



MONT JOLI
TARGET
No. 9 BOMBING & GUNNERY SCHOOL

59
5c
Per Copy
JAN.-FEB., 1944
No. 2 (1st Year)

VI RILEY, PIN-UP GIRL

VOTED QUEEN BY FANS

Vi Riley, vivacious M.T. lassie, is No. 9's own pin-up girl.

When the ballots were finally counted in the station's pin-up contest, Vi found herself deep in the hearts of her admirers, and is the first little lady to wear the crown of Mont Joli's pin-ups.

Voting was centred among the girls of the chorus lines in the station's musical comedy revue last month, eight of them contending for honors.

Vi joined the Service last year, shaking the dust of civilian life off her dainty feet to give the R.C.A.F. a break. She hails from what the natives there call Canada namely, Sarnia, and on joining up went to Rockcliffe for her basic and then to Toronto for an M.T. course. Next stop was Mont Joli and she's been here ever since.

Dark-haired, pretty, a nifty figure and a grand smile, Vi had no trouble chalking up her win. In a line-up of girls in the show, all of whom attract attention, her win speaks volumes.

Riley takes lots of personnel for a ride—in her MT—so next time you're given a lift and you're greeted with an infectious grin, that will be La Riley giving out.



No. 9's own Pin-Up Gal in the snow costume she wore in the show

CHIEF INSTRUCTOR GETS WINGCO



Donald Westbury Saunders

One of the most popular promotions on this station is that of Chief Instructor Donald Westbury Saunders as Wing Commander.

News of the promotion was hailed with general satisfaction on the station, while in the officer's mess, the new Wingco was gravely charged with being improperly dressed for wearing S/L braid. That, however, was soon taken in hand.

Wing Commander Saunders, a vet of the last war, has been flying for 15 years. He joined the Royal Flying Corps in 1917, and was one of the first 50 airmen at the time to train in Canada. He went overseas in 1917, spent 10 months in France returning to this country in 1919.

In 1928, W/C Saunders became Chief Instructor and airport manager at Halifax, where he stayed for 10 years. He was with the Department of Transport's Air Regulations Branch of Civil Aviation as assistant inspector based at Ottawa. He has held private commercial transportation pilot's certificate and radio operator's certificate.

W/C Saunders secured leave of absence in September, 1939, and was called into the R.C.A.F. He was active at Rockcliffe, St. Hubert, No. 9, where he understudied various posts, 10 B. and G. and then back here in October last as C.I.

The new Wingco is qualified on single and multi engines, flying boats, land planes and ski planes.

TAKE A BOW, No. 9

No accidents involving pilot error have been reported on this station nigh on 60 days—at time of going to press.

That is the proud record of this school; further—

No flying accident has been reported for some 40 days, at time of going to press. No accidents of any kind in Drogue Flight for about 95 days; none in Gunnery 1 for nearly 60.

The C.O. was a mighty proud man when the figures were computed. Let's stretch 'er out!

TWO D.F.C.s JOIN STAFF

F/O's WILBY AND KELLY TEACH TRAINEES HOW IT'S DONE



No. 9 welcomes Flying Officer T. R. Wilby, and F/O Kelly, both holders of the D.F.C. Posted overseas on graduation from Fingal in '41, F/O Wilby spent some time at O.T.U., was attached to the 153 Squadron, R.A.F., and won his commission in action.

Completing 175 hours ops he joined the 78th Sqdn. and his first three trips were in the thousand bomber raids over Cologne, Essen and Bremen in the spring of '42. He also flew over

Italy and took part in the bombing of such important targets as Genoa, Turin and Milan. On F/O Wilby's last trip to Turin, flack conked the engine and, while crossing the Swiss Alps on the return journey, the crew were ordered to bail out at 12,000 feet. He made it, landing in France, with a broken leg, he was taken prisoner. Six months later he escaped, reached England and was soon on his way back to Canada and No. 9, where he will teach tactics to the trainees.



F/O Wilby married an English girl while overseas, and they are now the proud parents of a seven-months old son.

D.F.C. also is F/O Kelly, a graduate of No. 4 B. & G., Fingal, in December, 1940.

O.T.U. overseas was followed by a posting to 77th Squadron, R.A.F., for a tour of ops, after which F/O Kelly served No. 24 O.T.U. as instructor for a year before being transferred to 161, R.A.F. Bomber Squadron.

F/O Kelly took part in the bombing of Cologne, Essen, Hamburg, Brest and many other cities and collected a host of thrilling memories, more than several of which cannot be related for security reasons. Riding the skies with his aircrew team this veteran of smashing raids over enemy territory brings to 9 B. & G. a wealth of practical savvy to pass along to the aspiring trainees whom he will instruct at G.I.S.

COURSE 72 GOES INDIAN

Great White Father across big water needum young braves for go on war-path.

First must learn to fly and hunt like hawks in sky. Many young braves from far places gather in land of setting sun at camp called Manning Depot. Keepum in big corral with high fence. No likum this camp.

Pretty soon makum long trip to land of rising sun. Go to reservation on big river called Nine B. & G. Many more braves, also chiefs from many tribes, here. Callum new tribe Seven Fingers and Two.

Greetum by Big Boss Chief of reservation with gold feathers on war bonnet. Greetum by other Big Chiefs too. Tellum young braves like young hawks. Hatchum from egg at camp Manning Depot. (Some young braves thinkum maybe roastum egg little bit, too.) Now old hawks teachum young hawks many new tricks for catchum enemy. Big Boss Chief also tellum keepum more clean.

Young braves see many new things on reservation. Lots of young squaws in camp—easy on eyes. Makum young brave howl like wolf—let squaw know lonesome. Go to pow-wow in lodge call G.I.S. every day. Learnum gun that shoots like hail on roof. Learnum smoke that makum dead Indian when smell. Learnum go in circles and maybe know which end up. Also learnum ships that fly in sky. Young chief squaw teachum. Young braves thinkum can pull squaw's leg. Squaw get tough; soon showum who boss. She boss. Funny for see how young squaw make young braves work.

Learnum other things too. New games like roll um bones and Pete with seven toes. Only play when bad Indian call S.P. not around. Some young braves sorry for learnum game; losum many long green.

Sometimes meetum in big lodge call drill hall. Many small chiefs with two-three feathers on arm here. Heap tough. Yell all day: Eft! Ight! Atten Sho! Stand still! Haircut, Joe! Young braves cussum but under breath.

