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# The Western Flight

Volume 1, No. 2

UCLUELET, VANCOUVER ISLAND, B.C.

August 29, 1942

## The Commanding Officer's Foreword

When it comes to writing forewords I am in full agreement with the monkey who said, as he poured a pint of milk over the precipice, "A little goes a long way." The Editor, however, has inveigled me with the assurance that if I supply a foreword for this issue I may hereafter rest undisturbed.

I have enjoyed the first issue of our newspaper and I hope it has met your expectations. Its function is to provide a clearing house for news, views, and ideas among R.C.A.F. personnel on the Station.

With your interest and support I have every confidence that "The Western Flight" will not prove just a flash in the pan, but will grow in excellence and value. I wish it every success.

## Good Shows

Congratulations to the hospital staff who moved themselves and all their equipment into the new palace de pain so quickly and without casualties.

\*\*\*

McGrath and Millikin of the Marines did a good turn the other day.

\*\*\*

Acting Cpls. Rundle and Tutton did themselves and the Station credit in their examinations in the ground warfare course at Boundary Bay. Tutton ranked among the first three and is held over as Instructor at the School.

\*\*\*

Cpls. Ewart and Swartz have our appreciation for much extra work in connection with picture shows. They also have one of the best records in the Command for care and return of films.

\*\*\*



WING COMMANDER R. C. MAIR

Our Commanding Officer has said in his foreword that he is a man of few words. Your reporter found this to be true when he interviewed the Commanding Officer for the purpose of getting a sketch of his career for the readers of "The Western Flight." Accordingly it is perhaps appropriate that his "personality paragraph" is very concise.

Wing Commander Mair was born in Edmonton in 1908, was in school in Scotland during the last war, graduated from the University of Alberta in Civil Engineering, joined the R.C.A.F. as a Cadet in 1927, sought other pastures in the great debacle of 1932, returned to the fold in 1934, and has been travelling across the country (and unwa...)

## Low Sassiety Notes

The junior commando raid in the lower quarters a week ago was quite a success. Thereafter the usually meek and gentle Capt. Neighbor of Veterans Guard was "all out" for reorganizing part of the Air Force. Seems after the "enemy" retired he was heard muttering loud and long about Boys Town.

Tough about Lt. Burr of the Artillery. Claims he's started a correspondence course just so's he can get some mail now and then. Says he despairs of ever getting mail from Victoria.

Then there's F/L Armstrong who likewise has trouble with His Majesty's mails. He's upset because even his creditors aren't writing him anymore.

Our heartfelt thanks to Messing Officer Moffat. Those menus sure help us to know what we eat as we eat. They give quite a Waldorf Astoria touch.

F/O New's years of experience as call boy at the Royal York put him in good standing with all soundly sleeping officers on the morning of August 20. At 0400 hours he did his boy scout's duty by rousing all slumbering officers lest they miss the 48 boat. After his kindly and timely aid he missed the boat himself. Or such is the spirit of sacrifice!

"Quiet" officer Henry was not so quiet the other early morn.

The Hoosters won a ball game the other night and later the bar steward couldn't keep the score.

## VISITORS

Ucluelet played host on Wednesday afternoon, for a couple of hours, to several distinguished visitors.

Air Vice Marshal J. A. Sully, AFC, Air Member for Personnel, arrived on a tour of inspection, accompanied by C. C. P. Graham, Director of Airmen Personnel



## THE WESTERN FLIGHT

Editor: F/L J. Dunn.

Associate Editor: F/L P. M. Till.

Assistant Editor: Sgt. Johnson.

Correspondents: Sgt. Forrest; F/Sgt. Barr; Cpl. White; Cpl. Millikin; Cpl. Lewis; Cpl. Fairclough; L.A.C. Lane; L.A.C. Meikle; A.C.1. Laird; A.C.1. Wake; Pte. Lion; Mr. Art Stevenson.

Photographer: Sgt. Fresque.

Typists: A.C.1. Vivian; A.C.1. Wright.

