

The Western Flight

Volume 1, No. 5,

UCLUELET, VANCOUVER ISLAND, B.C.

October 15th, 1942

Haste the Waste

Waste.
Why waste it?
Haste it
To salvage committee
For Victory.
They'll paste it
At Hitler
From waist to eye
Bye and bye.
Save it—
Why waste it?
Do your bit.
Give Hirohito
A fainting fit.

Three Big Cheers

On Wednesday night, September 23, in our new Recreation Hall, something different was offered to the airmen and soldiers at Ucluelet. That something different was a splendid Variety Show. Many great stars of the professional entertainment world were brought here in the form of our boys. Yes, Kenny Stevens had nothing on Cpl. Don McDonald, nor Eddie Duchin in Jack Ritchie. We cannot mention a match for Dick Taylor and the boys that played with him. They have a style of their own which scored a hit with the audience. You could hear a feather drop when F/S Green and Alfounder each rendered beautiful solos. Almost all sections were represented. Even the Marine section came through with Art Walker and his comical recitations in that old country style. The program was honored by one beautiful woman — Madam Melba Toast. The boys are still wondering, Art, where you have been keeping her all these months.

A surprise skit was put on by F/O Barrie and his boys in the band which had the audience in an uproar. The skit was entitled "The Shooting of Dan McGrew." If the audience were any judge Dan McGrew was properly shot. All solos were excellent, both singing and playing. Ye Ed. asked opinions from the different units on the station and those from Tofino and the result was marvellous. They have looked forward to this show for weeks



There is a first time for everything. Another delightful precedent was set on August 20th when the station's first wedding ceremony was conducted by the Padre, F/L Dunn, at 1900 hours, in the Recreation Hall. On that occasion Miss Frances Herrington and AC1 Baptie plighted their troth.

The hall was tastefully decorated for which credit goes to Workshops for making the archway; to Cpl. Davis, LAC Bannerman, LAC Coolen, AC1 Lee, and AC1 Kossack for putting F/L Fraser's flowers in the right places. The WEMs had a neat section decoration on view, painted by Sgt Becklake.

Most of the best looking airmen of the station were in the congregation and the Commanding Officer was one of the many who felicitated the young couple. F/O Taylor gave the bride in marriage; Miss Stella Mack acted as bridesmaid with LAC Paley as best man.

What the bride and bridesmaid wore are beyond the masculine pen of your reporter to describe. Suffice it to say that both were charmingly attired and those in attendance envied the padre's prerogative of kissing the bride. The groom and best man had extra fine creases in their trousers and the former in particular wore a happy grin. The best of good fortune to our stations Adam and Eve.

and were not disappointed. Appreciation was shown by tremendous applause which is the entertainer's reward. At this point let us talk about the men behind the scenes. F/O New was the M.C. and did an excellent job. F/O Barrie and Art Stevenson were the directors of the program and worked hard and long. They promised us a program about once a month so let's all pitch in and help if we can. Programs like these and the sports are our only enjoyment so let's do the best we can to make it a success. In closing let's all chip in with a big hand and three loud cheers for all who took part in the show. May there be many more!

Cpl. Henry Tremblay.

WE COVER THE WATERFRONT

Did AC2 Minns use the rope that Sgt. Carlsen gave him to lash himself to the wheel? P.S. He had two dinners; one down and up.

Will Sgt. Spear ever realize his ambition to take his pride and joy "The Plover" out to tow in the "Aristocrat of the Fleet."

What was the four-bit bet that Sgt. James, OBE, had the other night at the "bow and arrow" dance; and who won what?

Have you seen the duck the marines are training to smoke cigarettes. The next thing Leishman will be teaching it to drive dinghys.

We wish to welcome home AC1 Nagle who spent an enjoy-

Hangar Happenings

(By Sergeant Johnson, H.G.)

