

THE LINK OBITUARY

AT LAST THE WAR HAS STRUCK HOME. The bottom of the manpower barrel has been scraped. Sgt. Samain and his cohorts of the "Missing Link Section" are going after a thirty month stay. As one member of the Link put it, the airforce don't give you time to turn around and get settled.

Needless to say the radio service, electrical service, generator rewinding, jewellery repair and production, button polishing, ribbon mounting, hunting and fishing guide agency (introduction to Indian reservation included), liquor supply, money lending, and shopping service has been discontinued. Great is the sorrow of their passing. Definitely the Link will leave a great gap on the Station for it will be hard to find a group who were more willing to help their fellow airmen. They tackled any problem that was presented to them in a whole hearted manner, and many a sleepless night was spent in the Link bunk room worrying about someone else's problems.

Here they are fellows, Sgt. Samain swingarou of the P.A. system, LAC George Clow, maestro of the movies and fixer deluxe. LAC Patterson "there ain't nuttin' mechanical can beat me, but I can't catch fish". LAC Leibley, new type - a genuine Frenchman who has seen France, and L.J. Ritchie, dead eye Dick of the section, and a real good head.

The officers we have missed for some time, they seem to add some indefinable fellowship to the Mess which has been missed since their earlier posting but hope had not died of their return. Now all are gone. Well so long and good luck till we meet again. That is the sincere wish of all on the Station.

PHILOSOPHY

Since being in the Service we're impressed more and more with the fact that life consists of doing a lot of things we don't particularly want to do at damn inconvenient times.

One of the Educational Officers taking a Nav. class for the first time is reported to have said, (quoting the Saturday Evening Post) "Gentlemen, Navigation is new to you and me. I promise to be an unbiased referee between you and C.A.P. 12."

For eating grapefruit keep mouth open and eyes closed. For success, reverse the process.

THE VALENTINE DANCE

Many a heart was fluttering in true Valentine fashion at the I.L.S. dance in honour of the good saint, Belleville's dashing debs and deb aspirants being the chief reason for the increased palpitations. Well stocked with a repertoire of the latest popular numbers, the boys beat it out, and many a hep-cat, with one eye on heaven and the other minding the lady friend was "out of this world", while the more conservative set trotted around at a faster pace than usual.

The gals undoubtedly were aware of Leap Year and its implications, for, since the dance, three well-known airmen, formerly classed as misogynists, have been walking around with a far-away look in their eyes, and muttering to themselves ...could be ...

Sergeant-Major Inman, resembling a fugitive from Barnum and Bailey, was a "Clowning Success" as Master of Ceremonies. He ran a close second to the refreshments served, as the highlight of the evening.

As the dance drew to a close, the jive artists, and the more sedate, were the better for a well-spent evening.

STATION COINCIDENCES

'Tis rumoured that Cpl. (Zaharias) Birchell, cornerstone of the Gestapo will do battle with LAC (Man-Mountain) Turner of the Motor Transport on the 16th of March. Both are showing up regularly at the Canteen training table.

"Don Juan" Duchesne and "Romeo" Shriner have been rather inactive in town of late. According to reliable information these two gentlemen (?) felt it their duty to give the rest of the station a break.

In the first hockey game of the Station League, Curley Widmeyer ace sharpshooter of the S.P. got himself a goal, while Cpl. Boothby seemed to get only a good shaking up.

The service Police have organized a special Fence Patrol to take care of those who feel it their especial privilege to use the fence instead of the gate. Remember - Forewarned is forearmed.