

THE



REPAIR-SCOPE

No. 9 R.D.

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Vol. 1 No. 7



Merry Christmas



REPAIR-O-SCOPE
No. 9 R.D. R.C.A.F.
St. Johns, Quebec

AU REVOIR!

Yes, fellows, this is it. The time has come to say good-bye to the Repair-O-Scope and its staff and it is with deep regret that the Editor's first Editorial must be his last one too. All good things come to an end and it gives us a funny feeling sitting here and writing the last piece for our Station Magazine.

The new Editorial staff has had quite a job on its hands filling the void left when the very capable past Editor was reduced to a civvy. Despite its headaches, editing this paper has been a thoroughly enjoyable job and the people who have worked with us on the staff have been cooperative, friendly and ever ready to help. The C.O. has been very kind to the Repair-O-Scope and the Editor-in-Chief F/O Grothe has given us his full backing every time.

We've enjoyed the opportunity of doing our bit for the biggest venture on the station and it is with deep regret that we must say that this is the end. There isn't much sentiment in the service, but you can't leave a sheet like this without some feeling of regret. A station magazine is a bit more than cold type and black ink and the best part of this job has been the swell fellows you meet. Fellows like Lac. Klein, our Assistant Editor; like Lac. Aziz, our Art Editor and the not to be forgotten past Editor, Lac. Fargeon; Lac. White, our Circulation Manager and the host of reporters that have helped mold the Repair-O-Scope tradition.

Airmen, NCO's and Officers in all sections have given us the greatest possible co-operation, which we have appreciated deeply. We are grateful to the photo section who have always produced photos well before deadline and to the engravers and printers without which we couldn't have functioned. We've all had a lot of fun, and a lot of satisfaction in making the sheet readable. We've never tried to educate or preach to the masses; our aim was to amuse you and bolster your morale. If we gave you a laugh once in awhile, we considered the job well done. The greatest tribute you could pay the staff was to tell them that you read the issue from cover to cover and had a laugh doing it. We know we haven't been able to please everybody every time—but we tried damn hard!

And so we bid adieu to each and everyone that has made the existence of the Repair-O-Scope possible and want to thank them for all they have done. Someday we may meet again in another sphere and reminisce about the days spent at 9 R.D. We trust the final Victory is near and that when next we meet, the chaos and horrors of war will be a thing of the past and something never to be repeated in the future, for fighting and bloodshed is all so useless after all, isn't it?

By kind permission of
The Commanding Officer
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7th VICTORY LOAN



Reading from left to right are the principals in the inauguration of the 7th Victory Loan—W/C. Higgins, our guest star Miss Shirley Temple, and F/O. Grothe, chairman of the Victory Loan Campaign.

I believe that the great majority of you still remember the canvasser who approached you and sold you a bond or two — or three; not much talk was needed before you signed on the dotted line and by doing so you made a good investment for the future—helped Canada in her present needs, and also made it possible for this unit to break all records for number of personnel subscribing and oversubscribing our quota.

Yes, 80% of our personnel bought bonds, and the final returns show a total subscription of 277.5%. This is a splendid achievement, and all members of the Depot and No. 1 A.S.U. can be proud to be partly responsible for such results. I wish to thank all canvassers for their co-operation and all personnel for the extra time they devoted to the 7th Victory Loan Campaign; special credit being due to F/O. Smith for the very good work he did in keeping us posted on the total subscriptions daily.

Our campaign was officially opened by Miss Shirley Temple, movie star, whose charming youth and personality reached everyone's heart. She was introduced by the Commanding Officer who in his remarks said he was confident that we would reach our quota. Well. . . . WE D O O D IT!!

The depot was divided as shown below, and the competition between the groups was very keen as can be seen by the figures shown.

	"A" Group	"B" Group	"C" Group	"D" Group
	\$88,800.00	\$21,300.00	\$35,650.00	\$108,650.00
Cap de la Madeleine	\$79,000.00			
			GRAND TOTAL	\$333,400.00

OVERSEAS TRAVEL

by F/L F. W. FULLER

As a number of R.C.A.F. Personnel have recently been privileged to receive postings overseas and as further postings of personnel may be effected of a like nature, it is felt that at this time, a few words of advice and guidance should be given.

If you are posted for service overseas, first put your domestic affairs in order. There is always time. Allotments of pay, arrangements with the Accountant Officer for regular remittances to the family, and detailed instructions concerning personal matters should be arranged.

Whether you are going overseas for service or for training, make a definite effort to reach an understanding of the country and of its people. Time so spent will be more than repaid. It will represent an additional contribution to the development and preservation of an essential unity.

Some fundamental rules apply to all services and travel abroad. Local rules and consideration will be equally important. The wise traveller makes the best of his opportunity however it comes. He listens to those who know, and he accepts guidance willingly. The unwise traveller thinks he knows it all, and suffers accordingly. War conditions impose restrictions, and make a greater demand on adaptability and good nature. Go with good will, consider yourself as an accredited representative of Canada, remembering that your hosts are not to be blamed if they take you as a typical product of our country, and judge the rest of us according to the standard you set.

The general rules of travel boil down to three: travel light; travel tidily; travel with consideration. On the ship bear in mind that active warfare has now broken out in new areas. You will be crowded for space, because space in ships is one of the main munitions of war. Therefore, stow your stuff away compactly and tidily as soon as you can, after getting on board. An untidy traveller is a nuisance to himself and to others. Accept all restrictions. More people are on board than the ship was normally intended to carry. The seas hide a menace. The skipper has one job to do — to get his ship safely to port, turned round as quickly as can be, and repeat the process. Odd spots of inconvenience should be borne cheerfully. In any event you will gain nothing by excessive grumbling. If seasickness hits you, remember that it passes, and if you are a good sailor, don't make your good spirits a pain in the neck to the less fortunate who just want to be left alone.

When you reach the other side, walk off

the ship knowing that it is you, and not the man on the wharf who is the foreigner. You are landing in somebody else's country.

It is necessary to warn all of you who do go overseas against the danger of careless talk. As the posters say "Careless talk costs lives." There is nothing truer, and although the information you have may seem unimportant to you, it is important to the enemy.

so many have taken a similar journey, and familiarity may breed contempt; but avoid all discussion of what is done to get you overseas. More stories get around because of cheery conversation in bars or other places, where kindly hospitality tends to all. Certainly you will be among friends. If they are real friends, they will respect your reticence; if they press for a little more detail, then perhaps they do not understand the need for secrecy, or they understand it too well, and are trying to build up a picture for less worthy use. Long ears and quick brains are naturally to be found wherever bits of information can be picked up. For the sake of your own safety, and for the sake of other people, be most discreet. In general, remember that a little information from one, added to a little from others, can give the enemy just the information he is eager to get.

In other countries you will find a different air, a different approach, and a different people. They have their own ideas, are forging their own destinies and know a great deal more about themselves, and their methods than you do. What they are doing, and how they are doing it, is in accordance with their ideas, gained through experience. If there is any improvement to be made, they are the ones to know, and to make the change. The best advice is: go prepared to like all the odd differences.

There is another personal matter that will perhaps, need consideration. Although everything that your friends can do wherever you are to make your life happy, there will be some loneliness. Life will not be altogether normal; different surroundings; strange, however friendly, contacts: the new approach to everyday life, and hard work which gives way to welcome relaxation, must tell to some extent. The old familiar places and the familiar faces will be missing. The strangeness will not be your fault; it will not be the fault of your neighbours: it just happens and must wear off, as it will in time. You, and everybody else, will be doing his best: still it will be strange.



AROUND THE DRILL HALL

By Lac M. FIRESTONE

"There'll be some changes made" seems to be the popular tune heard around these parts of late, and the same holds true for activities on the P.T. & D. front too. The staff have to conduct P.T. classes twice a day now, but that is alright — and every airman on strength is happy about the whole thing with the exception of some Senior N.C.O.'s, who go around with such a doleful expression on their faces when time comes for their squadrons to go on P.T.!

However, this bit of limbering up is nothing compared to what we hear F/O. HATFIELD has in store for us in the near future. He is seriously thinking of teaching Commando tactics to our huskies and reliable sources inform us that he is the tops in that field, for he did a splendid job with his Aircrew trainees at Three Rivers. The above is a threat to fellows appearing on P.T. parades clad in blues, minus running shoes and a sickly expression on their faces! Really, men, it's not as bad as all that!

Our basketball team has done a good job thus far this season and we expect a lot from them, for their teamwork and good sportsmanship will carry them to the top in any league. Their showing in the tournament at Montreal convinced us that we really have some good material in our gang and we're looking forward to seeing some exhibition games played on our own station. Keep up the good work, fellows, and remember that you're wearing 9 R.D. colours. Keep 'em flying up at the top of the league, where they belong.

F/S. SENEZ was so enthusiastic about a floor hockey game recently that he rushed around with gusto until he had the misfortune of injuring his arm. He spent some time in hospital getting the injured limb fixed up as good as new again, and we know he'll be out on the floor soon, and we'll steer clear of his body checks, for that man hits 'em hard!

F/S. DUPUIS is very busy these days keeping in shape mornings, afternoons and in after hour activities, doing P.T. He is also kept busy attending smokers and visiting with the celebrities of the Baldwin Hall, while Cpl. LARABEE, his aide-de-camp, hustles off to St. Johns and Farnham with his Air Cadets.

Morning, noon and night time, too (?),

there isn't a busier man than Cpl. deROUX. His sports equipment department and P.T. classes keep him on the move at all times and everyone connected with him agree he has done a grand job during his short time on this station. F/S. HAGGERTY says so, anyhow, and we'll take his word for it, not forgetting that he, too, is doing a bang-up job in the Hall, although he doesn't want us to mention it in this issue, so we'll not say anything about it this time.

Sgt. DANCS has been transferred to the S.W.O.'s office and he is missed around the hall, but we know he is a valuable man in his new job and we wish him every success in Headquarters.

Now we come to that veteran of the ring wars—Cpl. Jackie BRACE. He is very popular in his new spot, the Depot Workshops, and is actively engaged in disciplining his men and encouraging them to step into the ring with him after hours.

We've seen the former champ wear out five and six sparring partners in one night and honourable mention goes to Cpl. Freddie STARK for the splendid showings against old "one-two" BRACE. Freddie claims it does his tummy a lot of good and that a few more weeks of it will find him with a "body-beautiful" profile.

The entire P.T. & Drill staff would like to take this opportunity of expressing their sincere appreciation to their O.C., F/O. HATFIELD for all his good work and co-operation while on this station.

F/O. Hatfield was the first P.T. & D. Officer posted to No. 9 R.D. and worked unceasingly in all sports activities. He made a host of friends during his stay here and all join with the P.T. & D. staff in wishing him every success at his new station, No. 14 S.F.T.S. at Kingston, Ont.



"Say—I gave that man an 'Attend C' this morning!"

OUR BASKETBALL TEAM



From left to right.

STANDING: Sgt. Abramson, Lac. Jackson, Lac. Giffen, F/O. Hatfield, Lac. Glencross, Lac. Myers, Lac. McGregor.

FRONT ROW: Lac. Pottins, Lac. Tenenbaum, Lac. Shapson, Lac. Isenberg.

No. 9 REPAIR DEPOT NUPTIALS

Flight Sergeant William E. JAMES, one of the original R.C.A.F. Staff to be posted to this station three years ago, was a "first" on the Depot again.

The Flight and Mrs. James, formerly Clara May FISCHER, of Kitchener, Ont., were the first couple to be united in holy matrimony on this station. The ceremony was performed by the Protestant Chaplain, Flt. Lt. KNOX, on Saturday November 18, in the station chapel.

F/S. James is also a native of Kitchener and is a well known and very popular figure at No. 9 R.D. The Flight and his bride attended a reception in their honour in the sergeant's mess after signing the register in St. Johns.

The bride was accompanied by Mrs. S. PETERS as matron of honour and was given in marriage by WO NICHOLLS. WO PETERS acted as best man and Mrs. L. Mosher played the wedding music.

Cpl. WONNACOTT outdid himself in the preparation of the wedding cake and the dinner was ably directed by Sgt. LAMOORE. WO Nicholls proposed a toast to the health and happiness of the newly-weds and a presentation was made to the happy couple by WO Peters.

The Kitchener pair then left on a short honeymoon trip and with them went the best wishes of everyone on the Depot.

To F/S and Mrs. James we wish to extend, through this medium, all good wishes for their health and happiness in the years to come.



BENNY & KEN

With the strains of Xmas carols lying away in the back-ground and the bands striking up the brilliant air of "Auld Acquaintance", we cannot be taken to task for reminiscence. On the eve of a new year, it is well to look back for a brief moment and see what has been accomplished — not along military and business lines but along the happier paths of pleasure that we have followed from time to time. Many of the fleeting hours of 1944 were spent listening to music—a heavenly blessing without which the world would be very cold and dreary.

Some look back on more than mere listening. Some spent those hours of toil trying to create that self same music in an attempt to brighten the gloomy shadow of war that has engulfed the earth. Trying hard to follow the difficult paths of the music-masters were the musicians on our station who worked so hard to build up a station band. True, they lacked the professional touch of name bands, the monstrous libraries of music, and the highest quality in instruments, but what they had was perseverance—and they used it well.

Looking back over the year we find such things as hockey games, town parades, concerts in the park, and even benefit shows in local theatres on their list of successful engagements. More recently we see the small entry — Ahuntsic concerts. Yes, even the people of Montreal have enjoyed the fruits of their hard work. From it all came the only note of appreciation that the boys asked — Thank you. Their efforts had brought enjoyment to the hearts of others.