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### Ink Drops From Ye Editor's Brow

Notice is herewith given that disciplinary action will be taken against anyone attempting to molest, muss up, or murder the Editor for accepting the Committee's recommendation of a name for this paper. As you have already seen on the front page the title is The Western Flight, and the winner of the five dollar prize is F/Sgt. Scotty Stewart. He tells us that he is planning to spend it on a pair of shoes for his little girl but, he may be persuaded to change his mind. The Editor thanks the many men who sent in names for the paper—some 72 all told—and assures them that it was a difficult matter to make a choice.

— RCAF —

It is not good enough. We refer to the guilty and disgusting habit some airmen—and we are glad they are few in number—have been insulting the King, the RCAF, and ourselves, by rushing out of the Recreation Hall on show nights before the National Anthem is played. This action gets them out of the hall a few seconds sooner, but where is the fire they are rushing forth to see? It is claimed that they avoid a crush but we notice them bashing one another trying to squeeze through the door four or five abreast.

What they do succeed in doing is to insult the King. Strictly speaking, of course, they don't succeed in even that. They succeed only in casting discredit on those responsible for their upbringing.

We wonder if they realize what the King symbolizes in his person and position. He symbolizes the greatness and the glories of the past and present of all the peoples in the British Empire and the British Commonwealth of Nations. He is the head of a community of gallant spirit. An expression of that spirit is embodied in the RCAF. As members of that Force and as citizens of the British Commonwealth of Nations we bear a direct relationship to the King for we are part of that which the King in person and position symbolizes.

The National Anthem is a sung prayer for the preservation of that symbol and what it stands for. In singing the National Anthem the Eternal's blessing is invoked upon the King as an individual and as the representative of our country and its life.

Yet, a split second before the public celebration of such a solemn ceremony, some will tear around like jackasses in a stable-yard. It is not good enough.

# 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

## Kitchen Kavalcade

Sad are the tales a cook must listen to. Thus, for example, there are those who talk as though they were shanghaied into the Air Force. They like to corner an unsuspecting cook and moan out their woes. The station, the NCO's, the grub—these and a dozen other things are panned with the most lugubrious abandon. The poor guy is getting gypped out of his hooks. He was sent up here for only a few weeks. He . . . bla bla bla.

I listen absently, wondering whether my cake has bubbles in it, as he works his way around to the grub. "Why can't we have this?" "Who gets this?" "Well, I can't see why . . ." I try to explain, but being a slow talker I am soon left behind. In this paper, however, is my opportunity.

Most of the men on the station now are 'new Joes'. They take the size of the station, the equipment, the facilities, and the conditions for granted. On the other hand I happen to be one of the veterans of the station. I have seen this station grow from three little buildings to its present size. Over a period of nearly two years I have helped serve thousands of meals, and ever the boys found something to grouse about. Usually this is because of ignorance or half knowledge. If you chaps knew the set-up you'd think twice before beefing.

Because of its location this station is difficult to get supplies to. Only the finest vegetables and perishable goods can be bought so that they will arrive in an edible condition. This necessitates paying a higher price than do the city stations. A city station can have deliveries made to its back door, but ours must be shipped to us, thus taking a longer time. A city station can get rations daily which one does not obtain here. Accordingly we cannot always serve your favorite dish, but then you didn't always get that at home either. Given a little co-operation, consideration and understanding, you will find that the boys in the mess will do their level best for you. For every meal served 'below' your standard there are ten good ones. Moreover, the kitchen staff have to eat the same meals you do.

• • •

Have you seen the kitchen  
(Continued on Page 6)

## Compliments

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

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Port Alberni

# : SPORTS :

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Port Alberni, B. C.

### Boxing

The station leather pushers re-organized the other night and appointed the following live wire committee to handle their affairs:

- F/O New—Sports' Officer.
- Art. Stevenson—Y.M.C.A.
- Cpl. Jim Eaton—Chairman.
- Cpl. Jack Kruse.
- Sgt. Bert Hawthorne.

