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COMING ATTRACTIONS

Dec. 15-16—
"TIME OUT FOR RHYTHM"
Rosemary Lane,
Rudy Vallee

Dec. 19-20—
"LADY SCARFACE"
Judith Anderson,
Dennis O'Keefe

Dec. 21—
"DEAD MEN TELL"
Sidney Toler, K. Aldrich

Dec. 22-23—
"SHE KNEW ALL THE ANSWERS"
Joan Bennett,
Franchot Tone

Dec. 24-25—
"MAN HUNT"
Joan Bennett,
Walter Pidgeon

Dec. 26-27—
"DANCE HALL"
Cesar Romero,
Carole Landis

Dec. 28—
"SLEEPERS WEST"
Lloyd Nolan, Lynn Bari

Dec. 29-30—
"IN THE NAVY"
Abbott and Costello

Dec. 31-Jan. 1—
"MAJOR BARBARA"
Wendy Hiller, Robert
Morley, Rex Harrison

Show commences at 1945 hours and at 1900 hours on evenings that Vaudeville is shown. No admittance after the box office has closed.

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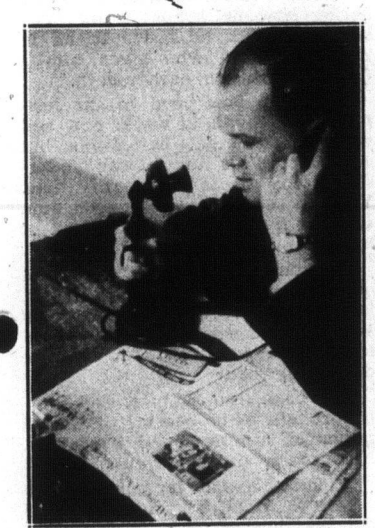
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Read It

or not?

By Cpl. M. E. Rorke



Calling All Readers
To wish you a
Merry Christmas and a
Happy New Year

Jingle bells, jingle bells, and all that sort of stuff. Winter is slowly taking over its usual seasonal activities and our Australian brothers are turning as blue in the face as the uniforms they wear on their back. Cheer up, my hearty coves, this is only the beginning.

Scanning the pages of a weekly paper published in the district every Thursday I noticed the following announcement in the news briefs. (quote) "Mrs. Silas P. Pumpernickle, age 28, gave birth to her fourteenth child this week" (unquote). Well, well, how remarkable and still Friday and Saturday to go.

The boys that work around the pay office are watching with growing concern the queer goings on of one LAC Enfield, a gold medallist who recently arrived at this station. Ever since his arrival this lad has been going around with a far-away look in his eye, shaking his head from side to side and muttering to himself. This six-foot-two-in-his-stocking-foot lad, who hails from the Garden of Eden (Hamilton) kind of brought things to a head one day last week. While walking across the sandpile that borders the new parade square, our hero lost altitude and did a ground loop in the sand. A few minutes later when the roll was being called our hero jumped smartly to attention at the sound of his name and called himself "Duty." You figure it out.

Let'see Alone
"Is May at home?" he asked the maid.
"May who?" (he had her guessing)
"Why Mayonnaise," the man replied.
"Ah, Mayonnaise is dressing."

Being as this is the Christmas season, I thought I would like to do something a little different for you for a change. So I lit the old opium pipe, took three drags, followed by a hashish chaser, and wrote this little one-minute drama. Here it is:

Could Be?
A One-Act Play in One Act
CAST

First Airman—
Sgt. "Louie" Charbonneau
Second Airman—
LAC "Abie" Linzon

Scene: Hangar Road near Clothing Stores. Time: mid-morning.

1st Airman (meeting 2nd airman going opposite way): Aha! I know what you're goink dis way for!
2nd Airman: No, you don't!
1st Airman: Betcha a quarter?
2nd Airman: Okay.
1st Airman: I betch you are goink to scrounge a new unyform?
2nd Airman (looks thoughtful for a minute then puts hand in pocket and hands 1st airman a quarter): Here!
1st Airman: You see, Linzon, I was right after all.
2nd Airman: No, you wasn't right, but the idea is vorth it.

THE END

Well, fellows, the year is drawing to a close. It hasn't been too bad a year at that. We who have been on the station for the whole year have seen a lot of splendid fellows come and go. Many have gone across the pond, others have been posted to different parts of Canada. Our thoughts are very much with them in this festive season and if this paper falls into their hands by any chance we want them to know that we are thinking of them and that we send our best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy, Prosperous New Year.

And now a word about New Year's resolutions. There are some mighty fine resolutions made before New Year's and broken shortly after. One fellow told me he didn't have to make any new ones this year, as he hadn't used last year's yet. The following poem, written by Edgar Guest, is most appropriate.