Looking back, we see beginners starting on the hard, long road up, and the helping hand that was lent them by their fellow musicians. Here from this small band of men could come one, or maybe more, top-ranking musicians or writers of to-morrow. The R.C.A.F. in 9 R.D. has provided some

with what is most needed in life — a good start. Those that wanted it, got it.

Through the historical pages of 9 R.D.'s band have now passed some 75 musicians. In the coming year and those that follow, each will take one of the diverse paths this world provides but though many miles will separate them, there will always be that bond of friendship which will hold them together.

To those who supported the band so well in the past, both on the station and off, the band says "Thanks". In the future they count on your whole hearted support without which they could not be successful.

And now a word from the boys in the news-room. In the past we have tried to report the news as we saw it. We tried to tell the story behind the news in order that you, the readers, would know more about the intricacy of such a volunteer organization. In due course we have told about some of the "brains" that are responsible for its smooth operation. In the future we hope that band news may be represented in a greater and better way. Many times new-comers to our station have heard No. 9 R.D. band members referred to as "duty-watch dodgers", and "the biggest scroungers" on the station. Apparently they have been left in the dark.

This month we would like to contradict the "popular belief". For comparison, suppose that Joe Erk spends each night of duty-watch working from 1800 to 2200 hours. Total for the week is 28 hours. In most cases, our exaggerated time covers any week-end error when Joe works in the mess.

On the other hand, Joe Blow spends 2 nights weekly practising from 1800 to 2000 hours. Total monthly time is 28 hours —probably longer if a "show" is coming up. Poor Marjorie thinks Joe is pulling a fast one when he says his practise nights were changed without notice. Two C.O.'s parades and two A.O.S. wings parades monthly require spit and polish. Every Joe would rather go on C.O.'s parade than work, wouldn't he?!!

Remember that parades in town and the benefit shows for local organizations require his own time. Friends, if you see Joe Blow leaning against his aircraft, dead to the world, you'll find it was a few hours tussle with Operatic Piecework that finished him.

- HANGAR DUST -



No. 2 HANGAR

SALVAGED ITEMS

For inspection and disposal
by LAC M. KLEIN

A motion has been made to rename 9 R.D. No. 9 Rumour Depot . . . is it true—or is that also a rumour?

Rumour has it that Cpls. KERR and ROCHELEAU are working for their discharges . . . they were seen in the hangar with their coveralls on.

LAC HOULE has been telling everyone what a good life a milkman leads. Yeah, we know—but what are you going to do with the 300 sheep you were going to buy?

Sgt. PARENT says he wants to raise chickens after the war . . . getting tired of chasing them, Smiley?

LAC's BIRD, SANDIFORD, HICKEY, and CATHCART, bought red hunting caps on their recent trip to Maine, U.S.A. . . . what sort of hunting can they do in the city limits?

Flashes of Interest

WO1 CLARK walking around with an American accent . . . after only two weeks T.D. in Maine!

A sgt. who was seen wandering through Farnham at 4 o'clock one morning—with a blank look in his eye, and a deck of cards in his hands . . . your guess is as good as mine.

Sgt. LAPORTE was asked by H.Q. to remember a certain airman on a certain train trip taken four years ago . . . what were you doing at 6:25½ A.M. on the morning of . . . Larry?

LAC MIKO asking for a "72" was refused. "But why?" he protested, "I've only had five "48's" this month!"

LAC JERRY HILL forgot himself one day and when asked for a wrench, absent-mindedly answered "With one or two scoops of ice-cream?"

Better Stick to Your Trade, Jerry!

LAC CULLINGTON is a hero to-day . . . he found it more important to serve the public in the station show—than the sgts. in their mess!

Personalities

It must be the food that is attracting "Wolf" TURNER to 9 A.O.S.—or is it.?

Cpl. SAVARD must have cold blood in his veins . . . he goes around shutting windows in his sleep after we open them. Old age creeping up, Joe?

What LAC is going around with that gleam in his eye generally attributed to a single man? You know the old saying . . . "When the wife is away, the mouse will play—at being a wolf!"

Six months before his son was born, Cpl. ROBICHAUD began building a crib. Night after night his wife asked how the crib was progressing. It is almost ready now—ready for the second child—the first has outgrown it!

Surprise of the month came when two airmen walked into the orderly room and chorused, "We can't go on crashes—our wives won't let us!"

Stud BAINBRIDGE seems to be enjoying his course! He just wrote in to have his motorcycle sent to him. Do you like your refresher well enough to stay on till next summer, Stud?

Once Upon a Time . . .

"Binder" CAMPBELL (high up on top of a ladder) was painting the side of the hangar, when Gus McNEA ambled along and shouted up to him, "Hey, Binder—got a good hold of that brush?" "Yeah, I have, why?" "Well, hang on to it—I'm gonna borrow the ladder for a while!"

No. 3 HANGAR NEWS

By LAC ROSEN, B.

We fellows of No. 3 Hangar clean, scrub, sweep, work and sweat and we're promised—but do we get anything? Where's that one-half day of contentment we were promised? Time waits for no one and don't we know it!

Well now let's see who's who around here. There is Cpl. AYOTTE giving me H . . . for mentioning his name in the past and LAC SAUVE wondering what I'm going to write about him this time. Well, Maurice, you've been selected as our No. 1 Glamour boy! The \$1,000 BOND sure helped. Feel better now?

Sgt. TREMBLAY had his furlough alone. His wife took a holiday for two whole weeks.

F/S FLESHER . . . our deepest sympathies. Glad to see you back. (The boys in the Fabric Shop).

Allan WATERS says "More people die than anybody else . . ."

LAC CONE . . . where were you on Saturday morning last month?

Cpl. KENNEDY taking dancing lessons in Montreal (?).

Will someone give AC MARTEL a lecture on Canada, her people and her Allies—and a good kick besides.

Many thanks go to Mr. "POP" COURVILLE for his generous effort in buying a \$600 Bond in our Victory Loan Campaign.

When will LAC DESJARDINS and RAWSON remuster to S.M.W.?

"Hank" CROSS, heard on P.T. "If they don't make me a Cpl. I'll get a discharge and join the Army."

LAC HOUDEN is back and well again.

LAC GINSBERG keeps running around in a haze and we know why!

Cpl. Jack BRACE tries to exceed in proficiency and lacks in diplomacy.

Where does LAC GASTON get those pipes? . . . Whew!

A young lady entered the home of LAC and Mrs. Bert HOSMAR on Oct. 7th. The lady is Miss Dawn Elda Hosmar. Both parents and daughter are doing fine. Best wishes to the happy family.

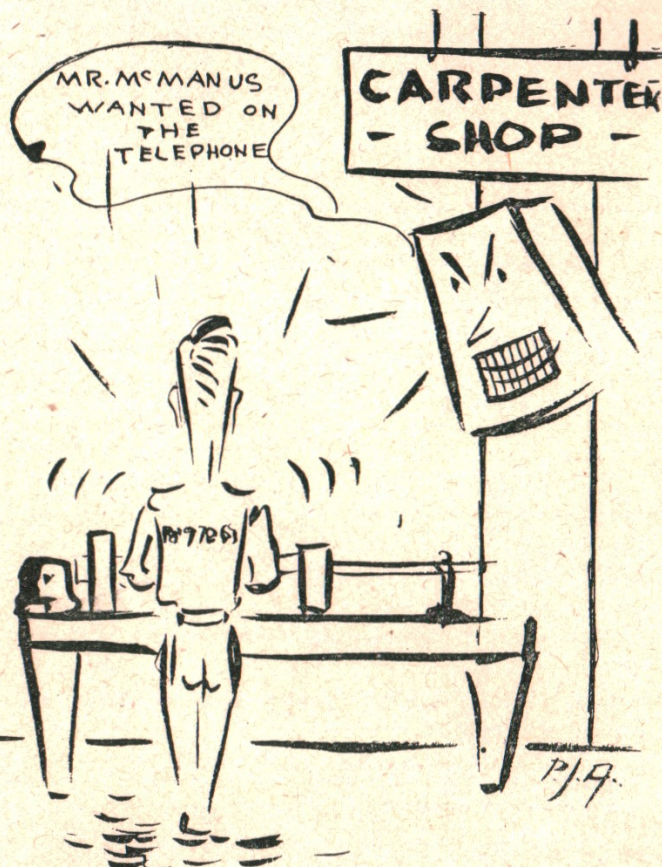
Remember our famous agitator of agitations? Yes, that's right—none other than Nat GROSSBAUM. "The trip was swell, the place is nice, England is swell and the girls—swell!" Anyhow, he's happy. Good luck, Nat.

LAC CHARLEBOIS has now been assigned to the Mess Hall. Who's going to be next on the kitchen list? Good luck to you future cooks!

Whether it's the fashion or they're just bothering the poor fellows, but LAC STEVENS started it and now AC BARTON and LEGER did it too. AC CARRIER is jealous and insists that seven of his have to be taken out. Tho thorry felloths!

LAC CORRIVEAU insists that his temporary job is just a rehearsal for his future plans for "somewhere in India." Every morning you'll see him rushing to the Mess Hall wash his hands, don his favourite "drape shape" apron, and pick up his best rag triumphantly walk up to the tables and scrub to his heart's content.

That great man LAC ROUSSEL started his future a few weeks ago in the wash-room. You didn't have to go to college to learn that—or did you?



Cpl. MILLER as we know is the Montreal lad who is worrying about his third hook every month. Being an old sailor, he ought to know there's rough weather ahead!

Everyone says "so long" to Flight PAXTON, and you should hear the way they say it!

Welcome Sgt. PARADIS. We'll back you up.

The fellows are wondering when you're going to get rid of that car, Sgt. BRADLEY? It isn't for pleasure, is it? I hope!

Deepest sympathies from the boys go to LAC CORRIVEAU on the recent loss of his Mother.

AROUND THE SHEET METAL SHOP

by CPL. ALBERTSON, E.G.

It is known by a few that LAC STEVENS, when not under the watchful eye of Sgt. TAYLOR is making a set of plastic teeth! What's the hurry, Stevy?

Our best wishes go to Sgt. ARCHAMBAULT, one of the old originals, who has been posted. We'll all miss your lessons in French, Archie!

Congratulations on the new daughter, LAC MUGFORD. We were all expecting a little tin basher.

Ex-cowboy, LAC CONE, formerly of Gopher Gulch, Sask., is back on the range cooking in the Airman's mess! Corny, eh? Well, I tried anyway!

Nicknames:

Cpl. BRADLEY—Greyhound (Alias Bahama Bradley).

LAC. CORRIVEAU—The Bullet.

LAC WATERS—Muddy.

LAC GERINGER—Flat Top.

Yours Truly—Slim (Wonder why?).

Sgt. RHODES—Censored.

No. 4 HANGAR

By LAC. SANDLER

Hear Ye, Hear Ye: News galore from No. 4. The eyes and ears of A.R.S. reporting flashes which are the best.

A.R.S. threw another of their famous "Smokers" on the evening of Nov. 16th. The party was honoured by the presence of our Commanding Officer, W/C. HIGGINS, W/C. McCLELLAN, S/L. LAPOINTE, F/L. MORTON, Mr. MARSHALL and last but not least, our O.C., F/L. ROBERGE. Also a group of guests from the various Sections. Excellent talent was displayed by quite a number of the men from A.R.S. and the general conception of the party is that it was a huge success. Here are a few of the comments. Quote:

Sgt. MUGFORD: "I have been to many a party but this sure tops them all."

Sgt. O'NEILL: "Why, I haven't drank, sang, or eaten like that in a dog's age."

F/S. DUPUIS: "This is sure one time that everyone let their hair down."

LAC. LACHARITE: "I sure had a swell time as I didn't know what time I got home."

LAC. KEATS: "I was going to drink everyone under the table but landed under there myself."

CPL. CALCOTT: "A good time was had by all and I sure enjoyed playing the trumpet for the boys."

LAC. LEVESQUE: "I walked in straight enough but didn't leave that way."

DRIVING ON AIR—

A conversation between an AC. and a F/S. driving to Montreal in an old Jalopy:

AC.: "Say, Flight, how are your tires?"

F/S.: "Tires, I have none."

AC.: "What do you mean you have none?"

F/S.: "That's right. I am driving on heavy duty tubes."

What LAC. we all know, sold his car, bought a wife, and is now leading a walking life?

Congratulations to A.R.S. upon possessing the main stars of No. 9 R.D. Basketball Team. Incidentally the team is one of the best Service Teams in the Montreal District.

BUTTER AND CREAM—

(Scene: Airman's Mess)

Into the mess ambles LAC. FILINSKI. Lines up for his meal, gets same and finds place at the table, sits down reaches for a slice of bread, takes his knife and dabs it into a plate in the centre of the table, butters his bread. While doing so he exclaims, "Say, this is sure funny-looking butter." "Butter my eye," says his table partner, "that's my ice-cream your using!" It seems he had forgotten his share of the cream.

AFTER PAY DAY—

Cpl. KELLY: "Say, chum, can you let me have a five for a week, old man?"

LAC. KELLY: "Who's the weak old man?"

SHINE ON—

LAC. POTTINS is now in the market for a bicycle or roller skates for the purpose of reporting to the Guard House. (Better buy yourself some silvo.)

The stork has paid a visit to the "NUGENTS of Chicken Coop Fame", a bouncing 8 lbs. 9 ounces of feminine pulchritude.

LAC. KOSSMAN sent to stores by his crew chief to get the key for the Hydraulic Lock. P.S.—He is still looking for it.