The club has a heavy bag, light bag, skipping ropes and a 21'x21' ring which is situated in the first hanger. Members of the club are turning out at the Rec. Hall twice a week, Tuesdays and Saturdays, at 2000 hrs. Enthusiasm has been keen and all those interested in pugilistic careers and cauliflower ears are asked to attend. As soon as members have removed the spare tires and double chins, it is the intention of the club to run bouts against Long Beach Army and all challengers.

Cpl. Jim Eaton, our chairman, has had wide experience and is a welter-weight champion, having taken the Golden Gloves, Inter-Service title while at Pat. Bay. Howie Pease, who hails from

### "THE PESKY POSTIE"

Cpl. Bill Riley whose terrible likeness appears on page three is the Station's popular and pesky Postie. He is a man of many parts, as witness his breaking forth into poetry, and it's not Spring either.

Bill the Postie, first greeted the early morn in '95 in County Mayo, in the land of the snakes—Ireland to you—but decided when he was fifteen years old to come to the land of the RCAF and make his fortune, and get experience. He got experience and spent all of the first million he made. He has been trying for the second million ever since. However, he did have some good fortune for he has, by the snapshots, a very attractive wife, and son and daughter.

Bill did more than his share in the last war as he was with the Princess Pats from August, 1914, until May, 1919. On his return he worked for the Vancouver Sun until he saw the light some eighteen months ago and joined the RCAF. For eight months he was at the Recruiting Centre in Vancouver, and then decided to spread happiness and gloom at Ucluelet. Ten months here and likes it fine, says William. And we like you fine, too, Postie. Any mail for me today?

Toronto, was the Ontario Junior Featherweight Champ and also the Ont. Golden Gloves winner. Howie's brother, Ivan, was Canadian welterweight and middle-weight champion and was on the 1934 British Empire team and the 1936 Olympic team. These two boys and others will be of great help to the club.

### Softball

As this Paper goes to press the result of our softball play-offs will still be unknown. A guess as to who the champs will be would be a wild one.

We do know that for 2 months a most interesting schedule has been played off and that no one team was definitely superior. "PLAY BALL!" will be called by F/Sgt. Cohon and may the best team win in the finals against Sgt. "Red" Wright's Security Guards.

## TODAY'S SPECIALS... At Our Department Store

Who was the Airman who came to Stores looking for a hundred yard firing line and a curtain stretcher?

For information purposes the form is called a voucher, not a vulcher.

And NO—There were no uniforms on today's boat !!!

We are all sold out of propellor wash—expect some next week, thank you!

The groups are all closed today—the boys are on a '48. Come back a week from Tuesday.

Boxing lessons by Corporal Eaton at bargain rates.

LAC Quattrochi has applied for leave to go home and help with the harvest on his father's farm in Sicily.

### STATION WORKSHOP WONDERS...

Why a certain metalworker on the staff of Headquarters is already singing "I Wish I Was Single Again?"

Who the "monumental jack-ass" is, who was referred to on parade the other day?

Who this bird Tomlinson is, that Bolton, E.W.R., is always talking about.



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Port Alberni, B. C.  
and  
Great Central Lake, B. C.

*The High Fliers*

**We Wreck 'em Section**

The Editor is not to be blamed for the omission of this column in the last issue. A certain sergeant, for reasons of his own, was responsible for keeping our contribution from meeting the public eye.

It grieves us that a F/S was seen carrying a magazine across the Pacific last week; a little more on the alert, and a little less relaxation at improper times, will go a long way toward fitting us to deal with the yellow menace when it arrives.

Let us give our new Officer Commanding (F/L Beardmore) and our new Flight Commander (F/L Mitchell) our whole hearted support. They are devising new and better training exercises for our benefit. It remains for us to lend our full support to their plans to make this a better squadron and to maintain its present reputation as the best on the coast.

