

WANTED
—
A Name For This
Newspaper

ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE

Published by Kind Permission of Wing Commander R. C. Mair

JOIN IN THE
CONTEST FOR A
NAME.
WIN \$5.00

VOL. 1, NO. 1

UCLUELET, VANCOUVER ISLAND

August 15, 1942

The Wise Corner

The sixteen dollar question "when will the Rec Hall be open?" will have been answered as you read this article. We are all very proud of this splendid recreational and entertainment centre and naturally each individual will respect this "almost-too-nice-to-use" building.

In a couple of weeks this monotonous sunshine will be over and the glorious and refreshing rain will be pounding in our faces. Then the hall will have a continuous program that will include shows, badminton, volleyball, basketball, boxing, gymnastics, etc. Don't let me hear anyone then say that time hangs heavy and that there is nothing to do.

The Y.M.C.A. office is downstairs and looks very nice, with green walls, blue chairs and loaded shelves. Visitors are welcome between 0900 hrs. and 2200 hrs. seven days a week. Bring your own sugar. The first gathering held there was on Friday, August 7th, for the purpose of forming a station orchestra. Fifteen would-be musicians, including Ed. Stiemann, Bud Thomson and Sgt. Peacock will "give their all" to compete against the air-men's juke box. F-O Barry will be the maestro in charge. Mr. Barry has had wide musical experience, and at one time toured this country with the Imperial Oil Entertainers. If you play any instrument get in touch with F-O Barry or Art Stevenson for further particulars.

At one end of the Recreation Hall a room has been fixed up as a writing room. There are desks and all necessary writing material so it is hoped that you will take advantage of this. Why not ask yourself the question, "When did I write home last?" and, not getting a satisfactory answer, come over and do some writing at once.

Next time you "forty-eight" in Vancouver visit the Y.M.C.A., on Burrard St. and have a swim in the pool. The only cost will be five cents for a towel. The lounge and other facilities are also at your disposal. There are a few

Dickens And His Queer Folk

Dr. Frank Guy Armitage, eminent authority on Charles Dickens, will present a lecture recital in the new Rec. Hall, on Sunday, August 23rd, under the sponsorship of the Y.M.C.A. War Services. This "Dickens of a Guy" is a rare platform artist about whom everyone raves. Without the use of make-up, Capt. Armitage, M.C., by means of manipulation of facial muscles, by partial costumes, and by a flexible and expressive voice, makes Sidney Carton, Schoolmaster Squeers, Wilkins Micawber, Uriah Heep, and others, step from the pages of Dickens exactly as you know them.

As an artist, actor and entertainer, Dr. Armitage is excellent, but as an interpreter of Dickens he has no peer.

How They Spent The Profits

The Canteen Committee has started to spend the profits from the Canteen. What follows gives you some idea of where the money is going. We think the Committee is doing a good job. Three washing machines, one Frigidaire for canteen, Library books, Wurlitzer, pool table, piano for the Recreation Hall, music records for the Wurlitzer, five hundred dollars put in the Station Benevolent Fund, a fine picture of the King and Queen, increased the grant towards extra messing, and once in a while the turkeys sell their bodies for canteen money and a bang-up dinner is had. One canoe has found its way here and we are expecting four rowboats and another canoe.

rooms available if you wish to stop there.

Correspondence

CORPORATION OF THE CITY OF PORT ALBERNI

July 28th, 1942.

Officer Commanding,
Royal Canadian Air Force,
Ucluelet, B.C.

Dear Sir:

I am instructed by the City Council to express to you their thanks and appreciation of those members of your unit who offered their services and volunteered to assist our Fire-Brigade to combat a serious fire at the Somass Hotel on the evening of July 21st.

Would you kindly convey to those who very ably helped in preventing the fire spreading and controlling the conflagration, the City's most sincere thanks, these men showing by their action that splendid quality which has made the R.C.A.F. famous throughout the world, if there is a job to be done they are ready to undertake it.