The feminine invasion of No. 9 R.D. at our last dance were overcome with the cuteness of a certain blond Sergeant of A.R.S. (Get the smelling salts.)

THE END—

Yours truly talking to LAC. Bratus:

"When are you taking your leave, Pappy?"

"Oh, just before March 31st."

"Why then?"

"Don't you know that's the end of the Physical Year?"

AN AIRMAN'S VERSION OF A "MARRIAGE CEREMONY":

CHAPLAIN: "Wilt thou, John, have this woman as thy wedded wife, to live together insofar as the Department of National Defence for Air will allow? Wilt thou love her, comfort, honour and keep her, take her to the movies and come home promptly on all forty-eights?"

AIRMAN: "I will."

CHAPLAIN: "Wilt thou, Mary, take this airman as thy wedded husband bearing in mind, Battles, Tiger Moths, Bolingbrokes, restrictions and duty watches, sudden orders, uncertain mail conditions, and various other problems of airforce life? Wilt thou obey him, and love, honour and wait for him, learn to wash, fold and press his uniform?"

GIRL: "I will."

AIRMAN: "I, John, take thee, Mary, as my wedded wife from 1700 to 0730, as far as permitted by my Commanding Officer, aircraft, subject to change without notice, for better or worse, for earlier or later, and I promise to write at least once a week."

GIRL: "I, Mary, take thee, John, as my wedded husband, subject to orders of the Orderly Officer, changing residence whenever the station closes, to have and to hold as long as the allotment comes through regularly, and there I give my troth."

CHAPLAIN: "Then let no man put asunder these whom God and the Department of National Defence, Air Service, have wrought together. By virtue of the authority in R.C.A.F. Regulations and A.F.H.Q. Ottawa, and the latest bulletin from the A.O.C No 3 Training Command, concerning matrimony, you are now man and wife by the direction of the Commanding Officer."



"But Sir! That's the only pair of boots he has!"

STRAIGHT GOODS

by "BLACKIE"



There's a plant engaged in war work . . .
Of a very 'different' kind,
It's known to every airman,
But it's very hard to find.

The work it does is famous,
It's advertising -- free.
But here's the way the situation
Always looks to me.

"Hey, Joe, have you heard?
The station's gonna close,
It's 'Pukka gen', I got it
From a guy who really knows.

This guy has a good connection
And he really knows what's what.
His uncle knows a guy who knows a guy
That heard it BUT

Don't say a word to anyone, or
This guy will get sore,
If he finds out I told you,
He won't tell me anymore."

So Joe says "O.K. Louie,
Thanks a lot -- I won't say boo."
Then promptly looks around for
Someone he can tell it to.

He finds a likely prospect
In the wet canteen that night,
And starts to tell the story
In a voice so weak and tight,
That his listeners feels
It must be 'Pukka gen' he's getting here.

So he listens as Joe tells him
Over several quarts of beer
"Straight from a guy who knows a guy
Who knows a guy who knows,
The time, right to the hour
That this station's gonna close.

Don't say ANYTHING about it
But this is from the book,
The total station strength is being
Transferred to Scoudouc."

And so it goes with each man
Adding just a little more,
'Till, by the time you get it
It's as mixed up as this war.

But here's the thing that puzzles me,
Bewilders me no end.
Just who the heck's the guy
Who knows the guy that has the friend?

With the advent of present day high-performance Aircraft Engines, it is most desirable that some knowledge should be had concerning the limiting factors which affect the development of maximum power in these modern engines.

One of the main limiting factors for the development of this desired maximum power is the fuel used. In every case with internal combustion engines, the power developed results from a transformation of the energy contained in the fuel, into mechanical energy. The source of the energy therefore is the fuel used, and, as such, an attempt will be made to discuss a few points of interest concerning fuels for Internal Combustion Engines.

Fuels for Aero-Engines, and all high-powered, modern engines, is obtained in the majority of cases, from the distillation of crude petroleum, which, in its original state, is usually found as a dark-brown liquid. Its color however, varies from that of pure water to a tarry black. It has a greasy feeling and a fatty appearance; the heavier and darker types having the consistency of heavy molasses. The odor is usually disagreeable, being particularly offensive when sulphur is present in the oil. Petroleum, like many minerals, is found at various depths beneath the surface of the earth. It has been found in springs, oozing from the ground, in shallow wells, and in artesian wells, many thousands of feet deep. In the United States, it is found in one or the other of its various forms, in almost every State. In the State of Pennsylvania, the Indians formerly gathered the oil from the surface of the water in salt marshes, while in the Russian Caucasus, large springs have been known for centuries. The Island of Trinidad is reputed to be one of the largest oil producing centres in the British Empire.

There is scarcely any division of the earth's surface that has not a deposit of petroleum. The most important of these however, are the deposits at Baku, on the shores of the Caspian Sea, and those in Western Pennsylvania, California, and Texas.

In Pennsylvania, New York, and West Virginia, petroleum is found in sandstone of various geological formations, in the shape of several distinct layers, known as the first, second, third, fourth, and fifth oil sands. Wells of various depths are drilled and may extend from 60 to 70 feet deep before striking oil.

Due to increased demands for a greater supply of crude oil to satisfy the ever increasing consumption of petroleum products, wells of great depths are being drilled, as it was found that by so doing, a greater supply was available. Wells that

are drilled to these great depths are called, "Artesian Wells," and oils found in such wells usually rise to the surface without the aid of pumps. The pressures existing beneath the earth's surface at such depths are usually very great and as such, the oil jets out in the form of a fountain, many feet in height.

The origin of petroleum is a matter of uncertainty, but the available facts of geology seem to support the supposition that the oil is of animal rather than of mineral origin. The accepted theory on the subject may be stated as follows: Thousands of years ago, the ocean covered a large portion of what is now dry land. Animal life in those seas was very abundant, and, from time to time, earthquakes, landslides, and strong currents in the ocean buried large numbers of animals, both on the present dry land and under the sea. Oxygen is necessary for the destruction of animal matter by decay; and the air and water not being in contact with these large quantities of animal remains, another sort of transformation took place. In the course of time, and under high pressures, the softer portions of these animal remains were changed to petroleum, the bones being wholly or partially transformed into rock. In original deposits (those places where the animal remains have been changed into petroleum), skeletons of fishes and various animals have been found, with petroleum surrounding them.

Methods of Extraction

The extraction of petroleum from the deposits in the earth presents various degrees of difficulty, depending on the locality. Although, in some cases, petroleum flows to the surface without previous drilling, the boring of wells to various depths, up to 4,500 feet, is the method now adopted. The depth, of course, is not always the same on account of the different locations of the oil deposits. Some wells flow to the top of the ground, while in others, the oil must be pumped to the surface.

In all cases, a derrick is first erected over the spot selected for the well, and drilling is done by means of a bar of steel, shaped like a chisel, which is alternately lifted and dropped on the rock, etc., being pumped out every little while with the aid of water.

Methods of Distillation and Refining

Petroleum, or crude oil, is a mixture of various hydro-carbons that have different boiling points; hence, if a quantity of crude oil is placed in a vessel and heated so as to increase the temperature, the hydrocarbons composing the oil will boil as their boiling points are reached and will be driven off in the form of vapor. Those

hydrocarbons that have the lowest boiling points will be vaporized first, and then the others having higher boiling points, in order in which those temperatures are reached. If the vapors that are driven off in this way are led through coils of pipe, cooled by water, they will condense into liquids. This process of separating crude oil into various constituents by vaporizing them and condensing them afterward is known as distillation. The products obtained by distillation are called distillates.

If the crude oil is heated gradually, the different constituents will be driven off in regular order, and the amount of each that will thus be obtained will be approximately equal to the percentage of that hydrocarbon in the crude oil. This process is called "fractional distillation." This process results in the production of straight-run gasoline and is the most extensively used method of extraction of gasoline. Approximately 65 per cent of all gasoline consumed is obtained by this method, and is the best for internal combustion engines. The name "Straight-run" is applied to this gasoline because of the close relation of the blends. Fuels used in modern engines are blended so that varying volatilities are compounded together and thereby results in a fuel which permits relatively even combustion after ignition. If the temperature of the crude oil is regulated so that after a temperature of about 450 degrees F. is reached, and is then slowly raised up to 700 degrees F., some of the hydrocarbons that would ordinarily vaporize within this range of temperature are cracked, or broken up into other hydrocarbons. This permits the molecules of some of the heavy thereby produces lighter hydrocarbons, suitable for gasoline. This process is called "Cracking Distillation" and considerably increases the amount of gasoline obtainable for use in internal combustion engines.

Other Processes of Distillation

The steadily increasing demand for gasoline as a fuel for internal combustion engines, has led numerous experiments to try to find processes by which a larger percentage of crude oil can be converted into the lighter hydrocarbons suitable for use in engines. Some of the processes thus discovered have been put into commercial use, to a greater or less extent. Others, while successful from the laboratory standpoint, have not yet been perfected to such a degree that they can be used on a large scale.

The Rittman Process, for example, consists in vaporizing the crude oil and then subjecting this vapor to a high temperature under considerable pressure. The result of heating under pressures is a sort of cracking process by which the gas is broken up into other gases. These are then con-

densed, and the hydrocarbons thus obtained, have been found to contain as much as from 50 to 75 per cent of gasoline.

The "Snelling" process is still a further application of the "cracking process." A natural hydrocarbon of some kind, such as a lubricating oil, fuel oil, paraffin, etc., is put in a tight vessel, in which it occupies only $\frac{1}{4}$ the volume. It is then heated until a pressure of about 800 pounds per square inch is produced after which it is cooled. The oil or wax will then be found to have been changed to crude oil and gas, by a sort of rearrangement of the molecules under heat and pressure. The crude oil thus obtained can be distilled so as to obtain gasoline. By repeating the process on the heavy products left after distillation, as much as 70 per cent of gasoline has been obtained from paraffin.

Gasoline From Natural Gas

Another method of obtaining gasoline is to extract it from natural gas by compression and condensation. Natural gas is a mixture of various hydrocarbons, such as methane, ethane, propane, etc. If the gas is compressed, therefore, and then, while under this pressure, is cooled, some of the vapors will condense to liquid form. The liquid thus produced, which is called "Condensate" averages about 2.5 gallons per 1,000 cubic feet of gas compressed. This condensate is not used alone however, as its volatility is very high. The usual procedure is to blend gasoline thus obtained, with lower grade refinery-naphthas. This is done to give a slower rate of vaporization when exposed at ordinary temperatures. The process of obtaining gasoline from natural gas has resulted in the production of millions of gallons of gasoline per year, and as such, is a most beneficial process indeed.

The Turner Valley, in Southern Alberta abounds with natural gas and places Canada in an ideal position as far as the production of gasoline by the above described method.

Casing-head gasoline is obtained by another comparatively new method, and is a very light, highly-volatile gasoline. The natural petroleum gases which originate underground from crude petroleum, are changed into casing-head gasoline by what is known as the "Absorption Process." The gas is forced into a heavy oil which absorbs the wet hydrocarbons portion of the gas. The oil is then distilled which throws off the gas as vapor which is condensed into casing-head gasoline. By blending this gasoline with a heavy, low-volatility gasoline, it can be used commercially for internal-combustion engines.

Having stated some of the facts concerning crude oil and the processes to which this oil may be subjected in order to obtain gasoline, it would be well to mention at this time, some of the methods used to determine the characteristics of the gasoline thus obtained.

The test of gasoline requires the determination of three properties: (1) Volatility, (2) Purity, and (3) Knock-rating. Volatility governs starting and distribution. Purity means freedom from any material harmful to the engine. Knock-rating determines the maximum pressure and temperature limits for smooth operation for the engine.

In order to determine the volatility of a given sample of fuel, a measured quantity of the fuel is distilled in what is known as the Engler Distillation Test. This is done under standard conditions and the temperatures are recorded at which various percentages are distilled. For easy starting, 10 per cent of the sample should be distilled at about 65 degrees C. For good vaporization and distribution, 90 per cent should be distilled at about 140 degrees C.

The test for purity is to ensure that the gasoline is completely free from any foreign materials such as water, dirt, acid, or alkali and must be relatively non-corrosive, low in sulphur, and free from gum.

Finding the knock-rating of the fuel is of prime importance as this determines the anti-knock value or resistance of the fuel to detonate during use.

Very frequently, fuels are doped or treated with Tetra-ethyl Lead, as it was found that by so doing, the Tetra-ethyl Lead acted as a knock inhibitor which permitted fuels so treated to withstand greater compression without detonation. The procedure for testing and determining the Octane rating of a fuel is to run an engine on the fuel to be tested and gradually increase the load on the engine until the knock is of a certain intensity. Then without stopping the engine, the gasoline is cut off and the iso-octane and heptane mixture is turned on with the load on the engine unchanged. The amount of iso-octane required in the mixture to produce the same knock under the same load conditions is the octane rating of the fuel under test. Therefore, the higher the percentage of iso-octane required to match the performance of the gasoline being tested, the better is the knockless performance of the fuel. Much more could be said concerning fuels for modern engines but due to the lack of space, I'll have to sign off now, hoping some light was shed on this very fascinating subject; Fuels for Aircraft Engines of Modern Design.

THE COMMANDOS

The bedpan commandos come rushing to duty at 0800 hours, relieving commando Cpl. HAMBROOKE, who is on the night shift, guarding a most essential position, the bed commando headquarters.

