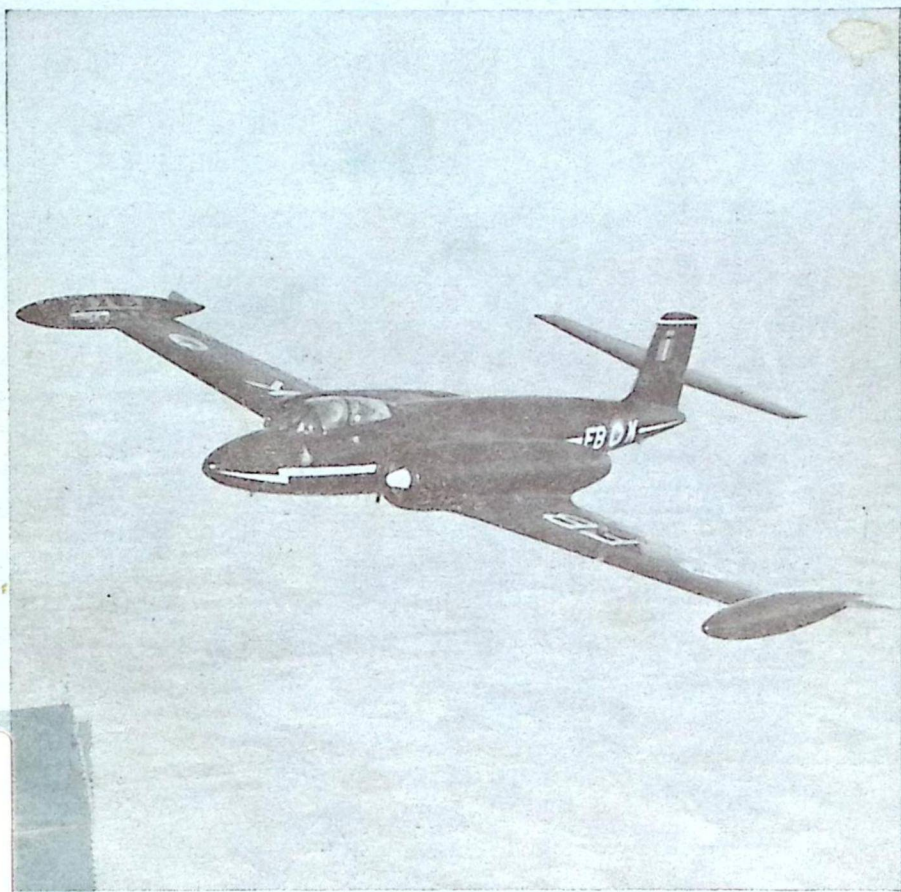


DEBUT

RCAF Station, St. Johns, P.Q.

September, 1952

Vol. 1, No. 10



AIRCRAFT IN THE R.C.A.F. TO-DAY

DEBUT

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



Published monthly by the Magazine Committee as a service to personnel on this Station — for enjoyment and information.



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The Magazine Committee here acknowledges with grateful thanks the contributions submitted by many different people on this station.

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Next Month: The RCAF in World War II

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Contributions are always welcome.

Submit them in French
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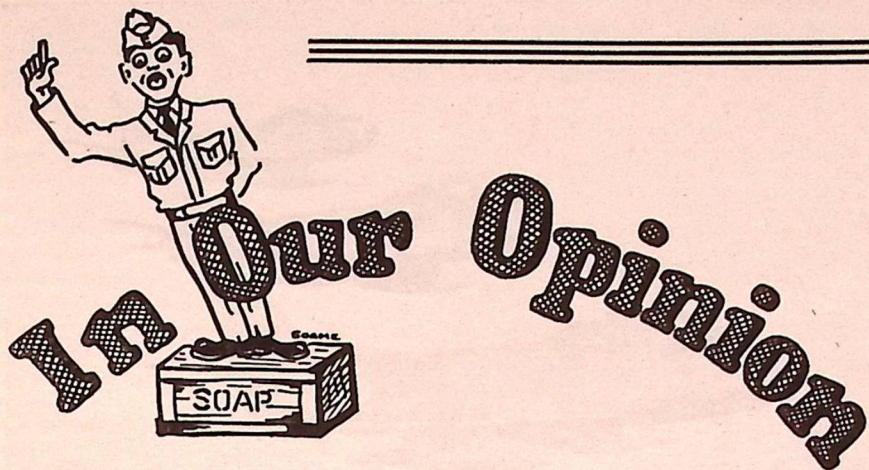
to the Editor, Rm. 1
School of English.

SUBSCRIPTIONS

We have received many letters from advertisers, RCAF personnel and civilian friends praising the Debut and asking to be placed on the mailing list. Because a free subscription could easily grow to unmanageable proportions, we have set an annual (12 copies) subscription rate of \$1.00. Please contact Cpl. Allain at the Manning Depot Orderly Room.

COVER: On the cover is the "All Canadian" jet, the CF-100 "Canuck". See the storey on page 2.

MARIELLE MOTT



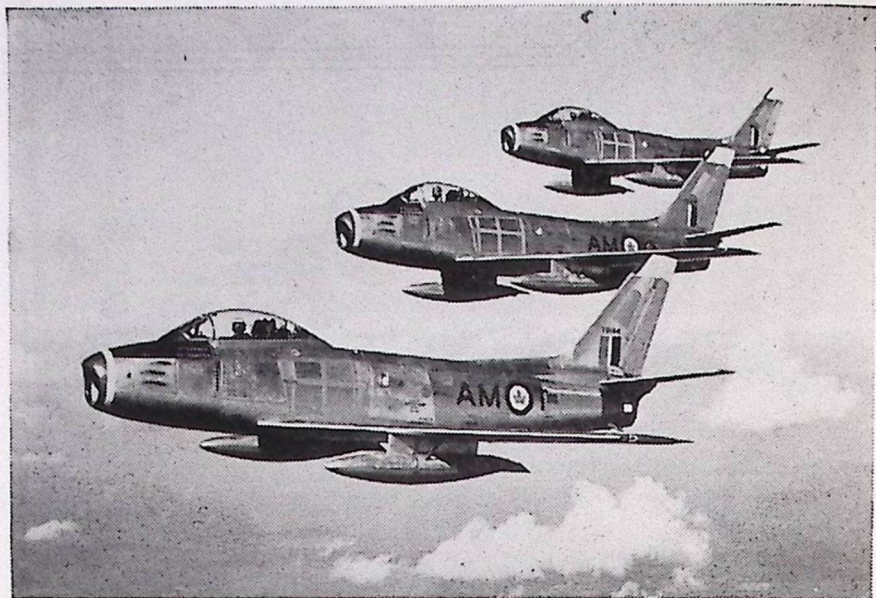
... WINGS AWAY was a fine show. Should the RCAF ever again produce a full-time stage review, here is the talent! Little more need be said—we are all aware of the “morale-boosting” effect of such a venture for did we not all enjoy it—we know of the many hours of hard, enjoyable but hard work that must have gone into this production—we might make a guess at the innumerable behind-the-scenes workers and the time they gave for our entertainment.

May we say simply THANKS to “WINGS AWAY” and express the best wish we know: that you, who gave us our show enjoyed giving it as much as we, did being your audience.

● See the story and pictures on pages 15, 16, 17 ●

- 1 -

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F-86 SABRE JET FIGHTERS

AIRCRAFT IN THE RCAF TODAY

By F-O D. Hamilton

Having finished training on this station, a recruit may well begin to think that the RCAF does not have any aircraft or if it of camouflaging them. He knows that the of camouflaging them. Ke knows that the RCAF has plenty of drill instructors and lots of floors to wax but he is lucky indeed if he has been able to get very close to an RCAF airplane. However, don't give up hope, because the RCAF has airplanes, good ones, and it may not be long before some of you are working on them. In this article, we want to take a look at five of the aircraft used by the RCAF and give you a little information about them.

First, let us look at the CF-100 or "Canuck" as it is commonly called. This sleek-looking, two-engined, long range, jet fighter was especially designed by A. V. Roe Canada Limited to meet the RCAF's demand for

a powerful fighter which could operate under all of Canada's varied climatic conditions. Presently powered by two Rolls Royce Avon jet engines, the plane will soon be equipped with the Canadian Avro Orenda engine and indications are that it will combine long range with very high speed and the ability to fly in all kinds of weather.

This all-Canadian plane which graces our cover this month is 52½ feet long, has a wing span of 52 feet and its retractable tricycle undercarriage gives it a height of 10 feet 7 inches. This makes the Canuck big for a fighter plane and a crew of two are normally used to fly it.

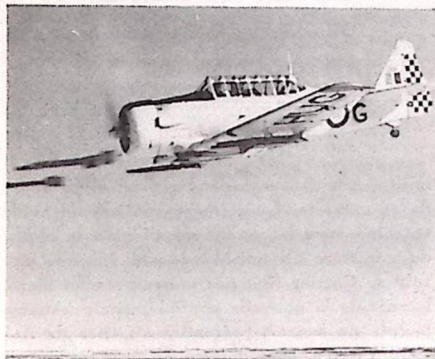
Shown here is the North American F-86 Sabre which is being built for the RCAF by Canadair Limited of Montreal. This single engine jet which has already proved its worth

(Continued on next page)

in the skies over Korea, has been officially clocked at a speed of 670.98 miles per hour with a full combat load of guns and ammunition.

