



WINTER'S HERE AGAIN!!!
 COAL HARBOUR - BC
 9-NOV-44 - VOL 3-N040

SEE HOW WINTER
 LIES

ATTENTION AIRMEN

Nov. 11th, besides being Armistice Day, will be an event for you! As the C.O. know nothing about the airman going without their Thanksgiving dinner he has stated that Nov. 11th will be their "Thanksgiving Day" as far as the meals are concerned!

SPARE THE DECORATIONS

From all reports there has been more than one word of praise for the decorations on dance nites and it's that old boost that gives the hard working entertainment committee the urge to carry on. And by the way if you happen to be in the Rec. Hall the day after and want to play a little basketball don't let that little green sign with the horns and tail stand in front of you just daring you to reach up and grab those streamers, tearing them down. How about a thought for those who spent hours putting them up. Are you catching on? That's right you guessed it, what we ask is a little cooperation, so climb up that old ladder and take the decorations down in the proper manner. Then they can be rolled up and used again. Thanks a lot.

YMCA MOVIES

Friday, 10 November
SHOW BUSINESS
Comedy. Starring Eddic Cantor, George Murphy.
Selected Shorts.

Monday, 13 November
LADIES COURAGEOUS
Drama. Starring Joan Crawford, Geraldine Fitzgerald.
Selected Shorts.

Wednesday, 15 November
FOOTLIGHT SERENADE
Musical Comedy. Starring John Payne, Betty Grable, Victor Mature,
Shorts: 1. Well Rowed Howard
2. Big Build Up

Friday, 17 November
MOONTIDE
Drama. Starring Jean Gabin, Ida Lupino.
Short: Uncle Joey Comes to Town.

BASKETBALL SEASON IN FULL SWING
Saturday, 28 October, was an eventful full night for the Coal Harbour Maintenance basketball team when they were invited to Port Alice for an exhibition game with the boys club there. Maintenance team, after taking a defeat from Port Hardy Station a week before, were determined to make good and did just that. After a hard-fought battle we emerged the winners by a score of 37 to 16, J. Hunter being the big noise by scoring 30 points.

Two weeks have passed and Maintenance again were invited to Port Hardy Station, on Tuesday of this week. We emerged the winners by a score of 47 to 24. Although the Port Hardy team were short a few of their players they put up a pretty good battle, but couldn't stop Alex McGill who hardly missed a shot and had 16 points to his credit.

MALE CALL

by Milton Caniff, creator of "Terry and the Pirates"



THE SHOVEL

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY KIND PERMISSION
OF WING COMMANDER E.W. BEARDMORE?
COMMANDING OFFICER OF R.C.A.F. STA-
TION, COAL HARBOUR, B.C.

Staff Cpl. J.T. Ewing
Sgt. D.G. Day
Cpl. M.I. McNeill
LAC G. Parker
LAW A. Walton
LAW B. McKenzio
F/S C. Honningsen

Artists Sgt. A. Vincent-Barwood
ACI M.P. Bowen

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205 E 42 St., New York City.

GUEST EDITORIAL

By F/L J.T. Taylor

Over 75% of the possible applicants
of this station have purchased
bonds during the seventh Victory
Loan drive. We hope that our final
objective of \$75,000 will be sub-
scribed. We would like the station
to rally around us and purchase an-
other \$3500. It is good news to
know that we have beat our out-
standing record in the sixth Vic-
tory Loan by \$1650. - and we still
have three days to go!

The Air Officer Commanding is very
keen that we take the shield from
Eastern Air Command, which they
have held for the last three years.
He is also ambitious that the RCAF
will beat both the Army and Navy in
oversubscribing the quota set.

One of the most important reasons
why personnel are being urged to
buy bonds is in order that they
will have a little nest egg when
they are demobilized. It is a
pleasant feeling to know that if
you are unable to obtain a position
in civilian life immediately after
demobilization, the bonds which you
purchased in the different victory
loan campaigns will keep you in
food and clothing and a roof over
your head until such time as you
can walk into a position which is
suitable and congenial.

It behoves everybody to buy bonds
whether they have money in the bank
or purchase them under the assign-
ment plan. Remember, some day you
will need a new home, new furniture
a new car, new clothes, even a holi-
day (worry free) before starting in
civilian life.

