

SHOVEL!

COAL HARBOUR - 12 - OCT - 44 ~ VOL:3-NO:39

"INVEST IN VICTORY"**CHART PORTRAYS PROGRESS OF THE
SEVENTH VICTORY LOAN**

F/O Dickson has spent a great deal of time and patience making a board to show the sale of Victory Bonds during the coming drive. The board is to be placed either inside or outside the Airmen's Canteen.

The board is a map of the North Pacific with the west coast of Canada on one side and the east coast of Asia on the other. Running down the board are lines similar to the lines of longitude. At the top and bottom of these lines are small red bombs with numbers on them to represent the percentage of sales. Along the top the numbers run from 0 to 100% - along the bottom from 100% to 200%.

Each section has a Catalina aircraft. The idea - each section is to get their aircraft across to the top of the board, drop a bomb on Tokyo (100%) and try to get the aircraft back safely to base (200%).

Also on the board are aircraft to represent other west coast stations so that we may compare our sales with others in this Command.

The rest is up to YOU and YOU and you! Let's get all the aircraft over to bomb Tokyo and bring them back to safety. Let's really put this Seventh Victory Loan away over the top. By so doing you will not only be speeding the day of victory but you will be helping yourselves.

AVIS
ACHTUNG
NOTICE

Eastern Air Command has held the Deputy Minister's Shield for victory loan subscriptions for the past year. WAC has challenged EAC - and now it is up to you to help get the shield out to the west where it belongs!

A.O.C. VISITS COAL HARBOUR

Air Vice Marshal Hoakes visited the station one day this week to speak for a few minutes to the Station Victory Loan Committee.

He spoke briefly on the value of the Victory Loan. Quote: "The Victory Loan is a national necessity. Canada has done a wonderful job in paying her way in this war by means of taxes and victory loans. The alternatives would have been lesser participation in the war and inflation."

"The value of bonds to the individual cannot be over-emphasized. They are a nest egg against the day of re-orientation, - - - giving one confidence and a feeling of independence." Unquote.

He hopes that everyone will back the Victory Loan to the limit of their resources!

VVVVVVVVVV

THE SHOVEL

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ORCHIDS TO THE PADRES

Thanks go to Padres McLaren and Harrison for the splendid organization of the Sunday evening entertainment - everyone thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

Also a vote of thanks to the women of the village who helped serve the refreshments!

9 C.M.U.

These grey shirts hanging from shovels are in reality C.M.U. personnel in the act of building roads. You have probably noticed just recently, a congregation of said shirts leaning on shovels in front of the Admin. building. When the dust cleared you observed a road. That is how C.M.U. operates. C.M.U. doesn't stand for "Continual Mix Up" or "Cement Mixers Union" as it may seem but it does mean Construction and Maintenance Unit.

Headquarters in Vancouver has sent a capable O/C in the person of P/O Smith who is ably assisted by "Here comes the Major, blokes" Doyle. Under the direct guidance of Sgts. McIntyre, Hoffer, Bont, and Leonard we have managed to complete the task set before us, and of course our corporals were indispensable. The boys who actually manipulate the first, second and third class levers such as cross-cut saws, pick axes and shovels, can be divided into two groups: The regular C.M.U. and the Aircrow boys who are waiting to go to Service Flying Schools to finish their flying training and finally win their wings. Incidentally here's their theme song. Nobody knows exactly who composed the words. It goes to the tune of "I'll be Seeing You".

I'll Be C.M.U.

I'll be C M U
Until there are no roads to lay
Until we hear Mr. Dumbrillo say
that we are through.
On that old slipway
The ditch across the way
With pick and cross-cut saw
We work until our hands are raw.

I'll be C M U
Until I get my chance to fly
They say we'll get it by and by
But 'till we do you can't deny
We wake up with the morning sun
And work 'till day is through.
Yes I want to be a pilot
But I'll be C M U.

The Aircrow Trainees wish to express their sympathy for the regular CMU, who have to stay here in the bush. We've sure had a lot of good times together what with such characters as Willie (yipo) Williams

and Charlie (Hoorah) Korr. The rest of the boys have taught us a lot of tricks in the "fine art" of road-building. We hope to see you all again soon in civvies on "Main Street".

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor,

Could you help locate my flashlight, please? It was left in the Airmen's Mess at 2345 hrs. on Monday, Oct. 2. It was left for ten minutes and some person took it - perhaps by mistake? It was brown, marked H A T C H I. A whole night crew of four depended on this light so we'd appreciate it, if it could be returned to the Heating Section.

Yours in anxiety,
P/O in A2 Barracks

WEAK IMITATOR

Samson was a strong man, a wide man,
a long man,
Wrapped his mighty arms around the
pillars of the house
Pulled and strained with furious will,
bent his shoulders down until - -
Crash! The building tumbled crush-
ing Samson like a louse.