Weighing over 8 tons with a full fuel load and ammunition, the F-86 has a maximum range of over 1100 miles and a service ceiling of well over 40,000 feet. Length and wing spread are identical at 37 feet, making it smaller than the Canuck while the same tri-cycle style undercarriage give it an over-all height of 14 feet.

This single place fighter, easily recognized by its swept back wing and tail assembly, is armed with six one-inch machine guns while combinations of rockets and light or medium bombs can be fitted to suit the mission on which the plane is engaged. A special feature is the emergency ejection mechanism which can catapult the pilot and seat out of the plane while it is in flight.



HARVARD

Turning aside from the newer planes, it is obvious that this brief survey would be incomplete without some mention of the old, over-worked Harvard, a veteran of World War II flying training. Having proved itself in the last war, this sturdy plane has defied all the rules of obsolescence and is still the main post-war trainer for the RCAF. As can be seen from the picture, the Harvard is capable of launching rockets so that it has at least kept pace with the latest armament developments.

The prop-driven Harvard powered by a

Pratt-Whitney radial engine, will never set any speed records but it performs a valuable service in training pilots to fly the planes of the future.



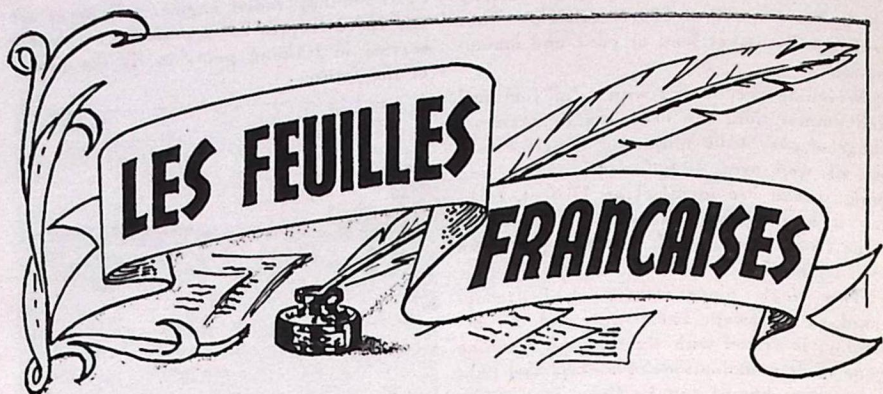
"DAK"

Like the Harvard, the C-47 Douglas or Dakota has ignored the passage of time. Used extensively during World War II as a troop and cargo carrier, it is still the workhorse of the RCAF Air Transport Command. Powered by two Pratt-Whitney 1200 h.p. engines, the "Dak" develops a speed of 200 miles per hour and has a service ceiling of 21,000 feet. It has a wing span of 95 feet, a length of 64 feet and a height of 16 feet 9 inches. With a gross take-off weight of approximately 33,000 pounds and a capacity of 7,500 pounds cargo and 21 passenger, the Dakota is truly a "flying Boxcar."

Last, but far from least, in our list of RCAF planes is the Avro Lancaster, one of the very best heavy bombers produced in the United Kingdom during the last war. With its crew of seven it carried much of the burden of bombing Germany by night and was later used in daylight raids on the continent. Carrying a normal load of 14,000 pounds of bombs, it has a range of 1,000 miles but with some modification to its 33-foot bomb-bay, it can carry an eleven ton "block buster."

The Canadian-built Lanc now used by the RCAF is powered by four Packard Merlin engines which give it a speed of over 200 miles per hour and a maximum range of

(Continued on page 6)



Sir George Cartier

Le premier juillet 1867 l'Honorable George Cartier devient ministre de la milice. C'est le poste qui lui convient par excellence. Issu d'une famille militaire, doué d'un tempérament que ses intimes et plus particulièrement ses adversaires politiques qualifient d'audacieux, ce lion des assemblées législatives a du Bonaparte en lui: Audaces fortuna juvat.

Dès les débuts de la constitution fédérale, Cartier introduit au Parlement son bill de la

SIR GEORGE CARTIER

MINISTRE DE LA MILICE

Par V. Maranda

milice, une des mesures les plus importantes de sa carrière. Ce même projet de loi avait entraîné sous le régime de l'Union la chute du ministère Cartier-Macdonald. Mais la parole de Cartier finit par convaincre les législateurs de la nouvelle confédération: "Aucun peuple ne saurait prétendre au titre de nation, s'il n'a chez lui un élément militaire, des moyens de défense," dit-il.

Le bill de 1868 divise la milice canadienne en milice active et en milice de réserve. La première comprend les volontaires, la milice de terre, et la milice navale dont les provinces maritimes fourniront les principaux effectifs. La seconde comprend les hommes ne faisant pas partie de la milice active. Par conséquent, tous les citoyens du Canada entre 18 et 60 ans appartiennent à l'état militaire.

La milice se divise en quatre classes:

1—Tous les hommes entre 18 et 30 ans, célibataires ou veufs sans enfants.

- 2—Tous les hommes entre 30 et 45 ans, célibataires ou veufs sans enfants.
- 3—Tous les hommes entre 18 et 45 ans, mariés ou veufs avec des enfants.
- 4—Tous les hommes entre 45 et 60 ans.

La milice active devra comprendre, 40,000 hommes pour tout le pays. Si dans une région militaire le nombre de volontaires enrôlés n'est pas suffisant aux besoins de service actif, le bill pourvoit au moyen d'un tirage au sort dans cette région pour combler les rangs de son contingent actif. Les compagnies régulières de la milice active serviront deux ans, les volontaires trois ans. Les miliciens s'exerceront pour une période de temps de huit à seize jours mais elle pourra être augmentée si les hommes le désirent ou si le commandant l'ordonne. Les officiers devront résider dans leurs divisions respectives. Par contre, la milice navale ne participe à aucun exercice en temps de paix. La magistrature et le clergé sont exemptés du service militaire. Enfin, la somme totale des dépenses du département de la milice pour l'année 1867-1868 s'élève au montant de \$1,621,000.

En guise de conclusion, Cartier déclare: "Mon intention est de donner plus de développement aux écoles militaires. A Toronto, Montréal, Québec et Kingston, ces écoles ont été fréquentées par un grand nombre d'élèves, et elles ont donné les résultats les plus satisfaisants. Je désire que les talents militaires chez nous soient utilisés autant que possible dans ces écoles."

Au printemps de 1870 les feniens envahissent le Canada, près de Stanstead. A la première rencontre, ils sont mis en déroute et repassent la frontière dans la direction de Saint-Albans. A Ottawa, Sir George reçoit les volontaires du 43ième bataillon du comté de Carleton:

"Vous avez déployé la plus grande ardeur pour défendre notre commune patrie et faire respecter le drapeau de la Reine! Je n'ignore pas que l'on avait prétendu que l'organisation militaire du Canada n'existait que sur du papier. Espérons que les événements qui viennent de se produire suffiront pour démontrer l'absurdité de pareilles allégations.

Il ne me reste plus, Messieurs, qu'à vous remercier hautement du dévouement que vous avez déployé pour maintenir intact et inviolé l'honneur du pays dans lequel nous avons tous le bonheur de vivre."

Que les jours sombres de 1837 sont éloignés! Quels progrès ne se sont-ils pas accomplis depuis les trente dernières années! Cartier, le combattant de Saint-Denis, l'exilé du Vermont, est devenu le grand chef de la Confédération avec Sir John A. MacDonald. Le gouvernement responsable octroyé, nos ascendants, dans l'espace d'un quart de siècle, ont bâti le Canada géant. Sir George Cartier, baronnet, conseiller de Sa Majesté, préside aux destinées du pays: il se souvient sans doute du temps qu'il était rebelle, mais l'avenir lui semble des plus prometteur.

A l'automne de 1872, Cartier retourne à Londres pour consulter cette fois des médecins éminents au sujet d'une maladie qui malheureusement devait être incurable: il meurt en Angleterre le 20 mai 1873 au milieu de sa famille. Un steamer de la ligne Allan rapporte ses restes mortels sur les bords du St-Laurent, ce fleuve qu'il a chanté au temps de sa jeunesse. Laissons parler un témoin:

"Il faisait un temps splendide. La nature avait endossé ses plus riches ornements. De chaque côté du fleuve la campagne verdoyante, bordait l'horizon. Le soleil inondait tout de son éblouissante lumière. Le St-Laurent brillait comme un miroir sur lequel se reflétait l'astre du jour. Les beaux paysages canadiens s'étagaient de chaque côté du fleuve géant. Au milieu d'un silence solennel, le cercueil drapé du pavillon britannique fut déposé à l'arrière du navire."

AIRMEN & AIRWOMEN

Prêtez ce magazine à vos amis
— Envoyez-le à la maison après
que vous l'aurez lu.

AIRCRAFT—(Cont. from page 3)

2,600 miles when carrying a load of about 12 tons. It has a wing span of 102 feet and a length of 68 feet 9 inches.



LANCASTER

Used since the war for photographic survey work and for search and rescue duties, a modified version of the Lancaster is now being extensively used by the RCAF maritime squadrons on anti-submarine and naval co-operation work.