By having \$.56 per day, or \$.28 an
airman (or airwoman or officer)
can purchase a \$100 or \$50 bond,
fully paid up at the end of six
months.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

My dear Shovel:

I haven't done much excavating of
late - at least any that is print-
able - but I dare to speak a word
about our Sunday evening fellow-
ship. It is not generally known
but this choir of ours is a most
cosmopolitan group, composed of
Anglicans, Baptists, Lutherans,
Presbyterians, and United Church-
ers, and even others for all I
know. But I like that spirit a-
bout it. No one can deny that it
is not intelligent; it is lobby
intelligence, sings like a night-
ingale, and thrives on congestion,
at least at practice. All power
and continued success to them. I
feel I have support behind me, and
inspiration in front.

By the way the Station and Village
are to be thanked for their loyal
support. I am sure the singsong
and doughnuts act as a tonic after
the drain off of patience during
the sermon. The choir tells me I
must preach shorter sermons, but I
shall deal with them privately for
their abuse.

I do also want to say well done to
the decoration and refreshment
committees; one tickles the cock-
les of our stomachs and the other
our aesthetic appreciation - moral
tackles and more appreciation.
Thanks from us all to you ladies,
your work is thoughtfully planned,
and many kind things have been said
of it.

(Continued on page 3)

UNDER THE ETHER

A hospital staff lives in a world of its own, especially when, for all practical purposes, it comprises a separate unit as does the staff at the Port Hardy Hospital.

To be sure, we have pleasant visits from the Pay Officer of Coal Harbour twice monthly and almost daily visits by our old friends the ambulance and ration truck drivers. Then, of course, we are reminded that we belong to Coal Harbour when we see Major Marsh's signature on our leave forms. How about sending over your next salmon to us, Major?

But we do quite nicely for entertainment on our own hook, thank you. Every noon hour and after supper, Lofty Wilson may be seen drubbing Andre L'Arch eveque at table tennis in the laundry, but give Andre credit, he still thinks he will beat Lofty some day. Ted Fraser has developed a baffling "blooper" shot which loops around the shirts on the clothes-line to disconcert his opponents.

Doc Jones took several of us over in the panel truck the other night to look at houses at Jakerville. We were shown an assortment of prefabricated houses which MIGHT be suitable for married personnel at this hospital, and we could see that Doc Jones was nibbling, until he saw the boat, and what a boat! All modern streamlining, roomy, it only needed about seven miles of caulking and an engine to make it seaworthy. But we forgot about houses in blissful daydreaming about the day when we would have the boat fixed up and go picnicking on one of the islands near Hardy Bay.

Lillian Baker surprised us the other night with the skill she displayed at badminton over at the Port Hardy Rec Hall. Bob Saunders is the undoubted iron-man and champion of the party which went over to enjoy an evening of batting the bird at Tom Noble's kind invitation. We plan to make this a bi-weekly event.

A couple of weeks ago we received some posh furniture for our basement night club, and Lofty Wilson, as "Prop" has plans for establishing a pop and snack bar. Mario Le Blanc is enthusiastic about producing short plays and skits on the miniature stage which can easily be built at one end of the club.

We have been entertained lately by a series of dissertations by Frank Lewis on "Interesting psychonourtic cases I have met". Bob Cloasby says that Frank will probably have more interesting cases amongst the staff to study before long, when the process of becoming "bushed" really starts to set in. Already Jack Dawson is feeding tid-bits of his cooking to his imaginary poodle, "spooky". I think that Jack went out on leave just in time; he thinks so too.

A few of the things we would like to know:

Why Mariel Moran has been displaying her little dimpled laugh so frequently lately? Oh, those New Zealanders!

Why so many people shudder when they enter a hospital? Ours is a pleasant place, really. We have the nicest set of tonsil forceps you ever saw.

How Doc Inkster manages to run his Dental Clinic at Coal Harbour now that he can no longer drop into my dispensary to write a proseription for arsenic? (Alright, Doc, I was only fooling; please go basily with that drill!)

And finally, will Jerry Blake consider running for mayor of the village which married personnel hope to build near the hospital?

CEINNIN' WITH THE WIMMIN'

A moon has waxed and waned since the last W.D. column, and much water has gone under the proverbial bridge. One thing however remains fixed and secure and that is the fact that the W.D.'s haven't lost any of that overbearing prestige on this station.