The wish of every air crew was realized by a few airmen the other day. But every joy is followed by some little sadness. The days in Vancouver were dark with threats of fine weather. Married members of the crew had difficulty in convincing the wives that ceiling and visibility were necessary for successful flight, even if the flight were scheduled to return a man to home and fire-side. Cpl. Dixon is recuperating in hospital, and writing his new book, "What Every Flying Airman's Wife Should Know."

Following the ramblings in Ancient Station History presented in the last issue of *Festern Flight*, a few details are brought to the minds of the pioneers. With the forest creeping up to, and almost engulfing the door of the mess, it was frequently visited and pillaged by bears. This continued for some time until the order was given to shoot the marauders that ventured too close to the kitchen at night.

Bear steaks were served to the personnel that considered this type of meat a delicacy. Those were the good days, with many happy moments in spite of the hardships, highlighted by the morning that the C.O. told us it would not be necessary to shave daily. But alas, some of the boys had the idea that their weekly five gallons of water should be **See HANGAR HAPPENINGS,**
on Page Eight

HITLER'S AND FATHER'S DAY

Hitler has never been a laughing matter with me and I know only one gag that really expresses my opinion of that crackpot corporal. That's the one about Hitler celebrating Father's Day by sending a telegram addressed "To whom it may concern."
—Ed Gardner.

able furlough at Herring Cove (Lobster Pot Fishing).

Now that the Marine Shack has been put on even keel again, marine men can revert to walking, according to C.A.P. 90.

FLASH! The Montagnais was berthed the other night without mishap.

THE WESTERN FLIGHT

Editor: F/L J. Dunn.

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

Assistant Editor: Sgt. Johnson.

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LAC Meikle, Pte. Di Stasi, Art Stevenson

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Typists: LAC Vivian; LAC Wright.

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

The Editor's mail bag has contained a number of comments which he considers should receive circulation. He refers to:

1.—An Aircraft To Get To Hell.

Some chaps, even in the RCAF, are so low that they will have to take an aircraft to get to hell. Is it the fault of the medical officers at the recruiting centers that guys get into the Service with eyesight so poor that they cannot recognize their own clothing? It is a disgusting fact that socks, shirts, shorts and other items of clothing are not always finding the owners who washed them. This matter was mentioned humorously in our last issue, but it's really not very funny.

2.—A Yellow Identity Disc.

Some chaps, even in the RCAF, are complacent and even proud, of being A.W.O.L. A.W.O.L. however, is a four-letter word meaning—yellow. It means that such an airman won't play the game, that he hasn't the guts to abide by the rules, that he cannot be trusted by his Commanding Officer or by his fellows to do his duty. Moreover, it is a poor compliment to his home-folk. They are not really proud that he has shirked his duty, for them or for his own pleasure. He may think it is a small thing, but unfortunately it is bigger than he is. Another colored identity disc should be around his neck, and let him be placed in the maternity ward with the other babies.

3.—The Gimme-Guys.

Some chaps, even in the RCAF, are "gimme-guys." They are out for what they can get. Their policy is "as little as possible from me and as much as possible for me." They must have this work, they must have these hours, they must have this rank, they must be able to come and go when they like, they must be posted near home, and they must have this kind of food, they must have this amount of recreation, they must have a thousand things just so; and in return they condescend to exert themselves so long as they don't have to sweat. Well, Hitler and Hirohito don't fight that way, and their new "citizens" don't live that way. Let's have some "give" besides in the belt.

Congratulations are extended to the Editors and staffs of two new station newspapers—Western Wings from Sea Island and the Amphibian from Patricia Bay. The Coal Harbor Shovel has also started to dig it out again.

Works and Buildings

We wonder how many pairs of shoes Flight Purvis has worn out since joining the R.C.A.F.

Where does Ed. Wake hang out these days, for he is never in the barracks.

Why is Wray "Joed" for barrack clean-up so often.

Why Heffel is so weary after his forty-eight, in Vancouver, lately.

We wonder how Bill Blake likes sleeping in Barracks these last few nights.

Good Shows

The Photographic Section, with Sgt. Ford Cpl. Harrop and LAC Johnson participating, deserve credit for the excellent Station Photo Album recently started.

