

DEBUT

RCAF Station, St. Johns, P.Q.

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Merry Christmas

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DEBUT

R.C.A.F. Station
St. Johns, Quebec

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The Commanding Officer
G/C W. G. WEBBER

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THE WINNERS!

Short Story..... LAC Campbell (Supply Section)
Poetry..... Bill Durkin (Ex-R.C.A.F.)
Article..... AW Larry Langley (Course 21)
Name for Magazine... F/O Desilets, Station Adjutant

A crisp new \$5.00 bill has been presented to each of the above for their prize-winning contributions. To all who contributed we offer our thanks, and hope you will keep up the good work.

The name DEBUT was chosen by the Committee because it is short, easy to say, conveys something of the French atmosphere prevailing at St. Johns, and means "first appearance before the public", which applies in a military sense to most of us here.

OUR NEXT ISSUE

We hope to have the next issue of DEBUT printed in time to go on sale at the end-of-the-month pay parade in January.

The feature will be "A Letter to Mother", well supported by pictures. Cpl. Meloche will be busy snapping scenes around the station so that the folks at home can see just what goes on when a recruit comes to St. Johns. We will show the reception, the "shots", the clothing parades, the drill, the lectures, the sports, the entertainment; and whatever we think you would like to have included.

Plan on ordering several copies to send home to family and friends. Order them from LAW Allain at the School of English Orderly Room. We'll have to charge you 15¢ a copy to cover the cost of mailing—cash in advance of course.

Acknowledgment

The photos of G/C Webber, W/C Willis, S/L Yellowlees, F/L Mackell and others that will appear in later editions, were taken by LAC Darrell Eagles, R.C.A.F. Station, Lachine, P.Q. Thanks a lot.

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G/C W. G. Webber

MESSAGE FROM THE COMMANDING OFFICER

The production of this, the first issue of our Station Magazine, marks another forward step in the development of R.C.A.F. Station, St. Johns, Que. We have gone a long way in a comparatively short time since the reactivation of this Station was started last March. Nevertheless, we still have a long way to go, so let us not be content to coast along. During the war there was a Station Magazine produced here which was quite successful, let it be our determined aim that we shall surpass the efforts of our predecessors in this respect.

Much credit is due to many people for the progress we have to date, but I wish to make particular mention of your Entertainment Committee under the able direction of F/O Don East. The level of entertainment on this Station is better already than many units ever attain. Now F/O East is taking on the additional commitment of heading this new committee to get your magazine started. We are fortunate indeed to be blessed with someone with such abundant energy and Service spirit.

Your fullest support to this new committee is earnestly solicited. Success can be attained only if the magazine Committee has your wholehearted co-operation. This co-operation necessarily must take the form of worthwhile contributions on subjects of Service and Station interest.

I feel sure that this new venture will meet with success and on behalf of all personnel of this Station, say most sincerely, "Gook Luck!"

(W. G. Webber) G/C

C. O.'s CAREER

1927 is the year that marked the beginning of a long and interesting Air Force career — that of our Commanding Officer, Group Captain W. G. Webber. The place was Number One Aircraft Depot, Victoria Island. He remained in the Service for three years and then left to enter private business. In 1934 he enlisted again, this time at Rockcliffe, Ontario.

A cat can look at a King, and so can an airman. In 1937 our C.O. was detailed to the Coronation Detachment of the R.C.A.F. He proceeded to Camp Borden for special training and then to England in March. In the latter part of May he returned to Canada — and to a Commission! He was posted to Number One Aircraft Depot as a Supply Officer in the fall of 1938, with the rank of Flying Officer.

In 1939 his branch was changed from Supply to Administration, where he engaged in preparation for the King's visit to Canada. After January first, 1940, Flight Lieutenant Webber could be found at Air Force Headquarters; and in September of that same year he was transferred to Trenton as an instructor in the School of Administration for Officers. His rank was then Squadron Leader.

He became Chief Administration Officer at RACF Station Trenton in March, 1941, and in November he went to Valcartier to close up the station there. A Sub-Manning Depot was opened and organized at Lachine, Quebec, where Wing Commander Webber was appointed a Commanding Officer. He was transferred from there to a position as C.O. of the Manning Depot at Edmonton, Alberta. A year later he was back in Montreal as C.O. of Number One Wireless School.

Group Captain Webber's post-war career has been as colorful as the one he followed during the war years. He was a member of the Board of Review in the War Services Gratuities Act, and was later appointed Commandant of the Admin Unit at AFHQ. Since the Spring of 1946 he has been Commanding Officer of RCAF Manning Depot.

Incidentally, the story of RCAF Manning Depot is a somewhat Nomadic tale. The first post-war M.D. was located at RCAF Station Portage La Prairie. From there it moved to Trenton in April 1947; thence to Aylmer in May 1950; and finally to its present spot at St. Johns in March 1951. Group Captain Webber has been Commanding Officer during every phase of Manning Depot's development.

W. G. Webber's career makes a full and interesting story; we are sorry that we have not space here to give you less outline and more detail. You can see, though, that our C.O.'s Service history is one to be admired. It is an example of what can be attained through ambition, perseverance, and natural ability. It is a goal to be aimed at by the airmen of today; the men who will be tomorrow's Officers!

EDITORIAL

With this first copy of our Station Magazine we enter into the community of RCAF Stations all across Canada that provide an outlet for the literary and artistic talents of RCAF personnel. It has articles, stories, essays, sketches and pictures. It is hoped that its serious articles provide information which enables us to understand news and events of the RCAF, that its fiction entertains us and its advertising informs us. Its section news should help us to know and understand the people with whom we work.

It is not our intention to lower the cultural values or create inferior standards of morals of our readers by publishing articles or pictures that are smutty.

We will endeavour to inspire a community spirit on our station, to create a fuller appreciation of the RCAF and to strengthen our pride in this great Canada which is our heritage.

Credit for the introduction of the magazine should go to Cpls Foster and Burgess, formerly of 2MD, and to LAC Campbell of the Supply Section who needed the present editor until he consented to get the ball rolling.

As always with any RCAF enterprise, personnel have responded magnificently. The many, many offers of assistance and advice have been most gratifying.

This issue is far from perfect. It should serve as a guide for those who have been holding back and who will now come forward with ideas and material for its improvement.

F/O Don East.

You know, St. Johns in its present state has only been an RCAF Station for a little over nine months. We've grown from a motley collection of old, tired buildings strung together by a few backwoods cowpaths into something to be proud of.

We've got radio-phonographs in our canteen and the latest movies in our theatre. We have a snack bar and pool tables and a gymnasium and the most up-to-date bowling alley that you're likely to see. We've got a library and an entertainment program that's second to none other in the R.C.A.F. and try to find a Station with more sports equipment so readily available to everyone.

Oh sure, we still have growing pains that are felt now and again. Once in a while the lights go out and everybody natters about it, but these things are only incidental.

The important thing is, we've got a spirit. It's the spirit of Canada. More precisely, young Canada. It's flavored by the twang in the speech of the Easterner and the hart "a" of the Newfoundland. It's contributed to by the home town, bragging constantly of it. By the prairie-dogs, longing for the wide-open spaces where the deer and the antelope, etc, And by the native Quebeckers, who insist that their province is in actuality, Canada Proper.

EDITORIAL (Continued)

Many other influences are felt, too. In a country of our magnitude, you can't expect a sameness in the people. Newfies feel sorry for the "foreigners" who have yet to jig their first squid. The West Coasters can only imagine what Ontario must be like, where their beloved salmon is seen only in cans.

But all these things seem to weld themselves in the service. Each airman and airwoman contributes to the spirit and, in turn, is imbued with this essence of Young Canada. And so it comes to pass that men and women of the RCAF are no longer "Bluenosers" or "Newfies" or "Herring-chokers". They're all Canadians.

The staff of the Debut extends to all
"Best Wishes for the Holiday Season".



No matter what ails you, there's nothing to worry about once you're in the Station Hospital. An efficient and cheerful staff under the direction of Squadron Leader D. O. Coons, Senior Medical Officer, and Flight Lieutenant "Penny" MacDonald, Matron, will have you back on the job "toot sweet"!

The S.M.O., a graduate of the University of Toronto, came to us from Camp Borden after Para-Rescue Work at Edmonton and Jasper.

Coleman, Alberta's gift to the RCAF, Flight Lieutenant MacDonald, trained at Holy Cross Hospital in Calgary, and served in Canada's northland. She became civilized again at Trenton, Ontario, and then took over her duties here.

SECTION NEWS

POST OFFICE

The busiest little bees on this Manning Depot can be found in that overcrowded little corner of the Administration Building known as the Station Post Office. The life of a Postal Clerk is rarely dull; interesting irregularities are always turning up. For example, some fond parents have an idea that the correct way to address Mama's Little Darling is: "Mr. AC2 Johnnie Smith" — no name, no course. There are several variations regarding rank, including the favorite HC2—an unofficial rank which gives the airman a slightly chemical flavor. The postal staff always has something to liven up the day's work!

Now that airwomen have arrived on the Depot, the mail has been doubled. Incoming trainees make many friends, and frequently continue to correspond when they leave the station. More work for the Post Office—but more fun, too!

