

The Western Flight

Volume 1, No. 4

UCLUELET, VANCOUVER ISLAND, B.C.

September 26th, 1942

Johnson Of Toronto

The phone rang. It was the fourth time in as many minutes and I glared at the instrument's black indifference. "Hello," I muttered. "Is that Jack McGillivray?" asked a voice which I did not recognize. "Yes, speaking." "Fine," was the answer. "This is Johnson of Toronto talking. I'm in town for a few hours. I would like to drop up and see you. Will you be in during the early afternoon?" "Yes," I replied. "Righto, I'll be up," and before I could say anything further the line was dead.

Johnson of Toronto, I puzzled to myself as I turned to my desk. No doubt Toronto had a goodly number of Johnsons. I know two—Tommy and George. I hadn't heard from either of them for years, even though Tommy and I had lived in the same boarding house while we attended college. The voice didn't sound familiar, but then it had been a long time since I had seen them last.

It suddenly struck me that perhaps this Johnson was a representative of the Toronto firm that was considering one of my inventions. Several weeks before I had received a letter telling me that one of their men was soon to be in the West and was to get in touch with me. If this was the man I had most certainly better stick around until Johnson made his appearance. I wished, though, I had had the sense to set a definite hour. I was booked for two engagements in the afternoon. But brother Johnson might turn up at any moment and it wouldn't help much to have him studying the wallpaper for any length of time.

It took me half an hour and several phone calls and a cranky voice at the end of one of them before I managed to cancel the appointments.

By four-thirty in the afternoon I was cranky myself. Johnson hadn't arrived. I had a cold and a headache and wanted to get into bed. But I stuck in the office and pattered at this and that. Six o'clock came. It was supertime and I was hungry.

Six-thirty came and so did
See Johnson of Toronto, Page 3

STATION PIONEERS



FRONT ROW, L. to R. — F/S Balfour, Sgt. West, F/S Stewart, F/S LaRoche, WO2 Boyce. STANDING, L. to R. — Sgt. Swennumson, WO1 Kelly, Sgt. Johnson, Sgt. Gould

Early in May 1940 a small detachment of airmen arrived in Ucluelet, the first members of this Station. Several of the original members are still here. These include Wing Commander R. C. Mar, our C. O.; WO1 O'Kelly, WO2 Martin, WO2 Boyce, F/S Stewart, F/S Balfour, F/S LaRoche, Sgt. Gould, Sgt. Swennumson, Sgt. Johnson, Sgt. West. Sgt. Shipley and Cpl. Carlsen.

A barn stood in the centre of the site. This was the first power house and M. T. Section. The Airmen's Quarters and Mess were located in the village of Ucluelet. There were no modern conveniences such as we are accustomed to now. The Officer's Mess was a yacht which was anchored in the bay; to get back and forward one almost had to swim as no dock was built. It was a tricky piece of work to beach a dinghy on the rocks. More than once the Officers and crew got a soaking. There were no sidewalks nor gravel roads and the mud was not shallow. Everyone on the station, including the C.O., helped with the unloading of the equipment. It was a job to pull some of the stuff up mud banks on an old automobile chassis. The only means of transportation was by the old Uchuck, a much smaller

boat than the present one, and our mail arrived twice weekly. When on a 48 one had to go and come by that boat and there were never more than 3 or 4 going at a time. They were the boys who managed to save enough to pay their fare. We old timers are proud of the jobs we did in pioneering this station and helping to make it the best station on the West Coast.

The Bushed Patriarchs in the picture have all been here two years and more. You are eligible for veterancy if you can remember when AC2 Ward-Whaite, now PO, put on a little skit about one Connor and F/Sgt. Cannings, now F/L. If you can remember F/L Austin, engaged in pursuit of some unladylike cows, chased one of these ungainly bovines smack down the center of the freshly laid tarmac; if you can remember the duck walks along which some ducks did waddle to a ducking, if you can remember these and other things, you are a bushed patriarch and have enjoyed a lurid past. You have a brilliant future behind you.

EXPLANATION

God's in his heaven,
Yet all is not well—
That rascal, the devil,
Just won't stay in hell.