We owe much to our CO and OC for their efforts to get us into town as quickly as possible on 96's and leaves. To show our appreciation we ought to be our brother's keeper. Let us assist our incapacitated brethren to the boat, or help lure them from the beautifully gowned or ungowned attractions of the outside world. So cajole, drive, drag or beat me onto the boat at 2245 hours Sunday night.

Our congratulations to that section of Headquarters Squadron coming under the jurisdiction of F/L Fraser, F- Sgts. Williams and Laroche, Sgts. Shoquist, Bowland, Tyrell and Appleton, and all their swing singing Corporals led by Cpl. McQueen. Their men have been handing us a 100% or near 100% serviceability sheet every morning for some time. We realize their many difficulties and the large amount of work involved. We admire the perseverance and cheerful efficiency they show at night and in the early morning when the morale and aggressiveness of most of us are at a low ebb.

We welcome to our fog bank two additional spots of blue, P/O Seldon and Sgt. Dwyer. Could it be P/O Seldon's victory landings (di di di dah) and Dwyer's scrambled language code that gives the Flight Commander and Cpl. Swartz a sometimes haunted look?

Credit is due the much "ioed" tradesmen air gunners for their fine work about the hangar. Is

it too much to expect a little more co-operation from pilots and observers towards keeping our aircraft clean?

We welcome F/L Fraser closer to the scene of operations. Keep your eye on the boys, sir, and the toe of your boot—occasionally.

Congratulations to F/S Wooding on his recent marriage to a beautiful eastern girl. We saw the proof—in a picture.

Overheard ten dozen times—"Where is F/Sgt., Cpl., LAC, AC1, or AC2 Jones?" "He is on the station cleanup, sir."

Spoken by a Ucluelet airman walking down Granville St., "Look at all the white girls, Terry."

Can F/S Balfour's chestier bearing be attributed to his infanticipating?

Our OC goes to church but I wonder if the Padre taught him this prayer?:

"O God, help the night crew to speedily complete their various individual projects. Grant them strength and wisdom to finish their boats and souvenir salt shakers before the next blitz; assist the riggers, O Lord, in their worthy work of building shelves and picture frames, so that they may complete them before we need all our aircraft in the air. We ask thee, Lord, your blessing on the many midnight hours of hard work spent on polishing bombs for worthy mothers and sweethearts. Please stay the many hands that are tempted to leave labor and throw darts in the pilots' room, and assist the noble corporals in their efforts to get the men out of the canteen promptly after smoke periods. We thank Thee for breaking up the Maintenance crap game before too much time and money is lost, and we thank Thee in anticipation of your early answer to the subjects forth herein so that the maintenance crew may faithfully keep our aircraft flying. Amen."

**KITCHEN KAVALCADE**

(Continued from Page 2)

Romeo who limps all day and dances all night? Have you heard the fellow saying—"I'll only be here a little while?" Have you met the guy who made ten dollars a day and drove a Packard in civil life? Do you know why an LAC cook is a regular visitor to P.A.? Did you know that two things—a drum and a woman—should be beaten regularly?

The Japs call it the Rising Sun. We see it as the Setting Sun.

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

Enjoy the Movies and Relax in Comfort at the

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The Boys of the R. C. A. F. for Their Patronage

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## My Boy is An Airman

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Headquarters for —

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Varnishes

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men's Supplies



## The Wise Corner

The editorial "A Salute to Port Alberni," published in the last issue, gave us an idea of the kindness and thoughtfulness of our friends in P.A., in the establishment of The Bivouac Hostel.

A score or more of the best homes in Port Alberni have taken another step and have asked for boys to come and stay with them while on their 'fortyeight.' The homes are thrown open for the airman to come and go as he pleases and all that the people ask, if he'd rather not be entertained, is that he sleep there. Several of the station personnel have taken advantage of this kind offer and have returned to camp loud in the praise of their hosts who have treated them to a Sunday dinner at the Somass, a fishing trip, and etc. Several of these homes have a lad in the RCAF.

