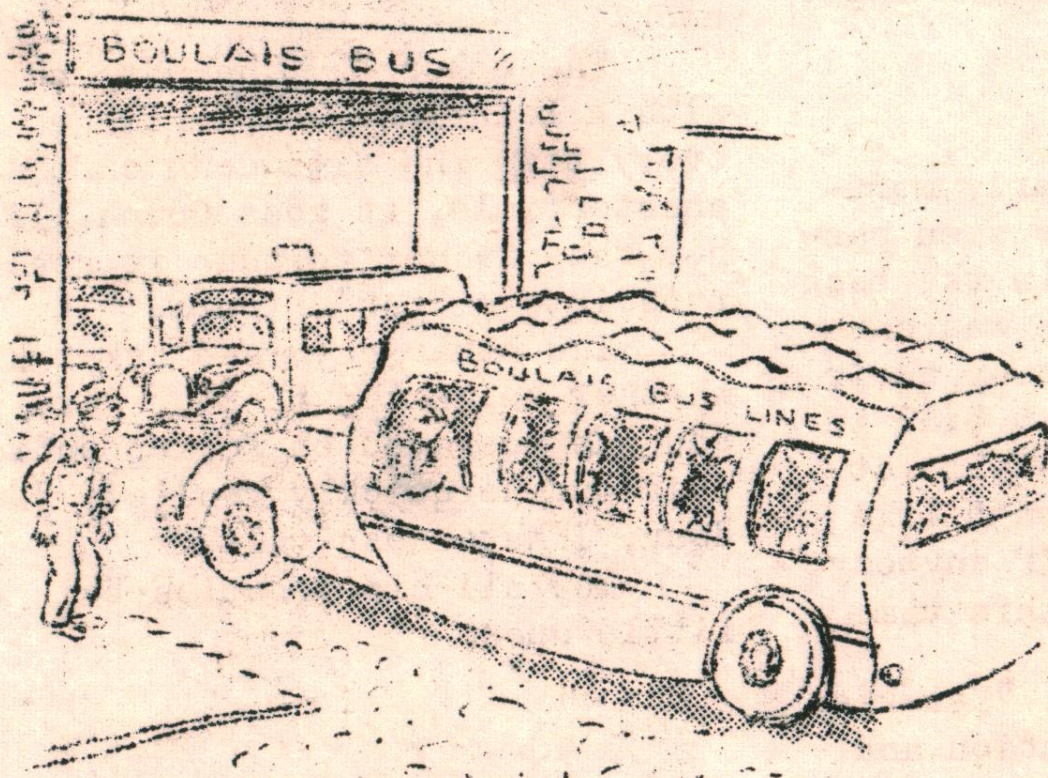
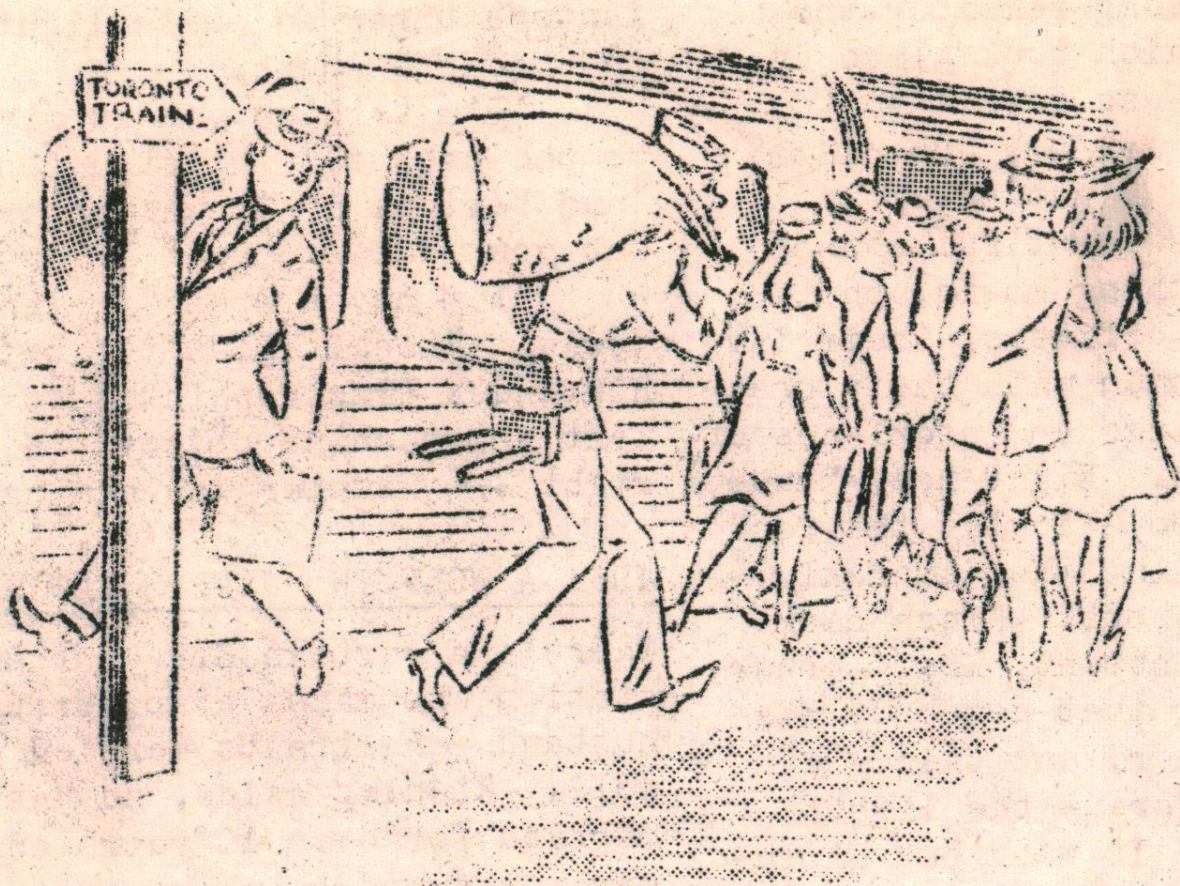
JUST A WOLF IN "JEEP'S CLOTHING.

There's a certain S.P. on this station who makes a wonderful husband - he treats married women well. Kidding aside, he has been married for over 10 years and has never stopped being romantic. Of course, if his wife ever finds out about it, she'll break his neck.

The other day, he was out with a beautiful oomph girl - every time she sits down on the chesterfield, it goes Oomph. If her face is her fortune it really runs into a "fat" figure.

The other day, she asked him whether he wanted to see where she was operated on for Appendicitis and he quickly replied: "No, dear, I hate hospitals."

May all his troubles be little ones.