Again our deep appreciation on behalf of the citizens.

Yours faithfully,
H. Bradley,
City Clerk.

SOMASS HOTEL-

July 23, 1942.

Wing Commander R. C. Mair,
Officer Commanding,
R.C.A.F.,
Ucluelet, B.C.

Dear Sir:

We wish to record our gratitude to the members of your command who gave us such valuable assistance during the course of the hotel fire which occurred on the 21st inst. We feel but for the splendid co-operation of these men the hotel may have become a total loss.

The writer was sorry to notice that the men's uniforms and equipment were somewhat damaged and if there is anything we can do in the matter will you kindly let us know.

Yours very truly,
Somass Hotel,
per.
E. Ely, Manager.

The Library Committee wishes to thank Mrs. S. V. Boyce and F-O Barry for gifts of books for the station library.

Such Is Life At Ucluelet

The grouse shooting season opens on Wednesday, Aug. 12th. Grouse beware.

The old "Pole Gang" has recently given birth to a child who promises to far outstrip its parent both in size and function. This lively offspring, known as the Works Construction Unit, is at present only teething, and the rumour that it is a sort of overflow madhouse to the Service is entirely unjust. (Editorial Note: We hope you are right).

A leading personality of this Unit is Flight 'Bull-of-the-Woods' Johns. He is usually talking, has never been known to sleep, and migrates with extreme speed up and down the Island.

Sgt. "Harp" Bain, no lightweight, has inevitably become an expert on scows, and arrives preferably at night, and with all pumps going.

Detachments of the WCU are already at work on projects scattered up and down the coast and we are no close relative of the WCTU.

Paging The Marine Section

AC1 Mayall lies down after supper each evening to smoke his fifty cent seegars, which smell like our discarded marine rope, and then wonders why he can't sleep at night and dream of his lambie pie.

The Marines have lost one of their star baseball players when LAC M. A. McDonald was posted to ITS in Edmonton.

Cpl. Milliken, who looks after the marine section stores, hasn't been bothered lately by the boys borrowing the canoe or oarlocks. Has the closing of the cannery anything to do with it?

We are wondering if Cpl. Carlsen is intending to make his night shift worth while for we hear that he is 'paying' J. W. Hare to show him a card trick or two.

Yes, aye. Did Cpl. Walker use his dooie piece on his furlough.



Printed by The West Coast Advocate, Port Alberni, B.C., by kind permission of Wing Commander R. C. Mair.

Ink Drops From Ye Editor's Brow

A WORD TO THE WISE — AND UNWISE.

This is the first issue of our Station Newspaper. We think it pretty good but we know that it could and will be much better. We are all amateurs at this publishing game, but we are willing to try almost anything once and most things more than once. We realize that we shall have to try more than once before the paper is worthy of the Force and the Station to which we belong. We are, however, working hard.

We are indebted, in the the first place, to Wing Commander R. C. Mair, our Commanding Officer, for his personal interest and support in this venture.

Secondly, we wish to express our appreciation of the financial assistance given us by our advertisers, for without this backing it would be an expensive matter for us.

Thirdly, the staff, and in especial the Editor, owe much to the helpful hints and services of Irving Wilson of The West Coast Advocate, who has repeatedly gone out of his way to get us on the right path.

— R C A F —

A GOOD SHOW

At 5:30 Tuesday evening, July 21st, a disastrous fire broke out on the fifth floor of the old wing of the Somass Hotel in Port Alberni. Damage estimated at \$50,000 was done before the fire was brought under control by the combined fire departments of Port Alberni and Alberni, together with the assistance of volunteers from the R.C.A.F. and 13th Field Engineers, who were in the city at the time.

To quote The West Coast Advocate—"The firemen were given valuable assistance by several members of the R.C.A.F. who were in the city at the time and who were able to secure their gas masks and enter the blazing building to fight fire and smoke. For almost three hours they fought the blaze, confining it to the fourth and fifth floors of the old wing, although it looked for a time as if the whole structure would be enveloped in the blaze, and firemen had considerable difficulty in keeping the fire out of the roof section of the modern new brick building.

