

WELCOMING THE NEW ARRIVALS

The new boys undergoing baptism a la No.5 just fell on their bunks and went to sleep without changing, at the end of their first day in "Happy Hollow".

No wonder, as soon as the truck stopped, they were collared by diverse immature looking N.C.C.'s of all calibers, from acting corporal to a winged W.O.I with D.C. and two bars. Without warning or a wash, or a word of welcome, they were cleaning rooms, mopping hallways, having a kit inspection, polishing up for a parade, changing into fatigues, changing rooms, kit bags too, marching around on a sight seeing tour, endless tour, trying a I.C. Test which would have stumped "Information Please", changing step until day changed to night, and finally heard their heartless Discip's say "That's nothing if you guys don't smarten up you'll be on an "Extend P" for the duration."

-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-  
MEMORANDUM FROM NO.3 SQUADRON

In the recent sporting events of this Station several of our squad distinguished themselves. In fact No.3 Squad monopolized the Boxing and wrestling events, and the show finally concluded with two members of B. Flight fighting against themselves. (Which was nothing unusual.)

Two wrestlers from B. Flight distinguished or rather, greatly extinguished themselves in a weight for age contest, notable for its unorthodoxy as well as its humour. (The lads couldn't throw a sigh.)

A B Flight member from "Down Under" can swing a left hook too.... according to a member who has designs on polishing all cupboards in B. Ward. Hope the Wing S.L. doesn't peruse this.

The single ends never run short of advice in our Squadron. We have enough fathers to provide aircrew for years... or W.D's eh Renwick?

The Squadron mouse seems to have taken dislike to the uniform of an A Flight member—could it be that he carries some cheese from the Mess in his pocket?

It must be remembered that our Squadron are out to distinguish themselves academically as well as on the field of Sports. What with the enthusiasm of our Squadron Officer, Drill instructor, and instructors on top, we'll do our best to upset the record for average efficiency.

De Nostribus. #101  
N.B. The write refuses to divulge his name for safety reasons.

o o

Is it TRUE that a certain Belleville Blond has objected to the horns in Sergeant Major Owen's mustache? How else can we account for the change?

MEET THE BOYS !

Gentlemen ! May we introduce the Canteen staff ? These humble souls(?) who labour diligently(?) seven days a week, from early morning, until the last beer bottle has been drained, are worthy of recognition. And what greater honour could be accorded any section of the Station, than honourable mention in Flash ?

Theirs is a difficult assignment. We understand that every Canteen Steward must be a qualified diplomat ere he is eligible for that noble trade. Outside of the rather tedious routine, they are the blessed recipients of all complaints, grouchy remarks, griping, and personal worries. When a 48 has been lost by some wayward creature, he looks for sympathy at the Canteen bar. We understand that that item is given gratis to any individual in need of same. And when some chap has been on a bit of a spree and finds himself ill disposed financially, they will gladly extend him unlimited credit, if it does not exceed a dime (that is if he is willing to leave his kit bag as security).

Seriously the lads take an awful ribbing. The hot dogs aren't big enough, the cokes are warm, the cigarettes are stale, the razor blades are dull, the beer is diluted, the candy bars rhyme with frowsy. If there is anything they haven't been accused of yet, give them time, they will be eventually. They certainly help to keep the Station morale up with their friendly chatter, and efficient service.

On occasions, they have been known to dig out their little black book and hand out their personal phone numbers to some lonely airman in need of social companionship. What greater sacrifice could be asked of any individual ?

All in all the entire staff are a bunch of good heads. (no cracks please). And to Sgt. Gluckstein, Cpls. Dale Rowe, and LAC's Nichols (moot my wife) Neveau, Ward, Dorion, and Dupres our salutations and thanks for the good service.

-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-

IS IT TRUE - that Sgt. Hughes is visiting a fortune teller to find out if he will ever get that crown, and when ?

- That Reg. Hackett's bowling average has exceeded a 100 ?
- That LAC Stockford finally got a new issue of underwear ?
- That F/S. Geddes has lost his voice ? (Finders keepers)
- That LAC. Owen talks in his sleep and is forever asking for 43's ?