It is fascinating to try to decipher the amazing codes that appear on envelopes. The most popular of the current ones is "SWALK." We are told by experienced writers of love letters that this odd word means "sealed with a loving kiss." And it is not only the girls who use this method of conveying sentiment; the males have a similar repertoire of code words. Hoots of laughter are raised when people write afterthoughts or postscripts on the backs of envelopes. "The cat died today" or "June loves the suit" can sometimes be seen gracing the top edge of the sealed flap. One example ran like this: "Please, Mr. Postmaster, make certain this arrives safely as I love her very much and have lost contact."

Owing to overcrowded conditions, we are about to move to Building Eight, where we are told there will be ample room for all to work comfortably . . . and where there will be a large waiting room.

HEADQUARTER NEWS

What a position for a new reporter to be in! Out of a blue sky and many dark corners must come the material for our first edition.

Our Commanding Officer was promoted to the rank of Group Captain a few months ago and the station as a whole and especially his own orderly room wish to extend their congratulations.

The SOR has begun to brighten up with the arrival of three airwomen clerks. This change is most noticeable in our Number One jitterbug although our Number Two is catching up fast. A loss was felt with the posting of LAC "Johnnie" Johnson but our loss is TSU Weston's gain. Best of luck John, but don't burn up too many sets of tires on the Queen E.

WO1 Cadieux has returned from two weeks well-deserved leave and looks very rested even though he moved in from the "sticks" and attended a delightful Hardtimes Dance in the Sgts Mess during the leave period.

The SWO, WO1 Barlow, has recently occupied Bldg. 15 as Married Quarters and can now be seen visiting various canteens and entertainment centers during the evenings.

Sgt. H. A. McNamee.

WITH APOLOGIES TO THE FAMOUS POET WHO WROTE "THE SPRING IS SPRUNG"

I god a code,
Me blud is friz,
I wudder wair my gradecoad is.

Me gradecoad still is on ze lam
Go tell that critter wair I am.

Ze lam is ded? Well now don't cry
P'raps I'll git it 'fore I die.

or pluricy.

Olive D. Smart.

RECEPTION CENTRE

There is a time in every trainee's life when he or she must enter the north-west door of building 47, aptly titled "Reception Centre," to go through the processing and toughening up stages.

The people who have chosen to spend their lives meeting these trainees are a happy and contented lot who do their jobs with resourcefulness. You must realize, however, that they work with very special individuals who must be mothered, fathered, and even brutalized. Take, for instance, the two people just getting off the bus: Betty Bombard (Montreal and Archibald Transmission (Calgary). Being impatient, Archy fouled his mission by climbing out of the rear window only to fall into the rear pocket of Manning Depot's well-known Squadron Leader; while Betty throws her luggage into the Officer's bright and smiling face to dart off and join a group of pigeons who were being lectured. Fortunately "Lover Boy" LaSalle appeared and led her to the famous "Reception Centre." Then he returned to the Reception Orderly Room to take care of the twenty young "filles" who had just reported. When they had cleaned his room and shined his shoes, he gave them the day off to make up their faces, and strolled to the Records Office where "Don't Blame Me" Graham and "Where Did You Put That Document" Manzara were preparing for documentation of the women's course.

"You give them the wrong date of birth for the fingerprinting forms and we'll have them in tomorrow night at nine," ordered the madman clerk.

"Roger," said Graham, "but you have to let me make my own choice this time. That last one was a foot too tall."

When a new men's course walks in, there is a feeling of tension. Bud Graham explains very carefully what is about to happen, and then painstakingly describes to the grim adventurers just how to iden-

tify their scars and tatoos. He points out that you don't have to look for them, and that the caption reading "Place" does not mean the place of the scar but "St. Johns, Quebec." He then sends them to the CAFIB Room and puts them under charge of "Fingers" Savory and "I Get Ideas" Coderre, who go into a frenzy when they learn that the group is C-19 instead of C-93. Calming themselves and braving the storm, they manage to hold each Corrine's hand and put up with the antics of our Betty, who by this time is so happy she plants a lovely Russel-type kiss on Savory. He immediately performs an F-48 take-off and leaves "I Get Ideas" to the unruly mob.

At present, the "Little Corporal" and his aides are about to tear their hair out because they cannot find a way out of this predicament. Will they succeed before "Lonesome" completes the absentee reports? Will the "Madman" documentator be cured of his mania? Will "Lonesome Gal" find her man? And, as a matter of interest, will the (gasp) author learn to type before the second issue comes out? Who can answer these questions? There must be a solution.

Until they are found, then, pass the boomerang to the next man—but keep that buck for yourself!

By A. C. Manzara

EXTRACTIONS FROM THE DENTAL CLINIC

I felt his soft breath on my cheek,
And the gentle touch of his hand:
His very presence near me
Seemed like a breeze on the desert sand.

He deftly sought my lips,
My head he did enfold,
Then he broke the silence with—
"Will the filling be silver or gold?"

DENTAL CLINIC

VITAL STATISTICS

We sometimes wonder what the attraction is at the Dental Clinic that brings on such huge dental parades—could it be the pretty dental assistants? We have a few vital statistics on the staff that may prove interesting. Capt. Vincelli is a grad from McGill University. Capt. Faulkner, another McGill grad, is a former member of the wartime RCAF, and he feels nicely at home here, thank you. A little further down the hall we find amiable Capt. Gauthier, he is a Montreal U man, and the best bowler on the team.

And the Females—

Roxy Heron, a pretty and pert auburn-haired dental asst. may be seen flashing a beautiful diamond—she hails from Regina, Sask. . . . Lucy Ramsay is the beautiful blonde from Newcastle, N.B.; another efficient woman in white, who's as popular with her co-workers as she is with the patients. Last but not least is Mike Plecas from Vancouver, an ex-service girl who can tell you of the vast improvements in dental equipment—she used to pump the dental foot drill and watch the patients land flat when seated on one of the folding chairs. Now the patients can rest with great comfort and ease.

Mustn't forget the rest of the keen staff—Staff Sergeant Lyonelle Jacob . . . he's tops no matter how busy he is, he always seems to make time to say something cheerful. He keeps up the morale of the clinic. Cpl (Curly) Davignon hails from right here in St. Johns. An expert dental technician as well as a smart soldier. Cpl Jordan Wentzell is from Liverpool, N.S. He too, is a fine bowler. Last on our list is Pte. Tremblay, from Quebec City. Incidentally, the only single man around the clinic.

IN MEMORIAM

Murray Perry, so they say,
Looked for a posting every day—
When it came it was still St. Johns!
Poor Murray Perry.

SIGNAL SECTION

On most units the Signals Section is large and plays an important part in the operations set-up. However, this unit's Signal Section is probably the smallest in the Province of Quebec, and therefore cannot lay claim to being the "largest" or the "most important" section on the station. However, in our own small way we try to be as efficient as the larger and more operational signals offices elsewhere.

Our personnel, Corporal Eyre and LAC Lamoureux, both came from that busy spot known as Training Command Headquarters early in February. They were joined later by AC1 Christoffersen who came direct from the school at Clinton.

Corporal Eyre, whose home is in Verdun, Montreal, commutes daily in his little "heap" of nuts and bolts known as an Austin. He listens to the morning weather report as closely as any pilot taking off on a trans-Atlantic run.

LAC Lamoureux, whose home is in nearby Farnham, joyously bounds home quite frequently—and no doubt the "old man" gets quite a run on his "acorn wine."

AC1 Christoffersen, who hails from Three Rivers, manages to return home every other weekend and regales the local yokels with his exploits since joining up about a year ago.

Well, we said we'd do it, and we did! Sergeant McNamee is extremely persuasive (the hospital says my broken arm will knit quite nicely). That does it, folks—so long until next time. We might have some amusing little incident to recount; one of the boys might break his neck!

ODE TO AMBITION

A MetO he's been telling us;
He scans the skies an hour or so
Then murmurs . . . "Stratus cumulus!"
Malcolm Menagh wants to be

ME SECTION

Big things have been happening over at the ME Section recently. Corporal Shaw and LAC McGillis, a couple of the ME boys, were chosen to represent our Station in the big ROADEO at RCAF Station Trenton. Now, there are a lot of drivers in the Section; Corporal Shaw and LAC McGillis gained the honour by having their names drawn out of a hat — a nice, democratic way to do things! But to get on with the story, perhaps we'd better explain just what this Roadeo is.

It's a driving Competition for men with ranks of Corporal and under, and the judging is based on the men's personal appearance, daily inspection and fault-finding procedure, knowledge of the Rules of the Road, fire fighting, loading and care of vehicles, and ability to drive over a specified course.

The course was lined out on the tarmac at Trenton, and it included almost every possible manoeuvre a driver might encounter — backing onto loading docks, parking in restricted spaces, driving through a decreasing lane, and many other obstacles. Men are eligible to compete only if they have a record of one accident-free year.

Shaw and McGillis left on sort notice to compete in the Roadeo on November 19th. They hadn't had any practice — so the fact that Corporal Shaw came third in the entire competition speaks pretty highly of his ability to handle a truck. LAC McGillis wasn't as successful, but he made a praiseworthy showing too. The men who came first and second were both from Trenton, and were, perhaps, more familiar with the course than were our boys. Flight Sergeant Kutzschan, the NCO in charge of the Section, is mighty proud of his drivers — and so are we.

The ME Section is still in the throes of being organized... and last week a couple of airwomen made their appearance in the department. To make use of an old cliché, "Never underestimate the power of a woman!"