The Soldier's Religion

(In United Church Observer)
By Hon. Capt. Geo. H. Hamilton

One might begin, as John Wesley used to do with the many of his sermon themes and first say what is not.

(a) It is not Emotional. Certainly you cannot have real religion without a touch of emotion, but you generally do not find emotions on display in the army, especially in the matters of religion. The soldier does not wear his heart on his sleeve.

(b) It is not Creedal. Half of them cannot recite a creed, and ninety per cent have not much use for one if they can.

(c) It is not Professional. By that I mean that the majority do not profess to be religious. A very small percentage are active church members, and most of them would be surprised that the Padre should regard them as having a religion at all, except on their military documents.

What then, is it?

1. IT IS NATURAL: Cant and Pharisaism is not evidence. There is a wholesome frankness about religion in the army that is most refreshing to encounter. The soldier calls a spade a spade. For the most part his life is an open book. He may learn a great deal about camouflage from a military point of view, but his life is no camouflage. It is there for everybody to read. He is blunt and candid, and you usually know where you are with him. Religion so easily becomes artificial, formal and proper, it is a change to see it in the rough.

2. IT IS PRACTICAL: Religion in the army is as old and as new as Jesus himself who said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me." The soldier's religion is the religion of the golden rule, "Do unto others as you would they should do to you." It is the gospel of brotherhood as seen in the way they share what they have with their comrades, subscribe to "the relief of a soldier's family down on their luck, substitute for another who has an important 'date' See The Soldier's Religion, Page 3

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.I. Laird; A.C.I. Wake; Pte. Lion; Mr. Art Stevenson.

Photographer: Sgt. Fresque.

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

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Ink Drops From Ye Editor's Brow

Recent history gives merciless proof that all countries must build for security, and the hope of security demands the upbuilding of national character. The character of the youth is the bedrock upon which we must build for the future, and if we are to depend on youth to carry on, we must give them an ideal.

Any enduring ideal must be sound, must inspire faith and allegiance; must command loyalty which will service as a firm foundation to guide them aright in the present confused issues of today and the days to come. In times like these, youth must have something to hold to, something that stands firm in this changing world. The elemental things that make character are the age old fundamental human virtues of courage, loyalty, perseverance, generosity, sacrifice, initiative, enthusiasm, common sense, hard work and the laws of God.

It is character upon which any nation must stand or fall, for if all the power plants shut down and all the gadgets cease to function, we will still be men and women, and we will have to resort to what character we possess to guide us through the complexity of modern life.

Our way of life is not something static—it is forever changing, and if our youth is given the all encompassing great essential of character they will be equipped to preserve the continuance and security of our present way of life, but that way of life will continue only if our youth and coming generation believe in it. Therefore, it must be a beacon light so much better than any other way of life that our youth will be willing to give their all to help nurture and sustain freedom, individual initiative, self-discipline, fair play, freedom of worship, and a square deal to all.

The elemental points of character are simple to comprehend. Courage is the thing that stiffens your backbone when you are afraid of being hurt, of failure, of tomorrow. Courage is more than the absence of fear. To set one's course regardless of personal consequences, that is courage.

Loyalty means giving one's self to the cause, making it the keystone of our life, our will our devotion, regardless of strain of labor, in sacrifices and in the service of an ideal.

Perseverance is the ability to hang on when it would be easy to quit, to take it when it hurts. It is refusal to be licked.

Sacrifice is best exemplified in the words of the late Theodore Roosevelt, who said: "There never was a service worth rendering that it did not entail sacrifice, and no man renders the highest service if he thinks overmuch of the sacrifice."

Common sense is the capacity to see things in their right light; it is the exercise of sound judgment. There is no substitute for common sense, nor for hard work. There can be no compromise between self-indulgence and self-denial.

If the youth of today in any nation have this character, the uncertainties in the world will not appear so disturbing, because the calls that will be made on the youth of that country will draw from them qualities that they may not even have known they possessed, and by them they will maintain our way of life at all costs.

—Selected.

LOVE

There's the wonderful love of a beautiful maid,	But the most wonderful love, the love of loves,
And the love of a staunch, true man,	Even greater than that of a mother,
And the love of a baby, unafraid,	Is the tender, infinite, passionate love,
—All have existed since life began.	Of one drunken soak for another!

—Anon.