Pretty soon come big celebration call Xmas. All reservation like brothers. Big Chiefs talk to little chiefs; little chiefs talk to young braves. Everybody visit—callum open lodge. Lots to do. Big feast, big show with plenty young squaws shakeum leg; big war dance with tom-tom. Plenty fire-water too. Much skookum. Some young braves bustum loose.

Pretty soon big celebration all over. Time to go to lodge call G.I.S. Now workum hard and dream of day when young hawk finish learnum. Then wearum three feathers on arm, wing on chest. No more listen to small chief yell. Eft! Ight! Eyes Right! Struttum around camp. When young braves try for make talk just gruntum and lookum down nose.

Too much talk with loose tongue. Time for gettum busy for big job ahead. Learnum shootum hell out of enemy. Hope some day come home with many yellow skin, many square head scalps. Then situm in sun in front of lodge. Watch squaw work. Smokum pipe. Talkum over happy days at camp Nine B. & G.

How to instruct Morse

(Aldis Lamp)



Nonchalant Type



Enthusiastic



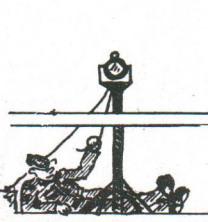
Vicious



Contented



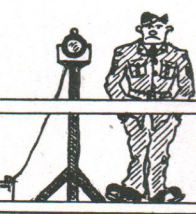
Show Off



A Trifle Fatigued.



Cool and Collected



Disgusted



Happy Noo Year!
From No. 9 B+6
Alex. Holding

NEWS FROM FLIGHT No. 5, CO. No. 69

Class 5 reporting to you and introducing the characters in our flight, and we mean characters:

The Devil's own son in our midst, known as Willy Stow (Wee). Side-kick and helpful instigator is Asselin. They are really a naughty pair.

Studios and wise is Cpl. Calvert (accent on the Cal) known as "Red" to everyone but himself.

A very fine lad who has settled down since coming off leave (and we guess it's the missus' doin's) prefers to be known as, guess who? "Bud".

Of course there is always "Mac" and "Gibby", another pair of cutups. "Mac" especially seems to have his own ideas on how to run this war, but, then, who doesn't.

Outstanding, too, is "Penny" who likes to let the instructors know his opinion of the station. Then we have two very quiet and sedate lads, Chauty and Frenette. Honest Douglas Crowe, once a would-be Armourer is now a would-be Air Gunner.

Last, but not least, the Dorval Kid and the Mitchell Flash; Leo Kendal and Earl Drown, who never say much but think a lot.

That's Class 5 and not a bad bunch. A writer never says anything (incriminating) about himself, so this is simply yours truly,

SGT. J. ADAMS.

COURSE FE 24

Heading FE 24 is that good type (or did you say tripe?) Sgt. Handsome Ransome.

Two-Steak Whalen has found it fairly livable here since he discovered Mont Joli serves the hind quarter. He starts with a porterhouse; for dessert clips on to a sirloin.

Sgt. Lynd, the old motorboat man from B.C., has reduced A/C Rec. to a science. It's either a Martlet, Focke Wolfe or a Spitfire. Mention any others, he just shakes his head.

Catalina Myddleton's favourite pastime is telling how he set the cat on fire. Well, it's a good story anyhow. Dagostini is another of our cat authorities.

Then there's Brackney, he seems to be a combination of Mother Carey, the Three Little Pigs, and Charlie McCarthy.

Caldwell is our silent type, though Sgt. Thomson runs a close second. Sgt. King, a Scotch grumbler if there ever was one. Cpl. Stubbs seems to be developing a bad case of worms. Stubby just can't get enough to eat. Cpl. Dickson's specialty is raw stories. Let's have that one about the duck again, Corp.

LAC. Campbell is the serious lad of the course, just a good type gone wrong. Cpl. McMeekin, a prairie lad, just looks at Mont Joli and shakes his head. Big Boy McEwen breaks out now and then in a rash of devilry and Handsome has his troubles with him. Last, but not least, is Buck Landreville, a little man who will make good in a big way.

COURSE 69 — CLASS 4

Aiton, Sgt. Donald

"Sarge" is the efficient well-liked orderly sergeant of Class four. A married man from New Brunswick who has already had much service. "Sarge" has made a good job of handling his men.

Maloney, Corp. Frank

The other half of the team of Campbell and Maloney, the Corp. gets us all going at times with his wise quips on the boys. Usually a quiet fellow, the Corp., however, has times when he let's off steam. Pet ambition: To identify all aircraft in a half second.

Appleby, Edward

"Apps" as he is known, came to Mont Joli with WAG. training behind him and is certainly after that wing. A real lover of humanity at heart, "Apps" is willing to lend a hand at anytime. The boys just hate this man in the mornings when he rips off the old covers but they soon relent.

Mason, Fred.

Another man who wanted to fly his own plane, but the gremlins got him on the way. A quiet unassuming chap, Fred is well-liked and is all ears when in the classroom. Pet ambition is to get more time for those letters.

McCarthy, D. B.

"Red" is the name. Here's a guy that a blitz would hardly wake up once he's asleep. We suspect he's quite a young Lochinvar at heart. Red's one man that can spot a plane a mile away.

Bowman, D. H.

Dick is in the Royal Netherlands Air Force attached to R.A.F. He, too, trained as a pilot but Mont Joli got him in more ways than one. Dick is reserved by nature and goes good-naturedly along at any time.

Power, A. J.

Another Easterner but from Antigonish this time. Brudy has delighted us all with his songs. Of course, he wants his wing, and we think he certainly deserves it. Thumbs up, Brudy!

Petersen, Robert

"Pete" is the likeable imp of the squadron and gets no peace when "Speed" is around. Really serious, underneath, however, Pete is working hard to get the old wing.

Crisp, James Robert

"Crispie" is from Saint John, N.B., and always gets around somehow. After getting rid of steam in hockey, etc., Crisp likes to take out the old pipe and have a chin wag with the boys. This man wanted to fly, too, but you know how it happens. We think there is a lot to come out of this boy.

Campbell, Hugh

Campbell is our rollicking good natured Californian. Does he like our winters? Brrr-h! A keen wit, Campbell always has an answer and a plan about something. Favorite pastime: Trying to find out why he does not get his pay.

Gilpin, James Robert

Here's a man that knows what he wants and who has a desire for adventure in his blood. If he does not know something it won't be because he did not ask about it. Favorite pastime: Getting off a letter to ???

