

No. 8 SOFTBALL TEAM TOPS INTER-SERVICE LEAGUE

Four Wins, No Losses, Put Repairmen in Lead

By ED SELIGMAN

WITH a close-knit, hard-fighting team in every game, our Softball club came through this month with four wins and no losses, to take first place in the Inter-Service Softball league.

A 5-0 score gave us our first game over the Navy at the beginning of the month, with "Jake" Jacobs doing a good job hurling. "Hoppy" Hollup pitched the next win against No. 5 A.O.S. with a close score of 5-4.

Although determined to stop our streak, No. 3 Wireless School failed in our third game in July. Again "Jake" came through and gave us a stellar performance as he pitched 11 innings, allowing only four hits. The 2-2 tie up to the 11th, was broken when Berberick walked, stole second, and was driven in by a hard hit by "Norm" Geller.

Procillo's homer which also brought in Geller served to strengthen our position as we held No. 3 at bay. The final score was 5-2.

About our Army win of 9-8 we have little to say. Dame Fortune smiled on our handsome lads and Lo and Behold, we won! A good game was pitched by Procillo and the only feature of the game was the many errors made by both teams.

The batting averages of the club are quite high with many of the boys over the .300 mark. "Don" Durno, the walloping corporal is first with .571 followed by Carmichael, Parks, Bloomfield, Bondaroff and Berberick.

The "few" supporters of the team who turn out regularly have enjoyed these past games and I'm sure that the future games will prove even better—so—as the by-word goes—"Let's go out to the ball game."



F/L J. J. LALONDE

New Adjutant Enlisted As Mere Acey Deuce

F/L J. J. LALONDE, new station adjutant, has had a colorful career in the air force and in sports since he joined the service eight years ago August 13.

AC2 Lalonde, J. J. was enlisted in the R.C.A.F. in 1936 at Ottawa. After a short period at Camp Borden he went to R.C.A.F. Station, Trenton. In October 1938, he was transferred to AFHQ, Ottawa.

He was a sergeant by the time war was declared, Sept. 10, 1939, and the following day in Ottawa he opened the first R.C.A.F. recruiting centre in Canada. In 1940 he returned to A.F.H.Q. and immediately was loaned to the R.A.F. for special duties at St. John, Newfoundland. Upon its successful completion, he received his first western posting, coming to No. 2 Training Command in 1941 as a WO i/c C.R. and O.R., receiving his commission a short while later. As P.T. and D. officer, in August, 1941, he was moved to No. 13 S.F.T.S., St. Hubert, for a four-month period, thence to No. 6 S.F.T.S. Dunnville in the same capacity. From there he

(Continued on Page 10)

Here's a Chance to Get A Good Job After the War!

By SGT. E. SHAW

WE are hoping that the end of the war is not too far distant and those of us who have not a definite job to go back to should be preparing now to fit ourselves for our places in civilian life.

Especially in these days it is a well established fact that the better your education, the better the chances for a good job—so to those who have not had the opportunity to complete high school, we suggest that a start be made right now by enrolling in a Canadian Legion Educational Service Correspondence course which is honored in any province of the Dominion.

Other than these academic courses there are courses in technical subjects such as Automotive and Diesel Engineering, Electricity, Radio, etc.; commercial courses—bookkeeping, short hand, business arithmetic; vocational agriculture—horticulture, poultry raising, livestock and dairy farming.

These courses cost nothing, but are considered by specialists to be excellent and very worthwhile.

If you want to do advanced work, university subjects may be taken up or courses can be had with I.C.S.—or other correspondence schools. In these schools a fee is charged.

Why not arrange an interview with F/L McLennan, the Personnel Counsellor, who will advise you on the line of work you are best fitted for and after that see F/O Mark, the Education Officer, who will enrol you in the courses you need to fit yourself for your post-war life.

Start now and be ready. We are here to help you, so come in at any time.

Group Pictures Next Month

Due to furloughs, leaves, T.D., mechanical difficulties, etc., no group pictures of station personnel appear in this issue.

However, next month watch for a double helping. And remember a glossy, clear print of all group photographs appearing in The Eight Ball may be purchased for 25 cents.

Airmen ARE Eligible to Win That \$10 Cash Prize

HOW do the girls do it? Six issues of The Eight Ball have appeared, (this makes the seventh) and six \$10 cash prizes have been awarded.

Airmen on the station outnumber the W.D.'s roughly ten to one. Yet of the six ten-spots awarded for the file copy . . . five of the prizes have gone to girls!

Where is the Law of Averages? Has it been repealed, cancelled, vetoed or amended? Don't ask us. We're tired of trying to explain it.

Maybe the airmen will get a break with this issue. Your number is at the bottom of the back page. If it is chosen as the file copy bring in your copy and you'll get the \$10.

Incidentally the name of last month's winner is LAW E. M. McIntosh, of No. 5 hangar.



ICELAND

"YOU—need a haircut!"

\$5 FOR A NAME for the new WET CANTEEN

Here's an easy way to pick up a five-spot! Think of a new appropriate name, jot it down on a piece of paper and drop it in The Eight Ball box in the guard house or give it to the discip in your hangar. He'll see that it is turned in.

NOTHING TO BUY—NO FORMS TO FILL OUT!

Prize winners will be announced in the next issue of The Eight Ball or in D. R. O.'s Contest closes August 15.

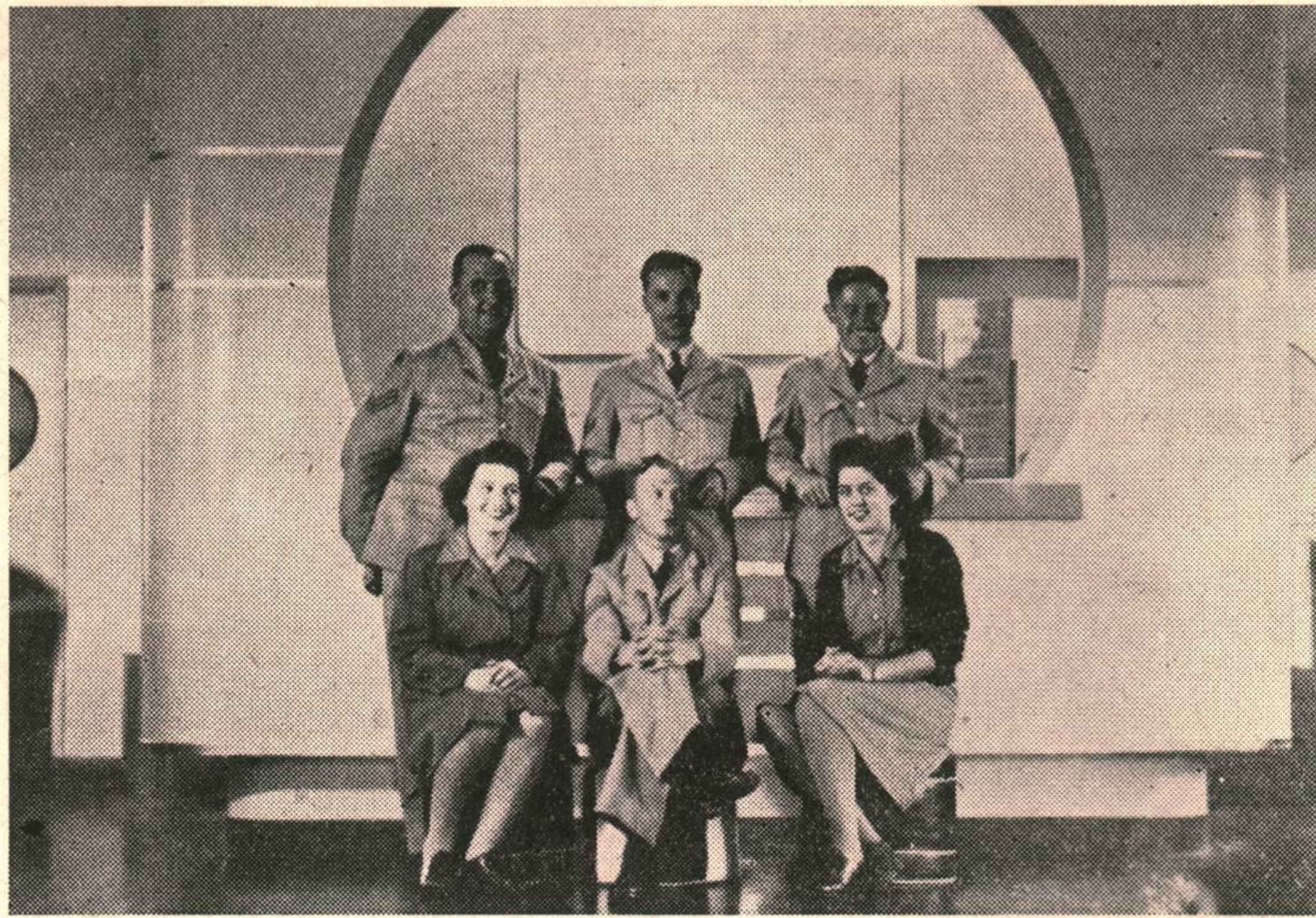
THE EIGHT BALL

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The modernistic bar in the Corporals' Club is shown in the above picture, with some of the executive. Left to right, standing: Cpl. McMillan, president; Cpl. Forrest, treasurer; Cpl. Lis, living-out representative. Seated: Cpl. Falkenburg, living-in representative; Cpl. Hill, chairman, housing committee; Cpl. England, housing. Missing from the picture are Cpls. M a z z o n e, Zimmerman and Robin, all of the entertainment committee.

**Work 12-Hour Day Overseas—
 W.D. Tells of One of Wars Horrors**

YOU remember AW1 Alice Muse, that tiny W.D. that worked over in No. 8 hangar. Well, Alice was posted overseas a little while ago, and a letter from her has just been received.

In it she tells of her crossing, and something about the work overseas. We're sure you'll enjoy reading it.

Incidentally, Alice is now on our overseas mailing list.

Here is her letter:

June 17.

MY Dear Hughie and all the gals in Room 5: Well, here I am. We have finally reached our station—one of the best in England I'm told, and it is the loneliest place. We live in Nisson huts but the Red Cross gave the girls patch-work quilts and as we have single cots the quilts make it very homey.

I'm with a girl that was in my squadron at Rockcliffe and the other girls in our hut, who have been here a long time are really grand to us.

We had a fine crossing, only two rough days. They were a bit trying and though I managed to eat and hang on to all my meals, the deck was the best place to be. All night long the boat rolled and pitched. First

my feet would hit the bottom of the bunk, then my head would slide down the other end. It was a bit confusing at first. The meals were good, and it was funny how the tables were laid. There was a rim around each one that can be pulled up to the required height depending how great the roll of the ship . . . and the tablecloths are sprinkled with water to prevent the plates from slipping. Cute, eh?

England is really grand at this time of year as far as scenery and flowers (roses especially) are concerned, but it seems cold to us. Must be the dampness.

Started work in earnest today. 8.30 to 5.30—then from 6 to 8.45, so you see No. 8 R.D. doesn't really work very hard, eh?

Have not received any overseas mail, but expect it to catch up to me soon.

We have begun to catch on to the money here—though we have had to trust to the kindness of our neighbors on some occasions. Red (Melanie Rutherford, formerly of records) is not far from me—but on another station, so I'll not be seeing her.

Thank you all again very, very much for the lovely gifts and the send-off. Hope something nice comes to each of you right away.
 —Alice

**Official Canteen Opening
 Planned Early in August**

Official opening of the airmen's canteen, newly redecorated and remodelled, will be held sometime during the coming week, according to present plans. Details of the opening have not been announced as yet.