To all those who are beginning their careers in the RCAF, this has been all too brief an introduction to some of the planes you may encounter in the service. In a short time many of you will be leaving here to begin various courses dealing with the care and maintenance of aircraft. Later, as groundcrew technicians, you will assume the exacting and responsible role of servicing the planes of the RCAF. It is an important task, for without skilled groundcrew, even the best of planes and aircrew are useless. So remember that although you may not have seen them yet, the RCAF does have aircraft and before long it will be your job to keep them flying!

"BOXCARS" NOW USED BY RCAF:

Transport Squadron Replaces Dakotas

The RCAF is switching to bigger planes to do its northern transport work out of Edmonton.

Three of the "flying Boxcars" which will ultimately be used exclusively have been delivered to the Edmonton-based 435 Trans-

port Squadron. They are Fairchild planes and are known as C-119s. Until the Fairchilds arrived, the 435 Squadron had been using Dakotas.

The new transports are unwieldy in appearance but they can carry 10 to 12 tons, about five times as much as a Dakota. Their range is 2,000 miles compared to a Dakota's 1,500. A Fairchild can do 220 miles an hour, 80 faster than a Dakota.

The "boxcars" can load individual items up to the size of a 2½-ton truck or a medium-sized tank. Used as a troop carrier, it can accommodate 62 soldiers with equipment. Used as an ambulance, it can carry 35 litters.

By early 1953 it is expected the Fairchilds will have completely replaced the Dakotas at 435 Squadron.

The change will make the Squadron's job "bigger but possibly easier to handle," said Wing Commander G. J. J. Stone, Squadron commanding officer.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

To The Editor:

I red wiv intrest of Cpl Yoppell. Wot a man—but wy bee afrade of 'im, arter hall, did nobodie not even tell you of a bloke cald the R.S.M.?

B'lmy—now thars a bloke wot as a voice—and won has can maik ya verie nees trembel.

Won day as I was just reddy to leve for to mete my gal Liza, hall polished hup (wy you could see ya blinkin faice in me boots), talk abart spit an polish—I wer that proud—wen to me amaizement—I ears a voice yell "PRIVATE BUTTERFINGLE" (that's me naime), "Wear the.....do you think yourgoing to?"

Well ya coulduv noked me dorn wiv a feaver. I stoped ded in me traks—"o" I new oo it wer—the blinking R.S.M. Me eart stop'd — I was petrified — I didn't tern round, I just stood stil and wated — swet pored doarn me bak and I felt I'd like to dy.

Up e coms—"yes Sir", I says, "ave I don somfing rong?"

"RONG," e yelled—(even the erth trembelled) "don't ya no its 30 seconds to go befor ya can leve the camp?"

I didn't replie—I just stood and gulped. Nobodie ansers the R.S.M. even tho I now e ad the rong time.

But I must tel ya—me evening was spoild. Liz seem'd to file somfing was rong and wen I left er to return to camp er goodnite kiss didn't seem to ave the saime kik in it as it usually did.

O I coud stand a undred Yoppells but its ard to stand won R.S.M.

Yors affectionatly,

Pte Alvius Butterfingle.

P.S.—I rote mum an told er about it—shes always simpertetik is my mum, Bles er.

P.P.S.—Ritin agane soon.

Ed. Note. — Glad to hear of your interest. Nevertheless, it is doubtful if your Regimental Sergeant Major could be more fierce than a gentle RCAF S.W.O.

THE SECOND FIGHTER WING FOR NATO

The second of four RCAF Fighter Wings scheduled for the NATO European forces is now stationed near Metz in France. The three squadrons of Sabre jets flew overseas in the first trans-Atlantic flight of an entire RCAF Fighter Wing.

This Wing, under the command of Group Captain J. K. L. MacDonald, DFC, of Antigonish, N.S., is composed of 421 Squadron, formerly at St. Hubert, P.Q., 416 Squadron from Uplands, near Ottawa, and 430 Squadron from North Bay, Ont.

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SPORTS

RANSOM AT RANDOM

The swimming pool now under construction on the station will be one of the best equipped pools in the RCAF. To be completed by next spring, the pool is centrally located near the Theatre, Sports Centre, Hobby Shop and Tennis Courts. From the enthusiasm being shown in this project, it is evident all personnel are looking forward to next summer with anticipation.

* * *

Awarding of distinctive crests to members of winning teams in all sports on the station will soon become a practice. As well, names of the recipients will be placed on an Honor Roll. This should be an added incentive to would-be participators in the numerous activities available in the Sports Centre.

* * *

Better luck next year to the station's entry in the Commercial City Softball League. The fellows had the determination but unfortunately, not the "winning touch."

* * *

First-class archery instruction is now available for those enthusiastic amateurs who were a bit shy in displaying their lack of skill with the bows'n'arrows.

* * *

FLASH—Tickets for all Big-Four Football games in Montreal are available at the Sports Centre up to THURSDAY BEFORE THE GAME. The seats are the choicest in the park, right smack on the 50-yard line. Transportation will be arranged for all ticket holders. BUT it is advised that all those interested in attending games should leave their names at the Sports Centre. UNFLASH.

(Continued on page 10)

LOOKING AT SPORT

By Cpl Jack Murphy

The Station softball champs — Officer's Mess — closed out the season's play by downing the School of English 10-1 in a challenge game on Friday, Sept. 12. The Jimmy Gray coached club, behind a steady 4-hit pitching performance by "Tiny" Davis, pounded two School pitchers for a total of 11 base knocks.

Aided by steading fielding, Davis came up with another sparkling mound demonstration limiting the School to four hits, one of them a homer in the 4th by pitcher Dumka which accounted for the School's only run.

* * *

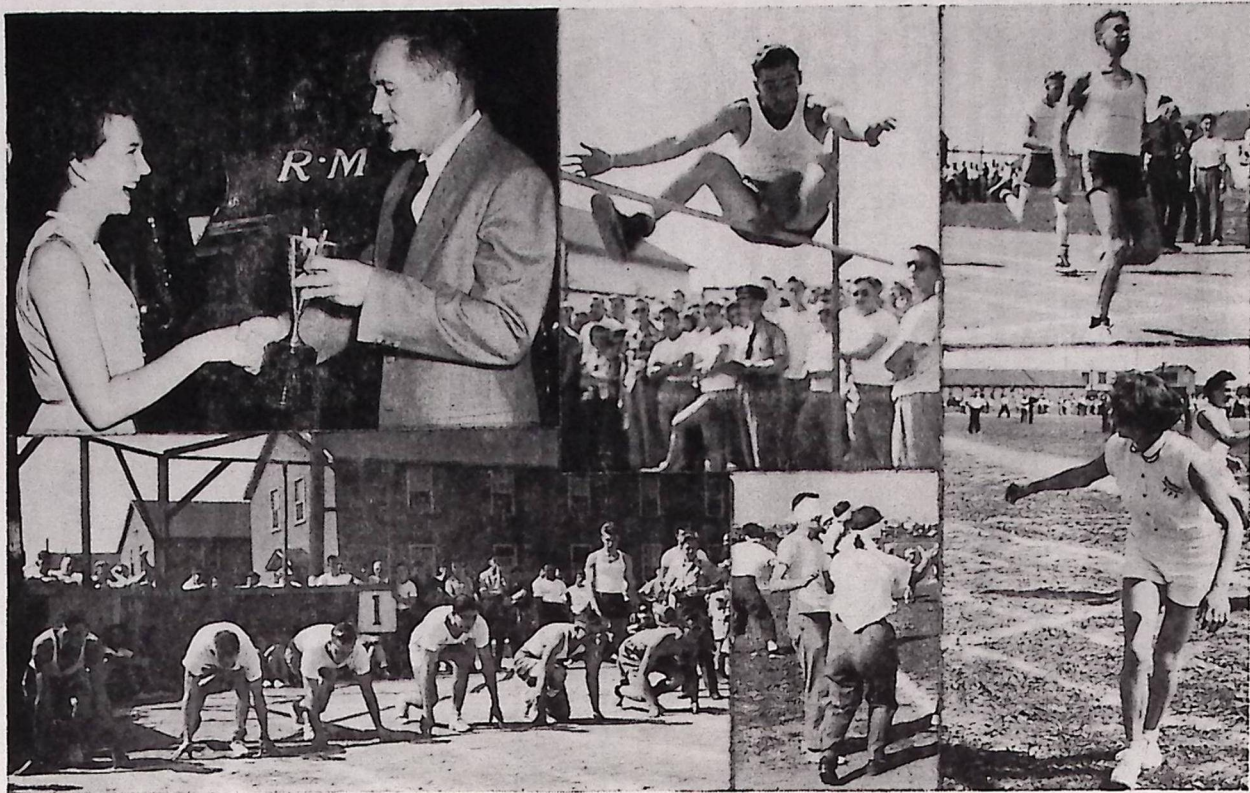
Turning to Basketball — The Falcons, RCAF representatives in a Montreal league, have been holding a few unscheduled workouts to loosen up a few muscles and take off a few pounds. So far, the workouts have been pretty well confined to members of last year's team, however, regular workouts will be held shortly and all staff members will be welcome to try for a spot on the squad. Back from last year are Coach Bill Stockdale, John MacDougall, Jack King, Jack Murphy, "Van" Vandewater, Bill Dicks and Tiny Irving.