We have been able to secure most of the names of the R.C.A.F. men who turned in to help and would like to give them full credit for the fine performance shown throughout the conflagration. They are: WO2 E. Mitchell; Flt.-Sgt. N. Bennet; Sgt. V. Green; LAC G. Armstrong; LAC J. Bird; AC1 Moody; AC2 K. Dale; AC2 J. Sjoquist; and Flt.-Sgt. Scotty Stewart, who had charge of police duties watching the transportation of effects from the hotel."

A very good show, men!

Bread

is the staff of life, whether in the air or on duty, and we are pleased to be able to serve it to members of the R. C. A. F.

Alberni Baking Company

ALBERNI, B. C.

Phone 525

A SALUTE TO PORT ALBERNI

Port Alberni must be a fine place in which to live; at least there are certainly some fine people living there. What moves us to this civic boost is the establishment of The Bivouac Hostel.

The Bivouac Hostel is a large residence fitted up to the nines for the use of the personnel of the armed forces, particularly the R.C.A.F. A chap has full run of this 'Home Away From Home' and we are sure that the nominal charges made for bed and meals does not cover the cost. These are the only charges made, and if anyone wants a headquarters while he is in Port Alberni, the Bivouac Hostel is the place.

A group of citizens organized under the name of The Bivouac Directorate are immediately responsible for this worthwhile and generous service. Mrs. H. E. Toms, Mr. and Mrs. E. Homewood, Mrs. R. Reilly, Mrs. D. Furk, Mrs. F. Garrison, Mr. Norman King, Mr. Wm. Whiles, and Mr. Arthur Walker, are members of the Directorate. A Ladies' Auxiliary helps out, and support is received from many Port Alberni and district people. Mr. and Mrs. Young are in charge of the Hostel.

— R C A F —

ANOTHER GOOD SHOW

Two of our aircrews received official commendation from AFHQ for a spot of work done in June. The boys wasted no time in locating survivors of a cargo ship, and promptness of rescue was in large part due to one of the crews having taken note of the position, course, and speed of the vessel the day before.

— R C A F —

PLEASE — MORE NAMES

The question mark on our masthead, instead of a name, betokens our inability to decide at the present upon a suitable title from among the suggestions given us. The five dollar prize is still not awarded. We must have a name for our second issue. Tuum est—it's up to you.

— R C A F —

THOSE RESPONSIBLE —

Next issue with a masthead and a name we shall have the editorial staff in a proper place of honor or dishonor. To satisfy your curiosity, however, the following have been at the bottom of this issue: Editor, Flt.-Lt. Dunn; Flt.-Lt. Till; WO1 O'Kelly; Sgt. Johnson; Sgt. Forrest F-Sgt. Barr; Cpl. White; Cpl. Milliken; Cpl. Lewis; Cpl. Fairclough; LAC Lane; LAC Meikle; AC1 Laird; AC1 Wake; AC1 Wright.

The Little Red School House

The Education Officer is, in the main, an advance agent for air crew. Most of his visitors are interested in Appendix A to A44-7; M13, M2, and Form AFM5. This last the candidate for aircrew gets at the Recruiting Office and upon it is placed the marks of Classification Test and not an IQ as it sometimes suggested. Also recorded is his EAT (Educational Achievement Test). The airman is not classified as moronic, borderline, dull average, bright or brilliant, but he classified as to his fitness for the various aircrew trades. The word 'moron' is often improperly used. It is not possible to appraise the mental ability of a man by just taking a look at him for first impressions of personality factors would interfere. Judgment can only be made by means of tests made by specially trained personnel. There is a quatrain about the moron:

See the happy moron,
He doesn't give a damn;
I wish I were a moron—
Ye gods, perhaps I am.