Next issue we'll have more ME News; watch for it!

P S U

THINGS I'D LIKE TO KNOW

Will RON (Newfie) BURTON come back off leave married?

How can HARRY CHOQUETTE keep his boots so shiny?

Will WES HILLMAN'S lucky penny bring him better luck next pay-day (night)?

Where LEN (Moose) CURTIS got his accent. (Ask him to tell you about the wee "moose" that lives in a wee "hoose" in a "bott'l.")

How BOB LAVIOLETTE felt driving sideways across the Iberville bridge one slippery morning. Have you a grudge against '51 Buicks, Bob?

Where does SUSIE BARIL get her cute stories?

How can MO ROY be so nice?

How does Flight Sergeant HOPPE keep his hat on since one of the lady officers called him Flight Lieutenant HOPPE.

How can Sgt. BOVIN have so many people asking him questions at the same time and still keep his temper?

How does MURIEL LOISELLE keep the look of the mountains and the sea in her eyes when she is so far from Vancouver.

Is LARRY DORE reuated to Ty Power? (He sells tickets at the shows, girls, and he's SINGLE.)

What rank will Sgt. IRVING have to be before he'll break down and put his feet on the desk during working hours? (He practises during lunch hour.)

Men, Women And Smokes

Bad men want their women to be like cigarettes, just so many, all slender and trim in a case, waiting in a row, to be selected, set aflame — and — when their flame has died — discarded. More fastidious men prefer women like cigars, these are more exclusive, look better, and last longer; if the band is good they are not given away. Good men treat women like pipes and become more attached to them, the older they become! when the flame is burned out they still look after them, and care for them always — no man shares his pipe.

PERCHANCE TO DREAM

by an RCAF Padre

Phil was dead long before he fired that gun. At least the Phil I used to know was dead; the magnetic personality, the charming smile, the lively, quick-witted, keen-eyed Phil were things of the past. I saw his life ebbing away by inches. Finally, all he could say was that man's only escape from reality was his imagination. He used to mope all day long, but I guess his lost dream really discouraged him. Somehow I can't help but feel a bit responsible. I introduced Phil to Karen. She was the butterfly type, you know — Pretty face and a heart of pure granite. Phil was everything that she wasn't. He loved life and people and things but not selfishly. Why he didn't even have that ounce of selfishness necessary to those who survive.

When he met Karen something inside of him snapped. You could feel it the moment her eyes invaded his. She was a cool customer, "on the make" from the beginning, and Phil had a look of awareness in his eye. It seemed as though his general attraction for everything became limited from that moment on to Karen with a corresponding intensity.

Phil always came to us for Sunday dinner, that is till he started going with Karen, then he took her out to dinner every Sunday night. She never had him at her house; we knew why but you just couldn't tell the guy, he was so much in love. I told him once to go easy. Phil was serious when he said to me: "She's my whole life". What could I do? I knew she was playing him for a sucker, I even thought of speaking to her, but hell, a guy hates to butt in. I guess we all stood back waiting for the crash, and what a crash it was!

He tried to drown his sorrow but soon found that liquor only irrigated them. He never laughed after that. He left his old friends and kept to himself. I saw him after that nearly every day. His smile had been the brilliant voice of his soul.

Now we never saw it. Something vital was dead inside of him. He avoided people, When he saw me coming, he'd edge away, or if we just had to meet it was pathetic. A couple of times I blew my top, told him off, gave him my frank unvarnished opinion of Karen. It was no use. She finally got married and moved away, and that capped everything. A few days later he did it. That's when we found the letter. I had said good night to Phil because I happened to meet him coming in just as I was getting home myself. I was on the floor below him. I couldn't sleep so I sat around reading. Suddenly the still quiet of the night was rent by the deafening roar of a gun. Even as I ran, my fear sped ahead of me; I knew what had happened. I knew what was in that room. The door was shut but not locked. Ted Roberts, from down the hall came bustling out wearing pyjamas.

"Did you hear that?" he cried. I didn't answer but rushed on past to Phil's room. We went in together. Poor Phil was on the floor. He had shot himself through the head.

"Good God", Ted said, then he dashed out into the hall. As I lifted Phil I could hear Ted calling the Doctor to come over; but Phil died in a matter of minutes. It was then I saw the letter. Ted and I read it together:

"Dear Phil:

I know I shouldn't write to you, I shouldn't tell you how I feel, but I just have to, I'm so unhappy. I know I deserve it all and perhaps more. I still remember the day you said goodbye, you said it was for keeps, but somehow I hoped you didn't mean it. You told me it was a dirty trick; I know it now. Why did you let me do it? Why didn't I marry you the first time you asked me? Remember the way I kept putting it off? I knew the family wouldn't like it. They knew I was engaged to Jim. You really wanted to do the right thing, Phil, but I wouldn't let you.

When I think how good you were to me I get sick to my stomach. Why did you spend so much on me? I know you borrowed and borrowed trying to hold me. I figured it all out afterwards — after it was too late. Money meant nothing to you, but I guess I did. That is why you asked me over and over if I could be happy with Jim. I thought I would. Really, Phil, I wasn't laughing at you. That evening gown — how I loved it, and now I curse it. I curse myself for going out with him the night the dress arrived. I hope you do not think I asked you for the dress just to step out with him. Maybe that was why you thought I was laughing at you; really, I wasn't. I often wonder why you didn't kill me that night I told you we were through. Sometimes, I wish you had. But it was all so sudden; I didn't have time to miss you till after we were married. I did miss you, Phil, missed you so much it made me hate him. You don't know what it means living with someone you hate — the long dull evenings and endless days. I am afraid Phil, afraid if he learns I hate him he will kill me. He doesn't love me like you do. Funny, I said "do" — I guess you hate me now, or maybe you love someone else and never give me a thought. That is why I am writing. Please don't love anyone else, Phil. Some day we will be together again. I'll scrub floors, crawl on my hands and knees, do anything if you'll only take me back. Couldn't we go away, far away, and start life over? Give me just one more chance, one hope, anything to cling to. Remember, Phil, I don't love him; I love you and want you".

The slow, sad tempo of the letter with its melancholic strain left us both in silence when we had finished reading it. Ted kept looking at it, but I turned away, looked down at poor Phil, whose tormented being seemed now relaxed. It was Ted who spoke first.

"I don't know which one I feel more sorry for, Phil or the girl. It's tragic that he should be dead but at least his pain is ended. What about her? If she felt bad enough to pour her heart out like this,

what is she going to feel like when she hears about this?

"She won't feel anything. She can't feel love or sorrow or sympathy or any decent sentiment for anyone else. The only person she loves is herself, her own vanity and her own selfishness."

I found myself near sobbing so I sat wearily on a chair burying my face in my hands. Ted was gentle but not convinced.

"Then how do you explain the letter? How could anyone as selfish and vain, anyone without a heart write a letter like this?"

"That's just it", I heard myself saying: "She didn't — the letter is in Phil's handwriting".

If you can take orders without a scowl,
If you can smile though the NCOs growl;
If you can "Halt!" "March!" "Stand
Easy" for hours,

And not be put out when the sergeant
glowers;

If you can eat and digest cold fried eggs,
And refrain from complaints about tired
legs;

If you take needles with nary a squeal,
And then walk away to devour a meal;
If you like barracks and that small, hard
bed,

And never complain that you wish you
were dead;

If you can bathe in a cold, crowded
shower,
And do fifty things, every day, to the
hour;

If you can laugh when you don't get a
letter,

And can gracefully hand your last ten
to a debtor;

If you can wash and iron your shirts,
And shine up those shoes till your arm
really hurts—

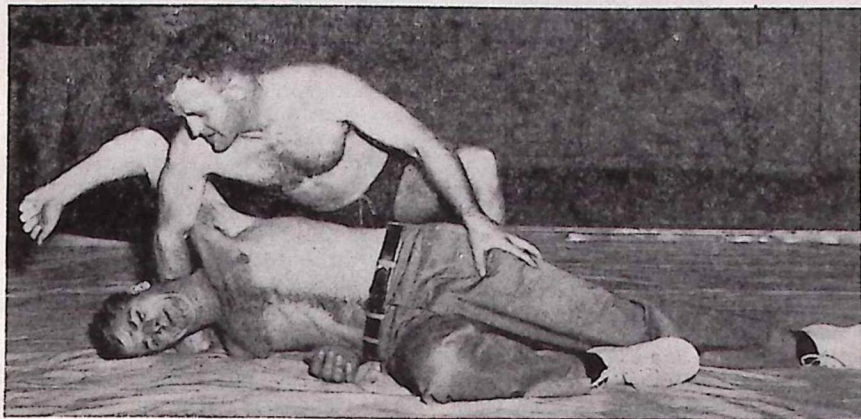
If you can do these and like Service life,
Though you're never back home with the
kids and the wife;

If you say you like these, and actually
do,

You're just too good, sonny—too good to
be true!

AW1. Larry Langley.

SPORTS



Sgt. "Doc" Plumb, winner of the Canadian Lightweight Wrestling Championship in 1937, 1948-49-50 and who represented Canada at the Olympics in London, England, and at the British Empire Games at Auckland, New Zealand, is shown demonstrating an over-the-neck hold to one of his class of enthusiasts. "Doc" gives freely of his time and talents in the Sports Centre every Tuesday and Thursday evening.