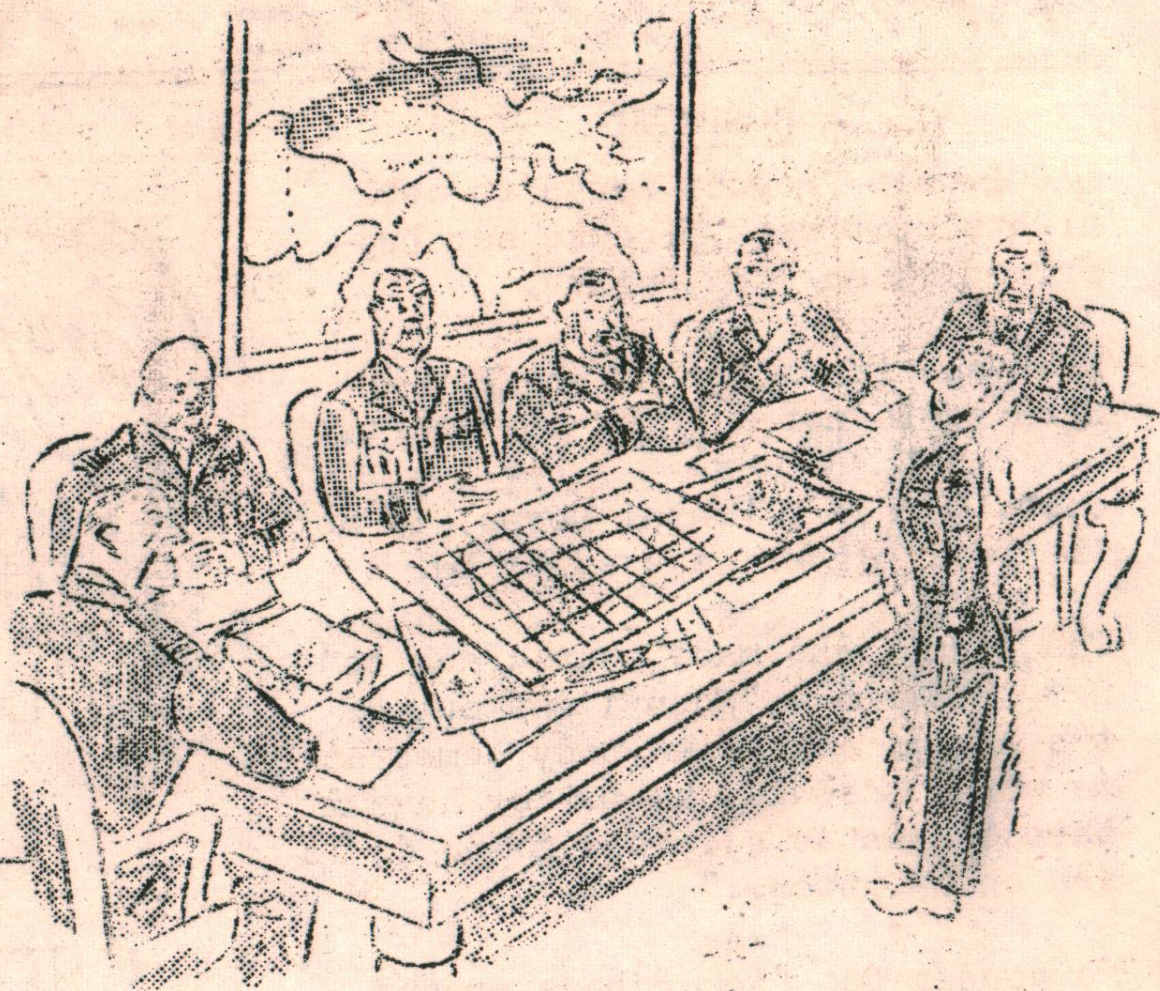
"Boy, I sure packed them in today."

REPAIR-O-SCOPE

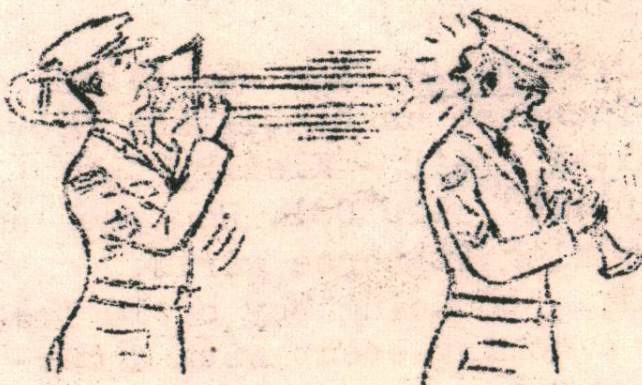
No. 9 Repair Depot
St. Johns, Que.



"I have some very bad news for you---"



"Speak freely, LAC McNeely, - we called you in to get the viewpoint of the man in the ranks."



NINARDEE - NEWS...

HOSPITAL

LAC Bernie Provost wants to work nights next week because her boyfriend is on "day shift".

-X-

Everyone is wondering why F/L Bernard is not wearing his shorts.

-X-

Capt. Bernier, Dental Corps, is not the ball player he used to be.

-X-

The airmen who made that crack to Sgt. Haworth - "When I get out of the Air Force, if anybody comes at me with a needle, he better have it threaded cause all he's gonna do is sew on a button."

-X-

No wonder the flower beds around the hospital die - Sgt. Haworth and Cpl. Hambrook dig all the worms out of them - but they never bring any fish back.

-X-

"I wonder why they all come Monday on sick parade and not on Friday" says "Doc" Kletsky.

-X-

War hysteria will cause the birth rate to increase as statistics prove the hospital staff - Kletsky a "petite fille" also Cpl. Hambrook and Kosti - making it three girls.

J. Menard, a bouncing boy of 10 lbs. And it's a coming event with a certain Sr. N.C.O. at the hospital.

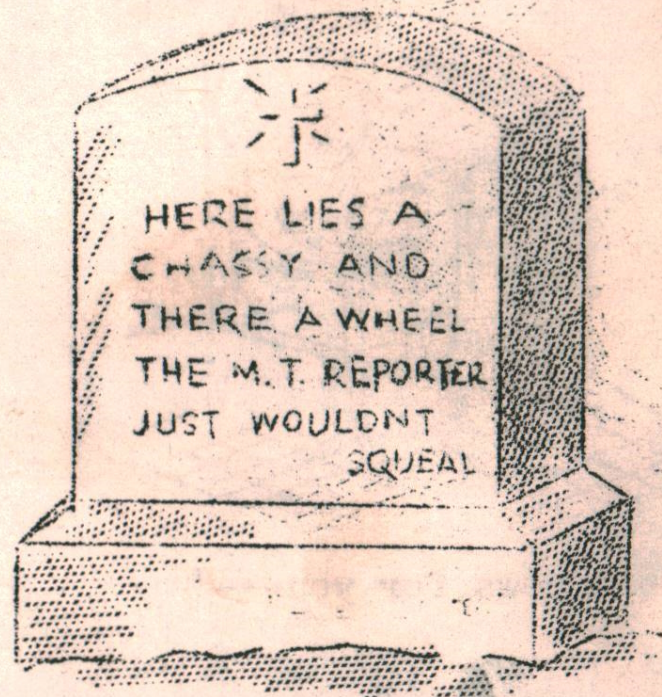
-X-

Junior is back in the groove again after a 14 day leave with a worried expression on his face. What's up?

Congratulations

W/C McLELLAN
ON THAT BROADER
MIDDLE STRIPE

M. T. SECTION



INITIAL INSPECTION OF D.I.S.

Our O/C, F/L Brown, a "Great man". Noted as an ardent sportsman he keeps his boys in trim punching a "clock" daily.

-X-

WO.1 "Knobby" Clark, a good egg, has a weakness for young "chicks". We hear that he is now starting a poultry farm. We hope that he checked them first especially if he wants results.

-X-

Congratulations to Tommy Sullivan. June the 13th begins a life for two. Montreal is now "Out of Bounds". Those Zootsuits, we hear.

-X-

The band is playing a lot better since Eddie Lord has got the hair out of his eyes.

-X-

Wonder why "Cockpit" Mosher was mowing the lawn at 6:15 A.M. the day after his wedding. "Green as Grass".

-X-

We are smartening up, "Dad" Dent. Anyone who can put the Black ball in the side pocket doesn't need those exercises for the near blind in Montreal.