Soft Drinks Soda Water

They provide
vim and vigor
for any
occasion
. . . Just the
pause that
refreshes

We make and sell all
the popular brands.

RUMMINGS

PHONE 534

Port Alberni

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Steam Laundry
On the West Coast**

The Nu-Way Laundry is equipped and prepared at all times to handle your laundry on the shortest notice.

Just send along your next order and it will be back by the earliest boat.

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Steam
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**Home
Furnishings**

Everybody loves a comfortable home with good furniture and we specialize in selling only the best.

IF IT'S FOR THE HOME
WE HAVE IT!

**Good
Furniture
Company**

Third Ave. North
Port Alberni

Letters From Home . . .

Once in a while Dorothy Dix puts things even better than we can. What follows is a case in point.

A soldier writes me asking if I will not beg the people at home to write the boys at the front cheerful letters. "No outsider can imagine what these mournful letters that we get from our mothers and wives and sweethearts do for us," he says, "they shoot our morale all to pieces far more than the enemy's bullets do. They take the last bit of pep out of us.

It isn't any fun being far away from all you love and having at the back of your mind always a cold fear of what may be happening at home and realizing that perhaps you may never see them again. Then when the letter from home that you have locked for and prayed for so long comes, sodden with tears and filled with all the bad news and complain'ts that can be crammed into it—it is simply the last blow.

Of course we want our dear ones to miss us, but it doesn't cheer us up to be told that they lie awake nights and cry about being separated from us until they have gone into a decline. Nor do we enjoy reading about how they dream about seeing us lying stark and stiff on a battlefield, and they feel it must be an omen. Nor does it raise our spirits to learn that father's hair has turned white with the worries of trying to do business under Government restrictions, and that mother is breaking up, and that the baby is very sick, or that our best girl is stepping out with some slacker.

Yet that is the gist of about nine-tenths of the letters that we get from home, and sometimes we carry them for hours in our pockets before we get up enough courage to read them. And when we do, we wonder why our families do not realize that what most of us who are doing a hard, monotonous and dangerous job need, is to be bucked up instead of being depressed. What we want is a cheer leader and not a crepe hanger.

So won't you please ask the people back home not to write us anything but jolly, funny, affectionate letters than we can chuckle over and re-read, and that will make us feel that this is a pretty good old world that is worth fighting for, instead of making us think that there is no use defending a world that has

gone to hell—both at home and on the battlefield?"

I gladly add my plea for cheerful letters to that of this young soldier. I hope that it will stay the hand of some mother or wife or sweetheart who is about to dip into the ink and keep her from drowning him in her tears. For ninety per cent of these letters that so depress the recipients aren't the overflow of hearts bowed down with grief. They are the result of ignorance, of inexperience, and lack of understanding. The writers do not realize how much more serious and final is the written word than the spoken word.

And to this we add—write often, write happily, and write affectionately. The same applies to the soldiers, sailors and airmen.

**Today's Thumbnail
Sketch**

Our subject is: Sgt. A. (Poppa) Crew.

His age is: 24 years () months.
His height is: Who cares.

His disposition: It just depends. Alf is quite a lad, and a pretty popular guy all around. His wife recently presented him with a daughter. He likes redheads, blondes and brunettes.

Is Jimmy Graham about to apply for a wife's allowance?

Cpl. Jones has taken over the duties of office boy since LAC Parr departed.

George Lorimer is surely trimming the boys these days.

The Editor of this paper begs to announce that he is not interested in blackmail.

There is a boom in the plastering business in Calgary, according to Brother Alders.

We haven't heard of Toronto since Sammy Douglas went to Vancouver.

Where did we hear these, do you think?

"Oh boy, beef for a change."

"Good old CPR Strawberries."

"What is it?"

"They are all so good looking I just can't make up my mind."

A certain Joe adways 'forgets' his dessert and has to come back for it. Another guy always pans the food and yet he has put on weight.

