

THE EIGHT BALL

(Official Publication of No. 8 Repair Depot, R.C.A.F., Winnipeg)



VOL. 1

MARCH, 1944

10 Cents

No. 2

LAC Butterworth Named Pin-Up Boy

Name Contest Winners; Lucky Trio Collects

THE EIGHT BALL it was, and The Eight Ball it remains. That was the decision of the staff and section representatives after considering all the entries in the Title Contest.

The committee believes that The Eight Ball is the most suitable title and that none of the entries quite come up to it. However, it was decided that the \$10 prize money should be awarded to the person whose suggestion was considered the best. But when it came to deciding the winning title—there was a deadlock between two names: Octo'gen and Pieces of Eight. Two contestants suggested Pieces of Eight so the prize money will be divided three ways—\$3.35 to each.

The prize winners are:

Octo'gen—Cpl. Bob Thorpe, draughtsman, P. and P.O. office.

Pieces of Eight—AC1 W. G. Randall, A.F.M. in A.R.S.; J. Wallwork, Civilian clerk, No. 6 hangar.

The Eight Ball was suggested as the title at the first meeting of the committee in December, by F/S W. D. Blanshard, technical editor of the paper. Distribution of the prize money in the above manner was his suggestion and was approved by the committee. Prize winners will receive their cheques shortly.

Male Rebuttal

Not to be outdone—and just to get even with the girls for being kept on the griddle during the "Pin-up Boy" contest—the males have decided to pick the Pin-up Girl of No. 8.

The contest opens now—and closes at noon, March 16. W.D. officers are excluded and the judges' decision is final.

Drop your suggestions in the Eight Ball contribution box in the guard house. An entry form is provided on page seven for your convenience.

Don't be too hasty with your votes. Look around a little, and if you see a nice little W.D. whose name you do not know and you want to vote for her, tap her politely on the shoulder and ask her (for her name). She'll only be too willing to oblige, no doubt.

Book Worm Bulletin

The new enlarged reading and writing room and other proposed station improvements reported in the last issue of The Eight Ball have been approved and the work is now being carried out as rapidly as possible.

Already the floors in building 28E have been sanded and the first shipment of furniture has arrived—a number of card tables. The new recreation rooms will probably be ready for use before the end of April.

F/L G. E. Phillips, queried about the proposed chapel in building 32, says that the plans have been approved and "the work is progressing favorably."



—Photo by Sgt. W. E. Forster.

The Winnah— LAC BUD BUTTERWORTH

AC1 GITTINS
LAC ENGLISH
LAC HOWE
LAC JORGENSON
CPL. FOWLER

CPL. SURRIDGE
SGT. COX
SGT. MORROW
WO2 CANTIN
WO2 TOMLINSON

—They Also Ran.

Junking to Jive

Believing that "Music has charms that soothe the savage Erk," the lads down at Salvage have installed a battery of loudspeakers in strategic points in the hangar and are soothed daily with music from local radio stations.

It has been definitely proven elsewhere that music speeds production, but it was not only for this reason (Salvage is pretty proud of its production record) but also to make working conditions a little more pleasant, and to give the boys a "lift" while they worked. The radio was bought by personnel of the hangar.

Those who helped to set up the system included: Cpl. "Doc" Chase, LAC R. J. Huston and LAC G. M. Dean, according to WO2 Wilson. He says a microphone will probably be hooked up so the system may be used for announcements from the O.R.

Free Folding Money

Look at the number on the back page. It may be worth \$10 in cash to you. Watch D.R.O.'s next Thursday or Friday for the announcement of the File Copy number. If it corresponds to the number on your copy, bring it to the orderly room in the administration building and we'll buy the paper off you for \$10 cash!

DEFEATS TEN OTHERS IN CLOSE RACE FOR "MR. LEAPYEAR" TITLE

(By SGT. VI DUDLEY)

WE DOOD IT! The Eight Ball just completed a major battle and won. Following is a running play of the stalking, tracking down and photographing of "Mr. Leapyear."

When ballot after ballot cast by W.D.'s of No. 8 Repair Depot stated "LAC Bud Butterworth for Mr. Leapyear," it became apparent that money isn't everything to women. This male member of the lower income bracket really "arrived."

A suitable prize will be awarded the winner in the near future.

Female franchise elected Bud as "pin-up" boy, but it was to his male pals in No. 3 Hangar we went for candid words regarding the winner. Speaking of him, the fellows said "tops" and even assured that he wouldn't take a swing at the Eight Ball staff for proclaiming him station glamour boy.

With Butterworth on leave in Winnipeg and time a-wastin' before the deadline, we decided it would be much safer to telephone the good (?) news. The poor guy just groaned three times and said he'd call back about the photo the paper wanted to take. After more frenzied 'phone calls (all one-sided—our side) and much consultation between members of the paper's staff, our Eight Ball photographer grabbed his tripod and stuff and dashed out to where LAC Butterworth was on leave.

"No dice! Abso-lutely no dice!" wearily exclaimed our foot-sore picture-taking friend upon his return some hours later. "The guy's a darn good kid—but bashful and still bewildered over the whole thing—you can't blame him." Or course, we couldn't blame him, but we had made a promise to over a thousand readers of the Eight Ball that must be kept or else.

In describing "Mr. Leapyear" it can be emphatically said he isn't conceited. Youthful appearance belies the fact that Bud will be 24 this May. He's of medium height, slender, with fair hair and blue eyes. Born in Moose Jaw, Sask., he grew up quite normally, never dreaming what the future held in store for him (our heartfelt sympathies, fella). Before enlisting at Vancouver in '41 he worked in a British Columbia lumber camp. Nothing sissified about that, to be sure. As yet his marital status reads "single," but who knows what will befall "Mr. Leapyear" during 1944.

You've probably seen the Butterworth grin from behind the string bass he thumps in great style for the station dance band. Now, his chief ambition is to raise \$600 for a new bull-fiddle, although it was only a year ago he started to play the instrument. Spare time he spends earning what he can toward it.

Oh, fine! So we had "Mr. Leapyear's" vital statistics—but still no photograph as promised in the February issue. The culprit's leave having expired, he would have to come back to work, and we knew absolutely where he did work. With a fine cock'n bull story cooked up, our harried photographer lunged into No. 3 Hangar, made mumbled remarks, clicked his camera a few times before Bud could object fistically or otherwise and lunged out again. His job was done!

