

COULD BE!

BOXING

We are sitting around our recreation room listening to our Great Sergeant Graham, who is at the moment employed in nonchalantly sinking all the balls on the pool table with one stroke.

"Talking of putting a Loud Speaker up at Station Headquarters in order to check up on the fellows that think they honour the Ensign," says the Great One. "Good idea," we all immediately return in unison. (We always agree with him, he's a Sergeant.)

Oh well, it's getting late—guess we will turn in and get an early night. In bed we are mulling over in our mind the (very) Loud Speaker. Quite an idea, really, although we wouldn't want Graham to think we agree with him. And so to sleep. Before we know it 0700 hrs. has come and we are walking up to the pay office to await the Paymaster whom we hope won't be too affected by the cold weather to give us a small advance. Gee, he won't miss a Fin we hope, skeptically.

Bid "Good morning" to the Guards at the Barrier and sleepily but never the less sincerely they return the salutation. Awful job that guarding

In the Attention Area now and we turn smartly to the right as we pass the appointed place and give a salute that would make any disciplinarian mention us in any despatch. Might even make up a special despatch—might even give us the Leather Medal, who knows? "Hey you," fairly booms a voice from out of nowhere, and suddenly. Our knees knock a bit. "Gee," we muse to ourselves, "what a voice! What power of command! Sure am glad he isn't bellowing at me."

"You there you & () ch !! dope!" There it is again, even more furious than before. Boy, that guy sure is sore at someone. Can't blame him—some people are awfully slow in the morning, we think.

Another tirade of commands and oaths issue from the L.S. We look around. Migawd there isn't a soul around. Why, that man must be crazy, or maybe he is just practising. Sure, of course, that's it—he's practising. How stupid of us, why didn't we realize that before. Nice and early, nobody around, except the Guards, and they don't mind—breaks the monotony for them.

Suddenly there is a noise from what might be the L.S. but what sounds more like a Harvard forced landing on a field of Persian cats. It's that man again. Eeegad (comes the dawn) he's yelling at us! Back we scamper—full of fear and expectation of something horrible. We stand stiffly in front of a window—there is a steady rat-tat-tat-ing—it's our knees again—nothing we can do



The "Mourning" After the Fight Before

Scene in dressing room after dual boxing meet between R.C.A.S.C. and No. 1 S.F.T.S. Hartford, Keegan and LeBlond are shown in the centre background.

about that. We peer in the window through the frost—and there "it" is. Eyes fairly popping out of head—face crimson to the hair-roots. Moustache actually bristling! And in his hand a mike. (Said hand being partially covered with a crowned sleeve.) "What do you salute that flag-standard for?" screams the voice at us through the L.S. "Honouring the Ensign, sir." (We risk that "sir" we don't know whether he is entitled to that or not.)

"Are you blind?" it booms. We look around at various objects and discover that we can see quite well considering the early hour. "No, sir," we venture.

"Can't you see there is no flag up there at this hour of the morning?" We turn around and look—well, now, neither there is.

"Seventeen months C.B. and the duration will be spent peeling potatoes."

"Gad," we say to ourselves, "what a sentence." Won't need that Fin after all.

Then we wake up wondering why we have a headache—and didn't we go to bed early last night?

—ITCHY BURNS.

Of all the heavenly bodies, says an astronomer, the sun is the only one indispensable to the earth.

SEE WORKOUTS OF BOXING TEAM

A boxer, like an actor, sees little if anything of the show. First he has to prepare himself; then he enters the ring—after his bout he is busy preparing to fit himself once again for the public gaze. So here's to our boxing team, who are working hard to give us a hectic night of fisticuffs in the near future. A little encouragement goes a long way, and you are cordially invited to the Drill-Hall on Monday Wednesday and Friday evenings to watch the boys work out. Despite the great loss of Cpl. LeBlond's enthusiasm and organizing ability, good progress is being made. The punching power of LAC Stewart, the closer fighting of the two-fisted LAC Linwood, the speed of AC2 Keegan, the improvement of LAC Hartford's footwork and defence, and the rough and tumble of the "sophomores," will provide the cognoscenti with plenty of argument and goodwill towards the boys who will represent the No. 1 S.F.T.S. in a season of campaigning wherever challenged. Recent arrivals are asked to come forward and prove their quality by taking instruction in this manly art of self defence.

ABBREVIATIONS CAUSE TROUBLE

The man and woman approached the theatre, evidently expecting an evening's enjoyment. As the man stepped forward to purchase the tickets the woman grabbed his arm. "I do not want to see this show, Alfred; I do not like Chinese plays," she exclaimed.

"But this is not a Chinese play." "It certainly is—the title is right there on the front of the theatre—Sun. Mon. Tu."

The training period was being extended so that pilots might learn better by not having to "cram," the speaker said. Stressing the importance of physical fitness, he declared that there would be an increase in "P.T." instruction.

COWLEY ANNOUNCES LONGER AIR COURSE

Student pilots training at British Commonwealth Air Training Plan service flying training schools, in future will train for 12 weeks, instead of 72 days as in the past, and the course may later be extended to 14 weeks.

This statement was made by Air Commodore A. T. N. Cowley, A.D.C., air officer commanding No. 4 Training Command, as he spoke at graduation ceremonies Tuesday afternoon, at the No. 3 S.F.T.S., Currie, Air Commodore Cowley told the graduates that their course was the last under the 72-day system.

