



OC SOUTH SEA GROUP E.H.I.

We wonder who the little Sgt. Major is who walks down the main street of Belleville with the famous Belleville Belle called "Katrinka"?

Who is Edna? Ask one of the N.C.O.'s of NO.1 Squadron.

We find that Sgt. Johnson can sing. Boy, what a voice that lad has!

Is Sgt. Hughes drawing rations for all the dogs on the station? At any rate they visit the mess at meal times. Our Sgt. has a heart of gold.

Cpl. Rothman claims that he has no sooner put up the ensign in the morning, then finds himself on D.R.O.'s for Orderly Corporal again. Tough, isn't it Marty?

Who, we would like to know, took Cpl. Roberts bicycle the other day?

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ATS MUSIC



Station Sick Quarters

Under the able and efficient direction of Squadron Leader Riddell is the Station Sick Quarters. This is one of the most important units of the station. The duties they perform necessitate someone of the staff being on duty at all hours. It is not merely a matter of looking after ailing airmen, but it includes the wider task of keeping a watchful eye upon the hygiene and sanitation of the whole station. Together with this is the arduous task of checking all incoming and outgoing drafts of trainees.

Sgt. J.W. Brumwell is the N.C.O. in charge. His duties include that of Wardmaster, Dispenser, Clerk Medical, etc. Hailing from Newcastle on Tyne, England, he has been stationed here since August, 1941, when No.5 was first opened. His main ambition at present is to get into aircrew.

Cpl. E. Johnson is assistant Ward Master 'Arry as he is affectionately known is one of the old school. He saw service in the last war with the Royal Flying Corps. Before enlistment he was employed as a First Aid Operator with the Canada Cement Co. at their Port Colborne plant.

L.A.C. G.R. Garner, the Medical Clerk, has one favourite saying: "When am I going to get some hooks?"

Don't become anxious or perturbed when we tell you that L.A.C. D.B. Steenson was an undertaker in civilian life. He has given this up for the duration.

We wonder if it is true that AC1 Mark is really a "Wolf", and that he has broken more hearts than any other man in the R.C.A.F.?

We could not overlook one of the best

Ac2 Robert Cecil Montano of flight 15, is an intrepid recruit from San Fernando, Trinidad. San Fernando is the second largest city of Trinidad, which is situated six miles from the Republic of Venezuela, South America, in a northerly direction.

One of eight children Bob worked for his father prior to his enlistment in the R.C.A.F. He took training in the Sea Scouts and before leaving home was a Skipper of a Sea Scout group.

The outstanding record of the accomplishments of members of the R.C.A.F. in this fight for freedom had reached his ears, and he was moved to join thoroughly believing it to be the finest branch of the service to be found anywhere in the world.

Flying from Trinidad Bob arrived in Montreal on the 18th of February of this year. Upon enlistment he was sent to Lachine, from there to St. Johns, Quebec then to No.1 M.D. at Toronto whence he departed for No.5 I.T.S.

Bob says the fellows in the R.C.A.F. are swell, and he likes the life in the service very much.

After the war AC2 Montano intends to make flying his profession. All the fellows say: "Best of luck to you Bob".

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known men in the Hospital, and that is none other than "Charlie" Semark, the janitor. Charlie always has a story to relate of his experiences in the last war, and after four years of active service at that time, he has plenty of interesting stories to relate. Charlie is quite justifiably proud of the fact that two of his sons and one daughter-in-law are on active service in this war.

The lads in the Hospital are always pleased to tell how the "Bloodhounds", their entry in the Station Bowling league. They not only won the league, but they were good enough to be on the top of the heap all through the schedule.

There was a man from our town,
Who was so wondrous wise,
He could unscram scrambled eggs,
And uncuss custard pies.

The said gentleman is now a messing Officer in the R.C.A.F. Among his chief worries are rations, rationing, rationing and rations. His chief delight is to see the boys racing for the dining room, praising the food, eating everything with gusto, and never failing to go over and tell the cooks how much they enjoyed it. What d'ya mean has the heat struck us? Oh well it's time we got a Coke anyway.