Reading from right to left at roll call are a tough looking group Cpl. CORBY better known as the man with 500 under his care the card game. Lac (Leading Active Commando) HARSSELL who is well known for his long service without promotion — but does that get him down? YOU SAID IT!

Lac. (Liquor, Alcohol, and Cokes) Provost is about to take a dangerous mission next Christmas. He will take a voyage into no man's land and get married a suicide job.

Lac. FARGEON the man who takes care of long distant commando raids (from St. Johns to Lachine).

Lac. RICHARD who makes a nightly raid (voluntary) on the vitally important female stronghold of Montreal.

Lac. (does not stand for Lacking Ambition and Courage) MOISAN in charge this week of the pill box, secret ray lamp and T.N.T. (castor oil).

Lac. (get cracken') KLETSKY one of the commandos who strike at dawn. He strikes a dagger down the throats of the captured prisoners (patients) about 0600 hours. He calls it a thermometer.

The latest additions to the commando platoon, who reached us after a long amphibious escape across a perilous stream (the Atlantic Ocean) are Lac's. (Mustacio) MITCHELL and (long silent) BAINBRIDGE. Also those in charge of mopping up operations are Lac. "speed" SCHEWHS and "I got a friend in Montreal" RHODES.

Look who is coming now — commando Sgt. BILLINGS of intelligence who is in charge of making microscopic experiments, and commando Sgt. HOWARTH after an airborne mission to an isolated outpost, No. 1 A.S.U.

In charge of this group of bed pan commandos is S/L (sick leave) HOUZE and his assistants F/L (Farm Leave) RIVEN who takes care of the casualties in the battle of R.D. and F/L (King) GRATTON in charge of casualties in the battle of A.O.S. Also F/L (Inventory) LAWS in charge of prisoners (patients) captured in the battle of St. Johns.

So there you have the entire squad of bed pan commandos — the unsung heroes of the war.

M. T. SECTION,

By:— (That would be sentimentalist)
N. DURBANO

NEWS AND VIEWS OF THE M.T. CREWS

IF EVERY ONE——

If everyone who drives a car could lie a month in bed,
With broken bones and stitched-up wounds,
or fractures of the head,
And there endure the agonies that many people do,
They'd never need preach safety any more to me or you

If every one could stand beside the bed of some close friend,
And hear the doctor say "no hope" before the fatal end,
And see him there unconscious, never knowing what took place,
The laws and rules of traffic I am sure we'd soon embrace,

If every one could meet the wife and children left behind,
And step into the darkened home where once the sunlight shined,
And look upon "The Vacant Chair" where Daddy used to sit,
I'm sure each reckless driver would be forced to think a bit.

If every one would realize pedestrians on the street
Have just as much the right-of-way as those upon the seat,
And train their eyes for children who run recklessly at play,
This steady toll of human lives would drop from day to day.

If every one would check his car before he takes a trip,
For tires worn, loose steering wheels and brakes that fail to grip,
And pay attention to his lights while driving roads at night,
Another score for safety could be chalked up in the fight.

If every one who drives a car would heed the danger signs,
Placed by the highway engineers who also marked the lines,
To keep the traffic in the lane and give it proper space,
The accidents we read about could not have taken place.

And last, if he who takes the wheel would say a little prayer,
And keep in mind those in the car depending on his care,
And make a vow and pledge himself to never take a chance,
The great crusade for safety then would suddenly advance.

C. E. WEISER.

I hope that after carefully reading the poem I am forgiven in getting sentimental over it. I am also sure that everyone who reads it will be touched by it, maybe just a little, but enough to think twice whether you are driving or walking, and by doing so may save yours or someone else's life. I certainly "did not" enter the poem as a matter of sarcasm, or reflexion upon the M.T. drivers of this station, or anyone else. But, as the saying goes "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."

SLOW LEAKS FROM THE DRIVERS ROOM——

Apparently Flight Sergeant MAXWELL will go to any extreme to get publicity in the station magazine. The latest adventure he has entered in is marriage. He proudly walked up the aisle on the afternoon of Nov. 4th and "He Dood it." All the best to you Maxie.

BOLDUC—Who is out of the hospital and hitting the road again, has recently returned from a trip to the United States. As soon as he arrived in camp he immediately whipped out a picture of a young girl leading a cow and said that he spent most of his spare time with them. The boys don't know whether he has suddenly developed a liking for children or livestock.

Cpl. STARKE—The dispatcher, has not only proven to be a good dispatcher, but also a good salesman, — because he has broken the sales record in War Bonds in the section and deserves a good deal of credit for it.

Our famed Irishman "McCARTHY" broke his hand not long ago while spending a 48 at home cranking a car. Through this unfortunate accident he was promoted to assistant stockkeeper of our stockroom. Thus, "DURBIE", was promoted to crane operator. I guess we're both happy, eh Mac!

ADMINISTRATION ANECDOTES

by SGT. HANK CUTT

At time of writing the fate of No. 9 Repair Depot is still a clouded mystery in the crystal ball and the Station's future uncertain. After more than three year's service in the Headquarters Orderly Room: it is with a feeling of nostalgia that we look backwards into the past and conjure up a picture of the never-ending parade of men — and women — who were part of the life of No. 9. Some were here but briefly; others are still with us; but all contributed to a certain extent to the expansion and improvement of the Station. Of the original clerical staff who manned the L.C. Smith's back in the fall of '41, only a handful remain—Elmer Morris, Bill Spady, Pete Mancino and Hank Cutt — and each could contribute his own personal anecdotes to the collection of No. 9 R.D. lore.

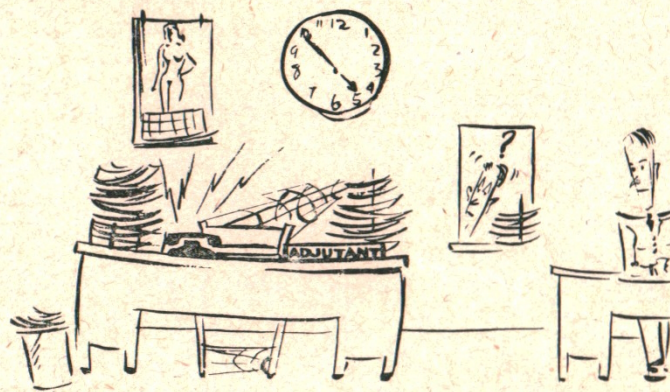
They will long remember the persistent clanging of the fire bell in the switch-board room, clattering out a series of false alarms and, once in a while, a genuine warning; and they will miss the sound of "C.R. for the C.O.!" wafted across the hall from the Orderly Room to Central Registry. The dubious pleasure watching through the Orderly Room window to see if some unwary Airmen passing by will — or will not — salute the ensign will no longer be theirs.

Life in the Admin. Building had more than its share of ups and downs through-

out the past three years, but it was never dull, and constant changes in personnel and routine kept the staff from ever getting into a rut. We've had to endeavour to work in greatcoats and overshoes in the winter, and type with one hand and swat flies with the other in summer, but there were lots of laughs to counter-balance the hectic and nerve -racking days — and there were plenty of those.

Through the accumulated welter of telegrams, C.R. files, letters, D.R.O.'s, returns, reports and investigations, emerges the muffled footsteps of the steady stream of Admin. Officers, Clerks, Disciplinarians, Telephone Operators and G.D.'s who once they are scattered far and wide throughout the British Empire; some in aircrew, others back to civilian life. For the most part they were a swell gang and we'd like to meet up with them again. The civilian girls who have been in our midst cannot be overlooked either, for they have done their share in keeping things running as smoothly as possible.

All in all, therefore, when the time comes to say "Aloha" to No. 9 Repair Depot, while the sun sinks in the golden West (as they say in the travelogues), it will be with a feeling of genuine regret that we drift along St. Jacques St. in a Boulais bus into the sunset for the last time.



"Any time is Tea time."

EQUIPMENT NEWS

STRENGTH INCREASE

T.O.S., by Cpl. and Mrs. Gordon after basic training in the Sherbrooke Hospital, twin boys, Jeffery and Justin. Our very best wishes to them all. Jeffery, we hear, has been returned to the incubator until he measures up to Medical Standards.

T.O.S. by Sgt. and Mrs. Goldman just one boy. Congratulations. Well Mort, you were getting pretty nervous waiting for that phone call, it was even worse than walking the floor.

T.O.S. by Sam and Mrs. Mulholland a son, both well. Sam, we know you thought it was a long time to wait, but your troubles have not started yet, wait until he arranges the house to his own liking.

T.O.S. by Cpl. and Mrs. Sarazin, a daughter. Congratulations. We're all waiting for cigars!

Quips and Flashes

...The new O.C. of Bldg. No. 10, F/L. FULLER, certainly has made quite an improvement in the rebuilding of the offices. At least we all have our own tables now and don't have to sit on everybody's knee any longer.

...To our little lady, Jeanne TRUDEAU, our best wishes for a speedy recovery. The poor kid must be tired of all the different diets by now.

...“Hey Fred, when are you going to dish out free cokes.. Don't you think your profits can stand it now that you don't need ice any more?”

...Our little morale booster, Pam BROADFOOT is doing a splendid job in Tech. Stores. Her cheerfulness and smiling face certainly help in these grim days.

...We think its about time “PUBS” opened up. What'cha doing behind those locked doors Tubby?

...Never was so much, done by one so little, in so short a time. Orchids to S/O COWEN.

...In the Battle Royal of Rummy, Tubby LAZENBY has had Brush-Out LANGSTON over the hump, but the tide seems to be turning. P. S. Rae has just taken seven days' leave, could it be to practice?

...Will some hockey team please sign up LAC TAILLEUR before he goes to the dogs—he is smoking now!

...In the “Name the Street” contest last

month, they forgot one thoroughfare, the I. & R. Section.

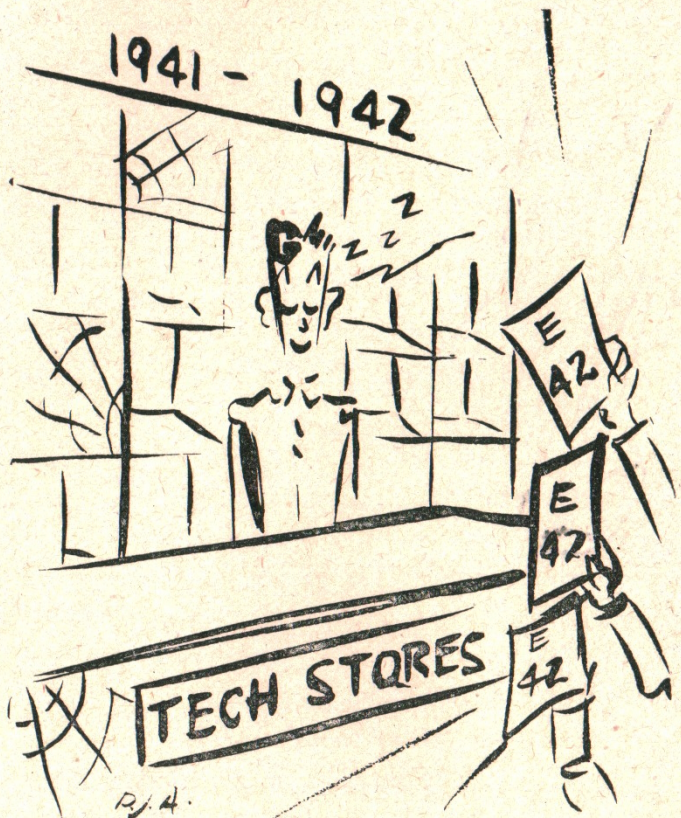
...Too bad Sgt. FAULKNER was posted, where are you going to hang your boots fellows?

...By the way, have you heard that Clothing Stores has changed its name? “Station Nursery” is the new sign on the door. Head nurse, 220 pound buxom Cpl. BENOIT, assistant nurse, 130 pound Lac. CREVIER.

...The “Three Musketeers” Jimmy RADIGAN, Joe VAILLANCOURT and Dave GLENCROSS are still plugging at the provisioning section. Nice work boys!

IS IT TRUE THAT.....

Hughe's fiancee has not been able to convince him that two can live as cheaply as one ... Sam REID almost took to drinking after working a few weeks with noisy Abe Paul LACHAPLLE studies and works on photographic Art as a post-war career ... Frank SAVILLE couldn't persuade his wife to stay on in St. Johns ... little “Mascot” DAVIS of the S.M.S. was standing at the corner while DOUGALL took his Downtown Queen to the Victory Loan Dance ... an airman from Major Equip, fell asleep in an engine case and woke up at No. 12 E.D. to discover that his carburetor was missing ... our esteemed Barrack Warden really makes those cookies, um,m,m, the're good Fred.



“We need tools!”

Drastic changes are taking place as a result of our victorious armies' march in to Berlin. The distance to the goal of our armies is gradually decreasing and it appears as though it will not be very long before many of us will be resuming new duties out of the Service in civilian life. A great number of us will have our regrets, if only for the loss of the comradeship which all of us were permitted to share during our participation in this all-out war effort. As the bells of Victory are on the verge of ringing, we look with pride on having contributed to this ultimate victory. It is our hope that the strength which was displayed throughout this struggle will remain with us during the Victory and Peace of Tomorrow.

The ever-changing war conditions, influences E.R.S. considerably and we are feeling the effects beyond doubt. We have lost one of our best liked O.C.'s, F/L RANKIN, who has departed from our establishment for service at another unit, DEBERT. F/L RANKIN served in this section with distinction and has left a very favourable impression on the minds of all of us. We were lucky in being able to stage a farewell get-together in his honour before he left. The affair was well arranged and conducted under the able guidance of Lac. GOULET, who did much to make the affair a great success. Everyone responded to the call and endeavoured to give in return, a lasting impression of our gratitude to our departing O.C.

