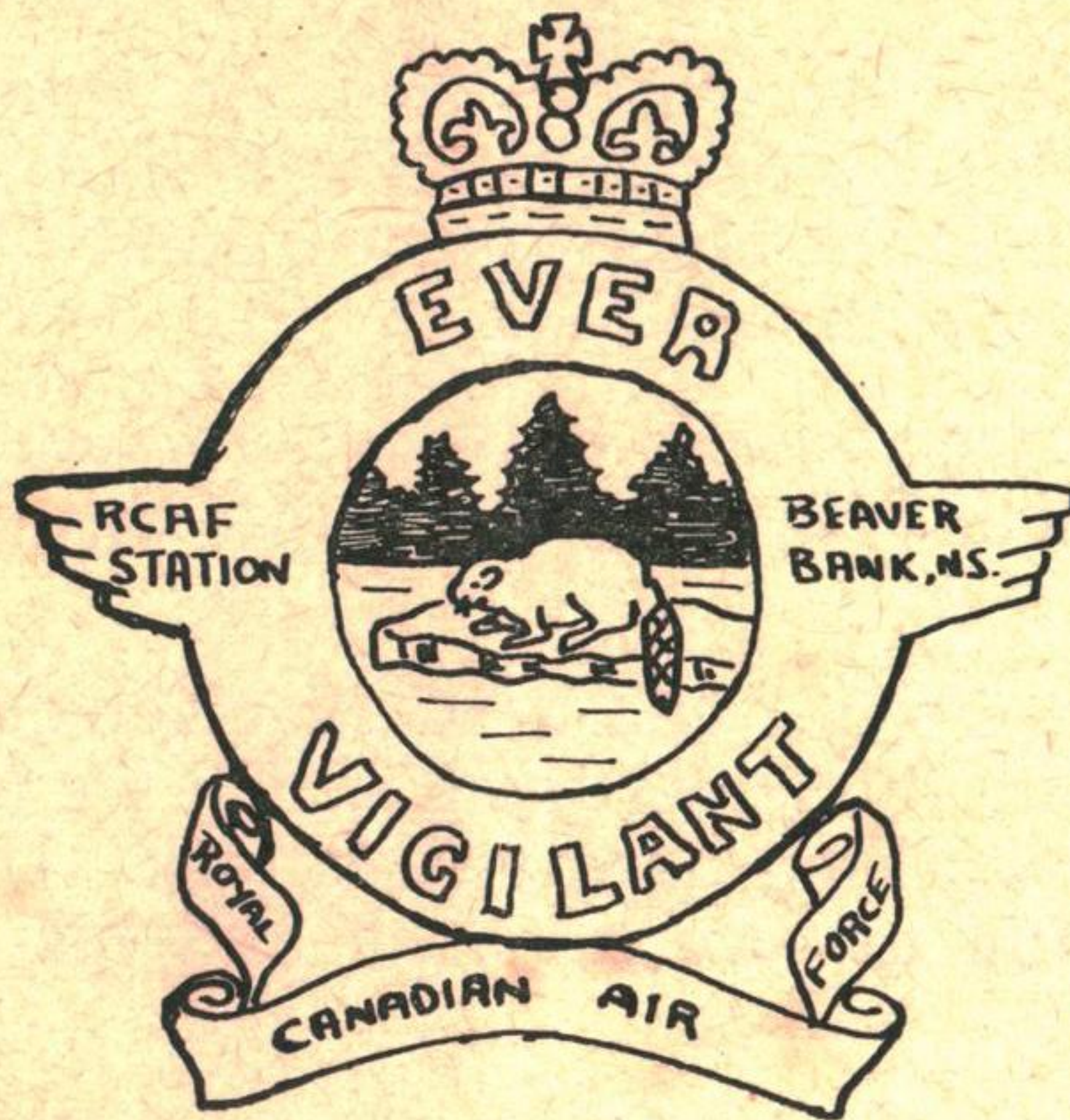


April 1955

The Eager Beaver



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of

W/C D. B. Babineau, C.D.
Commanding Officer
RCAF STN. BEAVER BANK. N. S.

EDITORIAL

FAREWELL — AND HAIL

Readers will notice changes in our editorial staff.

We were very sorry to lose Mrs. E. Pierre, one of our reporters. She was a good worker and always came through with the CE CHIPS, *on time!* We wish her luck in her new home and hope that she and her husband enjoy their stay at Three Rivers, Quebec.

We also suffered a blow when F/O John Quarnstrom, our assistant editor, had to relinquish his work on the *Eager Beaver* owing to other commitments. But our loss is the Hobby Shop's gain. Thank you John for all you did when you were with us.

A big and hearty welcome is extended to four new members of our staff: F/O Dolores Wach, F/O Andy Atkinson, Sgt. Hank Taylor and LAC L. MacKenzie.

F/O Atkinson, Sgt. Taylor and LAC MacKenzie are tackling the very difficult job of obtaining the advertising which we hope will make us self-supporting. They are working hard at this task. Unfortunately Sgt. Taylor will soon be leaving us—we hope he and his family will enjoy the prairies.

F/O Dolores Wach has taken the job of assistant editor into her very capable hands and has already proven a boon—to me, particularly.

May I just ask once more, that all articles, etc., be in my hands by the 25th of each month—please. It is impossible to get the *Eager Beaver* out by the end of each month, unless write-ups from regular contributors and others, come in by the paper deadline.

EDITOR.

EDITORIAL STAFF

EDITOR.....	MRS. D. B. BABINEAU
ASSISTANT EDITOR.....	F/O D. WACH
REPORTER.....	F/O STANDING
REPORTER.....	MRS. M. LITTLE
CARTOONIST.....	CPL. MacDONALD
ADVERTISING MANAGER.....	F/O ATKINSON
ADVERTISING	SGT. TAYLOR
ADVERTISING	LAC MACKENZIE
CIRCULATION.....	LAC. LYONS

Padre's Pearls

by Rev. B. J. Davis, Chaplain (Prot.)