Hitler was bold man, a cold man, a
scold man,
Made his name a terror and his myr-
midons a dread.
Now he bends in pallid fear, knowing
that the end is near,
And the pillars of the Reich are
tumbling on his head.
(Saturday Night J.S.M.)

DEADLINE FOR SHOW COPY WILL BE

TUESDAY NOON FROM NOW ON!!

CHINNIN' WITH THE WIMMIN'

The rafters of the old Recreation Hall resounded with a new glory Sunday evening at the eight o'clock service. Padre McLaren has effected a wonderful change due to the fact that his service is now held in the evening instead of morning, as was previously arranged.

The Hall, dimly lit by candles and the warm radiance from green and red lights breathed the all-inspiring atmosphere of a church for one evening. The choir consisted of seven W.D.s, six Airmen and one civilian woman - adding a finishing touch of serenity as their voices blended in song. We anticipate results from the choir and F/L McLaren hopes for many new members.

The Community singing and refreshments following the service were heartily enjoyed by all. Is it authentic that Father Harrison's indulgence amounted to seven doughnuts?

Many have been the satisfied comments on the entire social and we are eagerly anticipating future evenings.

Let us all join in this Sunday evening rally.

It was overheard on Thanksgiving Day that the Officer's Mess enjoyed turkey, the Sergeants feasted on fowl and that the Airmen had fowl (s) too.



"Evsudropour!"

W--DEEZ

Corn Likker! Don't ever let any one tell you it's only the prairie gals that can barn dance. Tho' Phil did wield a mean hip the other night in the Airmen's Canteen, Kay McKay and Jeanie Welch showed their strain of hillbilly blood by really stomping it out in fine fashion. However it turned out to be more of a marathon after a while -- one of the dances lasting for 25 minutes. Who says we don't get enough P.T.? That's enough PT to last anyone for a month.

WOULD YOU LIKE

TO BE AWAKENED
BY A CHEERFUL VOICE
SAYING

GOOD MORNING
TIME TO GET UP!

SEE AW1 McALLISTER TODAY
AND LET HER START YOUR DAY OFF RIGHT

Many thanks to the three W.D. Canteen stewards, Lou, Tony and Gwen, for their swell co-operation in keeping our canteen open most of the day and for having that steaming hot coffee always ready too. We shift workers really appreciate it!

From the Rec Hall comes news that the WD's are soon to make a name for themselves. Reports Gary - "I was very pleased about the large turnout on Tuesday evening and the girls led by S/O Orr are really well away to a good start." We're talking about the big show, of course!

I think enough has been said now about last Saturday's dance, that everyone had a wonderful time etc. But one thing we can be kinda proud of are the remarks made generally by the members of the stronger sex that the WD's on masse were sure a knockout in their civvies! We can be beautiful!

AIRMEN'S LOG

Well kids, we had a very smart dance on Saturday nite. As a matter of fact the C. O. remarked that he thought it was the best dance yet. I'm sure we all agree that he is an authority around these' hyar parts.

The decorations were super. The ideas were supplied by our new Y.M.C.A. man, Don Marlett and ably carried out by Bill Kinisky.

Cpl. Eric Inglis, the Army sax-player is now a Daddy. Small wonder he had something to toot about on Saturday nite.

While we are on the subject orchids to Louise Bichenham and Sammy Yashinsky for their fine vocals. They were assisted by Art Dunn at the piano and we all agree that the R.C. padre is right there with his fiddle. Also heard that we may have a new addition to the band.

Soon, we are going to hear wedding bells. Seems that Pare found Penny and being at least that much financially ahead of the game they stand a good chance. Now you won't have to shave every day, Pare.

Well what do you know. It appears that Cpl McNeill was waiting at the phone for a certain Flight Sergeant to call and ask her to the Church affair. The moral is: It's still better than having been left waiting at the Church. Don't you agree Micky.

Sgt. Hoffer and Connie, the all-American kid, are walking around rather moon-eyed. Connie has the Sergeant singing "Dark eyes' haunt me so."

Who is the dark looking Corporal from maintenance that got himself all spiffed up for the dance, partook of a little refreshment and then went to bed. Could it be-why yes it is - it's - sorry folks he just paid off.

What was LAC Ross doing wandering around No. 7 back alley at five a.m. Sunday morning.

Glad to note that Mr and Mrs Hughes who were rather badly burned when their home w:

their home caught fire, are now out of the hospital. Their excellent dance routines will be remembered by a good number of people.

Charlie Kerr - 9 C.M.U. local strongman has been posted. Tarsan will surely be missed by the rest of the gorillas.

Comments at the Dance

"How are you enjoying the dance Mrs. Boardmore?"

"Oh fine thank you."

"And you Mr. Boardmore?"

"My name is not Boardmore!!!"

"Oops, sorry -----".