Pay parades are noticeably becoming an obsession with some of our fair maidens who persist in leading the front rank after the fashion of a "no in and out and all over the hangar" except where Flight Saunders had willed it to go. Lea made a fine attempt at rescue however, with her head in the clouds and her heart down the line; eventually leading the distracted line to prosperity.

The masquerade on Saturday night was by all accounts a decided success. Many odd weird were the gaudy displays of the masqueraders.

The girls manipulated needles far into the night, racking their tired brains for original ideas and a presentable costume. Much hilarity resounded from the Block Saturday evening before the appointed dance

time. The halls were alive with various shapes and faces peering into mirrors, making last minute adjustments, or shrieking at some masked sister who appeared to be giving a free performance before setting her steps in the direction of the Rec Hall. We are all anticipating future events.

A number of the girls so interested are fast becoming talented handicraft workers. Examples of their work are slowly but surely finding their way out of the Handicraft room under the careful guidance of LAW Graham. With Christmas creeping over nearer, those slippers, gloves and bags will brighten some stocking, it is certain.

Not to be outdone by such trivialities as ward, air-raid alarms or a crowded shelter, the Sisters of Room One held one of their many revival meetings at the far end of the tunnel. Sister Cairns, handi-

capped by her position away from her fellows, made haste through tangled logs and foot to take the lead in "That Old Time Religion". Soon many of the occupants caught the spirit of the group and the rounded ceiling responded with gaiety. There were occasional groans from those less fortunate clad only in pyjamas, but we are thankful the raid was only an experience and not a reality.

Until next week, this is your W. D. reporter saying, "It isn't that the bees work so hard; it's just that they can't buzz any slower."

AIRMENS' LOG

It sounded easy when they asked me for a few items for this column, but here I sit with ten minutes to go and the only topics I can think of are either military secrets or unfit for publications--such as the weather which would fall under both headings.

I wonder what brought on the sudden excursion of "airmen" to Twin Lakes last Thursday in spite of the rain. I don't suppose rumours of an alert could have had anything to do with it, could they? After looking over the dripping bedraggled hikers on the system to sit in a nice dry air-raid shelter.

There is nothing quite so smart as a really smart military salute I always say. One of the smartest salutes I ever saw was given by one of the W.D.'s in the attention area one day this week. It was perfect. Head held erect. The arm extended at just the proper angle from the body. There was only one thing wrong. The W.D. happened to be in civies. Don't laugh too hard. It could happen to you.

We've all been anxiously awaiting some word of our friend and mascot "Snowshoes" who left our happy midst some time ago. Rumour has it that he's been posted to 3 R.D. Whether this is to be an exchange posting

(Continued on next page)

AIRMEN'S LOG (Cont'd)

or just a term of temporary duty is yet to be revealed. Perhaps he is proceeding on course or again, perhaps he simply felt that he had served his year in the bush and applied for a compassionate posting. Unfortunately I didn't get an interview with him before he left to learn his intentions. Anyway, I do miss those big ears flopping in my soup every noon and that big droning tongue that used to shatter my shine every morning. Well--alright then, every other morning anyway.

LAC Augustine arrived back on the Station recently, face wreathed in smiles and wedding bells echoing in his ears no doubt. Did you really have to twist her wrist to make her say "I do" or is that just a rumour Luggie? Well anyway congratulations and may all your troubles be little ones.

MASQUERADING WITH GARY

The makers of Rockitts "Bluing" advertise that "Out of the blue comes the whitest wash." After last Saturday night's demonstration however, the makers of R.C.A.F. and Co. proved that "Out of Air Force Blue comes the damndest concoction ever scared up by a drunk on a gingo."

This colourful showing, calculated to boost bond sales, took place at the Ree Hall in the little metropolis of Coal Harbour. From the band stand I could really get a good look at things but desiring the opinion of an outsider who could actually get a birds-eye view I went outside and began talking to the nearest and tallest tree I saw.

"Tree," I asked, "What do you think of the situation?"

The tree took a moment to deliverate and answered.

"As you are probably aware, I am so tall, I can see clear enough from here to Hollywood, and let me tell you that "Earl Carroll and his vanities has nothing on this." Through the portals of that Ree Hall pass the most "bushed" people in the

world and brother I've seen lots of them come and go.