-X-

Cpl. Cork is looking for a sign painter to hang up his shingle that he is now in the leather goods business.

-X-

Sgt. Jack Jospe's version of highway robbery is anything that costs him more than a nickle. Thanks for the "plug", Sgt. Gordon.

G. E. S. (INSTRUMENT SHOP)

Our new O.C., F/O Gifford, comes to us with a long and fine service record. Mr. Gifford has seen fourteen years service in the R.C.A.F., and has served at St. Hubert, Moncton, Arnprior, Montreal and St. Johns. We take this opportunity of welcoming him as our new O.C. and wish him continued success in his new post.

THE BEST WE'VE SEEN IN G.E.S.

"Farmer" Bacchi pattering about his Victory Garden.

Dave Mintz as a singing Air Marshall.

"Hoppy's" graceful tumbling at the P.T. sessions.

"Mac" and Kay singing the praises of Rockcliffe.

THINGS WE'D LIKE TO SEE IN G.E.S.

A job that "Handy" Massie couldn't handle.

"Pat" Schwartz and "Mike" Azimov not arguing.

"Flakky" Brouillette buy his own coke - Just once.

"Maggie" and "Skelly" on those famous motorcycles.

Sincere sympathy to Hank Campagna on the recent loss of his Mother.

P.S. If I don't mention that the N.C.O. i/c is F/Sgt. Horman, D.H., I am off to Gander. So here it is.

BLACKIE.

E. R. S.

By:
SGT. LANGDON, H.

With the advent of Spring has come many of the delights which appeal to us all, particularly those of us possessed with desires for romance. Such are two of our Cpls. who have found a rather rich hunting ground for the charms of very interesting companions sometimes encountered in St. Johns.

Keen competition now exists between these fellow rivals, and now that one of them is on leave, it has left the other in absolute control of the situation. Gloating at his good fortune of being surrounded by a choice of the best of companionship the town of St. Johns has to offer. Romance is so sweet in the Spring.

Our personnel have been very fortunate of late as in a few cases there have been a number of blessed events. The procession of such events was led by none other than our O.C., F/L Rankin, whose household was blessed by the arrival of a baby girl. There is evidence of much contentment on the part of the O.C., indeed, for today he is truly a man. We are happy to hear that all is well and that Mrs. Rankin and baby are doing nicely.

Adding to the list of blessed events reported to date, LAC Dix

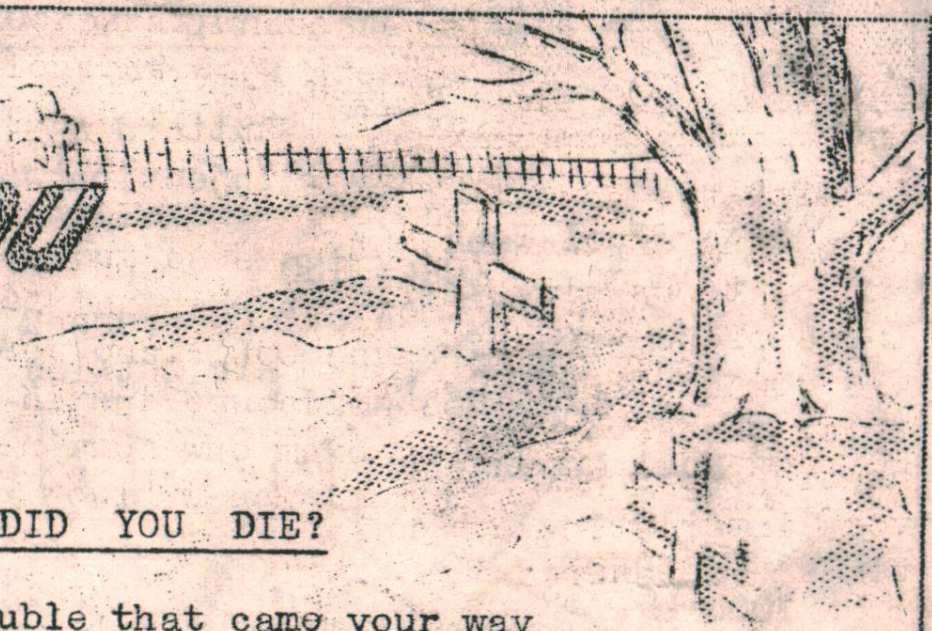
has contributed his share, for he too boasts of the visitation of the Stork to his household. It is indeed fortunate that the Stork was a lot more successful in its operation than it was at the night of our gala station show "DIGGER DODGERS", in which LAC Dix's engineering failed to produce the desired results...The Stork should be very busy in the future if all goes well according to the plans of F/S Boucher and LAC Ilovitch. These men will soon be married. F/S Boucher plans to embark on his matrimonial venture on July 24th.

LAC Ilovitch should do very well indeed if he is not further incapacitated by his lame shoulder so as to prevent affectionate embraces of his delightful one, a rather charming person.


In thinking of the exotic delights which are in store for all those venturing on the Sea of Matrimony, LAC Hunt has apparently been inspired to a point of acceptance, and though he hesitates to announce his full intentions at present, he infers that his journey on the Romantic Sea of Matrimony can be considered as very much pending. Time will surely tell!

HOW DID YOU DIE?

HOW DID YOU DIE?



Did you tackle that trouble that came your way
With a resolute heart and cheerful?
Or hide your face from the light of day
With a craven soul and fearful?
Oh, trouble's a ton, or trouble's an ounce,
Or trouble is what you make it,
And it isn't the fact that you're hurt that counts,
But only how did you take it?



You are beaten to earth? Well, well, what's that!
Come up with a smiling face.
It's nothing against you to fall down flat,
But to lie there - that's disgrace.
The harder you're thrown, why the higher you bounce
Be proud of your blackened eye!
It isn't the fact that you're licked that counts;
It's how did you fight - and why?