I wish that people would go out sometimes and have a look at the stars. They would come in feeling much smaller than they thought they were. And that is just the kind of corrective and tonic that most of us want. In our own imaginations we have made ourselves much too big. Among other things we have taken over the management of the Universe. For the peril of this age is not so much that it disbelieves in God but that it feels no need of Him. All down the centuries men have done that. They have said their Creeds in their churches and left God out of all their calculations. Only when a sudden storm caught them, or a sudden death struck right home did they remember Him and cry out for aid, HIS AID. For the rest of the time they got on very well without Him. He was praised in hymns but He counted for nothing at all in life. To millions nowadays God is little more than an abstract idea. There may be a God or there may not. Possibly there is, but in any case it is a matter for scholars or those that like that sort of thing. What on earth has it got to do with the ordinary man? Anyhow, he can look after himself. Even the high tension of this modern life is insufficient to break our nerve and confidence. We reckon up the possibilities of this and

that but we never reckon with God. Apparently the MOST HIGH GOD is no longer one of the great powers to be reckoned with. And, so God waits. I think sometimes that He will have to wait a long time yet. There is little He can do with any of us or for any of us while we know how clever we are. I am wondering whether this silly old world will have to run itself into some hideous catastrophe again before it can come face to face with God. Go out and look at the stars and see how small you are; put your hand in the hand of God.

I would like to receive, as soon as possible please, the names of those wishing to be confirmed. Confirmation date will be Sunday, July 24th.

Contributions

The *Eager Beaver* welcomes contributions from writers other than those on the staff. Letters from former Beaverbankers, news from overseas, letters to the editor, articles of station interest and items from sections not at present contributing, are all invited.

All material should be in the hands of the editor by the 25th of each month. If possible, material should be typed, double-spaced, with a fairly wide left-hand margin.

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Guard House Gab

by Cpl. D. M. Duncalfe

With February and March gone, we now see a few changes here at the main gate.

We extend a hearty welcome to Sgt. McMichael, Cpl. Butts and Cpl. Cole, three newcomers to our section.

LAC Chomica has left for greener pastures in the Mont Apica area.

Three of our staff received good news on the release of the promotion results this month. Sgt. Dean got his third and Cpl. Delaney and yours truly became confirmed Cpls.

The work on the new Guard House is rapidly nearing completion, and we will also have room for a few guests, without the southern exposure, of course!

In March we bade farewell to Sgt. Waite, who left for overseas. We wish

to extend our best wishes to the Sarg and his family.

Sgt. Dean is holding down the position of SWO for a while. He looks quite small behind that big desk. He could always sit on the dictionary to get a little more elevation.

More news next month.

Welcome

A big welcome is extended to all new personnel who joined the station in April. We hope y'all will be happy here.

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Five-piece bedroom suite and one spring-filled mattress, all in good condition. Contact Cpl. W. Rains.

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Personality Portrait — No. 19

Sgt. G. Henry Taylor

Sgt. "Hank" Taylor was born in Windsor, Nova Scotia, in January 1914, and moved to Truro, Nova Scotia in 1922. He attended school and Colchester County Academy there.

He tried to join the RCAF in April 1940, but they were taking only aircrew at that time so he joined the reserve army N.N.S. Highlanders (M.G.) at Truro and went to Aldershot Camp, Nova Scotia. Not much excitement there at that time as they were short of equipment, rifles, etc.

He enlisted in the RCAF at Halifax, Nova Scotia, in November 1940. He was posted to Manning Depot, Toronto, then to Bombing and Gunnery, Picton, Ont.; No. 8 SFTS, Moncton, N.B.; No. 4 Repair Depot, Scoudouc, N.B.; East & West Camp, Debert, N.S.; HMCS Peregrine, Halifax, N.S.; RCAF Stn. Gorsebrook;

RCAF Stn. Chatham, N.B.; and finally to RCAF Stn. Beaverbank, N.S.

He married Daisey Beach at Moncton, N.B. in 1941, and they have two daughters, Diane, aged 12 and Helen, aged 10, who were both born in Moncton.

Challenge

The following is a letter received by one sportsman as a challenge from another sportsman?????

Mr. Miles Rainforth,
North Beaverbank, N.S.

Dear Sir:

Relevant to wagers being made, I hereby as a gentleman challenge you to accept this, my wager. You claim to be a brave man—I beg to contradict this statement, my reasons being as follows:

1. Would a brave man attempt to pass a sucker as a trout?
2. Would a brave man attempt to make a trout heavier by stuffing it with sand, stones, moss, etc.?
3. Would a brave man tamper with the scales and weights used to weigh such fish?
4. Would a brave man leave camp and take all the ham, leaving nothing but a ham bone?

Leaving a fellow fisherman to starve, you, sir, are guilty of this, and the other

sins which you most grievously have committed.

As the fishing season approaches, I as a brave and honest man do hereby challenge you to produce the largest TROUT or forever hold your peace. These trout are to be landed in a sportsmanlike manner, the use of gaffs, cluōs, hoists, winches, fire axes or mud hooks will be strictly prohibited. This also applies to your long-nosed friend, who saw fit to help you last year in your conspiracy against me. I, with my brave friend Hank Webber, will make a bold stand against you people of the underworld!

Hoping you will be able to muster up enough nerve and courage to accept this challenge—

With all my love,

JOHN.

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Reply to Challenge

Mr. John Publicover
North Beavercreek, N.S.

Dear Sir:

Your challenge accepted. A question or two please, John.

Would a brave man bring back trout 6 inches long and call himself a sportsman?

Would a brave man eat about 4 lbs. of cheese at 2:30 a.m. just so that no-one else could get any of it and still call himself a sportsman?

Would a brave man put a lot of old ham bones in his buddy's lunch basket and make him carry it 18 long miles through the woods, and still call himself a sportsman?

"As a gentleman" — my long-nosed friend and I do not agree with you.

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Sunday School News

by Mrs. H. C. Burrill

The pupils in my Sunday school class were asked to make an "Easter Garden" as part of their lessons at Easter-tide. This they did at home, during the Easter holidays.

The Easter Garden consisted of pictures of the tomb and garden in which our Lord was buried and pictures of figures of our Lord, Mary Magdalene, the Disciples, and others involved in the scenes which took place in the garden after our Lord was risen.

These pictures had to be colored and pasted onto cardboard. The tomb and garden were the background and the figures were made to stand erect.

The results were some very lovely models of Easter Garden scenes.