THE EIGHT BALL

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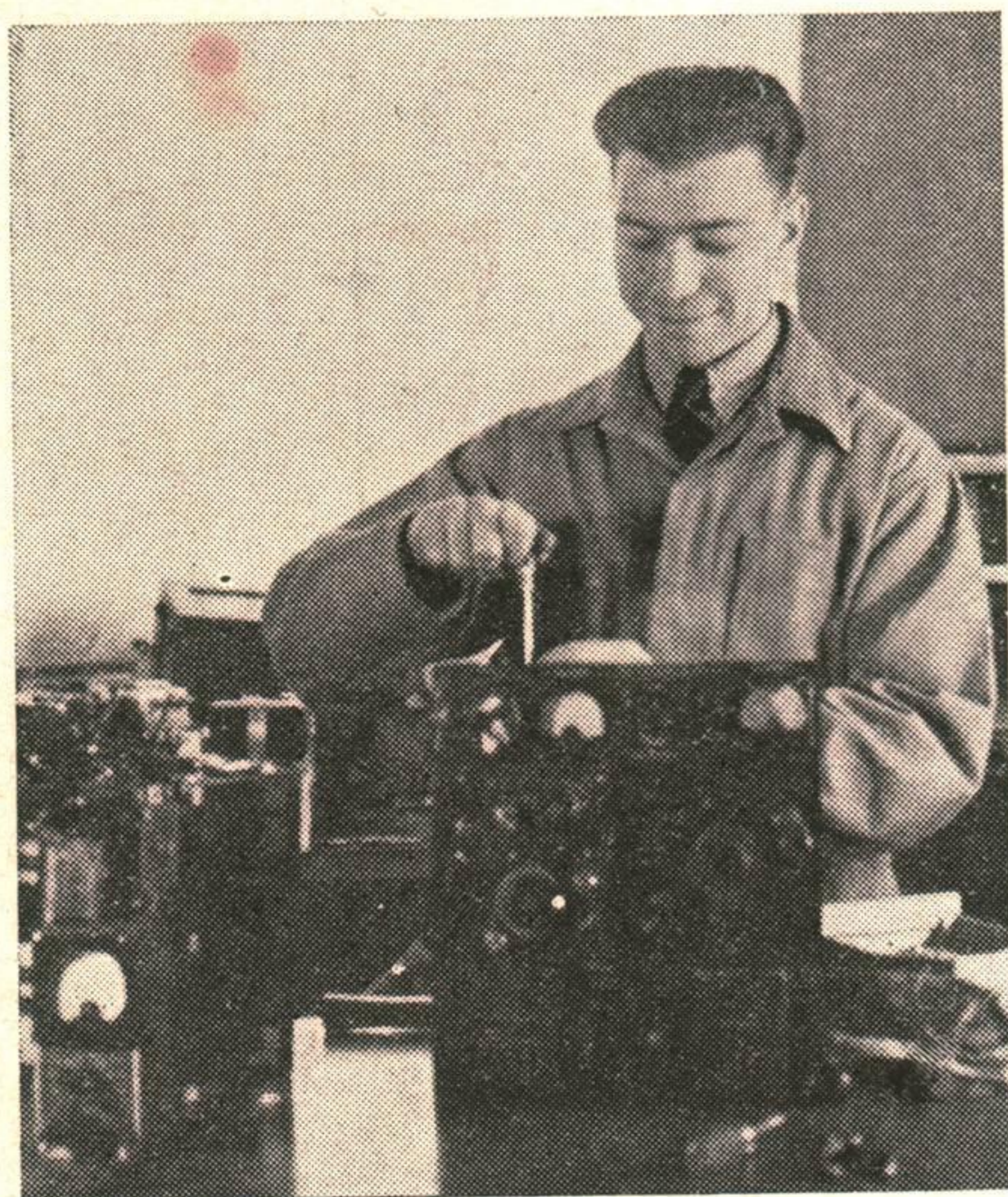
THINK!

Have you considered your post-war organization? Why not make it the Canadian Legion with its very valuable and experienced machinery and personnel, backed by 250,000 paid-up membership. Your post-war problems will be many, and advice and council will be required by you on many matters. The Canadian Legion is at your service and may prove to be, as it has with others, "A Friend in Need."

Be prepared. Take out an Active Service Associate membership now. This will give you access to all the facilities of the "Legion" whether at home or abroad and also will foster and keep alive that spirit of comradeship, which should prevail whilst in the service, in the days when we have to fight a different battle.

Get in touch with Mr. Skinner, the Legion representative, for further information.

Winner



—Photo by Sgt. W. E. Forster.

AC1 J. FORGAN

Apparently it was a good omen when AC1 J. Forgan, of the Electrical shop, arrived at No. 8 Repair Depot on Christmas Day. He received a nice present when he picked up \$10 for having the file copy of the first issue of *The Eight Ball*, number 202.

Forgan came to No. 8 from No. 1 Wireless school, Montreal, and was delighted with his posting, as his home is in Winnipeg. He is married, and since he won the \$10 his wife is one of *The Eight Ball's* greatest boosters. The contest is continuing.

Cook: "I was reading the other day that an ostrich can see very little and digest anything."

AC2: "What an ideal airman."

C.E.O. Serves Under Fourth Monarch

W/C COOPER'S CAREER INCLUDES SERVICE WITH ARMY, R.A.C., R.A.F. AND R.C.A.F.



—Photo by LAC F. Woodbury.

WING COMMANDER T. F. COOPER

... unposed ...

A Word to the Lowly Erk

(By Wing Commander T. Cooper)

BECAUSE you wear no stripes upon your sleeve, do not think you are not needed in this war, whether you are sorting nuts and bolts in Salvage or cleaning parts in E.R.S. Maybe you are cleaning spark plugs or working in Erection section tightening nuts and bolts. Every nut and bolt you sort, or part you clean and spark plug you put back into service is a step nearer to beating the axis.

To carry out our job we must all pull together and make the machinery run smoothly. You are one of the cogs in the gearing. Fall down on your job and the machine runs rough.

Do you realize that you have an opposite number in the axis and he is striving to beat you at your own game. He is clever, powerful and ruthless.

No effort does he spare to bring about your downfall. The Germans are acknowledged to have some of the cleverest mechanics in the world.

We all have tasks to perform which we do not like. Grouse by all means—it is an airman's privilege to grouse. But do it alone and do the job. Fool the other fellow who is waiting for you to break.

Good luck, and I take off my hat in reverence to the Lowly Erk.

Reminding You!

The next issue of *The Eight Ball* will go on sale at pay parade, March 31. Deadline for all copy, cartoons, etc., is Tuesday, March 21.

Contributions from all station personnel are sought. Technical articles, news items, jokes, gags, gossip, poems, cartoons and what have you, will be given careful consideration.

Don't be disappointed if your contribution doesn't appear in the very next issue. Sometimes space limitations make it necessary to postpone publication of items of real merit for one or two issues.

Editorial

Twelve cents in Canada, ten cents in U.S.A. That's LIFE for you.—J.Z.

BAND BOY to Wing Commander—Air Mechanic 1 to Chief Engineering Officer—that is the story behind No. 8 Repair Depot's C.E.O., Wing Commander T. F. Cooper.

Keenly interested in music and an outstanding performer on the cornet, W/C Cooper organized the first R.C.A.F. band in Canada while stationed at Trenton in 1936. Since his arrival at No. 8 he has organized the Station W.D.'s band and at present is laying plans for the formation of a men's brass band. W/C Cooper's service career opened in England when he enlisted in the Warwickshire Regiment (Territorials) as a buck private. ("I was really just a band boy," he confides.)