If you feel you are interested, a visit to the Y.M.C.A. office will provide you with all necessary information.

The other day I made a visit to the hospital so that they would get used to my coming and going before the nursing sisters arrived, and ran into a 'Stranger Than Fiction.' These cases sometimes do happen to most unsuspecting people in most unexpected places.

AC1 E. W. Rudd was placed in a bed alongside two old home town friends whom he did not know were on the station, Pte. Dave Jones and Pte. Tommy Kilpatrick, both of the Vet. Guards. The three friends hail from the town of Wainwright, Alta., and had not seen one another since that certain Saturday night some time ago when they had discussed crop rotation, strip farming, and bushels per acre, over a soda in the village ice-cream parlor.

Last Sunday we had the pleasure to see and hear something that was astounding and a treat and privilege to watch. It was Capt. F. G. Armitage and his Dickens' impersonations. With very little costuming, no grease paint, unusual lighting effects and astounding facial flexibility, Capt. Armitage was Scrooge; he was the Peddler who discovered Bill Sykes' guilt; he was "Dickens' Queer Folk" as if they had just stepped out of the books. It was a real treat that Capt. Armitage brought to us, and a fitting opening program for our new hall.

Assisting on the same program was Ed. Steiman, whose piano

## ANY MAIL?



CPL. BILL RILEY

"ANY MAIL for me—  
ANY MAIL today?"

The same old story  
In the same old way.

They ask in the morning—  
They ask at night;  
And again at noon—  
Oh boy—it's a fright.

If there is none  
Then they'll insist,  
I'm this and that  
On top of their list.

They growl of a parcel  
From lady or gent—  
And find a week later  
It NEVER was sent.

They blame me for letters  
Ungot from the wife,  
Mother or sweetheart:  
Oh boy—what a life.

Then letters arrive,  
They're happy as larks;  
Until they are read,  
Then again fly the sparks.

"ANY MAIL for me—  
ANY MAIL today?"  
The same old story  
In the same old way.

Cpl. Bill Riley,  
"The pesky Postie."

They were parked on the side of the road, when a patrol cop came along, and said, "Hey, you haven't any business parking here." And little Dora laughed and laughed because she knew it wasn't business—it was pleasure.

solos were very much enjoyed, and Serg. Peacock, who played the piano for the community singing. Art. Stevenson, Y.M.C.A., wishes to thank all these contributors for a most unusual and successful evening.

When in Port Alberni  
you meet your  
friends at

## The Sugar Bowl

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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.

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THE MEN'S WEAR  
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No. 29 Company  
VETERANS' GUARD OF CANADA

This letter is being written on board the "Princess Elaine," on our return from a "48", and, after thinking over for several days what to write in this column, we decided that some impressions of Vancouver would

**BEEF FOR A CHANGE**

The sun shines bright in Ucluelet  
It never rains—it's never wet  
Summer, winter, spring and fall  
Never see no rain at all—

—OH YEAH—

The airforce boys they like it  
fine  
And their brass they keep it  
ashine;  
Neat appearing—alert—never  
shirking,  
Always whistling while they're  
working.

—OH YEAH—

And the girls around—all lovely  
as you see  
Each fella has a choice from  
three;  
And the one he chooses—Oh joy,  
Oh bliss,  
Thinks you're slow if you just  
kiss.

—OH YEAH—

And coming back from a 48  
Never does an airman come back  
late;  
In fact most of them—except an  
odd lout  
Have to be asked thrice—before  
they go out—

—OH YEAH—

The food is excellent—it could-  
n't be better  
And in every mail (daily) you get  
a letter;  
You get up in the A.M. or P.M.—  
if like it you feel,  
And you'd never, never think  
your NCO's a heel.

—OH YEAH—

Ice cream and chicken a la king  
for us every Sunday  
And they'd never think of having  
stew on Monday  
The clothing stores—to please is  
their aim,  
And you don't have to wait for  
a travelling claim.