Adrienne Doucette won first prize for the best coloring and all-around appearance. Judy Quarnstrom won second prize for the same. Joyce Calver came third for coloring and second for arrangement of "figures." Frances Burrill had the best arrangement of the "figures." Linda and Christine Duncalfe also put a lot of effort into their Gardens.

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Officers' Mess News

by S/L I. Duncan

"April showers bring Mayflowers."

It's been a good month as far as weather has been concerned and the only showers have been those held for F/O M. E. MacMillan, who left us the other day. Her wedding to Mr. G. Buell (CGE) is to take place on May 14th.

Good luck Deenie; our loss is Gordie's gain.

This past month saw our first really classy dance, even if we *did* go in the hole. It was nice to see the gals dressed in their finery and to dance to the music of a live orchestra. Much credit is due to the members of the executive who organized the dance. Our thanks also go out to those who did such a fine job of decorating the mess.

Arrivals this month have been F/O M. E. Vaughan, our new adjt, and Mr. Hughes, who is here to show us how St. Margaret's handle the telephone situation. Welcome Peggy and Ron. May your stay here be as enjoyable as possible.

Have you noticed that all the drapes are now in position! No comments please on the selection—we all know that none of us would have them in our houses (not much!)

Has anyone been to the shows in the mess lately? Pretty crummy aren't they? Wonder what we can do to improve the selection?

I'll sign off for now. See you all at the next mess dinner.

Household Hints

A large cork makes an ideal pin cushion for storing thumb tacks.

Sprinkling onions with a little sugar helps to brown them quickly and evenly.

Store leftover roasts in plastic bags. Takes less room and keeps meat moist.

Radar Rattlings

by LAC. G. H. Astle

All the best from the radar section to Esther and Bill Smith and Beth and Bill Swim on their recent marriages.

Congratulations to the Editor and Staff of the *Eager Beaver* for now having our newspaper job-printed. I'm sure the personnel of the station will join with me in saying this is a step in the right direction.

All the fellows who were away last month, on leave and on TD have returned to the grind. But F/O Atkinson, Cpl. Rondeau, LAC Bob Biggin and LAC Bob Vallaster have now gone on TD for a while so the personnel problem (shortage) has not improved any.

We keep hearing rumors that we are going to get more techs. Now we're wondering if we are all going to get posted before they arrive! Who knows?

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Hobby Shop

by LAC John Cathcart

We hope that our readers will enjoy this new column which will appear monthly.

Wednesday, April 20th was the birth-date of another bit of entertainment here on our station. The Hobby Shop was officially opened after many weeks of voluntary hard work. At first the Hobby Shop looked like a refugee from Walt Disney's "Fantasyland," but eventually our Hobby Shop became a reality. If one had looked at it a month ago, one would have wondered what part of the Nevada testing ground the building had come from!

Well, with willing hands and hopeful hearts the job of repair was undertaken by F/O Quarnstrom and F/O Standing. They, along with their crews and many others, wanted to see only one thing—

the final touches that would make the opening of what is now the Station Hobby Shop.

This is believed to be one of the nicest station hobby shops ever seen and also one of the few open all day and part of the night.

The first project started in the hobby shop was F/L Bradshaw's boat.

The hobby shop also houses the station library and the sports stores. The library will be open a few nights a week. Notices of times will be published in the near future.

The station personnel would like to thank everyone who helped to make the hobby shop the success it is. They were given the tools and through sweat and tears (no blood) they finished the job.

Well, termites, we hope to have another little chat with y'all next month.

Thoughts for Your Scrap-book

You cannot prevent the birds of sorrow from flying over your head, but you can prevent them from building nests in your hair—Chinese proverb.

The victory of success is half won when one gains the habit of work.

—Sarah A. Bolton.

Things printed can never be stopped; they are like babies baptized, they have a soul from that moment, and go on forever.

—Meredith.

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Hospital Notes*by LAW Joyce Shields*

Two groups of Maritime Reserve Army Officers were given a guided tour of the Hospital on the 1 and 2 of April.

F/O Lee Roche is a patient at Stadacona.

AC1 Gallant has been discharged from "Stad" Hospital and is now spending seven days sick leave with his family in Halifax.

LAC Cedric Chomica has been discharged from Stadacona. He spent seven weeks there. He has been posted to Mont Apica, Quebec.

LAC Louis Robinson spent some time in the Payzant Memorial Hospital, Windsor, this month. (He was very much missed by his choir—Ed.)

From now on, there will be one member of the Medical Staff in attendance at the hospital each Saturday and Sunday from ten to twelve a.m.

Air Force Slang (con't.)*Submitted by S/L Duncan*

BEETLE, TO — To proceed, i.e. Let's beetle off to town.

BINDS—A depressing job or one who is a bore.

BINDS YOU RIGID—Bores you completely. The past tense is BOUND RIGID.

BLACK, A—An error of judgment. Thus, a black show, or put up a black.

BLANKET DRILL—Sleep.

BLENBURGER — The British "Blenheim" aircraft.

BLOOD WAGON—Ambulance.

Booke Nooke (for March)*by LAC Johnny Cathcart*

The spring and sunshine are not the only things that bring pleasure. Books bring happiness too. We would like to see more people coming in for books. All you have to do is choose the one you want and draw a library card—that's all. We have a good selection—Westerns, Fiction, Biblical stories and true War stories about people like Guy Gibson (who led the famous Dam busters), Leonard Chesire, VC, General Bean, and many others.

This month's book review is entitled THE STRUGGLE FOR EUROPE, by Chester Wilmot.

It tells the story not only of how Hitler was defeated, but of how Stalin emerged the real victor. Today we want to know why, having won the war,

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we have not succeeded to the brave new world prescribed in the Atlantic Charter, and whether, in fact, we fought for six long years only to have Stalin replace Hitler as the menace to our peace and security.

The author seeks the answers in a study of our wartime diplomacy and strategy, and of the impact on our policies of the personalities of the statesmen and generals with whom the decisions lay. He maintains that the pattern of post-war Europe was determined during the fighting and the problems and dangers we face today are the result not of what has happened since the war, but of what happened during the war.

After the war, the author was given unusual facilities, both by General Eisenhower and by Field Marshal Montgomery, for research among the contemporary documents and for the inter-

rogation of officers, both allied and captive. Never in the whole course of history has there been such a complete haul of enemy documents, and never before have enemy statemen and generals been put on trial for their lives; with the result that thousands of state papers which would normally have remained secret for years, were made quickly available and used as the basis for cross-examination by skilled counsel in open court. With such material the author is able to present an overall and closely integrated account of the military and diplomatic history from both sides.