When in Port Alberni
you meet your
friends at

**The Sugar
Bowl**

The
Popular Ice Cream
and Refreshment
Parlour

We also serve
Light Lunches

**Roley's
Sugar Bowl**

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LTD.**

Wood Products
"RED BAND"

Red Cedar
Shingles

Mills at
Port Alberni, B. C.

and
Great Central Lake, B. C.

Alberni Pacific Lumber Co. Ltd.

Manufacturers of
SHINGLES
LATH and
LUMBER

Port Alberni, B. C.

FOR Afternoon Teas OR Ice Cream

You are assured of having the finest quality refreshments in quiet and comfortable surroundings.

We manufacture
our own
ICE CREAM

SPOONER'S

First Avenue
Port Alberni

The Veterans' Guard

In the words of Kate Smith, "Hello Everybody." This is Pte. Lion, your correspondent for the Veterans' Guard, butting in and wishing your magazine and all who are associated in the production of it, every success.

On June 1st, 1940, No. 29 Coy., Veterans' Guard of Canada, came into being in Calgary, Alberta, under the title of No. 13 Company Veterans Home Guard, with the personnel drawn from every part of the Province of Alberta.

Later the designation was changed to No. 13 Company, Veterans Guard of Canada, and on December 1st, 1941, the present designation was assumed.

The first few months, after the formation of the Unit, were spent in intensive training. Our Commanding Officer, at that time, was Major J. M. Taylor, a gentleman of remarkable physique and a firm believer in plenty of P.T. to condition men. Oh, how we suffered. After going through the agonies of the damned from overworked muscles, and having lost several creases from our paunches, the Company came through, as a whole, in fine physical condition.

Training having finished, off we went to work, which was of a varied nature, and consisted of escort duties, both for military prisoners and civilian internees, taking across the length and breadth of the Dominion—guards at internment camps, detachment duties, etc.

At the beginning of October last, the Unit, as a whole, moved into British Columbia. First to Nanaimo for a refresher course, after which occurred the first real split of the Unit, with detachments leaving for various parts of the Province, and the reunion held four months later, back in Nanaimo, and now some us are here.

One of the many famous inhabitants of Ukelele is AC1 Luke who has a dandy looking medal coming to him for taking first place in the Electrical Mechanical Course at Montreal, in July. Good going, W. H.

Representatives of the Press, blonde, brunette, bowlegged and bronzed they were—visited us the other day, and we think they enjoyed themselves, with the exception of one who landed in the hoosegow (nice business, Security Guard). We are looking forward to some stories in the news-

paper—stories taller than the Woolworth building.

Cpl. 'Ole' Godfreyson's fabric workers are at their wits' end trying to devise a method of catching those nasty little fellows called the Gremlens. You may not have heard of them but they are the chaps who dance out of the air onto the mainplanes while an A-C is in flight. Then, for the fun of it, they begin to tear the tapes of fabric. This, for some reason or other, causes a certain degree of anxiety upon the part of the A-C crew until the A-C returns safely.

Sports

Team	Won	Lost
Mess and Marine	9	2
Security Guards	9	3
Shrapnel Section	7	4
Officers	6	6
Sergeants	6	6
Accounts and Orderly	5	6
Wireless and Service Police	3	9
Spring Cove	1	10

Long Beach Army has a great team and defeated our all stars (?) 8-3 in the first game. Gill, their pitcher, looked real good, but did not compare with their second hurler. They won the second game 8-0, due to the super duper pitching of Htanassoff, who fanned sixteen men in six innings. He was then replaced by Gill. Both these lads pitched in the Toronto Softball League. F-Sgt. Wood was the only R.C.A.F. to hit in the second game. F-O Beardmore pitched his best game of the season. Romeo Germain announced to the two hundred fans at the start of the eighth inning, with the score 8-0, that the Y.M.-C.A. would provide the beer if the R.C.A.F. won.