The girls' team is going to be a bit of a problem as only "Babs" Peterson and "Mel" Keeler are back from last year, however, Coach Stockdale is confident he will find a wealth of material among the fair sex.

* * *

FORE! Three of our station members who just love chasing that elusive white pellet around the fairways have been shooting in

(Continued on page 10)



OUR 1952 SPORTS DAY IN REVIEW

RANSOM AT RANDOM—(Cont.)

The coming winter season will bring an influx of bowling on our newly-surfaced alleys. A Station league is now being formed for staff personnel using the alleys the same nights as they did last year. A trainee league is anticipated. With the new surface job, bowling conditions on this station should be hard to surpass!

* * *

The Sports Staff welcomes a new member, Eddy Haddad, one of Canada's most prominent welterweight boxers. Eddy's presence should stimulate interest of all those interested in such "manly arts" and he shouldn't be too difficult to find as he has been assigned to duty in the Sports Centre.

* * *

Personnel will be interested to know that the Commanding Officer was most pleased with the efficient way in which the Sports Day events were run off and has expressed his opinion that it was the most successful event of its kind he has ever experienced in the Air Force. Much credit for this goes to F-O Chomay, a Reserve officer who has since returned to his regular job as a teacher in Regina.

LOOKING AT SPORT—(Cont.)

the 70s lately and at this writing are drawn in the "A" Flight with hopes of bringing the local club championship to RCAF St. Jean for the first time — KEEP OUT OF THOSE WOODS AND CREEKS BOYS! Our three stalwarts are AC2 Al Kerr (Supply Section), Cpl Charley Defosse (Warehouse) and F-O Jimmy Gray (MD).

* * *

The word is out that one of the best liked and most athletic officers on the Station has been posted. Capt. John Vincelli, a very able defenceman on the Station hockey team and one of the mainstays of the Officers' ball team, will soon be leaving the Station for Halifax. So long John — it's been nice having you with us.

* * *

Well, Fans, I guess that about winds up this issue. Until next month, good luck and good sporting.

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LES AFFAIRES COURANTES... RELIGIEUSES

par Padre Martin

Voici de nouveau le "Bonjour mensuel" de l'Aumônier. La formule ne varie pas, peut-être; la sincérité, non plus, d'ailleurs. Les sujets manquent, cependant. Cette fois, par exemple, il n'y a pas beaucoup de nouvelles sur l'agenda; le temps passe et vite, qu'on le veuille ou non et nous sommes obligés de reconnaître que l'été a fui, que l'automne s'en va et que ce sera bientôt l'hiver. C'est la vie; et comme le dit la chanson:

"Les heures tombent dans l'espace,
Comme la neige au temps d'hiver;
Dans notre coeur laissant leur trace,
Songes joyeux ou rêve amer."

Et nous n'y songeons pas suffisamment..... nous laissons entraîner dans le tourbillon des choses matérielles et nous oublions la seule chose qui doit compter: donner un véritable sens chrétien à toute notre activité. Donc

"Ainsi s'en vont nos destinées
Semées de ronces ou de fleurs,
Fraîches, au matin, le soir fanées,
C'est le sourire avant les pleurs...."

Tout cela est bien humain, voire même matérialiste. Il faut savoir y ajouter la note chrétienne et dire avec Saint-Augustin: "L'homme s'agite, mais c'est Dieu qui le mène." Le progrès a fait l'homme orgueilleux, trop orgueilleux: il en a oublié sa condition de dépendance vis-à-vis de Dieu. Le dimanche, le Jour de Seigneur, n'est plus ce qu'il était. Lorsque nous prétendons une oreille attentive aux conversations de nos jeunes "modernes" il semble qu'une seule chose les tracasse: Qu'est-ce qu'on va faire dimanche?" On veut se distraire; on veut tuer le temps qui veut nous tuer; on cherche, en somme, à étouffer le cri de la conscience. Car on ne veut pas penser à sanctifier le Jour du Seigneur, comme cela doit être. La formation religieuse familiale, l'éducation foncièrement chrétienne reçue à l'école nous ont enseigné qu'il faut sanctifier le Seigneur par une assistance à la messe "entendue dévotement." Et on trouvera tous les prétextes


susceptibles d'excuser une conduite inexcusable, celle de manquer la messe régulièrement sans raison aucune. C'est là un grand malheur, une faute incompréhensible; vous avez dans le Service, toutes les facilités de remplir vos obligations de chrétiens et de catholiques.

Il reste, à ce sujet, à considérer les raisons qui semblent expliquer pareille état de choses. Il est malheureux de constater que beaucoup de nos jeunes manquent la messe parce qu'ils ont peur "de faire rire d'eux"; le respect humain (mal entendu, celui-là) les conduit et leur fait poser des actes qu'ils ne feraient pas s'ils étaient à la maison..... Allons donc.....ne valez-vous pas un sourire? Quant à ces esprits forts qui se disent si connaissant, si capables, ils ressemblent à des cruches, et a deux anses encore: plus elles sont vieds, plus fort elle résonnent (pas raisonnent). D'autres vont manquer la messe par négligence: ils dirent: "mon reveil-matin n'a pas sonné...." Allez demander s'ils manquent un rendez-vous....d'amour, même s'il est matinal. Que dire de ceux qui arrivent en retard? sans raison jamais; curieux, ils seront toujours en temps pour un film, une partie de foot-ball.

Au fond, il faut admettre un manque de foi. Que chacun s'examine et s'il est sincère, il devra confesser qu'il lui manque ce souffle intérieur, cette flamme vive; la vie n'est plus là; on se tient loin du Bon Dieu et on pense qu'on aura Sa Grâce.

On a même perdu le véritable sens de la Messe elle-même. Mais ceci pourrait faire l'objet d'articles subséquents. Qu'il suffise aujourd'hui de constater un mal: trop de nos jeunes catholiques manquent la Messe le dimanche, sans raison. Je leur suggère de faire un sérieux examen de conscience et de faire ensuite ce que leur coeur leur dictera de faire. Est-ce donc si pénible que de faire son devoir.

(Suite à la page 26)



CORPORAL YOPPELL ACCEPTS THE CHALLENGE

Though I was surprised, I may even say shocked, when I heard that so many people on this station were eagerly awaiting the appearance of an article by such a humble person as myself, I suspect that there may be an ulterior motive behind the tremendous response to my offer. I am inclined to believe that many of the letters you received are the work of nefarious individuals who think, as you said, that PRT's can't even write their names, and who hope to see me do down to utter defeat. I see the whole thing as a challenge, a challenge to defend the honour of all PRTIs and as you know Sir, we YOPPELLS never turn down a challenge. As Shakespeare said, "The game's afoot," and I will press on to the bitter end.

While perusing a few of the back copies of the "Debut," I chanced to come upon your article on Ground Defence and it reminded me of a visit I made to RCAF Station (censored) about a month ago. I was up there for a few days' TD and was amazed to find the staff already in the throes of a Ground Defence Course. Naturally I was interested in seeing just how the scheme would work out, so I sat in on a few of their lectures and demonstrations.

Imagine my surprise on going into the first lecture to find that my cousin, Sgt. Aloysius Yoppell was giving a talk on the Bren gun to a group of officers and NCOs. When his talk ended, the group clustered eagerly around the weapon and it was obvious from the questions they asked that none of them knew a breech block from a butt plate.

On finishing his lecture, my cousin had left the gun with the breech mechanism pulled to the rear and as I watched I saw the CO poking his finger into the breech of the gun while explaining something to the C Ad O. At that moment I glanced around and saw a young P-O fiddling around with the trigger mechanism. Before I could shout

a warning, he pulled the trigger and the breech block shot forward. It caught the CO a smart rap across the knuckles and rammed his finger up the barrel just as if it was a .203 cartridge. I winced and waited for the blast but the CO merely eyed the offending P-O and said, "That was very careless of you, P-O Pinhead." Meanwhile he was vainly trying to extricate his finger from the barrel of the gun.

Immediately everyone began making suggestions for getting the CO's finger loose but although all were tried, none was successful. Seeing that the CO had taken his misfortune so calmly, the Adj. said rather jokingly that he hoped the CO would get his finger out soon because he was due to try the Orderly Room cases in ten minutes and would look rather funny doing it was a Bren gun dangling from his pinky. This brought some ill-concealed snickers from the rest of the group but for some reason, the CO didn't see the humour of it. At this point, my cousin came to the rescue and by pouring a pint of oil down the barrel of the gun, enabled the CO to withdraw his lacerated digit. This brought the lecture to an end and I left, marvelling at the CO's patience. I figure that this P-O Pinhead must be a bad actor around the station because on reading DROs the next day, I noticed that he was slated as Orderly Officer for two solid weeks.

However, this episode is as nothing compared with the little tragedy which I witnessed the next evening. As part of the Ground Defence program, a scheme had been laid on in which half of the staff would act as a paratroop force attacking the station while the remainder would defend it. Elaborate plans were made by both sides and on the night of the scheme I found myself crouching in the shadow of the station power plant with a large number of the defending group. I saw that the defenders were well supplied with blank ammo, smoke bombs and thunder flashes and that they had literally covered the area with trip wires.