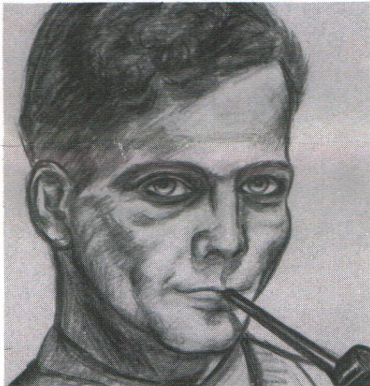
Jackman, E. W.

Earl is a Brantford lad out to do some real shooting. He really looks for the answers to things and his laugh breaks any dull moment. Good shooting, fellow!

COMING FILMS

The list below is booked for showing here on the dates mentioned but subject to last-minute changes. Tuesdays and Fridays are community sing-songs.

- Jan. 25 Adventures of Tartu
- 26 Destination Tokyo
- 27 Smart Alegs and Let's Go Collegiate
- 28 My Friend Flicka
- 29 The Heat's On
- 30 Fired Wife
- 31 Lost Angel
- Feb. 1 Crash Dive
- 2 Tornado
- 3 Lassie Come Home
- 4 Hit the Ice
- 5 In Our Time
- 6 His Butler's Sister
- 7 Corvette K 225
- 8 Crazy House
- 9 Hullo Frisco
- 10 Dr. Gillespie's Criminal Case
- 11 Cinderella Swings It
- 12 Tarzan Triumphs
- 13 Ali Baba and the 40 Thieves
- 14 It Comes Up Love and Secrets of Underground
- 15 Human Comedy
- 16 Dixie
- 17 Cry Havoc
- 18 They Came to Blow Up America and Dancing Masters
- 19 The Gang's All Here
- 20 Gong Ho
- 21 Constant Nymph

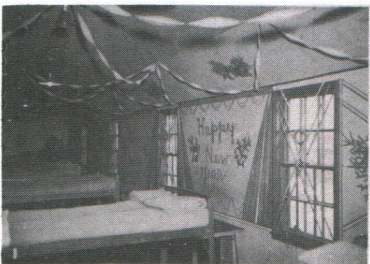


Target's First Art Director Goes to Lethbridge.

A distinct loss to the paper and the school was felt when F/S W. A. Ostrom got his clearance for the far west.

Bill has been in the service for four years. Graduating on the first Canadian A.S. course he spent two in Alaska on ops. Arriving in Mont Joli in October, 1943, F/S Ostrom saw service in the Turret Section.

Interested in all station activities, F/S Ostrom showed special devotion to Target and did much in getting out the first issue. Target will miss him. Ye editor prints with pleasure and gratitude a fine sketch, by Valerie Langdon, of Bill Ostrom.



BARRACKS GET HOLIDAY DRESS

To bring a holiday atmosphere to barracks takes a bit of doing, but the lads of 11 B did it, witness above.

WHAT'S COOKING?



The C.O. dishing it out at New Year's.



On December 27th, Miss Georgette Nichols said "I do" to Cpl. H. P. Miller.

AC2 Gabel, I. C.—was married on December 31st. The blushing bride is Miss Doris Tamar Radke of Sault Ste. Marie.

Felicitations to AC2 H. A. Neilson and Lois May Pugh, who wedding marched in Fredericton on December 31st.

LAC. R. B. Hyland showed a decided preference for W.D.'s when he and LAW. M. Quillock of No. 1 Wireless School were married in Montreal on New Year's Day. Congratulations to the Newlyweds.

Station Orderly Room's civilian clerk, J. Beauchamp, happily joined the ball and chainers in Montreal, the glad event taking place just after Christmas.

SANTA CLAUS COMES TO MONT JOLI

Santa Claus was a busy man this year, but he found time for a flying visit to Mont Joli and No. 9, where he dropped into the W.D. canteen to say hello to the children of officers and airmen who were gathered there.

Fat and jolly old St. Nick (did you recognize him?) went to his throne near the Christmas tree and handed

out gaily wrapped gifts to all the children present. While the youngsters eagerly undid the parcels, the proud mothers and beaming fathers had refreshments, served by a group of W.D.'s. The Entertainment Committee deserve a bow for the success of this event, with special mention going to S/O Laing, Cpl. Dalli and, of course, Santa too.



The youngster with his hands in his pockets seems a bit skeptical about this Santa Claus business.

Acey - Deucys Order Officers Around

Xmas and New Year dinners were served in traditional fashion at 9 B. & G. To the huge delight and astonishment of the newest trainees, the officers bustled about turkey-laden and white-jacketed, while the old hands were not backward in voicing their approval of this time-honoured custom.

Group Captain Crabb, complete with chef's cap, neckerchief and apron set the pace by dishing it out with gusto, plying the girls and boys with all they could hold. Second helpings came fast and furiously, with the lads and lassies ordering the officers around with abandon.

Ah, could the festive season come every week, one dreamy-eyed acey deucey was heard to sigh.

WILL No. 9 HAVE ITS OWN HIT PARADE?

Music fans are out to have a No. 9 B. & G. Hit Parade. Jazz fans, swoon lovers and what-nots are determined to publicize the station's favourite tunes each month. A ballot box will be placed at all Juke Boxes and canteen radios for your votes. The names of the leading ten songs will be printed in Target and will also be featured at dances. Your choice must be in by the fifth of each month and the support of all is essential in determining what songs are the favourites.

Here are a few up and coming songs which will undoubtedly prove popular in the near future:—"Speak Low," "Shoo Shoo Baby," "When They Ask About You," "My Ideal," and "Star Eyes". Speaking of up-and-coming events, have you heard the latest on Sinatra's medical category? If he's not healthy he's clean looking anyway.



BOOM-BOOM ARTIST JIMMY DUFFUS POSTED

LAC. Jimmy Duffus, popular drummer with the station orchestra, has been posted to Trenton, and since his home is nearby, he is quite happy about the whole thing.

Jimmy came here in December of '42 from St. Thomas, and has been in the instrument section ever since. A musician from the early age of 15, Jimmy had his own 13-piece band in Peterborough for the past six years.

President of the Peterborough Musicians, Local 191, of the American Federation of Musicians, Jimmy was one of the representatives at their meeting held in Kansas City.

MONT JOLI TARGET

Published monthly at No. 9 Bombing and Gunnery School, Mont Joli, P.Q., under authority of Group Captain H. P. Crabb, Commanding Officer.