The teams:

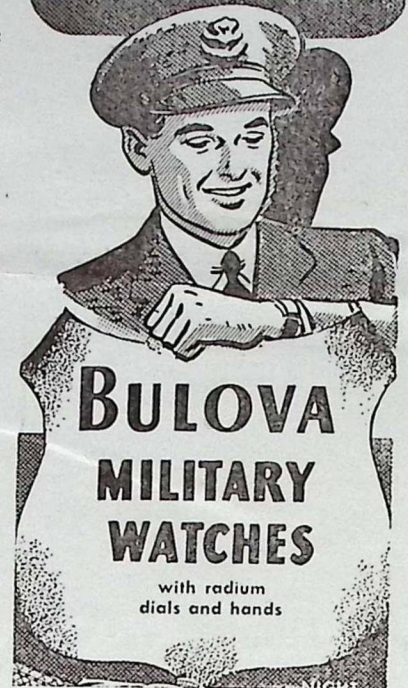
ARMY: Kozzy, Brown, Snell, McKenzie, Prentice, Htanassoff, Gill, Wooley, Patrick, Cunningham.

R.C.A.F.: Tremblay, Wingert, Wood, Wright, Hawkins, Svmn. Martin, Balfour, Scott, Ideson, Pottier Beardmore.

BUT THE FLESH IS WEAK

I whispered in my sweetheart's ear,
"My lady fair all dressed in green,
Is lovelier than I've ever seen."
And she replied: "What's wrong with you?
Can't you see my dress is blue?"

PER ARDUA
AD ASTRA
"Through adversity to the stars"



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Watch Inspectors
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On Your Next Leave To Port Alberni . . .

There is a good meal awaiting you at any time of the day.

- QUALITY FOODS
- FINEST SERVICE
- A COMFORTABLE PLACE TO DINE

We welcome the R.C.A.F. boys any time.

Good Eats Cafe

First Avenue
Port Alberni

THE PORT SOCIAL CLUB

welcomes boys of
the

AIR FORCE
NAVY or
ARMED FORCES

Meats and Provisions . . .

We enjoy the privilege of serving civilians and members of the Canadian services with good meats and provisions.

Homewood's Meat Market

Just up the street from
the wharf
PORT ALBERNI

Sassociety Notes

F-O Georgie Thomas, having spent a few days with friends at Port Alberni and Victoria, returned to this Station looking quite sun-burned, or was his face just red?

F-O John Binns, the well known theatre critic, is loud in his praise of that one act drama 'Fireman Save My Child' or 'They Can't Do That To Me.' He has learned to fly—right thru a hotel transom—by closely observing a now black and blue high ranking officer.

Squadron Leader McDonald has left us after doing a fine job. On his last evening with us he did us a favor by destroying 'He said Yes—I said No' and fooled Flt-Lt. Beardmore when it came to drinking ginger ale. The S-L has gone to Ottawa and threatens to see us all in a certain isolated station. Three cheers for Victoria College.

The wives who don't like them can blame Flt-Lt. Fraser for starting the startling cult of the mustaches. This is inserted by the Liquor Control Board and by a sour grape who can't grow one.

We can, however, give three cheers to the same Flt.-Lt. for the fine flowered garden in front of the Officers' Mess.

It may be as hard as pulling teeth to get your holidays but we note that Capt. Dentist Verchere is on leave just now. Capt. Forbes has taken over the gentle art of economizing the truth—"Now this won't hurt you."

F-O Davey Mills, after an extended visit to the film colony, has decided to hold out for more money.

After a certain Saturday night affair Pilot Officers Brower Lee and Russian Monk are trying to have a milk bar installed.

P-O Bryce, the Educated Officer, struck the nail on the head when he recently declaimed B "My well considered opinion, without prejudice to my inherent right to change my mind any time of the day or night, is that anyone who employs sesquipedalious terms to inflict his superior intelligence upon his unfortunate hearers is guilty of (here the reporter had to cease scribbling as his five-cent pencil and night school education didn't allow him to continue writing down the Bryce system of Cogitation). But Brother Bryce continued, after striving to maintain the genius of the English language in all its pristine purity and simplicity.