OFF THE RECORD

By Cpl. Jack Murphy

All of you sport fans recognize the name of "Babe" Ruth. "Babe" is remembered as a great home hitting outfielder with the New York Yankees. Yes, Babe's name is etched in the record book as a homerun hitting champion who in one year of his great career powered sixty homeruns. Yet, Babe's name is remembered for still another feat; for during the 1916 world series, Babe Ruth pitched the longest world series game on record. When the smoke cleared, Babe had pitched himself a fourteen inning 2-1 victory for the Boston Americans against Brooklyn.

Turning to basketball, Pat MacGee is perhaps the only fellow who actually won a basketball game singlehanded. It was the night of March 16, 1937, and Pat's team—the seniors of St. Peters High in Fairmount, West Virginia—were playing the juniors of the same school. With but four minutes left and the score tied 32-32, Pat was the only member of his team left on the floor, the remainder having fouled out. When the whistle finally ended the fantastic combat, Pat had scored 3 points while holding his opponents scoreless, and Pat's team, with Pat still alone on the floor was a 35-32 winner.

REC HALL RAMBLINGS

by STOCKY

Here it is press time, and your old reporter is once again scrambling for time. Lots of news tho, so here goes.

The Station basketball teams are going good. The men's team has played 5 games to date and emerged victorious in three of them. Our first game against St. Hubert RCAF saw The Falcons (St. Johns) end up on the long end of the score 31 to 28. This contest featured brawn more than brains. The refereeing was lax, and as soon as the players found that they could get away with the odd dig in the ribs away they went. Lac MacDougall played a real driving game as did P/O Taterchuck.

The next game against Canadair was a real thriller. The visiting club started out as if they were going to rack up a lopsided score. At the half Canadair was 16 points in front. At the three-quarter mark the Falcons had come within striking distance, and by the game's end were on the long end of a 51 to 48 score. Once again MacDougall played his aggressive and effective game. Stockdale was high scorer with 18 points, followed by MacDougall with 14 and Taterchuck with 12.

Our next game against St. Regis Paper from St. Johns was a cake walk for the Falcons. The St. Regis club were out for the first time, and although they tried, the old adage of the spirit being willing, but the flesh being weak, came to the fore. The long winter layoff was too much and the creaking of the bones could be heard even in St. Johns. I am sure that the next time that the Falcons play this club, the results could easily be reversed. The final score was 62 to 36. For the Falcons Racicot, MacDougall, Vandewater and Stockdale were the high scorers.

The next scheduled game saw the tables reversed as to the final outcome of the game. The Falcons met a really polished quintet in the South Western Y aggregation. Although the Falcons were at a distinct disadvantage due to the

size of the floor that the game was played on, they were clearly outclassed. The final score being 62-35. Nuff said.

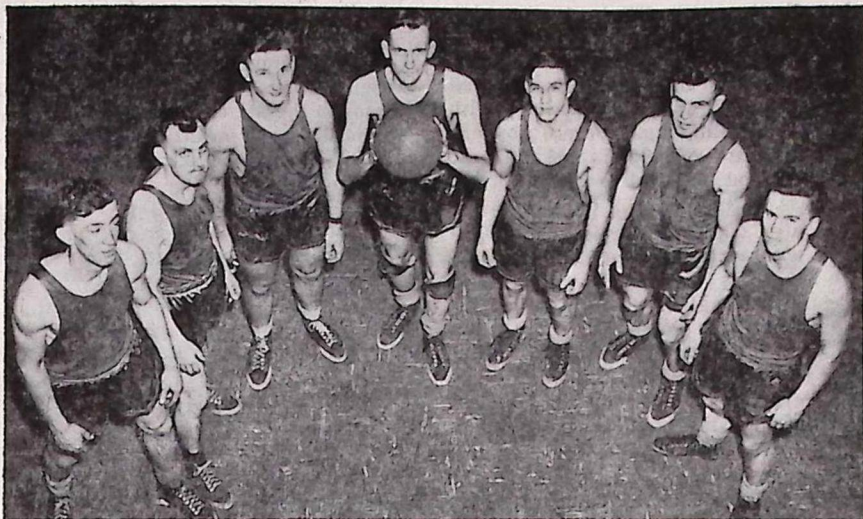
The final game to date brought the St. Hubert RCAF once again against the Falcons. This game, although the final score of 38-21 in favour of St. Hubert does not indicate it, was a very well played contest. The superior shooting of St. Hubert was the final answer. The Falcons played well and with a bit of luck around the baskets could have pulled out a close win. It is this writer's opinion that these two clubs are very evenly matched, and the future contests should be real thrillers. Stockdale, with 10 points, and MacDougall with 8 points led the Falcons.

Our girls team has a better average in the won and lost column. To date they have played three games and emerged victors in two of them.

The Meteors, as the club has been aptly named, first met last year's intermediate champions from Montreal, and emerged victorious 35-31. Incidentally the club from Montreal also has the name of the Meteors, but don't be confused. We won. Helen Bosse was the "goat" of this contest also one of the stars. Helen got mixed up in her directions and scored the nicest basket of the evening in her own basket. But to make up for that she potted 12 points along with Marty Martinson who also played a stellar game. Babs Peterson bagged 8 points to round out the high scorers for the RCAF Meteors.

The second contest brought the Montreal Olympics out, and what a club they were. Our Meteors played a stellar game and with a little more bench strength, could have pulled out a win. The first quarter saw the score 10-10. At the half the score was 24-18 and at the three-quarter mark 34-27. Then our girls ran out of steam and the Olympics outscored us 27-3. The final score was 61-30. Once again the high scorers were Marty Mar-

MEN'S BASKETBALL TEAM



Left to right: AC Henderson, Sgt. Irving, P/O Tatarchuk, LAC McDougal, AC Lightle, Cpl. VandeWater, LAC King.

tinson with 8 points, Babs Peterson with 5 and Helen Bosse with 6. Incidentally this Olympic Club is a senior group and our Meteors really put up a show against a more experienced quintette.

The final contest to date saw the Meteors play against St. Lambert. This was a thriller all the way, with not more than 5 points separating the clubs at any time. Our girls are so used to a large floor that when they got on the bandbox that they had to play on they were falling all over one another. The final score was 38-42 in the Meteors' favor. Marty Martinson, Nora Horton and Babs Peterson led the scoring, with 12, 12 and 11 respectively. The remainder of the team although they don't appear on the scoring list helped tremendously to set our basket getters up, and to hold in check the scoring punch of the St. Lambert 5.

The Station Bowling League is going strong and from it are emerging a few really polished performers.

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Rec Hall Ramblings (continued)

Lac Fortier with 225 leads the high averages closely followed by Lac Primeau with 223 and Lac Dore with 217. Babs Peterson of basketball fame is next in line with 211 as is F/L McNeely with 211. Closely following on these bowlers' heels are Pitre 207, Spiers 206, Labonte 204, Lockwood 202, and to round out the 200 class, Wright.

The high triple to date is held by Primeau, with a nice three of 792. Fulljames with 343 holds high single.

School of English are on top of the league with 22 points. Right on their heels are the PSU outfit with 21 points. Mess Hall No. 1, Flight Cadets and the PTIs follow in that order. Next issue we will give you the complete standings.

The skis are in sport stores. The lads and lassies are more than keen, but the weatherman refuses to co-operate. We just can't seem to convince that man that winter is here. Oh well, when the snow does arrive the Ski Club will be ready to roll. We hope to affiliate with the St. Johns Ski Club this year and a grand time is expected by all the enthusiasts.

Once again the weatherman is holding up a winter sport, namely, hockey. Our Station team is anxious to get out on the blades, but due to the lack of artificial ice, we must operate an outdoor rink. No cold weather, no hockey club. Cheer up fellows, some day the winter will come, and then you will get all you want. In the meantime, stay away from all the pies and pastries. It is easy to put that spare tire around the middle but what a job to take it off.

The Station hockey league is in the process of being formed and it looks as if it will be the attraction of the winter. Already there have been veiled threats passed around as to what one section is going to do to another, so look in the next edition of this publication for starting dates. (Please Mr. Winter, don't let me down.)

Our Curling Club has ice facilities, but now we are looking for the necessary number of enthusiasts to form enough rinks. The St. Johns Curling Club has been kind enough to let us have the use of their ice on Sunday mornings from 10 to three in the afternoons. The fee is very nominal so come on all you prairie provincers. Get out and partake of the Be-same and Stane.

Every Wednesday evening, a bus load of highly enthusiastic wrestling fans leave the Sport Centre for Montreal to witness the annual or weekly, as the case may be, grunt and groan artists. The Montreal Forum management is letting the Station lads and lassies in for free. All that is necessary is for all those interested to give their names to the Sport Centre before Wednesday of each week. Get on the gravy train kids. It makes for a swell evening's entertainment.

This about finishes out the events for this issue. Remember when you play a sport, be one.

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On July eighteenth 1917, C. A. Willis was born into a family of three sons in the city of Sherbrooke, Quebec. Having completed elementary and secondary schooling here, he attended Bishops University for one year, and then added three years at Acadia. His brothers also took to books. One, a Doctor in Education, is now a school superintendent. The other is a Lieutenant Commander in the Canadian Navy.

C. A. Willis enrolled in the RCAF on the fourth of July 1938, and took his ini-

tial ground and air training at Trenton. He completed training with 5 BR squadron at Dartmouth, and in September 1939 he was transferred to 8 squadron at Syney, N.S., as a pilot-navigator. He was with this squadron for nearly 4 years, the last two as its commanding officer.