News Editor - - - - - LAW. I. Neve
Associate Editors - - { LAC. M. Collins
F/S T. Self
Pix Editor - - - - - LAW. V. Langdon
Sports Editor - - - - AC2 G. E. Bullock
Managing Editor - - - F/O T. Williams

EDITORIAL STAFF

In Charge of Sections:

LAC. E. Hooper, LAC. A. Holding, Sgt. Ross, LAW. O. P. Eames, LAW. M. Pittman, LAW. M. Barton, Sgt. E. Davies, F/S D. H. Barr, Sgt. Brooks, Cpl. D. McNab, Sgt. Prince, LAW. Machum.

Committee Representative:

F/O S. Goldner

Good Show, Carry On!

Those who were lucky enough to see the station's musical revue, "You've Had It", last month, will long remember it as one of the most colorful, polished and heart-warming shows ever presented by a Service unit.

The show not only gave 9 B. and G. superlative entertainment, it gave us more. It gave the station an atmosphere that brought us closer together and enriched station life. And it revealed an abundance of talent in our airmen and airwomen that has too long been hiding its light under a bushel.

There is talk of the show folk of the revue carrying on as the station players, to give their show again outside or launch new shows here. We're all for it. To them we say, you put on a great show—Carry on!

Whaddya Say?

That's the age-old greeting of man. The cave man said it, in his own simple way, long ago. The desert men say it today as their caravans meet at an oasis. It is said and passed from igloo to igloo in the frozen wastes. And in the slangy, expressive way of the moderns of the western world, it is passed along as a greeting, and a desire for the gen.

Target, in its own way, fulfils that function at this station. It is your newspaper. It needs copy—news of interest in the various sections. And it needs writers, reporters, artists—preferably with experience but otherwise too. Our office is in the Drill Hall right next to the library. So, whaddya know and whaddya say?

We heard with regret that ACL Scanlan, who drogued here before being posted to No. 10, was killed in a crash shortly after returning from Xmas leave.

Our deepest sympathy to F/S Danny Lachance of the Pay Section, whose mother died shortly before the holidays.

AN AIRMAN LOOKS AT PATRIOTISM

(An editorial contributed by
LAC. C. J. Coté, airgunner trainee)

Most people, if asked to define the word patriotism, would immediately respond that it meant the taking up of arms in the service of their country. But isn't this but half the meaning? Does not the word patriotism also suggest a quality of living and thinking for its citizens that would make any country impregnable to influences which would prevent its greatness.

We will readily agree that it does. We are then faced with the question: What does freedom mean to me as a Canadian, and is my standard of patriotism big enough to defend it?

"I am fighting in the forces!" says one.

"I am working in a munition plant!" says another.

"I am buying bonds and War Savings Certificates!" says a third.

Yes! This is helping to defend the country. It is either contributing directly or indirectly towards the defeat of the enemy.

But what of the spirit in the country? What are we doing to counteract forces within that we are fighting without? Are we sure that we recognize those faults within us and the nation that have helped to make it possible for a Hitler to do what he has done.

What are we doing to inspire our leaders? Are we just critical? Or have we constructive ideas? Do we show an interest in their responsibilities? Have we made ourselves individually responsible for the thinking of the country, or are we isolationists thinking only of ourselves, our little corner of the world.

Every man can be a statesman attacking the problems of his country. Everyman can see that as he is so is the nation, and what he does to get people pulling together for a better country. That and that alone measures how great our country will become.

We men in the services want to feel that what we are fighting for will be imperishable. We want to know that the beliefs men are dying for will become more of a reality.

But will they? Only if we face facts and apply a positive philosophy to them. Only if we realize that we might kill people but not necessarily destroy the germs that have been polluting our society. Those ideas are loose—they spread—they are prevalent.

Our enemy is within and without. To do credit to our uniforms we must be willing to examine and understand the implications in any trend of national thinking. We must have such a positive attitude that we will be channels of constructive thought and action developing the leadership necessary for a greater nation.

With that thought more of a reality, we shall be nearer freedom—not freedom to do what we want, but freedom to build the world we want. The alternative to this is to witness a ghastly period of chaos and misery—a decline in progress and democracy.

Isn't more patriotism of a new level needed? We can have it if we will, and thus usher in a new era for us all—the world of the future.

1944: THE CRUCIAL YEAR



Eisenhower: "1944 is the Knockout Year."



Leap Year: Watch out, fellas!

Editor's Mailbag

Letters must carry signed name and number of the writer, but a pen-name may be used for publication, if you wish. Keep your letters short. Drop them in Target office in Drill Hall.

Too Exclusive?

Sir:
Why was the pin-up contest limited to the station musical show? Why weren't all girls on the station eligible?
Loves-em-all.

For He-Men

Sir:
Why not have a pin-up contest for men? Aren't there any Clark Gables on the station? I've got my vote ready.
W.D.

Staggered Stag

Sir:
Something ought to be done about the shortage of girls at station dances. Last year girls from Campbellton came to the station for social functions, but they haven't put in an appearance this year. The stag line is staggering. Can't we get the Campbellton girls again?
Lonely Stag.

Artists! Here is an opportunity to have your work exhibited and win a prize. Now is the time to quit hiding timidly behind your easels and step forth to show your talents to the public.

All R.C.A.F. personnel are invited to submit specimens of art work for competition and exhibition now being arranged by Headquarters. Watch D.R.O.'s for the full dope on this worthwhile exhibition.

Get cracking now! All entries are to be in before 1700 hours, February 25th, 1944.

The W.D. canteen, closed when 162 Squadron moved in and took it over as quarters, re-opened with a dance last month when the girls had holiday decorations up and a great big Xmas tree.

Completely renovated, the canteen is now gayer than ever before with new striped drapes and venetian blinds, contrasted brightly with walls tinted a delicate salmon against blue woodwork. Comfy chairs and chesterfields are back in place, lamps near the writing desks and that favorite old corner near the fireplace and radio is still there.

ART CLUB INVITES NEW MEMBERS

The Nu-Art Club is busy at work again.

Those who saw the Musical Revue and the Club's first efforts (the backdrops) will realize that the Art Club is a highly practical enterprise with possibilities.

Although only a few names were mentioned in the write-up appearing in December's Target, mention must be made of Eddie Hooper and Norm Houle, whose efforts were greatly appreciated. Thanks also to the girls of Drogue packing and Fabric Sections who sewed the backdrops for the Club.

A cordial invitation is extended to all who are interested in cartooning, drawing and painting, to join in future enterprises. Come and share your knowledge. Just pay Maintenance a visit and ask for LAC. Reinblatt or Cpl. Seagar, and they will be pleased to give you further information.