The regiment was mobilized at the outbreak of war, Aug. 4, 1914, and went to France where Pte. Cooper transferred to the Royal Flying Corps in December, 1915, as Air Mechanic 1. He served the duration with the R.F.C. and the R.A.F., being discharged in 1920 as a Flight Sergeant.

The same year that Mr. Cooper came to Canada, 1921, he joined the P.P.C.L.I. band here in Winnipeg, but two years later he enlisted in the air force with the rank of Sergeant (A.E.M.) In 1926 he entered civil aviation, returning to the R.C.A.F. in 1929 as a Leading Aircraftman.

He served at Camp Borden and at Trenton and at the outbreak of this war had regained the rank he held in 1920—Flight Sergeant. In 1941 he came to No. 8 as WO1 in E.R.S. and was O/C of that section with the rank of Flight Lieutenant when he was made the C.E.O. in August, 1942, and moved over to the Administration building.

W/C Cooper has been guard of honor to three British Kings: Edward VII in 1910, to George V in 1914, and to George VI during the monarch's visit to Canada in 1939. It was not the first time he had seen the present King. During his service at Trenton, W/C Cooper was part of a R.C.A.F. contingent which was sent overseas to attend the coronation in 1937.

Padre's Corner

ARE YOU one of the many—always in quest for something? And never finding it. If you are, let it not bother you, you are after all, but one of the many natural beings here on earth.

All human beings seek goodness. First and always for oneself. We seek, or should seek an ideal but not to become an idealist.

So many of us complain of restrictions. No freedom for this or for that. That's the war cry of the home front. No economic restrictions. No or fewer moral restrictions, and certainly less work. We not only want but have reached the point where we demand unlimited opportunities, with and always with little work.

What a beautiful chaotic world we could build. That is, for us, forgetting the other fellow.

Fortunately we have divine guidance. Remember the sombre words "By the sweat of thy brows," also "the poor and the oppressed ye shall have always with you." "Blessed are they that thirst for justice."

The above scriptural quotations contain no contraction of our spiritual ideals. They are a help.

We are entirely too human. Humanism alone can never procure earthy beatitude. Absolutism is a misnomer. A just means, in freedom, democracy, et al is your keystone to beatitude or what we call happiness.

—Chaplain, R.C.

Coming Events

(By F. E. SKINNER,
Canadian Legion Auxiliary Services)

TWO MORE concert parties will visit No. 8 in March, and a good show is assured by each troupe. The concerts are supplied through the Winnipeg Co-ordinating board.

Fleurette McQuaig's concert troupe and the Winnipeg Repertory Theatre are the shows to be presented.

Excellent selection of high class movies also is also promised during the month. These are supplied by the Legion War Services. Here is the schedule: (note the extra movie on the two Mondays before payday.)

- Friday — 3rd—"Mrs. Miniver"
- Sunday — 5th—"Forced Landing"
- Tuesday — 7th—"Foreign Correspondent"
- Friday — 10th—"Road Show"
- Sunday — 12th—"Sullivan's Travels"
- Monday — 13th—"To Be or Not To Be"
- Tuesday — 14th—Fleurette McQuaig's concert party.
- Friday — 17th—"Sahara"
- Sunday — 19th—"Great Man's Lady"
- Tuesday — 21st—"House Across the Bay"
- Friday — 24th—To be announced
- Sunday — 26th—"The Lady Has Plans"
- Monday — 27th—"I Married a Witch"
- Tuesday — 28th—Winnipeg Repertory Theatre.

Don't you think we are making a job of improvising for entertainment—the stage with footlights and curtain, and plans are now being made for new overhead lighting with color effects.

Now the latest addition is the portable projection booth which was built by George Henson from plans submitted by F/L Boughner and Cpl. Kermath of the Radio shop, and which is believed to be the only one of its kind in Canada. Inside the booth are sockets and gadgets to simplify the operation of two machines and "Chuck" Kermath has put in quite a lot of his own time to fix it up and to say his efforts are appreciated would just be putting it mildly.

Survey of Station Planned

* * *

A Civilian Again . . .

WHEN WORK gets boring or the going gets tough, or you get only 10 bucks on payday, have you ever muttered to yourself:

"Boy, when I get back into civilian life . . . I can hardly wait."

Nice, isn't it, to look ahead and see yourself in swell civvies, perhaps driving a classy car, and lots of money in your pocket. Pretty picture all right, BUT—

Where are you going to get all the money it takes to buy these clothes, a car, or to have a good time? Have you a secret, tidy, little fortune awaiting your discharge, or will you have to go out and earn the money the hard way? Have you given the matter any thought?

Probably not—civilian life seems too far away—and anyway, "the government will look after us." That is the attitude too many of us are taking. And when the war does end, we'll probably get a job—some sort of a job—that will give us the necessities and perhaps a little more, but not enough to fulfill our dreams. But the fellow who is thinking ahead, and doing something about it NOW, is the one who'll be taking the trips to the coast, or sporting a swell car. Maybe we're wrong about this, but you'll agree that it sounds logical, doesn't it?

"Well," you may ask, "what can I do about it?"

Here's what to do: Drop into the Education office and have a chat with F/O H. W. Hill or Sgt. E. D. Shaw. You won't get pushed into anything but they'll be mighty glad to see you take an interest in your own future, and who knows, perhaps they will be able to put you on to something good. It's worth a try—and it may pay big dividends during the rest of your life.

QUESTIONNAIRE TO REVEAL POST-WAR PLANS OF STATION PERSONNEL

AN IDEAL WAY to start a story and be almost certain that practically no one will read it is to begin: "Post-war rehabilitation is a very important subject to all of us." When your reader gets that far he usually says: "Humph, wonder if there are any more cartoons in this rag," and promptly turns the page.

Pretty boring stuff, this post-war rehabilitation. Why? Usually because it gets so involved about the second paragraph that no one understands it. Personally we've had several people give us the low-down on rehabilitation and post-war planning and when they got through we were quite willing to admit we didn't know anything about it, either.

But The Eight Ball is going to try to do something about it.

Here's what we plan. Within a day or two, everyone on the station will receive a questionnaire—just to see how we stand at No. 8. In the next issue the results of this poll will be given, and the first of a series of short, snappy articles on the subject, will appear. The editors of The Eight Ball hope that many will derive great benefits from these articles, and that all personnel will feel free to disagree or discuss these articles at any time, and to ask any questions about "post-war rehabilitation."

Give the questionnaire a little thought, and please treat it seriously.

Always Christmas

(By WO2 H. R. Wheeler)

Somewhere in the northeast region of No. 8 R.D. toils the Legion of the Left Ones among the castouts of all the combined training units which were located by the powers that be in the fair domain known as "Two Tee Cee."

Once in awhile the great doors of Building 37 swing wide open and Cpl. May at the unpacking desk looks up with his face lighted in anticipation of another haul. To May and his faithful help of "Shadow" (Bill McLeod), Christmas is a never ending period. They unpack parcels day after day, never knowing what next they might uncover—everything from stethoscopes to gorried canopies, upon whose bosom the seat of some helpless one may have reposed.