Bouquets to the Master and crew of the Haida who go and come no matter what the weather or the load.

Sgt. Fresque has returned to his labors here. He is enthusiastic about the ladies around Rock-cliffe.

Mec's Musing

Send one dozen roses to Cpl. Gunn for a good show in setting up our new tool room. He didst labour with might and main so that LAC Rose might relax midst the fruits of his labours, as chief tool tender.

Others deserving of honorable mention in connection with this worthy enterprise are Sgt. Bowland, and F/S Shipley—not that they distinguished themselves by their labours, but they did keep, by various gestures and words such worthies as AC Stuffer, Crozier and Bruckshaw slaving throughout the day.

F/S LaRoche and Williams, amidst many groans and lamentations, sought out the long missing tools for which they were "Joe." We hear that F/S LaRoche, in the depths of despair, was about to commit hari kari but was saved by F/S Williams producing yet another piece of the missing socket set.

When the confusion had died down and the losses were calculated, it was decided that every mother's son should contribute to the national coffers the sum of three shillings. The toll was collected by Cpl. Hill until the going got tough; then it was turned over to Sgt. Appleton's collecting agency. As Sgt. Appleton is an ex-wrestler he had little trouble in convincing the boys that they really wanted to pay!

Library Committee

Some six'y-six books have been added recently to the Station Library of which the following are some of the titles:

The Stars Look Down.
Black Rock.
Ships of the Seven Seas.
Flying the Coast Skyways
Ashenden.
King's Row.
The Pilots Book of Everest.
I, James Blunt.
Children of The Rising Sun.
The Real Cost of The War.
Flight To Victory.
Answer To Hitler.
Only The Stars Are Neutral.
This Above All.
Mrs. Minniver.
Prize Stories of 1941
The Sun Is My Undoing.

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

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

THIS and THAT

Oh long we had paltered
With bridle and girth,
Ere those horses were haltered
That gave us the earth—
Ere the Flame and the Fountain
The Spark and the Wheel,
Sank Ocean and Mountain
Alike 'neah our keel.

—Kipling.

Pay Day Is War Savings Day

SPORTS

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**

The busiest corner
downtown
Third Ave. & Argyle St.

**THE
Somass
Hotel...**

Your home away
from the station
while visiting in
Port Alberni.

You are of course,
invited to use the
hotel at any time
while in the city.

Make it the place for a
rendezvous with your
friends

Boxing

The first station boxing tournament of the season made a fine hit with the 550 spectators on September 30. There were seven bouts on the program and the main event between Ted Worton of Joeville and Cpl. Jim Eaton of stores, was a fast, furious, and gory battle. Jim had the misfortune to receive a cut above the eye early in the first round. Worton, the pugilistic pride of Joeville, fought very well and had the honor of riding in the front seat of the truck going home. All bouts proved interesting and the boys worked hard to put on a good show. The two comedy matches created a lot of hearty laughs. Sgt. Major Cohen really must have an Ontario ticket as he made a splendid job of refereeing. Art Stevenson, Y.M.C.A., has promised another tournament in the very near future.

1st Bout: Lucky Lindsay, 33 Ack Ack (175) vs Cpl. Cattermole, Scottish (170), draw.

2nd Bout: Beecher Hughes, Cannery Pride, vs Al McKay, Tofino Sluggo — won by Referee Cohon.

3rd Bout: Bill Cash, Maintenance (135) vs F/S Hawthorne, Flights (135) — won by Hawthorne.

4th Bout: Jack Kruse (142½) vs Gus Hewett, Spring Cove (148) — draw.

5th Bout: Froeler vs Lemyre,

THINGS WE'D LIKE TO KNOW

Why Sgt. Parker wears bedroom slippers everywhere? Maybe he's sleep-walking.

Who cuts Sgt. Appleton's hair; or does he burn it off with a blow torch?

Just exactly what did happen to Mike Ewart in Seattle?