The author, an Australian, is unbiased, neither pro-British nor pro-American. He sets out to prove no particular thesis nor to vindicate the reputation of any politician or general at the expense of another. The first part of the book tells of Dunkirk and traces the events that led the allies back to France and the high level diplomatic and strategic decisions which determined Allied and German policy between Dunkirk and D-day.

The second part is an account of the battle of Normandy, from the beaches to Paris, with the emphasis on the conflict of plans and personalities.

In the third part, the author discusses why the Allied victory in France was not exploited; why Arnheim failed; why

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the Germans were allowed to recover and to deliver a devastating counter-stroke in the Ardennes; how this enabled Stalin to go to Yalta holding all the military trumps and to carry off all the political tricks. Finally, how the Americans accepted Russian predominance, both in Europe and Asia in preference to the revival and survival of the British Empire, and thus provided Stalin with the greatest of all his victories.

The Sunday Dispatch calls this book "the most remarkable war history ever printed."

See you all next month.

Personality Portrait — No. 20

Flying Officer A. S. Atkinson

F/O Andrew Stuart Atkinson was born in Saint John, N.B., but moved to Dartmouth at the ripe age of ten, and therefore, considers the harbor town as the place from which he hails.

He received his primary education in Saint John and Dartmouth, graduating from the Dartmouth High School in 1943. At this time, after reading several recruiting posters about "Join your fighting comrades of the "skies" and

"World traveller at 21," he joined the RCAF as an aircrew candidate.

In November 1955 he was commissioned as a Wireless Air Gunner and proceeded to OTU and overseas to join 437 Transport squadron.

Returning to Canada in May 1946, he received his release the following month and entered Dalhousie University that fall.

In September 1951 he rejoined the RCAF under the subsidization scheme and graduated with a Bachelor of Engineering Degree in Electrical Engineering in May 1952 from the Nova Scotia Technical College.

Once again, donning the uniform, he proceeded to 1 OS, London, Ont., and then on to R&CS Clinton for a Telecommunications Officer's course. Graduating from Clinton, he was posted to Beaver Bank pending completion of a summer period of instructing university flight cadets.

F/O Atkinson was married to Evelyn Brown in Dartmouth in May 1947 and they are presently residing on Pleasant street in Dartmouth.

His hobbies are many, the most important being radio and television (sales and construction.)

His favorite sports are golf and fishing, which is why he is waiting patiently for some fine weather!

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Sports Column

by LAC John Cathcart

Time has caught up with us again—it's time for our little chat with you. We see that old man winter has been put away for another season (We hope! —Ed.)

If the coming softball season is as good as the hockey season was, the fans are going to be in for a good time.

Last year as some of you can remember, there were only three teams in the intersection softball. We hope to have five teams playing this year. We were scouting around the other day trying to find out what the boys thought of their chances for this year's softball—every team that is entering this year, has assured us that *they* will be the champs. The ME section, last year's winners, say that they will definitely keep the shield! It looks like it is up

to the rest to take it away from them!

We hope the new ball field will be ready for use this year. It is located behind the hospital and taking shape under the capable hands of F/L Hill, F/O Roche and volunteer helpers. These people have been working steadily since the first sod was turned. Many more workers are needed, so will anyone who can spare some time, please lend a helping hand?

The old field will be used for practices. It may not look like the Polo Grounds, but it sure gave us some hours of enjoyment and relaxation last season.

See you all in May.

Special

An Anti-Aircraft Study Period was held in Halifax at Windsor Park, March 31, April 1 and 2 inclusive with the program designed to provide up-to-date anti-aircraft doctrine for all officers down to the rank of Troop Commanders.

Brigadier G. G. K. Peake, DSO, CD, Commander of No. 2 Militia Group, was the co-ordinator of the Study Period. Units represented were the 1st HAA Regiment of Halifax, 36 HAA Regiment of Dartmouth, the 3rd (NB) HA and 23rd HAA Regiment both of Saint John N.B. and the 64th H.A. Regiment of Moncton. Also present were officers from Nos. 2, 3, 4 and 5 Militia Group Headquarters of Halifax, Sydney, Charlottetown and Moncton.

Our station was included in their itinerary. This visit, according to a letter received from HQ Eastern Command, was one of the highlights of the Study Period.

The Study Week concluded with a cocktail party held in the HQ Eastern Command Officers Mess, RA Park. Those of us lucky enough to attend were most cordially received by the host, Brigadier Peake and his many fine officers.

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A Laugh or Two

In the good old days when you wanted a horse to stand still, you tied him to a hitching post. Today you place a bet on him!

Why don't the experts who claim that swimming is good for the figure take a good long look at a duck?

Personnel Away on TD in April

W/C Babineau; F/O Andrews; F/O Robinson; Cpl. Rondeau, LAC Vallaster, F/L Hill, F/O Robinson.

Personnel Here on TD in April

F/O de la Haye from ADC HQ.; F/L Jordan from ADC HQ; F/O Swanson from AMC HQ.

Kitchen Krumbs

by AC1 Roger Beaudet

At last, news from your most beloved section, the MESS HALL ! ! !

I hope that all of you enjoyed the meals last month.

I hear that I am going on leave very soon. Gordie asks, "what's the matter, Bud, no more business in Sackville?"

I can see that the airmen are all happy—is it the presence of a girl behind the steam table?

Has anybody got a book of Game and Fish Laws? A certain guy from the Mess brings back quite small fish! Maybe somebody could lend him a ruler.

Cpl. Young is moving into PMQs soon. We wish him a pleasant stay.

That's all for now. This section wishes everybody a good (?) feed.

C.P.O. Copy

by Jean Graves

In the March issue this column resembled a Lost and Found column—with emphasis on the "lost." We lost Maxine Leighton, Joan Salkus and Eldred Pierre. And now, your columnist is "lost for words."

Just when Doctors Fuller and LeBrun were contemplating ordering "specs" for the entire Station and F/O Calver was going to lay in extra stocks of ink for the mimeograph machine, along comes the March *Eager Beaver*, in a delightful new and readable format. It represents a lot of progress in the short space of a year. (And work!—Ed.)

