

J. Vance



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The RAIN-DROP.



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SPRING



NUMBER



Lone Ranger

COMMENTS BY F/L FUGE

Prince Rupert, B.C.,
12 Feb., 1944.

The Editor,
The Raindrop,
No. 4 Group Hqs.

Dear Sir:

I have been following your articles about the Lone Ranger with the most intense interest. Having spent my vacation at Burns Lake I was fortunate enough to cross-trails with that remarkable character, who has done so much for the wooden denizens of our forests. This letter is forwarded to you with a full realization of my inadequacy to do justice to the wonderful opportunity which was presented to me by this meeting. I only trust in adding to the documentary history of the Lone Ranger that I will not be accused of "throwing a perfume on the violet". (Shakespeare, Crowell Pub. Co., New York, \$1.50).

At the time of our meeting, the Ranger had been camped on Bear Trail, just above Moose

said "That weren't no varmint, that were a Slip." Like everyone else I had of course heard the many rumors about the Ranger being a 'squaw-man' at heart, but if he had a squaw along it seemed strange to me that he would have gone to all the trouble he did in rendering the bear fat for our mess of Moose liver and Cranberries. However, to be on the safe side, I said to him after a few minutes, "Why don't you ask her to join us Ranger?—Huh". "Who?", said he. "The squaw," said I. "What squaw?" said he. "The squaw whose slip was showing," said I. "That weren't no squaw, that were a Tumblebug," said he.

I was about to respond with pshaw!, or possibly pugh! (Webster's Simplified Dictionary, John Winston Co., New York, \$2.50), but noting from the firm set lines of his face that he was in deadly earnest, I caught myself and said to him instead, "Pray tell me Ranger, what is a Tumblebug—will ya—Huh?" Whereupon the Ranger hitched up his galluses, spat on the Spit and told me the following story: "They do say as how the rightful name of

"Back in the 80's this ere country was a-crawlin' with Tumblebugs, but I reckon as how they must have made too many Slips, or maybe it was the Department, for now-a-days you seldom find them critters south of 60.

"In them days the Department used to make a survey every year of what they called 'The Tumblebug Sitjation'. These surveys was conducted by several Rangers, like myself, forming what the Department called a 'Crawlin' line ahead patrol', around the Chief Ranger. These patrols was always made in the Fall, because it was in the Fall the critters litters. They litters eight critters a litter. We would hunt them in the Fall because then their Slips was a-showin', and you could a-see them easy like.

"When the patrol was a-movin' the Chief Ranger would stay in the center, seated on his horse, mule, or ass (they used dunkeys in them days) and enter up the Slip count as the Rangers called it off. The Department had an elligent way of working the patrols, when a Ranger saw a Slip he would call out "Pardner a Slip is a-showin'—Over", to which the Chief Ranger would reply, "Uh—Huh—Over", or if he was in doubt 'Pardon me pardner but did I hear you say your Slip was a-showin'?—Over", to which the Ranger would reply "And a-How—Over", or "Pardon me pardner but your presumption was a-incorrect—Over".

"In the evenin' we gathered around the Chief Ranger while he counted up the score, he would do this a-dividin' by eight. The Department reckonin' that one Slip might not make a Tumblebug but that eight Slips probably would. He would then add the totals together and this would give him what the Department called 'The Mean Average Adult Tumblebug Count of the Tumblebug Sitjation'.

"Back in '86 I could count more Slips to the acre than the whole Department—'Tumblebug Mac' I was knowed as in them days."

With this nostalgic not the Lone Ranger leaned over, unhitched his galluses, spat on the Spit and went to sleep, leaving me to ponder far into the night on all that he had told me.

Yours etc.,
T. H. H. FUGE, F/L.

RANGER'S HORSE "SMOKIE" REFUTES FT. LT. FUGE

A clever and notable effort was made recently by F/L Fuge in debunking the Lone Ranger and exposing him for what he really is—a crude hill-billy with drooping galluses and, at heart, what every one suspected, somewhat of a squaw man.

When given a glimpse of the article, the Lone Ranger expostulated; "It's clever, it's devastating, it's colossal, it's libel. It's a lie! I'll sue!"

EDITOR

THE LONE RANGER was seen disappearing down the trail, and as usual, his horse had the last word in summing up the situation. As they faded into the woods, the voice of the horse came back expostulating with the Lone Ranger as follows:

"You darn fool, you should have stayed in the woods where you belong. You wouldn't have been exposed for what you are. You made a couple of 'slips' too many! You underestimated that fellow Fuge. It's one

(Continued on page 4)



GOOSE SPIT TUMMYTUMTUM RIVER

Creek, whereas I had been camped on Moose Trail, just below Bear Creek. Apparently we both were on the wrong trail and in effecting the switch-over, met at the headwaters of the Tummytumtum river at a charming spot called Goose Spit.