What Cpl. Chapman is going to do with his time now that the new tool room has stripped his stores? Try knitting, Chappie!

If Cpl. Kennedy really did get married on his furlough; or is that just another sour grape from the vine?

The question that puzzles AC1 Waters is:—where do his legs go when he stands up?

HAPPY HARRY

Happy Harry has just found out that the duty watch isn't something to tell time with.

Happy Harry says that some people think he's slap happy but hes not so dumb at that—he's buying War Savings Stamps so he will have a nest egg after Hitler has been hung.

both of Essondale, and won by their attendants.

6th Bout: Howard Pease, Montagnais (126) vs Bob Miller, Spring Cove (135)— won by Pease

7th Bout: Ted Worton, Joeville (157) vs Cpl. Jim Eaton, Stores (150)—won by Worton.

Officials: Referee, WO2 Cohon; Judges, F/O Waldon, Sgt. Appleton, Pte. Andy Farino; Timekeeper, F/O New; Medical Officer, F/L Arthur; Seconds, Salter and McGrath; Announcer, Art Stevenson.

Softball

Squadron Leader Beardmore pitched a very fine game for the Officers in the second battle of the station softball playoffs to win from the Security Guards by the score of 9-3. The standing in the playoffs is now tied at one game apiece with one more game to be played. The Officers showed plenty of fight and won a well deserved victory. This team has made a splendid showing in the second half of the schedule and the odds are in favor of the Officers taking the station championship. Sgt. "Red" Wright and his Security Guards say that they had an off night but that the final game will be a different story.



A SHORT STORY OF AN AIRMAN'S FORTY EIGHT

**SLATER
and
RITCHIE**

R.C.A.F. Officers'
Dress Shoes

See our Representative at
Ucluelet

MISS R. TUGWELL

**COMFORT SHOE
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Port Alberni and Alberni

**A. McDONALD
& Sons**

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HARDWARE

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SUPPLIES**

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Compliments
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Port Alberni Depot
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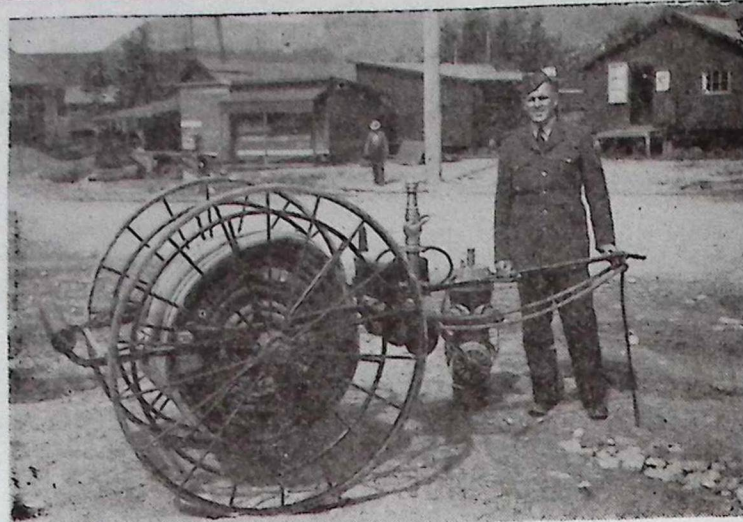
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**Alberni Pacific
Lumber Co.
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Manufacturers of

SHINGLES
LATH and
LUMBER

Port Alberni, B. C.



F/Sgt. NORM GOODALL

Norm started squawking in Cardiff, Wales, in the year 1902. Vancouver was the next locality to play host to brother Goodall and it wasn't long before more than Vancouver knew of him. Norm was a brilliant athlete and started his meteoric career in sport by playing bang-up ball with the Hanbury outfit. He is proudest, however, of his being a king pin in the famous Hammond Cedar nine who were twice Western Canadian champions.

He joined the Vancouver Fire Department in 1925 and on their ball team won five B.C. titles. But all this doesn't take into account the fact that he played snappy soccer, rugby and basketball. In 1934 he began a session of umpiring for the Vancouver Senior League Baseball.