That's all gang. I've got to catch a plane. I've been dreaming of that chicken chow mein dinner for two weeks now.



"He's the nicest guy"

- - - But he's a Japanese Spy !

Japanese spies don't speak Japanese they're not that obvious. Axis agents were planted in Canada many years ago, and have entered into the daily life of communities near naval, army and air establishments and our great war factories.

They are safe from detection just as long as careless citizens provide them with facts contained in idle talk and gossip.

Drive the enemy into the open by making him work for his information, don't gossip !

NON-COM-MENT

Another week has slipped by, and we in the Mess are as bushed as ever. (Well, aren't we??)

Much to our sorrow, also his sorrow a well-known FS and/or jitterbug, Mitchell, has pulled his stakes. He has proceeded to a more southern location.

We are sure a well-known S/O, will miss him in the future Coal Harbour Rat Races, (I mean dances!) Good luck from all, Mitch.

Congratulations are again in order for first FS Bangle, who has gone to join the flat tops. Next comes FS Pickard, who has been promoted to WO2. Last, but not least, are Ken (Kain's Light) Hawhurst, All Struble, J. Van Deventer and Rex Wilson. Also belated congrats to Barney Cavanagh.

Incidentally, when are the W. D.'s going to make mention in the Congrat paragraph?

Three rousing cheers for our kitchen staff who prepared a very delectable Thanksgiving Dinner on Monday last!

It must be great to lie on an operating table, having stitches put in and be able to sing the Star Spangled Banner at the same time. What a man - guess who!

FOUND - One set of two gold teeth. Will owner please call for same at the bar.

Moan of the Week - When do we get our next beer ration? Oh, you lucky airman!!!!

One of our girls has been quite busy knitting for the past week. She claims it's for her brother. How about that, Joan?

What's this about Marg Brown seeking romance in Vancouver? Be careful, Marg, you only have a week down there!

And then there's the one about a certain FS, known to his friends as Mary, who went out on the back porch with a certain WD to shake

the crumbs off a tablecloth. It took them ten minutes! Was it because it was a beautiful moonlit night, hm?

That's all for tonight fellows and gals.

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GRAPEVINE

We hear that we will be having a big station dance on the fourth of November. It may be a masquerade if the C.O. gives the go-ahead on plans which have not yet been drawn up completely. Cpl. Garfinkel is down in Vancouver on leave and is expected to bring back new music, for some super orchestrations with surprises in store.

Comes too, the news that both Port Alice and Quatsino have laid plans for a dance on the same night - Oct. 28th! This will bear watching.

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FROM THE GALLEY SLAVES

What's going on around here? Where is everybody??? Nobody ain't here! Cpl Ewing's mother is ill, and he went home to keep an eye on things in Oregon for three weeks.....(Hope everything's O.K.)...LAC Lovatt has headed for about a month of leave down New Brunswick way...What happened to the swell steno who has been with us for the last two weeks and didn't show up tonight?.....Cpl Chaster is here putting to good use her three years of schooling in typing!...We can use anyone even if for only a short while...even tho' you can't type.

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SLIPWAY (Squadron News)

QUOTE: Positively something for the next issue! Plenty of it. UNQUOTE.

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P.S. From the Galley Slaves - Our steno came to the rescue at the last minute - and we would like to express our appreciation!

FAMOUS FRENCH FOODS

by Sgt. Karl Breitschmid

Since I have given a shovel-full to our weekly Shovel, someone asked if I would write more receipts of dishes, however, I am pleased to be informed of the interest taken by the personnel on the station and boom town. I will try to have a recipe for the next and following issues.

If you wish a recipe please do not hesitate to ask me for same.

There are approximately 175 different ways of preparing potatoes, 1,300 soups, 1000 eggs, 1600 sandwiches, 800 sauces and vegetables, puddings in vast numbers.

Potatoes sautees a la lyonnaise.
According to some authorities, this dish, known throughout the world as "pommes de terre lyonnaise", and which the French claim as their own is of Italian origin, and for many centuries has been one of the most famous dishes in Venice - "patate alla veneziana."

Salads

The S.M.O. who wished to know how salads originated may find this helpful. Many people in this country who eat uncooked lettuce, tomato, or onions with salt only regard this as "salad", little knowing that the word comes from the Latin sal, is salt, and that the sprinkling of salt on uncooked vegetables or herbs is the original and most primitive form of "salad". From a very early period this crude method of preparing salad was superseded by a dressing in which salt was mixed with vinegar, oil and various other condiments and poured over uncooked vegetables other than lettuce, tomato and onion so that nowadays the word salad should not be applied merely to uncooked vegetables sprinkled with salt, but to vegetables with some kind of dressing. There are countless numbers of dressings (I am not talking of bottled dressings, the use of which I do not advocate, as freshly made dressings are far superior and more wholesome) - the simplest being the plain French dressing or vinaigrette. In France, salads are very popular. A plain lettuce salad with vinaigrette is always served

with poultry or game! Meat, poultry and fish salads are often found on menus - this is a common way to use up leftovers.