This occasion served a two-fold purpose in that an opportunity was presented to welcome our new O.C., S/L CARSON. S/L CARSON hails from the capital city, Ottawa, and he has a number of improvements in store for the section which should revolutionize our activities for greater progress.

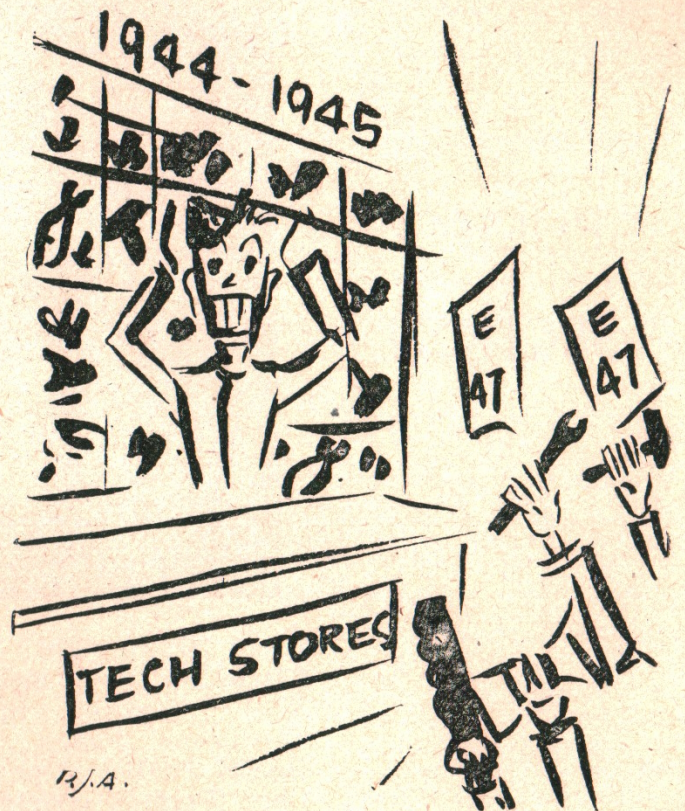
It is with great pleasure that we look at the success E.R.S. has had in its sales of Bonds with the 7th Victory Loan Campaign.

The quota as set by our Victory Loan Committee was \$7,500.00, rather high indeed for a section depleted of its strength in personnel such as ours has been. However, we were fortunate in securing an all-out effort on the part of everyone. Good fortune and good salesmanship on the part of those assigned the job of hunting for all prospective sales, resulted in a 100% participation and a greater than 400% over-subscription of our original quota.

Special mention is due to Lac's ILO-VITCH, CORBER, BORBEAU, McHALE and Cpl. D'AVIGNON. These men participated with great interest for the cause, realizing the impression would be a deciding factor as far as the success of the overall participation of the Depot.

F/L RANKIN was very kind in starting off the campaign by subscribing for a Victory Bond before he left. This aided us tremendously and it permitted us to demonstrate our interest in the success of the campaign. The efforts of E.R.S. and A.R.S. were pooled to great advantage. Co-operation is indeed one of the secrets of success and it is hoped that this co-operative spirit will be a lasting one throughout the battles to come.

E.R.S. MARCHES ON!



"We want to return these tools!"

"SHOCKS AND SHORTS"

by LAC'S MAY and CLARK

What the H . . . is going on here?" says the flight-sergeant, as two conscripted volunteers started to concentrate on some material for the station mag. We hasten to add that we are new in the department!

Who's Joe Stitch?" What! No 'phone calls lately?

Lots of luck to Cpl. and Mrs. MILLER who are blessed-eventing.

Congrats to LAC LANCILOULT as well, who is duplicating this feat. What, no cigars?

Sgt. SMITH has finally done it — he married the girl he has been raving about. Good luck, Smithy.

The new stripes on Corporals NOONAN, FORD, DANIELS and Sgt. SAVIGNAC look good. Keep it up, boys!

LAC JACKSON is easy prey to the charms of the W.D.'s, and he should really buy rings wholesale.

BURWORTH writes Eva that he is at Boundary Bay Battery Shop and LANGFORD is also there on the bench work, but not polishing screws.

Corporal NOONAN receives word from D'ANGELO and SMART who say England is quite a place but as yet have only seen

barmails!

EDWARDS and GIFFEN are doing a good job on the station basketball team, and are making a name for themselves and the Repair Depot in Montreal.

Things We Would Like to Know . . .

What was WESTCOOTT and his buddy celebrating when seen emerging rather unsteadily from the Suds Emporium?

What draws AC1 POULAIN to St. Johns? —Nurses to you!

Why are HEWIT and LARABEE so quiet after that Boston week-end?

What did LAC BLUE do in Montreal, and how did he get back?

What can't that group of boys get past when they plan to go roller-skating?

Do all CCFers shave in the nude at three o'clock in the morning or is Cpl. ABERNATHY different?

We would like to know when Cpl. NORBY is going to make that western dream girl . . . his wife?

Why do strangers sometimes think this is a radio station?

What two flight-sergeants were seen busily wolfing at Baldwin Hall?

Why does it cost CARGYLL \$17.00 for a week-end in Quebec City?

Famous last words—"Will G.E.S. have that Party?"

PHOTO SECTION



From left to right.

FRONT ROW: Sgt. "Bib" Bibby, F/S. "Hamy" Hamilton, W.O. "Squire" Probert, F/S. "Flash" Boulianne, Cpl. "Focusene" Force.

BACK ROW: Cpl. "Howy" Howitt, Lac. "Iberville" Barron, Lac. "Perfect" Barley, Acl. "Pin-Up" Batten, Cpl. "Scrounger" Peterson, Acl. "Giggles" Gagne.

Since the last issue several changes have been made in our section. Our previous O.C. F/L BROWN has been transferred to the Admin building to act as investigating officer. We wish him the best of luck in his new post.

Our present O.C. F/L LAZIER recently arrived from an aircraft company out West, in which he was A.I.D. Officer, will find his job considerably different, but he is assured the full co-operation of all our men.

INSPECTION REPORTS

Congratulations to W.O.1 McCaffrey on his new promotion. We wonder if the major will do his new uniform justice.

Our new Sgts. Mess secretary, Sgt. SULLIVAN will have plenty to explain to his wife when he works overtime collecting mess dues—especially from the fairer sex.

We hope that Sgt. MOSHER'S new assignment in Test Flight will relieve him of the dubious distinction of being known as "Cockpit Moe."

Welcome is extended to Sgt. John DICK who was recently posted here. Sgt. DICK hails from Montreal but made his home here in St. Johns. You made a "perfect landing" John!

The joke of the month is on me. After guaranteeing to everyone the quality of the Xmas cards I bought, I received them marked "Polly!" NO, I don't want a cracker, thank you!

Three of our men recently had to pack up and go — to that outpost known as No. 4 Hangar. Sgt's. LAROCQUE, WOOLEY, and Cpl. CORK have taken their fate calmly and are now happily at work there.

Sgt. JOSPE of "Toonerville Trolley—all aboard for Montreal" fame, has different tires now. We wonder who he haunted for them.

Sgt. JULIEN "The St. Luke Kid" will soon have to set a new record on the St. Luke road, before snow sets in. Or will he continue his training on the "Burma road?"

Our "W. C. Fields" Sgt. MacMILLAN will soon have to change to winter grade of "anti-freeze" or he will lose that rosy complexion his nose has been sporting.

WHAT WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW —

When will Sgt. GIBSON take that fatal step? From Lac to Cpl. to Sgt. and now he is waiting for the final promotion — civvy stripes.

When will F/S WHITE, Sgt. GORDON, and myself start that novelty shop in competition with the St. John Gift Shop? With all the Xmas gifts made in the hobby shop of course.

Why Sgt. RIVERS is so interested in a music correspondence course when he claims he was making 80c per hour in the printing business?

WANTED: For our new Warrant Officer a new type of bib, with a built in ash tray.



"Get WO1 McCaffrey to sign for it!"

MEMOIRS OF YE OLDE WIRELESS SHOPPE

It was suggested that the W/T Shop hit the print just once before No. 9 R.D. hits the discard; so here goes! We must admit that we have plenty of time lately to collect our Unemployment Insurance. Our numbers are being continually reduced, and soon the time will come when we'll all be saying, "Remember . . ."

Our amiable maestro, Johnny LOUDEN, is the squarest-shooting F/S this side of Debert. And mention of Debert brings back memories of good old Charlie CROSS, one of the best WM's we've ever met. Then there was Bill MORRISON—wonder how soon Bill will actually marry that Quack and start raising little ducks? And that Toronto Cowboy, Bob BULLOCK, who was at his best while reciting poetry (?) over the P.A. system. And we couldn't forget Lou DASH, who was always wondering why Stores refused to issue a girdle to him. Oh yes—FOURNIER, the man who found the climate in P.E.I. excellent for growing a mustache; or should we say for growing handlebars? No one could possibly think of the old gang without remembering our one-man P.A. system Len STONE. Remember the time Laurie PADBERG jumped out of bed screaming, "Now I know what's wrong with my oscillator!" It was very kind of RAYSON, SAY and "The Mouth" SAUNDERS, to save Ole Man COHEN from doing duty on the coal pile. And speaking of Archie, he was quite dis-

illusioned when he found that a "wave-trap" was part of a radio.

Paul GAUTHIER was our one-and-only "fighting" WM. He saw real service with the 425th Squadron in the African Campaign. Says Paul, "It was a nice trip, but no picnic."

Things have been quite lively since the gang from Ancienne Laurette returned; lady-killer LEIBOVITCH, Jack FRIMAN, Gil LEBLANC and Freddie LAVOIE with their stories of "Gees, down at Laurette—etc." "Quick, what happened to Little Abner?" is the usual greeting from that Winnipeg Woodworker, Alec KEARNEY. Les WILLIAMS claims he is going to retire the very next time he wins 50c—you know how! One of the real mysteries of the W/T Shop was how "The Voice" PALMER could get along using his mouth for nothing but eating.

Not to be forgotten, either, are Ricky—the sail-boatiest A.I.D. man at No. 9 R.D.; Guy ROYER, with his, "What's this, what happened?"—always late in getting the latest; our buckshee consultant and sleep-talker-in-chief, Bud BROCK; and the guy who woke up the morning after this string of words appeared in print to find himself six feet under Steve WALBRIDGE.

Finally, DOUCET, with his, "Room, Atten-shone." When we catch Duce on parade, it'll be just cause to declare a national holiday.

MALE CALL

by Milton Caniff, creator of



INSTRUMENT "SHOP LIFTERS"

"Many have come, many have gone, but some go on forever," says Sgt. Jake WALTON, who has been a member of No. 9 R.D. for almost three years. Right now he is the "Slave Driver" of the shop and loved by everyone

Every time Patrick O'MINTZ gets a job, he is heard to say, "Just you wait until I get my discharge."

We have another interesting character in the shop. The person of Ac1 BEEMER, who is headed for the realm of "Sky Pilot".

"Today we can do the impossible, but miracles take a little longer," says Sgt. Hank JOHNSON.

It has been rumoured that Lac. HOP-PENHEIM will be featured in our Station Show. We should see some good weight lifting!

Lac. Chuck WHITE is "expecting" about the middle of December. Hope your dreams come true "Chuck"!

Our own "BLACKIE" is co-producer of the Station Show that is coming up. Let's hope that not too many objects are thrown in his way to delay the success of the show.

Our genius Roger MASSIE (Cpl.), when kibitzed about his latest inventions, says, "Well, gee whiz! Jealousy will get you ANYWHERE."

Our storekeeper (Cpl.) Guy Boulais GAGNE—has his problems too—trying to find passengers who will ride with him to Montreal

We have many other faithful cohorts in the section in the persons of Cpls. McGINNIS, MACDONALD, Lacs. LEMIEUX, CHRISTENSEN, LITTLE, IRVING, and Ac1 SCOTT. They are our field and hangar crew — the guys who do the work around here. Their secrets they keep to themselves.

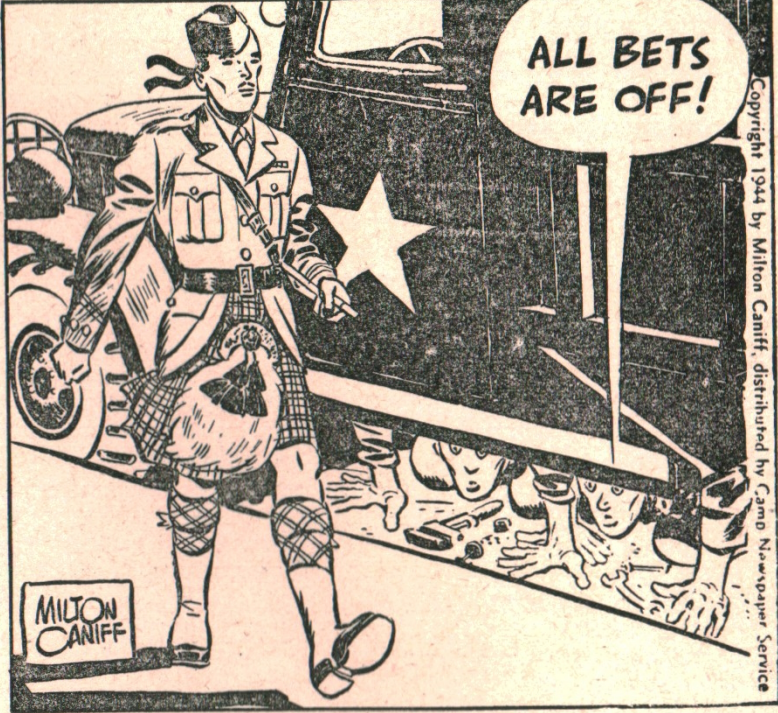
The lads regret the absence of F/S. HORMAN, who has been posted. We believe his successor, F/S. HUGHES, will do his darndest to keep up the standard set by "Casanova" Horman.