Norm joined up with the RCAF in 1940 for he remembered the old days of two years in the last war as a drummer. He is married and has one daughter.

He came from Carberry and you should hear the tales he groans about the RAF. However, he's happy here and thinks that being boss of the Smoky Joe's is a hot job. In short, he's a good scout.

Tyranny

There is nothing new about tyranny—it is as old as man. There is nothing new about oppression—it is old as the deep evils—the brute instincts which are in all of us and which, as civilized men, we govern so that they are harmless to our fellows, or transmute, so they serve a good end. It is freedom which is new—self-government which is the great and daring experiment—democracy which goes forward.

I say this because the totalitarian state says to us—and very plainly—"Democracy is dead and finished. We are the future." But they are not the future. The wave that drives them on is a dark wave from the past—a dark wave from the night of the mind and the night of man. It destroys the beauty of man's building as blindly as it destroys the freedom of man's thought. It has made science the handy man of death. And where it has passed, the ground is salt with anguish.

It must not pass here. We know that. And for that we arm in defence. But weapons alone will

not defend the things we cherish. We must defend them first in our hearts, in our minds, in our lives.

It is not enough to say, "Oh yes, it would be a good thing if we all stood united—but let the other fellow do it first." Unless we all do it together, it will not be done. It is not enough to say, "Look at this injustice and that—how can we defend a system that permits such things?" The injustices in our land are many and great—we know that. But we shall not remedy them by giving up the best means of remedy—the democratic process. It is not enough to pay lip service to democracy and give our real efforts to getting more for one man or class at another's expense. None of these things are enough.

QUESTION and REPLY

You ask that old old question why

Ugly things around us lie;
Did you ever wonder why
There are rainbows in the sky?

DEATH DOES HAVE A STING

As he rests beneath the sod
The atheist looks up at God.

The Only Modern
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.

NuWay Steam Laundry

Phone 454

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

CAPITOL THEATRE
Port Alberni
PROGRAMS FOR THE NEXT
TWO WEEKS

"SWAMP WATER"
with Walter Huston and
Walter Brennan
October 15-16-17

BETTE DAVIS
ANN SHERIDAN
MONTY WOOLLEY
*"The Man
Who Came
to Dinner"*

WARNER BROS' HAPPIEST HIT
with Jimmy Durante • Richard Travis • Billie
Burke • Reginald Gardiner • Directed by
WM. KEIGHLEY • Screen Play by Julius J. and
Philip G. Epstein • A Warner Bros. First Nat'l Picture
From the Stage Play by GEORGE S. KAUFMAN
and MOSS HART • Produced by Sam H. Harris

October 19-20-21

"THE MAGNIFICENT
DOPE"
with Henry Fonda, Lynn Bari,
Edward Everett Horton
October 22-23-24

"H. M. PULHAM ESQUIRE"
with Hedy Lamarr and
Robert Young
October 26-28

"THE CORSICAN
BROTHERS"
with Douglas Fairbanks
October 29-30-31

Democracy

The essence of democracy in action is government by agreement and co-operation. The forms of democracy may change and indeed must change to meet altered situations and new circumstances. That does not matter so long as the new forms are an effective expression of what is cardinal in democracy. Two things are cardinal. The first is the recognition by the state of the importance of ordinary men and women and acknowledgment by those who rule that their authority springs solely from the will of the people and can be determined by the will of the people, that they govern not as masters of the community but as its servants and that the state itself is justified only as an instrument of service and ceases to be justified if it becomes an instrument of coercion. The second is the recognition by ordinary men and women that the state is not something apart from themselves but an expression of their communal will, and they are part of it and that its effectiveness as an instrument of democracy depends upon their service to it and their participation in it.