Works Construction Unit

Occupational diseases vary about as widely as occupations do, and many of them produce curious symptoms. The present occupational disease amongst airmen on the Pacific Coast is Bush Fever, and this appears to be brought on by fresh air, exercise, and going to bed early. Bush Fever, or being "bushed," is a mental disease; and on a coast station the average time required to bring on the first symptoms is three weeks; although W.C.U. members, being philosophers, and consequently strong in the head, often require a full month.

The symptoms are various, and it is well for those not yet afflicted to recognize the disease for what it is, and thus be able to make proper allowance. Bush Fever has even been known to make a man feel that his particular Unit should be pressed with \$10 gifts from another Unit, and to complain if few of these are donated. Luckily, however, only a few are affected in such ways, and the more common symptoms, which can frequently be observed amongst W.C.U. members as the end of a four-week period approaches, are as follows:

- 1.—General decline of mental powers.
- 2.—Tendency to yodel at sight of a written pass.
- 3.—Fear of traffic.
- 4.—A morbid desire to stand and gaze, from a safe distance, at street cars.
- 5.—A tendency to make absurd statements.
- 6.—Extreme willingness to be very uncomfortable for six hours on a boat.

Where the cure is long delayed, the brain might, in some cases, fall into a permanent decline; and your W.C.U. correspondent hereby urges the friends of anyone, too bushed to realize his own plight, to see that the victim applies for a "48", and, if granted, lead him gently to the boat.

Programmes at Port Alberni Theatres

CAPITOL

MON. - TUES. - WED. September 28 - 29 -30

Joel McCrea - Veronica Lake in

"SULLIVAN'S TRAVELS" THURS. - FRI. - SAT.

October 1 - 2 - 3

Eleanor Powell - Red Skelton in

"SHIP AHOY"

MON. - TUES. - WED. October 8 - 9 - 10

"GREAT MAN'S LADY" With Barbara Stanwyck

THURS. - FRI. - SAT. October 8 - 9 - 10

Claudette Colbert - John Payne in

"REMEMBER THE DAY"

PORT

MON. - TUES. - WED. September 28 - 29 - 30

"LADY HAS PLANS" with

Irene Dunne - Patric Knowles THURS. - FRI. - SAT.

October 1 - 2 - 3

"MR. BUG GOES TO TOWN" Technicolor Feature Cartoon

Also - "TORPEDO BOAT" MON. - TUES. - WED.

October 5 - 6 - 7

Van Heflin - Marsha Hunt in

"KID GLOVE KILLER" Also - "AMERICAN CO-ED"

with Francis Langford and Johnny Downs

THURS. - FRI. - SAT. October 8 - 9 - 10

"BELLE STAR, THE BANDIT QUEEN"

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friends

The station basketball season opens on Thursday, October 1st, we have been informed by the basketball chairman, F/S Lyn Davies. A call has been sent out for all interested Sections to have their team entries in by Friday, September 25th. The next day a basketball meeting will be held and local rules, schedule and referees will be discussed for the big opening on the night of October 1st.

Two nights each week will be open for basketball, Sunday and Thursday, and with four games each night a real bang up league should help pass the long winter months.

Our basketball mentor, F/S Lyn Davies is one of our local WAG's, and hails from that flattened-out mid-section of Canada called Winnipeg. Lyn did his teething on a basketball and grew up with the Winnipeg St. Andrews, the junior edition of the boys that played in the Canadian semi-finals. After taking the Junior Championship, Lyn's team decided almost en masse to join the service, and they are now scattered between Ucluelet and Egypt. Lyn feels that once the league is organized it should pretty well carry itself, and wants the very best of cooperation from all entries.

You will find elsewhere in this paper the schedule for the Recreation Hall. It is a very busy schedule and your help in keeping it running smoothly will be much appreciated. If we find that changes have to be made later in the season it will be revised, but otherwise becomes effective on October 1st.

The Station Boxing Club has progressed so well since starting their training that a Boxing Tour-

namment is to be held on the night of Wednesday, Sept. 30th. This tournament will be held in the hangar, where the ring, all decked up in its fine colors, is situated. Jim Eaton, the boxing chairman, says that you can be assured of five good matches. The Scotties and Joeville have been asked to take part in this pugilistic night. It looks as if F/S Cohen will have to be the referee, as we understand that he has his Ontario ticket. Our congratulations to Jack Kruse and Jim Eaton for the splendid work they did putting the final touches on the ring.