It was just as the moon began to show through the low-hanging clouds that we of

(Continued on next page)

the defending force heard the first slight sounds of a movement in the field across the road. We knew at once that it was the attacking force who were sneaking up on us as quietly as a herd of elephants rampaging over acres of unshelled peanuts. Suddenly, there was a series of small explosions on the road in front of us and I saw that someone had touched off a few smoke bombs. Within a few seconds great clouds of smoke swirled up around us, blotting out our view of the road. I sensed immediately that the enemy intended to attack under cover of this screen and having volunteered to take charge of the defenders, I bellowed, "Fire." In fact, in the excitement of the moment I think I bellowed it two or three times. Immediately my side cut loose with everything they had including a few more smoke bombs. On the other side of the road I heard my cousin giving the same order and after he had repeated it several times the battle was joined. By that time the smoke was so thick that you couldn't tell an attacker from a defender without a program.

When my cousin and I had given our respective parties the order to fire, we had quite forgotten the tremendous carrying power of the Yoppell voice. We had no way of knowing that our commands had reverberated through the station until they fell upon the ears of an LAC who was dozing in the Fire Hall. On hearing the word "fire" repeated several times in quick succession, the LAC ran out of the Fire Hall and looking up the moonlit road he saw the pall of smoke rising from the area of the power plant. Seconds later the alarm was given and the fire truck was racing toward the scene.

Braking to a stop, the firefighters soon had the hose connected and dashed into the smoke led by a Sgt. wielding a large fire axe. In the light of the searchlight on the fire truck, S-L Pettikash, the SAO, who was crouching against the wall of the power plant, looked up to see a helmeted figure coming at him through the smoke brandishing an axe above its head. To the SAO it looked like the reincarnation of some Viking war lord who was intent on splitting him

from stem to gudgeon. Despite his fear, he hurled three thunderflashes at the advancing figure before taking off at full speed.

The thunderflashes went off among the firefighters who were holding the hose causing them to drop it and under the tremendous water pressure it began to whip around like some huge angry snake. It slithered and writhed about taking indiscriminate toll of defenders and attackers alike. Some were knocked flat by the hose itself, others bowled over and half drowned by the powerful jet of water, while those who were spared this fate fell over the trip wires in their effort to escape. At least one of the firefighters managed to turn off the hose and the terror came to an end. As the smoke began to clear there was no sound except the low moans coming from the drenched and prostrate bodies which littered the ground. Next morning there was scarcely a member of the staff who did not show some effects of the awful battle. Some had to walk with canes, two had their arms in slings; most of them were badly bruised and they all had terrible colds.

Well sir, that was what I saw of the Ground Defence program at RCAF Station (censored) and although I know that nothing like that could happen on OUR station, it does show that this new scheme will have to be handled with the maximum of care and preparation.

"By YOPPELL."

AIRWOMEN BIG HIT AT CNE

By Cpl Vi Dudley

At this writing, P-O "Terry" Heffernan, Sgt "Mel" Keeler and Cpl Lee Backmeyer, all of this station, are looking forward to a stint of temporary duty. However, this TD is somewhat out of the ordinary—in fact, it is a repeat performance. The story is this. Back in the summer when preparations were being made for Armed Services displays at the Toronto Canadian National Exhibition, the Powers-Who-Were decided to choose six airwomen—outstanding in dress, deportment and general "know-how"—for duty there as

(Continued on page 26)

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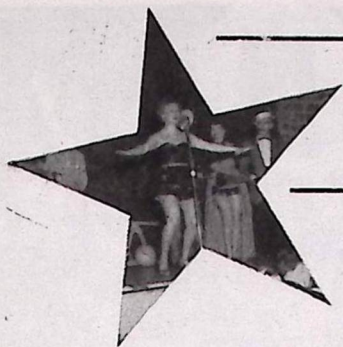
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WINGS AWAY



STATION SHOW SMASH SUCCESS

"WINGS AWAY!" a new RCAF review produced and directed by LAW Danny Marshall, proved an immense hit when it played three nights at the station theatre commencing September 14. There was little sign of amateurism although the show's cast, costumiers, artists, orchestra and prop men are all on the nominal roll of RCAF Station St. Johns, and the ambitious program included excerpts from top Broadway musicals "Annie Get Your Gun" and "Oklahoma" as well as modern interpretive dancing.

From overture to finale the pace never slackened and those who attended (and who didn't?), are still enthusiastically proclaiming the comic antics and smooth violin magic of Danny Marshall, the solo dancing of AW2 Jane Thompson and Sgt Eleanor Graver, the latter who planned and directed the choreography. AW2 Ethel Kong also came into her own as leading chanteuse displaying versatility and "bounce" in all her numbers. On the male side, trumpeter AC2 Bill Wood and vocalists Rocky Constantineau and Ken Burroughs came in for plenty of applause as did dancers Sgt Leo Bourque and AC2 D. Levy. And the "Ladies of the Chorus" should also take another bow!

Highlights of the show would have to include the South American Fiesta with all its color and dash; the surrealistic touches and ballet work in "Temptation" which was sung

with tremendous appeal by Ethel Kong; and an Airwomen's Precision Squad comprised entirely of Course 57 trainees under the direction of FS Leo Kelly. Few recognized the gypsy soloist in Romany Life as Nursing Sister Marguerite Renaud who returned later to perform in her "working dress."

The show had a further unique touch for its finale—a brand new song "Wearing Air Force Blue" composed especially for the occasion by Neil Chotem, formerly of the RCAF Central Band during World War II and now musical director of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation in Montreal.

But whatever the scene or number, each was made more alive by the costumes and setting. Only Cpl R. Dawson and her "Needlers" can say how many hours of exacting work went into the creations, while the would-be Rembrandts painted backdrops and sets for many weary evenings.

From the manner in which "WINGS AWAY!" was received, it is evident that the wear and tear on nervous systems of all involved was not in vain. However, special congratulations and thanks must go to LAW Marshall, Sgt. Graver, Cpl Dawson and FS Kelly, on whose shoulders fell the heaviest burdens.

May "WINGS AWAY!" be a continued smash success wherever it plays!

(See pictures on next page.)



FLUFF STUFF

For, By, From, and To Our "Lady Trainees"

Peeking into an AW2's diary the other day, we came across —

DRILL DAFFY-NITIONS

Alignment—A purely imaginary straight line on which a rank should be formed up but never is.

Dressing—Last minute details such as straightening seams, blotting lipstick on the under side of collars and rubbing off toes of shoes on the next girl's stockings.

Saluting—A slight hand waving motion in the vicinity of the head. This movement is used to catch an officer's eye.

Attention—Standing in an upright position only weaving slightly and in one direction at a time.

Stand at East—Making yourself generally comfortable without attracting too much attention. (This movement is best carried out from a position in the middle of the centre rank.)

Open Order March—Take several steps forward or backward in your own time and shuffle around for at least thirty seconds.

Close Order March—A complete reversal of the above.

Sizing—Organized confusion in several movements (somewhat like a militarized square dance). Anything which can be done to add to the general panic will help your instructor—to an early grave.

Mark Time—In succession, stepping on the heels of the person ahead, BEGIN!

Step Short—In succession, marching on the toes of the person behind you, BEGIN!

Halt—Stop, with both feet on the ground.

Hike—Another word for "hype" which actually means "ease" as in "Stand at."

Co's Parade—A mob scene in three Squadrons occurring once a week to assure the CO he is still a necessity around the Station.

Overheard—One airwoman trainee telling another breathlessly: "If you haven't got your I.Q. card with you they won't let you through the Guard House!"

* * *

One young AW2 mustn't have much faith in ground defence gas instruction for on one page of her notebook was listed "duties of a gas sentry" while just overleaf came "Funeral procedure."

* * *

It is rumoured that a plaque is going to be erected in No. 4 Hangar bearing the epic words "Who's got a dime for the coke machine?"

* * *

For the benefit of Trainees who use the term "A-WOL" loosely, it means "Absent without leave."

* * *

Famous last words: "If anybody thinks they're getting ME in a gas chamber they're crazy!"

COURSE 59 SAYS:

By AW2 Love, AW1 Hamilton, AW2 Jones
Everyone knows what an Instructor is, and what she's supposed to do,

But we have one who tops them all, with "artistic" talents, too;

She is up in the morning as bright as a dime,
To see that her Course is to work on time—
She's always willing to lend a hand
To help and cheer her complaining band.
She scolds and berates us once in a while(?)
But follows right after with a cute little smile—

No, we wouldn't change her—we think she's fine—

McRoberts, Instructor of Course Fifty-nine!

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DOMESTIC EVENING — SIX O'CLOCK LOW !

By Cpl Vi Dudley

For Trainees (Female), the Big Sweep comes on Thursday — otherwise known as Domestic Night. While "Domestic it has been called and undoubtedly will remain in RC AF terminology, other descriptions such as scramble, free-for-all or even "battleground" would be much more apropos. Or from a "sporting" angle, DN could be made into a great game whereby girls in each room would "play" against those in every other room, with the washroom detail and stair scrubbers acting as intermediary hazards.

For this, as well as any other organized affair, equipment and clothing become vital so it will be described below:

EQUIPMENT — (1) Scrubbing brushes — when available and with more than 10 bristles.

(2) Pails—when available and have no holes or old cement in the bottoms.

(3) Rags — when available, which isn't very often since the Fire Fighters declared their independence and ordered removal of same immediately after use. (N.B.—this is all rather hard on towels and certain wearing apparel.)