Lac. TREMBLAY has been transferred back to the textile business, so that his shining face will no longer be beaming over the thoughts of greasing tacometer drives.

"Terry and the Pirates"



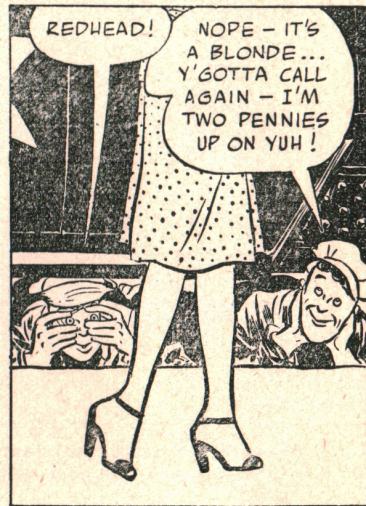
IT'S A KILT TILT



MALE CALL



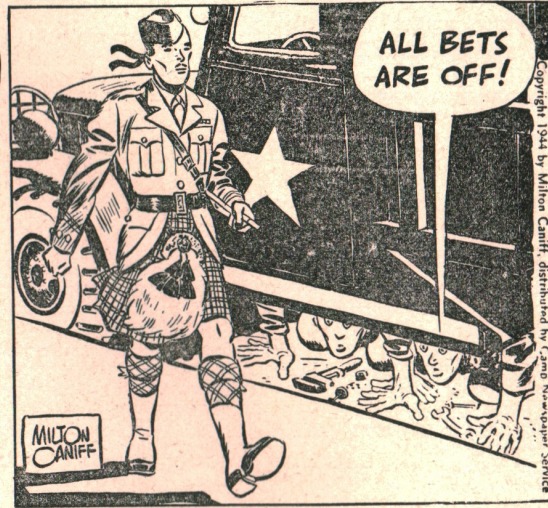
by Milton Caniff, creator of



"Terry and the Pirates"



IT'S A KILT TILT



MACHINE SHOP NOTES

by LAC AL BOWLEY

PARODY

Fling your curses at me F/S — do your worst,
I know you think that I am just a silly twerp.
Oh, how we idolize those stripes and crown
—that bring forth all our sighs.
On F.T., Flight, you look the perfect Romeo,
With more hair on your legs than on your "dome-eo",
Oh, we never knew another Flight just like you.

There is a corporal named CRANE
Who went for a ride on a train.
Destination New York,
Just to view all the stock
Hundred and fifty it cost—where's the gain?

We wonder if Corporal Everett has ever heard of Baron Monchauson.

Four men did they call, Lac's "A" machinists all,
Sent to No. 12 E.D. in Montreal.
High hopes did they raise—in their minds lots of praise,
On stripes did they let their thought dwell.
But when they got there, their sleeves were still bare,
Only crates to be packed did they find—
Now thoughts rampant march, as they sit 'neath some arch:
Will our discharges arrive by next March?

Said STOREY to PILOTE "Wrong number have they got.
So from Remembrance parade we will refrain."
Came Monday afternoon, they heard then with a swoon,
"Report to the station discip forthwith."
Said the station discip: "Hm! This your first trip?
What excuse? One number wrong! SIT DOWN."
"PILOTE, what a shame, your excuse is the same?
I'll deal with you later. SIT DOWN."
So to the time of the press, we still cannot guess,
Is it Barracks, Guard House, or the Mess?

Our SMITH a mighty man is he,
Full quarts of beer he quaffs.
When told about the paunch he'll have,
He merely sits and scoffs.

There is a young fellow named CERE,
Who had to lay off the beer.
He saved all his dollars,
Made do with old collars,
Now a daughter has he, three cheers.

Of Corporal SHARRON I'm afraid,
There is nothing to be essayed,
For he has his tour of England just completed.
But of one thing I am sure,
When we all have run our tour,
It's a time to look back on, and wish repeated.

Oh Johnny! Oh Johnny! How you must love—heavens above.
We know your poor heart jumps with joy
— at the prospect of little girl or bouncing boy.
Oh Johnny! Oh Johnny! Please tell us do,—when you are a proud papa.
For in that happy day you will hear us all say: Oh Johnny—where is that cigar?

Burlington BURLEY from Toronto,
Expects to get spliced fairly pronto;
He sends all his pay
To be saved for the day
When he says to his love, "Dear, I want to."

Deep among a mess of papers, buried to the elbows,
Gnawing pencils, writing orders, checking on the Inventory,
Comes a voice "The devil! Blow dat dam whistle."
See us all aworry—
It's only Sergeant VEILLEUX—Aw shucks, why hurry?

Very glad to see a few (very few) members of the machine shop at the blood clinic last week. There is no truth in the rumour that the pretty nurse slapped BURLEY'S face and told him when they wanted hot water they would send for him. Neither is it true that the doctor searched for ten minutes in the foliage of BOWLEY'S chest for his stethoscope.

When upon a visit to the Machine Shop one day, a high ranking officer of the Air Force asked an A.C.2 how many fighters he had helped to put in commission that day. "Two, Sir." "And you?" he asked an L.A.C. "Five, Sir." Passing on to an old hand in the shop, a Corporal, he asked him the same question. "Oh, very near a hundred, I reckon, Sir." Upon the officer leaving, the senior N.C.O. rushed over to the Corporal and demanded to know what he meant by saying nearly a hundred fighters. "Fighters!" said the Corporal, "gosh, I thought he said lighters."

Of the writer of this, there's but one thing to be said,
Let's hope he escapes with a completely whole head.

AN OPEN LETTER TO AIRMEN OF 9 R.D.

This in all probability, is going to be one of the toughest jobs I've had to do since joining the Air Force; not only because I find it hard to express myself but because its the first thing I've attempted to do that I haven't done under order.

First, I'd like to paint a picture of myself as I was for almost a year — over 300 evenings!

I used to get up in the morning, just in time to rush to the mess and grab a cup of coffee. If I ran like mad, I'd be on parade in time. After roll call, as most of us are, I was told to do some job by one of the N.C.O.'s. I did it, but as soon as I had finished I'd try and keep out of the way so as not to invite another job. This went on till noon.

After dinner, I'd amble over to the barracks and lie down to rest. Another mad rush to the hangar and I'd just make parade again. The afternoon was similar to the morning — continually "making myself scarce" so as not to get "Joe'd".

After supper, I had a number of choices — I could either lie down again; go over to the canteen; or go downtown and "carouse around". Usually, I'd end up lying down.

So on — day after day — week after week — month after month. I was really in a rut; I'd been taught, not to think for myself, but to do what I was told.

I don't know yet when the thought hit me, but all of a sudden, I got to thinking, what was all this getting me? Here I was in my early twenties, a newly married man with a flimsy civilian background, and absolutely no idea of what I was going to do after the war was over.

I spent a lot of time thinking about this because, all of a sudden, the end of the war seemed close. I couldn't depend on what I'd left behind to go back to, I had to figure out somehow how I was going to fit myself back into civilian life.

Things looked gloomier then ever when, after talking over my problems with a couple of other fellows, I found out the only way I could get a job and amount to something, was to better myself, educate myself. "As far as the Air Force goes, you're an "A" group mechanic; qualified to repair or maintain aircraft" I was told. "They're satisfied with you as you are, so from now on, anything you do to educate yourself or better yourself, will have to be done on your own time.

All this talking was making me feel worse and worse. I pictured myself spending hours studying and having no time for fun. The hardest thing of all, was that I didn't know what I wanted to be in civilian life. I didn't want to go back to my old job, and there just wasn't anything else I could do.

With my mind in a turmoil I wandered over to the Technical Library. Nobody bothered me, so I just browsed around looking at different books and things until I happened to run into a pamphlet called "What Will I Do When The War Is Won?" I read it from cover to cover and before I'd finished, I realized how little I actually knew and just how far behind I was.

I signed for two courses that night. I won't mention them here because I'm ashamed to admit how elementary they were. Since then, instead of wasting my evenings lying around, I spend them studying. Its not hard after you get started, in fact, it gets interesting after a while.

I wish I had a climax for this letter but there just isn't. No one seems to have noticed anything different about me, but believe me something has happened. I don't feel as though I'm wasting my time any more. I have a feeling of self-satisfaction of doing something worthwhile.

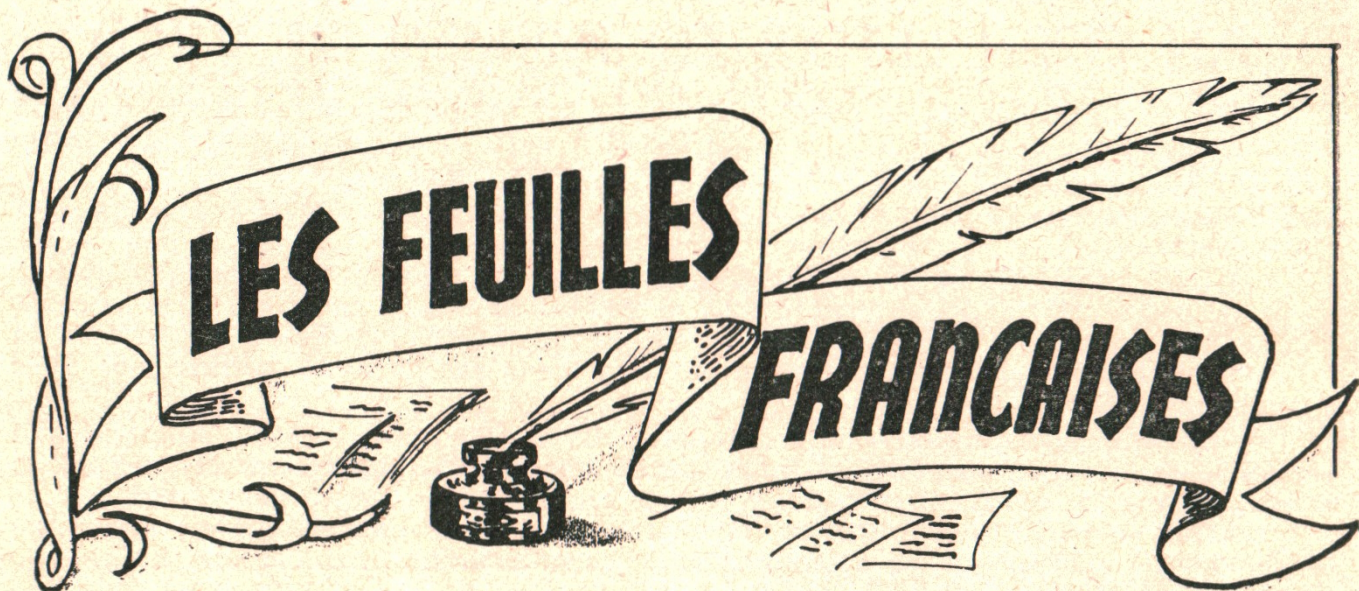
Even if all I get out of my efforts are a few little things like knowing the difference between a colon and a semicolon, or why a six foot square box will hold 216 cubic feet of solid matter, I have achieved something—my time has not been wasted.

I feel it's not too late to begin fellows, some of the greatest men of all time educated themselves. The more I think of it, the more I'm convinced that everyone is more or less, a self-made man. We'll feel prouder of ourself than ever if we accomplish something on our own, without having to be told. Remember in civilian life, we can't get by on seniority . . . its MERIT THAT COUNTS.

So, come on fellows, laugh! but remember, "He who laughs last, laughs best."

Yours, for what it may be worth,

LAC. BOB HAHN.



Par Lac J. R. MARCEAU

NOËL

Paix sur la terre aux hommes de bonne volonté. Depuis vingt siècles ces paroles sont répétées tous les ans par toute la chrétienté et combien peu elles sont écoutées.

Cette année encore, pour la sixième fois consécutive, nous avons un Noël attristé par la guerre; dans combien de foyers manque-t-il un ou plusieurs membres de la famille? Alors que nous aurons la possibilité de prendre part aux joies familiales de Noël et du Jour de l'An, pensons à ceux qui sont au loin.

A nos lecteurs il nous fait plaisir de leur souhaiter ainsi qu'à leurs familles, un Joyeux Noël ainsi qu'une Bonne et Heureuse Année, avec espérance que le Noël suivant sera fêté partout dans la paix retrouvée.

LA DIRECTION.

CONNAISSEZ VOTRE STATION . . .

Notre course à travers la Station nous mène aujourd'hui au Hangar No 4: A.R.S.

Cette section est pour ainsi dire le "pourquoi" de l'existence, le but de la station. En effet, c'est bien là que se font toutes les réparations d'avions.

On y a vu entrer des appareils démantibulés à l'extrême. En un tour de mains, nos mécaniciens de moteurs et nos ouvriers de charpenté les métamorphosent en de nouvelles machines.

Et c'est ainsi que notre A.R.S. s'est créé une situation enviable sur toute la Station.