MORE POSTINGS FROM TARGET STAFF

In the first issue of Target, mention was made that, since the committee was first formed, three of Target's staff had been posted.

But woe! The postings are still rolling in. Flight Ostrom who did all the work on lay-outs (and numerous other jobs, including art work) for the first issue, is now at Lethbridge. LAW. Lynn Appleby who almost single handed did all the photos in issue one and a good few for number two also, has been posted to Uplands. Then there is LAW. Olga Eames, reporter for the equipment section, typist and salesman, posted to A.F.H.Q. Larry Dore, formerly at the Dental Clinic, went to No. 10 recently. Larry was responsible for those cartoons, and has promised to send us some more, for which many thanks.

STARS OF THE BIG SHOW



1. Bill Elgood and Rita MacDonald trip the light fantastic with mutual joie de vivre.
2. The featured four give with the melody. Ken Sloat, Marcelle Doré, Don Ferguson and Helen Paul enchant the audience with a hit number.
3. Lovely Marion Nelson poses for Target's candid camera and gives the theatre an eyeful, too.
4. Quebec's Bob Hope — Jerry Lachance.
5. Is she happy? Ola Ollerenshaw gives the camera something to glamour about.
6. Jackie Short and his squeeze box.
7. The heavy lovers! Lucien Labelle and Margaret Dorion, who gave with the romance, a la Charles Boyer and Anna Held, make music with Veronica Wheeler and Robert Binns.
8. Leading Lady Helen Paul hits a top note and sopranos right into the heart of the bald-headed row.
9. Curtain Call, F/L Duncan, producer, with cast.
10. Leading man, Don Ferguson.
11. Charming Frances Coghill, one of the lovely chorus cuties.
12. Pin-up girl, Patricia Riley, wows the wolves and no wonder.
13. James McSwiven and Peggy Chisholm, actors of no mean ability, look on while others do their stuff.
14. Speed Ruddy and Chick Radke, hepcats.
15. Magdalen Pitman, top performer in the chorus line, goes photogenic for the boys.
16. F/L Andy Andrews and fellow cops.
17. Flo Zurich graces the stage with poise and pulchritude.
18. Mrs. Maitland in hula-hula.
19. Camera shy? Pretty-as-a-picture Helen Ramsay plays shut-eye with the photographer.
20. Hi-ya fellows, Rita MacDonald high-signs the house.
21. Marcelle Doré in the big chapel scene enralls the audience with her beautiful voice.

Plans were afoot to bring the United States army air force band of 80 musicians here for a concert. They were due to arrive by air and everything was set when something went awry and now they're not coming.

If Uncle Sam wants to go ahead with the hands-across-the-border stuff we'll settle for Earl Carroll's Vanities or even Billy Minsky's burlesque.

But talking about troupers, a salute to Newfie Hallahan, as good a trouper as they come. Newfie was one of the sparkling lassies in the station's Xmas show last month. One night a gale outside sent shivering waves across the stage but the girls in their chorine costumes carried on, smiling brightly with chattering teeth. Newfie went to hospital that night too.

If things work out right, the grapevine says that the Navy Show might make Mont Joli a port of call. The show is something to sea, they say.

It may soon be no tiekee no washee over at the hospital. They're running short of bottles and may pretty soon not be handing out the old medicine unless the glassware is brought back. So cart them back, gang.

Then there's the man-bites-dog story of S/O Susie Sinclair, who is taking a course at Trenton. She lives in Toronto and, believe it or not, passed up her home town and by-passed Montreal, too, to come all the way to Mont Joli to spend her Christmas leave at good old 9 B. and G. Whaddya know?

And talking about such goings-on at Xmas, there's the N.C.O. of the Equipment Section who came back to Station two days before his leave was up. Wonder why.

There was the usual complaint at the New Year's dance—a shortage of girls. But the Corporals of Clothing Stores and I. and R. came escorting two beauties each. What they got we haven't got?

Over at Accounts, F/S Danny Lachance figured that one and one make two, or one, and we hear he and LAW. Georgette Loranger are engaged. Congrats and the best, kids.

Correction. It is TEA and not a beautiful blonde, as implied in last month's Target, that attracts the S.P.'s boss to the hospital. But quite a walk for a cup of tea, sez we.

According to the latest reports from our spies, it'll be wedding bells in the Spring for LAC Stewart of M.T. But with the sunshine there is often rain. He's off for Bagotville, too.

Salute to the "Posties". Over the Xmas and New Year holiday, when everybody else was scrambling for trains to get home or out to make whoopee, the Post Office folk were struggling with a tidal wave of mail. And they handled it in their usual bang-up style.

Which reminds us of postings and the story of Cpl. Patsy Robinson of the Station Orderly Room. Before she came to No. 9, Robbie was at St. Thomas where she was all set to get married, big ceremony arranged, beautiful wedding gown and all the fixings. But she never got to wearing that gown. She was up and posted to Mont Joli just before the Big Day, so she and her man got married in a hurry without any fancy trimmings, and Robbie has been wearing a baffled look ever since. But



all's well that ends well. The powers that be got busy and now the Station orderly room loses Robbie to Centralia, where she'll be near her Mr. R. and, to make the story complete, he will be near her.

A blessed event is on the way for Cpl. Mattern. Tough to be losing Matty, but a glad and welcome hand to a new Canadian citizen. Her worse half is stationed in Nova Scotia.

In-again-out-again-Finnegan, they call him. F/O Earl Lintell, after being here a year, was posted to Sackville, then back here for a week or so, and now out once more, this time to Chatham. No bets that he won't be back again, either. Can't keep a good man down.

STATION ORDERLY ROOM CHAT

Have you noticed the mournful look n Jean Wilkinson's eyes lately? These sudden postings certainly do affect some people in a big way.

Visitors to the S.O.R. lately have been interested in watching our nice tall runner, McCormick, slave over Pre-Aircrew Math. Such industry deserves a lot of credit and we all hope he makes the grade.

Have you by any chance overheard any of the giggling that is done by AW's Babineau and Schofield when certain R.A.F. personnel are mentioned? There certainly must be something behind all their excitement. Cpl. Charlotte McMillan probably knows what is going on though. She is a hard one to stump when it comes to Aussie personnel especially.

TURRET WACKIES

We have a most unusual character in this section. A sergeant, and how he must love No. 9, for he reported back from leave a day ahead of time.

After anxiously waiting for the first issue of Target to read of the first wedding anniversary of one of our W.D.'s, we couldn't find it anywhere. But we're still holding a card up our sleeve, and hoping their idea doesn't get snowed under.