Red tape is in evidence everywhere, in the shape of paper and more paper. Before ought can be passed through, these apparently hopeless bits of what once flew, must be carefully catalogued by our good friend Cpl. Ed Boden, who lovingly carries these mastering tones of voluminous data composed and collected by . . . knows whom, in which he delves for the correct description of some item such as "Rotary Valve Control, Aeroplane for the use of." But no matter how much he tries, the Gremlins often whisper in our "strawberry blonde" steno's ear, forcing her to undo all the good work poor Ed has done. So when some section receives an item under one of these "just supposing names," bear with us because you have to give us some margin of error, and while the steno may look like an angel, she does listen to "them Gremlins."

F/S M. Gillies, of S.W.O.'s office, who left on posting to No. 2 command, a week ago, voiced his regrets at leaving such a fine bunch of guys and girls—"But duty calls," he said. "Good luck, on your new job," from the gang at No. 8.



VERY SERIOUS OFFENCE, CORPORAL, HIS SPARE BOOTS WERE FOUND IMPROPERLY LACED, PLACE HIM IN SOLITARY CONFINEMENT.

He Got Around—and Back

**F/O CARPENTER HAS EXCITING TIME
WITH MOBILE REPAIR METHODS
DURING BLITZ**

Cairo, Alexander, Bengasi, Tobruk, Tripoli—these are names which bring romantic visions to most of us, but to Flying Officer Graham Carpenter, O/C of No. 6 hangar, they bring back memories of sand and dust and rain and sleepless days and nights and heart-breaking hardships.

A veteran of the Battle of North Africa, F/O Carpenter was a member of the City of Windsor fighter squadron which finished out the African campaign in the forefront of action with the Western Desert Airforce. In this campaign he was mentioned in despatches for "distinguished service."

During one hectic period his unit made what is probably the longest overland trek undertaken by a Canadian unit in this war. F/O Carpenter seemed reluctant to talk about it, but one newspaper account of the event says: "Despite bombed roads, sandstorms and torrential rains, all bringing inevitable mechanical trouble, the main party completed 1,600 miles in the record time of 11 days"—Alexander to Tripoli.

Bombed at Bengasi

"Credit for keeping the trucks and trailers rolling went to F/O Carpenter and Sgt. P. Lapp, a Victoria man," the account continues. "They scrounged from army units and stripped the endless wrecks along the road for springs, fans, clutches, wheels and tires. An indication of the conditions under which the big convoy moved is shown in this revealing statement: "An early tendency to crowd the trucks and tents together and be careless with lights was corrected after the unit was bombed for 30 minutes near Bengasi."

On another occasion F/O Carpenter, who is equally qualified to fill the jobs of fitter, rigger, armorer and wireless mechanic, was ordered to get a squadron of Hurricanes ready for flying. He had never seen a Hurricane before. They were ready in 24 hours.

Born in Winnipeg, he was educated at Linwood school, not far from No. 8 R. D. Prior to the war he served with the non-permanent force and worked for the T. Eaton Company. His wife and young daughter reside at 325 Roseberry street, St. James.

F/O Carpenter joined the non-permanent force as an acey deuce. By the time war broke out he was a sergeant, becoming a WO1 while in England. He was a WO1 for a week when he learned, as his outfit was boarding ship for the Middle East, that his commission had gone through. Still dressed in his airmen's uniform, he was told to "get over to the officers' mess and meet the C.O." He protested because of his uniform, so an officer sent down a couple of yards of braid and a handful of pins. Into the officers' mess—amid a large gathering of R.A.F. and British army officers—he went, braid and pins sticking out all over him.

"Whewff—you can imagine some of the dirty looks I got," he laughed as he recalled the incident.

When F/O Carpenter left the City of Windsor fighter squadron, to await repatriation to Canada after being overseas for three years, he was given a presentation by the officers and senior N.C.O.'s of the unit—a step rarely taken on operational squadrons. It's that dandy wrist watch he sports these days.



—Photo by LAC F. Woodbury.

F/O G. CARPENTER

Salvage Supermen

(By LAC Mueller)

A bunch of the boys were whooping it up
On a broken B19.

They were the noisiest bunch of guys
That you have ever seen.

There were spark plugs flying this way,
And fairings flying that;
Then poor old Battistuzzi—
A cowling layed him flat.

Neurinski bashed his finger,
And made an awful noise.
Then Gordon came and told the lot:
"Come on get cracking boys."

"You'll have to try and mend your ways,
Or there will be a fuss."
Then Decter added innocently:
"Say boys, does he mean us?"

The next to go was Armstrong.
His words were choice and loud
When a mainplane dropped upon his foot:
He gathered quite a crowd.

This struck Krasnowski funny,
His laugh was loud and clear.
Then "Army" lost his temper
And slugged him in the ear.

Then "Eagles" said, "Come on you guys,
I know that fun is fun,
But if we all get cracking now,
This job will soon be done."

Bond, he thought this over,
Forgot there wasn't standing room,
Then with a bounce he rose—
And "Scrunch" there went his nose!

The blood it splattered around the plane,
It made an awful mess.

They asked him if it hurt him much,
And he answered, "(CENSORED) Yes."

Then Foster grabbed a wrench and said:
"I'll work here underneath."

But, alas, the wrench slipped from his hand;
Now he's missing two front teeth.

Then Doc Chase said: "It's plain to me
That something must be done.
It's not the craft that's being wrecked,
It's every mother's son."

"You can do things so much quicker
If you exercise more care."
But as he said this, O, so gently,
He tore out half his hair.

The boys they all agreed with him,
And said they'd gladly try.
However, only seconds later,
Medlock blacked his eye.

It was on a broken rudder bar
The accident occurred.
But just to show his self-control,
He never said a word.

Wee Walsh lay down upon the floor
With his head beneath the dash,
And "Clarky" dashing in the plane
Fell on him with a crash.

The M.O.'s eyes were popping
As the bunch all marched inside.
For at the look of some of them
A smile was hard to hide.

Battistuzzi standing holding his head;
Such a lump you've never seen—
About the size of an egg, I'd say,
And a beautiful shade of green.

"Army" then came limping in,
His foot, oh! how it hurt,
And when they looked, he'd wrapped it in
His G.I. undershirt.

Neurinski nursed his finger,
Krasnowski held his ear,
While they waited for their turn to come
They dashed out for a beer.

Old Bond, his nose was swelling,
It was an awful sight.
And he just sat there weeping—
No date for him that night.

Then Foster lisped, "I want thome teeth,
I need them right away,
I can't thtand all thith clowning,
My hair ith turning grey."

Swaps Column

**Wanted — .303 rifle or .22 target rifle.
F/S Laflamme, P. & P.O. office.**

Here is the first notice to appear in our Swaps and Exchanges column, which becomes a regular feature of The Eight Ball with the next issue. Articles for sale, rooms to rent, etc., will also be included. Keep your notices to around 25 words, and let's have them before March 21. No charge, of course.