A notre entrée à droite, nous avons le bureau de F/L Roberge, Officier Commandant de la section. Il sait certes comment faire pour mener cette section à bon port, vue l'expérience acquise tant en Afrique qu'au Canada durant ses longues années de service. Puis, c'est le bureau d'administra-

tion suivi du magasin général. Nous avons ensuite la salle préposée aux fumeurs durant la période de repos.

Juste au milieu, nous apercevons un tout petit appartement; C'est là qu'il faut s'adresser pour obtenir les outils spéciaux.

Encore au centre, se dresse un long buffet où reposent tous les livres d'avions (LI4) et où chacun doit y marquer son ouvrage aussitôt terminé.

Le reste du hangar est meublé par quelques avions de toutes sortes. Et c'est un va et vient continuel qui contribua largement au grand renom de notre Station.

POTINS . . .

Il est une figure sympathique qui jette un rayon de soleil dans la section de l'Équipement, je veux parler du Cpl. Benoit. Le Cpl. St-Germain et le Cpl. Benoit, deux figures diamétralement opposées. On dirait que le premier veut nous dépouiller de ce qui vous reste sur le corps et l'autre veut vous habiller pour sortir parmi le monde. Nous assurerons tous le Caporal Benoit de notre attachement indéfectible et notre plus vive reconnaissance pour l'intelligence dont il fait preuve dans ses fonctions. Nous voudrions lui témoigner notre appréciation pour l'esprit d'ordre et de méthode dont il nous donne un si vivant exemple.

Flight Valentine est revenu des Indes avec une ample provision de faits et gestes qui sont d'un intérêt brûlant et captivant. Pendant de longues heures il nous a relaté ses multiples voyages et les luttes qu'il lui a fallu livrer pour sa propre conservation. Pendant le récit touchant des misères endurées j'en ai vu plus d'un essuyer à la dérobée une larme furtive. Il a l'intention d'écrire ses mémoires sur son séjour aux Indes.

Il est un département dans la Station qui ne fait pas de bruit, c'est à peine si on entend celui du clavographe. On dirait qu'un souffle de mort a passé sur cette section qui promettait de révolutionner les esprits retors et de sonder les reins et les coeurs. Je crois que, bien avant le licenciement général, on a licencié l'instruction et l'éducation de ce département. En face de ce département, symbole saisissant, un dépotoir qui laisse s'échapper des voluptés de fumée, image des projets grandioses qui ont germé dans l'esprit chevaleresque et donquichottiste de l'endroit.

Paix à ces cendres!

On dit dans les coulisses que "Boulais Co., Ltd." voudra se retirer après la guerre au No 9 R.D. afin de se souvenir de ce qui fut sa joie et son triomphe pendant la guerre. Il sera chargé d'un cours sur le trafic aux futurs camionneurs afin de leur enseigner comment tasser dans un coin de 4 x 4 une soixantaine de personnes, *habillées*.

La mascotte (le chien) du Service Police que Flight Nadeau élève selon les principes de la pédagogie canine les plus modernes, sera chargée dans un avenir très rapproché, de se mettre sur la piste des aviateurs "improperly dressed", qui ont en horreur le régime de la station, qui ont oublié de cirer leurs chaussures ou de frotter leurs boutons.

On dit que le Caporal Bellefleur ne dort plus et sa femme se plaint d'une indifférence marquée depuis que son mari a gagné un Bon de la Victoire signé par Shirley Temple, en octobre dernier.

Le sergent Mercier a déclaré dans l'interview qu'il accordait à des journalistes de la station, que le P.T. serait obligatoire après la guerre et qu'il commençait à prendre les noms de ses futurs élèves. Il est vrai que personne n'a osé donner son nom encore, cependant, on croit qu'avec une publicité intelligente, plusieurs comprendront les avantages immenses à se tenir sur ses deux pieds pour l'après-guerre.

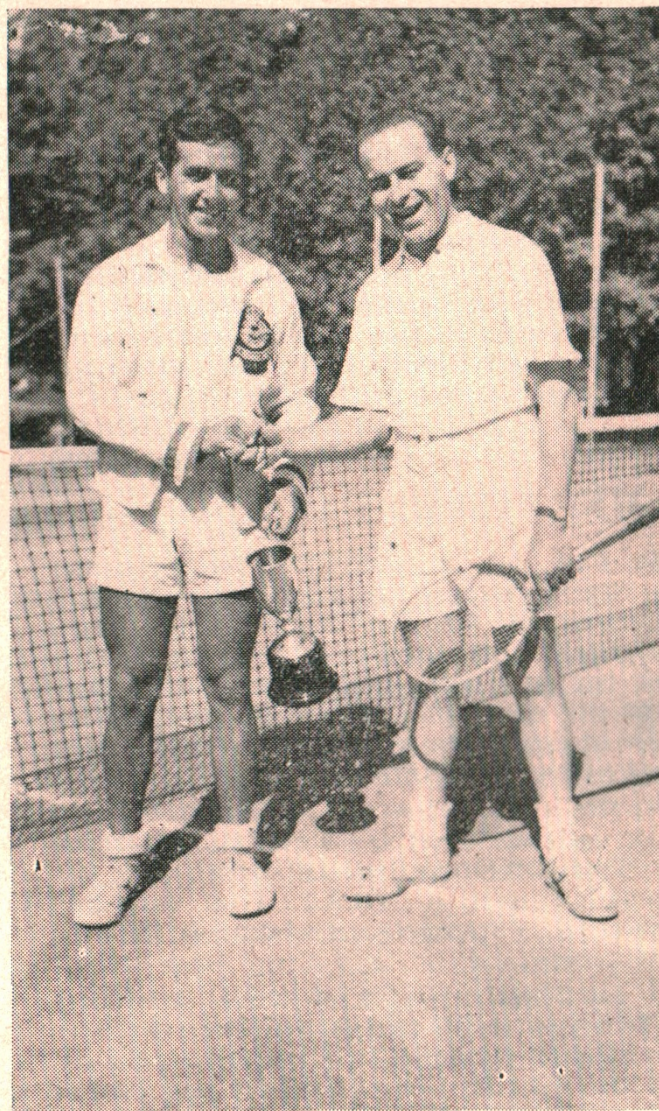
Le Capitaine Laroche vient de rafraîchir sa profession aux eaux de Toronto.

On se demande si un type qui a les pieds plats peut quand même faire du P.T. (surtout pour l'entraînement en vue du Hockey futur).

Le Cpl. Martin a cessé, dit-on, de lever le bras avec un verre au bout. Ce qui a de

plus édifiant, c'est qu'il tient sa promesse avec une ferveur de moine. Mais pourquoi avoir abandonné son abonnement au bon petit boire?

Le Caporal Robichaud prétend qu'aller en T.D. est uen chose bien fatigante.



Gaston Blais recevant son Trophée.

Tous connaissent Gaston Blais comme un joueur de HOCKEY émérite pour l'avoir vu si activement à l'oeuvre l'hiver dernier alors qu'il contribua fortement à mener notre équipe à la victoire finale.

Durant la chaude saison, il s'illustra au TENNIS puisqu'il fut couronné "CHAMPION du Yatch Club" et de la Région St-Jean-Iberville en SIMPLE l'emportant avec succès sur son adversaire, M. A. Reed. Il décrocha également les honneurs du DOUBLE-MIXTE, avec comme partenaire, Mlle Bea Lordon. Félicitations, Gaston.

ECHO de L'EMPRUNT

La campagne de l'Emprunt s'est terminée par un succès éclatant, et nous croyons que chacun de nous a fait sa large part. Il est agréable de constater la compréhension de l'Épargne pour la plupart. C'est donc encourageant, car quand les canons auront terminé leurs vrombissements, quand les fusils auront fini de cracher leur feu meurtrier, quand, enfin, la paix fera suite à la victoire prochaine, nous aurons devant nous un horizon plein de sécurité et d'assurance. Nous nous acheminerons sur une route solide qui nous conduira infailliblement au succès, grâce aux minimes privations que nous nous sommes imposées pour aider à gagner la guerre et bâtir notre avenir.

Encore une fois, nous avons fait ressortir nos valeurs si hautement reconnues.

La Direction se fait donc un devoir sacré de vous remercier tous, et vous encourage à continuer dans la bonne voie.

J.-Roger MARCEAU.
J.-R. Marceau, L.A.C.

UNE FIGURE PAR MOIS . . .

Je n'ai pas la prétention de présenter à la Station entière une figure nouvelle dans la personne du Sgt. Paul Rancourt. Les *Pages Françaises* s'honorent des compétences et c'est toujours avec plaisir qu'elles se penchent sur elles pour les encourager, les soutenir et leur prouver une reconnaissance nécessaire et constante.

Après avoir complété brillamment son cours commercial et classique au Séminaire des Trois-Rivières d'où il sortit avec son "Bachelier es-Arts" (B.A.), Paul Rancourt poursuivit, par après, des études dans le dessin, etc. . . .

Il fut l'instigateur d'initiatives heureuses au Dépot et on lui doit des soirées musicales que chacun se rappellera longtemps. L'activité du Sgt. Rancourt ne s'est pas limitée seulement à la Station, elle s'est aussi déployée à l'extérieur où sa réputation de chef d'orchestre n'est plus à faire. Nous pouvons dire que la fanfare, qui a si glorieusement facilité aux diverses manifestations du R. D. et de l'A.O.S., fut la création du Sgt. Rancourt. Devant tant de dévouement et d'esprit d'initiative nous nous inclinons respectueusement. Nous sommes heureux à l'un des nôtres, de lui manifester toute notre gratitude et notre plus vive reconnaissance. Nous faisons des vœux pour que, dans la vie civile que le Sgt. Rancourt reverra bientôt, ses services soient plus récompensés et ses labeurs plus rémunérés.

Bonne chance, Paul, notre plus sincère admiration.

Paul THIVIERGE.

NOTRE PERSONNEL FEMININ . . .

Mademoiselle JEANNE TRUDEAU, du Repairable Section, a cessé de prendre régulièrement son thé à dix heures et à quatre heures. Présage de malheur! Les devins prédisent par cette abstention de Mlle Trudeau un hiver long et rigoureux. Avis à ceux qui n'ont pas acheté leur charbon pour l'hiver.

Mlle LAURE VADNAIS, de l'Equipment Orderly Room, a gagné la course de 26 milles pour dames, à l'occasion du Field Day. En une heure et quelques secondes elle a franchie cette distance à une allure telle que les spectateurs l'ont perdue de vue pendant plus d'une heure. La poussière qui l'accompagnait nous la cachait à nos yeux.

Mlle DENYSE CHRETIEN, dans le même concours, a réussi un saut en hauteur qui a surpassé tout ce que les annales sportives ont enregistré jusqu'à date. Avec un élan, préparé depuis plusieurs jours, elle s'élança dans l'espace, telle un bolide à travers l'atmosphère. Elle est revenue sur terre à temps pour l'hymne national qui clôtura l'après-midi. Comme récompense une compagnie de fourrures de Montréal lui a envoyé par cablogramme un manteau de Léopard.

Mlle ROLLANDE MERCIER fera partie du club de Hockey pour dames cet hiver. On prétend que ses états de service dans les Ligues Mineures et Majeures l'ont enregistrée comme étant la meilleure compteuse du temps. Cependant, tous reconnaissent en elle un jeu trop rude et trop brutal. Plusieurs sont encore à l'hôpital pour avoir frôlé de trop près ce dangereux adversaire.

Mlle MONIQUE DESROSIERS va bientôt nous quitter pour aller perfectionner ses études médicales déjà fort avancées. Elle se spécialisera au Pôle Nord dans le scorbut, la picuite et la flébite. On lui prédit un brillant avenir après la guerre d'une immigration éventuelle d'Esquimaux et de Lapons. Certes, ce sera une perte pour le personnel de l'hôpital. Mais, on s'en consolera en pensant au triomphe de la médecine.

On prétend, dans les coulisses bien entendu, que Mlle DENYSE BOIVIN passera ses vacances dans le Nord, cet hiver. Elle adore le Nord. Pourquoi pas le Sud pour une fois? Pourquoi tant fréquenter les gens du Nord, pays glacial, au tempérament glacial et figé, et non pas le Sud, pays tropical, aux fruits multiples et au tempérament plus expansif? C'est une simple suggestion que je fais sans pour cela imposer le moins du monde mes idées

No. 9 REPAIR DETACHMENT

CAP DE LA MADELEINE, QUE.

OUR STATION

What was formerly known as No. 1 Aircraft Storage Unit has now been rechristened with another name. Our station is now a Repair Detachment and we're not the first of its kind, 'cause we were notified that effective Nov. 20 our Unit was to be known as No. 9 Repair Detachment. "Why the change?" is a question asked by only too many! Sorry friends, I'm not in a position to enlighten you. We still keep aircraft in storage and the repairing of planes has been going on ever since No. 1 A.S.U. opened.

The change of name should not bring about changes that will make us look back to the days when it was "good old No. 1 A.S.U." for as Juliet said in Shakespeare's play: "What's in a name? A rose by any other name would smell as sweet." Readers, don't take this metaphor too literal 'cause my nostrils also have often whiffed that peculiar odor which the mill releases on certain days and believe me, it sure don't smell like any sort of flower!

TYPICAL CAP ENTERTAINMENT

Our very efficient Entertainment Committee is really capable of showing just how much can be done for the boys with just a little effort from everyone. The Cabaret-style dance held in our own Recreation Hall a week or so ago was the greatest success ever had here. The Hall was filled to capacity and everyone seemed to be having a wonderful time. The entire station is grateful to our Entertainment Committee for their fine work and we are certainly looking forward to more such enjoyment.