The Spit water being good, we decided to camp there for the night.

After a delectable supper of Moose liver and Cranberries, (Every Man His Own Cook, The Macmillan Co., Toronto, \$3.79) we sat around the camp fire, yarning about the old days.

All of a sudden my attention was attracted to a small white appearing thing which fluttered for a moment in the surrounding darkness, only to disappear as mysteriously as it had shown itself. Observing that the Ranger had also noticed this peculiar happening I said to him, "What sort of varmint was that Ranger—Huh?" The Ranger leant over, unhitched his galluses, spat on the Spit, and the Tumblebugs is Bughousis MacCardellae.

lestwise the man from the Department called the critters somethin' like that. They do say as how they is a kind of beetle like the Egyptians stuff into the Pyramids and calls Scarabs—but I wouldn't be a-knowin' about that. I have also heered as how they calls them Japanese beetles, down in the States and that they hunt them with dawgs, Dandie Dimouts and Chinese pugs, but I wouldn't be a-knowin' about that either, though it sounds peekoolar like.

"Back here in the woods the Tumblebugs used to cause a powerful lot of damage, seen' as how the young Tumblebugs would eat through the stems of the tubers, leavin' the tubers to rot in the ground like potatoes, while the wind would blow the stems into the next county, like canaries. Tumblebugs I think they calls them.

"The young Tumblebugs was known by many names in the back-woods, 'Stumblebugs', 'Little Perlers', or 'Slips' as we in the Department called them.

(Continued from page 3)

of the neatest ambushes I've ever seen! I told you to beware of the intellectuals who can toss innuendoes in latin. 'Bughousis MacCardelli indeed!'

"You know," the horse continued, "the public has always had a healthy suspicion of the mentalities who go about stressing the philosophy of loneliness. Somehow these public suspects are questionable solecisms—somewhere in the velvet night, there is, as Fuge so aptly put it, 'a slip showing'.

"Come to think of it," the horse said, pursuing the subject further, no one thought to interview me about these things. I might have rationalized the whole affair and kept you out of trouble, Shorty! Oh well, come to think of it, who ever heard of Paul Revere's horse, or his opinion of that ride!

"Anyway, who ever heard of the use of 'Lone' in any other combination but bad. You ought to know, Curley! Think of the associations of the word—Lone Wolf, and so on.

"I could tell you a lot about this loneliness which you are placing on such a high plane, as if it were the achievement of some inner harmony of living, Shorty," the horse continued, having taken the literary bit between his teeth, determined to develop a subject on which he felt strongly.

"You get all the harmonic un-balance that goes with the pronounced introvert, the dangerous, querulous, murderous moods of the physiologically exhausted specimen. You might have got by as a mild eccentric, but old Dr. Fuge, probing through the biological cosmos, is pretty hot on the trail. He exposed you as a somewhat dirty specimen—there is a leering suggestiveness to the whole thing that makes me think that Fuge saw through your pretended profundities, and like all the half wits, you don't like the truth."

"What got you on this track?" growled the Lone Ranger, "I never heard you so vociferous!"

"Well, you recall that book you left with me?" the horse replied. "This fellow Neitzche's 'Thus Spake Zarathustra' also his 'Beyond Good and Evil'. Well I have an idea it has quite a lot to do with a thesis I would like to advance."

"Go ahead," growled the Ranger, "You'll advance it anyway!"

"Well in the first place," continued the horse, "you had no business coming out of the woods. You were safe there. Nature, with equal impartiality, tolerates the abysmal brute, the wits and the queer, but when you go into civilization and mingle among your fellow men, this queerness does not match with the sane, evenly paced arrangements that civilization must make so that communities can live in harmony, and I think Zarathustra illustrates the point."

"Anyway," continued the horse, "developing our theme, you will remember Neitzsche, was profoundly impressed with an old, ancient custom, in which thinkers, troubled with developing a living philosophy, made prolonged trips into the woods to think things out. Anyway, you and I are going back to the bush.

"In the picturesque phrase of those times, 'And it came to pass that he went into the wilderness for 40 days'—that's you Mac, but 40 days is definitely an understatement."

"You're wandering around in a drunken stupor of words, aren't you?" said the Ranger, listening to this last tangent, "and why this crack at the philosophers?" he said, in a truculent mood, reverting to his usual moody introversion.

"Well!" retorted the horse, "you're some word meanderer yourself, you might over-

FOUR GROUP FORUM

The listening group has continued to take advantage of the carefully prepared C.B.C. broadcasts under the title "Of Things to Come", heard every Wednesday night at 1830 hours on the local radio station. These panels, in addition to the regular pamphlets issued by the Canadian Association for adult education, form the basis for the discussion group which meets regularly on Wednesday evening in the Recreation Hall lounge.