W. C. U.

The Joeville City Council has been widely split by discussion over the choice of a civic Coat of Arms. The more artistic members insist the design should show two bulldozers, rampant in a sea of mud and encircled by a wreath of planks; while those of a more prosaic turn of mind are holding out for a design of crossed peavys framing a pyramid of beer bottles and supporting a heavily loaded platter of steak and onions.

All this discussion is the result of a growing pride in the dignity and progress of Joeville, which is now a thriving metropolitan centre specially noted for its architectural beauty. Visiting artists and town-planning experts are almost overcome by the celebrated view down the main boulevard, particularly when seen at twilight; and the remarkable City Hall, residence of Mayor Hummel, has no equal amongst the municipal buildings of North America. Yet the civic pride of people of Joeville is not childish or narrow. They frankly admit that they have heard of Victoria, and some have even visited there. Contrast this with the meanness of those who live in the provincial capital. Not only do they never visit Joeville; they even make out they have never heard of the place. This is mere petty jealousy, and it is to be hoped that Joeville will not allow this attitude to interfere with their plan to dismantle and ship the Parliament Buildings, for re-erection next to the Joeville wet canteen.

At the latest meeting of the W.C.U. Debating Society, the subject for debate was "Resolved; that when plumbers die they go to heaven." There was much handclapping from a certain quarter as arguments in support of the resolution were heard, but during the opposition speeches, heckling and interruptions by SGT. J. ROSS were so continuous that the chairman was compelled to order his ejection from the debate. The Sgt., however, being of convenient stature, immediately returned between the legs of the audience, and the noise and interruptions were thereafter so continuous that in order to restore quiet the resolution was changed to "Plumbers, when they die, might get to heaven if their legs are short enough to let them in under the gate." The Sgt., for reasons of his own, agreed to this compromise, and the resolution

**As Clear As a
Continent of Mud**

(Being a part of a stenographic report of a speech delivered by Sir Eddie Beattme, A.B.C., on the occasion of being granted an O. U.T. degree by U.D.T.)

" It gives me great pleasure, at this juncture, Mr. Chancellor, to accede to your request and in a few well-chosen and simple words elucidate for your economically dyspeptic graduates the way in which the present dime chain-letters if laid end to end would stretch around the corner to Prosperity and back again.

You see, when you get a chain letter, there are five or six, or maybe seven or eight names on the top of it. You just send one ten cent piece to the name at the top of the list and then in the five letters you send out, you include your name at the bottom of the list, leaving the top name off.

Now all you send out is one ten cent piece. What you eventually get is \$1560.50. This is what puzzles people. They can't see where the \$1560.50 comes from. The poor dyspeptics! For it's all very simple.

You see, there are five names on the list. And each one send a dime. You multiply the five by five and add— No one moment. There are five names on the list and each one sends his uncle a dime, and you multiply the uncles. No, that's not quite correct either. I seem to have lost a link in my chain of reasoning.

There are five names on the list. Please note that particularly. Each one sends a dime. You multiply the five dimes by the total number of the Dionne babies' teeth as of the 23rd ultimo. And may I observe here, Mr. Chancellor, that if the relationship of the Dionne babies' teeth to the matter under discussion is not recognized it merely goes to show the great lack, which I have before remarked upon, in the students' sense of historical perspective.

I repeat again in order to emphasize the point—there are five

was carried by a show of hands.

SGT. J. C. SMITH suddenly comes out with a stroke of pure constructive genius. He suggests the W.C.U. posts the gang to Coast Construction for temporary duty, collecting the proceeds for immediate local purchase of further tools and equipment. In this way we avoid delay from lack of supplies, and the war almost gets itself on a paying basis.



**THE BRIDE'S
Choice**

**BRIDAL
WREATH
Diamonds**

See them here in vast array! Terms if desired.

**Russell's
JEWELLERS**

Official E. & N. Watch Inspectors
Port Alberni

names on the list. Each one swallows a dime. But of course one swallow doesn't make—Pardon me. Each one sends a dime. That's fifty cents. Everybody gets fifty cents and buys an amateur card. From what is left you subtract your income tax and add the number of centimetres on a centipede. Then you multiply again by .325 and immerse the whole thing in a bucket of cider matured in a waning moon on the lee side of a squint-eyed paperhanger's root house.