Highlights of the Evening

Prizes for best costumes were awarded to F/S MacMillan who was attired as a Spanish caballero, and to Cpl. Chester a rather cheery looking gal dressed up as Strangler Lewis.

Honourable Mention

Intelligence Officer Woolf - "The bustle gal".
Rusty of the Met Section - he hooked a lot of hooks somewhere.
The C.O. as Professor - Plums?
LAW Walton as Huckloberry - no business for shoe shine boy.
S/O Orr - the little girl with measles on the nose,
LAW Hushagen as the pirate - "Out of this world," Terrific.
Jones - civilian - as hobo - a bum with a bottle - realistic.
Kinisky - he saw the light.
"Vince" Barwood - in dress uniform but looked like a Jap envoy with his set of false teeth.
Wright the Navy boy - what a mop of hair.

THE WOLF

by Sansone



"... another cigarette—one twentieth of a pack—'n' Cypsy'll take off her G-string!"

NON-COM-MENT

Well here we go again guys and gals after quite a layoff we are back again with the latest news, views and stows around the "morgue" or should we say mess.

Having just returned from leave I find quite a number of new faces around and to those whom this concerns may I take this time and space to welcome you all to the mess and Coal Harbour. We of long standing hope your stay with us will be a pleasant one.

Were you at the Dance Saturday? It seems Jim "Porky" Saunders was and after a hectic night and in much need of sleep came home to find his room in a shamble. "Wong" Mac-Millan his room-mate and himself had to sleep on the floor due to the exit of one bed-double decker, airman for use of. However the members of the "aid-de-camp" Novis and Lacroix came to the rescue and assisted the unfortunates in riting the wrong so to speak. Poor Porky sure takes a beating and everyone picks on him. The latest has it that someone is preparing a "bomb" to set off under Porkys bed but to date nothing has gone off. Lacroix naturally gets blamed but Woll Marsh could tell you just how innocent he is of any pranks such as that.

Crow#9 have returned from "Overseas" after completing the shortest tour of hops, I mean "ops" on record and we think that Lorky and Wong were very happy and glad to see them back. Life can be beautiful, oh Porky?

A.P.U. Underwood has thoroughly recovered from his tour to Vancouver and Montreal. He is getting to look much better although his blood is still a little thin because Lacroix is still having trouble trying to keep their bedroom window open.

The water fight in the Sgts. Mess on Saturday night sure helped in more ways than one. Besides a few of the boys getting wet (for verification see "Clem" Sherman) the floor looked its cleanest for days.

In closing I couldn't help but publish the following conversation heard the other day.

Woll Marsh -- "What's the idea of kicking my dog? He won't bite you!"

Sgt. Gurnoy -- "Maybe not, but he raised his leg, and I thought he was going to kick me!"

See you next week shuns.

FROM THE GALLIY SLIVES

After a three week holiday the Shovel is back again. We are happy to welcome several new columns and hope for as many more next times. We are sorry not to have anything from the Squadron nor from the Officers' Mess. And we would like to see something from the Village.

The Shovel will be issued every other Thursday from now on. And be sure to get all your contributions in by Tuesday noon. That means you should write your copy not later than Monday night.

And we still need typists. If half a dozen would show up the typing would all be finished in an hour. Won't you make a date to be at the Station Orderly Room at seven o'clock Tuesday evening, 21 November?

CHRISTMAS CARDS

Christmas cards have been purchased and any personnel wishing same may obtain them at the following places:

Airman - Airman's Canteen
Sr. NCOs - Secretary of the Mess.

JUST FOR FUN

Then there was the old maid who said, "Praise the Lord, I've got a proposition."

A modest girl never pursues a man.
Nor does a mousetrap pursue a mouse.

She'd really never had a chance,
Long years had Annie waited;
But when a camp sprang up close by,
O Boy, was animated!

MURMURS FROM THE FIRE SECTION

Did you know that the smokies in the fire section are harboring some 68 females right in the hall, and did you ever hear the like of it before? They stay there all day and all night..

F/S Pollard says that he is not the least bit ashamed, for the boys take the very best care of them. Periodically all the females are given a bath in warm soapy water, and while in this bath they are twirled by their lugs several times in order to get all the dirt and grit off. Then they are nicely dried off and a wee drop of light oil is sprinkled here and there so they will be permitted to spin or twirl without undue effort on the part of the smokies.