Special mention must be made here of Lac. RIEGER who worked tirelessly to make it a success. As per usual, Sgt. KIRKPATRICK acted as M.C. keeping the evening at a smooth pace with never a dull moment.

SPORTS AT THE CAP

During the past two weeks a number of our hockey enthusiasts have been skating their feet off and passing the puck around with the intention of making the team.

With Lac. Godbout as manager we can feel sure that the team he will select and manage will be one we shall feel proud of.

When the line-up will have been formed No. 9 Rep. Dt. hockey team will enter the Three Rivers Industrial League. Needless to say, they will have all the support, both moral and material, and if only the team can keep up the record set by our softball team—Well! We can't do otherwise but come out as victors. Good luck boys. We're all cheering for you.

The station will be playing volley-ball in the near future. An Intersection league is being formed as announced by our Sports Committee. The boys are all eager to see it on its way. We'll be facing cold, long winter evenings soon and we feel sure that such entertainment will help pass the lonely hours.

NEWS FROM HERE AND THERE

Our deep sympathies go to Sgt. McCREADIE and his wife on the loss of their young daughter.

Another one of our Corporals has finally gathered enough courage to take the final plunge. Congrats Cpl. Senechal on your new career. Married life is sure wonderful! If you don't believe me ask Lac. MARTIN.

Cpl. Veillette must have been really tired, 'cause from an A.E.M. he became a Service Police. Guess he was just waiting to go back to civil life again. He's home on leave now awaiting his discharge. Good luck to you Cpl. Veillette.

How does it feel to be called "Papa" Lac. Lefebvre? Oh, I'M sorry; you say he's still too young to talk yet. Congratulations old man. You must feel proud to have become the Father of a son.

I bet you never believed you could do it er Cpl. Bari? It must feel nice to feel like a man for a change! Joking aside Corporal, we're proud of you. Our congrats go to you and your wife on the birth of your first son.

BITS OF GOSSIP

Cpl. BROUILLETTE says he's "on the wagon" until the Christmas holidays. Will someone explain to him the meaning of "on the wagon"?

Now now, Cpl. KIDD, you know you can't get your third stripe yet. There are others ahead of you. The boys of the Instrument Shop are amazed with all the work there is to do lately. That man can surely dig up work.

You've all seen the cut on "Danny Boy" Collins' chin . . . but you should see the other guy . . . I was there.

Lac SHARMAN is over-confident from what is heard. How do you know that the young lady in Montreal would choose your handsome face rather than your rival—who has three stripes.

If ever you happen to be passing Niagara Falls with your car, look for F/Sgt. TETREAULT. He expects his discharge in the near future, and his dreams are centred about that one topic, which is having a gasol'ne station and garage all his own in that particular district. Here's hoping your dreams come true, Joe.

Poor SCHNAFU! Don't feel bad. You may get another opportunity to photograph the station from the air. You risked your life twice and lost a lot of money in your last attempt. Better luck next time.

ROLL CALL AT THE HANGAR

Cpl: "Lazar!"
One of the AC's: "On leave, Cpl."
Cpl: "What, again?!"

Why is our Sgt. Discip so conscientious about his work? Will someone inform him what the establishment calls for, — or is he aware of it?

An airman who had been away from home for a long time kept writing to his Mum — and in each letter he'd keep saying: "Oh mother, how I miss your cooking — how I miss your attentions" etc.

One day in one of his letters he said, "Oh mother, how I miss the pot under the bed," among other things. The mother wrote back in reply, "Yes, son, you always did miss that."

BIOGRAPHY OF OUR LEONARDO DA VINCI

He's not too tall and he's not too short. He is the possessor of a face which may be called handsome when looked at from certain angles. Married . . . a true Canadian . . . modest . . . likes his beer . . . enjoys dancing . . . has a very creative and artistic mind. He is a draughtsman by trade in civilian life, . . . an instrument maker in the Air Force . . . is a great painter and sculptor . . . loves working with wood. You should all see the altar he built for our Chapel. Like every great artist he had his helper. He is a very sociable fellow. If I forget anything about him you can add it yourself. The description should be enough to make one guess who he is, but don't rack your brains — I'll tell you who he is — none other than Lac. BERNARD. Pardon me, but I must mention his helper's name too — Lac. CHAMBERLAND. You ought to see the masterpiece they turned out together.

Wonder if Cpl. Bill FERRIER passed the ear test when he enlisted in the Air Force. I doubt it. When answering the telephone all must be quiet in the Orderly room. Even the tapping of the typewriter keys must quit. I'm sure he must have had pull to get in . . .

LIFE

To the preacher, life's a sermon,
To the joker, it's a jest,
To the miser, life is money,
To the loafer, life is a rest.
To the lawyer, life is a trial,
To the poet, life is a song,
To the doctor, life is a patient
Who needs treatment right along.

To the soldier, life is a battle,
To the teacher, life is a school,
Life is a good thing to the grafter,
It's a failure to the fool.
To the man upon the engine
Life's a long and heavy grade;
It's a gamble to the gambler,
To the merchant, life 'sa trade.

Life is but a long vacation
To the man who loves his work;
Life is an everlasting effort,
To shun duty, to the shirk.
Life is useful and unuseful,
Life is false or life is true;
Life is what you make it,
Brother, what is life to you?



Dear Lord, don't frown if I confess
 How blue I've often been;
 All day I wear my battle dress
 But push a sputtering pen.

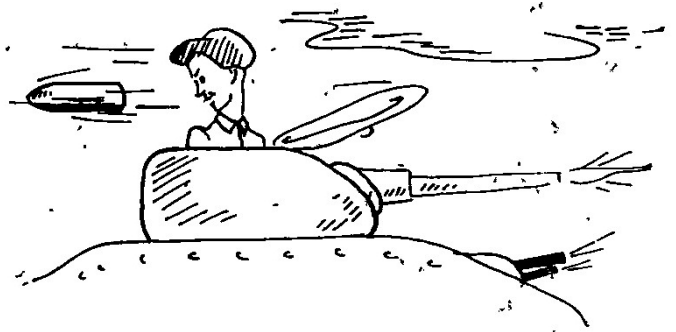
I keep my books as neat and smart
 As any clerk can show
 But Lord, I must confess my heart
 Is with the troops I know.

Are pushing through the blistering heat
 Or squirming on the sand
 While I have blisters on my seat
 And ink stains on my hands.



In dreams I ride in armoured tanks,
 I choke and sweat and swear -
 I build a bridge tween river banks
 To make a crossing there.

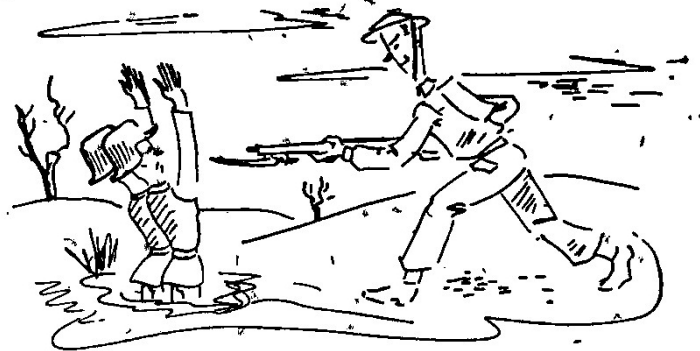
Strange whispers seem to come to me,
 My ledger fades from sight
 And Lord, I often seem to be
 With wearied troops at night.



I hear the office clamour rise
 And fade and surge again;
 I close my eyes to visualize
 Myself behind a "bren".

I know some guys just beg for gold
 Or for a maiden's smile
 But gee! I pray some day to hold
 Just for a little while

A rifle or a shattering "bren"
 Or toss a hand grenade;
 To be among the fearless men
 Who stage a midnight raid.



Perhaps I'm just a dreaming fool
 To feel such sad distress
 That I must warm an office stool
 Though I'm in battle dress

Oh grant me this I humbly pray
 Before my day is done
 To toss this sputtering pen away
 And grab myself a gun.

S/L. J. F. RIGGS



Was born and educated in England . . . he spent some time training for the British Navy, later joining the Merchant Marine . . . he came to Canada in 1924 and enlisted in the R.C. A.F. . . . was a member of the Hudson Straits Expedition for '27 to '29 . . . accompanied the Siskin Fighters from coast to coast with the Trans-Canada Air Pageant in 1931 . . . He was commissioned in '41 and spent 13 months in charge of Maintenance Squadron at No. 7 S.F.T.S., McCleod, Alta. . . . this was followed by 14 months as C.E.O., at Rockcliffe Air Station in Ottawa . . . he came to R R.D. in Oct., '43 . . . He is married, has one daughter, and his family live in Ottawa . . . was recently awarded the "Long Service and Good Conduct" medal.

F/S. LOUIS "KID" CARPENTIER



Was born in Three Rivers, Quebec, in 1913, of French Canadian ancestry . . . before enlistment, was a light heavy-weight wrestler, and at one time fought for the championship of Quebec . . . went overseas in '40 with No. 1 Fighter Squadron . . . served in England, Scotland, and Africa . . . was N.C.O. 1/c of maintenance with the famous French Canadian "Alouette" Squadron . . . while in North West Africa, he was mentioned in dispatches for duty in the field . . . he wears the C.V.S.M. with Maple Leaf — the African Star—and the Oak Leaf . . .

"PHIL" AZIZ



Was born in St. Thomas, Ontario in 1923 . . . has lived most of his life in London . . . was educated at Wertley Road School, South Collegiate, and took an art course at the Technical School in London, Ont. . . . He won honours in 1939 at the Art Exhibition held in London . . . For a time, he worked at Interior Decorating but immediately prior to his enlistment, he was a staff artist with the T. Eaton Co., of Toronto . . . —We are all familiar with his work, to wit: the Art Displays and posters all over the Depot . . . has ambitions of becoming a fashion designer after the war . . .

"BLACKIE"



Lac. "Bernie" Black was born in Toronto in 1922 of Irish ancestry . . . educated at De la Salle Collegiate . . . took an interest in music at the age of four . . . while at Collegiate he spent his summer vacation in Chicago and got to know a number of musicians there . . . spent the summer of '38 and '39 working with a jive combo in a nite spot on Chicago's South side . . . after leaving school he went into war work and stayed at that until he enlisted . . . has continued studying music while in the service . . . is a member of the Station band and a contributor to the Station magazine . . . is on the Entertainment and Station Fund Committees . . . is married and the proud pop of a boy and girl . . .

LAC FARGEON, M. E.



"Farge" was born in Montreal in the year 1912 of Jewish-Canadian parentage. His boyhood days were spent in schools of that city and he matriculated from Baron Byng High School in 1929. The summers of '27, '28 and '29 found our man Fargeon here in St. Johns with the school cadet corps and from such small beginnings grew the house full of trophies they say he has for such feats as diving, swimming and target shooting.

Farge walked out of high school into the world depression of that year and among the odd jobs he tried his hand at along the bumpy road were truck driving, lawn mowing and finally commercial art — after dabbling in raw furs for some time. Then the investment and security business beckoned, and he gained a lot of valuable

executive experience while associated with these concerns. In 1936 he became associated with one of Canada's leading manufacturers and rose rapidly to the position of assistant to the president, in charge of advertising and sales promotion—dividing his time between a desk in Montreal and business trips between Winnipeg and Victoria, B.C.

In 1940 Mac negotiated with the R.C.A.F. with a view to obtaining a commission in the Administrative branch of the Service. Many fruitless interviews later Fargeon was finally enlisted as an Aero Engine Mechanic and worked at that trade until he remustered to a Clerk Medical in 1944.

Taking a great interest in the possibility of creating a station magazine here at No. 9 R.D., "Farge" was in on the birth of the Repair-O-Scope—and his active and energetic efforts on its behalf nursed the baby into its present full-grown state. When the past managing editor left this station, Mac was the logical successor to the position for in it were his ideas and his dreams of what such a publication should represent. Those of the Press Club who have had the pleasure of associating with Mac for the past few months, agree that without his enthusiasm and hard work the magazine could never reach the enviable position it now holds. All of us are indebted to him for his sincerity and efforts to make us realize that we are leaving something to posterity in our writings as well as doing our bit to raise the morale of every reader. We shall miss you "Farge" and hope you will miss us too, and that your car will hold together for a few trips to St. Johns again during the coming year so that you can advise and criticize our efforts to carry on without you. The R.C.A.F. has lost you and it is with deep regret that we bid you "au revoir".



TO THE OFFICERS AND MEN OF No. 9 REPAIR DEPOT

The proposed disbandment of No. 9 Repair Depot in January has been announced by Air Force Headquarters. To many of you this will mean a posting to a strange station where you will take up service life anew, to others it may mean retirement from the Service and return to civilian life; but to all of you this event will represent the dissolution of a community, of a living unit, of which each of you has been a part.

No 9 Repair Depot, although it has not enjoyed the length of life of some other Repair Depots, has an enviable record and a reputation of which you may justly be proud. The quality of workmanship, the productive output and the service rendered to the common cause, has been truly admirable. These achievements have been made possible not merely by the fortunate accumulation of a quantity of well-housed equipment in a good location. They are the results of untiring efforts of the Officers and men of No. 9 R.D. throughout the Depot's life. They bespeak the spirit and initiative characteristic of good Canadians determined to get on with the job.

I am confident that I express the feelings of your former Commanding Officers as well as my own, in extending to you congratulations on a job well done and in wishing each of you the best of good luck in your future occupation.

S/L J. H. Carson.



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