(4) Polishers—when available (this depends largely on whether the other Courses got out a few minutes early). (I) when handles for the a-n polishers can be found. (II) when the polisher can be tied together with a rag—which isn't often available.

(5) Wax and incidentals—when available after washroom detail decides they "just GOTTA get their territory done first."

(Continued on next page)

SIX O'CLOCK LOW!—(Cont.)

(6) Elbow grease—available in limited quantity but useless without other equipment.

From the clothing standpoint, no special DN issue has as yet been included on the scale. One could wear regulation T-shirt and running shoes, but unfortunately the former must be kept for PT and the latter, to remain spotless, must remain on top of the locker. Therefore, DN apparel is optional. While the more sedate cling to blue jeans and sweat shirts, their modern sisters feel that "Bikinis" or the equivalent make for freer movement.

So, by 1800 hours, the show is on with an accompanying clamor which would do justice to a super-fishmarket—haggling over buckets, best friends almost coming to blows concerning who got what first and, of course, usual internal strife, e.g.:

"Don't be so blank lazy. You know it's your turn to scrub this week!"

"Those so-and-sos next door promised us the polisher next and now they give it to somebody else (censored)!"

"Hey—who's supposed to be cleaning the windows—I can't do everything!" etc.

And let us not overlook the stairs detail. As yet, no means have been devised to halt traffic over freshly-scrubbed steps. In this connection the following recommendations are put forward:

(a) rope ladders to the second storey.
(b) a collapsible escalator for use on domestic evenings. (c) helicopter service. (d) the CO's permission for stair chairs to get up at 0300 hours and get on with the job without interruption.

In the lighter vein, cleaning on top of lockers leave airwomen under 7'7" somewhat frustrated. (It is rumored that prior to 2 MD's formation, a tribe of now-extinct Amazons inhabited the place.) With due respect to whom it may concern, for an average 5'5" AW2 the scrubbing of her locker top two feet back, without the use of a step-ladder, is a physical impossibility. However, the calibre of trainees being what it is, it has yet to be heard of an Airwoman who didn't accomplish this chore. Such subter-

fuge is punishable under QR Air 103.60 "Conduct to the Prejudice of Good Order and Discipline" . . . or perhaps C & E may see fit to supply stepladders, short airwomen for the use of, thereby eliminating these embarrassing omissions or commissions.

Dust, that horrible word, is another enemy of the Trainees, having a deceptive, will-o'-the-wisp quality to challenge a saint's patience. Whether a feather comes under the category of "dust" is debatable but it has been known to seriously affect the equilibrium of a Corporal.

But, despite all difficulties, per Ardua, etc., 1930 hours Thursday finds beds chokingly taut, floors a gleam, light shade dustless (for the moment) and miscellaneous articles stowed safely in kit bags away from prying eyes. Airwomen await primary inspection with confidence, never forgetting, of course, the surreptitious swipes with Kleenex at door frames and other obtrusive objects. Now is the time for weary smiles, making up of briefly severed friendships and renewal of camaraderie. Another Domestic Evening has run the gamut!

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" LITERARY EFFORTS "

A WOMAN'S ANSWER TO THE MAN'S ANSWER

In The Last Issue

By LAW Langley

You state that we come in all shapes and sizes;

I'll grant you that—for in that, you're right.
But women, my lad, are valuable prizes;
No matter what the type or the height.

And speaking of types—there are more than three;

You mentioned the Spinster, Sweet, and Career—

But forgot the Athlete, the Bright, and Free;
(And if men hate women, why do they leer?)

Just show me the man who won't try to get
A dame for his own—a wife, perhaps—
The male's a creature who needs a pet—
(All bosses like stenos to sit on their laps.)

And show me the man who can manage his money

And sew on his buttons, and cook his meals
Without the help of his bright-eyed Honey—
(The gal who's behind him in all his deals).

And you speak of nagging wives, my fellow;
They wouldn't do it if 'tweren't the men's fault;

Just treat us right, boys, and do not bellow—
And the nagging, then, will presently halt.

It just takes some common sense, you know,
To get along well with a female gal;
Be nice to her, and your affection show,
Then she'll be a worthwhile, nag-less pay!

And phooey to YOU!

IT COULDN'T HAPPEN HERE!

In Chicago, Robert Whitfield and Douglas Henderson painted a truck yellow to look like a city vehicle, loaded two tons of city-owned steel pipe in a municipal construction yard until detectives became suspicious — "because they were working so hard."

WEATHER OR NOT

By Cpl. Dudley

What is so rare as a day in September?
It's either 100 or cold as December!
A hurricane wind or a doldrum calm;
A freezing rain or a breeze like balm!

I wear my Blues, the sunshine blazes
With collar-wilting heat that dazes,
Yet if a lighter garb I wear
The temperature drops a foot, I swear.

Chills and coughing, perspiration
Complicate the situation.
For at St. Johns, Old Timers say,
The Weatherman takes a holiday!

SECTION NEWS EDITOR, LARRY LANGLEY, SPEAKS

(Ed. Note. — Since it is Back-to-School Time, I have decided to write a post-holiday composition. I gave myself three topics from which to choose, these being My Locker, the Korean Situation, and the Literary Aspirations of the Canadian Mosquito. Since I am a congenial political semi-idiot, the situation in Korea is absolutely out. At this time of year, one doesn't have the opportunity to interview very many mosquitoes. That leaves one subject, my locker, which is by far the most interesting because every time I open the door something leaps out and pastes me in the snoot. I never know just what this will be until it happens. So here it is, done in the finest Editor-of-Debut style.)

MY LOCKER

My locker is green. It is tall enough to hit me in the chin but not high enough to keep my skirts and coats from being crumpled on top of my shoes, which I can never find because of the coats and skirts and my small suitcase. The doors of my locker are varnished and they won't close when it rains. That means the doors hardly ever close be-

(Continued on next page)

LARRY LANGLEY—(Cont.)

cause of the climate in the province of Quebec, and particularly St. Johns (St. Jean) (St. John) (St. Jeans).

On one side of my locker I can hang clothes; on the other I can throw, shove, stuff, scrunch, or jam things in. This saves time, because I don't have to find special places for used theatre tickets, envelopes with scribbling on them, chewed pencils, odd nylons, and old perfume bottles. There's no place for anything, and everything is everywhere. There is one disadvantage in the shape of the fact that it takes time to extract the book I was reading last week. Usually, it is smothered under a conglomeration of unmentionables, mentionables which I won't bother mentioning, books I am reading now, and so on. It takes even more time to find a tie, or the other stocking, or the half-finished letter which must be finished and mailed immediately.

Any disadvantages are far outweighed by the element of surprise which is ever-present within the confines of that small, small locker which valiantly holds a vast amount of junk. Last week I found half a package of Pall Malls I had bought last February in Detroit. I couldn't smoke them, of course; they fell apart. But it was nice to see them, anyway. I have had numerous such surprises since I decided that blatant confusion is much more fun than staid conventionality (in the matter of lockers, at any rate).

I keep my locker locked with a padlock when the door will close. No one but I know the combination of that lock. As a matter of fact, no one needs to. Whether you use the combination or not it will open for you. But it is a good padlock all the same; I had it for my locker at high school (which may not have anything to do with this story but at least it is a point of interest, as the lecturers say).

When I am in a bad mood, my locker is very useful. It makes me mad, madder, and maddest, and so I go out and pick a fight with somebody and get-it-out-of-my-system, which is good for people. Getting-it-out-of-the-system, that is, not fighting. That is, not

really. Then I go back and find what I was looking for in the first place.

My locker is interesting because it has that ramshackle, Bohemian air about it. It is like no other locker you ever saw. If you did see it you would probably gasp and clasp your brow, or run screaming from my room. I like to watch people run screaming from my room; as a matter of fact, it is more entertaining than a horror movie (even one with Frankenstein). My roommate doesn't like this, though. Sometimes we argue about it, although at other times she won't even let people darken our door. That is silly because people don't want to darken the door—they want to walk through it. Our minister at home once said that he didn't like people who only darkened the door of the Church at Christmas and Easter.

But I am getting away from the subject at hand: my locker. Perhaps it is just as well. P.S.—It has four shelves on one side, and a rack for hanging clothes on the other.

STATION LIBRARY

A large number of new books have recently been placed in the Station Library. Among those you may find interesting are the following:

The Silver Chalice	Thomas B. Costain
The Houses in Between	Howard Spring
Dance to the Piper	Agnes de Mille
Pogo	Walt Kelly
The Wild Wild Women	VIP
Adam Brunskill	Thomas Armstrong
Mathieu	Loranger
La Ville de Joie	Groussard
L'Homme et sa Destinee	Lecompte du Nouy

Among the new records in the Library are Chopin's E Minor Concerto played by Rubinstein and the London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Earbirolli; and Beethoven's Lenore No. 3 Overture by Toscanini and the NBC Symphony Orchestra; also Gershwin's An American in Paris — Gallet music and songs.

The Librarian will be glad to receive your suggestions for new books and records.



S-L A. T. BOWEN

Except for diesel engineering, S-L A. T. "Bert" Bowen might never have become a CEO, but at any rate, his service in the RCAF from groundcrew to aircrew to groundcrew again laid a firm foundation for the job.