The wet canteen, with its imitation log bar, is a big improvement over the former . . . but the new one needs a new name. The "Pig and Whistle" has outgrown its usefulness. To stimulate interest in the new name, a prize of \$5 is being offered for the best suggestion. The contest is open to all airmen and W.D.'s on the station.

You may submit as many names as you like. But write them out clearly and drop them into The Eight Ball Contributions Box in the guard house or hand them in to the disciplinarian in your hangar.

Contest closes August 15.

A War poster hung on the back of a wedding limousine:

RESULT OF CARELESS TALK

**New Corporal's Club
 Has Great Month**

(By Cpl. Doug Hill)

JULY was a great month of activity in the Corporals' lounge. Open house was the big event, of course, but besides this there was the smoker for the hardball team and the acquisition of some swanky new furniture, a combination radio and a frigidaire.

Open house, held Tuesday, July 18, was an outstanding success. Corporals from No. 2 Training command, No. 3 Wireless school and No. 7 Equipment depot were invited — along with all the corporals from our own station, their wives and girl friends.

It seemed that everybody was there. The Commanding Officer, Group Captain R. C. Hawtrey; the Chief Engineering Officer, Wing Commander T. F. Cooper; and the adjutant, F/L J. J. Lalonde attended. The place was a little crowded but accommodation was provided for the huge overflow on the adjoining lawn.

A fine programme of entertainment had been lined up and provided much enjoyment for all. A buffet lunch was served and dancing was enjoyed from 9 p.m. on. Music was provided by members of the station orchestra.

Adding to the pleasure of the evening were the fine new furnishings: two chesterfield suites, six occasional chairs and six hassocks, two more magazine tables and a combination radio and phonograph. These additional articles were purchased out of the corporals' own funds.

On July 20 the club was host to the hardball team, their wives and girl friends. Entertainment was provided and a buffet lunch was supplied. Everyone pronounced the evening a great success.

The corporals' club is young — but it is vigorous, ambitious and will continue to be, as long as there is a No. 8. Something special is planned for every month—so keep in close touch so you won't miss out.

The executive, as listed in the last issue of The Eight Ball—remains the same with the exception of the Housing Committee. The original committee consisting of Cpls. Noys, Phinnemore and Butler was posted off the station. The new committee consists of Cpls. England, Belter, and yours truly as chairman. Your new committee welcomes any suggestions for the improvement of the club.

Gilbert Islands—It's okay for GIs stationed here to watch the native girls while they bathe nude in lagoons. But the soldiers are warned not to laugh. "That embarrasses the girls," a native chief explained.

*Enlist
 To-day!*

Do you take part in some sport or station activity?
 No? Well enlist today.

Golf, Tennis, Baseball, Lacrosse, Swimming, Softball, Archery—all these!—are organized on this station for your enjoyment . . .

**ENLIST
 TO-DAY**

More Changes in Officers In Administration Building

MORE changes in the officers in the administration building are reported since the last issue of The Eight Ball.

A new adjutant, educational officer and a new W.D. administration officer have arrived to fill positions vacated by postings off the station.

F/L S. M. Brock, adjutant for a brief period, had been succeeded by F/L J. J. Lalonde, formerly of No. 10 S.F.T.S., Dauphin, Man.

F/O H. W. Hill, education officer for a considerable time, was replaced by F/O G. E. Mark, formerly of No. 3 B. and G., MacDonald.

S/O M. L. Pike, W.D. Admin. officer, who was posted to Saskatoon, has been succeeded by Flight Officer E. A. Collier, formerly of Dunnville, Ont.

Library Receives More Books; Popular Magazines

(By LAW B. Zadkin)

A QUIET welcome awaits the personnel of No. 8 Repair Depot at the Library, next door to the Chapel in the W.D. Barracks. There is a variety of literature to choose from and we are indebted to S/O Lindsay for her kind donation of the following books:

- The Forsyte Saga—Galsworthy.
- McSorley's Wonderful Saloon—Mitchell.
- Miracle in the Rain—Hecht.
- The Girl With the olden Eyes—Balzac
- Taps for Private Tussie—Stuart.
- The Music Lover's Hand Book.

We have also received a gift donation of magazines from the Red Cross Society. The June issue of the Canadian Geographical Journal, June and July issues of the New World, and the July issue of the Magazine Digest are now being enjoyed by the patients in the station hospital.

Once a week a trip is made down town to the Regional Library for magazines for the station. These are distributed equally to The Airmen's Lounge, the Corporal's Club and the W.D. Lounge. We hope you find your favorite, albeit late magazine amongst them.

Newspapers from Vancouver, New Westminster, Calgary, Moose Jaw, Montreal and Charlottetown arrive daily, as does the Christian Science Monitor. The Regina Leader-Post comes once a week, as do Life, Liberty, Collier's, Maclean's, and the Saturday Evening Post magazines.

Dope Hangar Dopes Give Lowdown on Personnel

GRACE DAWKINS, "Jeeps" to us, arrived back after her stretch at Christie street hospital. Glad to have you back looking so well, Jeeps.

F/S Baker is still resting in the hospital so we wish him a speedy recovery. Kay Shute, our cowgirl corporal, is out of hospital after her fight with a horse. Well we know who won or was the shiner caused by your glamor coming out?

Well, fella's, you don't need to worry about your lunches now because she has been posted. Yes, believe it or not, Mary is in Salvage now. Good Bye, Mary, **Good Bye.**

Quite a few of the old faces are gone from No. 4. Cpl. Shultz is gone to her new home out west. Best wishes, Hilda. Sgt. Fitzpatrick is at Dafoe now, and in his place is Sgt. McNeil and also another newcomer—Sgt. Corby.

Believe it or not, F/S Grubb has finally got his course and is away at St. Thomas at the present time. Best of luck, Bob.

Cpl. Falkenburg and LAW Middleton are in a race to see who is the first bride. At the present time Falky is ahead by a nose. Better change your gait—I mean "date," Marge.

Also away out in front is LAC Miesner who just crossed the finishing line (July 15

about 7 p.m.). Well, you ran a good race and so don't let "her" start running you. . .

All the best from No. 4—all from the dopes at No. 4.

—Ricky and Pat.

High Class Movies Lined Up For Presentation This Month

(By R. I. Third, Special Services Officer)

WE are pleased to report that we have a very good run of movies for the month of August. The shows are presented Friday and Sunday nights, starting at 8 o'clock in the airmen's mess hall.

Here are some of the feature attractions for August:

- "Buffalo Bill" in technicolor (drama). —Joel McCrea, Maureen O'Hara.
- "Old Acquaintance" (drama). —Bette Davis, Marian Hopkins.
- "North Star" (drama). —Dana Andrews, Anne Baxter.
- "Mr. Lucky" (drama) —Lorraine Day, Cary Grant.
- "A Guy Named Joe" (drama) —Spencer Tracey, Irene Dunne Van Johnston.

WANTED

House or Suite, 3 or 4 Rooms. Apply to Station Adjutant Immediately.

WANTED

12 guage double-barrel shotgun; also .22 automatic revolver. Apply WO2 Laflamme, P. & P.O. Admin. building.

FOR SALE

One set of left-handed golf clubs and bag. See F/S W. Downey — 7 Hangar.

The Wolf

by Sansone



The Wolf

by Sansone



Hair-Raising Arctic Episode Recalled by J. B. O'Reilly

(By J. B. O'Reilly)

ARCTIC weather is temperamental and treacherous. I know; I learned from painful, personal experience.

All was peaceful on the shore of the Arctic river-mouth where we had pitched our tents. It was summer, yet layers of ice telescoped the beach; my watch indicated 10 p.m. and still the sun glowed rosily on the horizon.

In this land of contradiction torturous mosquitoes swarmed about the aircraft seeking the warmth of hot motors, while in the nearby expanse of water, spotted with crystal-blue ice, white whales tumbled; seals poked their heads out of the wave crests which bore them along and wondered at what they saw.

Our aircraft beached properly for the night, and the last of the curious Eskimoes chased from the vicinity, one of our pilots asked me to go for a short sail among the ice-floes before going to bed. With a 16-foot motor-canoe, loaned to us by the Hudson Bay Company, we set our course to a point of brightly-hued rock on the opposite shore of the river-mouth—a distance of slightly less than two miles.

The journey across was uneventful. Our sturdy canoe slipped in and out among the icebergs in spectacular style, and in less than an hour we had reached our destination.

Daylight has given way to dusk, and we remarked that a stiff northern breeze had arisen; its icy breath gave us a respite from the mosquitoes, and at the same time, it was clearing the river-mouth of ice. About midnight, having chipped a colorful assortment of rock from the huge mass on which we stood, we decided to leave before the water became too rough.

Solid Blanket of Fog

On reaching the canoe, we were amazed to find that the Arctic dusk had formed a leading-edge for a solid blanket of fog, which, driven by the increasing wind, was closing in on us with extreme rapidity. We lost no time starting for our encampment — as yet visible in silhouette.

Ten minutes off shore, we had lost sight of all surroundings. Ten minutes later, the pilot seated in the stern reminded me of a mirage: I saw him—then I couldn't. The heavy furls of fog seemed to touch us on the face and neck, leaving a clammy sensation behind; instinctively, we compressed our lips and drew short breaths lest the solid character of the fog choke us.

The water became violently rough. It whipped us about as though we were a dead thing; the canoe started to take water, and the engine screw was out of the water at least half the time leaving the pilot with little control. It began to rain—a cold, biting rain driven by the wind with such intensity that



"You know — I had the most fantastic dream last night!"

it reached the proportions of a hail storm. I dumped the collection of rock overboard and started bailing with the small canvas bag. Then, the engine stopped.

We were lost! All sense of direction was gone, and with but one paddle we could only hope to keep the canoe from capsizing. We did not know whether the tide was rising or falling; if the latter, we should be carried to sea with no hope of survival. The intensity of the running sea seemed to indicate this, and holding the bow of the canoe into waves as best we could, we prayed — as neither of us ever prayed before—that God would spare us the inevitable.

Self-preservation remained foremost in our minds, however. We fought doggedly; fought to the exclusion of all else, and fought hardest when all hope seemed gone. At 2.20 the canoe grounded.

Hopes Dashed

We were caught on the shelf of a huge rock; safe for the moment! We could make shore from here! But where was the shore? The fog lay so heavily about us that we did not have the slightest idea where to turn. We learned that the tide was rising, and in a few short minutes the canoe was whisked away from our only solace in three hours of hell.

A night-mare followed. The canoe sipped water to such an extent that the overflow on succeeding crests almost washed us over-

board. We gave one another final instructions and messages in the event that either of us should survive. Our apprehension was complete.

At 5.40 we grounded. We did not realize the actuality; the canoe struck so hard that I was thrown out, and with this loss of ballast, it keeled over taking the pilot along. Exhausted, physically and mentally, we were barely able to haul the broken canoe to shore.

A shore-party of natives reached us at 6.30 p.m. They were looking for an overturned canoe and two bodies washed up by the afternoon tide.

Janecka's Jen . . . Is It In Code?

(By LAC Janecka)

Collie: What is our profit from the African gold mine?

Joe: Quarter of a million dollars last year. Of course it is a little better this year. Oh my, what an income tax!

Collie: How about the surplus of our nickel in Finland?

Joe: We will sell it to Japan. Then we will sink the ships on delivery.

Collie: We are making so much money that we cannot even keep track of it.

Joe: We have to lower our wages to our staff to make them feel that we are just pulling through.

Collie: I sold 50 carloads of grain to Spain, hoping they won't resell it to Germany. By the way, will you lend me two bits till pay day?

* * *

On the invasion parade Sgt. Marson did a little wrestling for relaxation with a certain LAC.

"Say Marson, are you lucky? If your fists cannot carry you through, your hooks will," said Maxie.