Flt.-Lt. Douglas, a veteran of the Station, has left us for Pat. Bay, and takes with him, our best wishes and our good money, hijacked at blackjack.

W I T Static

What is there about Port Alberni that makes a certain R.C.N. Leading Hand spend all his weekends there.

Maybe someone can tell why Brother Olafson has that blissful look on his puss these days.

This one was overheard on a "forty-eight." It seems that some innocent civvy asked a certain W-T Op how he liked Ucluelet. The said W-T Op summed it up thusly. "It's this way, Bub. When you're there a few weeks you find yourself talking to yourself. After that you find yourself talking to the seagulls. After that, you find the seagulls talking to you. Then you find yourself listening."

Wearing Apparel

We carry the finest stock of men's wear on the West Coast and would deem it a pleasure to be able to meet your requirements.

Weaver's THE MEN'S WEAR STORE

Argyle St. Port Alberni

Drugs

and

Medicines

We hope you will not need either of them, but if you do, we shall be pleased to assist you at any time

A qualified druggist and optometrist is ready to attend to your requirements.

MACDONALD'S PHARMACY

Alberni and
Port Alberni

The Management of the

Somass Hotel

extends best wishes to the boys stationed at Ucluelet for unlimited success for their own newspaper.

WHILE VISITING IN PORT
ALBERNI THE HOTEL IS
YOUR HEADQUARTERS

Offering You a Complete Service

in
 Children's Wear
 Ladies' Wear
 Sweaters
 Lingerie
 Dry Goods
 Draperies
 Groceries
 Bakery

WATERHOUSE & GREENE

The Store of Style and Value

Grass On The Quarter Deck

In Hector Bolitho's book "King George the Sixth" we find this interesting note:

"It is to be remembered that King George the Sixth is the first qualified air pilot to be crowned sovereign of this country. The fact is important, for it is through flying that this generation has made its most exciting experiments and discoveries. When the history of aviation is written by some historian of the future it will be wrapped about the name of King George the Sixth as the story of navigation in the 17th century is wrapped about the name of Elizabeth.

Prince Albert went to Cranwell in April of 1918 a little time before the Royal Naval Air Service was abandoned and the Royal Air Force as we know it today, was formed. This important chapter of the service did not bring excitement to Cranwell and the new service was born without any outward signs of change. Tradition and red tape had played some strange tricks on the flat dull stretch of Lincolnshire earth when the station was still under Admiralty discipline. It had been officially

named H.M.S. Daedalus and this naval convention went so far that the ground about the flag mast was described as the quarter-deck. It was not thought unusual when a non-commissioned officer reported that the grass on the quarter-deck needed cutting."

A Lady and a Gentleman

There was a touching scene on a Fifth Avenue, New York bus the other evening. A pretty lady found a seat beside a portly, middle-aged man, and while fumbling in through her purse for her dime fare, dropped a penny, which rolled under the portly one's feet. He peered about in search of it, but it was obvious that his bulk, the cramped quarters, would prevent his retrieving it. So he unbuttoned his overcoat, reached in his pocket, and handed her another penny. She accepted it, with a conventional murmur of thanks, and put it in her pocket. A very thoughtful man and if we may say so, a very thoughtful lady.

—The New Yorker

In connection with the Canadian Legion correspondence courses AC Davis wrote a Mathematics A course exam in one hour instead of the allotted three. LAC Arrol wrote the same exam. LAC Finlayson and LAC Maloney wrote the exam on "Principals of Radio." Cpl. Macartney signed up for Practical Electricity and LAC's Hunter and Rodd are taking on Mathematics course. If you sign up now you will probably get your course in time for the grand opening of our Quiet Room for study.

● PLEASE

The Editor earnestly appeals to all contributors to let him have their material early. This is absolutely essential if the standard of this magazine is to be maintained.

The next issue will appear on August 29th when the winning title will be at the masthead.