We thought Sgt. Findlay had a hair brush in his hand the other day but he informed us it was an old shoe brush. We think the Air Force has a gold mine there — you know, collect all the old shoe brushes and issue them out to airmen who resemble the Oklahoma Survey (with the fringe on top!)

While RCAF Stn. Beaver Bank may not be exactly jumping, it sure is a lively place. Isn't it Mannie, Oscar, Willard, Gerald et al?

We were pretty busy around the middle of the month signing on new civilians, John Huntley, Ken Johnston, William Wathen, Wilbert Whiston, and

E. K. SMITH

Fish, Fruit, Meat, and Provisions

DOOR-TO-DOOR
Throughout Hammonds Plains
Sackville and Beaver Bank

traveller Jean Huckel, who came to us from Australia, via England. Jean is replacing Joan Salkus in the Supply Section and is living in barracks. Hope you'll have a long and happy stay with us, Jean.

Yes, Olive Foley is at Clinton at long last, where she will be for the month of May. Olive was planning to spend the long week-end in Toronto to renew an old friendship. Say "hello" to Martin for us, won't you, Olive?

It looked like a traffic jam on the Bedford Highway recently but don't let that fool you. Ken Johnston pointed and said, "Willy's" But it wasn't—it was Isabelle's. It's a poor family that can't have more than one means of transportation, so Isabelle and Phil bought themselves a Ford pick-up.

We ran into an old friend down by the new bridge one Sunday recently, who asked to be remembered to everyone—and who actually admits that she is missing the place—Shirley MacDonald.

WANTED—An invention for the Currie Chariot that will roll cigarettes, light them and keep them burning, shine shoes and remove whiskers. Kindly forward information and full particulars to Charioteer Johnston, CE Section.

We couldn't get a thing on Marion Wamback this time—the rabbit season

is over and it's a little early for swimming. Anyone want a ticket on the Wamback lottery? Marion runs it every day; she numbers the contributions to DROs and the odds are on how many of them will remain unchanged and just what time the Orders will go to press.

And in order that this paper may go to press, we'll sign **THIRTY**.

Grocery Store Items

by M. Lively

"No news is good news" it is claimed, and that is just about what I have this time.

Business is as usual. Hope the new store location will be more convenient for the customers. A few more weeks should find us relocated.

IDEA! Why don't some of you ardent fishermen start a "fish pool" for the biggest trout? Anyone interested could drop into the store. Each fisherman puts in a quarter or so, and whoever catches the largest trout wins the pool. No cheating either. The new scales I have are most accurate. (If there is any cheating to be done, leave it to me. Who gets more practice than I do???)

Shower

by May Little

A lovely shower was held at the home of Mrs. Lee Roche on April 20th, for F/O Murdine (Deenie) MacMillan. Friends of Deenie's who were present wished her and Gordie Buell, her husband-to-be, much happiness in their future married life. Their marriage takes place on May 14th, in Westville, Nova Scotia.

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P.S. From Pump & Sewage

by John Publicover

Another month has elapsed and it really looks like summer is coming.

The boys are recouperating from fishing trips, etcetera, and it seems as though "Kid" Rainforth and "Hank" Webber landed the big one. A certain party is saving his money to pay off bets. Apparently the outboard motor did the best job in the "singing" tournament.

Gardening appears to be the next job. Be sure to point the seeds the right way Oscar!

Dave is starting his holidays next week. Leave a few big ones for us, Dave.

Visitors

Mr. W. Steele and Miss Mary Stewart, father and aunt of Mrs. Ida Duncan, spent three lovely weeks with the Duncan family — from April 4th to April 23rd. Grampa and Aunt Mary made many friends here.

Inner Sanctum Secrets

by AW1 Joyce Berndt

Here we are again, to let you in on some of our secrets.

Crew 6 is still quite happy. They have the same crew chief. For awhile they were not sure if they would even see her around! Three years will go fast, Mary Ann. (Just think of the fun!)

I guess our Rocky will never be forgotten for his long walks—as long as Murphy is with us. She seems to have taken up where he left off. Shades of Rocky on her recent episode: What was the strange animal you met on the road, Murph?

Why is our O.R. draped with a wet towel these days? We have a dryer that works, Elsie.

What's the matter Myrna? Hasn't our training section lad got the right approach? He sure tries hard enough these days.

What's up Strauss? Can't you pre-plot better than that? Especially around the teletype section.

Four lucky "Inner Sanctum" personnel got overseas postings: Cpl. Rains, LAW Hanson, AC1 Kilfoil and AC1 Kyashko. Happy travels to you all—hope we see you again.

Our best wishes for happy marriages go to Beth and Bill Swim and Esther and Bill Smith. (I am sure you will have friends dropping in on you.)

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Good luck to Mary Ann O'Keefe and Bill MacDonald on their recent engagement, also lots of joy to Ed Landry and Anne MacNeil who got engaged recently.

In April it seemed that everyone who could go fishing, went fishing!

The boys in our section are fixing rods, digging all over the place for worms, with everything 5x5 condition. They're off to catch some fish. After a few hours they are lucky and come back to camp with a few perch, 6 to 8 inches in length! They have their doubts of the fish being trout! It seems the fish down here are not too familiar to the airmen. (What do you say Scotty?)

What's this we hear about you Isabelle? You know the old saying, "You should never change horses in mid-stream." Oh well, best of luck to you.

We wish to congratulate Eustace on his fast trip to Bridgewater all in a couple of hours. It must help to get up at an early hour? Whom did you drag out of bed for that trip, Eustace?

For The Children

THE TREE THAT WEARS A PETTICOAT

In the heart of Africa, there grows a tree known as the silk-cotton tree.

Instead of having a simple cylindrical trunk, like an oak or maple tree, the silk-cotton tree has a bole that flares out in folds like a gigantic flared petticoat.

These tree folds often begin as high as 30 or even 40 feet above the ground and form a skirt whose hem line could enclose a small house.

This wooden petticoat serves a very useful purpose. Tornadoes are common in this part of the world. The tree's roots are shallow—and were it

not for these tremendous, skirtlike braces, the tree might easily be uprooted.