This Max is quite a character. He can tell a lie so long that he believes it himself.

Mind you, without a smile or shedding a tear.

* * *

One of his friends got posted to No. 8:

Max: Well, hello Johnny, how are you?

Johnny: Glad to see you Max.

Max: Glad to see me but not for long, because No. 8 is closing down and is being converted to a submarine base. Canal will be built from the Station to the Red river and out through the Hudson Bay.

Johnny: Your kidding, it will freeze in the wintertime.

Max: That's where you're wrong. Winnipeg Electric has so many electric stoves on hand, doubly set up so far apart to keep the water from freezing.

Johnny (with a grim face, a tear in his eye): I just got my subsistence allowance.

Max: I've got a great idea. Transfer to the Navy.

Johnny: I can't swim.

Max: That's very simple. Join the station swimming club. One night in Chippawa entitles you to swim in Sargent Park on Monday afternoon. (No scroungers allowed.)

Johnny: Say Max? They tell me that your LAC became temporary?

* * *

AC1 Grenier: Just can't keep away from trouble. He has a steady job sorting rivets. There are just about half a million, to do.

LAC Watson will never forget his wedding day. He will celebrate on invasion day.

Pastor: "Mr. Winkus, you asked last Sunday for prayers for Anna Bell; would you like this repeated this Sunday?"

Winkus: "No, thank you kindly, reverend. Anna Bell won last Monday at 7 to one.

MORE OVERSEAS LETTERS WANTED!

THE EIGHT BALL

wants to hear from former personnel of No. 8 Repair Depot who are now overseas. Have you any letters? Bring them in NOW. Nothing of a personal nature will be used—and the writer goes on our "Overseas Mailing List."

DON'T DELAY!

DO IT TO-DAY!!

Wild Life at No. 8

The Eight Ball Candid Cameraman—LAC MacPherson of No. 3 hangar is not a lad to let grass grow under his feet. The other day he was scouting around for likely victims when lo! and believe it or not the following drama unfolded before his clicking lens. He suggests, for an appropriate title: "Wolverine at Work" or "My Hobby Whilst at No. 8."

★

LAW "Mac" McCartney (Parachute Section) the wolverine, spots cub. Poor lad flees in terror, hotly pursued.

★

Cornered! Wiley cub climbs pole in vain effort to escape. Mac cuts off retreat and all is lost.

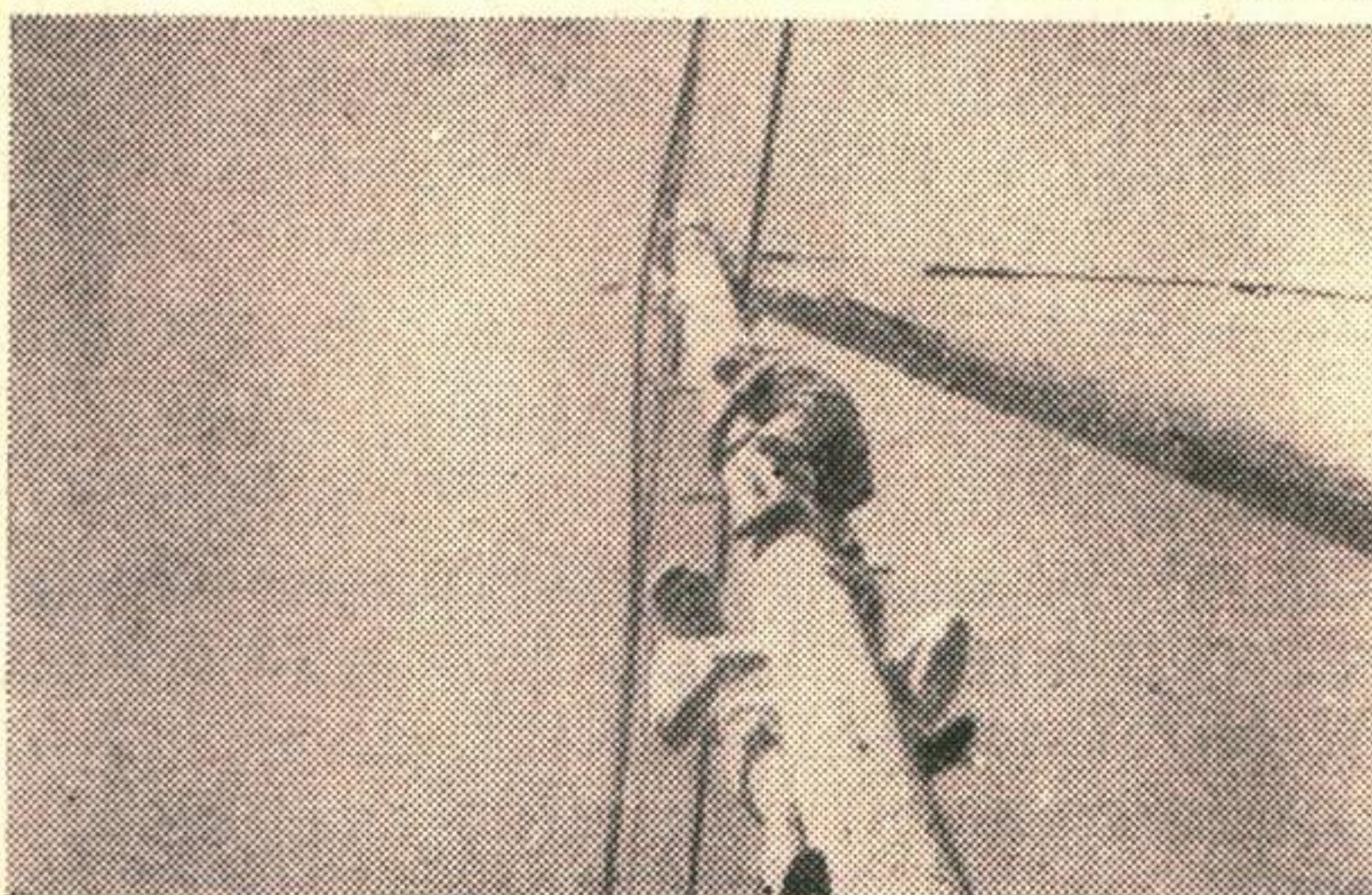
★

Tch! Tch!! Cub gets roundly smacked and wolverine hangs another scalp to her collection (?)

★

All is forgiven. Mac and her new-found friend (Glen Downes) sit side by side. Behind, left to right are Marj. Middleton, Lorraine Bosse, Betty Paige and Hillie Bergen. Holding a baseball bat in front is LAW (pardon) LAC Tennehouse (say, how did he get in here?)

Tch, Tch, Such Goings On



Symphony of Wedding Bells Heard in Hydraulic Shop

(By Birrell)

By the time this edition hits the stand, wedding bells will have rung for, not ONE, not TWO, but THREE of the hydraulic regulars. Yeh man, lady love has done smacked the elusive? male for a row of cuspidors.

Speaking of bar room utensils brings to mind my old friend Elsie Aiken, now of the M.T. Section.

Elsie's popularity at the M.T. Section is rather questionable when you consider the amount of time he spends of temporary duty. (Have you tried Life Buoy, Aiken?)

Getting back to wedding bells. Cpl. Reynolds took the high hurdle just before going East on posting.

Moe will always be remembered as one swell guy with a real capacity for work and a splendid sense of humor. Needless to say the latter was tested many times at No. 8.

LAC English has also been entwined in the strings of wedlock (I wouldn't mind being entwined in the same string with the gal myself only I can't: my wife says here!) Earl is on leave at present and is no doubt preparing himself to meet the verbal blast that will most certainly greet him when he returns.

The third man to sign over his pay in the past month was LAC Hood.

Davie ran into much more than his share of tough luck, causing a postponement of that in hushed tones—"Take the dice out of your momentous occasion when the best man says pocket" and the jumpy groom says, "Them ain't dice, dats my knees knockin!" Davie is married now however, and to him, Moe Earl and their wives, the gal and all the guys in the shop send heart-felt wishes for the very best that the future can bring.

Who is the gal you ask? Well I'll tell yuh podner, she's a very slick chick by the name of Elsie Yaworski.

Elsie and her somewhat artistic finger nails finch at nothing. Drop into the shop anytime and you will find her up to her li'll elbows in work and some of it is pretty messy stuff, believe me.

Elsie passes the fake proof test of a good mechanic. (One which Elsie Aiken flopped miserably). Namely that the front of her coverall is dirtier than that portion in the neighborhood of her hip pockets.

A little bird tells me that my friend Elsie Aiken has whipped up a masterpiece of blabery for this issue which will no doubt reflect as before his furry rodent tendencies. As far as I am concerned you may blast away my hearty. Go get yourself in a stew, you've got the pot for it!

Aitkin vs. Birrell: Last Installment

By LAC AITKEN

Dear Ladies and Peoples:

Having read a humble piece of editorial by a jerk, in the last edition of the 8 Ball, I wish to explain why there was no prompt reply to Egbert Birrell's cute remarks.

He took advantage of my absence while on

temporary duty, to cook up his latest scandal, the worm. Better I should moider da bum.

They say he is a good swimmer, that I do not doubt after hearing some of his fishy stories. Even Sgt. Casbolt on the east coast, who is a faithful reader, falls for Birrell's balony.

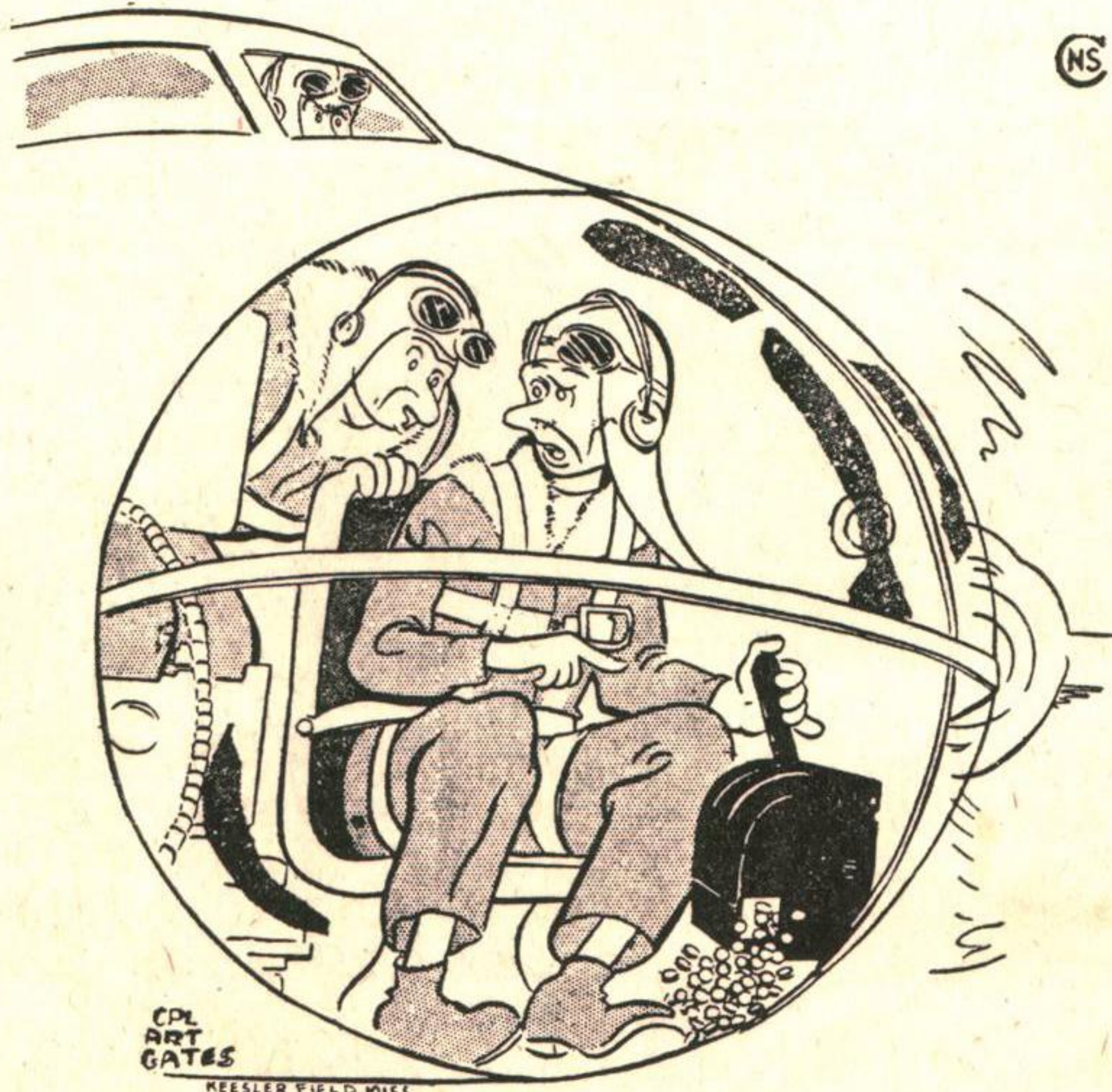
Being that my friend Egbert is not important enough for any more publicity or space on the page I will say so-long for this time.