What is beer without salt?
What is night without day?
What is life without women?
What are hooks without pay?

* * *

Cpl.: "You're not eating your fish. Is there anything wrong?"

AC2: "Long time no sea."



—Photo by courtesy of Mr. H. A. Steel.

Wearing a wide variety of miscellaneous clothes in an unsuccessful attempt to keep warm in Manitoba's frigid climate (temperature 12 above zero) a party of Hollywood stars posed for their picture at No. 8 Repair Depot as they prepared to leave Winnipeg after a brief stay last week. Their presence on the station caused quite a furore and their stay was prolonged when difficulty was experienced in starting their transport. This resulted in an unscheduled luncheon in the officers' mess. Afterwards, F/L L. G. J. S. St. Jacques, Roman Catholic padre, took on Miss Kay Francis at table tennis. The padre won.

The troupe is shown above. Marsha Hunt and Kay Francis are shown in the front row with Col. J. S. Hodgson, officer commanding U. S. forces in central Canada, and Wing Commander R. J. Beaumont, commanding officer of No. 8 Repair Depot. Teddi Sherman is in the second row, Patti Thomas and Nancy Barnes and Reginald Gardiner are at the top.

E. R. S. Tells All

(By SPECS WHEATCROFT)

SINCE its inception into the realm of No. 8 R.D., E.R.S. has had an enviable record. (Sh-h-h-h, we didn't mean as permanent holder of the C.O.'s trophy). In all phases of station activities E.R.S. participates and in hockey, excels. Two well known Command team performers, LAC Platz and LAC Phopphet, are from our station. As for the station team, we can claim five of the players—the above two and Cpl. Tommy Moore, LAC Jim Main and LAC Killens, and according to Cpl. Baker, our section coach, we still have enough talent left to carry off the intersection honors.

Besides the above, other outstanding characters around the shop are F/O Graham Carpenter, the mirage man—but believe us he's no mirage himself; Happy Hunt, the golf king who has been seen lately polishing the trophy he won—seems the urge is for battle; Dangerous Danny Pilsworth—Sgt. to you; Honest Tony-the-Late Gagnon; F/S Bell, who is at present carrying the weight of office as secretary of the Sergeant's Mess; Baby-face Rawsthorne, our W.D.'s favorite pin-up boy—it's the blue eyes and curly hair that gets 'em; Slimming Burlington, who, the other day, took the table tennis championship in the Sergeant's Mess, wiping out discip Tubby Woodward on the way up; Plugger McKnight, who with his right hand, Benny Gen Goodman, keeps the Merlins moving between here and the Test House and

gets a dirty look from Merlin Dan McFarlane—seems Danny found the comb he lost under the billiard table.

Then there's Spike Storms who lovingly mothers our barracks block—it is rumored his application for a second term of office will be tendered shortly; Kid Doersam, who now goes to night school to brush up on his maths—seems the bowling averages are a headache even to the secretary; LAC Martin, an ambitious but unsuccessful inventor—apparently it doesn't work to install full floating pistons in a Merlin; Pappy Parker, the man who has the perfect solution for the "After the War Problem" — muskrat farming, says pappy, is the thing.

Finally there's LAC Siddall who will argue with anyone on any subject, anywhere, anytime, no holds barred. If any other section feels it or they can hold a candle to E.R.S. we refer them to Silver?Tongue Siddall for enlightenment.

Two Years Old

January 31 was the date; the Blue room of the Marlborough hotel was the setting, and the second anniversary dinner dance celebrating the inauguration of the Winnipeg detachment of Ferry Squadron was the occasion.

Approximately 110 persons were in attendance, and as far as can be ascertained, total approval was expressed by the number of requests for a repetition in the near future.

On the completion of dinner, S/L Robinson, our Commanding Officer, proposed a toast to the King, and then introduced F/O Burrill, who acted as M.C. Mr. Burrill gave an interesting resume of Ferry Squadron in Winnipeg, from the days of the "tent" to the present day of comparative luxury. His thumbnail commentaries on several members of the original group of pilots elicited fitting repartee from our Adjutant, F/O Thornton, and F/L Hickerson later in the evening.

S/L Robinson, introduced by the M.C., thanked all and sundry for their co-operation in allocating Ferry Squadron to its rightful "place in the sun," and at the same time, stated that the authorities of 8 R.D. were to be thanked for their assistance and good will, resultant in our present improved accommodation. F/L Gould, our Technical Officer, and F/L Maclean, our Operations Officer, in turn spoke favourably of conditions in Ferry Squadron.

Thanks are due Sgt. Lowe and those responsible for the organization of an evening of good-fellowship; to the catering service of the Marlborough; and our orchid of the month to the 8 R.D. orchestra, who provided musical entertainment of a royal standard.

Dopes from No. 4

(By Sgt. Fitzpatrick)

Quite a few postings from No. 4 Hangar recently. LAC's McKay, Rafuse and Grant hitting the "Jack Pot." Corporal Dougherty is a little despondent on going to Estevan in leu of Cpl. Smith who was hospitalized on the eve of leaving.

Sgt. "Chesty" B. Bellamy is busy accepting congratulations on being the proud Poppa of a bouncing baby boy. Nice going, Bert.

It's a "Corker" how Cpl. Helen Falkenberg knows all the short cuts to Deer Lodge hospital every evening.

'Twas nice to see AW1 Jones make such a rapid recovery from an attack of the Mumps.

A Buzz from the Parachute Section says that "Bee" will soon be getting a ring and we don't mean on the telephone.

Wedding bells will be ringing in the next few days for LAC Lawrie. Congratulations, Bill, from the rest of the "Dopes."



Fluff Stuff

W.D. DOINGS

CUPID has been getting in his licks with a vengeance lately. First, LAW "Tommy" Thomson middle-aided it with R.A.F. P/O Naylor, and then our newly acquired Cpl. "Jo" Johanson became Mrs. William Walker. "MR." Walker is an A.G. trainee at Macdonald. With two Mrs. Walkers now Wing Officers, speculation is being made as to "Jo's" chances. Felicitations also go to LAW Jean Sloan, who used to be "Scotty."

GREAT rending of cloth and snipping of shears emanates from the "Hen House" these days. The gals are learning the gentle art of sewing, but would like to make it clear that darning doesn't come under the category of "fine needlework." AIRMEN, PLEASE NOTE! (Neither does "d—," we'd like to add!)

THE BOYS aren't the only one to sprout maple leaf clasps on their Canadian Volunteer Service ribbons, as evidenced by the tunics of W.D. Cpls. Murray, Robin, Sopchyshyn and LAW Howe. Most of us wish we had the luck to be eligible for ordinary "Canada" badges.

OCCUPANTS of Room 9 have been mystified on recent mornings. They claim that a delicious aroma of hot buttered toast pervades the atmosphere. The W.D. Sgts. were suspected of toaster-hoarding. AW's Hanna and Tait of 32E just shook their heads and wondered, when non-coms flatly denied the charge.