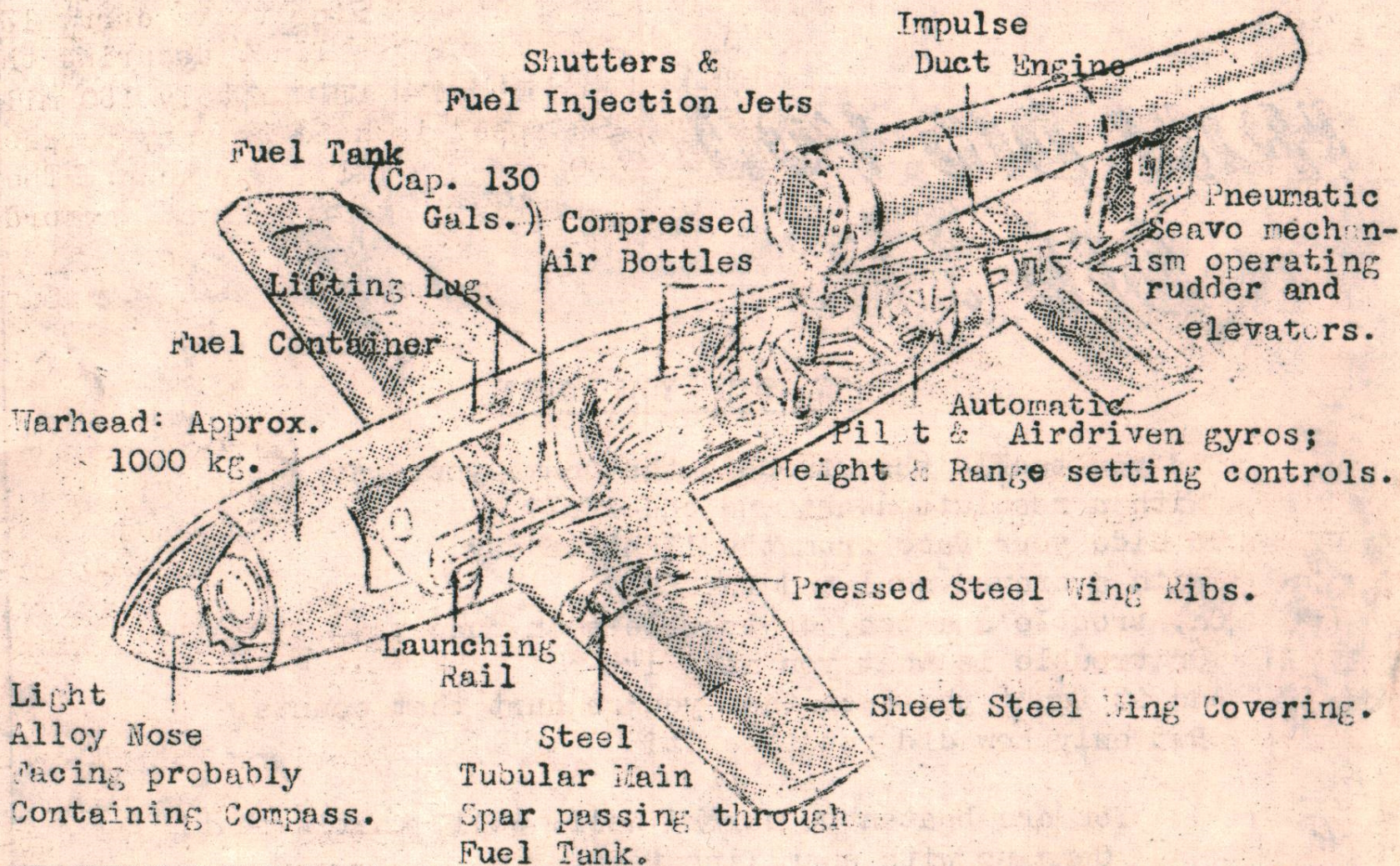
And though you be done to the death, what then?
If you battled the best you could,
If you played your part in the world of men,
Why, the Critic will call it good.
Death comes with a crawl, or comes with a pounce
And whether he's slow or spry,
It isn't the fact that you're dead that counts
But only how did you die?

(Edmund Vance Cooke)

From "Impertinent Poems"

THE DOODLE BUG

A BRITISH CONCEPTION OF THE NAZI FLYING BOMB.



"A Provisional Sectional Drawing of Hitler's "secret weapon".

TWO MAIN TYPES

Two distinct types of crewless planes are most frequently identified among several in use. One is square-winged with an overall length of $25\frac{1}{4}$ ft. and a 16 ft. wing span. Other variants include some with 18 ft. wing span and others with a 30 ft. wing span and proportionate lengths.

They are all metal construction. Just behind the robot's nose is the so-called warhead containing some 2,200 lbs. of high blast effective explosives.

If clicking normally, the air torpedo flies a straight level course. But if certain parts of the robot are hit, the whole contraption goes ga-ga. Damage to the robot's wings is as effective as to the ordinary airplane.

The robot bomb differs principally from earlier types in that, being soft-nosed, it does not penetrate deep, but explodes with a terrific blast.

To reduce the chance of injury one doctor says one should not only

WEAKNESS OF DOODLE-BUGS

A great weakness of these flying machines is that they cannot be aimed with any degree of accuracy. Used against territory as large as southern England, they are bound to hit something and do some damage. But if the Nazis had used them against comparatively small targets, like harbours and concentrations of shipping, their true value which is propaganda, would have been lost; for Goebbels would have looked silly if the Allies had delivered an army strong enough to breach the Atlantic Wall after he had demolished it in words.

At their present stage of development and use Hitler's "whizz-bangs" are not effective military weapons. But they could be. If instead of one ton of high explosive, they carried eight as the Royal Air Force's "blockbusters" do, a lack of precision in their aim might not be such a serious defect.

As it is, however, they are launched sparingly from one or two directions and cannot vary their course, and therefore are fairly vulnerable. But there is no question but what the Nazi scientists have hit on something that in time might be a serious menace, unless counter-measures defeat it decisively.

BRITISH REMAIN CALM

The British people have taken this new form of air attack with much the same stolid resignation with which they took the "blitz". In one sense it is a little more disturbing than more orthodox bombing, because everybody within a considerable radius can hear these things are coming at him, whereas ordinary bombs have a more limited audience. Now that it has become known that there is an interval of only a few seconds between the stalling of the engine in a flying bomb and sudden death, the suspense is awful when the droning approach of one is heard.

But there is this compensation, these winged bombs have a great lateral blast but virtually no possibilities of penetration, so that anyone who sleeps under any kind of shelter, whether it be a half-buried tin hut behind his house or a re-inforced table in the kitchen, has a chance of survival. And the battle-wise people of England, who survived the blitz of 1940, have decided that with victory in sight they would like to survive to see the lights go on in London.

Defensive measures have been put into operation against the German flying bomb and they have proved encouragingly efficacious. They consist chiefly in massed bomber attacks on enemy launching apparatus across the Channel and interception along the British coast to destroy the missiles before they

take refuge behind a stout wall but lie face down on the floor, with fingers in ears and face shielded. He believes that thick brick wall will withstand anything but a direct hit or very near miss.

The blast is so great, he explained, that it will shatter one's eardrums and imbed small particles in the ears, nose, mouth, and eyes if they are left exposed.

In one of the most detailed descriptions yet given of the Nazi flying weapon, the International Information Bureau, German propaganda agency, said in a broadcast heard by the Associated Press that a "rocket-propelled gear" gives the winged bomb a speed of 375 miles per hour, carrying an explosive load of more than one ton. The range, the broadcast said, is fixed before firing.

The robots, the agency said, are launched from underground emplacements which are "indestructible for all practical purposes".

PLATFORMS SCATTERED

The catapult platforms from which the Germans are launching their flying bombs against Southern England are said to be capable of discharging one every 40 minutes. According to Flight Magazine, the platforms are scattered along a 100-mile belt about 20 miles in depth.

'Flight writes that the pilotless planes' wing tanks carry 130 gallons of gasoline, assuring them a range of approximately 150 miles. The speed is said to vary between 200 and 300 miles per hour. The duration of their flight, according to experts, is determined by a time switch which can interfere with the automatic pilot and tip the plane into a 60 degree nose dive.

Of course, fuel exhaustion or insufficient pressure in the air bottles, whether deliberately arranged or resulting from gunfire, will also terminate the flight.