—OH YEAH—

Yes-sir, the fellows are all very  
happy here,  
And if they're transferred they  
leave with a tear;  
We all love it here—and you can  
safely bet  
None of us want to leave dear  
old Ucluelet.

—OH YEAH—

make interesting reading.

The first thing to come to our attention was on a number 5 street car, where a conductor caught a man smoking, and called out to him, "Hey, no smoking allowed." The man, quite unabashed, replied, "I am not smoking aloud, can't you see that I am doing it on the quiet."

We paid a visit to Kitsilano Beach, where hundreds were bathing either on the fine beach, or in the huge open-air swimming pool. Hollywood has no monopoly on bathing beauties, and Marlene Dietrich's "million dollar legs" were reproduced over and over again. All in all, Vancouver can well be proud of its young womanhood.

Among other things to come to our notice, was a shoe shine parlor on Pender Street, West, that is run by two girls, who really know how to shine shoes. (Address on request).

On Wednesday night we looked in at the Georgia Dugout dance but it was too hot to stay very long. There were men from all branches of the Services, dancing with the junior hostesses. The Saturday night floor show at the "Dugout" is something that should not be missed, especially if you like good vaudeville.

Then there are the crowds that line the railings from north of the C.P.R. Depot to the pier, watching the passenger trains leaving, the freight cars being switched, and trying to guess the contents of the various cars and where they are to go to.

We watched a huge crane picking up tanks as if they were mere toys, and depositing them in the hold of a new freighter that was already loaded nearly to the Plimsol line.

Arriving at the pier, a fresh batch of men were just arriving for their "48" and it was interesting to watch the various greetings. First came the elderly couples, and their greetings were quite nonchalant. Then came the younger married ones, who put more spunk into their kisses, and lastly came the sweethearts, who can be divided into two groups—the first ones giving a very shy kiss, while the other couples kisses would be banned even by Hollywood, as they were so hot that they would set fire to the film. So much for that.

And here are a few impressions of the usual run of passengers on this boat, and taken at random. There is always the young

couple, who have been married eighteen months or two years, travelling with their one and only. Father is a very proud man, and mother thinks that she has the only baby in the world. They can usually be found on the lower deck at the stern of the boat. Of course, it would take a blind man to miss the flirtations between the lads of the Army and Air Force and the lassies of the C.W.A.C. This takes place on every trip on the return journey. Another old stand-by on the boat is the odd Service man who has imbibed too freely but not too wisely.

The usual cry of children begging for ice cream and pop can be heard, and we expect it will be heard in the next generation, and so it goes on. Life does not change; it is only that the people are different.

—:—  
**STATION WORKSHOP  
WONDERS . . .**

Why Anderson, G. A., does the Sunday morning clean-up in his barracks?

Why the only machinist on the Station can't find his own bed at night?

Who this guy "Jos" is?

Why it is always the "faithful few" who unload the boat on duty watch.

FOR

Afternoon Teas

OR

Ice Cream

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

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ICE CREAM

**SPOONER'S**

First Avenue  
Port Alberni

Members of Ucluelet Station,  
Royal Canadian Air Force,  
Ucluelet, B. C.

Dear Sirs:

We wish to add our congratulations and best wishes for the continued success of this publication, to those of many others.

Having read with interest the contents of the first issue, we feel that such success is assured.

Yours sincerely,

THE BREWERS AND BOTTLERS OF

**LUCKY LAGER**

The Champagne of Beers

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Equal in quality to any imported Ales

**BRITANNIA BEER**

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Alberni and  
Port Alberni

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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

# This and That

The Padre reports that the RCAF unit at Tofino is quite an outfit. They ought to be by the amount of grub they put away in the Coast Construction kitchen. They have a lovely mascot in one of the pretty waitresses, and the two handsome New Zealanders in the unit are laying deep plans to elope with her in a (Censored) to Australia. And in conclusion, the little sergeant, by measurement, last Sunday night, weighs 49 inches around.

Sgt. Ingram: "Have you a minute to spare?"