Short Short Short Story

By L.W.O.

PETTY CASH DISBURSEMENTS FOR JULY

July		
2	Ad for new secretary	.50
3	Chocolates for wife	1.00
5	Flowers for secretary	2.00
8	Dinner with Mabel	2.50
	Candy for wife	.50
11	Dinner and show with Mabel	4.00
15	Flowers for Mabel	2.00
	Candy for wife	.50
18	Corsage for Mabel	2.00
	Dinner and dance with Mabel	8.00
	Candy for wife	.50
20	Chocolates for Mabel	2.00
21	Flowers for Mabel	2.00
25	Dinner and show with Mabel	5.00
26	Ad for new secretary	.50
	Fur coat for wife	500.00



"Who repaired this bomb release? . . . Every time I pull th' lever—this happens!"

\$10

---for this copy!

Yes—you may get \$10 for this copy of The Eight Ball!

Lucky Number . . .

Watch D.R.O.'s for the lucky number of the file copy. If it is the same as the number on the bottom of the last page—bring this copy to the Orderly Room or Station Library and you'll get \$10 for it!!

Inventions and Innovations — No. 3



Introducing:

● Flight Sergeant S. Bullen — inventor of a complicated, yet simple jig for winding drogue cables.

● Old style of winding meant working in tail of plane in cramped quarters in all kinds of weather —climbing in and out innumerable times to straighten and untangle the obstinate, awkward cable.

● New method does away with all this. Cable is wound on Bullen's time, energy and labor saver.

● An old motor is utilized, the gearbox of an Anson undercarriage, and a few other odds and ends picked up around the shop.

● Cable is wound at great speed, a brake attachment ensuring uniform tension, even lay of cable and uniformity.

● Easy to stop, simple to operate and compared to the old style, a pleasure to use.

This is The Life!

Temporary Duty In The Northland

(By J. B. O'Reilly)

THIS is living! Perhaps, few of you are as keen on Northern operations as I, but allow me to draw a verbal picture of what—to my mind—comprises a perfect summer.

We reached our second base four days ago. Breaking camp at Base No. 1 was the matter of several hours' hard work, and unforeseen difficulties delayed our departure until late afternoon. Had we been proceeding south—darkness would have delayed us further; but moving north, we flew into ever increasing light.

Choosing a new camp site, with proper regard for the safe cradling of our aircraft—which is of prime importance—and pitching camp were the matter of another few hours of exacting labor. The fact that our location is at the edge of the tree-line, and that the ground structure consists of rock and moss, does little to alleviate the task. Here, it is necessary to straddle a few pinnacles getting into bed, whereas at our last base our tents tended to become airborne every time the aircraft pulled away from shore.

The efficiency of any organization may be judged by the efficiency of its leader. In our case, we have one of the finest and most capable men I have ever met. Our "Skipper" has a thorough knowledge of his work and the happy faculty of getting the most out of every man with nothing more apparent than suggestion; his method might be worded—"I expect every man to do a good job and to be happy in its doing." This is perhaps the strongest contributing factor to the universal enjoyment of what could just as well be a very distasteful summer.

Lack of Restraint

A second factor — and in all honesty I admit this—is the lack of restraint. This is evidence in the nomad-like quality of our dress and appearance. We are well and uniformly clad, but a more varied assortment of garb was never seen; it ranges from mosquito nets to eskimo "Mukaluka." Inspections consist of aircraft periodicals and after-dinner commentaries on the progress of diversified beards and moustaches. Rather

than submit to the well-meaning efforts of one of our engineers in the way of haircuts, many let their hair flourish unmolested. This, of course, has its points; it is added protection against the mosquitoes and black flies, which pests are equipped with de-icers and retractable landing gear.

We have apparently missed the caribou trek this year; but this sport—if shooting one out of a herd of hundreds can be considered sport—is well replaced in the keen struggle provided by Lake Trout, averaging nine to eleven pounds, with which this district abounds.

The spirit of good-fellowship, and inheritance and gift of the north, is in evidence on all occasions. Officers and men roll gas drums, load and unload aircraft, swat flies and even fall into icy water—together.

At night, even without the darkness, the camp fire has its devotees. The conversation trapped atop a burning stump. I recall a perience to the fate of a few hundred ants—ranges from the highlights of previous ex-point of humor on one such occasion; someone asked, in all earnestness, just how seal were able to catch the speedy fish. We learned that the seal take up their post at the mouths of rivers and catch the unwary fish as they come down to the Hudson Bay post to trade.

Surely—man was intended to enjoy this purest of pleasures—life in close affinity to nature.

"VICP"

(By J. B. O'Reilly)

Into the scudding clouds I dove,
And laughed in child-like glee;
Into the teeth of the growling storm—
My aircraft—carrying me.

The thrill of power unleashed at last—
The duel approaching me;
I gathered the horses in my hand,
And laughed! No white flag for thee!

My pulse beat hard; my blood ran fast—
In tempo with the storm;
A Flash! At last, I thrilled to know
God's sunshine in the morn.

Up and down—here, then there—
A marionette we were;
But laughed and cheered, and tossed to-
gether—
A happy, care-free pair.

And now it's past; all's quiet at last,
I know the victory's ours;
I thrill to know that all was fair—
The greater was my hour!

Dental Clinic Celebrates Promotion of Major Arnold

THE big event of the month as far as we are concerned is the promotion to Major of Capt. Arnold. A small party was held in the clinic to celebrate the event and "wet" the crown. All the staff and also the staff from No. 5 A.O.S. were invited. Congratulations are in order, Major Arnold.

There have been a few temporary changes in the clinic officers since we last reported to The Eight Ball. Capt. McMillan proceeded on T.D. to Portage and was replaced by Capt. C. R. Oke. Capt. Oke, who had come from Halifax, carried on for two weeks, and upon Capt. McMillan's return left for Gimli.

The Clinic's Flower Garden is in full bloom now and looking very nice, indeed. We are especially proud that it was our own work and patience (especially Sgt. Wylie's) which has enhanced the clinic with this fine garden. For those who have never seen the garden here are the directions. Before coming in the door, turn to the right and continue to the south side of the building. There you will discover the garden in all its splendor.

Sgt. Wylie went on furlough July 24, and that leaves the Records Room in the hands of Pte. K. Long. Everybody is hoping for the best during Ken's absence. Sgt. Gray has taken extra precautions though, and has bought a razor with which to commit hari-kari in case things get out of hand.

Cpl. "Dusty" Warren is certainly "on the beam" these days. It seems there was a friend who was visiting in the country, and now has returned to the city. Whether it be A.(E)M. or P.M., Merla is happy these days. She says it is the music they play in the mess during noon hour. Music hath charm—especially request numbers.

The junior member of the staff had an accident last week-end. It seems he was designing a new type rocket plane when the blade slipped and nearly cut the tip of his finger off.

PRACTICAL SHORTHAND

"Any of you lads know anything about shorthand?" said the sergeant to a bunch of recruits.

There was a quick response. Six of them fell out at once.

"Good! They're shorthanded in the cook-house."

"Why does a traffic light turn red?"
"You'd turn red too, if you had to change in the middle of the street."

Male Call

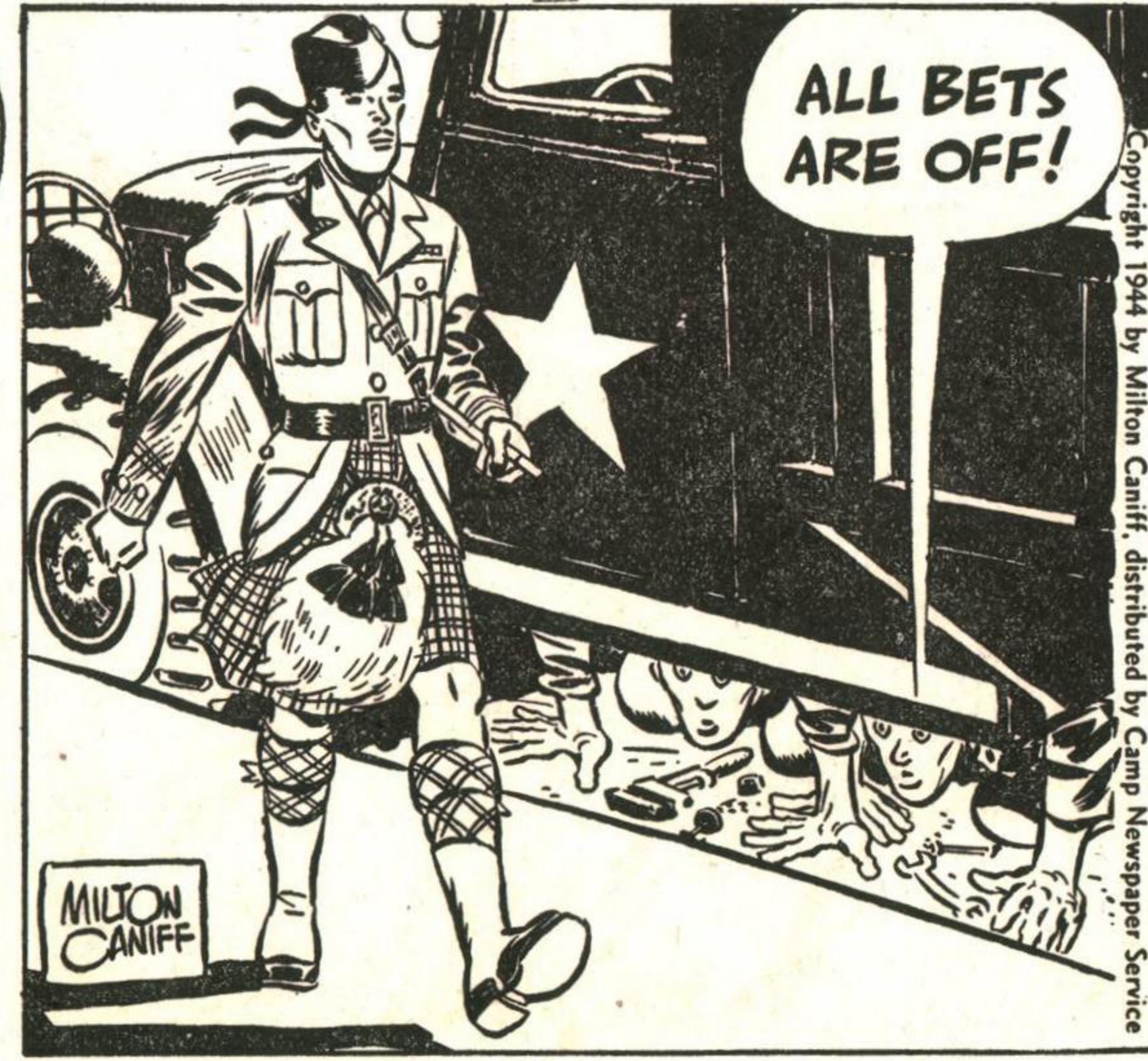
by Milton Caniff, creator of



Male Call



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



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The Phantom Soldier

The government says he is missing
 But the French all swear he is dead;
 For several saw him go down
 When Hememimat Ridge ran red;
 He fell in a bayonet charge
 Where the bullets were thick as hail—
 They saw him go down with a curse and a
 frown
 And the blood made his face look pale.