At this point Sir Eddie Beattme ran out of both words and dimes. But he got his honorary degree. And for the sake of the judges and readers the writer admits that that is probably the only funny thing in this bit of alleged humoros prose.

THE CATCH

The benevolent old man was trying to instil the spirit of ambition in an obviously enthusiastic office boy. "My boy," he said, "do you know the secret of success in life?"

"No, I don't," the lad replied, frankly. "But I'll bet there's a catch in it—like all the rest of them things. I'll lay you a hundred to eight it's something to do with hard work."

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

ALBERNI HARDWARE

Port Alberni

Phone 146 First Ave.

Headquarters for —
Sporting Goods

Hardware

Builders Supplies

Household
Utensils

Paints and
Varnishes

Marine and Fisher-
men's Supplies



"Co-operation is the keynote of success." This has been very forceably brought home to me recently in my connection with organizing sports and entertainment on this station. I wanted a comedy match, I wanted another boxer, I wanted men to take part in entertainment, I wanted men to help me get the last minute jobs done before a performance. So many fellows on the station have stepped in and helped that I can't help but express my appreciation. The result has been some very successful evenings' entertainment for the pleasure of the station personnel.

The night of the boxing tournament, just enough prizes for the contestants were obtained from the Canteen. F|L Armstrong was asked to present the prizes to the winners and so successful was he that when the presentation was over there were two prizes left. I am asking F|L Armstrong to put on his magicians act at our next concert.

Have you heard the story of the Three Wise Men? First there was Art Stevenson who has been around this coast for about a year. Art keeps his wife in Vancouver since that day a certain tall blonde airman, tried to date her for a dance in P.A. When Long Beach started up Earl Zurrbrigg arrived from Toronto and used a huge tent as a recreation centre until a storm practically blew it away. This district has become such a Boom Town and Stevenson so fat and lazy that another man was needed to look after the outposts. So Les Hardy arrived nice and fresh and green as a cucumber from Toronto. Les spent the past few months in the Toronto Manning Pool. I heard him say the other day that he enjoyed a good shower of rain. These are the three Wise Men. We are all here to do a job and we want to feel that we are making a success of it. The 'Y' office in the Rec. Hall is open for business twenty-four hours a day. If we can be of service let us know.

TWINKLE, TWINKLE

What's a star?
It's just a mass
Of flaming gas,
And there you are . . .
Whether in heaven or Hollywood
The definition holds as good.
W. E. Farbstein.

The Army

By Pte. Dick Di Stasi

It is just 6 months ago that a great number of us bid farewell to Alliford Bay, and now we find ourselves stationed in similar surroundings. The planes, hangars and buildings make us recall to our minds the 3 months that we spent with the Airmen further north. I will not fail to mention the "good ship" Haida, on which many of us have had some unusual experiences and brings back some nasty recollections of the trip across the Hecate Strait. We trust that her reputation with this Station has improved a great deal.

We cannot help but cherish our thoughts of the harmony, co-operation and friendship that existed between the Airmen and Soldiers up there. It is our hope and aim that the same thing will repeat itself between the Airmen and Soldiers here in Ucluelet. Whether it be in the Orderly Rooms, barracks, kitchen, canteen, or wherever the two Services are in contact, let us work side by side with friendship and co-operation.

Starting with the next edition of "The Western Flight" it is the intentions of your correspondents to have news of "what's cooking" in the various branches of the Army on this Station, under the heading of "Army News." I appeal to the men of the Medical Corps, Artillery, Signal Corps, Army Service Corps, Dental Corps, and Can. Scottish for their co-operation in helping to make "Army News" interesting for our readers. Leave all your material, whether it be jokes, short stories, articles, gossip, poems, etc., in the Scottish Orderly Room. Let's rally together and have something good for the next edition.