Remarks overheard regarding the good time enjoyed on the station by airmen, airwomen and N.C.O.'s (oh, those turkey dinners!) gave one the impression that the officers and senior N.C.O.'s who acted as waiters enjoyed the event even more than the others.

Such sayings as "What's cookin'" and "What's buzzin' cousin" have been given a rear seat. Now when a WD. goes by our trainees on turrets mutter "Tally-ho, Tally-ho." It's nice to know the boys have their mind on their work.

Edison may have discovered electricity, but F/S Campbell (you know Bill) is sure trying to discover what electricity will be most effective on.

Bot Hope is considered a great comedian, but he'd have plenty to worry about if Hollywood ever discovered our Sgt. Jerry Lachance. And what did Jerry do about a certain girl in Montreal over the holidays?

Flash! The underground report that one of our turret gals has become a member of the Prospective Brides Club. Here's luck to her, and the Sergeant who is now a Flight.

What happened to the toothbrush that used to be "worn" by Brooksie.

POST OFFICE PATTER

Santa Claus was very generous up this way this year. It is estimated that about 5,000 parcels passed through our hands.

But what we really enjoyed were the pictures we saw. There's a quaint old custom here . . . if you receive a parcel, you must show your I. card. We saw mugs who resembled Al Capone, Baby Sandy and the Phantom of the Opera.

Congrats to Seager, Houle, Reinblatt, and other members of the Art Club for their splendid backdrop of our post office, used in "You've Had It."

Such fun here over the holidays . . . the morning mail arriving at about three in the afternoon, the night mail coming in at six a.m. But we have everything back to normal again, and as long as the C.N. is on time, we will be too.

Where does everyone go between 1130 and 1300 hours? To the Post Office of course! It might be an idea to have a traffic officer there during this rush period. Sgt. F., the little S.P., would probably be interested in taking over.

Lost: One cat, said to belong to S.P.'s. For further information apply at Post Office.

ARMAMENT SHOTS

The station hockey team should really go places this year with an armourer in the nets. Charles B. Sullivan (Sully to you) picked up his goal tending at St. Mikes in Toronto.

The Armourers hockey team ought to make the N.H.L. this year. Beware, Canadiens and Leafs! Curly Williams (age ?) was easily the best man on the ice at a recent practice.

Campbell: "I hear Horace and Algy just got back to-day."

Layers: "Who the devil are they?"

Campbell: "Just a couple of P.O.'s (Pigeon Officers from the Pigeon loft).

The air gremlins were busy on No. 1 gunnery line one Saturday afternoon. You know, the kind that feed the gun wrong, turn off the sights, hide the cocking toggles, pull the solenoid plugs out (and make the armourers pull their hair!) We were able to prove though that the ground gremlins were with us, for the guns worked perfectly on the 25-yd. range that same afternoon.

Cpl. Hobbin has been endeavouring to learn all about the new camera guns and has made frequent trips to the Photographic Section to check up on the films and magazines. But does he get any credit for it? No siree, F/S Barr had the audacity to insinuate that the W.D.'s there were the main attraction.

DROGUE DOIN'S

Several of the boys who went home for Christmas forgot to come back until after New Year's. Now they are enjoying (?) the hospitality of a well-known section.

LAC's Dupras and Pelletier each made two hits in the "Direct Hit Club" for December. Being the intellectual type, they played smart, split the 48 hour pass and the pool money.

Cpl. Art. Lefaive, busy collecting money for the same club, and talking about what a wonderful time he's going to have in Montreal next 48. Pretty grim, eh?

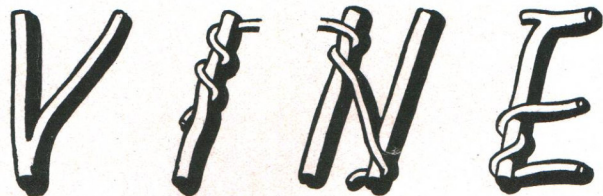
We hear Curly Dupras, and a collaborator (better left unnamed), dreaming out loud about the Dupras Drogue Dropper. A super sight, guaranteed to land the drogue right in the middle of the ole circle. Trade is open to all "green" operators, and the price only 20 bucks, complete with gadgets. The sky's the limit!

SERGEANTS' MESS CHINWAG

Notice to all mothers! A certain Sergeant (better known as Tommy Wagner) has had experience minding babies on trains between Mont Joli and Toronto. Any mothers interested are reminded to make their reservations early.

Wonder how Sgt. White caught his cold at Christmas time. Was he up too late at night, or could it have something to do with the joy juice.

Is Mac MacQuestion still dreaming? And does he still have those awful pains.



MAINTENANCE PATTTER

It doesn't seem the same around the hangars since Skippy vanished. However, Speed has acquired a new dog which she calls Pee Wee.

P.S.—We believe 162nd Sqdn. now has a new mascot.

P.P.S.—What about your A.G., Pee Wee. Did you name the dog after him, or vice versa.

Holiday travelling found Sgt. Lodomez and Sgt. Lunn sitting on the floor in the aisle of a westbound train. Sgt. Reeder was provided with a suitcase, but Major Drolet was lying sideways on the floor with hundreds of people tripping over him.

Worried for awhile that he wouldn't make it home in time for his wedding to lovely Doris Radke, Ivan Gobel was really worried. However, he finally reached Sault St. Marie, where the marriage took place on Dec. 31, with Chick Radke, the bride's brother, who is also here at No. 9, acting as best man.

Why is everyone calling Cpl. Knowles "apple dumpling" Mmmmm?

Overheard down at the hangars: Smitty: "Pul-leese fellas. Come and fall in for parade, wontcha . . . or I'll put every blasted one of you on the peg."

A rush telegram called Roger Brousseau back to Three Rivers for a blessed event. Boy or girl? We don't know yet but will announce it in the next issue.

Mike, over at the electrical section, wishes to thank all the guys for helping to make his wife feel at home over the holidays.

FIRE FLASHES

The Fire Department is undergoing a siege of postings. LAC. Campbell (Bugs) has been posted to that mail order city of Moncton. From there he hopes to be posted somewhere near another M.O. city, the "Peg." He started the year right by receiving a double order of skis, but sold one pair.

So we will probably see Sgt. Bubs take to those hills that he has admired every morning for the past two and a half years. Mac may borrow these same runners to visit that well-known town to the west.

Ben is doing some practising at Eastview and Rockcliffe Park. So line up, girls!

Cpl. Golbourn's experience proved of great value recently, when he lent his assistance at a big fire at St. Lambert where a number of children lost their lives.

