

# SHOWER!

COAL HARBOUR 23 MAR '44. VOL.3 NO.12.

DO YOU DANCE ?

The new Entertainment Committee, with F/O Rogers navigating at the helm, is hoping to see everyone out on Saturday March 25th, 1944, at 2200 hours in the Station Rec. Hall for the Station Dance. The orchestra has been arranged for, the floor will be polished, and a number of very attractive young ladies from Port Alice, have volunteered to take their chances dancing with anyone on the station. All that is required now is a little support from the boys here. We cannot hope to entertain you if you refuse to co-operate with your committee, so how about dropping in to the Rec. Hall at 10P.M. on Saturday 25 March

The evening will consist of Dancing and refreshments (at intermission) "All this and women too", for the small sum of half a dollar, or in the King's English, Fifty Cents. Again, we repeat, your appearance at the dance is earnestly solicited.

CANTEEN NOTES

Our canteen is still going over the top with a bang. All nicely painted and decorated in tasty fashion it has proven the ideal lounging spot for all ranks. There is now no question whatever of how the boys like the idea - they do and how. We have one little request from the ladies, however, they would like to see the ash trays used to a greater extent. That does seem to be a reasonable request so how about it, boys?

We have a few more names to be added to the list of ladies who have helped put the idea over. The response to the appeal for more help has been good but there is always something to do for a few more if they care to come along. Names we

wish to add to the list this week include Mrs. Backus, Elsie Calahan, Dottie Harris, Bessie Lawes, Gerry Maylor, Mrs. Knox, Mrs. Walt, Mrs. Benton, Donna Russel and Mrs. Inks-ter, Mrs. Bennett.

PERSONALITY

Again this week the Shovel has no personality (we hope you don't take that too literally) item. A couple or three weeks ago we revived the idea and dressed it up in rather a different form from that used in most Service papers. Last week we asked for your comments. We received none so we can only assume that our readers don't care for them. So no Personality write-up.

THE SHOVEL

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Major; Get a hair-cut, like mine.  
Joe: What? and have it show every bone in my head?

MALE CALL

by Milton Caniff

WHAT YOU HEAR IS A ROOMER

SMA LL BORE RIFLE CLUB

Apparently some of you are not familiar with the Club's activities yet, or are rather afraid to take on the kicking end of a .22 rifle. We will be only too pleased to see more out at the range on Monday, Wednesday or Saturday. Arrangements are being made for what should be a very interesting season and anyone interested is asked to get in touch with the club committee. Inter-section meets are under discussion at the present time and, we hope to see some close competitions in the near future. Your suggestions or comments will be very welcome.

PADRE'S CORNER

This week the Padre has been up to Cape Scott and has not yet returned, but we have been asked to pass along an appeal for help to fix the new Chapel. Many hands make light labour, so let's see a real gang on hand.

THE SHOW MUST GO ON

Mr. Nixon, speaking on behalf of the Y.M.C.A. War Services under whose auspices the "Footlight Follies", which played in the Rec. Hall Friday evening, was put on has asked us to pass his thanks along to S/L Smith and the Hospital Staff for the swell job they did in patching up Freddy Gordon so that he could take part in the Show.

As most of you are aware Freddy made his appearance in a wheel chair. What you may not have known was that he had sprained both ankles in an accident while tramping through the woods at Hardy. It was a very painful accident and it was only after many hours that the hard working M.O. was able to get the M.C. in shape so that the trip to Coal Harbour could be tackled. The Hospital Ambulance was used to get him here and it was a Hospital wheel chair that was used by the M.C. in his appearances on the platform.

A world of credit is due both to Freddy for the stamina he displayed in carrying on and to the Hospital Staff for the work they did getting him here at all.

PADDY DAY AT THE PORT

The Coal Harbour Concert Group took part of their program to Port Alice last Saturday night and there put it on for the citizens of that centre during the intermission of the St. Patrick's Day dance.

In addition to the concert group the station basketball team made the trip to play the Port Alice hoopsters. The Air Force boys struggled gamely, but were defeated by a score of 43 - 34 (Ed. note: no guarantee of score's accuracy given)

Navy man Cliff Bristow, now posted, he of the lovely voice, M.C.'d the floor show at P.A. and sang three numbers. The Doris Williams-Bill Clough-Jimmy Holdom trio went over, too, and no wonder. The comic touch was added by the Palsson dance group ably seconded by Jim Gregg and Sid Rambaut. Imitator Ted Weaver and the Westerners with Patterson calling completed the program.

Music for the dance was supplied by the Station Orchestra, and comments from every side rated them "solid".

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LOST - Somewhere in the Admin. building last week, one cap field service by LAC Castley while helping to run off the "Shovel".

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FOR SALE - The Airmen's Canteen Committee wishes to remind personnel, both living in and living out, that soup is on sale for \$1.20 per dozen tins in the Airmen's Canteen.