Salads are divided into two classes, plain, such as lettuce, celery, corn colorie, tomato, cucumber, chicory, cauliflower, endive, catavia, red cabbage, etc. and composite salads which includes a variety of mixed ingredients. These have grown both in years, and many innovations hail from America, where fruit salad is a most popular dish.

But although these complicated composite salads figure on the menus of the more important French restaurants -- to the Officer whom we served Salade Macedoine and claimed it was a Russian salad we have this to say - A common error is to think that cold mixed vegetables, or a vegetable macedoine with a mayonnaise dressing is a Russian Salad. I quote: "The real Russian salad consists not only of this mixture of cooked peas, carrots, beans, potatoes and turnips but also of tongue, lobster or langousto, anchovies, or filleted herrings, breast of chicken or partridge sliced sausages, pickles, truffles, etc.



(This crest is supposed to be at the top of Page 2. It was submitted with the article from #9 C.M.U. which was found in the Shovel box.)

ALL IN A DAY



MRS. ORR WANTS TO SEE ME !!??



WHY I'D LOVE TO! — WHO'S SPEAKING?

AS SEEN FROM 'B' BARRACKS!



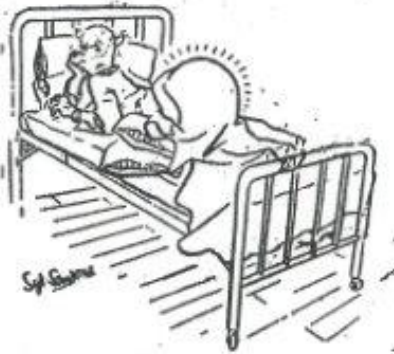
SHOO!

THE DUG! HE STOOD ME UP !!??



GOTTA STOP MY STENO SPREAD!





UNDER THE ETHER

(Being an inhalation of vapours noted in the hospital at Port Hardy)

After two weeks of furious effort, the staff of our new hospital is beginning to settle down into the routine of running an establishment much larger and better equipped than the old Sickery at Coal Harbour. We are now open for business and invite you to bring in your surplus appendices, corns, coughs, and "morning-after" blues. For a nominal fee, (aches and groans), we will even supervise a course in light setting-up exercises - the step test. In this connection, we are pleased to announce that we are offering a free course to FS Porky Saunders.

We welcome to our hospital our new S.M.O., S/L H. R. Christie; and our new "adj", FS Frank Lewis, also our X-Ray technician, Corporal Ted Fraser.

Our popular cook, Jack Dawson, is dishing out super meals from a kitchen so large that he plans to invest in roller skates with which to get around in a hurry. Of course, we of the staff are the bane of our Jack's existence, with our liking for evening snacks. After the show at Coal Harbour or Port Hardy, we like to gather around the old coffee pot and chew the rag. Relaxed, we are usually dressed in old clothes, and slippers on feet. The atmosphere is "homey".

Invariably, the conversation veers around to "clinical" humour - - - at which Sgt. Moe Bourgeois is a past master. To hear him talk is to become good-humoured, since Moe can top every grouse by a wild com-

plaint that always begins, "That's nothing. Look at me." One look is enough. "Can't you see how this life is wearing me down? I'm only a shadow of my former self!" With this, Moe pours another glass of milk down his well-humourished stomach.

Congratulations are in order for Sister Gordon, nee Farris, who returned this week from her honeymoon after marrying Coal Harbour's popular "Weather Man."

Lofty Wilson has been diligently hammering away in the basement of the hospital the last week or so, constructing furniture for the recreation room. He has built an enormous bar with a shiny top and lots of shelf space for assorted bottles. It seems a shame to decorate such a masterpiece with mere "cokes"!

Mary Bull has returned from harvest leave. There is a faraway look in her eyes. Sure you are only thinking of all those apples you picked, Mary?

Marie LeBlanc has had to give up the idea of producing a play at Coal Harbour. Commuting is far too difficult. Never mind, Marie, we make an appreciative audience to your cast of one at every mealtime!

Finally, the staff of the hospital sends its condolences to friends forced to remain in Coal Harbour.

Come over and see us some time. We have much better weather over here, the rain is not so wet. Humpbacks are running up the Quatsis River and can now be speared in the rifles, a fascinating sport. You should also try our night life, which consists of doing our own washing in the spacious laundry. The boys all think Margaret Turner is just about tops the way she can iron their shirts for them. Nice work, Margaret, but don't spoil the big apes!

FS Dickens

There's always trouble finding some little item to fill up a few lines, and we couldn't find anything this time!



THE WOLF by Sansone



THE WOLF by Sansone