Guard: "Halt, who goes there?"
Voice: "Who the *O|—●| wants to know?"
Guard: "Pass Sergeant Major."

Time To Wear Heavier Clothes

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

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

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For All Men's
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AIR FORCE
NAVY or
ARMED FORCES

Airman: "Ahyuph-er-ah- I've been going round with your daughter for five years."
Her father: "Well, what do you want? A pension?"

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.

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Hangar Happenings

Continued from Page One

used merely for washing their teeth. Why waste water when it was not necessary to soften one's beard for the razor?

A couple of carefree and work-weeks went by, and the C. O. found on viewing his men that it would be necessary to again make shaving a part of the daily routine, for there had been several cases of mistaken identity. With groans and much moaning, shaving was indulged in after reveille, in a large basin specifically designed for use in washing aero-engine parts. We slept in one-half of the old Sergeant's quarters without the comforting aid of beds, after washing our "boots—lumberman" in the "aero-engine-parts-washing-basin." It was however whispered that H.G. O'K and Johns were seen to linger at the tank in the evenings, the one to wash his shirts, and the latter his new store teeth.

The men looked eagerly forward to their 48's in town—with its bathtubs and cold beer, and where people still laid their mattresses on springs. Yet those were the happiest days of our service careers.

It is said that Sgt. "Scotty" Appleton's incoming mail is all written on YMCA stationary. It is gratifying to know that at least one airman is corresponding only with members of the armed forces.

Four NCO's stepped into the Squadron leader's office. Two of them returned and immediately proceeded with normal duties. Two lingered at the door in a dazed condition. Was this the results of too much sleep, or was it the fluency of the S/L's speech?

LAC Honeyman has distinguished himself in several ventures other than the athletic field. We hear that he held an exalted position in the African Air Force until corrosion robbed him of his aircraft. Later he was fourteenth assistant taster for the Russian Vodka Makers Association. With such a background, how can he fail to make the grade as our coach?

Among his hopefuls are, Gus "Why Shave" Carney, Bull Struthers, Muscles Green, Leather Lungs Ewart and many other local notables. Even F/S Turrell has forgotten his boat for long enough to play a pretty fair game. We understand that the armament section have banded together and formed a team. We challenge 'em anytime, anywhere.

Cpl. Constable has deserted the fold for pastures less lush. He

Subduing Influences

We thank Thee, Lord, for all subduing influences—things and places that soften our voices and measure our footfall:

For those margins to which we come, where we are bidden by something to put off our shoes.

For the sick-rooms where we are constrained to tread softly.

For those gardens in which we lay our dead-areas of tranquillity.

For the eyes of childhood, not yet shadowed by suspicion, or dimmed by prejudice.

For the wood-spaces where all we hear is the song of a stray bird or the cracking of twigs as some wild thing flees from our intrusion.

For "the silence that is in the starry sky, and the sleep that is among the lonely hills."

For God's house where the windows are open to far distances.

For the sight of some worshipper at devotions in the heart of a great city—alone.

For the peal of the organ with no words, when its deep calls to the deep that is in us.

For the sight of pilgrims going towards the sunset, sure of tomorrow.

For the close of day when the stars begin to come out, and for all those tender things that put their hands on our fevered brows and speak of peace.

For the tracks we come across on life's steep ascent, and which never turn back.

For the heart that broke for the world on Calvary.

will be a great asset to the Maintenance section, and we already feel better flying their aircraft. He knows how both halves of the world lives and will be able to present both sides of the picture to certain hard-headed senior NCO's.

"Captain" Hacker has returned to the hangar. He now has complete control over the issue of tools and coca-cola. It is believed that he was relieved of his previous command due to some naval error.

Cpl. Kingston returns from his Seattle 48. He says he only went there to visit the museum and art gallery, and "certain other finer elements of life."

The latest fad around the hangar is to be a man of brawn and iron. We hear that Cpl. Penwill and P/O Lee have finished the Charles Atlas course and are now waiting for the muscles to be forwarded in the next mail.

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