Now if the boys are not as proud of their females as some other fellows that we know of they will, after the above treatment, use a special polish that really gives them sparkle, or otherwise known as umph.

Yes, folks, the boys treat them O K and the editor of the Shovel would like to advise readers that he has seen no less than 24 females riding on the fire truck at one time.

That takes care of the females and we would like to disclose the fact that 68 male couplings are given equally as good care.

QUIPS FROM EQUIP

The place in this indispensable section bears no similarity to tooth-paste, shoe-polish or vinegar and is purely instrumental, but making "two" out of "one" has caused considerable pandemonium this past week. It appears that the Equipment Section has literally been turned into a carpenter shop what with busy, busy me'n stalking in and out laden with saws, hammers and all tools necessary for the installation of a plumbing system. Vouchers fly, hands fly, birds fly, and the pounding goes on. Soon the job will be completed however but if your nerves are on edge from lack of vociferation, jog down to the Section and observe them relax.

F/S Boons and Sgt. Wilson are newcomers to the Section and they are working miraculous changes. We hope their stay will be an enjoyable one.

To cap this column, here is a poem written by one sympathetic E.A. at Trenton in '39.

There are non-recurring issues,
And pre-payments galore;
And C.R.V.s and C.I.V.s
Which should be raised in four
Deficiencies and surpluses
And several dozen more.

There are things so very common
That every airman knows;
And Station Standing Orders
Besides the D.R.O.s.
Why they made so many rules
The Sergeant Major knows.

ANECDOTES AT ACCOUNTS

This week, we say good-bye and good luck to one of the veterans of the Bush - Sgt. (Don) Macdonald has left for the bright lights after completing a lengthy "tour." To the newcomer, Sgt. Barnes, a hearty welcome and a happy stay at Coal Harbour.

There appears to be at least one smiling countenance in the Accounts. The only female member - LAW "Penny" Gunn has really been booming since her return from leave. Could it be the sparkle from her ring finger? To you and the lucky young man, our very best wishes for a happy and a prosperous future.

Who was that dapper young man who appeared at the Masquerade in a loud sport jacket and sports trousers of slightly lesser hue. He claims that as a result of this attire he had more than his share of dances, but his fellow workers seem to think that the wearing of the mask may have helped.

Congratulations to our recently promoted "Flight." The lads are wondering if the practice of "christening the crown" has dropped out of existence.

SPEED YOUR DISCHARGE -- BUY BONDS

Signal Drivel

The topic having top priority since Sgt. Smith returned is "Babies! Unless you can rip off a few verbal yards of advice on how to fold those three-cornered doin's (which Smitty insists are not three-cornered but are somewhat along the lines of a message form, with alterations of course) you are a social dud, a failure. Smitty, the proud papa of a baby girl, is quoted as saying "Three cornered diapers are old-fashioned." And I guess he should know!

Here's a prediction that's practically a sure thing! "Flirt" perfume will be the coming rage. Sprinkled liberally on the har, as worn by Gus of "C" shift, wear it only if you dare to be thrillingly provocative!

Seen atop the WD barracks recently were Bill McFadden and Jack Wright tangled hopelessly in a complicated array of wire, coke bottles (we still want to know what the bottles were used for) and huge sticks. They tore around madly, pounding, un-tangling knots and dangling precariously over the edge of the reef. Lancaster, his feet planted firmly on the ground, acted as relaying station for the commands to "Pull it tight"--"Let it loose"--"Drop it a bit--more--more--hold it." Seems they were erecting an aerial for Sandy's radio. Latest reports say that the only sounds received from the radio so far are a series of coughs, hiccups and splurts. The Wem's need man like you!

"Butch" from ops says to please tell the signal section that when she pokes her head through the window from ops she is not making a target for "Hit the little lady and win a cigar." But who could resist?

Blush of the month goes to Donna, our "A" shift TT gal. Telephone rings.

Donna answers:

"Old Ladies Home."

"What's that?"

"WD Barracks." (meekly)

"This is Mrs. Orr here!"

"(gulp)"

Seen Around

---May "Hop Cat" Barrick and Phil "RED Slacks" Sherwood having wondrous time at the masquerade on Saturday night covering themselves and the floor with gooey pie. Do you always bat out of her hand Phil?