S/O McLELLAN is missed since her departure to No. 7 Equipment Depot. However, the replacement is a good one. A/S/O Agnes Laidlaw, new W.D. Equipment Officer, came

up through the ranks and spent most of her Air Force career at No. 4 B & G School, Fingal, Ont. She USED to like P.T., coveralls, curlers and being "josephined" as Duty Equip. Asst.

PROCLAIMING the W.D. canteen "In Bounds" to Servicemen friends during hours 1900-2200 hrs., Mon. to Fri.; 1400-1700 and 1800-2200, Sat. and Sun., is to be commended. However, few, if any, have taken advantage of the opportunity to relax for a few hours, and frankly, it's disappointing. Could it be the N.C.O. on duty in the Common Room scares you off? How about some raring sing-songs in the near future, or that good old argument you didn't have time to finish in the hangar. This is a big step in recreation privileges (whether Leap Year had anything to do with it or not is not known). Why, I'd sorta like to be on the welcoming committee, myself.

LATELY, numerous W.D.'s have arrived at No. 8. Keeping up with new names is like following the family tree of a rabbit. You oldtimers on the station could help a-plenty by "genning" up rookies as to places, times and stuff, and a friendly grin goes a long way in making a new gal welcome. Who knows, she might have gone steady with your ex-boy friend's brother's brother-in-law.

Revised Nurtzery Rime

Thirty days hath September,
April, June and AC Bender,
He serves them now, with no reprieve,
For being absent without leave.

Dentally Fit

Bad news and good news struck the Dental Clinic (groan-house) the other day. Capt. Shepherd has been posted to Dauphin and Cpl. Wylie has been promoted to Sgt. Now, it is up to the individual as to which is the good news and the bad.

With Capt. Shepherd as chief engineer, the Dental Corps are one of the largest (and best) "Bridge" building outfits in the service. If a large number of airmen and airwomen aren't worth more after this war it won't be the fault of the Dental Corps.

All over the station, proud men and women are walking about with their mouths open, displaying great hunks of glittering gold. Which, by the way, proves the age-old adage that "All that glitters is a gold inlay." There is something wrong with that quotation, but we are too busy to find out.

The posting of Capt. Shepherd will strike deep at the hearts of many a man and maid on this and other stations attached for dental services. Quoting Capt. Shepherd (as always): "Mostly Maids."

Two gals (Sgt. Phil Gray and LAW Dusty Warren) have been going around with worried looks on their faces ever since the big contest was announced. Both can be heard grumbling: "If my boy friend doesn't win that beauty contest—oh, it's too mortifying to even think of it."

Laughs on Our Senior N.C.O.'s SEEN . . .

Sgt. Lindquist, in a very "giving" mood, offering his "right arm" to anyone who passed his way. Any takers, Lindy?

Sgt. Shaw, in a very unladylike manner, on the bowling alley floor. Those darn banana skins sure do get around, don't they Sarge. Tsh, tsh.

F/S Woodward, all 220 pounds of him, bashing a poor little ping-pong ball around, and playing for keeps, too. Must be some new AC2's coming from St. Thomas.

Sgt. "Waxy" King, punching tickets at noon, punches F/S J. Baker's meal ticket twice and says in a far away voice, "Fifteen two." Does get you in time, Noel!

Sgt. Morrow, signing autographs as station pin-up boy long before the contest ended. Who ever said disciplinarians are pessimists?

HEARD . . .

Sgt. Rock, the carpenter, singing that tongue twisting song "Marsedoats." After Rocky sang it, even I was all MUXED IP. Really a catchy tune the way HE does it.

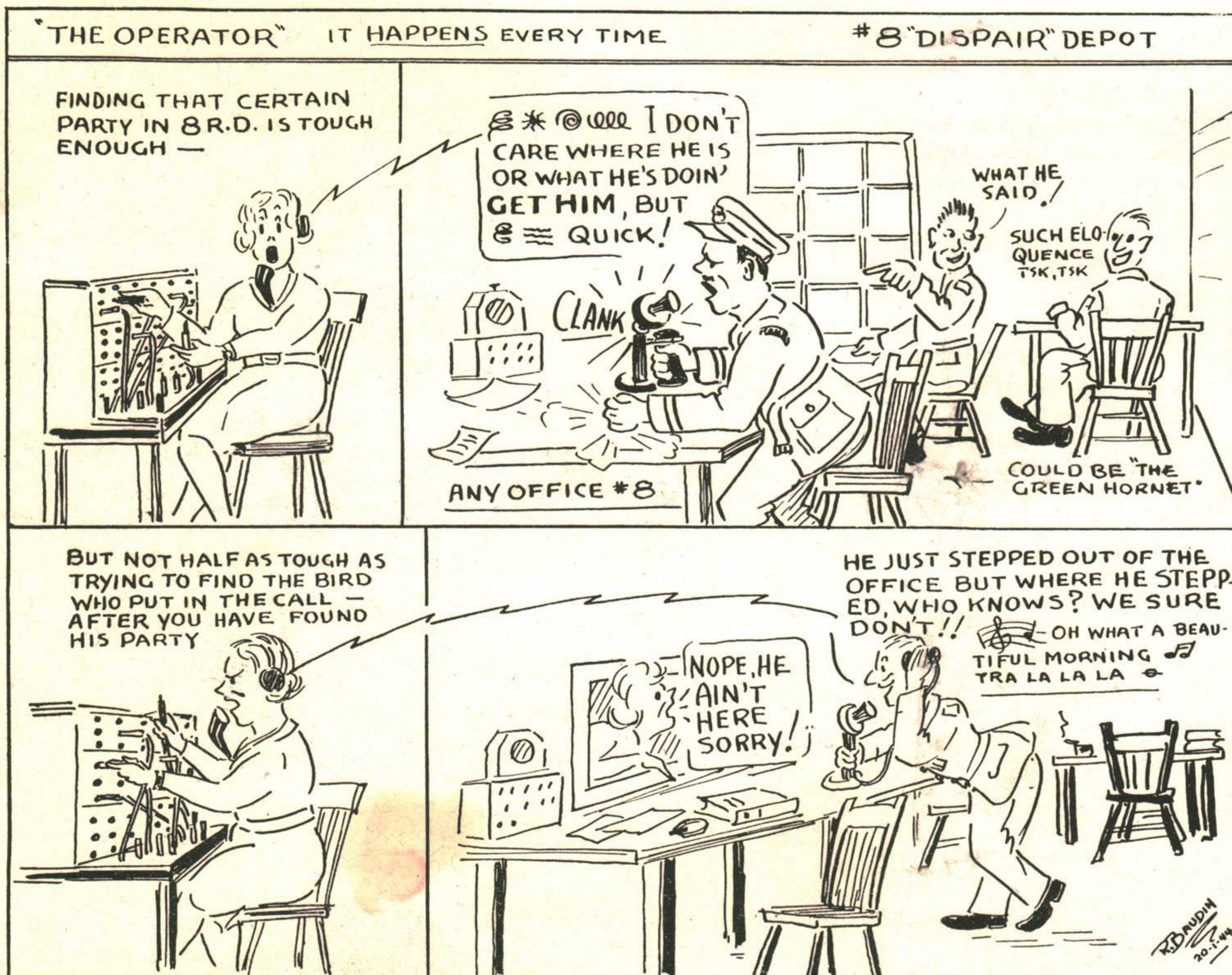
WO2 Tomlinson trying to squeeze out of a tight corner and can't quite make it says to Sgt. "Crafty" Wright, "Lemme by." Crafty replies, "Sure Major, make mine Labatts."