Here are the winners of the March coloring contest:

Group A—Ages 3-5

1st prize—Billy Duncan

2nd prize—Tommy Jarrett

Group B—Ages 6-8

1st prize—Christine Muise

2nd prize—Frances Burrill

Group C—Ages 9-12

1st prize—John Doucette

2nd prize—Helen Taylor

The drawing for the April contest was done by Wayne Babineau. Please have your entries in no later than May 25th so that winners' names can be announced in the May issue of the *Eager Beaver*.

Favorite Recipe

Mrs. L. Roche

CHOCOLATE SQUARES

½ cup butter or margarine

¼ cup white sugar

5 tblsp cocoa

1 egg beaten

1 teasp. vanilla

Put in bowl over hot water until melted. Add:

2 cups Graham wafer crumbs

1 cup cocoanut—fine cut

½ cup walnuts—crushed

(Keep these measurements scant)

Pack in 8x8 pan and cool.

Spread with icing:

2 cups icing sugar

¼ cup butter

2 tblsp Birds Custard powder

little milk—keep icing quite stiff.

When hardened, melt 3 squares (2 will do) semi-sweet chocolate with a little butter. Spread on top.

Booke Nooke

by LAC Johnny Cathcart

This month we have chosen a book that has gained wide interest everywhere: **THE DAM BUSTERS** by Paul Brickhill.

THE DAM BUSTERS

Early in 1943, 617 Squadron was formed for just one special job—to smash the Moehn and Eder dams. The epic affair made the RAF's newest squadron also its finest, the "special duties" squadron. They went on to do many more unusual and perilous tasks, won 2 VC's and over 150 other decorations and were described as the most effective unit of its size the **British Forces** ever had. They were, in fact, unique; a chosen band of extremely skilful and fearless volunteers, using special weapons that could not be given to other units.

This, their story, really starts three years before they were born, when a gentle white haired scientist dreamed up the ten-ton "earthquake" bomb and the weird weapon which the squadron used against the dams. Then they evolved, under Cheshire, V.C., a hair-raising pin-point marking and bombing technique and were chosen to drop the new and very rare earthquake bombs on the secret targets. Here are the great dam raids and the hitherto unrevealed details of how the Dam Busters destroyed Hitler's last secret weapon—the V3, the fabulous 500-ft guns that were to wipe out London. It was the 617 squadron that sunk the "Tirpitz."

Here are these and all the other great feats, with the laughter, the drama and the genius behind them, told in unusually intimate detail by the ex-Air Force pilot who wrote the best seller "The Great Escape."

News From PMQs

by May Little

Several families were away for the Easter holidays. We hope they all enjoyed themselves: Cpl. MacDonald and family, Sgt. Findlay and family, Sgt. Chicorelli and family, F/Sgt. Hoppe and family, LAC and Mrs. Coolen, and Cpl. Maidens and family.

Quite a few of our residents were hospitalized in April: little Alex Grover, Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. Muise, Mrs. Ireland, and young Brian Wallis.

F/O Robinson's family accompanied him to Ontario in April. He had to go on course to Camp Borden, so the family went too as his home is in Barrie, just a few miles from Camp Borden.

As various postings come in, we are starting to say "good-bye" to friends we have made here. This month we saw the departure of LAC and Mrs. Pierre, Mrs. Waite and children, and LAC Crossman and family. We wish them every success in their new homes.

Many of the PMQ residents were ill this month—Mrs. Bradshaw and her two sons Robert and Lennie; S/L Duncan, Diane Wallis and Mrs. Wallis.

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Personality Portrait — No. 21

Flying Officer D. M. Wach

F/O Dolores Mary Wach (she answers a lot more kindly to just plain "Del") was born in Winnipeg, Manitoba, and received her senior matriculation education at United College which is affiliated with the U of M.

She was teaching school when first exposed to the allurements of the "same rank—same pay for women" airforce, and six months later, in July 1951, she answered the "call to arms." At this time, she was an employee of a Civil Service Bureau whose offices were located in the same building as those of the Recruiting Unit, so "swearing-in" involved the simple process of slipping downstairs during a coffee-break to "sign on the dotted line."

Del Wach was one of the first airwomen to be inducted into the post-war airforce, and she was indoctrinated with Course No. 7 at No. 2 Manning Depot, St. Johns, Quebec.

AW2 Wach had her first opportunity to show authority when, upon arrival at the station, she was put in charge of a group of girls to see that no one got lost!

While waiting to take the Fighter Control Operators Course at Clinton, Ontario, Miss Wach received two months contact training with Search and Rescue at Trenton. From Clinton, she was posted to Uplands where she worked on a mobile radar unit—the detachment was moved to Foymount.

Meanwhile, by laughing loudest at the officers' jokes (this takes real acting ability) and by volunteering to scrub and mop whenever she could (a

clever idea), AW1 Wach earned a chance to go through PSU (O), and to receive her commission as one of Canada's first five female controllers.

In January, 1953, she journeyed from Foymount to Officers' School at London where she trained for nine weeks, and then carried on to Edgar, Ontario, where she remained on staff as a fighter controller until her transfer to RCAF Station Beaver Bank in March, 1955.

While stationed at Edgar, F/O Wach took the Instructional Technique Course at Trenton, the Current Affairs Coordinators' Course at Vimy Barracks, Kingston and the Aircraft Controllers Course at Tyndall AFB, Florida. At Tyndall she logged her first jet time at altitudes up to 28,000 feet, and upon returning to Canada she was most perturbed to learn that the RCAF does not permit female fighter controllers to fly in jet aircraft as GC1 observers. At Beaver Bank, F/O Wach is assistant editor of the *Eager Beaver* and secretary of the Officers' Mess.

For exercise she walks up and down between the Admin. site and the Ops. Building—there goes that "£!°-?§" bus, unquote—and for fun dabbles with oils, constructs plastic models, collects ornamental tea pots, sticks her nose into travel folders, chain smokes and talks. An excitement-seeker at heart, she loves "mountain-climbing, taking out-of-the-ordinary travel pictures, and standing up in foreign ball parks during the visitors' half of the seventh and swapping jibes with the home fans."

Of her transfer to Beaver Bank, F/O Wach states enthusiastically, "The people are so friendly and co-operative—I like it more every day! I do hope to remain here 'til my overseas posting comes through . . .!"