Sgt. Appleton: "Why, I guess so."

Sgt. Ingram: "Well, come over to the shop and I'll show you all I know."

Where does a F/Sgt. of the Fly-Ems, who has his men making furniture for his room, get his priority?

AC1 Fitzkowski would like to know what part of Vancouver Island is Veronica Lake.

Toast to the Japanese Navy—Bottoms up.

"Shattered Nerves" are said to be frequent in all branches of the Service, but the W.C.U. claims the distinction of being the first Unit in which this condition is most common. Even at the best of times, W.C.U. men can easily be recognized by their worried look and by a sort of anxious running to and fro, while advanced cases may often be heard mumbling to themselves as they struggle to improvise additional tools.

The arrival of the Trade Test Board last week threatened to bring all this to a crisis, and the atmosphere of shattered nerves was so universal and catching that Sgt. "Smitty" Smith (in charge of electrical work, catalogues, and philosophy) ran a high fever in sympathy with the aspirants. He was sent to hospital, and is said to be working out the details of a new system of logic, in order to make decisions of the military high command understandable to the rank and file.

However, despite this universal shattering of nerves, W.C.U. entrants acquitted themselves with a high average at the T. T. Board, and are now applying themselves again to the projects in hand.

The beachcombing Instrument Section, with the occasional fitter flung in, has had to lie low for

a few days while this is being written.

Someone should look into Andy's love life. He has strange women running up to him in Vancouver and then running him all over town.

That embalming fluid Garneau drank on his last 48 must have straightened out many an Egyptian mummy. At any rate it straightened out Garneau on the bow of the "Haida." Of course, he claims he was just tired.

There is considerable jubilation on the part of all concerned over the occupation of the new hospital by the medical staff. It has been suggested by one canny Caledonian, that conducted tours of the institution might be profitable. The sight of the week was one terrified "Pole-cat" trying to take off his loggers' boots and remove said offensive objects from the building before being liquidated by the irate tenants for "ruining the nice clean floor" (in falsetto).

One burning question, or series of questions, is: when, how many, nursing sisters will the Station have and why; also if not, why not?

As to the how and why in the matter of these Florence Nightingalish angelic, non-flying list (?) beings, the only opinion available is that advised by one dour Scot "M-m-m-m-ph-m!"

As to how many, the answer is as indeterminate as that to the poser made by one schoolman, the dour Duns Scotus, "How many angels can dance on the head of a pin?"

## VARIETY SHOWS TO BE STAGED BY STATION ORCHESTRA

Our orchestra, under F/O Barry, has now had four rehearsals. We hope, during the course of fall and winter, to make this organization a real Station asset. We have the idea of putting on variety shows in the Rec. Hall, and a good Station orchestra will be the backbone of such an endeavor. The Rec. Hall has been reserved for the Orchestra between the hours of six and eight on Tuesday and Saturday nights and we invite all musicians to join us in our rehearsals. You will get a lot of satisfaction and pleasure out of these rehearsals and you chaps who are not pros. will get a lot of help

with your music from sitting in with members who are further advanced in the field than yourselves. At the present time we are in need of another sax player and two violinists. As the boys come along and get working smoothly we will add to the band a vocalist, or perhaps, if the talent can be found, a trio. Later on it is intended to start a Glee Club and should a call go out for singers don't be bashful. If you can carry a part, please come along. The following are turning up regularly now: Sg'. Peacock, LAC Steinman, LAC Thompson, Sgt. Adams, LAC Simon, Cpl. Hepburn, LAC Radu, LAC Corns. Sgt. Fearing.

## Here and There

Why did Jimmy Ogilvey leave Port Alberni so fast that he left behind his tunic and kit bag?

Cpl. Bob Penwill doesn't smoke, drink, or bother the ladies, but he left his suitcase in Vancouver.

Sgt. J. A. Smith celebrated his third hook and is glad to report that he still has his false teeth.

LAC Pat Murphy of the Fire Section returned from his annual leave. He is not under Medical care.

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