Number 8 squadron performed convoy-escort, patrol, and search duties and whilst on the East coast operated from Sydney River, North Sydney and Sydney.

Japan's entry into the war caused 8 Squadron to be sent to Vancouver. Under the direction of its CO, S/L Willis, it arrived there on New Year's day 1942. Shortly after, and on 24 hours notice, the squadron moved to Anchorage Alaska to form a Canadian Wing, (along with 111 Squadron, Aleutian Islands), under the operational command of the 11th Air Force of the USAIAF. This tour which was to have been completed in two weeks, lasted nine months. In August 1942, S/L Willis was promoted to Wing Commander.

Two weeks before sailing for England, on 1 May 1943, W/C Willis was married to a Vancouver girl. This genial couple now have two children: a daughter of five, and a son of three.

After three weeks of training at 3 Coastal Fighter O.T.U. at Catfoss Yorkshire, W/C Willis took command of 404 Canadian Coastal Fighter squadron at Wick Scotland, replacing G/C Truscott, a former CO of RCAF Station Sydney. This squadron flew Beaufighters armed with rockets and 20mm cannons. Its targets were German shipping and submarines along the Norwegian coast. It was on such a sortie on March thirtieth 1944 that W/C Willis was shot down into the sea. He was rescued by a German flying boat and made prisoner of war.

Stalagluft 1 was the prisoner of war camp to which W/C Willis was sent. It

was situated on the Baltic shore due north of Berlin and contained some eight thousand allied aircrew officers. Of this total 4500 were Americans, and several hundreds were Russians. Our Wing Commander states that although no prisoners were successful in getting out of Germany during that period, many partially successful escape projects kept the German staff in almost continuous embarrassment. He also had occasion to witness, with some concern, V2 trials from the nearby test grounds some months before this weapon was used operationally.

The sector of Stalagluft 1 was relieved by the Russian armies. Before being flown back to England in an American fortress on 10 May 45, W/C Willis had the opportunity of seeing the horrors of German concentration camps. In addition, he got some indication of Russian occupation techniques.

Since his return to Canada on 15 July 45, W/C Willis has held seven different positions, other than having attended RCAF Staff College. Until Nov. 45 he was with 1FS at Trenton. From here he went to Transport OTU at Comox, and then in February 46 to 9T Group. Shortly after he was transferred to 426 Transport Squadron, and remained with it for one year. After Staff College he was sent to AFHQ Directorate Air Operations as its Air Transport Branch head. As such he spent the next two years. In September 49 he was transferred to Air Materiel Command HQ as Staff Officer Organization. On 1 May 51 he came to St. Johns, and has since been Officer Commanding Manning Depot.

W/C Willis was awarded the DFC for his efficient leadership of his squadrons in action, and more specifically for the effective raid during which he was shot down.

Station Dance

Young Airman: Life was just one big empty desert until I met you."

Young Airwoman: "Oh! is that why you dance like a camel.



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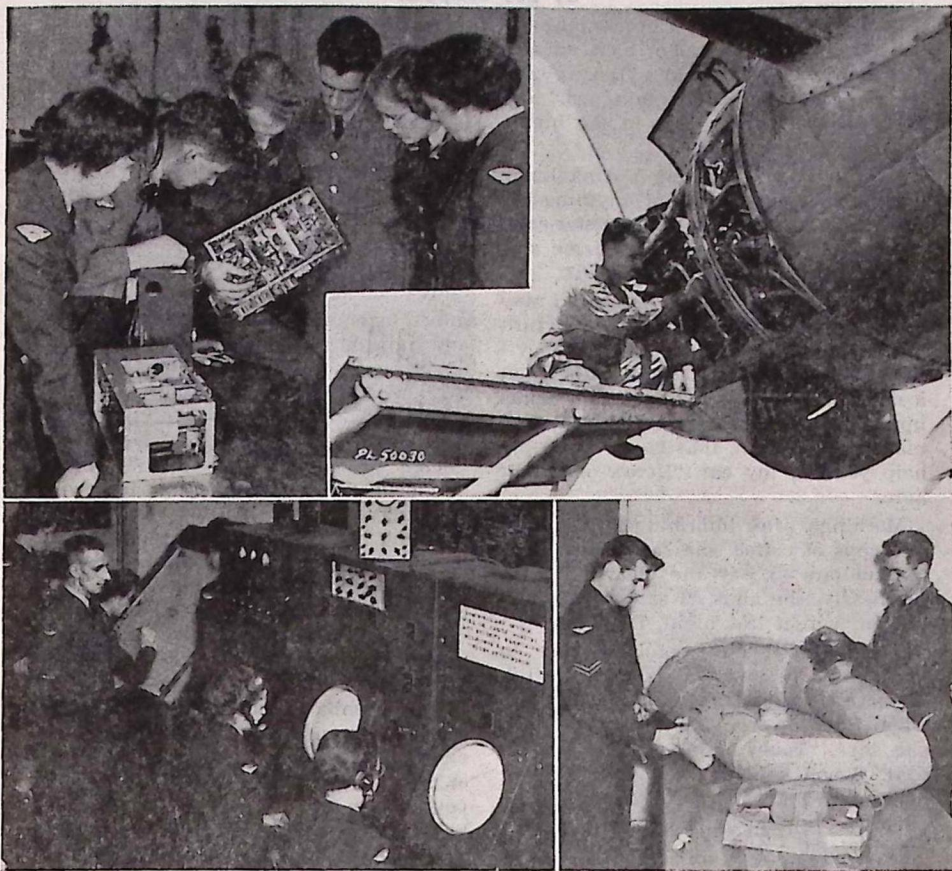
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Where Do We Go From Here?



Upper left:

At Number One Radio and Communications School, Clinton, Ont., airmen and airwomen learn how to maintain delicate electronic equipment.

Lower left:

Fighter Control Operators are also taught their technique at Clinton. Here they are learning how to operate radar sets and plot the movements of aircraft in the area.

Upper right:

"Keeping them Flying" is the duty of Aero Engine Technicians. This airman is taking his course at Camp Borden, Ont.

Lower right:

Safety Equipment Technicians — the life-savers of the RCAF—keep parachutes and supply-dropping apparatus in the best of condition. On course at Aylmer, Ont., these airmen are testing an emergency dinghy.

Prize Winning Story

THE BREAD IS IN THE BREAD BOX

by Lac Campbell

I don't claim any superior mental powers but I do feel that I'm alert enough so that when my wife says, "Dear, please let me borrow your fountain pen," she doesn't have to add, "It's in the breast pocket of your coat."

This habit of assuming I don't know the present whereabouts of anything began at the altar, when the minister said, "The ring, please." She nudged me and whispered, "The best man has it."

While driving down the highway I may comment, "Let's call it a day and turn at the next tourist court with a vacancy." "O.K.," she answers. A few minutes later, a red neon vacancy four feet high looms up on my right. I signal and start to make a right turn, that is when the big help yells in my ear, "Here's one right here."

Mornings, after informing me I've had two cups of coffee, she says, "Leave me five dollars to pay the cleaner," then, needlessly, she adds, "I saw five dollars in your wallet last night, Hah!"

She knows I have enough sense to make my way downtown and earn a living—well, almost earn a living and yet, when I get up from the breakfast table, she says, "You'd better take your rain-coat." I nod my head to show I comprehend, but still she feels compelled to add, "It's raining outside."

Last week I was putting a new light bulb in the kitchen fixture when I fell off the ladder. Upon hearing the crash, she came running out to the kitchen. "Darling," she exclaimed, "You've fallen off the ladder!"

Last night I thought I had turned the tables, after dinner she said, "I think I'll write a letter to Aunt Hatty." I quickly transferred my fountain pen from my breast pocket to my left rear pants pocket. A moment later she said, "Dear, let

me borrow your fountain pen, it's in your breast pocket." "No, it isn't!" I shouted, leaping triumphantly to my feet. "It's in my left rear pants pocket!" To prove it, I pulled it out in two inky pieces—broken when I sat down on it—and held them out to her. "Why dear," she said in surprised remonstrance, "you've broken your fountain pen."

POPULARITY—

by Larry Langley

"What's yours is mine—what's mine is mine alone." This motto might be framed and hung in every airwomen's barracks, for it seems to be the main theme in the average airwoman's life. Stockings, shoe polish, perfume, clothing—everything but toothbrushes (and perhaps even those, though we haven't seen it done yet!) are begged or permanently borrowed every day.

It isn't hard to be popular; most of us are born with the knack, but our loving parents do their best to repress our natural-born talents.

One of the best places to exercise the popularity aptitude is in the washroom. Little things like washing rubber boots in the washbasins and leaving half the Station thoroughfare floating there; or elbowing the gal with soap in her eyes; or using the other fellow's towel to give your shoes that extra gleam. All these help immeasurably. Another priceless tip, though I hate to part with it, is to sit on someone's freshly-made bed for a last cigarette just before barrack inspection—and to leave it nicely tousled before you dash for roll call. Sweeping the dust from your floorspace to a nice inconspicuous place under your neighbour's bed is fun too; you can raise quite an amusing howl with this technique. There are hundreds of other little tricks; all you have to use is a little ingenuity and a lot of gall. You, too, can be popular!