Congratulations

To—Cpl. Bill Rains, LAW Hanson, Cpl. O'Rourke, AC1 Kilfoil, AC1 Kyashko on their overseas postings—they are going to France.

To—Beth and Bill Swim who were married at Bridgewater on April 23rd.

To—Esther and Bill Smith, who were married on April 23rd in Halifax.

To—LAW Mary Ann O'Keefe and LAC Bill MacDonald on their engagement on April 8th.

To—LAW Anne MacNeil and LAC Ed Landry who become engaged on April 25th.

To—LAC and Mrs. L. MacKenzie who welcomed a baby girl on April 18th in Summerside, P.E.I. Margaret Sharon weighed in at 7 lbs. 6 ozs.

The "In-Between"

by Sgt. M. MacDonald

"Spring is sprung,
The grass is riz,
I wonder where
The 'Sargint's' is?"

This has been the sad lament of the editorial staff as they try to get Sergeants' Mess news for the station paper. So-oo the security ban has been lifted and the master minds that dwell within, have decided to enlighten the rest of you as to what has been happening behind the closed doors of the Sgts' Mess.

Even though our theme song is "Old Rocking Chair's Got Me," every once in a while we do throw away our walking canes and pretend we're gay blades. Evidence of this was the "Easter Frolic" held on April 15th. The mess looked like Spring, thanks to the Entertainment Committee—the music was ter-

rific, thanks to Leo Peddle's Orchestra—the buffet supper was delicious, thanks to the Mess Hall staff—and all in all, everyone had a frolicking good time. Even the "Bunny Hop" came into its own.

This month we welcomed a new PMC, WO2 Abram, and a new Vice-PMC, Sgt. Hansen. Hope you both enjoy your new status in life.

Also at this point a warm welcome to our three new members. Sgt. McMichael from overseas, our new "Mike Hammer"; Sgt. Desparois from Three Rivers, our new "Scope Dope" and Sgt. Dean who was recently promoted to our clan. Glad to have you all with us and hope you enjoy your stay.

You may be wondering why we all enjoy our monthly mess meetings so much. Well, we rush through the meeting then dash upstairs and sit down to scrumptious T-bone steaks. This agenda has proven very popular and we hope it continues. Perhaps when all our fishermen find the *right* lake, we will have fresh fish instead. How about it fellas?

Must close the doors again, but no doubt we will have more to divulge next month.

Accounts Hi-Lites

by Cpl. J. D. MacDonald

(Note: Opinions expressed in this column are not necessarily those of the writer, and any resemblance to actual persons or places is entirely intentional. All jokes used are original . . . to the extent that somebody must have made them up originally.)

April in the Accounts Section has been a month of surprises, even disappointments, to some of our personnel. Long anticipated promotions, for instance, did not materialize (again!) To

Philosophers such as we, however, disappointments must not be taken too seriously. Therefore our section held a "non-promotion" or "condolences" party, which, we believe, is something fairly unique, and a pleasant evening was enjoyed by all.

The word "anticipated," used in the previous paragraph, reminds me of a story . . . A dancing teacher told his pupil she must always be on the alert in order to follow him perfectly. She was so anxious to please that she tried to anticipate his every movement and frequently went into the step without waiting for his lead. Finally when she almost threw him off balance, he said: "Pardon me . . . but aren't you anticipating?" "Why, no," answered his pupil, "I'm not even married."

Our estimable SAO is busily building a boat in his spare time. Work appears to be proceeding as per schedule and he expects to launch the craft early in May, and go after the big ones that formerly got away. It is rumored, launching and naming ceremonies are planned. While we are on the subject of ships and water and things, this story was overheard in the vicinity of the SAO's office. A sailor, shipwrecked somewhere in the Atlantic, had caught hold of a stateroom door, and had floated for hours completely exhausted. A small sailing craft came along and

friendly hands from out of the darkness threw him a rope. "What country is this?" he asked. Upon being told "Nova Scotia," he took a fresh hold on the floating door and called back wearily, "I guess I'll float a little farther."

Sgt. Hansen, Cpl. Thomas and yours truly are sporting brush cuts lately and trying to talk everyone else around here into getting the same. There's a rumor that Sgt. Hansen had to show his "I" card when he first went home with the new haircut—his wife didn't recognize him! It's very hard however, to verify such rumors. It seems that Art Poirier is cutting his work short these days.

Cpl. Thomas and Cpl. MacDonald had their first trip over the "Angus L. MacDonald" bridge during April. They also visited the submarine "Astute" on which Cpl. MacDonald and family had had afternoon tea when it was stationed at Halifax several years ago. Cpl. Thomas reported that the view from the bridge was "Magnificent." That might be a pun, as the carrier of the same name was visible at the time.

Al Muise is now the custodian of the Invoices, after a recent change of Accounts Staff, in order to familiarize the personnel with various phases of the work with which they are not familiar. It appears to be working out very well. Al reports everything under control. He spoke of taking a trip to a lumber yard in Halifax soon, and we assumed that he wanted to see them about invoices. He said no, he wanted to find out the results of the Trade Test BOARD.

Jimmy Hicks, the usually loquacious ledger-keeper did not have much to say when we last saw him, but passed along this little gem of wisdom, "When you argue with a fool, be sure he isn't similarly occupied."

Doug Bailey, being no longer on NPF, but on voucher audit, is out of the

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office a good deal, and therefore hard to interview. Being a very quiet fellow, this story appealed to him: A fisherman had just landed a medium sized trout when an inquisitive woman happened along. "Oh," she exclaimed, "The poor little fish." The angler replied, "Lady, if he'd kept his mouth shut, he wouldn't have got into trouble."

"Nick" Singer, the jovial janitor, heard that story and had this to say about it. "He's got a point there; but," he paused and smiled, "Silence does not always mean a man is thinking, he may be only wondering."

Which brings us around to the theme song of the SOAF auditors who recently visited us, "It ain't necessarily so."

Scout News

by LAC Gordie Astle

Another month has passed and we are now coming close to the summer holidays. With the Spring weather here (I think) the troop will be able to get out into the woods and practice what has been learned during the winter months. So Dad, when you and the boys go out on those fishing trips, let the boys light the camp fire and also cook the fish.

We are pleased to announce that our able Assistant Scout Master, Gerry Buck, was invested into the great brotherhood of scouting on May 2nd. Good luck in scouting, Gerry.