But dead men leave a body,
 And his body was not there;
 For after the battle was over
 They looked for him everywhere;
 So he was reported as missing
 Though some of them swore he was dead,
 For they saw him go down with a curse and
 a frown
 When Hememimat Ridge ran red.

Yet the Aussies all say he was with them
 When they took a nameless hill,
 And that was two months later
 (Could it be he was living still?)
 He urged them on in the battle
 Till the enemy gave his ground,
 Then he died in the dust from a bayonet
 thrust—
 But his body was never found.

Though many swept over the hilltop,
 Many are lying there still.
 And into the list of the missing
 Went the names of those on the hill.
 In the din and the dust of battle
 He fell, and they left him lie;
 But the desert sand will understand—
 There are men who refuse to die.

When the British out of Tarhuna
 Took Tripoli by storm,
 There was a stranger with them
 In a British uniform;
 He led the men into battle,
 And several saw him fall;
 But the light was too dim when they looked
 for him—
 Or he wasn't there at all.

There are flames which burn in the spirit
 Which nothing can ever quench,
 Though the body be torn asunder
 And left for dead in a trench.
 For a soldier in his dying
 Gives death itself the lie
 When comrades inherit his flaming spirit—
 There are men who refuse to die.

—By Sgt. A. L. Crouch in "Yank"

Rehabilitation

Post Discharge Re-Establishment Order

HERE'S the fourth in the series of question and answer articles on rehabilitation. They are supplied by the Department of Pensions and National Health and have been approved by the three services.

* * *

Q. Under what authority are grants for subsistence paid to discharged members of the services?

A. These payments are made under a Privy Council Order, known as the Post Discharge Re-Establishment Order. One of the most important parts of the programme, it has become known as the backbone of the re-establishment plan.

Q. Who are eligible for grants?

- A. The grants are divided into five categories. They are payable to:
- (a) Those fit and available for employment who are seeking work and for whom there is no suitable employment.
 - (b) Those following a course of vocational training under the Vocational Training Co-ordination Act.
 - (c) Those who have embarked on private enterprises, such as farms or small businesses and who are waiting for returns from those enterprises.
 - (d) Those temporarily incapacitated and unable to accept positions.
 - (e) Those furthering their academic education looking towards university degrees.

Q. What is the scale of grants?

A. Single men receive \$10.20 weekly and married men with their wives \$14.40 weekly.

Q. Is there any provision for children and other dependents?

A. Yes. Provision for these dependents is approximately the same as the Dependents' allowances paid by the Dependents' Allowance Board.

Q. What is the period for which the grants are payable?

A. They are payable for twelve months, or the period of service, whichever is the lesser.

Q. Is there any time limit in these grants?

A. Yes. The out-of-work benefits are available only in the first eighteen months after discharge. Other grants must be applied for in the first twelve months after discharge or cessation of hostilities, which-

ever is later, or of a date set by the Minister.

Q. Are there any exceptions to this time period?

A. Yes. Exceptions are made in the cases of those taking vocational training or furthering their education with a view to university degrees. In the case of university education, students are eligible for grants on a basis of month for month with their period in service. There is a further governing factor, that of scholarship and effort. Students whose records justify it can be carried right through to graduation and outstanding students, if it is considered to be in the national interest, can go through to post-graduate degrees. In the case of vocational training, the training, where necessary for re-establishment, may be carried beyond the twelve-month period.

Q. How long can I draw unemployment benefits under this Order?

A. The Order makes provision for unemployment benefits for a maximum period of twelve months, or the period of service, which ever is less, within the first 18 months after discharge.

Q. Could I continue to draw these benefits for the full period if I make no effort to find work?

A. No. There is a provision in the legislation which permits the benefits being cut off in the same way as unemployment insurance benefits may be cut off. Canada's rehabilitation programme is designed for those ex-service personnel who want to help themselves. The out-of-work benefits will not be regarded as a dole or a right.

Q. If I am an office worker and refuse to accept work at heavy labour, will this debar me from securing out-of-work benefits?

A. No. Those entitled to out-of-work benefits are ex-service personnel who are fit and available for work, but for whom no suitable employment is available. Obviously, an office worker is not suited to a job digging ditches.

Q. If no suitable work is available for me over a period of time, what will be done?

A. Canada has made a wide survey of employment opportunities. One solution would be to have a training counsellor discuss these with you, so that you may be given the opportunity to take training for suitable work on vocational training grants and allowances.

Q. If I start to work and my health becomes bad, and I am temporarily incapacitated, what happens?

A. Under these conditions, you can draw grants under the Post-discharge Re-establishment Order, if treatment or hospitalization is not necessary or admissible.

Teacher: "Jackie, you'll have to do your writing lesson over again. Your 'e' looks like 'l'."

Jackie: "All right. But make Frankie do his again. His looks like hell too."

The despondent old gentleman emerged from his club and climbed stiffly into his luxurious limousine.

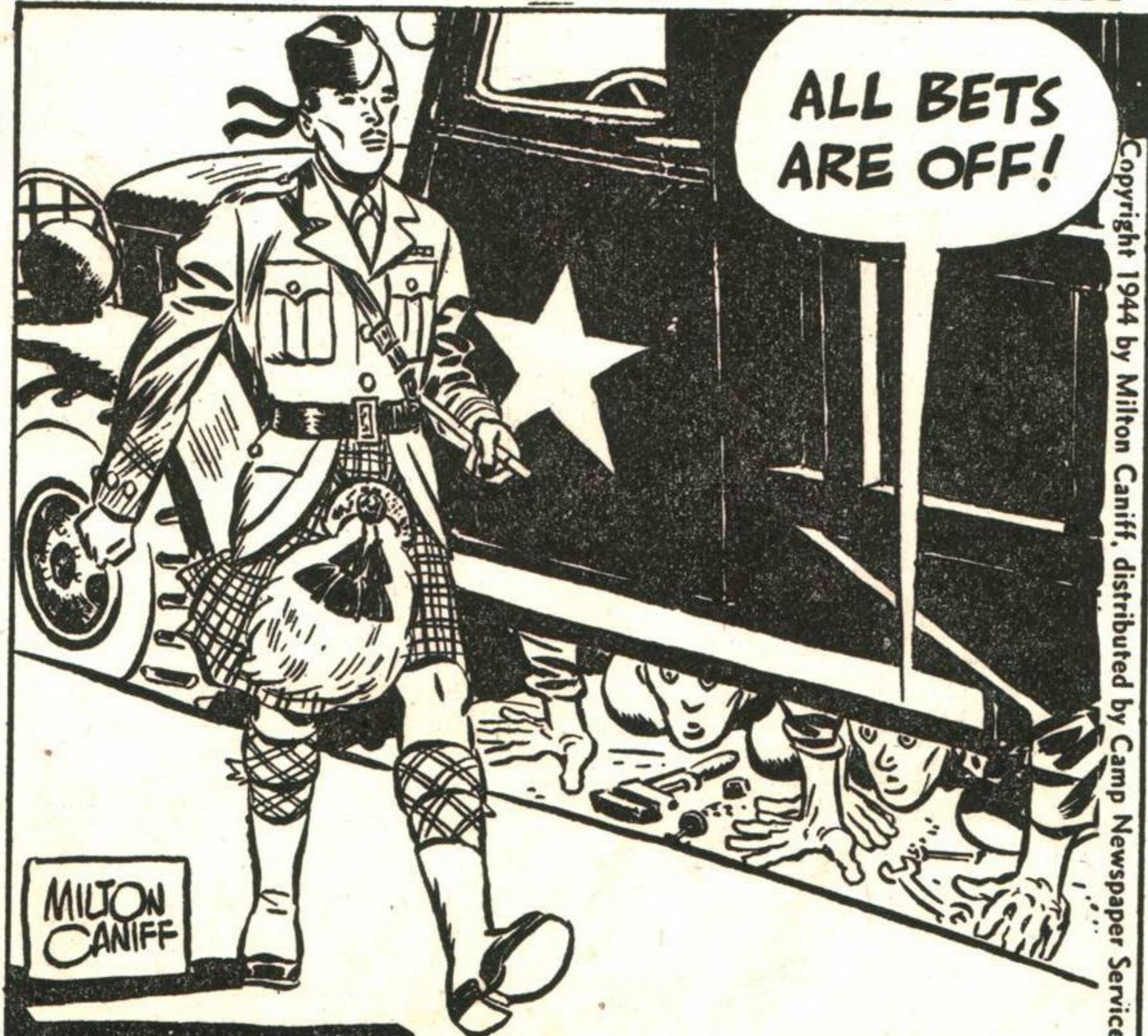
"Whereto, sir?" asked the chauffeur, respectfully.

"Drive off a cliff, James," replied the old gentleman. "I'm committing suicide."

Terry and the Pirates



It's A Kilt Tilt



CAREFUL WITH THAT KNIFE!

Don't let it fall into the garbage! And the same goes for that fork and spoon, too. Remember, every lost, strayed or stolen piece of cutlery has to be replaced—it can't be "written off."

Replacements are paid for out of the Extra Messing Fund.

If You Like Ice Cream - - - Careful with that knife.

W.D. Tells of Changed Views Towards Wolves

(By LAW Mifflin)

UNACCUSTOMED as we are to such a period of comparative calm we find it rather difficult to find material to make a column this month. Little has happened to disturb the even tenor of our ways: no auditors have been delving into the mysteries of our ledgers: no futuristic designs adorning the rafters bear mute testimony to our prowess as interior decorators; in short nothing spectacular has occurred to proclaim that we are, as usual, zealously endeavouring to hand down the British Empire intact to posterity. A few changes have occurred 'tis true, chief of which is that we have a new W.D. Equipment Officer. S/O Bradshaw after an all too brief stay with us was posted to Toronto, and to take her place has come to us from Dafoe, A/S/O Lister, to whom we bid a hearty welcome. We hope you will like us, ma'am. We aim to please!

Last month we wrote of all the many changes in personnel, but space would not permit its publication and it is now too late to go into details. Suffice it to say that we still can't get used to the idea of Major Kirkpatrick not being in our midst. We were under the impression that the Major, like the poor, we had always with us, and were somewhat dismayed one morning to find that he had "folded his tent like the Arabs and silently stolen away" to R.E.S. Other changes have been LAW Doherty's posting to No. 10 R.D., Calgary and LAW Lasser's to Somewhere in British Columbia. The latter's beaming countenance proclaimed to all and sundry that there would be no "sackcloth and ashes" as far as Marjorie was concerned. LAW Allen has come to us from No. 3 B & G, MacDonald and made herself very much at home in the I & R section, while LAW Abdou is home on sick leave after a stay in Deer Lodge Hospital. LAW's Neilson, Tynjalla and Dimick "also scam." (From now on, for the sake of brevity we'll head this column "Also Scam" and list the names of people—there's always lots.