Born and educated in Montreal, S-L Bowen worked for the Curtiss-Reid flying schools as well as doing a stint with a bonded brokerage as a "wharf-end" customs man. On Sept. 18 of '39 he enlisted as a fitter with 115 Squadron, later serving at 8 BR in North Sydney, N.S.; then came posting to Patricia Bay on Vancouver Island as a Sgt. Shortly after this, S-L Bowen went aircrew taking his pilot's training at Edmonton, High River, Claresholm and Vulcan when he was commissioned and went as an instructor to SFTS Yorkton until that station closed. However, following a short time with a construction unit at Paulson, Man., he returned to flying duties at Yorkton upon its re-opening.

In December, 1945, came a posting to Trenton for "useful employment." The OC of Maintenance Wing, then W-C Taylor,

needed a man to fill in for the regular CEO at Clinton and sent F-O Bowen because of his knowledge of diesel engineering and experience with heavy equipment. With the war over and aircrew establishment greatly diminished, S-L Bowen remustered to C & E obtaining his permanent commission in 1948. When RCAF Station Chatham, N.B., opened in 1949, he became CEO remaining until May of last year at which time he was transferred to St. Johns.

Although still keenly interested in aviation, the CEO asserts that today's flying should be left to the youngsters coming up. Anyhow, his job entailing the maintenance and construction of this large station takes up most of his time although he enjoys golfing, fishing and gardening — and of course, the company of two young Bowens, aged three and one and a half.

★

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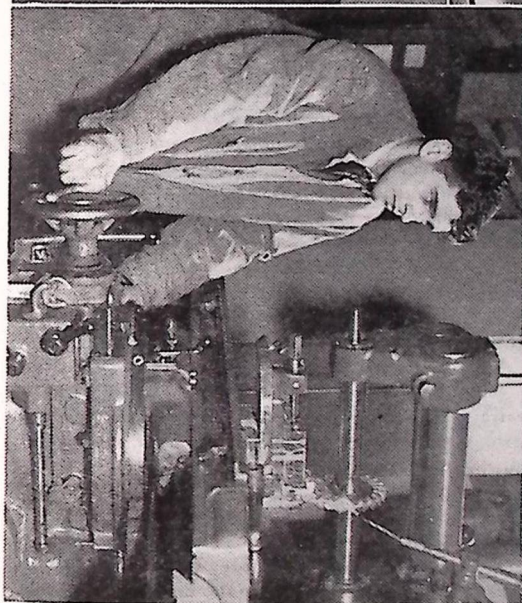
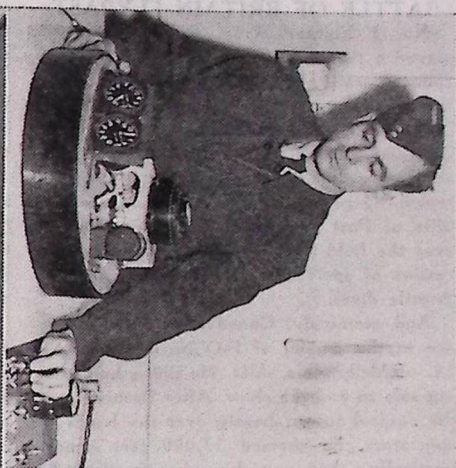
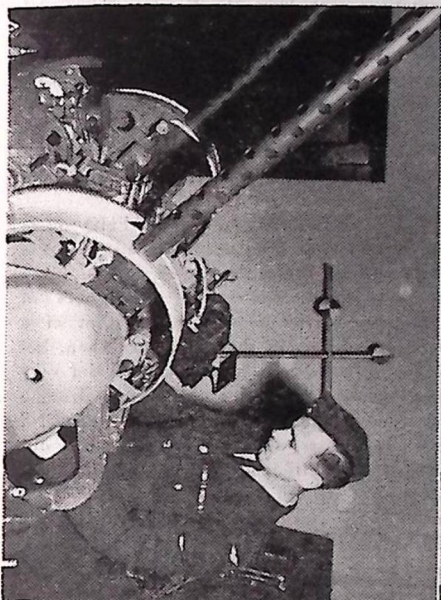
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A Look at R.C.A.F. Technical Training



RCAF FIGHTER WING IN BATTLE OF BRITAIN FLYPAST

No. 1 Fighter Wing, RCAF Overseas, played a thrilling part in this year's Flypast commemorating the Battle of Britain. During a recent "dress rehearsal" at North Luffenham, England, the performance of Canadian-piloted Sabre Jets in elaborate aerobatics and formation flying left the crowd agape. Under the direction of F-L Bliss of Port Arthur, the squadron roared over the field for nearly an hour in a succession of spectacular manoeuvres and full-throttle dives.

And seemingly, Canada has at least one ace in the person of F-O Norm Ronaasen, 24, of Mellowdale, Alta. He did a hair-raising solo to end the show. After flashing past the control tower, barely over the heads of spectators, he zoomed 17,000 feet almost vertically, then put his aircraft through eight vertical rolls finishing off with a 700 m.p.h. swoop which left a scant 50 feet between his Sabre and the ground.

In the program, directed by W-C T. H. Spear of Ottawa, 24 Sabre Jets of the RCAF took part, lending even more color to an already exciting spectacle.

"AIRWOMEN"—(Cont. from page 13)

guides and usherettes. No wonder to those who know them, the honour for this area went to Sgt Keeler and Cpl Backmeuyer of RCAF Station St. Johns and two airwomen each from Camp Borden and Trenton, the whole party being under the able supervision of P-O Heffernan.

The Chosen Few reported at the CNE on August 20 and, working on shifts from 10 a.m. to 2 p.m., 2 p.m. to 6 p.m. and 6 p.m. to 10 p.m., they greeted visitors to the Air Force exhibits which included a Sabre Jet as well as ushering in a special theatre where continuous service films were shown. According to P-O Heffernan, these free shows proved immensely popular, the theatre being packed for every performance. While a four-hour stretch sounds like a short period, standing (and making intelligent conversation) in the intense heat made for some discomfort. And no break periods, either!

In addition to Air Force girls, six representatives each from the Reserve Navy and Army were also on hand in similar capacities. And the Six Silent Bodies shouldn't be omitted. These were plastic mannikins sporting short "Service" hairdos and looking very realistic in various service uniforms. It's rumoured one visitor remarked in awe, "I don't know how those girls can stand so still for so long!"

F-O Dorothy Blackburn of AFHQ made arrangements for the accommodation of the girls. All of the girls stayed at the same rooming house where the atmosphere of "hominess" even went to the extent of a recreation room in the basement. Then, besides the Exhibition itself, the gals did very well by way of social engagements, proving extremely popular. By the time the CNE drew to a close, our representatives had displayed such efficiency and personality that they were invited back to enact their same roles at the National Air Show commencing 20th Sept.—a very nice compliment to Regular Force Airwomen. And especially to P-O Heffernan, Sgt Keeler and Cpl Backmeuyer. Felicitations!

PADRE MARTIN—(Cont. de page 11)

* * *

In this issue of "Le Debut" I just want to insist a little on a religious subject: the attendance at Mass on Sundays. It is a fact, unfortunately, that too many of our Catholics miss mass on Sundays without any reason. They may bring forth some excuse, some false pretext; it does not matter. At the very end of it we have to admit a lack of Faith. These young persons try to forget their education and deny themselves up to the point where they are ready to deny even their own religion. It is really amazing to hear them talk about this; they will give you the most surprising reasons, for instance: I did not know where the Chapel is. Ask them, then, if they know where is the wet canteen! Or they will tell you that they are laughed at if they go to Church; could you imagine that, they are afraid of a smile! Nevertheless they would do many actually

(Continued on next page)

PARDE MARTIN—(Cont.)

laughable things without fear. No, they are but illogical; they do not want to look at the bottom of their hearts to find out what is wrong; in other words they are not sincere to God, to themselves. I would like to make a special call to all of you, to each of you to make a sincere meditation, to see what more you can do on this point. It is sure, for one point that in the different Barrack Blocks, on Sunday mornings you could help each other in a friendly way so as to take all the Catholics to mass. It is a suggestion. It remains that we, men, we should not count on others when the religious obligations are involved. You know what you have to do, you know your obligations and duties.....Well, do something to them.

MASSES — MESSES

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(Communion: 0800 hres)

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WORTH REPEATING

Every once in a while most of us need a little "jacking-up" — we tend to become a little too lax — maybe even a little careless.

We, ourselves, must do this "jacking-up" — we as custodians of millions of dollars worth of public property.

Therefore, at the risk of repetition the Debut reprints here a former Editorial.

PUBLIC PROPERTY

There is a great deal of difference between public and private property, especially if the private property is your own. If this latter is the case you are free to do with the property as you wish, providing in so doing you do not interfere with anyone else's happiness or comfort. The question is that if you do not treat your own property with care, who is going to trust you with their property? You become famous for your habit of mutilating anything you get your hands on. It is advisable, then, to start practising care for your own goods — not only will this action be more economical but also it will prove to have a pronounced effect on the success or failure of your airforce career. There is little need to point out that whatever your job in the service, be it AE Tech or Cook, you are primarily a custodian of public property.