Sammy Tomlinson, having nothing more than a glass of milk, says, "Must have been something I ate." Liquid diet, no doubt.

DANCE AT THE ROSELAND

All station personnel are invited to attend a dance sponsored by the Men's Trumpet band, at the Roseland Dance Gardens, March 16. Tickets are \$1.10 a couple, and may be obtained from Sgt. H. O. Chatterson in the S.W.O.'s office, or any Band members. Reg Kuhn's Kutups will be in attendance.

An airman I'd just love to seek
To deliver a kiss on each cheek,
Is the one who'll confess
That he used to earn less
Than seventy-five dollars a week!



Erection Comes of Age

(By LAC Riesenberg)

Just a little section that grew up. Erection started as a mobile unit of E.R.S. No one could ever find it on the tarmac, it was so small, then into No. 9 hangar, another step up to No. 6 hangar, all to themselves; now down in No. 3 hangar and hope to stay for a while. The section is supervised by P/O Smith with F/S Blanshard, our leading N.C.O., in charge, assisted by F/S Luty. In their footsteps are Sgt. Chalmers and Sgt. Young on the floor, and Sgt. Walker inside trying to keep up with the paper war. From there on it goes down to our latest addition, AC2 Adlard, and is still growing. In between our AC2 and Sgts. there is as good a crowd of ACs, LACs and Cpls. as anyone would wish to find on any station of any kind.

Our latest newlywed LAC Mackesy, that lanky rigger, seems to be doing all right in double harness.

If you care to hear about Mary, see Danny Ellis, and we don't mean M.F.

Cpl. Lew Ayres, our storekeeper, can't seem to get an E.42 signed for a million dollars. He wants to add it to inventory as "C" class stores, one week's supply.

Who cut the skipping rope in half? Guess Renner will have to take up Charles Atlas. (See Jack Matthews.)

Sgt. Chuck Walker is getting to be a regular book worm, wonder if he knows what an E.222 is? I don't.

Wonder if Bill May will have to write to Ottawa for that new mod. on Joe Snow; a pair of wings and it would fly.

A certain party in Erection would like to know what happened to her beautiful ash trays. She thinks she recognized them on the work sheets handed in by a certain Cpl. Paradis. (Scrounger!)

Yours truly wonders if our officer still scares the baby into a cry when he comes home.

Curlers Near Finals

(By Sgt. E. E. Hand)

News and views of our Curling Club to date:

With good intentions of having a brief curling item in last month's edition on curling news, I finally made the dead-line for the second publication. If the readers or (reader) have walked through No. 5 Hangar (Metal Shop) during the past month, they will understand, and forgive me, or will they?

The present standing of the four groups is as follows: At the Civic (A Group) three rinks tied for top place, with three games to go—Sgt. Chalmers, Sgt. McCullough, and Sgt. Blair with four wins and two losses each. Oh yes, our Adjutant has his stars the other losses. We wonder what the matter can be?

Still at the Civic, in Group "C", one rink has a fairly good lead, Cpl. Spickett's rink, with five wins, one loss. Keep getting those red stars, Corp, and you'll be right in there at the end of the next three games.

The rinks with the most wins in the above-mentioned groups will play off to decide the Civic rink winner.

We have two more groups at the Fort Garry rink: "B" Group, with three rinks struggling for top spot—Cpl. Spears, Cpl. Stevenson, and Cpl. Wightman. At the time of writing Cpl. Jessiman shows six blue stars (losses), it looks like it might be too late now, Jess, but don't grieve, you still have a chance to win one game when you play against our friend F/Sgt. Novolansky (Sid), who won his first



game against McClellan on Feb. 6.

In Group "D" we have one rink well managed by Cpl. McMillan from clothing stores—no losses. To date "Mac" has the only unbeaten rink in our Club, fine shooting, "Mac."

The station championship will be decided by the winning group from each rink playing in a grand final match some time in March.

Here's some good news, too. The dance sponsored by the Curling club and held in the Roseland Dance Gardens, Feb. 3, in aid of the Prisoners of War Parcel fund, netted the sum of \$50 towards the good cause.

Score Big Wins

Outstanding performances marked the playing of station basketball teams during the past month.

Here's how the teams stand:

Men's: Second place in the Senior City league.

W.D.'s: First position (no losses) in Inter Service league. Second place in the City Intermediate.

Recent victories by the men's team include:

University of Manitoba	31-29
U.S. Army	39-27
St. Andrews	40-26
The girls have chalked up wins over:	
Fort Garry (C.W.A.C.)	38- 8
Chippawa	37- 5
No. 3 Wireless	20- 5
University of Manitoba	18-12

The most encouraging victories were those scored by the men over St. Andrew's and by the W.D.'s over the University of Manitoba. St. Andrew's have been the perennial provincial senior champs and U. of M. have been leading the Intermediate Ladies all season.

ICE HOURS

Personnel are reminded that the ice rink is open for skating during the week-end, as follows:

Skating—Saturday—1400 to 1700 and 1900 to 2200 hours.
Hockey—Saturday—1200 to 1400 and 1700 to 1900 hours.
Skating—Sunday—1330 to 1700 and 1900 to 2200 hours.
Hockey—Sunday—1100 to 1330 and 1700 to 1900 hours.

Medical Muddle

HOWDY FOLKS. Here we are again, with a few sayings and doings from the station hospital. Due to the heavy influx of sick personnel these days, we have had little time to concentrate on items for our column. LAW Edgar will be back with us again in a few days. We sure need your willing help at this time, Edgar.

F/L Wylie and Sgt. Rhynd are on speaking terms again, I hear. Cpl. Hustwate and Cpl. Kelly are thicker than thieves lately, I wonder what they are cooking up, and who will be the unfortunate airmen to fall into their clutches. There is a rumour that Cpl. Kelly is seriously thinking of going to Australia after the war. It couldn't be that A Certain Aus. Sergeant has convinced her?

N. S. McLeod is sporting a new outfit these days. It is A.F. blue with brass buttons n'everything. "Pass the Silvo, Please."

Maybe I'm getting old and my hearing is not as good as it unsterwas, but I think I can hear the mournful sound of wedding bells around this Hospital. Here's luck. He will need it.

I wonder what Sgt. Duffy does at nights that makes him such a sound sleeper during his dinner hour. Pleasant dreams of a wee Scotch lassie maybe, Duff?

Our two Medical Officers are really careful these days. Darned if I can pin a thing on them. I'll have to go to Deer Lodge and get a pair of glasses, I guess.