---Lots and lots of wogs plodding faithfully up to Padre McLaren's house every Tuesday night for choir practice. I guess it takes the wogs, as usual. We're just waiting until Christmas so "B" shift can really go to town on the Christmas Carols they have been practicing.

Cpl rpt Cpl Von Kuster back from leave and back in the groove at the piano. Its easy to see that all that hard work you did harvesting didn't impair your touch, Von. Nor your capacity might we add.

And this one was observed from the air, no loss! Al and Kay taking in the scenery along the Port Hardy road. Just goes to show you that its absolutely impossible to find any privacy in Coal Harbour.

Well gang, this is all for now.

CUL

A. Wog.

Letters to Editor -- Continued Pg. 2
There is still room in the Rec Hall Sunday Nights. How about filling the place? Come on Village, come on Station - Let's do it!

Padre McLaren

Dear Editor:

Seeing we turn our surplus non-public fund profits to W.A.C. if not spent within a certain time, I propose putting hardwood floor down in the left hand side of the Airmens Canteen, if and when the Wot Canteen moves downstairs. We could move the "Juke Box" in there and have an amplifier hook up with the Canteen Downstairs which could most likely be obtained from the WEM section.

Cpl. John Pooock.



THE ENEMY MAY BE LISTENING

Big fleas have little fleas,
Upon their backs to bite 'em;
Little fleas have lesser fleas,
- ad infinitum.

Let's explain.

The Commanding Officer is responsible to higher authorities for the entire Operations, Administration, and Security as carried out on this Station. Now, we all realize that the CO can't do everything, so he delegates authority to other officers and NCOs - (ad infinitum).

Take Security as an example - we certainly should know what that word implies. But here is what has happened right here on this Station. A SECRET message arrives on the Station addressed to the CO. Action must be taken on it so he instructs another officer to put a certain operation into effect. This officer, in turn, must pass on certain of this SECRET information to his subordinates, and also to others, possibly in the Squadron, before the action can be carried out.

This procedure happens almost daily, usually the SECRET nature of the action, as well as the contents of the secret message, is common talk by housewives in the Village. How is this possible? Well, physically, the housewives do not have access to the secret - so they must be told by someone!

Do you have a guilty conscience? If so, hold your tongue in future! Your life - the lives of your wife and children - are at stake. Let's pull together and be security minded; let's not be fleas, but rather-

Big men have smaller men
To back 'em and to help 'em;
Small men have little men
And so - ad infinitum!

HOBBY ENTHUSIASTS

At long last the 9 CMU Building is vacated and now undergoing redecorating. Benches are being built, lockers set in place, lights adjusted, and in a few days hobby enthusiasts will be at work.

Carpentry, leather work, art, model aircraft, plastics and metal work will all be housed under one roof. Thanks to the C.O. for his interest and all out support of hobbies, and for making the Bldg. available at the earliest moment.

YGM
L.M. Parker, L.M. Graham, P/L Bradley, Don Marlette, and others will be there to direct the various hobbies. Padre Harrison is Hobby Chief, and will answer all the questions or find the answers.

Now equipment has been secured for all of the crafts, and this is a great opportunity for those interested. Some work is necessary to get the Bldg. in order, and those who hope to participate in the hobbies are asked to report to Padre Harrison to give him a hand. Your full support and cooperation are requested.

Padre McLaren.

FLASHY CRESTS IN NET SECTION

A splash of color has appeared around the Admin Building the last few days. All the Net Section are sporting a new and flashy crest. After a long wait they arrived and were immediately put up on show on a series of manly chests. Several other sections have shown interest and many other crests should soon appear.

FAMOUS FRENCH FOODS

by Sgt. Karl Broitschmid

COFFEE-MAKING:

Although coffee is a drink of many nations, it is a national institution in France. "Cafe au lait" and "cafe noir" are so popular that I would like to say a few words about them as well as describe the typical method of coffee-making. It is a common error to think that French coffee is always adulterated by the admixture of chicory. Among the working classes in France the bitterness imparted by the addition of chicory is sometimes fancied, but the real French connoisseur of good coffee would never tolerate the addition of any chicory or any other "flavouring" matter.

Although the history of coffee is somewhat obscure, it seems to have been in use in Abyssinia from time immemorial, whence the shrub was introduced into Arabia, and eventually reached Europe some 200 years ago. The Mocha Coffee of Arabia, when obtainable (and genuine), is undoubtedly the finest coffee. There are innumerable blends of coffee in France as well as in this country. A third each of Mocha, Bourbon and Martinique coffees is a favourite, though Port-Rico is sometimes used as a substitute for the Bourbon or Martinique.