**BONERS
Culled From Dependents
Allowance Mail**

I cannot get sick pay. I have six children. Can you tell me why this is?

This is my eighth child. What are you going to do about it?

Mrs. R. has no clothes, has not had for a year. The clergy have been visiting her.

In reply to your letter I have already cohabited with your officers, so far without result.

I am glad to report, that my husband who was reported missing is now dead.

Sir, I am forwarding my marriage certificate and two children, one of which is a mistake as you will see.

Unless I get my husband's money I shall be forced to lead an immortal life.

In answer to your letter I have given birth to a boy weighing ten pounds. Is this satisfactory?

I am forwarding my marriage certificate and 6 children. I had 7 and one died which was baptized on a half sheet of paper by Rev. Thomas.

—Winnipeg W.A.G.

RECREATION HALL SCHEDULE

	1800 hrs.	1900 hrs.	2000 hrs.	2100 hrs.
Sunday	Baske'ball	Basketball	Basketball	Basketball
Monday	Show	Show	Show	Show
Tuesday	Orchestra Practice	Orchestra Practice	Badminton Boxing	Badminton Boxing
Wednesday	Open	Open	Open	Open
Thursday	Basketball	Basketball	Basketball	Basketball
Friday	Show	Show	Show	Show
Saturday	Orchestra Practice	Orchestra Practice	Badminton Boxing	Badminton Boxing

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The next time I return from a BUSINESS trip to Vancouver and you fellows ask me if I had a swell holiday . . . ? Well, I did have a swell time because I had a home to go to and did not have to walk the streets looking for a room. Looking for a room seems to be the favorite forty-eight pastime according to the stories that have come back to this Station lately. Next time you are in Vancouver and find the hotels filled, a call at the Y.M.C.A. War Service Office, 508 Credit Foncier Bldg., will fix you up with a home hospitality.

With the money you save by not staying at a hotel, you can take the favorite girl friend to the White Spot at the corner of Granville and 67th Ave. It sounds a long way out but street car and bus will take you one block from the door for seven cents. The meal is superb and the surroundings clean and appetizing. This place was recommended by the North American Gastronomic Society, and my wife.

Several boys have asked me where they could go in Vancouver and see the sights. Having been brought up in the Flower City of Canada, I know all the nice places, including Chinatown, and am not a bit sticky about parting with the information.

Several boys on the Station are interested in trout fishing and don't know what to do about it. If you have a forty-eight coming up and want to get out for the day to pick up a mess of nice two-pounders, let me know and we could talk fishing. At the same time we might discuss ways of cooking them. Personally I like mine a crispy brown. I still have a fourth interest in a fishing camp back in the hills from Kamloops where these fighting Kamloops Trout are found and could tell you between mouthfuls about the fifteen pounder I once caught on the fly.

—:—
The Musical Recording Hour was apparently much appreciated by the sixty-five members of the Station who attended this program Wednesday, Sept. 16 h. This musical was an experiment and was so well received that further such evenings will be arranged for your enjoyment. Several suggestions were forthcoming for the improvement of the hour and will

Wagon Wheels

The M. T. Section is up in the air, No-one to love them, no-one to care.

The trucks are up North or rusting through, If we can't get parts what are we to do?

The Jeep's on vacation, more or less, After catering to our Sergeant's Mess.

Some think the phone is there just for fun, Everyone's yelling for some kind of "RUN."

Sgt. Berube is Fortin with Holvick and Smith Says he'll Beet Hamers to a chunk of raw beef.

Charlie is Gray—says each one is a Budzinski, He calls the Campe Copp puts them in the Clinkski.

Matheson's mad and threatens to Burnet, Our Speed's Fuller pep and tries to upturn it.

We work like "Hell-Cats" to keep out of ruts, But confidentially folks, we're all going NUTS.

So there's your M.T. "JOE'S TAXI" we say, At your service—SIR, all night and day.