Have you ever seen the ill-bred individual, AC2 Bigshot, who satisfies his ego by carving his initials on service furniture, or displays his artistic ability by drawing or carving pictures in places that were not intended for such things? Have you ever met AC2 Woodhead who must impress others of his great strength by twisting spoons, breaking lockers, coat hooks, and chairs? — And you'll meet AC2 Careless whose hobby it is to spoil good equipment by doing repair jobs with the wrong tools.

What has all this to do with you? It is your job to help educate such characters that they might become more useful! Public property is owned by all of us, the people of Canada, and it is our duty as well-mannered and thoughtful citizens to do all we can to preserve the usefulness and appearance of all our public property in which we are just insignificant shareholders.

SECTION NEWS



Many things are happening, have happened and are about to happen at the House of Groans, so I shall just sit down and tell all.

We have lost four of our staff—and we're sorry to see them go because they're all swell people. Especially one—Sergeant Egan. Need I say more? He has been posted to Korea. We found it more than a pleasure to work with "Sarge." By the way, he has been awarded the Long Service Medal for having served thirteen years in the RCDC.

Corporals Gillis and Comer have been posted—Cpl Gillis to Aylmer and Cpl Comer to Moncton. We miss you, gals, and we want to thank you for helping us out when we first came to the clinic.

The Station Chapel (Protestant) was the setting for the wedding of Corporal Audrey Greer from Dental and Corporal Hank Woo, P&RTI. The wedding was lovely and the bride truly radiant. Hank has reason to be proud! Corporal Martel, also from the Clinic, was the bridesmaid.

Speaking of Cpl Martel: now that Sarge has gone, she has the responsibility of the Orderly Room—so folks, take it easy on the gall!

Staff-Sergeant Jacobs, a real guy, has gone to Borden to become an officer. Good luck, Staff!

Headquarters was good enough to send us Staff Fisk, who's just back from Korea. He knows his job and he's a grand fellow to work with.

The OC of Dental, Major Turner, has been swathed in bandages for the past while, suffering from poison ivy. Say, Major Turner, what is this thing poison ivy? Captain

Vincelli has had word that he is being posted to Halifax.

Captain Belanger was asked to report to Camp Borden for a course at the end of September, and he's no doubt enjoying the more rugged side of soldiering now. AW Birkbeck is another lucky one—she has recently joined the staff at the Clinic. We like having her here, but right now she is in the Queen Mary Hospital. (And they say we don't work hard!)

Well people, that's about it for now . . . but to really conclude this note I would like to state that: "Some people have pull; other people haven't pull—but the Dental Clinic always has pull!"

Quote: "I would rather lose an arm (provided 'twere not my sword-arm) than lose a tooth . . . for a mouth without teeth is like a mill without millstones."

"Aye," replied Pancho, "And a tooth is more valuable than a diamond."

PSU TO YOU

By Muriel Loiselle

Three beautiful months have passed; soon everything will be back to normal and work will go on as before. Leaves are just being finished and we're looking forward to coming holidays.

Changes are being made in most offices on the station, which of course, affect our section also. Sgt Irving has been transferred over to Records in place of FS MacNamee who has gone over to MD to take over Sgt Eaton's job, who in turn is now part of the PSU staff. Another addition to the Interviewing staff is F-L Lingley who was transferred to PSU from Washington—we're glad to have you with us and hope the feeling is mutual.

Our office staff has a few new additions also; we have three more gals in our so-called "harem" and we don't think the men mind it at all. AW1 Jess Carter who is temporarily with us is doing odd jobs in the of-

(Continued on next page)

SECTION NEWS—(Cont.)

office and is kept busy. Quiet, efficient Ann MacNeil is the cute little brunette at the back of the office and the latest arrival is Pat Dakers who fits in very well with the rest of the staff, cute kid. Larry Langley was away for a short time taking a nap at the hospital but is back with the throng. The male staff hasn't changed much with the exception of a few nicknames; we now have "Bubbles" Laviolette and "Boots" Brochu.

Well PSU bowling team finally had that long-awaited get-together at the beginning of September in the office after 5. We were honored with the CO's presence and also that of F-O McReynolds. All the players received a lovely monogrammed beer mug, which of course was "filled" and the morale builder was presented with 3 beautiful pair of sheer nylons (not filled). Again many thanked go to the team for winning and for the good sportsmanship shown. We're sure there will be as good a turnout this season as there was last year with the same challenging vigor behind them.

Another "doo" was held at Ile-aux-Noix, where we had our corn roast. Everybody enjoyed themselves and as per usual we all ate too much. First we had a "cruise" across the Richelieu, visited Fort aux Noix, a historic sight; then we ate, ate, ate under starlit skies and finished the evening dancing at the club across the river. F-L East was chief cook all the while and by time he got to eat it was so dark he just piled things into his burger bun—at times not knowing what he was eating, but "very tasty." We are sorry to say that RCAF Stn St. Johns will be saying farewell to one of its best entertainment organizers it has had, sometime around the 8th of October; yes, we are losing him to St. Hubert. Also F-C Peter Hainsworth will be going back to university some time this month, guess F-O Wade will have to find someone else with whom to talk over events. So-long Peter, and good luck.

Same goes to you people, see you soon.

SENGL NEWS

We were all glad to see P-O Laviolette return after her leave out West. Missed your cheerful smile Adj.

While out for a pleasant Sunday drive in his recently purchased hot rod (vintage '36) Ray Normandeau, one of our civilian instructors, managed to jump a ditch in it and roll down a hundred foot embankment. The car was a complete wreck but he emerged with nothing more than a few scratches on his face and head. (We heard that people were practically dying to get their names in this column but didn't really believe it till now.)

We were sorry to see Mr. Bilodeau leave our midst but wish him good luck in his new post at the Military College in St. Johns.

The welcome mat is out for Miss Francis Joy of Parry Sound, Ont., who has recently joined our teaching staff. We hope you enjoy your stay here and we'll do our best to make sure you do.

AWI Heller has been in the hospital for some time but we hope to see her back on the job before this goes to press.

Our two eligible bachelors complained last time when we only put their initials in the column last month so we'll have to come right out and say that they are Flying Officers "Professional Status" Zaharia and "Geethat's-good-coffee" Waters. Looks like the boys are really serious about this Leap year business.

Questions that have been asked around the school: What instructor bashed in the fender of his wife's new car? What instructor's wife threw a cake at him just because he complained about the way it was made? What happened to the SEngl ball team? Has anyone seen F-O Schwartz? or oh where, oh where has my little dog gone?

(Continued on next page)

CONTRIBUTIONS FOR NEXT MONTH'S DEBUT will be received with thanks by Editor in Room 1, School of English.

SECTION NEWS—(Cont.)

Congratulations are in order to F.L. I. P. Lefebvre (the initials stand for Ivan Pancho) on his appointment to the job of UPRO.

Wear and tear on the instructors around the school is terrific these days. F.O. Lefebvre popped a tonsil in class not long ago and had to go to the hospital to have it repaired. Of course he had been working in the lower levels of the "shaft" where the pressure is extreme.

HEADQUARTERS NEWS

By AW1 Sue Cole

"Hello Everybody," here we are again ready to give you some more news about our section.

First of all we wish to say how much we miss our congenial "Stu." Yes, LAC Stuart has left us for his new posting at his home. We wish him all the best and hope he will be very happy. By the way we held a farewell party at the Blue Room for "tu" and from the comments of the next few days I'm sure everyone had a wonderful time.

WO1 Cadieux is still as busy as ever and believe me we think he is "Tops," even though he insists on leaving his oversized shoes in our filing cabinet.

LAC Primeau appears to be posted to Ottawa. LAC Daviau is still with us in body if not in mind. He still seems to be in a daze after the latest addition to the family of a beautiful bouncing baby girl. Good luck, "Daddy."

AC1 Lemonnier who has been working with us for the past few months will have left us by the time you read this. He is being transferred to 438 Squadron Reserve. We certainly hope that he will like the change and wish him all the best. Although we are losing one good boy we have also gained another who is AC1 Tommy Kidd. This boy is LAC Nicole's new partner in Clearance, and although he runs in once and awhile to use the phone for making reservations, aside from that we hardly see him. Could be his mind is either on his work or on a certain someone in St. Hubert. What do you say Tommy?

We are also lucky enough to have that jovial man Sgt. Irving working with us now. Even though his desk gets piled up with work now and then he always manages to get it done. He is also a whiz on "Current Affairs." Yes "Sarge" we really enjoy having you with us and hope you stay here for a long time to come.

Last but not least we have our own beloved Kay Snider. Yes, she is the girl whom everyone sees when they come into the Orderly Room. With her wonderful sense of humour and warming smile she manages to keep all of us in good spirits throughout each day. "Stu" used to tease her about her hair most of the time, but she never minded that. Of course some times we wonder what colour she will have it next. Never mind Kay we like blondes no matter what colour they were before.

Well that is about all the news we have for now — see you all next month.

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And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings;
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Of sun-split clouds — and done a hundred things
You have not dreamed of — wheeled and soared and
swung
High in the sunlit silence; hov'ring there
I've chased the shouting wind along, and flung
My eager craft through footless halls of air.
Up, up the long, delirious, burning blue
I've topped the wind-swept heights with easy grace
Where never lark or even eagle flew —
And, while with silent lifting mind I've trod
The high untrespassed sanctity of space,
Put out my hand and touched the face of God.

John Gillespie Magee, Jr.

September 3, 1941.

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