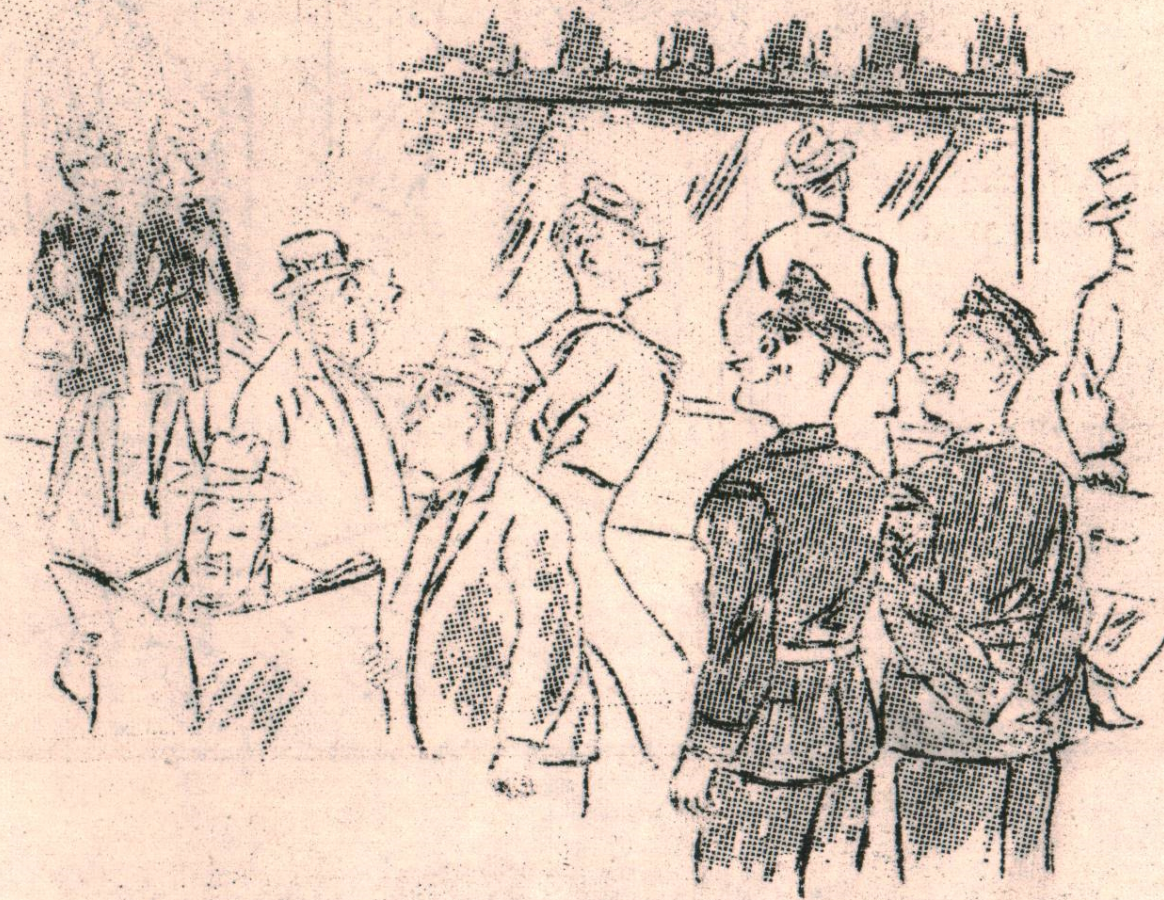
These factors would explain the craft's behaviour in its final excruciating moments - power dive, powerless glide, sharp cut-off, faltering fadeout of propulsion.

Tempests, Mosquito night fighters, and other planes are now trying to intercept the robots, at first attacked from long range, but gradually the range has been shortened. The approach is often made from the rear and 20mm cannon fire either wrecks the jet engine, puts one or more of the 3 gyro pilots out of commission, or explodes the bomb.

When the robot explodes, it seems as if the sky erupts in a great orange and black flash. The blast of the waves travels at a speed greater than that of sound.

get far inland.

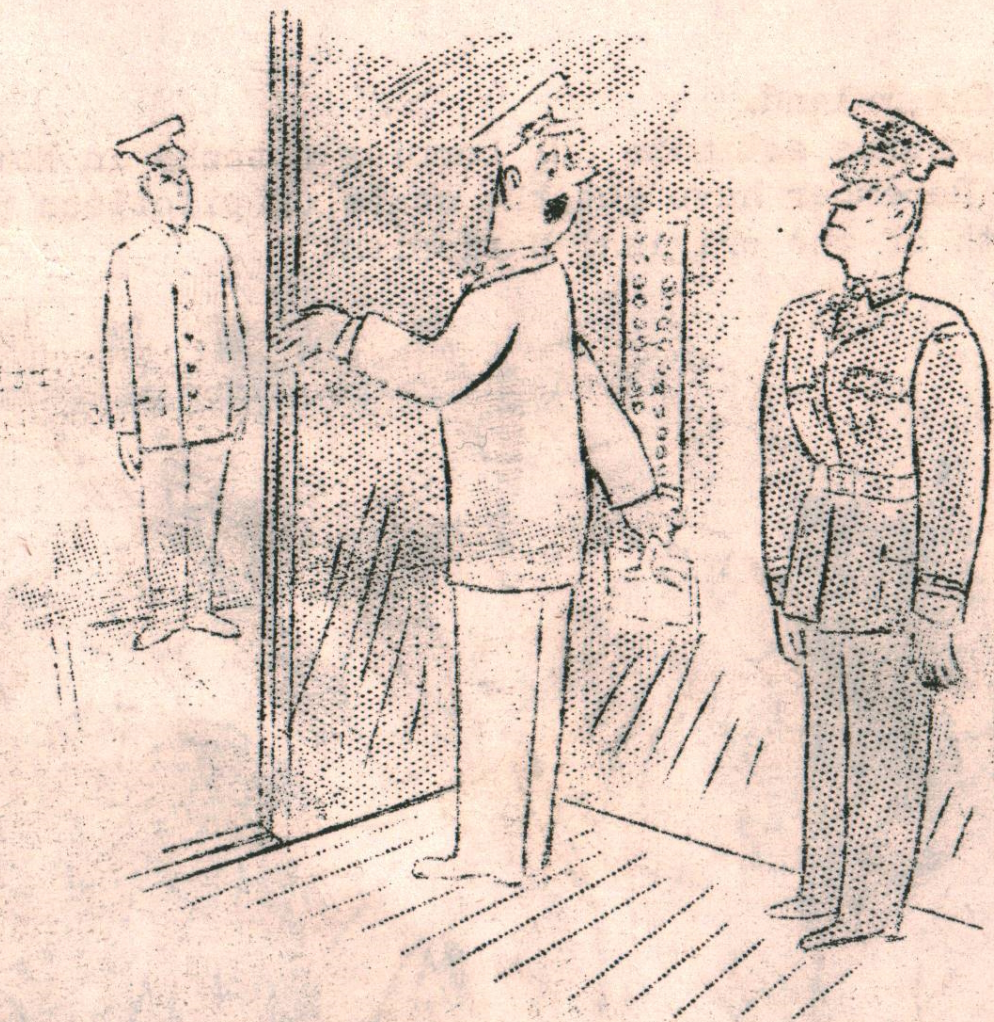
Experts estimate our bombing attacks in Northern France since last December have cut the scale of pilotless plane attacks to one-fourth of the original Nazi plan.