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WEATHER: WORSE, IF POSSIBLE

THE EDENVALE MUDSLINGER

1st Copy 1st Edition October 31st, 1941 Free of Charge

DEDICATION

To the Officers, N.C.O.'s and men of Edenvale, the stout-hearted stalwarts who left the cheery warmth and comforts of Camp Borden and ventured into the unknown lands of mud and swamps of Minesing.

THE OCCUPATION

The October dawn broke grey and cold over the still, small (or still small) "village" of Edenvale. The handful of guards and natives yawned bitterly and turned their backs on the flurries of snow. The 'drome was still and dark and quiet.

Then suddenly a roar of planes overhead—one, two, three, four—they counted (that's all, they couldn't count any more). But no! Plane after plane circled, landed and unloaded (the guards were still trying to find out what four times seven plus two was) whilst in the rear approached our armored fighting vehicles, loaded to the gills with sleepy personnel. In the half light of the morning the 'drome and guards were surrounded—and so were we—with mud.

The whole engagement lasted only half an hour. Prisoners included one red-headed, frostbitten corporal and ten half frozen AC's suffering from (1) loss of memory and (2) severe cases of trigger-finger itch. As they laid down their arms a sigh of relief was heard. For them the war was over—another victory lost and won and Edenvale was ours. Why?

Editor's Note: For the first correct answer the Edenvale Mudslinger will gladly cease publication.

TRIBUTES

To the Cooks—The food is swell.  
To LAC Shea who brought the beer and  
To the M.T. Section—our only contact with the outside world—Greetings and salutations!

SPORTS

Nil—as yet.  
Badminton in the offing.  
The bowling alleys and billiard tables will soon be in condition—but not this war!

ADVERTISEMENTS

FOR SALE or to give away: One berth—upper or lower—at R.C.A.F. Station, Edenvale. Apply any airman stationed there.  
Post-War Occupations  
Wanted: Employment by an Arctic Exploration Expedition: Approximately 115 experienced Officers, N.C.O.'s and men now serving at R1, Edenvale. Ready now for anything. Will supply own frozen ears, etc. Write don't phone above address.

BIRTHS

LAC Shallhase gave birth to a kitten this morning when he woke up and found that it wasn't a dream after all.

OBITUARY

None yet—but there will be if the man is located who selected this place for an aerodrome.  
The Edenvale Mudslinger is edited weekly at Edenvale, Ontario, with kind permission of Squadron Leader J. B. Flowerdew.  
Editor: LAC Robart, C. H., and AC2 Watson, J.

EDITORIALS

Two very pleasant scenes at Edenvale:  
(1) Watching the senior N.C.O.'s stand in line for meals.  
(2) Watching the Officers shave in cold water.  
Any contributions to these columns by personnel of this station will be appreciated.

JOKES?? OR CORN??

The AC2 had been given complete instructions in the paying of compliments but day after day he continued to make mistakes. One day the Squadron Leader came into the hangar and was greeted by the AC2 with "Hi-Ya, boss!" The verbal barrage from the S/L was terrific and when he was through the bewildered AC2 simply said: "Gee, Boss, if I knew you were gonna be that mad I wouldn't have spoke to you at all."

LOST AND FOUND

LOST: Tuesday, 28/10/41, in the vicinity of Edenvale, the shine from 115 pairs of boots. Finder can keep same.

POETRY?  
Edenvale

Edenvale, Edenvale, land of the fair  
Land of the mud and bush and slime  
Land of the fresh, fast-frozen air  
For all of an acre, not worth a dime.

The barracks are new and reek of paint,  
We wash outside in a frosty tent,  
The food is good—but the plumbing aint,  
And what heat we get is heaven sent.

However, for all the Lardships we bear  
We shouldn't swear or even curse.  
We might have had to sleep in tents  
And all caught colds, or even worse.

AC2 TRAVERS.

COMMENTS BY CURLY

Edenvale is not so bad no matter what they say about it and one thing to be thankful for is that we are clear of Borden. But don't be surprised if you see Borden coming over the hill some day. And that is not unlikely if they don't do something about the cockroaches there.

When a pilot falls out of an aircraft, what does he fall against?  
Against his will, of course.

Now that we have decided to call this rag the "Edenvale Mudslinger" everyone should try to dig up all the dirt they can. Throw all the dirt as it were.

The usual mascot for an R.C.A.F. Station is a pigeon; at Edenvale it should be a mudhen.

F/L Raymond: What was it now that I was going to say?  
Brother Officer: What do you think I am—a mind reader?

Did you ever hear tell of a horse marriage: A bride with a wagon behind.  
Au revoir.

Prophetic vision of Tennyson's "Locksley Hall," written over 100 years ago).

"For I dipped into the future  
Far as human eye could see,  
Saw the vision of the world and all

The wonder that would be.  
Saw the heavens filled with commerce,

Argosies of magic sails,  
Pilots of the purple twilight  
Dropping down the costly bales.  
Heard the heavens filled with shouting,

And there rained a ghastly dew  
From the nations' airy navies,

Grappling in the central blue."  
Then he says:

"Till the war drum throbbed no longer  
And the battle flags were furled,  
In the parliament of man  
The federation of the world,  
There the common sense of most shall

Hold a fitful realm in awe,  
And the kind earth shall slumber  
Lapt in universal law."

Let us all "work and strive" that this prophecy may be fulfilled.  
—Submitted by Cpl. Stocker.  
Maintenance 15 Hangar.

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