THANKS FOR THE CREST

We have been requested by the Canteen Committee to thank F/L Brown for the crest which he made and donated to the Coffee Bar. It is truly a work of art. F/L Brown's posting came as quite a surprise. He will be missed as he took a very active part in Station activities. His greatest love was the Hobby Shop, where he not only turned out such excellent work himself, but proved to be both friend and teacher to all who spent so many enjoyable and useful hours there. All here wish him the best of luck.

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FOOT LIGHT FOLLIES SCORES AT COAL HARBOUR

Footlight Follies, the concert so ably presented by Fred Gordon and his seven varieties of talent, on Friday March 17th was voted a great success in its aim of "diversion from our narrowing field of entertainment and thought!" Coal Harbour could well do with more of its like.

The show was opened by Eleanor Brasington "dancer and singer" of "the Brasington Kids" whose brother is in the RCAF. She is originally from Winnipeg, the home of an increasingly large number of popular artists of the stage and screen.

Vancouver was well represented with the city's choice entertainers among the cast. Perhaps the best known generally, are "Roy Wheeler" Magician and Society Entertainer, and "Ab Hine" recognized as Canada's "King of the Banjo, and of the Hine Studio of Music". It will be interesting to know that many of Roy's tricks were perfected by himself including the best of the lot.

June Hunt, whose pleasant voice was well liked and enjoyed by all, is another credit to Vancouver. The show wouldn't have been complete without Helen Pearce, dancer and

dancing teacher of Vancouver.

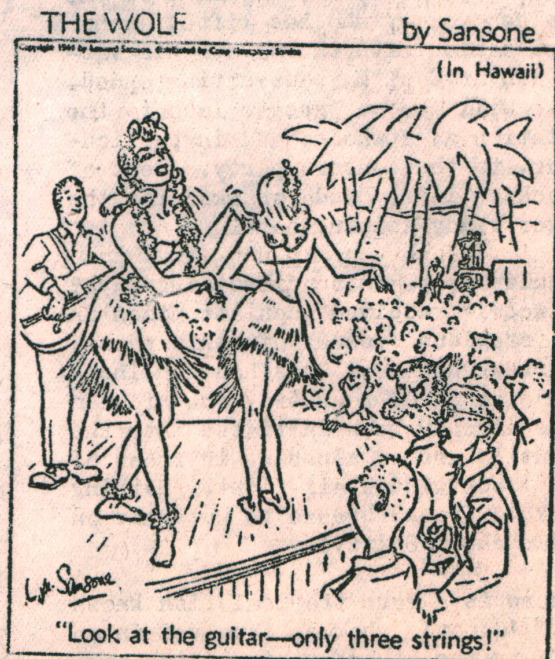
Outstanding is the voice of Maxine Carrol from St. Paul. Seldom do we have the opportunity to hear a voice as clear and well controlled as Maxine's. The boys of Coal Harbour say "we could listen to her every day and never grow tired of hearing her sing".

All concerts owe much to the pianist for their success and this support was tops as given by Phebe McKinnon of Vancouver pianist of the service shows unit.

Fred Gordon of Texas has been in show business all his life and is well known in Hollywood and other parts of the USA and Canada. He was six months at the Palomar in Vancouver. His accident in no way seemed to hamper his excellent performance both in his capacity as MC or in the various appearances he made as an accomplished entertainer.

On behalf of the people of Coal Harbour I wish to thank Mr. Gordon and his troupe for an excellent and enjoyable show.

Cpl. E.P. Miller.



AIRMEN'S LOG

A very quaint and Coal Harbourish story has come to our attention, in a certain Johnny Curry, who, in the midst of the gentle art of laundering personal belongings, asked if it was the proper procedure to starch socks after they were washed. Further comment is not necessary!

There is another gentleman on the Station, travelling about under the guise of 'Blackie' who was observed to enter the airmen's mess the other morning, remove his hat, and reveal to a startled audience, one comb still in the midst of plying through his hair. Who brought up this 'bushed' business anyway?

It might be appropriate at this time to refer all Electricians to our own Cpl. Blackmore, for instructions in the art of shortening a length of wire. Apparently, after a great deal of hard labour and nasty language, the said cable was repaired, only to find that the shortening procedure did not take place, which could be quoted in "A stitch in time saves nine"-----get it? -- Neither do we!

At this time we would like to say good bye to one of the best ----- Cliff Bristow, our sailor of the golden voice, who has lifted anchor and sailed with the tide, his vacation at Coal Harbour having ended. It will be a great loss to the station as a whole, and in particular, to the concert party. Best of luck, Cliff, and thanks for the ever ready helping hand.

Could it be that advertising pays? Since it received such attention in a previous issue of this paper, barrack Room C.4 has had an increase of three boarders, one of whom has already been initiated into the gentle art of sleeping in front of an open window all night. Nothing like a fresh breeze to put hair on your chest Smitty!