This month we are all somewhat more than usual "annual leave conscious." For ten whole days early in July we were left to our own devices in the tally card room while Sgt. Leavens, our guide, philosopher and friend, was basking in the sun at Kenora. Sgt. Logan, too, was conspicuous by his absence for a week or so, and indeed every weekend sees at least two or three taking off for various places, with Audrey Smith leading the way as far as our civilian friends and co-workers are concerned. Those of us who are left behind try to get a change of scenery by moving around the furniture or changing from an upper to a lower bunk around the barracks. Flt. Sgt. Andrews is having such a complete change of scenery, having moved over to Major Kirkpatrick's

former office, that he probably won't want a holiday at all. (Ha!).

Once again the grim spectre of trade tests has R.I.U.G. (reared its ugly head) and those of us who had not yet reached the peak of knowledge in our profession (correct me if I'm wrong, but did I hear someone laugh derisively?) were subjected to the tortures of the dreaded Inquisition. For two or three days previously CAP 43 was our boon companion (remember the days when CAP meant simply a covering for the head. Such abysmal ignorance! Nice, wasn't it?) and finally with pale green fraces we were solemnly ushered into the presence of our inquisitors, hoping that they would remember what Will Shakespeare had said about "the quality of mercy," and vainly regretting that we had let our wits go wool gathering during the lectures and let Mike ask and answer all the questions. ("And still we gazed, and still the wonder grew that one small head could carry all it knew"). As yet we are in ignorance as to the results—and perhaps it's a case of where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise, but we keep hoping that by some miracle everyone obtained their grouping, not only for the sake of our morale, but also because the few extra shekels involved will aid us in our endeavour to keep the wolf from the door. But that's definitely passe. For who, nowadays, wants to keep the wolf from the door? On the contrary, we try to lure him inside!

But the deadline has caught up with us, and we notice that the S/L has just finished checking our ledgers, so we are anxious to get back to work and read all the little "billets doux" that we are sure to find peeping coyly out from among the tally cards. Until next month, adios.



Of All Places— Pay Accounts Make Change

UNLIKE most literary masterminds who spend years on their one great work, the Accounts Sections' mastermind is writing her Magnum Opus at the eleventh hour. That's right, July 19th, deadline, and not one line written as yet. So here goes and let's hold the presses.

There have been many blank looks and questioning faces at the Accounts Section counter these last few weeks, despite a sign which says . . . Pay, Non-Public Funds, etc., Use other door. It seems the Pay Accounts have moved over to the other half of the building, but the Equipment Accounts personnel have a horribly difficult time trying to convince people of that fact. So all personnel please note: Pay ain't where it used to be. It's on the other side. Now maybe we'll have some peace—maybe. Also maybe we'll be able to turn off the broken record which bellows out, quote,

"Pay on the other side please."

There have been more moves around here than just next door. Part of the Accounts has even moved as far as overseas. Cpl. Alex Jessiman and LAW "Cuthie" Cuthbertson are upholding the glory of our section "Over There."

Also there've been more postings than that too. For a while there, the boys and girl (me) were walking into the section with trepidation in their hearts and shaking knees for fear Goose Bay was in the offing. Things have calmed down for a while, but who knows. The Department of Airmen Personnel Services, (Daps to you) may decide at any moment that one or other of our services are quite dispensable here and yet at the same time, equally indispensable at some other station. Times and the Service alone can tell.

W.D.'s in the section are almost a thing of the past. They've all gone West. Literally as well as figuratively. The one left is adding a little local color.

Other than moving, posting, and leave, the accounts goes on its own way under the able leadership of S/L Evans, being the place, on payday, that everybody likes best.

In closing may I repeat, "Pay is on the other side, it ain't where it used to be.

Goody.

Dilemma

F1/O Collier, new W.D. administration officer at No. 8 is faced with a dilemma and as far as we're concerned we have no suggestions to help her.

It seems the other day some of the officers were marking Major Arnold's promotion. Talk drifted around to Major Arnold's work in the dental clinic. He mentioned a new material he was using in making dental impressions.

This aroused some interest—Major Arnold offered to demonstrate. Over to the dental clinic they tramped.

How to demonstrate? F1/O Collier was standing on the edge of the gathering but before she could protest she was in the chair, with a huge wad of gooey substance stuffed in her mouth.

A day or so later F1/O Collier received a call from the dental clinic. She hurried over.

Major Arnold with a gallant gesture presented her with a neat little plaster model of her uppers.

F1/O Collier doesn't smoke, she can't use it as an ash tray. She is sure that if she takes it home, her mother will think she is a little tetch. What to do?

Dot Toseland Tells How To Reduce—To Music

(By LAW Dot Toseland)

LADIES! — Do you wish to be alluringly slim? Do you wish to lose some of that avoirdupois (extra weight to you)? Do you wish to see those pounds melt away (and we do mean melt)? Then, ladies—join the serried ranks of the W.D. Band! (We discussed "serried ranks" in last month's column). Of course you do not need to join the band to obtain the required results. An alternative is a brisk three mile stroll in full blue uniform when the temperature hovers 90 degrees above. Turkish baths are also a good method. All you have to do is sit in a nice comfortable cabinet with just your head in plain view and let some kind attendant turn on the steam. Then while the atmosphere surrounding your confined body slowly rises to approximately 120 degrees you dream your pleasant dreams—with your head in clouds of steam. BUT—do you wish to reduce the easy way? Then we repeat—join the W.D. Band.

We go on to explain that this musical organization is now affiliated with the men's Drum and Trumpet Band. This might explain why several W.D.'s may be seen these days striding down the tarmac with the easy grace and poise of a lady of 5' 3" stature trying to take a 30" pace, carry a drum, beat said drum and look nonchalant—all at the same time. This accomplishment is achieved along with a weird assortment of gasps and moans from the W.D.'s under discussion and creaks from their muscles and joints. (An urgent request. We don't want to spoil your fun boys but take it easy. Did you ever play a brass drum in a strong wind while wearing a kilt?).

Our girls finally succeeded in happily transforming Phyllis Sturgess into Mrs. Hays and Doreen Roach into Mrs. Wade. At time of writing the next matrimonial enterprise is that of "Falky" Falkenburg and then Hazel Rife. Both these events will be well worth your attention and will receive more publicity at a later date. For advance sale of tickets, see either of these young ladies personally. All kidding aside girls, we do wish you every happiness and success in your new life.

Great Changes Seen In Machine Shop Staff

DURING the last month we have said goodbye to three of our old hands and added three new ones to our inventory. LAC Emerson, our versatile sportsman, is now fighting the Battle of Paulson; LAC Freeman, the golfer, packed up and left for greener fields in Ottawa; and LAC "Missouri" Rourke finally got his transfer to the U.S. Forces, and by now is probably spinning stories about "When I was in The R.C.A.F."

Our new men now come forward for introductions — First is Fritz Hjartarson, who swears he wasn't deported from Iceland, but left of his own accord; next is Ab Woodward about whom no one has been able to dig up any scandal, so far. And latest on the list of young hopefuls is Nat Susman, just lately remustered from Aircrew and now manipulating the handles of the New South Bend lathe as skillfully as if they were the controls of a Harvard.

The rest of the staff is still trying to beat their own production record, between 48's and Annual leave. Corporals Barber and Sandilands have just returned from leave with fantastic tales of the glorious times they've had. They aren't fooling us, though. We know that they probably spent most of their time swatting mosquitoes and dodging



CP. J. WILSON
PR. M. GLENN ALA.

"I said 'Advance and be recognized,' and he advanced and I recognized him."

thunder-showers. LAC Pungente has also just come back, wearing that "only fourteen days of annual leave a year, so when it comes—!!" look. However, he still has enough life left in him to grumble that he hadn't been able to scrounge an extra 48 this month.

LAC Scroggie is sporting a wonderful tan since his recent week-end at the beach.

LAC Norm Krupp is trying to decide, for reasons best known to himself whether he should choose a career as a stretcher-bearer, or stick to machining, with card-games for relaxation. Perhaps he should be warned that if a certain corporal catches up with him, all he'll have to worry about is an obituary.

Latest in abbreviations . . . The Trade Test Board unearthed this bit of interesting lore . . . U.S.S. now stands for "United States Stuff."

Best fish story of the month was told by LAW Dorothy Irvine, who is still raving about her fishing on the first of July. "You should have seen the one that got away," she said, "It was so big I couldn't get it into the boat."

There may still be a few uninformed people who haven't heard of Sergeant Major Zufelt's baby motor . . . If so, they should take the first available opportunity to wander up the tarmac and have a look at it. Fees are 50c to look through the window, and \$1 to come right in, please pay the Equipment Assistant.

Song Hits of the Day

Pay Parade—"You Are My Sunshine."
Church Parade—"O, Come All Ye Faithful."
Inspection—"You Walked By."
48's—"Once In a While."
Service Police—"You're Just an Angel In Disguise."
Trade Test—"What D'Ya Know, Joe?"
Lights Out—"It's All Over Now."

We stand in line to get a pass,
We stand in line to wash.
We stand in line to find a place
To stand in line, by gosh!
We stand in line to draw our pay,
We stand in line to spend it.
But damn it, Pal, we never have
To stand in line to lend it!

Men Get Married Too!

MR. JOHN JONES, son of Mr. and Mrs. Sam Jones, of Pleasant Villa, became the bridegroom of Miss Elizabeth Smith at high noon today. The ceremony took place at the home of the groom's parents, and a full house was counted.

Mr. Jones was attended by Mr. Brown, as groomsman. As the groom approached the altar, he was the cynosure of all eyes. Blushing prettily, he replied to the questions of the clergyman in low tones, but firm.

He was charmingly clad in a three-piece suit, consisting of a coat, vest and pants. The coat, of dark material, was draped about his shoulders, and tastily gathered under the arms. A pretty story was current among the wedding guests that the coat was the same worn by his father and grandfather on their wedding days. Mr. Jones does not deny the truth of the sentimental touch. The vest was sleeveless, and met in the front. It was gracefully fashioned with pockets and at the back held together with a strap and buckle. Conspicuous on the front of the vest was the groom's favorite piece of jewelry, a fraternity pin, and from the upper left hand pocket was suspended a large Ingersoll watch, the bride's gift to the groom, which flashed and gave the needed touch of brilliance to a costume in perfect taste and harmony.

The groom's pants were of dark worsted and were suspended from the waist, falling in a straight line almost to the floor. The severe simplicity of the garment was relieved by the right pantalet which was caught up about four inches by a Boston garter worn underneath, revealing just the artistic glimpse of brown holeproof above the genuine leather shoes, laced with strings of the same color. The effect was rather chic.

Beneath the vest the groom wore blue galluses, attached fore and aft to the pants and passing in a graceful curve over each shoulder. This pretty and useful part of the costume would have passed unnoticed had not the groom muffed the ring when the groomsman passed it to him. When he stooped to recover the errant circlet, the delicate blue of the galluses was prettily revealed.

His neck was encircled with a collar characterized by a delicate pearl tint of old fashioned celluloid and around the collar a cravat was loosely knotted exposing a collar button of bright metal.

The cravat extended up and under the left ear with that studied carelessness which makes supreme artistry in dress.

Mr. Brown's costume was essentially like the groom's and as the two stood at the altar a hush of admiration enveloped the audience at the complete and wonderful harmony of the raiment. Actually you could hardly have told one from the other had it not been for a patch of court plaster worn by the groom over the nick in his chin made by a safety razor. Neither Mr. Jones nor Mr. Brown wore a hat at the ceremony.

As Miss Elizabeth Smith led the groom from the nuptials, it was noted that she wore the conventional veil and orange blossoms.