The Firefighters wish to thank one and all for their continued effort in keeping the station free of fire hazards in the past year. Let's make our theme song: "We Don't Want to Set The World On Fire."

POLICE BLOTTER

At Christmas we observed one of our senior officers walking around the Montreal station with his fur hat on backwards. We Service Police sure take an awful beaton.

Cpl. Gilker and A/C Fitzpatrick have taken upon themselves a heavy assignment. Don't let it get you down boys.

May we heartily congratulate all No. 9 personnel who travelled westward on the Christmas special. Compliments have been received from the various officials stating that the guys and gals on that train were better behaved than any of the others they have had the pleasure of serving.

The other day a car slid into the ditch. Cpl. Sheppard who was detailed to investigate turned up with a garden rake over his shoulder. General Motors and S/L Leonard, please note.

The daddy of the Service Police has been posted to Three Rivers. So long and good luck, Cpl. Stutt.

So many people have been asking who our handsome F/S is. His name is Austin, gals. He's a poet, too.

Now we know what Cpl. Calder was looking for with his little flashlight. Three brand new hooks. Congratulations, Mike.

Will someone please inform a sergeant in the Guard House that the telephone is a handy little rig if you don't try and walk away with it.

And then there's that absent minded S.P. who doesn't know whether to salute the Ensign or the Admin. Bldg. What are we saying!

M-TEE-TABLE TALK

Our Serg. is now in Oshawa taking a special mechanics course. It is almost safe to work around without a rear guard action now.

Who are the low flyers in this section? One couldn't get his flaps down while backing into the garage recently.

We have a very efficient clerk general who is a keen type. He really has us baffled. Sometimes we wonder whether he's a driver or clerk.

The Provincial Roads Dept. should be advised that their signs need to be painted and enlarged, especially on the Metis Highway. "She" finally did understand that she was on the wrong road, but only when entering Rimouski. The bridegroom was so upset, and the bride afraid that he had changed his mind. Little did the Bride suspect that the driver was trying to change it for him. The knot was finally tied, and we hope they "live happily ever after."



Who was the driver who decided she needed a bath, chose the St. Lawrence, but Fate decided otherwise, and put a big log in her way?

EQUIPMENT QUIPS

We wish whoever gave our pipe-smoking LAC. his new pipe, had given him a new brand of tobacco, too.

What's happening in publications? One LAW. was admitted to hospital just as soon as she arrived back from Xmas leave.

Why do you suppose Cpl. McRae just HAD to be at the New Year's Eve dance in Dartmouth?

We were all pleased to receive Xmas greetings from our old friends LAW. Zurbrig, LAC.'s Glover and Blacklock, and Corporals Biggs, Bruhmuller and Terrill.

PARACHUTE POTSHOTS

Welcome to AW. Vera Stevens to the Parachute Section. We know you like the Air Force, Vera. Where does the Army come in?

Corky and Gert have been posted to Scoudouc. Corky wrote a letter to Bud, but delivered it in person over the New Year's holiday.

How do you like being a civie, Anne? Do drop in and see us sometime.

Mary received some letters, Also a photo or two. They're all from her soldier boy, Now Mary ain't feeling so blue.

Your eyes are green aren't they Robbie? Spelled green or Greene.

ACCOUNTS NOTES

Cec. Losee (late of heart-breaking fame) has been posted to headquarters after spending over a year here at No. 9.

Our Gracie is still chasing the staff and causing havoc among the male members generally. But oh those noon meetings with a certain Sergeant Air Gunner. Gee! Ain't love grand?

The Accounts, not to be outdone by the various other sections, had no less than three of our staff in the variety show. Let it be known that we are proud of our "Stars." Of course, you recognized F/L Andrews as the D.A.P.M., LAW. Peggy Chisholm warbled and danced, as well as having a few lines. And LAC. Ralph Campbell, musical director extraordinary, played an important part as musical director and orchestra leader.

We said a sad goodbye to F/S Partridge who has gone to No. 4 A.O.S., London, and put out the welcome mat for his successor, F/S K. L. Leroux, an originalite.

LAW. Joannie Harbord, the Accounts No. 1 Sweetheart, has been posted to Regina. Oh how she hated to leave that certain somebody in No. 2 Hanger. Yes, he's a sergeant, and they say he's a whizz at floor hockey and Borden ball.

Know what Ellen is bragging about these days? Yeah, she's an auntie now.

F.E. COURSE 23 SEZ . . .

Who is the Aircraft Rec. instructor who says: "Now, now, quiet, boys. Ready. N-O-W!"

"But how can you tell that's di-headral" says Flash Govia.

What happened to a certain Rimouski expedition? (Editor's note: Which one?)

Where did Junior Falkark get the moustache . . . or who stole the glue?

Why was F/S Lewis escorted to the train in an army jeep?

RIP AND RUN FLIERS

There are no names for the "Would be Caterpillar" club this month, but there are some "Rip and Run Fliers" about.

By the way, we apologize for the error made in our article on page five of the December issue. Somewhere along the way the words "Would be" were left out, and the heading read: "Are you a member of the Caterpillar Club," instead of "Are you a member of the Would Be Caterpillar Club." There IS a difference. We are honoured by having two members of the famous Caterpillar Club on our station at the present time, stories elsewhere in this issue.

For the benefit of late comers, a Rip and Run Flier is one who, accidentally or otherwise, opens a parachute and leaves it for someone else to find. Imagine your embarrassment when, on the order to bail out, you grab for your 'chute and find instead a great pile of silk on the floor of your aircraft! Tain't funny, McGe. Just try going through a two-foot hole with 65 yards of silk.

We think that you will agree that there is no future in having your chute already opened for you. It not only cheats you out of the pleasure of opening it yourself but it can and does cause damage to a valuable piece of public property.

If you accidentally open a parachute, please, please report it. Better still remove it from the aircraft and take it to the Flight Orderly Room. They will know what to do.

BIRTHS

On December 31st, the stork brought a bouncing baby boy to LAC. and Mrs. J. F. E. Vallieres. Congratulations, Joe! How about those cigars?

PENNANT GOES TO SERVICING

Pucksters Tangle With Soldiers; Sections Compete

Out to show the army what the air force can do, 9 B. and G. is tangling with the khaki-clad lads in a military hockey league made up of teams of this district.

With the coming once more of snow and ice—no strangers to this neck of the woods, where Mont Joli is an ice-olated station—the unit's rink speedily was put into shape and hockey teams formed.