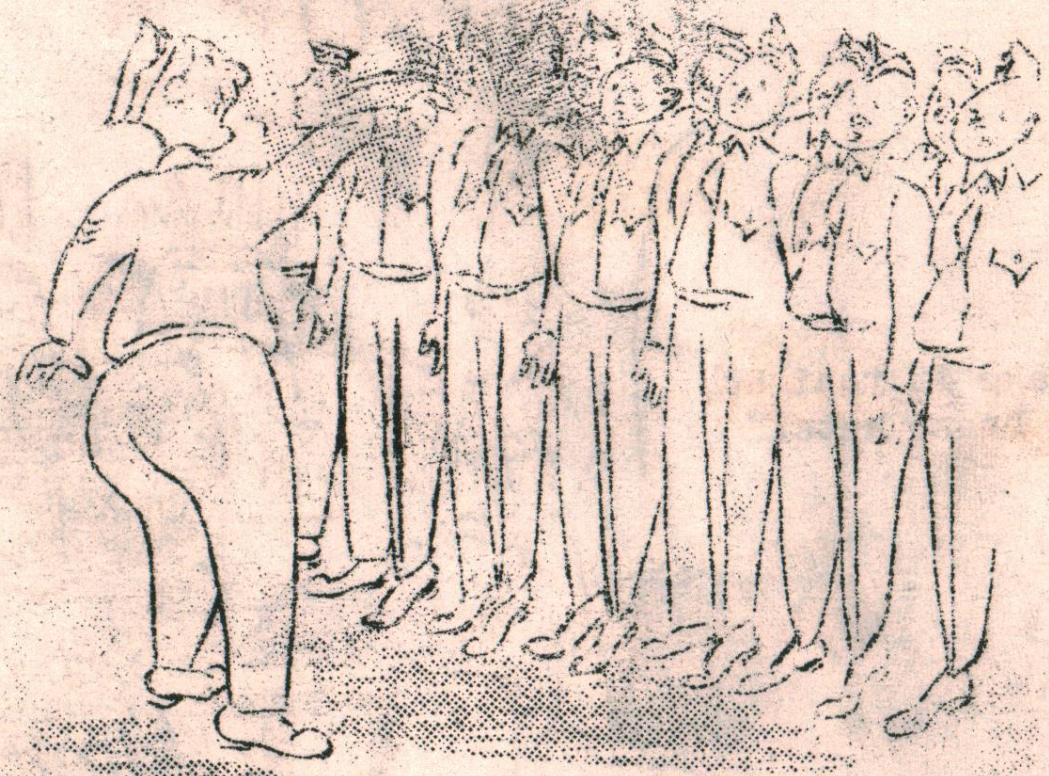
"Bombardier to Pilot, target in sight."

"Can't make it tonight,
Madge - brass hats."





"WANNA TAKE HER UP?"



" I want three
volunteers -
You - You - and
You!"

DUTY WATCH

THE STATION WARRANT OFFICERS OFFICE

BY: F/S. HAGGERTY, L.L.

No sooner do you walk in at 0800 hrs. when you are confronted by the Orderly Sergeant waiting for an M25 (Sick Report to you). The telephone then begins to ring every few minutes and to set things off with a bang, AC2 Jones is inquiring about his quarters Allowance ; LAC Smith is waiting for his clearance and the other five or six in the corner are on posting to the Depot and are awaiting allocation of quarters. The phone rings again and this time the Duty F/Sgt. wants to know why he was joed for Duty Flight, as he had it six months ago. The daily routine of the office minus the interruptions consists of numerous reports. Church Parades, P.T. Parades, Duty Watch and many others too numerous to mention.

The Hospital and the never tiring voice of LAC Fargeon with his absentees from Innoculation Parades are always on time. All sections from the station are continually phoning to locate airmen, where they work, etc., and aside from this we have to contend with our chorus girl (Sally) working at the switchboard in the adjoining room who's continually yelling OPERATOR! OPERATOR! Number, please?

At this point we would like

to remember our staff - The one and only WO2 Cameron, our S.W.O., the little man who's never there. We all like him and he is most commonly known as Jock. We honestly hope to have him with us for a long time yet. "Ride tenderfoot ride" - Here comes F/S Lyle (Sagebrush) Haggerty. Why he likes the wide open spaces we will never know. Lyle has been with us for the past two years and needs no introduction. We often wonder what will happen to all of the boys who want permission to wear blues to attend weddings on their 48's. (Don't get ideas, fellas). We extend a hearty welcome to Cpl. Deroux (Keith) who was recently posted to our station. We hear he's shy (We wonder). Welcome too to LAC Lyle, our new clerk. Last, but not least, our preambing KR (Air), now LAC Fuxman who has been transferred to C.R. Lots of luck, Curly, but just a minute, come back with that Manual of Air Force Law.

In closing we would like to leave in every one's memory the Ten Commandments of a Good airman. Read them - Practice them - and yours is a better catechism:-

1. When on guard thou wilt challenge all parties approaching thee.

2. Thou shalt not send any engraving nor any likeness of any airship in Heaven above or on any postcard of the Earth beneath, nor any drawing of any submarine under the sea, for I, the Censor, am a jealous Censor, visiting the iniquities of the offenders with three months detention, but showing mercy unto thousands by letting their letters go free who keep my commandments.

3. Thou shalt not use profane language unless under extraordinary circumstances, such as seeing your comrade shot, or getting coal oil in your tea.

4. Remember the airman's week consists of seven days. Six days shalt thou labour and do all thy work, and on the seventh do all thy odd jobs.

5. Keep your rifle oiled and shoot straight that the days may be long upon the land which the enemy giveth thee.

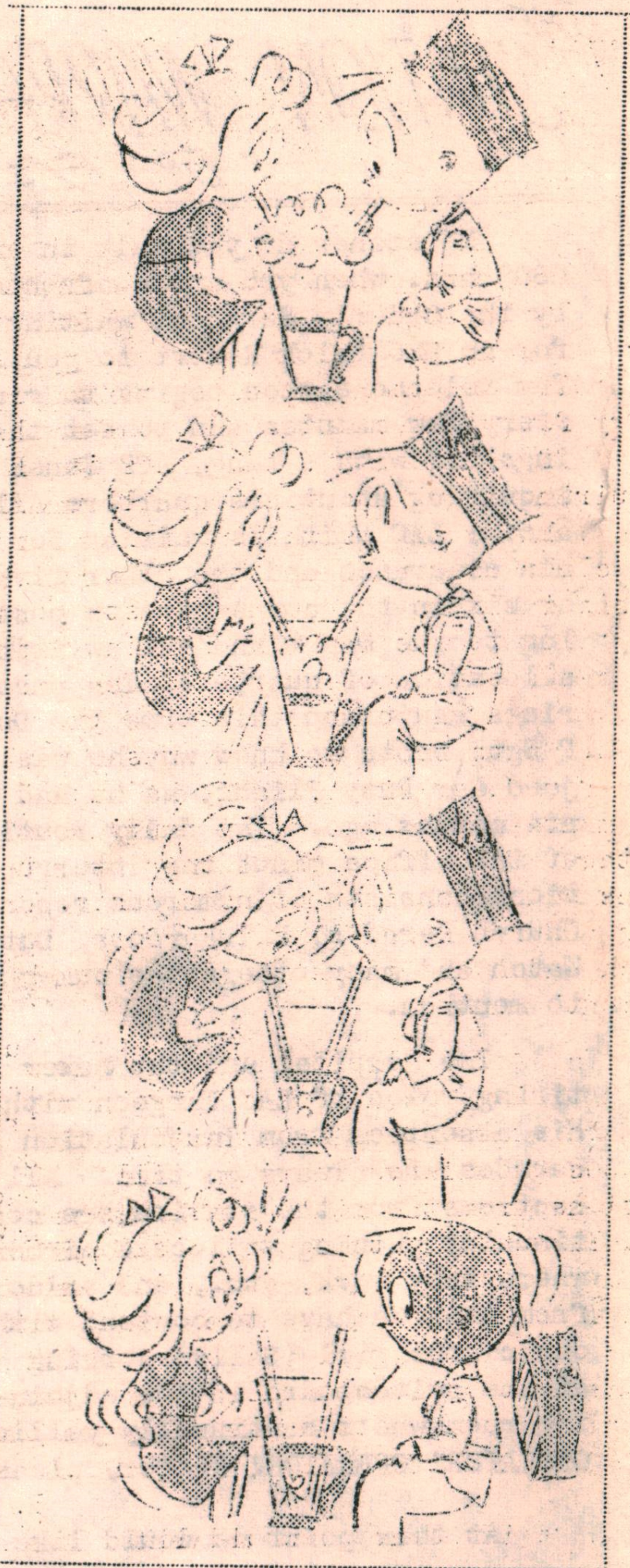
6. Thou shalt not steal thy comrade's kit.