THE SKUNK SAT ON A STUMP AND THUNK!

If I were but a little skunk,
No one would mind me when I'm drunk;
Unhampered by the human race
I'd find myself a little place
Out in the sun. From day to day
I'd lie around and sometimes play.

To be a skunk might seem quite sad
But I don't think it would be bad
No need to dodge the draft there'd be
When everybody dodges me.
If you think I'd use Lifebuoy soap
To get me friends, then you're a dope.

—D.

Here's Jam Session From Mod. Section

By HON. R. J.

YES, that's certain. There's something lacking in this paper. What is it? Well, we've finally come to the conclusion that it's because we were never mentioned in the 8-Ball, so here goes for a jam session.

Sometimes referred to as "The Hole in the Wall" the Mod. Section is situated between the Sub A.I.D. Office and the Elec. Section, on the east side of 9 Hangar. The section operates under the supervision of Sgt. Newman, who is ably assisted by Cpl. Davies and a husky crew of LAC's, namely, Duncan, Prymak, Haley, Shewfelt, Gale, Schultz, Eaton Foubert and Toth. Right now the burning question is, "Where are all the men?" That can quite easily be answered. On T.D. of course. Where do they go to when they want a highly technical job done, or something buckshee, or men for T.D.? To the Mod. Section—worse luck.

To get down to brass tacks (or whatever you can find), I think the first we should mention is LAC Shewfelt, at present on T.D. One of the senior members of the Mod. crew he is strictly a gen man, hence the saying—"See Shewfelt, he knows." Next on our list are the two jive hounds, Duncan and Prymak, commonly called Today and Lightning. Today claims to be up in the bit every day and all day, but Lightning just says in his slow drawl, "I may look slow right now, but after five—Oh you kid?" So much for the jive kids.

Last week two of our most valued men—Davies and Eaton, became proud fathers—and are they proud? They take quite a razzing from the gang, but who cares? Maybe it's because the little Bambinos' names happen to be Collis Lorraine and Jo Anne, respectively. Not so long ago we welcomed into our midst two new LAC's, Gale and Schultz. Gale is fast becoming a gen man on controls and Bolys, while Schultz, a general handy man about the place, tips the scales at 235, and acts as bouncer in chief for the numerous scroungers that find their way into our little rendezvous.

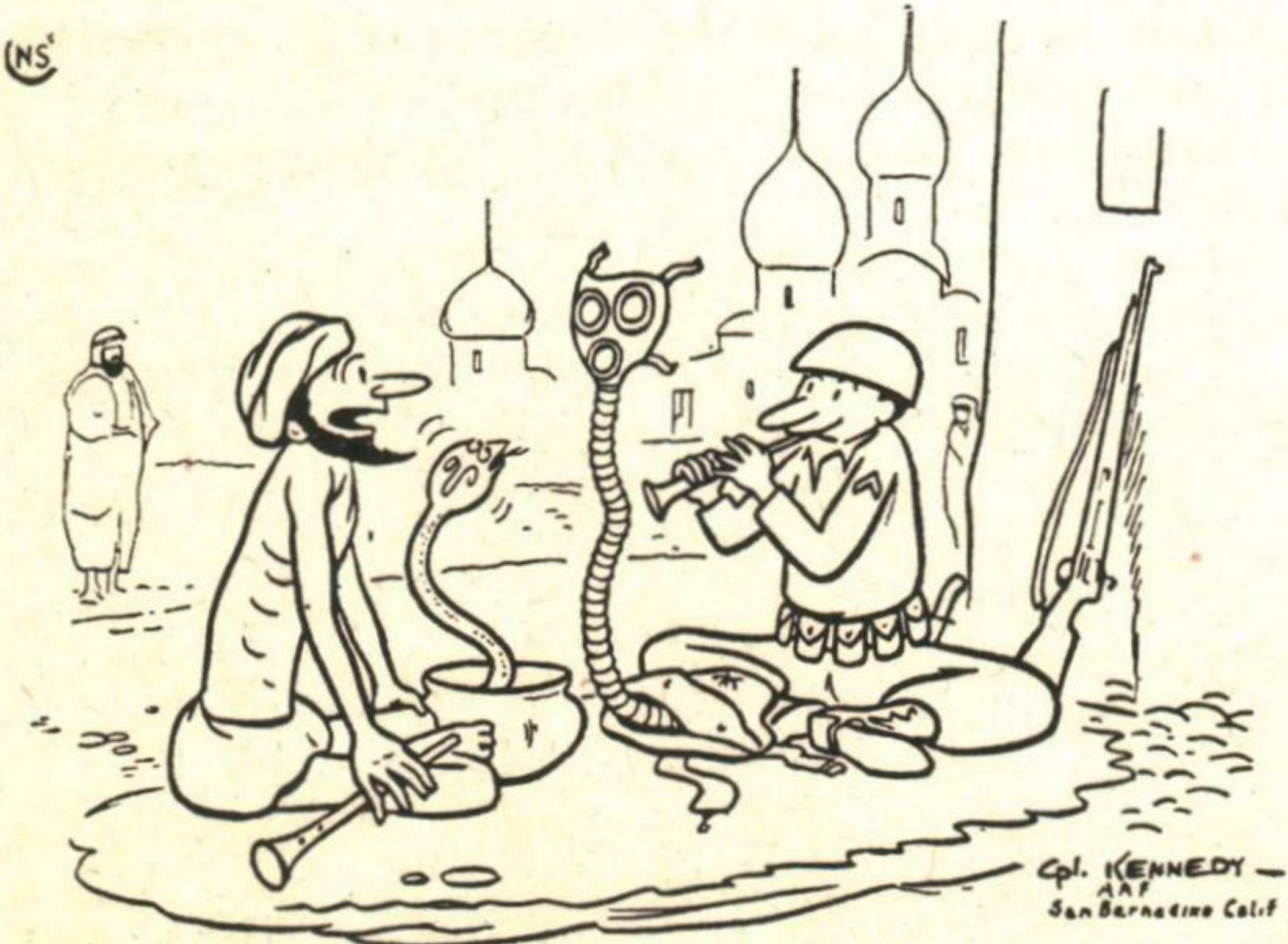
Oh yes! by all means. We can't overlook that reputable character, Fearless Fosdic. Fearless, whose real name is Tennenhouse, is that brave dark lad we often see holding hands at break, with a certain LAW in stores. Be careful Fearless, don't let all us red-blooded citizens down. You're getting yourself in a terrible jam (and how).

'Nuf said for now, so we'll sign off. Another jam session will go to print in some later issue.

Voice from the rear seat of taxi:

"I say driver, what's the idea of stopping?" Driver—"I thought I heard someone tell me to."

Rear Seat—"Drive on. She wasn't talking to you."



"Gillie"

HE enlisted in the R.C.A.F. in Winnipeg on July 10, 1924, and he died in Winnipeg July 13, 1944. He was always the same—loyal to his superiors, faithful to his subordinates and true to the service. Quiet, resourceful, a little independent at times, but a good friend and a pleasant companion.

That was "Gillie"—WO1 David Robb Gilchrist, crash inspector at No. 8 for the past two years.

Gillie's first job in the air force was as an engine mechanic at Victoria beach. His boss: Sgt. T. F. Cooper. Later he took the photographic course and spent some years photo-mapping the northland. Northern Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta, and Canadian territory as far north as the Arctic came under his lens, and he took the first aerial photographs of Winnipeg in 1926-27. This job was done with the late F/L Apps, A.F.C. and they were reported for low flying—but they got the pictures and Winnipeggers may remember seeing them in the local daily newspapers.

In 1930 Gillie was the senior N.C.O. at Cormorant lake, 42 miles north of The Pas and was transferred to Camp Borden a year later.

He came to No. 8 in 1942 as crash inspector. His boss: W/C T. F. Cooper (who was the sergeant in charge of

Gillie's first job in the service).

A short time ago Gillie became ill and not long afterward it became known that his chances of recovery were slim. Death came 20 years and three days after his enlistment. Saturday, July 15th, the funeral was held from the A. B. Gardiner funeral home to Elmwood cemetery.

The services were largely attended by personnel from No. 8 headed by the Commanding Officer, Group Captain R. C. Hawtrey and the Chief Engineering officer, W/C Cooper.

P/O Olson was in charge of the funeral party. The No. 2 Training command band was in attendance and services were conducted by the Protestant chaplain, F/L Phillips. Full military honors were given. An escort party of 25 airmen were present, the bearer party and supporting party was made up of 30 officers and senior N.C.O.'s. F/S W. Morrow was in charge of the firing party and the buglers were Sgt. Chatterson and Cpl. Belanger.

A profuse display of wreaths and sprays decorated the casket and grave and testified to the esteem in which Gillie was held by his innumerable friends in and out of the service.

The heartfelt sympathy of the entire station is extended to Mrs. Gilchrist and her young son, Sandy.

New Adjutant Enlisted etc.

(Continued from Page 1)

went to Trenton as a drill instructor and taking the P.T. course, in April, 1942.

In June, 1942, he moved to Rockcliffe where he stayed a full year as P.T. and D. officer. From Rockcliffe he returned to Trenton to take the Administrative course. No. 10 S.F.T.S. Dauphin, Man., was his next posting, in August, 1943, this time as adjutant of the station. From Dauphin, he came to Winnipeg, No. 8 Repair Depot on July 10.

In sports, F/L Lalonde has had a record which stands up well. He has been active in

football, hockey, baseball, basketball and softball!

He played these sports while attending St. Patrick's college, Ottawa, immediately before enlisting, and continued after joining the service.

He was a member of the R.C.A.F. hockey team which won the intermediate hockey championship in 1936-37. He played in the senior Ottawa city league for four years and in October, 1938, went to the Montreal Canadiens for a tryout, being placed on the reserve list.

At present, F/L Lalonde takes no active part in sports, and so far has resisted all efforts to involve him in the station's sports activities. This is not through lack of interest, but rather due to pressure of duties. Possibly later when he has more time to devote to outside activities he may be prevailed upon to lend a helping hand.

F/L Lalonde is married and has one child. He is bringing his family to Winnipeg shortly.

And what does the new Adjutant think of the station?

"It's a very nice station . . . I hope to meet everybody. But under the right conditions—not with an escort."

DEADLINE August 21

- Reporters
- Correspondents
- Gen Men
- Sports Captains
- Committee Chairmen
- Etc.

—are asked to co-operate by turning in typewritten copy for the next issue of

THE EIGHT BALL

on or before

August 21

for inclusion in September Issue



"... and unless you behave yourself you'll never get your stripes back!"

Lacrosse Team Wins Three Out of Four Games

(By Cpl. Don Durno)

DURING the past month the boys of the lacrosse team have been very active, having played four games, winning three and losing one, which is a very good average in any league.

In our first meeting with No. 5 A.O.S. we outscored the boys from across the street by a score of 7-6, ACI Caravetta was the big noise in the victory, scoring no less than 3 goals. The next game was against No. 3 Wireless School and our boys eased out a 6-4 victory in a very rough game, Caravetta scored twice and had lots of help from Konchak, McGregor, Lambert and Platz. Your reporter missed the trip to No. 3 B & G, MacDonald and from what I hear it must have been a pretty good outing for the boys, and they are hoping there will be some more of the same before the season is over. F/L Downes who is the president of the club, chaperoned the boys, and kept everyone in good spirits. (We thought there was a shortage of the stuff).

To get back to lacrosse, the bombing school boys eked out a close 5-4 victory after No. 8 had led most of the way. Sgt. Allengame and LAC Lambert scored two goals each for our team, and were threats every time they were in the field. The boys' latest triumph was against No. 5 A.O.S. which we defeated 10-8 on their home grounds. The scorers for No. 8 were Caravetta, Lambert and Bloomfield, who bagged two each, and Ulrich, Platz, Duchesne and Durno, with single tallies. As the playoffs are just around the corner the team is practicing every day and is hoping to grab off the Command Championship.