Apart from inter-sectional competition, interest centres largely on rivalry with outside teams, with the schedule appearing below.

Insofar as intersection play is concerned, there are eight teams: Servicing, Drogue, Maintenance, Electrical, and Wireless, Instrument, G.I.S. and Armament. There should be some fast skating as there are top-notch players among the crowd.

Clip these schedules for future reference:

MILITARY HOCKEY SCHEDULE			
	Date	Where Played	
	Jan. 23		
V.T.S.	vs. R.C.A.F.	Mont Joli	
	Jan. 27		
R.C.A.F.	vs. Fus-St-Laurent Rumouski		
	Feb. 6		
Provost	vs. R.C.A.F.	Mont Joli	
	Feb. 13		
Reg't. Montmagny	vs. R.C.A.F.	Mont Joli	
	Feb. 20		
R.C.A.F.	vs. V.T.S.	Rimouski	

MARCH—SEMI-FINALS SCHOOL HOCKEY SCHEDULE			
(Games to start at 19 hours)			
Time	Teams		
	Jan. 20		
1900	Servicing vs. G.I.S.		
	Jan. 20		
2015	Elect. & Wireless vs. Armament		
	Jan. 20		
2130	Drogue vs. Maintenance		
	Jan. 25		
1900	Elect. & Wireless vs. G.I.S.		
	Jan. 25		
2015	Drogue vs. Officers		
	Jan. 25		
2130	Armament vs. Servicing		
	Jan. 27		
1900	Maintenance vs. Instrument Sec.		
	Jan. 27		
2015	Instrument Sec. vs. Drogue		
	Jan. 27		
2130	Armament vs. Officers		
	Feb. 1		
1900	G.I.S. vs. Maintenance		
	Feb. 1		
2015	Servicing vs. Elect. & Wire.		
	Feb. 1		
2130	Instrument Sec. vs. Armament		
	Feb. 3		
1900	G.I.S. vs. Officers		
	Feb. 3		
2015	Servicing vs. Drogue		
	Feb. 3		
2130	Elect. & Wireless vs. Maintenance		
	Feb. 8		
1900	Maintenance vs. Officers		
	Feb. 8		
2015	Servicing vs. Instrument Sec.		
	Feb. 10		
1900	Elect. & Wireless vs. Drogue		
	Feb. 10		
2015	G.I.S. vs. Armament		

Friday night will be for games that have not been played during the week on account of bad weather.

Right Hook to the Jaw



Looks like a case for the gendarmes, but it's just a camera illusion. Action shot on the basketball floor caught by an alert Target fotog.

SPORT HIGHLIGHTS

The last few months of 1943 brought to this station the best organized schedule of a variety of sports that this unit has ever been privileged to have.

Servicing Squadron came into the spotlight the last few weeks of the 1943 schedule and nosed-out Maintenance for the pennant. But Servicing and Repair Squadron are out "gunning" for that pennant again. So here's hoping that 1944 brings as much fun in intersquadron rivalry and honest-to-goodness slap-bang action in our station sports schedule as 1943 gave us.

All you hear around Maintenance these days is—when do sports start again? They sure are anxious to tangle with Servicing Squadron and the Officers. That "feud" is still going on between WO2 Drolet and Sgt. Bavin.

Have you seen the pictures of our volleyball and Borden ball teams in the Drill Hall? We will be having more of these pictures taken, so get in the game and have your picture taken in action.

Maintenance missed F/S Smith the night they played Servicing. He is one player that is in there pitching in all sports. Keep it up Flight. Why is it that there are so many Senior N.C.O.'s going around bragging what wonderful sportsmen they are, but when it comes time to play they are never to be found. Come on fellows, are we going to let two or three try alone to keep up the honour of the Mess, or are you going to show co-operation this year? Let's show this station some real fighting spirit.

Cop the Pennant



SERVICING SQUADRON

Standing, left to right: LAC. Johnny Dupras, LAC. Ralph Cruickshank, AC1 Bill Pickering, LAC. "Bull" Desrosiers, Cpl. Louis Bergeron, LAC. George Topping, LAC. Casey Lozansky and LAC. I. B. Zackon.

Kneeling, left to right: LAC. John McDonald, LAC. George Hannah, Sgt. W. J. Bavin (manager), Cpl. W. B. Moore (captain), LAC. Tony Austin and LAC. Andy McNabb.

NOSE OUT MAINTENANCE

After a month of hard-fought competition in all station sports, Servicing Squadron came out on top, winning the coveted pennant and are now crowned champs for 1943.

Before the pennant was decided, Servicing and Maintenance fought each other to a standstill, and a play-off was necessary, with Servicing packing that extra punch. Before the play-off, the teams lined up as follows:

Maintenance won 8 points in basketball, 12 in Borden ball, 4 in floor hockey, and 4 in volleyball, making a total of 28, which Servicing tied with 8 also for basketball, going down two in Borden ball and two in volleyball, but four up in floor hockey.

The captains of the two teams decided to play a single game of floor hockey for the pennant, Servicing winning three to nothing, with Topping, Bavin and Moore scoring.

The game was a fast and exciting one, the boys fighting hard every minute of the way. And now with the turn of the year, Maintenance and other sections are out to catch the leaders.

INTERNATIONAL GALA NIGHT

An international sports gala night was held in the Drill Hall, when the boys from "over there" and "down under" showed us what indoor soccer and rugby is really like. How those boys can play!

The C.O. started the ball rolling with a bang, and those lads kept it going up and down the drill hall until the spectators were breathless. Knocks and tumbles were plenty on the hard drill floor, but they took it.

The evening went over big and fans are looking forward to seeing the boys in action again sometime soon.

THE GALS IN SPORT

No. 9 offers many sports to W.D.'s—tennis, badminton, volleyball, basketball and hockey. Before the holidays a good volleyball team was in the making. More practice was all that was needed, the turn out was good. Basketball went well for a time, then interest seemed to drop. Why?

Hockey will be starting any day now, so will the twenty-odd girls who signified their intention of playing, get out and skate all they can. The rink is always ready for those interested.

The M.T. Section seems best represented where sports are concerned. But could not more of the two hundred W.D.'s here take an active interest in the sports programme offered? What do you say, girls?

INSTRUMENT BOWLS ALONG

Congratulations to Instrument Section (No. 1 team) which has not lost a game in bowling as yet.

AW1 McKeen (Gopher) thought that she was back home on the prairies again, and kept putting the balls in the gutter.

F/S Crook (Curly) had a bad night bowling when his Curlylocks kept getting in his eyes.