There is a rare tropical fish known as 'Guppy' who was involved in an affair the other evening which consisted of rudely passing a sailor through a window. It was quite a surprise to the same Guppy, when he found himself grasped bodily by the the same sailor and out the window too.

IF(With Apologies to Kipling)

If you can keep your chips when all about you  
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you  
Or see your pals go Overseas without you  
And swallow it and never murmur "Boo"

If you can live in boredom on a Station  
Beyond all hope of action in the strife  
And claim you like the bloomin isolation  
And make it sound convincing to your wife.

If you can wade through months of rainy weather  
And never get the flu or whooping cough  
And shine your brass and polish soggy leather  
Each time the mire sucks your rubbers off.

If you can smile into those growling mashes  
Each time there comes that sudden clash of wills  
Or scrub out miles of urinals and flushes  
To work off pep your fighting blood distills.

If you look fondly forward to reveille  
And smile upon that slumber jarring sound  
That interrupts your fondest dream of Sally  
And tip the bugler on his morning round

If you can stand two hours at attention  
And hold it till the final note is played  
And never think of things you dare not mention  
Each time the I.G. holds a grand parade.

If you can answer "Yes" to each sincerely  
The way an Airman is supposed to do  
You won't be hero, saint and martyr merely  
But what is more you'll be an A.C.2.

Sergeant 'Tommy' Tomlinson

NON-COMMENT

The Mess had a very pleasant task to perform on Saturday noon when it fell to their lot to play hosts to Freddy Gordon's group of entertainers. Freddy himself was convalescing and was unable to attend. The rest of us had a grand old time. This idea of entertaining the entertainers is super or was it that they entertained us. We had a vdry witty little speech from Wheeler the Magician minus all evidence of rabbits and (darnit) drinks out of handkerchiefs. Maxine Carrell favoured with a couple of very delightful numbers. June Hunt and Eleanor Prassington came to bat with a hot Western duet. We all came to bat in a few sing-song items. The ever faithful Phoebe McKinnon was at the piano.

All in all Saturday was a red letter day as the Mess Dinner was held in the evening. We had chicken 'n everything. There wasn't a hungry looking face in the house as the gang came streaming out of the dining room. Our Messing Committee headed by FS Garvin was certainly right on it's toes.

Don't look now but here comes our Orderly Sergeant. It seems, (the evidence may be somewhat circumstantial) that Tommy the Tomlinson has taken right up where the WAG Sgt. Clarke left off. Keep it up boys. It postpones our tour at that band.

Sgt. Bourgeois woke up mopping his face and complaining about waking up in an awful sweat. The Shadow informs us that the Sargo was badly misinformed. Some playful boy had dumped a quantity of luke warm water over him. That sweat was no nightmare.

Promotions have brought a few more new faces to the Mess. The new Sgts are F.W. Collins, W.E. Hope, R.A. Huggins, W.M. Cryderman, C.S. Bissol, G.J.T. Bayliss and R.R. Noyce. Welcome to the Mess, boys.

Another old-timer who had become more or less of an institution has gone the posting trail. This time it's FS Riley who has more than survived the two year mark here. The Flight is headed for a locale very near his old home and is quite happy about everything.

MESS-CELLANY

The Mess was honoured last weekend by a visit from Air Marshal Lookie, Chief of the Air Staff and party. We hear that many improvements are contemplated around the Station as a result of his visit.

Some fine entertainment was in force on Friday Evening when the troupe were here - and strangely enough Curley Downey managed to get checked out as Group "A" Wolf on the same evening - Coincidental - something to do with St. Bonifacio we understand.

P/O Park is really going to be hot on the ball diamond this summer, judging from his early training efforts. He managed to clip Paul Sorol's finger with an orange from great range the other evening - quite a fruitful game - who is the married living out Observer who thinks stag parties are such a grand idea - and we are looking for a F/O WAG - who - we hear was seen paddling in the Bay on Tuesday evening with trousers rolled knee high - those WAGs seem to have an affinity for water, since it isn't so long ago that Al Singleton tried to swim in the Valve Pit behind the Maintenance Hangar - something to do with some floating stopping stones wasn't it, Al?

We are considering starting a Gall-up Poll in the Mess on the subject of Long Range Tanks - some people claim there were three - others claim four - and one Hughes claims five - some info would be welcome on this.

The Observers All Star 'FolleyBall' announce that they will take on all comers - so stop up boys. We will even play "Bonar and his Bums" if they want another 'whipping'.

Adios.

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Once upon a time three bears were walking on the desert.

Papa bear sat on a cactus and said "Ouch!"

Mama Bear did likewise and said "Oh!"

Baby Bear sat on a cactus and said nothing, just sat.

Mama Bear turned to Papa Bear and said, "Gosh, I hope - I hope we're not raising one of those Dead End Kids."