—Riley.

be considered on our next program. One was the disturbance caused by late-comers. This can easily be overcome by everyone interested being in the building at the start of the music. New records will be added to the library from time to time. Those responsible for the evening were Mike Ewart at the turntable, Jim Ranking working the index, and Art Stevenson at the mike.

—:—
I have a simple Geometric in the office that I call Recreation for a Brainy Dry. One night last week several fellows nearly blew a fuse trying to work it out. During the hour that they were busy at it at least fifteen fellows came in to watch and give suggestions. If you would like the solution to the puzzle, Fred Serchuk of Stores or Russell Mills of Norm Goodall's U.F.D. could help you. Both of these boys left my office mumbling to themselves.

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F/Sgt. Gremlin
(Misbehaving—Unpaid)

The Gremlin (volens accidentalis) may be described as a sprite, spirit, spook or even as a myth, but, whatever it is, it is a very dangerous parasite in the body aviatational.

It is to be found in the vicinity of aerodromes either on the ground or flying around in the clouds above. It breeds prolifically, usually nesting in magetos or petrol pipes. There are several varieties, but all of them are tiny, of a spiteful and cunning nature, and possess superhuman powers. Invariably they wear top hats, little red jackets, and carry little red umbrellas. They are born with the latter shut, but it opens later in life, generally at adolescence.

One variety of Gremlin congregates in large swarms and suddenly pushes down the aerodrome surface about 20 feet, just as one is touching down on landing; eldritch shrieks of Gremlin laughter can then be heard above the subsequent heavy bumping of the under-carriage. Another variety concentrates on sitting on petrol cocks during flight and turning them off; they then buzz off out of the 'plane (which naturally force lands), and fly back to the aerodrome, where they rub out the pilot's signature on the "700."

There is one small type of Gremlin which seems to possess quite a sense of humour. It delights in swinging up and down on the A.S.I. needle when the aircraft is coming in to land, or playing see-saw on the artificial horizon when flying in cloud. There is also the tree-winding variety which winds up trees from the ground with amazing velocity, just as an aircraft is taking off at night. These are believed

VISITORS

Sunday afternoon, September 20th., a group of Port Alberni business men, headed by Mayo Hamilton, arrived via the Uchuck on a visit to the Station.

The visitors were presented to the Commanding Officer, and after luncheon at the Officers' Mess were shown various points of interest around the Station.

The group departed on the Uchuck late in the afternoon.

THIS AND THAT

"Cokey" Cohen sees in his dreams a sign reading 'These were found in a pop bottle.'

Ucluelet is Indian for protected waters or safe harbour.

If you see an empty pop bottle pop over to the Canteen with it.

to be related to the type which digs little booby traps on aerodromes just big enough to drop a wheel in, or conjures up an oil bowser out of thin air in such a position that it hits the tail plane when turning an aircraft round to taxi out.

Some pilots firmly believe in ensuring immunity from Gremlins by saluting the "Chief Ground-Walloper" (King of Gremlins) before flight; others, less conciliatory, prefer to lay a trail of anti-Gremlin Powder (obtainable from all chemists in 9d. packets, 1s. 3d double size) round the edge of the aerodrome prior to starting night flying.

But, whichever way you look at it, there can be no doubt that Gremlins are responsible for many otherwise unaccountable flying accidents. No less an authority than P.O. Prune says "There definitely is something in it." and this officer is well known throughout the Service as being highly Gremlin-prone. Indeed, Prune has never been known to have an accident yet that he hasn't been able instantly to attribute to one or other of the many varieties of Gremlin.

At Ucluelet some insist that the Gremlins are of a slightly different species. For one thing, the Ucluelet species have webbed feet. Instead of an umbrella they carry a brace and bit. They get a snobby delight from letting water into the bilges and watching the D. I. crew pump it out. They also get a bang out of drinking twenty or thirty gallons of gas, to provide the D. I. crew the privilege of refuelling the craft.

Just how they got here is unknown. But it is thought that they stowed away on the first (censored) that came here and damnation did the rest.

—Selected.

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The Prophet And The Letter

(By Y. J)

A blitz was in progress in the officers' mess of a certain RCAF Station. A blitz is what happens when good officers get together with the idea that water is all right if taken in the right spirit. The blitz had been beering and blurring along for three Waltzing Matildas and one Sweet Adeline when the festivities were interrupted by the arrival of His Majesty's mail. Delightedly the parcels and letters were pounced upon and opened.