Tennis Club Going After Command Championship

OUR infant tennis club received a blow last month when it was found impossible for the station to provide transport to take the players to Sargent Park. Despite this, however, the club has carried on. A good crowd of racquet wielders found their own way to the park each Monday and Thursday evenings when the weather permitted.

Some good players have been out lately among both the girls and the men. Sgt. Rubel, Sgt. Shaw, Cpl. Lou Ried, Cpl. Belter, LAW's Harvey and Peck and AW1 Gillingham are leading exponents among the so-called weaker sex. Sgt. Major Cantin, Cpl. Holmes and LAC's Dynes, McGill and Seligman are the boys rounding into form as each night's practice shows results.

Command Tennis tournament is to be held August 12 at Sargent Park, and No. 8 is determined to get in there. If there are any tennis players recently posted here whom we haven't met, let's hear about you and we'll have a really strong entry in the championship play-offs.

All tennis players on this depot owe an especially large vote of thanks to the fellows in Works and Buildings section who have contributed so generously their time and equipment in constructing our station courts. These courts are rapidly taking shape and we hope to be able to start playing on them very soon. There will be plenty of action and tournaments for everyone when these courts are ready, so don't miss any opportunity to practice in the meantime.

"While I was out to a poker game last night a burglar broke into my house."

"Did he get anything?"

"I'll say he did. My wife thought it was me."



"Now if we were back in civilian life, I'd tell the Group Captain what a no good, blind robber he was!"

Summer Fever

(By Achates)

SO YOU have a temperature! Once you were happy, a carefree airman with no greater worries than stubborn nuts and bolts or awkward fittings to worry about—at the end of the day you could relax over a game of ping pong, read a book or sleep the dreamless sleep of the just. Now, in spite of inoculations and vaccinations you have been infected by a bug which is making your life miserable . . . a thing of torment which fascinates and repels you, teases you and jatters you . . . then slaps you down with a crushing blow which undermines your morale and spoils your appetite for days. You have been bitten by that insidious bug "Golfus Pwenickitus."

The Scots are a kindly people; now we know why! They are trying to atone to the world for unleashing upon mankind the findish curse of golf.

In a weak moment you joined the golf club; then you bought a golf bag and four so-called clubs, but they are not clubs, they are offshoots from some magic wand, nurtured through the ages for the sole purpose of driving you mad.

They are innocent appearing things, sleek and trim with gleaming shafts and polished heads, they sit contentedly in their bag day after day, so long as they are away from the golf course! But when you drop your bag at the first tee they become alive—they draw life and strength from the very atmosphere—they become sly and lithsome—you first notice this when you attempt to withdraw the driver, it coils lovingly around the putter which tries to emerge on the other side of the dividing strap . . . then after jamming your hand smartly up against the head of the mid-iron it drops back into the bag with a hollow thud and the driver slips out with ease, full of co-operation; until you tee up!

Mounting the Scaffold

Teeing up is a ritual to be compared only to mounting the scaffold for all the world to witness your shame and mortification. After placing the ball upon the tee you place the club head behind the ball and take up your stance—this involves several operations—first you strive desperately to remain clothed,

mentally—then you peer out of your eye corners to see who is watching your travail—shuffling your feet around you then try to appear nonchalant—after that you swivel your eye through ninety degrees to see if you are on a parallel line with the distant flag (this is usually red and as you feel like a bull in a china shop it has the appropriate effect) this is the time to make sure your left foot is about opposite the ball; you now discover that the ball is five feet away at the position of eleven o'clock, having been dislodged by the club while you were looking elsewhere.

Smiling good naturedly you replace the little er—pill and go through your performance all over again; just as you are ready to swing, your partner says "just relax and swing through it" you snatch at this sage advice even as your club swings back and the next second you connect with a resounding smack . . . with the mat! the resulting concussion jars your body from head to toe, playing a tattoo on your dentures and making you swallow your lifesaver. Incidental to the explosion the ball has moved some fifteen yards down the fairway.

This is one of life's embarrassing moments but humming cheerfully, you pace off the first fifteen of your five or six thousand-yard journey through Arcadia.

Grabbing your mid-iron you cast all caution to the winds and lash out vigorously; to your amazement (which you quickly conceal) you gain a hundred and fifty yards. How merrily the birds sing; how brightly the sun shines; what a joy to be out in the great outdoors.

This is the Life

Thus does hope spring eternal in the human breast, but your next trial is a scant 150 yards away and as you approach the new lie you are full of vim and confidence after a good shot.

Here the diabolical ingenuity of the game becomes apparent; the ball has come to rest in a small tailor-made depression which leaves about two-thirds of the ball above ground level. With a sympathetic cluck your partner loans you his favorite No. 8 iron and advises you to take a divot. Although you feel like taking the nept bus to camp you curl reluctant fingers around the club and go to work—fifteen divots and five minutes later the ball is free; springing lightly over the crater you continue the chase into the rough—and find your ball masquerading as a mushroom between the roots of the largest tree in the province. After due consideration, you decide this cannot be classed as a planted shrub with the attendant free lift, so you accept the penalty of two strokes and help it out with a blessing.

If you are brash enough to try and beat the ball out of its resting place you are marked as one of those rugged individualists destined for high laurels — or the booby hatch!

APHORISMS FOR THE GOLFER

Golf is the game that turned the cows out of the pasture and let the bull in.

Two can live as cheaply as one can play golf.

Each golfer is entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of golf balls.

A woman can go around in less and less but that does not mean her game improves.

A caddy is a rascal employed to lose balls for players and find them for himself.

Golf is a game in which the old guys count on their fingers and the young ones count on their legs.

Brooklyn—Bernie Schwartz, charged with evading the draft, explained that he was a bum and was afraid of demoralizing the Army.



Here's a snap taken by LAC J. Janecka of a group of No. 8 R.D. swimmers as they paused on the side of the Sargent park pool after a stimulating and enjoyable session in the water.

Swimming Club Planning Entry in Command Meet

(The Shellbacks)

THE No. 8 Repair Depot Swimming club, organized early in the summer, is enjoying a successful season, both at H.M.C.S. Chippawa and at Sargent park pool, under the capable management of Sgt. "Duck" Morrison.

A swimming gala is to be held by No. 2 Training Command on August 12 at Sargent park and this unit hopes to enter a strong team. More swimmers are needed, however, so anyone having experience in swim meets or competitions of any kind, is asked to get in touch with Sgt. Morrison in 9 hangar or Sgt. Burlington in 6 hangar.

The following events are scheduled for the command meet:

- 50-yard free style
- 50-yard back stroke
- 50-yard breast stroke
- 100-yard free style
- 200-yard free style
- 300-yard free style
- 4-man relay team—50 yards each
- 4-man medley relay team—50 yards each
- Breast, back and free style

Swimming parties are held at H.M.C.S. Chippawa on Tuesday and Thursday, from 7.30 to 8.30. Anyone wishing to learn to swim, to have advanced swimming instruction—or just to kibitz, is invited to attend.

By attending either Tuesday or Thursday sessions at Chippawa, you earn the right to attend the outings at Sargent Park Monday afternoons—with sunshine the added attraction.

The turnout so far has been very poor considering the number of personnel on this unit. Those who attend would like to see more men and girls come out.

Those that go now are having fun and a few of the boys are endeavoring to better their times for the coming competition. Among these are "Flip" Janecka, "Duck" Morrison, "Fish" Henderson, "Flash" (in the pan) Aris, "Dunker" Dudley (breast stroke entry). Also rans, but consistent attenders are Sgt. "Whaleback" Rock and "Dapper Dan" Pilsworth, two older boys that add color to our evenings.

Among the promising members who are learning or practicing advanced swimming are Sgt. Robb, LAC Smith (Ed. Note—LAC Smith? — that's why we ask for initials!), Cpl. Kowbel and Cpl. Van Buren.

Two more promising men, although they haven't turned out very often, are "Crash" Krasnowsky of Salvage section and Fuller of the instrument section—an ex-life guard. But we hope they will be out soon for prac-

tices. Soooooo—turn out, fellows and girls and have fun—we do.

Incidentally, girls can't (of course) attend the swim sessions at H.M.C.S. Chippawa (the swimming suits used there wouldn't fit), but to be eligible to swim Monday's at Sargent park, they must attend Y.W.C.A. at least one night a week.

Revamped Hardball Team Aims at Championship

NO. 8's hardball team is in third place in the inter-service league and is battling furiously with the league championship as its goal.

The team has shown marvelous improvement in the past month and close followers say that our team stands a fair chance to overcome Canadian Army's lead. No. 8, however, is almost certain to be in the play-offs which start in August and should provide some real exciting, hard-fought contests.

Late in July, the Corporals' Club was host to the boys and it was a fine party. The smoker was held July 20.

Increased support from station personnel has been noted, especially since all No. 8 home games are being played at the Osborne stadium. But there is still plenty of room for more. There is no admission charge to those in uniform, and only a small charge for civilians. So come on out and see the boys in action, and bring your wife or girl friend.

The team is managed by F/O A. McCon-

**SUPPORT
YOUR
TEAM!**

Watch D.R.O.'s for
Scheduled Games



**EXCITING
INTERESTING
ENTERTAINING**



echy, and LAC Edwards is captain. The players include: LAC Morrison, LAC Benda, F/S Young, LAC Klinck, LAC Chickowsky, Cpl. Parker, Sgt. Stienberg, LAC Manship, F/S Brisebois, Sgt. Wylie, Sgt. Yaroski, Sgt. MacKurlier, Sgt. Chalmers, Sgt. Rivers and WO1 James.

Track and Field Meet Arouses Interest

GREAT interest is being shown throughout the station in the announcement of the track and field day for units of No. 2 Training Command.

Plans are ready now for the station trials to select representatives for No. 8, and a last call has gone out for track and field stars to submit their names to the SWO's office or to disciplinarians in the sections.

A fine variety of events has been placed on the program—events that are attracting the attention of participants of many different sports.

The events, as lined up by command, are:

AIRMEN	W.D.'s
100 yard dash	75 yard dash
220 yard dash	
440 yard dash	
880 yard dash	
1 mile	
RELAY RACES (four to team)	
440 yards	300 yards
880 yards	
	* * *
Running broad jump	Running broad jump
Running high jump	Running high jump
	* * *
Pole vault	
Shot put	
Discus throw	
Rope climbing	
Baseball throw	

Lowdown On Machine Shop Personnel Golf Secrets

(Written by J.D.Z.—Censored by D.E.I.)

(Censor's Note—A great deal of credit is forthcoming to our star reporter in the Machine Shop for the splendid article he has prepared for this copy of The Eight Ball. However, due to certain circumstances, not all of it may be printed. We dare not print the story of a certain W.D. defeating three of our golfers on the putting green at a rather late hour one night while they were on Duty Watch. That might hurt these airmen's reputations as good golfers. In addition, it is necessary to consider the wishes of those concerned. When he read the original manuscript, Cpl. Barber shouted, wildly tearing his hair, quote, "If my wife reads that, there'll be mass murder," unquote. LAC Poff and LAC Langill voiced similar fears. The W.D. in question said she appreciated the fact that the reporter recognized her doubtful skill as a golfer, but she'd rather not have any publicity.

(So, looking at the article from all points of view, the censor feels that the only official statement that can be safely released is the paragraph below).

An increased interest in golf has been evident among the Machine Shop personnel this month.

Major: "What is a manoeuvre?"
Recruit: "Something you put on the grass to make it green, sir."