7. Thou shalt not kill - TIME.

8. Thou shalt not adulterate thy mess tin by using it as a shaving mug.

9. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy comrades but preserve a strict neutrality on his outgoing and his incomings.

10. Thou shalt not covet thy Sergeant's post, nor the Cpl's, nor the sgt/Major's, but do thy duty and by dint of perseverance rise to the position of Group Captain.



The MESS HALL

THE MESS HEROES.

Why of late have the meals been their best?
Those gallant mechs have weathered the test.
But, where are the cooks, those men in white?
Who fear the boys both day and night.

Some are gone on a trip far away.....
Some are sick and still others at play (P.T.).
Although they work so hard and so long,
To please everyone is no easy song.

They like their work - I've heard it said,
But, when at night, they go to bed
They dream of the ugly joes they've fed.

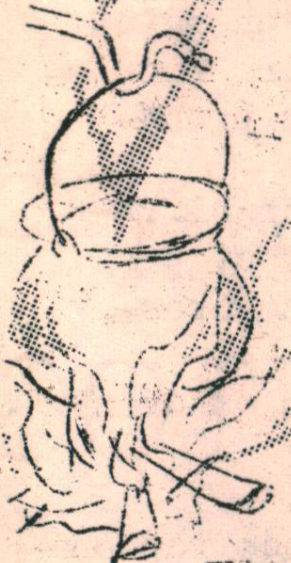
This goes on from day to day.....

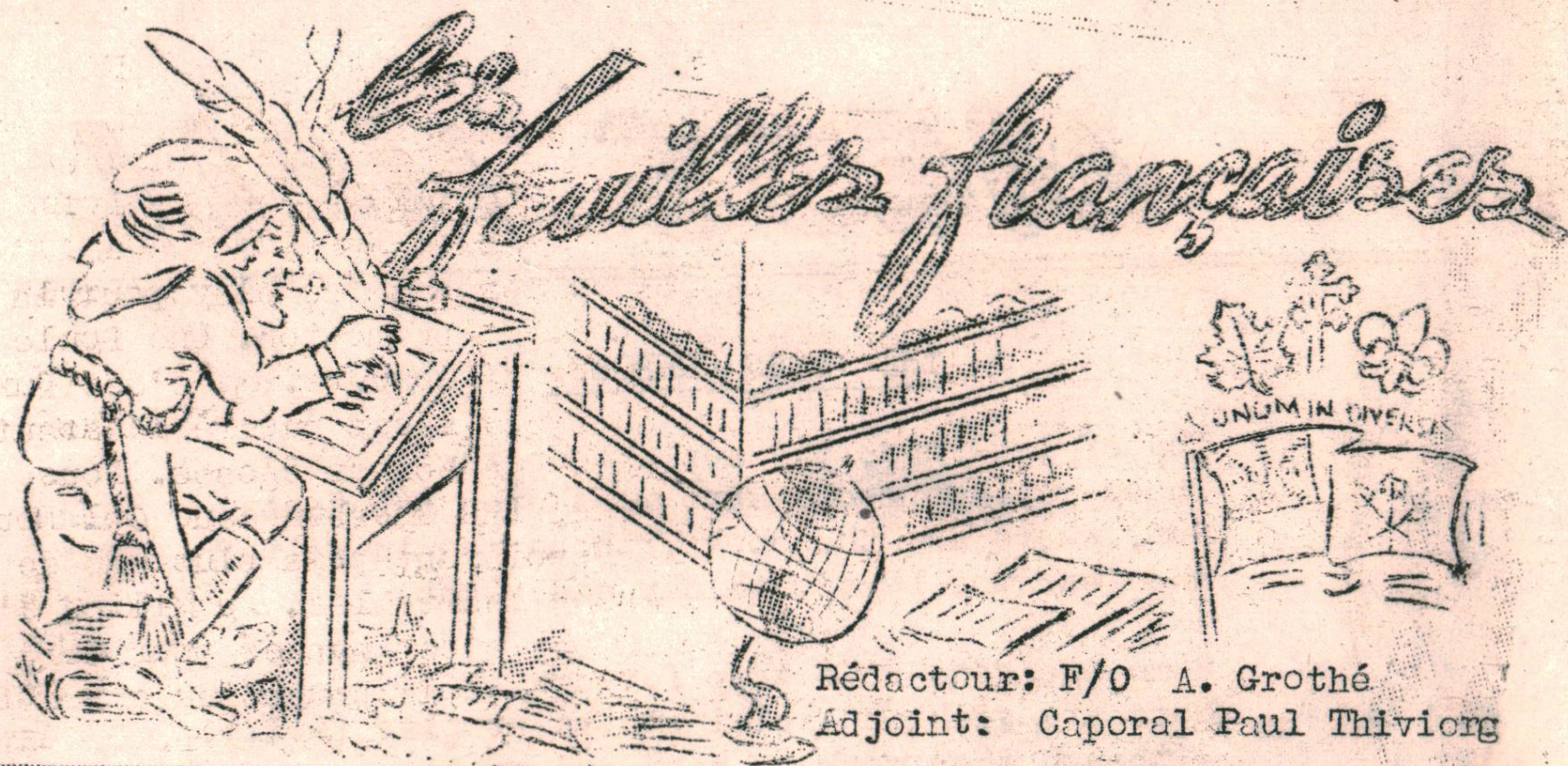
And when the C.O. was posted away,
A party was planned - a gala affair
To show the C.O. that their hearts are there.
They told the chefs not to work too hard
Just put five choices on the menu card.
And the poor G.D.'s who on the tables wait
Phoned St. Johns to cancel their date.

The party went on till the crack of dawn.
The reason it broke up - the beer was gone!
The party is over; the chefs and the mechs
Look over each other - "What horrible wrecks"!

So the moral of this - I hereby state:-
Give credit to those who fill your plate.

F/S J.J.A. Beaudin.





Rédacteur: F/O A. Grothé
 Adjoint: Caporal Paul Thiviorg

Trois ans de Martyre!

Et voici que maintenant un peuple voit ses chaînes brisées. Le jour de gloire se lève à l'horizon et tel un géant drogué qui reprend peu à peu conscience, la France de nos pères sort de sa léthargie et entrevoit l'heure des combats décisifs qui lui redonneront force et puissance.

Encore une fois, les rejetons d'une race civilisatrice sont devenus glorieux en délivrant leur mère et, en lui redonnant son faste d'autrefois.

Les débuts d'une offensive de ce genre sont, à n'en point douter, des plus significatifs et laisse prévoir une victoire finale. Mais, il ne faut point se lasser et célébrer les victoires probables.

Il est certes bon de cultiver un optimisme raisonnable. Mais, gagner de telles batailles, avec un ennemi qu'il ne faut pas mésestimer, ça ce s'accomplit pas en deux temps et quatre mesures.

Le chemin de la victoire sera hérissé d'obstacles et avant l'assaut final, bien des mères auront pleuré leurs fils.