Flight Lieutenant Duncan, however, gloomily surveyed his companions and reflected on the fact that for twenty-five days he had received no loving epistle, no parcel, no postcard, no paper, no bills, not even one of those daily opportunites of a century—an invitation to join the captains of industry who, having found all the gold in Taratucanopalo, simply want to possess the benefit of your executive ability and experience. Flight Lieutenant Duncan was lonely, he was fed up; he hungered for mail and no one would write unto him.

It is not, however, for nothing, that one is an officer in the RCAF. The Flight Lieutenant was a man of action, of daring, and of enterprise. To prove my eulogy is not misplaced I relate that in the twinkling of an eye Mr. Duncan shed his air force blue and stood unsteadily in the white flowing robes of a prophet.

Said he, truculently, "I am going to get a letter tomorrow." His fellow officers regarded him quizzically. "Aw, go on with you," one remarked sympathetically, "you haven't received any letters for weeks now. How can you tell you're getting one tomorrow?" "I know," answered Duncan, "I tell you that a letter will arrive for me tomorrow." "Mebbe so, mebbe so," soothed another, "I hope you are right, although I can't see how you can be so sure. You're no prophet." "I am a prophet," returned Duncan emphatically. To prove it I will tell you again—I am going to get a letter tomorrow and in the evening mail. You'll see."

It must be admitted, however, that even though Duncan claimed his friends would see, he himself at the moment could not see very clearly how to make good his boast. But as I have said, the Flight Lieutenant was a man of enterprise.

Happy Harry



Introducing Happy Harry, who washed out of aircrew. His ears created too much wind resistance.

Happy wants to know what happens to all the revs the motors drop.

Rising in all the dignity of his prophetic office he presented his compliments to the Commanding Officer and retired to his quarters, there in the dark to consider the still greater darkness of a prophet full of bombast but empty of honor—and also of insight. But suddenly a light shone in the darkness and the soul of the prophet was at rest. In thirty minutes so also was his body.

Nevertheless, brother Duncan was soon to learn that the path of a prophet runs not always as he foresees. His programme was intercepted early next morning when the Commanding Officer informed him that a signal had just come through from Air Force Headquarters ordering Flight Lieutenant Duncan to proceed immediately via aircraft some several thousand miles to Botwood, Newfoundland. Within an hour our hero had disappeared into the sky.

That night in the officers' mess when the mail was distributed it was found, with surprise and wonderment, that a letter had indeed arrived for Mr. Duncan. The prophet had put up; it was for them to shut up. The famous letter was re-addressed and forwarded to its new destination.

Ten days later Flight Lieutenant Duncan received the missive. It was the first thing he had received in the mail for thirty-five days. Moreover, it was the very letter he had written to himself and posted to himself after his prophetic utterances of the night of the blitz.

THE FALL

The first, and every fall
Prove simply this—
That ignorance isn't
The only bliss.

THE SOLDIER'S RELIGION

Continued from Page One

and shield him when he gets into a jam. His religion, as one of them recently expressed it in my presence, is "Live decently" (in the best sense of the word) "and you live divinely."

3. IT IS SACRIFICIAL: "Greater love hath no man than this," said Jesus, "that a man lay down his life for his friends." It is part of the soldier's religion that he is ready to do this, but he does not recite it in a creed.

Those of the last generation often say of this, "All that youth wants today is cocktails, dances and wild parties," but that judgment is a mis-judgment of youth of any day. What youth wants is adventure and adventure they will have whether it is good or bad, but "Blood, sweat and tears," in the language of Churchill, always meets with a response from the heat of youth.

"What shall I do with my life?" was the question most frequently asked Daniel Poling over a nation-wide weekly broadcast to youth.

Jesus of Nazareth faced that same question as a young man and at the age of thirty-three when no man wants to die, he threw it away, but that life has been picked up all over the world ever since, so that 1900 years after, he is the most living and potent personality among us.

Youth today, faced with that same question, is ready to throw life away in a great adventure as did their fathers during 1914-1918, and future generations will catch that spirit, as did they the spirit of their fathers, for sacrificial religions knows no death.