BEST YET—Patients Biccum, Williams, Murowchowski and Lehey having sweepstake tickets on the number of times they will have a hyperdermic needle stuck in them each day.

Entry Form

Here's my choice for the Darling of the Depot—the Glamor Girl of the Station.

NAME

Section



PUCK STARS OF No. 8 REPAIR DEPOT

—Photo by Cpl. J. Ablatt.

Racket Tourney Wind-Up

(By F/S W. Blanshard)

The feathers are really flying in No. 3 Hangar these days to the tune of sliding feet and singing rackets. The halt and the maimed and the blind have now dropped out of the running, leaving only the clear-eyed athletes of both sexes, and what a fine brand of badminton they are delivering! Sgts. Mitchell and Shaw, and LAW Harvey have been playing a particularly good game and there are only a few of the male sex in the club capable of holding these young ladies!

(On the court)

There are two good-natured feuds running at the present time—Sgt. Young versus Sgt. Walker and F/L Waitt versus F/S Blanshard. Sgt. Walker declared that Sgt. Young is past the game, whereupon Sgt. Young proceeds to trim C.V. At the time of writing honors are fairly equal. The Blanshard-Waitt struggle is a little unequal as the P. & P.O. is handicapped by a bulging center section which cramps his style a little. However, by a planned series of exercises, he is progressing towards that svelte figure which is the hall-mark of the good athlete.

Unique Scoring System

Some day F/L Waitt will be to badminton what Culbertson is to bridge, in fact the Culbertson Contract scoring system is child's play compared to the Waitt badminton system. It works something like this: Score 6-1 in favor of Blanshard. Waitt knocks the bird out of bounds—score 6-2. Blanshard hits a fault—score 7-5 in favor of Waitt. Waitt makes another point and after involved calculations on a slide rule finds that he is the winner—15-5. He says he developed the system while watching native workers assemble Bolys at Sidi Barani. Allah be praised and pass me Shillelagh.

F/S Frankham and Sgt. Cox are to be seen quite often on the courts and we understand that the net gain is a loss of 12 ounces per game.

LAC Storton has developed such a zippy wrist action that he recently snapped a racket in mid-air while making a beautiful return shot; this young man plays a really top-notch game and is worth watching. LAC's Matthews and Ellis are showing amazing progress as newcomers to the game and will soon be players to reckoned with. Keep up the good work, boys!

At the time of going to press the first tour-

namment of the season has run its course and the results are:

Ladies' singles—Sgt. Mitchell.

Men's singles—S/L Evans.

Mixed doubles—LAC Storton and LAW Tynjala.

Men's doubles—LAC Storton and AC1 Kirby.

Consolation ladies' singles—LAW Tynjala.

Consolation men's singles—AC1 Geller.

Congratulations to the winners and the thanks of the executive to all members for their support of the tournament. For the record: No. 8 Badminton club is a sparkling success, enthusiasm overflowing from the regular playing nights Tuesday and Friday, to every night of the week.

The thanks of the Badminton club are due to the boys in No. 3 hangar for their help and co-operation in keeping the courts clean and clearing the front of the hangar for us.

Nifties Take Slim Lead

WITH only six weeks of bowling left, competition is really keen, and all 16 teams are keeping an eye on first place. The winners of the first half, Cpl. Barnard's Nit Wits, have one shield on the new bowling trophy and are trying to make a complete sweep.

However, at the time of writing, Sgt. Gray's Nifties hold the coveted first position with a total of 18 points. Striving hard to upset the Nifties are the Napoleons, captained by Sgt. Shaw, with 17 counters. Third place is shared by Cpl. Lis' Flames, LAC Easton's Cyclones and Sgt. Holland's Falcons, with 16 points apiece. In fourth position, one point behind all three teams are, WO2 Baker's Hasbeens, Sgt. Barton's Cobalts and F/S Hind's Dagwoods. The four teams in fifth place are LAC DeBois' Wasps, F/S Frankham's Upsox, F/O Hill's Scrappers and Cpl. Barnard's Nit Wits with 14 tallies. F/S Oluson's Bottleneck are alone in sixth place, with 13 points, and Sgt. Mattice's Deadenders and WO1 Pickering's Helldivers hold seventh place with 12 points. Occupying the cellar is Cpl. Mouchet's Kittyhawks, with 8, but still far from out of the running.

The averages are still staying at a fair calibre. Sgt. Barton is the ace bowler with an average of 215 and still going up. Sgt. Gray and LAW Byerley share the honor in the gals' section, each having averages of 156.

All airmen on the station who would like to play in a brass band are urged to contact Sgt. H. O. Chatterton in the S.W.O.'s office immediately. Nearly enough volunteers have come forward already, so act quickly!

Station Team Drops One

IN THE past month 8 R.D.'s station hockey team won one and lost one of the two games played and is now holding down third position in the city league, one point behind 7 Equipment and two points behind 5 A.O.S.

Sloppy defensive work by our boys, coupled with a hot night by Snider and McBride of 7 E.D. was the combination that put our team on the short end of an 8-4 score in the first game of the month. In the second game of the month, played a week later 5 A.O.S., our team staged a comeback to set the league leaders down 5-4. Smart defence by Cpl. Durno, a recent addition; Sgt. Denis and the other stalwarts of the rearguard, plus persistent back-checking by the forwards, was the decisive feature of one of the toughest games of the season.

The win over the Observers was the first since F/S Passey took over the managership left vacant by the posting of Pat DesLaurier. Jim Passey, now that he has had a chance to look over the opposition, comes right out with the prediction that his team is the future champion of the league. The toughest obstacles to be overcome, in his opinion, are finances, which are low, and fan support, which is practically non-existent. Hockey fans on the station can do plenty to help by making a date with the team every Wednesday night at the Amphitheatre.

Sharpshooters Win and Lose

(By Sgt. T. Howarth)

Last November some of the lads got the notion to form a Rifle Club on the station. Upon investigation it was found that such a club had existed about two years ago, but, due to movements of personnel, etc., it had died in its infancy.

It was resolved to re-form the club and at the first meeting the following executive was elected: F/S Novolansky, president; Sgt. Mattice, vice-president; Sgt. T. Howarth, recording secretary and financial secretary.

A few difficulties were encountered in obtaining a range, but with the fullest co-operation from the Equipment section and Works and Buildings, a range was erected in No. 8 Hangar.

While the range was being built, two invitations were received from the St. James Volunteer Reserve to compete with their team at their home range.

Cpl. Mahle, Cpl. Smith, T. R., Cpl. Parker, LAC Bedford and LAC Dubois represented our station and put up a good show—winning one and losing one match to the Veterans.

Recently the club entered a team in the Greater Winnipeg Rifle league. To date, we have competed in two matches—both times being beaten, but our club put up a good contest.

Positions on the station teams are won through open competition, so all members of the club are asked to come out and shoot a classification target.

If you do not happen to make the team and your shooting improves you can win a position later on. Those members who are not fortunate enough to win a place, will have plenty of competition in club shoots, which will be organized as soon as all classification targets are in.