O. C. PERSONNEL SELECTION UNIT



S/L L. A. Yellowlees

This time we're going to make an attempt at sketching Squadron Leader L. A. Yellowlees with words. We use the word "attempt" because it is difficult to project an individual onto a piece of blank paper. However, we'll do our best.

He is a Westerner by birth; Saskatchewan is his native province. In his youth he attended schools in England, Saskatoon, and Vancouver, B.C. He studied a number of subjects from public speaking to bookkeeping and architectural drafting and entered into participating with his father in general contracting. A member of the Vancouver Junior Board of Trade and Senior Member of a model aircraft club, L. A. Yellowlees took an active interest in aviation and enlisted in the 111th Fighter Squadron (Aux.) in 1935 as an AFTech.

By September 1939 he had attained the rank of Corporal, and in the Spring of 1940 was transferred from Vancouver to Patricia Bay as NCO in charge of Ground Crew Staff and Security Guard.

In February 1941, Flight Sergeant Yellowlees was located at Number Ten Service Flying Training School at Dauphin, Manitoba. Later, with the rank of WO2, he was given supervision of all airframe work. Dafoe, Saskatchewan, was his next stop — and after that, in 1943, he attended the School of Aeronautical Engineering in Montreal. Following an Administrative Course at St. Margarets, Quebec, Flying Officer Yellowlees was posted to Command Headquarters in Toronto as Trade Test Officer. He remained there until April, 1946, when he was transferred to JAM, Toronto, to open a section on Personnel selection Research. Later, in March 1947, Flight Lieutenant Yellowlees was transferred to TCHQ at Trenton to inaugurate the Personnel Selection Unit (Airmen). On the first of January, 1950, he was promoted to Squadron Leader — his present rank.

Squadron Leader Yellowlees has varied hobbies and interests — among them are hunting, skiing, painting, flying and psychology, to name just a few.

Gifted with perception, a common-sense outlook on life, and a genuine liking for and interest in people, Squadron Leader Yellowlees is admirably suited to his present position as OC of Number One PSU here at RCAF Station, St. Johns.

PSU Officer: "A report can be written in such a manner that even the most ignorant can understand it".

Muriel: — "Yes, Sir. Which part is it you don't understand?"

★ * *

Sgt. Boivin: "New that you've joined the Air Force you'll have to take an Intelligence Test".

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Lucky Girl!



Cpl. "Bobby" Richards

Roberta Winifred Richards was born in Fredericton, New Brunswick; she was brought up in Edmunston, N. B., where she learned to speak French fluently. During the last war Miss Richards was a Supply Technician in the RCAF. After leaving the Service, she took a business course in Fredericton and later was employed as a secretary. "Bobby" re-enlisted in June, 1951, and was completing a PRTI Course when the news came.

She was to accompany the Royal Tour across Canada! Out of a clear blue sky came the message. Bobby was excited — she was amazed. Why had she been chosen? But there wasn't much time to think; the young woman was sent to Ottawa to be briefed on protocol. She was taught to curtsy and how to behave in the presence of Royalty; how to address the Princess and the members of her household. She was in Ottawa for a month before the tour began.

Travelling on the Royal Train must have been exciting. High-ranking officials from Canada and Great Britain were ever-present; there was glorious scenery, tremendous crowds, — and the Royal Couple. But for Corporal Richards it wasn't all glamour and fanfare. There was a lot of hard work involved. Some of her duties were to write letters of acknowledgement; to draft and type speeches; to write letters of thanks; to take dictation from Colonel Charteris, private secretary to the Princess; from Lieutenant-Commander Parker, secretary to the Duke; and from the Honorable Lady Elphinstone, lady-in-waiting to the Princess.

Bobby Richards travelled from Coast to Coast on the Royal Train — from Vancouver to Newfoundland. While the Princess and the Duke were vacationing, Bobby was busy with more and more letters... more and still more work.

We asked her how the Royal Couple struck her at first.

"Well, they were completely at ease", she replied.

"Were you at ease? we inquired.

She seemed surprised.

"Why, of course! They were so friendly that you just couldn't be self-conscious with them!"

She went on to say that both the Princess and the Duke were overwhelmed by the great, warmhearted welcome extended them by the Canadian people. They enjoyed the trip immensely; the crowds, the scenery, everything was perfect.

Corporal Richards has two possessions she will never part with: an autographed family photograph and a silver cigarette case which were presented her as mementoes of the trip.

And you know something? It may have been the Princess' first Canadian Tour — but it was Bobby's first tour, too!

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Prize Winning Article

(By Larry Langley)

RECRUITS —

You've just arrived at Number Two Manning Depot, St. Johns. You're new in the Service and perhaps a little homesick. Or even a lot homesick—most of us are, at first. People give you pencils and pieces of cardboard and tell you what to write; people interview you and change your mind and hack up all your own private little ideas. You are left sitting in a large room with a lot of strangers, and you feel very small — very much alone. You wish you were home . . . you wish you'd never enlisted . . . you wish . . . you wish . . . you wish.

And then you meet someone who has almost the same ideas as you have; she feels the same way about the Service as you do—and somehow, when you heave your loads of unhappiness onto each other's shoulders, you feel better about the whole thing. You think it might be fun to go to the Station dance instead of sitting in the barracks all night. You go . . . you meet people . . . you have a wonderful time.

It's not so bad after all. Even the Corporals seem more friendly; the Officers, instead of being Awesome Personages, are real people in whom you can confide—people you can trust and admire. The barracks and that narrow bunk seem like home—though you'd like just one meal with the family. The other trainees aren't so unfriendly after all . . . regardless of the fact that you'd like to have another heart-to-heart with Margie back home.

And it's amazing how superior you can feel when you see the new course coming in; they have to go through exactly what you've already suffered—you can smirk and say, "Poor kids—what a shock they're going to get!" You know your way around the Station . . . you've had wonderful times down at the Sports Centre and over at the Canteen.

This Air Force business isn't so hard to take after all—it just needs a little

Prize Winning POEM

THE GRAVEYARD SHIFT

The lights are out, there is no sound,
Except of rain upon the ground,
And yet we sit around and wait,
For men and women coming late.

The phone then rings, we answer that.
And stop a minute for a chat,
The conversation means not much,
We talk of beer or girls and such.

We watch the road for a coming car,
And then we see two lights afar,
The car arrives and so we see,
A load of airmen from a spree.

The guardhouse door is open wide,
Allowing happy men inside,
Some are sick and tired, too,
The others don't know what to do.

They've had their beer and feel no pain,
And by their actions seem insane,
A few depart and hit the sack,
But there are some who soon come back.

The guardhouse peace is then upset,
By silly guys who soon forget,
Eleven hundred other creeps
Who take pride in their beauty sleeps.

And so it goes from twelve till eight,
We work on phones, in rooms, at gates,
But now at last our shift is through,
We hit the hay—a tired crew!

Bill Durkin.

(LAC Durkin, a former SP, is now studying theology at St. Augustine's Seminary.)

A Frenchman named Alfred Tetourner made himself famous on—of all things—a bicycle. On March 17, 1941, Tetourner set the record for the fastest autopaced mile on a bicycle at 108.92 miles per hour. Tetourner made this run on a concrete highway officially timed by the American Automobile timers, covering the mile in 33.05 seconds.

getting used to. And the trick, they tell me, is in "getting used to not being used to it!"

O. C. SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

Squadron Leader H. P. Lagace has had a long and colorful career with the RC AF. He enlisted in August 1940 at Regina as an AC2 after graduating from St. Boniface college. A few weeks later while attending Manning Depot at Toronto a call came from the RAF for volunteers to man turrets in the old Boulton Paul Defiants. The offer was promptly accepted and in October, 1940, AC2 Lagace, by now a Sergeant, found himself leading the list of graduates from the first Air Gunner's course at Jarvis, Ontario. By then, however, Defiants had become obsolete and he was posted to No. 8 B & G School, Sydney, N.S., where he was to remain for the next ten months.

Sgt. Lagace departed for overseas in August, 1941. On arrival there he was attached to No. 97 Squadron RAF until July 1942, when he joined the Alouette Squadron of the newly formed RAF No. 6 Group. He was promoted to Flight Sergeant in September and to Pilot Officer in December of that year. By the end of January, 1943 — P/O Lagace had completed his first tour of operations and was chosen to go on a Gunnery Instructor's course at Mombay. Upon graduation, he was sent to 1679 Heavy Conversion Unit as Gunnery Leader. This second tour of operations was completed in August, 1944. Throughout his career as an Air Gunner, Flight Lieutenant Lagace displayed the highest standard of determination. He took part in attacks on many targets important to the enemy's war effort. His coolness in action and his notable gunnery skill made him a most valuable member of aircrew.

On completion of his second tour Flight Lieutenant Lagace returned to Canada on administrative duties until the end of 1944. The year 1945 was spent on an Armament Specialist Course at Mountain View, and the following two years were

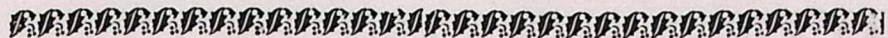


S/L H. P. Lagace

spent at Dartmouth and Greenwood as Station Armament Officer. Then followed a year at SOSM Trenton and shortly afterwards Flight Lieutenant Lagace went on a pilot's flying course at RCAF Stn Centralia.