JOHNSON OF TORONTO

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Johnson. A big well-dressed chap was Johnson of Toronto, but it wasn't Tommy or George; nor did he represent the firm I hoped was interested in my work. He was a salesman for a clothing outfit. "But don't be alarmed," he smiled, "I'm not trying to sell you anything."

I confessed my relief. "No," he said, "I heard you were a Toronto grad, and the fact of the matter is I'm rather financially embarrassed at the moment and I wondered if you could let me have five dollars. You'll get it back in a day or two, of course."

WARTIME ECONOMY

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The Wartime Beverage of Thousands!

How friendly and companionable a glass of good beer can be. Refreshing, invigorating and **ECONOMICAL**.



Lucky Lager is the result of expert brewing, the world's finest ingredients, and a modern plant equipped with the latest scientific machinery for brewing and bottling.

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At this men's wear shop airmen are able to secure the type of clothes suitable for their work.

Whether it be underwear, socks, ties, shirts, etc., we will be able to take care of you.

Macgregor's
ECONOMY CASH STORE
For All Men's Wearing Apparel

GOOD SHOWS

A bouquet to WO1 O'Kelly for drafting the welcome on the form presented to newcomers to our Station.

An orchid to Medical Officer Arthur for the wooden leg for the hurt puppy.

Your Loved Ones Will Appreciate **FLOWERS** From You

WE TELEGRAPH FLOWERS ANYWHERE

PORT FLOWER SHOP

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Port Alberni, B. C.

TODAY'S SPECIALS... At Our Department Store

Drop around any afternoon and hear a recital by our Caruso of Stores—The Great Serchuck!

Listened in on a conversation in the corridor the other day and according to one of the "local jucks" the cannery girls haven't got a thing the girls back home haven't got. BUT—they've got it HERE!

For information purposes the commotion the tarmac the day it was camouflaged was not blasting or thunder. It was only Quattro after falling off the bicycle and chi giving vent to his emotions cleaning off a ten foot strip. And incidentally, he didn't learn that language in Sunday School.

LAC (Tyron Power) Last says "I'm not blushing, that's wind-burn!"

One of Fleet Street's tough reporter guys had been enjoying himself that weekend. Then he read on the front page of a Sunday paper: FLEET STREET MAN LEADS COMMANDO RAID. "So that's where I was on Friday night," he said. Sounds like a 48 in Vancouver.

One of the most intricate plans for post-war reconstruction now in circulation was drafted by Ely Culbertson, the bridge expert.

—The New Republic.

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

Sgt. McPhee Leaving For Vancouver

A special meeting of the Arts & Literature Society was called recently to bid farewell to Sgt. L. R. McPhee, who is now posted for duty to Vancouver. After the preliminary features, it was decided to move the meeting to Joeville, intellectual centre of the community, and the party was informally received there by Sgt. R. Hummell, mayor of Joeville, who presented a strip of his pyjamas to each of the members.

Refreshments were then forthcoming, and a highlight of the evening was an exhibition of modernistic decoration by LAC A. Johnston, through the clever red and yellow colouring matter. Sgt. McPhee then led a group of southern folk-songs, and an officer, attracted to the scene by some of the more piercing harmonies, suggested that the Society might terminate the meeting by washing down the floor, which was tastefully accomplished, and the members then dispersed to their various quarters.

Badminton Season To Get Underway

Sgt. Alf Lee has put out a call for all interested badminton players to be ready for a bang-up season starting on the night of October 3rd. The Canteen Committee is ordering what they hope will be enough shuttles to put the Station through most of the season and if they are available should be here in a few days. A small shuttle fee will be charged by the Committee for each night's play to help cover the cost of the birds. It is hoped in this way to raise 50% of the cost of shuttles with the Canteen absorbing the rest. The Y office has four racquets. Those wishing to play in the afternoon or other than club periods will have to provide their own shuttles.

SHE DOESN'T BELIEVE

Once in a while my sweetheart cries,
"Oh I'm afraid these words are lies."
"That's all, my dear, they'll ever be
When they come to you from me."

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



NEW THRILL
... New freedom in writing, with these Balance° Lifetime° instruments!

SHEAFFER'S

Select yours at

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