THERE'S STILL CHIVALRY

A young lady taxiing home in New York rather late one night suddenly realized she didn't have enough money to pay the fare. She rapped for the driver's attention, when the meter registered the amount of money she did have, explained the situation, and asked to be let out.

"Listen lady," said the driver, "money isn't everything. There's

"A GOOD LAUGH NOW AND THEN IS RELISHED BY THE BEST OF MEN" . . .

Enjoy the Movies and Relax in Comfort at the

Capitol

OR

Port

THEATRES

in

Port Alberni

still what you call chivalry. You just sit still."

—Rockefeller Center Magazine

MIST

The mist
 Sank down
 Like an old nurse
 In voluminous aprons
 Settling slowly
 Upon her chair.

Hanged By The Neck

Nicholas Metrowsky—starving, and without the hundredth part of a ruble to his name—shuddered as he stood looking at the five swinging forms. They were hanging by their necks, with the throat skins stretched taut and even torn in places. Their naked bodies, with bulging stomachs splashed dull red (and bluish, too, in the cold), were a hideous sight. Moreover, an odor from them slunk into his nostrils, a smell as of rotting meat in old sacks. Desperate for food and half mad with wild plans of violence he stood glaring with ravening fury; but his crazed rebelliousness sobered as he sickened at the gruesome scene. He turned and slouched away.

In Schultz's butcher shop at 57th street the link of sausages continued to hang.

P. O. Box 306

Phone 500

A. McDonald and Sons

Sunset Hardware Store

Hardware

Builder's Supplies

Furniture

PORT ALBERNI, B. C.

Congratulations and Best Wishes

to the Personnel of this R.C.A.F. Station
and to those responsible for this
Station Publication

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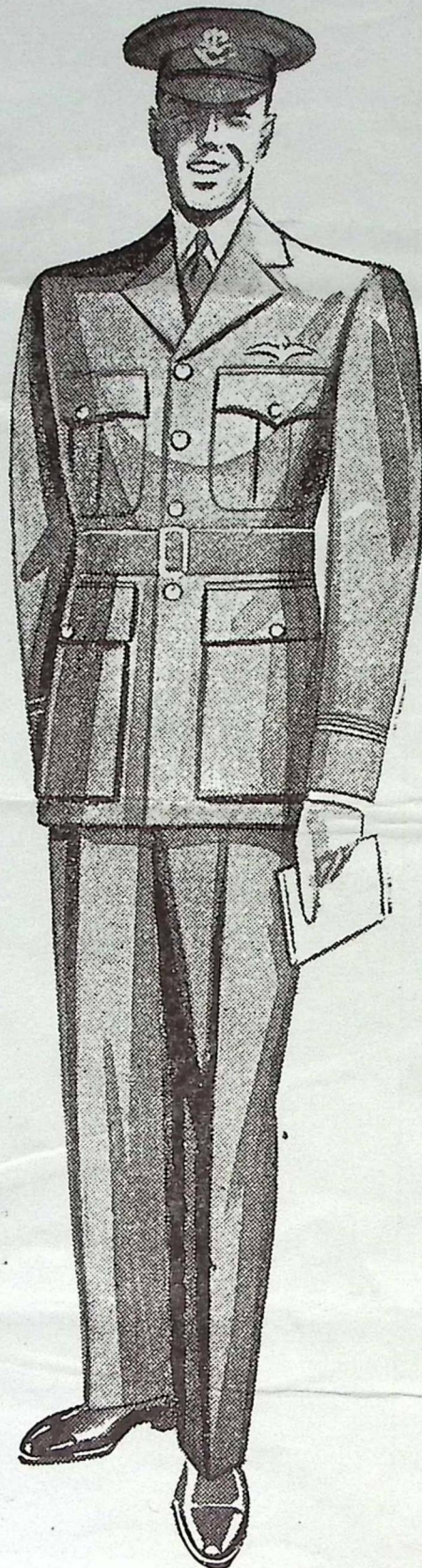
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