Here, as in all his service duties, he demonstrated a great deal of interest, enthusiasm and ability and was subsequently listed on the Scroll of Honour—an award to the student who, through outstanding ability and diligent application, attains the highest standing in his class.

From here until his appointment as OC, SEngl in February, 1951, Flight Lieutenant Lagace was on flying duties with the Air Armament School in Trenton. He was promoted to the rank of Squadron Leader in June 1951. He is married and has three charming daughters.



"Another Helping of Pudding, Please--Sir"



Christmas dinner at an RCAF Station is always a memorable occasion—particularly so here at St. Johns. The reason? On this one day of the whole year, the airmen and airwomen will sit down to a bountiful repast—served by their officers and NCO's, no less!

On Christmas morning, the NCO's will be entertained in the Officers' Mess. Then both officers and NCOs will proceed to the Airmen's Mess, where they don white coats and chefs' hats and for the next hour devote themselves to waiting on the airmen and airwomen, hand and foot! What an experience for the trainees!

This year, F/O Bradshaw and staff have prepared a feast fit for a king—or an airman! First, there will be fruit cocktail, followed by roast Royal Turkey with savoury dressing; giblet gravy, creamy parslid potatoes, green peas, cauliflower, and cranberry sauce on lettuce leaf. To further tickle the palate will be side dishes of iced celery, sweet pickles, stuffed olives and sliced tomatoes; for dessert, a choice of hot mince

pie or English plum pudding with brandy sauce will be offered. Coffee, candy, nuts, apples, oranges and grapes will complete this gourmet's delight.

Finally, when they are unable to eat another bite, each airman and airwoman will have just enough energy left to pick up a souvenir menu and read the Commanding Officer's message.

"It is with a great deal of pleasure that I take this opportunity to express my sincerest wishes for your happiness at Christmas and the New Year. This is our first Christmas at R.C.A.F. Station St. Johns, and I think that all of you who have been concerned with opening and rehabilitating the station deserve a great deal of credit for the fine progress we have made. There is a tremendous amount yet to be done, and we all might well pray that we will be able to do it under world conditions no worse than they are today.

"Again, my warmest thanks to the staff personnel, and to all Trainees and Staff, a Merry Christmas and a Happy, Successful New Year."



Ad Astra

Now Thelma Kennedy works in IPSU,
(If she leaves we won't know just quite
what to do),

The gal with the manner so pleasant
and nice,

But mixed with the sugar is just enough
spice!

Is there a rumour she is going to go?

If they're trying to steal her we sure
want to know,

Why can't we keep her, this treasure of
ours?

To heck with the brass in their ivory
towers!

The news must be out, they know of her
smile,

Her work and her beauty and excellent
style.

They'll use memo and signal and letter
I guess,

But we'll fight for our Thelma forever—
no less!

'Twas always thus, the powers that be,
Won't consider the feelings of you and
of me,

But wait, are we selfish or much too de-
manding?

We had better consider our own under-
standing.

So maybe it's right for Thelma to go,
"Per Ardua Ad Astra" and all that you
know.

For the good of the service we'll hold
back our tears,

And suffer in silence the rest of the years,
(Anonymous).

Ed. Note.—Ah! The power of the press!
. . . After news of this poem leaked out
Thelma was hurried back from Trenton
and re-installed in PSU . . . and commis-
sioned!

Salutes--

If you haven't done it yourself, you've certainly seen others do it. The minute an Officer is seen approaching, hundreds of frantic little airwomen (or airmen, as the case may be), scramble for the nearest doorway, uttering squeals of terror. Why all the fuss? Because an Officer must be saluted—and for some unknown reason, the thought of saluting is a little overwhelming to the neophyte. There are a few extroverts, of course, who salute anything with a flat hat on: taxi drivers, hotel doormen, warrant officers, even the boys who drive the Coco Cola trucks. This stage is generally reached after you've been in uniform about two or three weeks. Then there are the high I.Q. types who ask, "Do you salute the C.O.'s car if he's not in it?" or, "Do you salute twice when two Officers are walking together?" or, "If an Officer walks into a restaurant, do you put on your hat, stand properly at attention, and salute him?"

You see all kinds of salutes—in fact, you can make quite a character analysis by watching an airman or airwoman in action. There are the brisk, I'm-in-the-service-now salutes; the timid, please-don't-watch-me-doing-this-because-I-feel-silly kind; and there's always one character in the crowd who "just didn't see him coming until he was past me." There are a lot of variations on the regular theme; a lot of us have developed our own original little flourishes. For instance, there's the salute that looks more like an attempt to get a cinder out of an eye; this, I believe, is someone's camouflage just in case the person saluted is not an Officer, after all. Then there's the "just-straightening-my-cap-you-know" type; and the "sun-gets-in-my-eyes-can't-stand-the-glare" method.

You can extract a lot of amusement out of a few minutes of "Salute-watching" — try it sometime! It's quite an art, this saluting business. You can make an interesting study of it!

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SENGL MORI .**

And believe it or not many of them have done so! As a matter of fact there is a rampant rumour that most of the present staff at the School of English is made up of these departed spectres. But however, adept you may be at cultivating the fruits of a dubitable grapevine, you could scarcely be so presumptuous as to refuse our invitation to see for yourself. Accordingly, scale the ramparts of the Sengl, go down the long hallway leading to the OR past the sign—"Do not disturb—Instructors Sleeping"—turn to your right, then to your left, then to your right, open order march, two paces step back and you'll find yourself at the very heart of this home for senile pedants.

Notice the aura of learning as you go through the doorway marked, "Through These Portals Pass the Most Frustrated Airmen in the World." In the left hand corner piled high against the wall lies one copy of Van Ragamuffinsky's pocket dictionary with a notation in Hebrew to facilitate the learning process. On the right in big black letters solidly nailed to the wall is the daily timetable:

1st period—dictation; 2nd period—dictation; 3rd period—spelling; 4th period—spelling; all afternoon—memory work.

And at the far end, watching you admire this rich and diversified curriculum, sits the Chief Instructor—ready and willing to answer all your queries about the past, present and future of the SEngl.

Past History

The SEngl first opened its doors to those in quest of knowledge in 1940 at Quebec City. Following a brief period there it was transferred to the Exhibition Grounds in Toronto where it remained till the end of the war. At this time instructors were scarce and classes were large. For a while the total strength was actually over 1100. Instructors often had 100 or more trainees in their classes and could do little more than walk up and down the aisles having the trainees re-

peat words after them. Any trainees caught pronouncing "the" correctly was immediately selected for aircrew training and posted on course. Standards at the present SEngl are four times as high as they were in 1940—"but," "was" and "it" have been added.

The school was disbanded in 1945 until its reactivation in the summer of 1946 in Trenton. From here it moved to Portage La Prairie in 1947, to Aylmer in 1948, back to Trenton in the spring of 1949 and finally to St. Johns on the 2nd of April, 1951.

Squadron Leader L. P. Valiquet became OC of the SEngl in 1949, and it was he, more than any other man, who was responsible for its present organization and training syllabi. On his recommendation language experts from a number of universities were consulted, and upon their advice methods were introduced and developed. So efficient did the training program become that those in charge could honestly say that their school was second to none in the whole of Canada.

Present Status

So much for the past glories of the School, but what of its present status? First, permit me to say that most of the innovations introduced during its sejour at Trenton have been diligently retained. Under the guidance of our present OC, a trade syllabus has been drawn up which familiarizes trainees with the rudiments of their trades. A comprehensive series of aircrew lectures have also been prepared by the OC. These have become very popular with the Flight Cadets and past courses at the flying schools have proved their worth.

Other aspects of the curriculum, mainly those dealing with airmen, are continuously being revised, i.e., new lesson material and visual aids are introduced, new methods of language training are adopted. Yes! Even instructors have their place at SEngl, but let me tell you something about the system used in selecting these enviable people.

All applicants must pass a very rigid

entrant's test before being accepted. A few sample questions taken at random from this test should suffice to make you realize how proficient these instructors must be to qualify for a position on the teaching staff. The first question asked of all candidates is, "Have you ever heard of a lesson plan?" A second question reads, "Do you consider the time between break periods necessary?" And still another asks the candidate whether or not he can sign his name. With regards to the last mentioned question, experience has shown that a large number cannot meet this high standard, and in order to keep otherwise competent men in the running, they are given the alternative of signing an "X." If their X is considered sufficiently well-rounded, they are accepted summarily.

Successful candidates then proceed to the CI's office where they receive the smock of office, one piece of chalk—choice of colours available, and a copy of the timetable, description of which was given in an earlier paragraph. In addition, they are allotted a bunk in the instructor's sleeping room, have the canteen rooms and hours pointed out to them and are handed a year's supply of ready-signed passes.

From this point on the instructors are on their own. Little is ever seen of them again save for an occasional glimpse as they trample over each other to and from the Accounts Section, the beverage room, or the punch clocks. And what are the results you say of having such a carefully screened staff? Simply fantastic! I repeat—incredible! Organization makes the difference.

Saleman: To wife who has just presented him with triplets: "My dear, a sample would have been sufficient. There is no necessity for carrying them in stock.

* * *

"Now, one of you bright children, tell me why the bells ring on Christmas morning?"

"Because someone's pulling the rope".

ENTERTAINMENT

CHILDREN'S XMAS PARTY

"Rrrrrriinnng!"