Et un jour prochain, nous en sommes sûrs, la France reprendra sa place dans le concert des nations, et, purifiée dans le sang, elle se lancera de nouveau dans son œuvre de civilisation.

Fête en l'honneur du sergent TREMBLAY

Nous sommes reconnaissants au sergent Tremblay pour la fête somptueuse qu'il donna à l'occasion de sa promotion. Une foule joyeuse d'invités ont rempli les jardins de sa demeure. Et c'est aux accents d'un orchestre entraînant que la foule s'est ruée à l'assaut des tables garnies et remplies de pyramides de bonnes choses. Nous ne sommes pas responsables si LAC Beaulieu, LAC Charbonneau, Cpl Boulianne, LAC Chicoine, LAC Dolbec et C2 Marcis ont pris plus que de raison du champagne qui coulait à flots sur les tables. Au milieu d'un silence profond le caporal Jacques DuGuay s'est avancé pour lire l'adresse d'usage. Voici les paroles tombées de la bouche du caporal:

Digne Sergent,

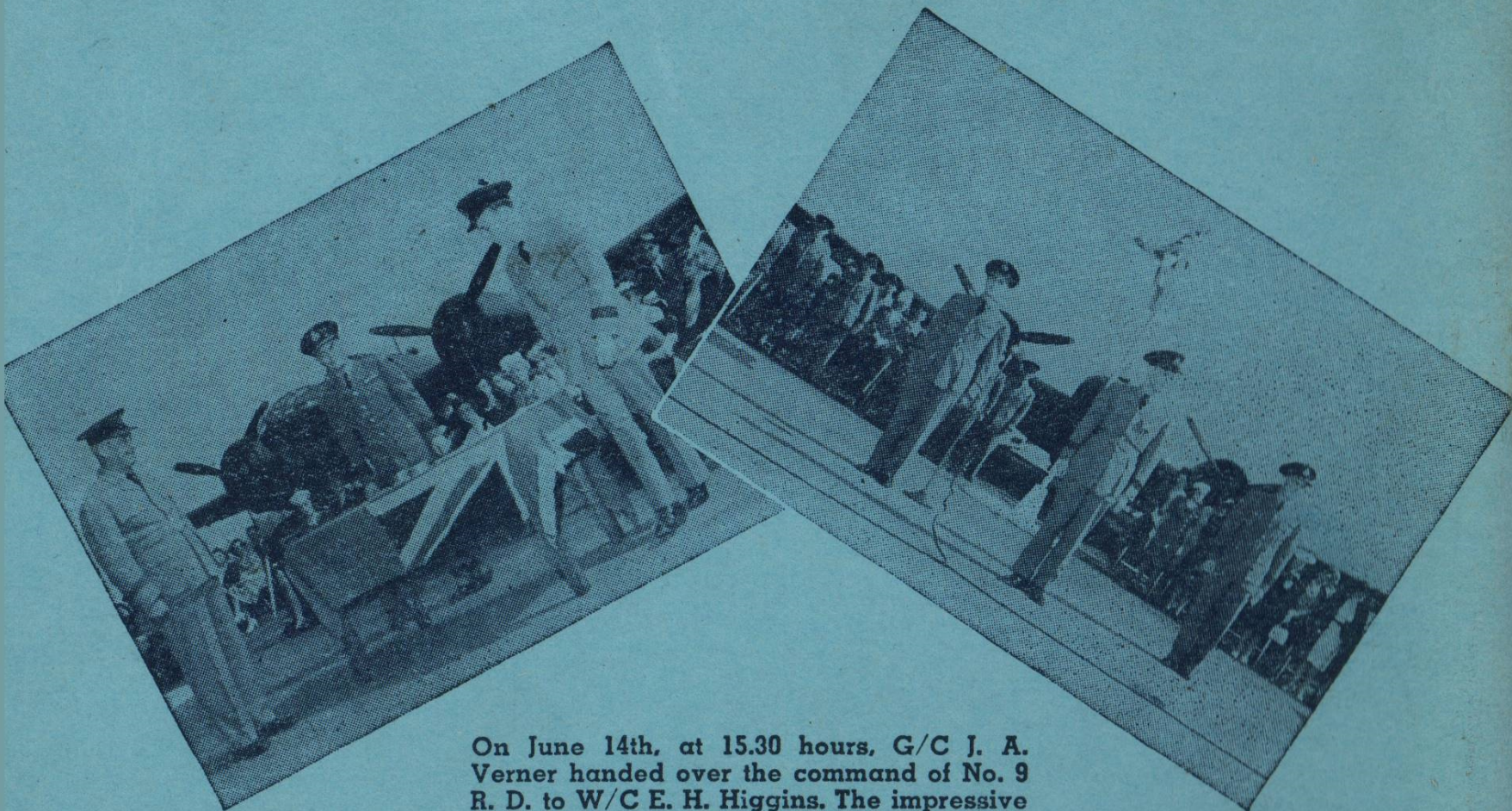
"Votre promotion de caporal à sergent était depuis longtemps attendue et vos mérites personnels ont attiré l'attention du Service. Toute la race canadienne-française est ennoblie. La dignité avec laquelle vous portez vos trois barros augurent pour une future promotion. Tant de noblesse chez vous subjugué les plus audacieux.

Tout jeune, disions-nous, et si élevé dans la hiérarchie militaire. Certes, nous devons beaucoup à votre prestige. Le midi, à la cantine, vous nous avez gâtés. Nous faisons cercle autour de vous, pour entendre des paroles de sagesse et de pondération sortir de votre bouches. C'est avec modération et pondération que vous causiez avec le caporal Filiatrault. Je me rappelle encore la manière personnelle dont vous portiez votre "zoot-suit" d'été. Votre képi seul témoigne des nombreuses années de service et les mouches jubilent autour. Le soleil lui a donné une couleur qui emprunte une teinte à toutes les couleurs. C'est un mariage de couleurs qui fait pâlir le gris sombre.

Aussi, à l'occasion de votre fête, nous vous présentons un dentier remis à neuf, dentier éprouvé pouvant porter une forte charge. Mastiquez longtemps en notre honneur. Longue vie auprès de votre nombreuse famille.

Et l'on vit sur la route, après la réception, une longue suite d'autobus de la Compagnie Boulais Limitée, qui conduisaient les invités à leurs demeures respectives.

"HANDING OVER" CEREMONY



On June 14th, at 15.30 hours, G/C J. A. Verner handed over the command of No. 9 R. D. to W/C E. H. Higgins. The impressive ceremony was one of the smartest shows this station has ever seen. The entire station was on parade—except for a corporal's guard, retained for emergency at their posts.

G/C Verner expressed his gratitude to the personnel for their co-operation during his term here. The progress made by the station, he said, was due to the industry and co-operation of its personnel, and he asked that the same co-operation be extended to the new C.O.

Our new commanding officer is not a stranger to No. 9 R.D. When he proposed three cheers for G/C Verner, he must have felt that his voice reached the ears of many an old friend; for W/C Higgins was C.T.O. on this station two years ago.

G/C Verner leaves this depot with the very best wishes for further success in his new post and W/C Higgins may rest assured—from what we know to be the general opinion—that he will get every co-operation from the entire personnel of this station.

Amongst the distinguished guests present at the handing-over ceremony, were: Mrs. E. H. Higgins, Mrs. [redacted] G/C and Mrs. Trethewey, [redacted] Major Nettlefield, S/L and [redacted] Father John Cote, Major [redacted] er, W/C and Mrs. Lambert, S/L Gadbois, Mayor Lebeau, and many others.

\$ 10.00