To obtain good coffee it is essential that it should be fresh, finely ground and properly roasted. In France the classical method, which has been more or less adopted in all countries where the art of coffee-making is studied, dates from the beginning of the nineteenth century when Monsieur de Bolloy, nephew of the then Archbishop of Paris, invented his famous filter which revolutionized coffee-making.

It consists of an earthenware or stone coffee-pot with a very fine filter, a perforated disc fitting over it, and a lid. The coffee is put on the filter in the proportion of 1 tablespoon of coffee to 6 of water. The coffee, being first of all dampened with a little boiling water so that the grains will swell, must stand for 5 minutes with a lid on the pot. The boiling water is then added gradually at intervals of 2 to 3 minutes. The whole pro-

cess takes from 15 to 20 minutes. The method is excellent, and is best calculated to retain the delicate aroma of coffee, which is extremely volatile and unites so feebly with water that it escapes with great facility. A typical French custom is to add a liquor class of Brandy to cup of black coffee.

If you have never experienced the pleasure of collecting interesting recipes from out-of-the-way, this I suggest, affords you an excellent opportunity to try your skill.

Rissolon a la Parisienne

Rissolons adorn the table of both the rich and the poor.

Ingredients: Puff pastry, cold chicken or any cold meat or game, a little lean ham, a few cooked mushrooms, the yolk of 1 or 2 eggs, a little bread soaked in milk, chopped parsley, salt and pepper.

Method: Mix all the ingredients very finely and bind with the eggs. Season highly with salt and pepper. Roll out the puff pastry on a floured board to a thickness of about a tenth of an inch, and with a three inch cake cutter, cut in neat rounds. On each round place a little of the mixture, fold over and press the edges firmly together. Fry them in boiling fat - preferably in oil, drain on a cloth and serve very hot. Garnish with fried parsley.

AN AIRMAN'S PRAYER

Our Father who art in Ottawa,
Thy Powers be they named,
Give us this day our daily rations
And forgive us our A.W.I.'s
As we forgive those who lay charges
against us,
And lead us not into C.B.
But deliver us from detention
For this is the Air Force,
The Air Marshall's power
And the Group Captains glory
For ever and ever, you've had it.

WIRELESS OPERATOR, GROUND

The following is reprinted from a recent issue of the "U.S. Coast Guard Magazine", a service publication devoted to the interests of the United States Coast Guard.

Among the stranger people on this earth are radiomen. A radioman is a person either going on or coming off watch.

Contrary to popular belief radiomen are not crazy. A radioman has two brains. One perfectly normal brain which is destroyed during the process of learning radio and another which is in a constant state of turmoil and is used proficiently in his work.

Radiomen are like groundhogs. They seldom see the sun coming up topside. Only on Saturday mornings at the special request of the commanding officer if the sun is shining and a radioman sees his shadow he goes below and everyone knows there will be six more days.

Sitting at his typewriter a radioman receives an endless story of the world flowing through his ears, unable to get out because both ears are stopped up by headphones. The stuff flows out through his fingers and is given out as press news, weather messages, and so forth.

When conversing with a radioman do not try to point your story by asking if he remembers the message to Garcia because he will jump and scream, What's the number of it? Who sent it? If it's lost, it didn't come in on my watch.

Radiomen live on black coffee and cigarettes. All through the long midnight watches they sit and dit and dah, get tired and weary of it all, and wondering why they ever chose radio as a profession. When they go off duty they hurry home to their little ham radio sets and just dit and dah to their hearts' content.

Girls who fall for radiomen will find they are courted with considerable sparking, and after they are married will receive much broadcasting, both loud and long.

Radiomen are found on all ships and in all stations and are quite harmless if left alone, fed occasionally, and given annual leave so they may rig up new ham outfits at home.

FLASH!

Our genial staff member, "Scandal Bill" Lovatt returned from his five - or was it six - weeks leave in time to draw a cartoon for this week's Shovel. From the dreamy look in Bill's eyes he must have really have had himself a time. Is she a blonde or a redhead, Bill?

MALE CALL

by Milton Caniff

WHAT A STANDING OPERATING PROCEDURE