"RCAF Station, St. Johns" purred the pretty switchboard operator. "Who is speaking, please? Who ... who? What's that? Oh no! It can't be. It is? Really? Is it really you, Santa Claus?"

Sure enough — it was the jolly old man himself calling to tell the children of all RCAF personnel to be on hand in the Sports Centre on Saturday afternoon, December 15. There he would have presents, oranges, candy, ice cream, cookies and chocolate milk for them. Santa and his helpers will arrive at the Sports Centre in a big red fire truck with siren screaming. Early arrivals will be entertained in the Station Theatre by Sergeant Kellar with colored cartoons — and Corporal Wally Dunk will please the children with feats of magic and other numbers planned to give Santa a great, big build-up!

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STN MAG — GRADUATION PARTIES

"Now where did they come from?"

"From their graduation party, of course."

The cause of this brief dialogue was the "invasion" of the regular Wednesday night Station Dance by a group of about 150 laughing, singing graduates who were spending their last night at St. Johns and had just held their graduation banquet in Number One Mess.

Each week the graduates chip in about \$2.50 each and arrange a farewell banquet for a final get-together and to honour various staff members. The Commanding Officer, Officers in charge of courses and Course Instructors are usually invited... and everyone always has a good time. The Course elects a committee who make the necessary arrangements with the Entertainment Committee, Flying Officer Bradshaw and the Mess Hall Staff, and Flight Sergeant Plouffe at Central Warehouse. There is a delicious dinner of turkey or steaks; music; speeches; and then refreshments followed by an hour or so of enjoying this last night on the Station. Later on, nearly everyone repairs to the Sports Centre to join in the fun at the Station Dance.

J.-C. R. No. 14 (New Year's Party)

Coloured lights, decorations, balloons, serpentines, hats and noisemakers will give the festive touch to a gala New Year's Eve Party in the Sports Centre. A Montreal Band will be on hand to provide the music you like to dance to; they will keep playing from 22.00 to 2.00 hours.

If any of you gals are a long, long way from the wardrobe back home, don't worry about it. Dress will be optional... and in the past there has usually been an equal mixture of formal and informal costumes.

Everybody will have a wonderful time at this party — let's see you all there! Admission is just \$1.00 each.

BAND CONCERTS

Before travelling to the Maritimes in October to play for the Royal Tour, our own Training Command Band paid a visit to the Station. The forty members looked very natty in their special uniforms and had been trained to razor sharpness by Flying Officer Cliff Hunt. They received rounds of enthusiastic applause from the large and attentive audience which enjoyed every number in the widely varied repertoire. About twenty members of this band form a dance orchestra which will play here in the near future..

Plans are being made now to have the Air Force Headquarters Band, under the direction of Flight Lieutenant Kirkwood, visit us soon. Just wait till you Westerners hear them swing "Red River Valley"!

The Montreal Salvation Army Band of 56 pieces has offered to play a free concert on the station as soon as arrangements can be made. We'll be looking for them in the New Year.

FINE MUSIC

For those of us who prefer the Classics, Sergeant St. Amour, popular instructor of the School of English, makes careful selections from the works of the Masters and holds a recorded program in the W.D. Canteen on Thursday nights. It is very gratifying to the Sergeant to find so many interested listeners on the station.

"Live" Classical Music Concerts are held at La Centrale Catholique, 190 Laurier Street, St. Jean, under the auspices of Jeunesses Musicales du Canada. A cordial invitation to attend has been extended to all RCAF Personnel who are interested. The next Concert will be held at 8.30 P.M. on February 6, and will feature Rejeane Cardinal, mezzo-soprano. (Admission, \$1.00.)

Contented man: The motorist who enjoys the scenery along the detour.

LIVE SHOWS"

Every Monday night the graduating courses of airmen and airwomen combine to display the talent in their midst. Some of the shows are good — and some are not so good, but all of them are put on in a spirit of fun and gaiety. What's more, they nearly always play to a full house.

Each course makes up a song which follows a now-familiar pattern. They extol the virtues of their instructors, themselves, their Officers, and finally give a rousing cheer for "Dear Old RCAF Station, St. Johns"! Back in the days when the Theatre stage was bare, the lighting somewhat erratic, and funds for props non-existent, the girls came up with ingenious methods for making "live" curtains with blankets, costumes from worn-cut sheets, and laboriously painted backdrops. Now, with improved lighting and certain, some of the problems have been overcome... but there's still plenty of scope for people with ideas!

The production of these shows is considered part of the valuable training in the business of learning to work and play together — and a good training it is, too!

On Monday evening, January 14, we will be able to sit back and be entertained by the first outside variety show to visit St. Johns since the station reopened. An ex-airman, Ron Picard, has arranged for the Harvey Rowsless Players, formerly known as the Johnny Randal Players, to put on a variety show in the Station Theatre. This show has played at Goose Bay and St. Huberts — and comes gratis as a service to the armed forces. 'Tis said they leave the audience gasping.

See you there!

The Sad Truth

A corpus Christi airman passed away and upon arriving at the gates of eternity, remarked "Gee, I never thought heaven would be so much like Ontario".

"Son", said the man at the gate sadly, "this ain't heaven".

STATION DANCES

Our Wednesday night dances have become the best-known and most faithfully-attended endeavour of the Entertainment Committee.

All the airwomen have an automatic pass till one-thirty in the morning on dance nights, and everyone turns up in his or her best bib and tucker for the evening's festivities.

Each week a fine twelve-piece band from Montreal is on hand, as well as a smaller hillbilly band for square dancing during intermission.

Admission is \$0.35 per person, and sandwiches, coffee and soft drinks are sold in the Snack Bar, adjoining the Sports Centre. Ties and jackets are always worn—uniforms, naturally, are acceptable.

BUILDING No. 5

Building Five has been set aside for the recreation of all airmen and airwomen on the Station. Its equipped with a piano, a public address system and its available for the use of any section or MD course that feels like throwing a little party. It's also available as a rehearsal hall for those who are putting on a show on the Station. The Entertainment Committee has promoted a number of card and bingo parties there in the past and plans are under way to have many more such evenings in the near future.

DRO's announce these events well in advance.

Knew His Tricks

Parlor Magician: Watch my hands closely, now.

Girl Friend: "Don't worry, big boy, I've been watching them all evening."

THEATRE

There are regular movies at the Theatre every Tuesday, Thursday, Friday and Sunday nights. There are two shows on each evening — the first one at six p. m. and the second at 8.30. Sgt Kellar has done a fine job of the movies and booking the pictures. Our theatre shows all the first-run movies — sometimes weeks before they're shown in Montreal.

Sgt. Kellar is always glad to receive any suggestions from the patrons so if there's something you'd like to see changed — let him know about it.

A GENTLE HINT

Do not become a drone, dear,
While I am far away,
Just have a lot of fun dear,
Step out each night and play.

The lads I left behind, dear,
Must also have their fling,
Be sure to treat them nice, dear,
And dance and laugh and sing.

Do anything you will, dear,
Just pet ,or park or flirt;
With Jack or Joe or Bill, dear,
And please don't play them dirt.

The years are way too few, dear,
Your happiness to wreck,
But if these things you do, dear,
I'll break your little neck.

AC2 John Lozowski.

No Excitement

First Airman: "What kind of time did you have in New York?"

Second Airman: "Eastern Standard Time".

★ * ★

Mother: "Say, are you kissing that boy?"

Sarcastic Daughter: "No. I'm brushing my teeth on his moustache."

★ * ★

Phil: "Her uniform looks as if she had been poured into it and forget to say 'when'."

AIR FORCE JARGON

A.W.O.L. — A condition arising when one's plans fail to coincide with those of the Air Force authorities.

Barracks—A place where you try to sleep and where all your belongings must be hidden from the eyes of inspecting officers.

Defaulters—Airmen who try to practice democracy.

Disciplinary Action—Something, which according to all notices, is going to be taken.

Digger—A hole, but you don't have to dig it.

D.R.O. — A kind of daily newspaper which is hard to find and which you should have read when you didn't.

Mess—Has much the same meaning in civilian life.

East — Synonymous with hell to airmen from Ontario.

Hooks—Something like prizes in a sweepstake. Everyone hopes to get them, but you can't tell who will.

Furlough—This is what airmen think of most of the time. Usually has something to do with girls.

Forty-Eight—Refers to free time that airmen hope to get; often cancelled by disciplinary action.

Joe — One who performs tasks that he thinks should be done by somebody else.

Manning Pool—You don't fish or swim in this one.

Mae West—When worn produces similar curves, but is less desirable than the movie actress.

Orderly — Synonym for Joe.

Orderly Officer—A man who is told there are no complaints.

Orderly Room—An information bureau.

Parade—A line of airmen, usually waiting.

Clothing Parade—A line of airmen waiting for something they will not get.

S.W.O.—One who welcomes new airmen to the station, but whom they seldom wish to see again.

From "The Bordenaire."

Church Services

Protestant

Every Sunday

09.30—Holy Communion

11.00—Morning Worship

Office Hours:

08.00—17.00 Mon.—Fri.

Interviews by appointment

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Office in Reception Centre

Phone-Local 49

Roman Catholic

Sunday

08.00—Holy Communion

09.00—Mass

10.00—Messe

Weekdays

17.05—Mass

Chaplains: F/Lt L. Martin

Chaplains: F/Lt P. Frechette

Office—Room 1, School of English

Phone-Local 45

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