LORD, MAKE A REGULAR MAN OUT OF ME

This I would like to be—braver and bolder,
Just a bit wiser because I am older;
Just a bit kinder to those I may meet,
Just a bit manlier taking defeat;
This for the New Year my wish and my plea:
Lord, make a regular man out of me.

This I would like to be—just a bit finer,
More of a smiler and less of a whiner;
Just a bit quicker to stretch out my hand,
Helping another who's struggling to stand.
This is my prayer for the New Year to be,
Lord, make a regular man out of me.

DO WE FIT IN?

Most of us would be very much annoyed if anyone suggested that we were not adaptable, that we did not fit into the scheme of things as they are. But it might be a good idea to find out if our much-vaunted adaptability is measuring up to the challenge of these war-time days.

Are we ready for all the demands and denials that are expected of us? Demands on our time, energy, patience, and our pockets? Do we grumble because the pattern of our lives has changed and many of our brightest dreams have perished, or do we gladly sacrifice the present for the hope of a better future?

Are we willing to do without the little personal luxuries that always seemed little enough and our just due?

Are we perfectly happy in wearing that suit that has already seen perhaps two or three winters, because we are giving our nickels and dimes to provide our lads and lassies with the weapons of war?

Of course, if we are measuring up we will know that it's possible to look cheerful and smart, in spite of the fact that our conscience compels us to make these small sacrifices. We don't need to go around with a downcast look on our face; it's good for the morale to look our very best.

If we can do these things willingly and cheerfully, then we have a right to step around with our head held high, because we know that we are fitting in, that we are an asset and not a liability to our grand country at war.

Do we, I wonder, realize the magic and wealth that lies within the following phrase (a little thought) has anyone ever thought or even guessed the power for good contained in it. We must confess all men are brothers, so let us give a little thought, and sympathy, not just one day, but seven days a week, and help to make this troublesome and devastated world a better place to live in.

Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year.
—DAD PARKER

This I would like to be—just a bit fairer,
Just a bit better, and just a bit squarer,
Not quite so ready to censure and blame,
Quicker to help every man in the game;
Not quite so eager men's failings to see:
Lord, make a regular man out of me.

This I would like to be—just a bit truer,
Less of a wisher and more of the doer.
Broader and bigger, more willing to give,
Living and helping my neighbour to live.
This for the New Year my prayer and my plea:
Lord, make a regular man out of me.

So say us all. Well, fellows, I want to say thanks to you all for the support and encouragement you have given me this last year, and to wish you the best of Air Force luck.

BARRIE ACTIVE SERVICE CLUB NOTES

The big "do" for the month concerning the Active Service Club and canteen of Barrie, located on Toronto Street, was the band concert staged by the R.C.A.F. Band, held under their auspices Sunday evening, November 30, at the Roxy Theatre. Details of this concert with pictures appears in another section of this issue. The canteen committee entertained the band and their friends after the show and served refreshments. Among those present at the after-theatre party were Group Captain R. S. Grandy, O.B.E.; Flight-Lieutenant and Mrs. M. F. Badgley, Miss Rhoda Young, LAC Griffin, Mrs. Griffin and their two children, who have recently come to Barrie from Vancouver, B.C.

The Monday night dances, a regular feature of the canteen, are increasing in popularity and the largest turnout of airmen yet appeared at the dance held Monday evening, Dec. 1. As yet it is only the merest whisper of a rumor, but it may be necessary next year to devote two nights a week to dancing.

Another rumor heard last Thursday night that sounds interesting is the possibility of the committee running a "Mystery Night" once or twice a month. These entertainments will be in the form of a party, but no one will know just what kind of party it's going to be until each "Mystery Night" gets under way.

The pages of the canteen's visitors' register contains romance and intrigue. Besides the regular visitors that have signed their names in this record, a lot of colorful personalities seem to have visited the canteen also. Adolf Hitler, Major Bowes, Col. Stoopnagle, Lana Turner, and of course, Mickey Mouse. One young soldier apparently used its pages to establish an alibi of some kind or other. A notation appears to this effect (quote) "I, Private, certify that I was at the canteen twice tonight and that I had a pass, but I lost it. I have witnesses to prove it." A senior N.C.O. used its pages for advertising (quote): "For sale, a watch by a sergeant-major with swiss movements" (unquote).

Don't forget the regular Thursday night card games. Prizes are given and refreshments are served. The Active Service Club and Canteen of Barrie wish to take this opportunity of wishing all the men of Borden a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. Also we want to tell you that you are always as welcome here as you would be in your own homes.

—CANTEEN REPORTER.

A stack of writing paper which, if piled sheet upon sheet, would reach to a height of 750 feet, or more than 1½ times the height of the British Empire's tallest building, the Canadian Bank of Commerce Building in Toronto, is used every month by the men of the Navy, Army and Airforce who frequent Canadian Y.M.C.A. War Services Centres in Canada and Overseas.