As of the same date, LAC Hugh Brown became Scout Master of our troop. Hugh is a long time Scout and before coming to our station was A.S.M. at Moncton, N.B.

On behalf of the boys in our troop, I wish to welcome you, and I am certain the boys will co-operate with you in every way.

In closing, I wish to take this opportunity of thanking the Group Committee and the W.A. for all the help they have given me in starting our Boy Scout Troup.

M. E. Exhaust

by LAC K. Gioia

Hello again from the ME. We wish to congratulate one of our drivers, LAC Ed Landry, and LAW Ann McNeil, who became engaged recently. They will be married on May 16th. Lots of luck to you both. Ed used to be a fine dispatcher.

Welcome to our two new operators—LAC R. E. J. Ratz from Aylmer and LAC L. E. Ratz from Senneterre. Hope you enjoy your tour at Beaver Bank.

LAC Gorman has been posted to Fort Churchill, effective in June.

At this time we are enjoying a visit from the Command MEO who is inspecting our section. Unfortunately our Sgt. Rankin is on sick leave at this crucial time. We hope he will be back on the job soon.

Alarms From The Fire Hall

by LAC H. V. Brown

This month we welcome LAC W. J. Westhaver, who comes to us from Station Aylmer. Walt's hometown is Borden, P.E.I.

We also have LAC P. L. Harpell reporting in from Mont Apica May 15.

Cpl. Brown is looking much happier now that he has a PMQ into which to move his family.

The writer went fishing with Cpl. Gaudet—caught one fish also hurt his foot. Certainly not a worthwhile trip.

Perhaps the future will bring improvements.

With the coming of the baseball season—and this promises to be a good one—we'll have a few more teams and much keener competition. Hope to see you all out on the ballfield or in the bleachers.

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Or your drop chain is slipping,
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Orderly Room Report

"Au Revoir" to a fine Adj.

"Bien Venue" to the new.

F/O M. E. MacMillan turned over the inventories and secret docs to F/O M. E. Vaughan after nearly one year in the Adjutant's office. "Deenie" MacMillan leaves the service in favor of an apron and dish mop, and will be married to Mr. Gordon Buell on May 14. The couple will reside in Toronto. With them will go the best wishes of their many friends at Beaver Bank.

F/O Peggy Vaughan, who is an import from that green jewel of a province, British Columbia, was adjutant at St. Margaret's, prior to her posting here. It's a pleasure to welcome you to the HQ Staff, Adj.

Our Commanding Officer, W/C D. B. Babineau, spent an interesting week at St. Hubert, attending the CO's conference. In his absence, S/L I. G. Duncan assumed command of the station.

F/O H. Little spent a week of well-earned leave in Montreal.

A few words of wisdom from the Wheel House: "Blessed are they who go around in circles—for they shall be known as 'Wheels'!"

Thanks

I would like to take this opportunity of thanking all personnel, both service and civilian, who contributed toward the steam iron which was presented to me prior to my departure from RCAF Station, Beaver Bank. It is indeed a most useful and appreciated gift. Each time I use it, I shall remember the days which were spent at Beaver Bank.

I would also like to thank the girls in the female officers Senior NCO's quarters, for the surprise party and ear-

rings which they gave me. These kind thoughts were greatly appreciated, girls, and the times which I shared with you will always be remembered.

MAXINE LEIGHTON,
(ex-CPO)

I wish to thank friends and neighbors who were so kind and thoughtful during my recent illness. Also, special thanks to the WA for the beautiful rose bowl I received from them and thanks to Dr. Fuller and members of the hospital staff for all they did for me.

MRS. G. H. TAYLOR

Comm Chatter

Time for coffee folks! Just grab a cup and come sit a wee while . . . Oops, just a moment; here's Warrant Officer Abram, right on time as usual. Join the gang, sir, while we get caught up on the chatter.

For a starter, hearty congrats to LAC Hrynyk, LAC Pelletier and LAC Bergeron, our Com PCs who passed the Group 2 trade exams. F/O Laurin and the boys are mighty proud of you.

Congratulations also to Cpl. and Mrs. Guy Martin, on the birth of a daughter.

Fair adieus are bid LAC Wilfred Stewart, who has been transferred to Maritime Air Command, and AC1 Ed Porter, who departs for Station Bagotville. Best of luck to you fellas.

Spring fever has touched several members from our section, and wedding bells have been ringing for LAC Gerry Smith and Mrs. Pearl Young of St. Catharines, Ont.; for LAW Beth Watson and AC1 Bill Swim; and for Cpl. "Salty" O'Rourke and Miss Dolores Jobe of Glace Bay, N.S., Cpl. O'Rourke has just received an overseas posting and his wife hopes to accompany him to France.

Missing from our ranks in April, were Sgt. Andrews who was at Camp Borden; LAC M. Shields who was at Clinton; and Mrs. Olive Foley who was and still is, on course at Clinton.

AC1 Tommy Andrews is serving two weeks of solitary confinement behind the Officers' Bar!

LAC Cain and family enjoyed some annual leave at Rawdon in April.

LAC Hrynyk has departed for his native Vancouver.

LAW Hilchey is holidaying at her parents' home in Halifax.

Mr. Frank Bourgeois, Beaver Bank, and Mr. Ron Hughes, St. Margaret's, temporarily exchanged job locations. Both men are Bell Telephone employees.

Drop in for coffee again, folks.

News From Other Places

LAC Gordie Astle received a letter from Ken Clarke the other day. He says "Hi" to everyone. If anyone has any messages for Ken, LAC Astle will be glad to deliver them to him (in person) as he (Gordie) will be going that-a-way soon.

Mrs. I. Duncan has heard from Mrs. E. Pierre. She and her husband have a delightful new apartment and are settling in very nicely. She feels they will be happy where they are — and sends her regards to all her friends.

Women's Auxiliary

The WA held a rummage sale in April. In spite of the small number of buyers present, the WA made almost \$60.00. Many thanks go to those who worked so hard to make the sale such a success — and this includes buyers, sellers and contributors!

Do Yor Know?

Submitted by Del Wach

The Diocletian baths, largest of the ancient Roman public baths, accommodated 3000 persons at a time?

The Spanish dollar, obtained from trade with the West Indies, was a common currency unit in Nova Scotia long ago?

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