The purpose of groups of this nature is to encourage the people of this country to take more interest in the problems which will have to be solved once victory is ours. Also, it is felt that morale can better be maintained if all the people know what we are fighting for, and that the ideals for which we are giving up so much are really worthy of the struggle.

It is true that no definite action can be taken by a group composed of service men and women. However, it is only after a lengthy and thorough discussion that the problems facing a democratic country can be understood and thereby an intelligent solu-

tion found. In fact, everyone must be made aware of this reality: that in a democracy the responsibilities for any action ultimately rest on the shoulders of the people who comprise the nation, not on the few who happen to be elected representatives of the people. This sense of responsibility must be accepted by all of us if this country is more fully to realize the Four Freedoms for which the United Nations are fighting.

"Canadians—World Citizens" and "Canada in the British Commonwealth of Nations" formed the topics for two successive evenings. The group felt that Canada should remain a member of the Commonwealth, but that this could be more effective if we pursued our own foreign policy. It was agreed that our membership in the Commonwealth "should be those of the ideals and traditions that serve for justice, peace and individual freedom". Without any other ties, Canada would be perfectly able to participate as an equal partner in any other world organization such as the United Nations, or any other world council formed after the war.

HOW CHOIRS GET STARTED?



Izzy's Clamour Shift

FILTER ROOM MADNESS

The Passing Show — S/O MacIntyre, our basketball champ and gayest gremlin has left us. S/O Isralson, leader of the choir and warbling alto has also departed for the Land of the Lotus Eaters. Two new arrivals, S/O Lyons and S/O Robinson, both veterans of Vic, have come to take their places. To a

look my obfuscations—(where did I get that word from?) "But," continued the horse, "the point is well taken. Certainly, the dreamer, the philosopher and the poet paved the way for our present achievements. The stirring imagination of poetry pointed man's way to the stars, the flaring vision of the age of science, I grant you that."

At this point, the Lone Ranger, sensing the tangy fragrance of the pines, the protective security of his delovved woods, found his voice once more. "Dry up Smokie, what do you know about philosophy except a few catch phrases? You're just a horse after all and I'm just a Provincial Ranger. Who started all this anyway? What the Hell!"

— FINIS —

good many of us, they are old friends. We hope they will be happy here.

The Onlookers—We have had a great variety of R.T.O.'s with us. Since the boys could not stomach so many women, we now have girls. They gawk at us in amazement and then resign themselves to their embroidery.

Feudalism—Nobody has said there is a feud between Sector and Filter. Like the Capulets and the Montagues, they are two noble families, too great to intermingle. We fight our war together, yet miles apart, with walls between us. Yet we agree, of course, that all this feeling is purely imaginary. Especially after a few drinks!

The Outside World—Liaison with 2 Group continues. Our fellow sufferers sent us a poem entitled—Morgue Malls, or, They Died with their Smocks on. We sympathize.

Foto-Play—Take a good look at the above picture, and note the facial expressions. Expressive, aren't they?

The Gossip-Mongers—The S.P.'s have been taking us for a terrific ride lately, over all the dirt they have dug out of the muskeg to deposit in the Raindrop. We hesitate to scan their column!

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Editorial

RUMOURS

It is regrettable that rumour is permitted such scope in the conversation of Service Personnel. Quite apart from any security angles which may be concerned, the fact remains that integral in every rumour lies a virus that demoralizes and undermines the decent effort that is being expended by most of us to see that our given function in the service is performed creditably.

What impulse prompts the person who has become a chronic rumour monger? This is hard to understand. Much harder than to realize the damage that these vicious rumours can do, both to the individual, the Unit, and the Service as a whole.

The writer can remember a rumour which, were it possible to believe, moved a certain training unit on this coast, variously to San Diego, Seattle, Boundary Bay, Bellingham, Abbotsford and Calgary, all within a six weeks' period. At the end of this period we were still at the original stand, doing business in the same old way. The point is, we might have been doing better and bigger business if we hadn't to some extent, been unsettled by all these silly rumours.

Rumours may start from the conception that "place" or location is of prime importance to the Service individual, hence the ease with which rumours can build up on the matter of postings. It is hard to understand why any location in Canada should be a source of concern, or worth a rumour, when one joins with the hope we'll be posted overseas and completely cut off from our families and friends.

We could help the service immensely if we all decided to laugh off rumours instead of forwarding them.

The best way to assess a rumour is this. If there is any truth in it, you'll hear it officially before it concerns you. If it has no foundation in truth, you'll be smart to have shrugged it off. Start dealing in rumours and they'll get you bushed.

TRUE TEW — TEW TRUE!

An R.C.A.F. trainee from Kenora has had his share of trouble since joining the service. Here's what occurred when he was questioned by the paymaster at a manning depot: "Your rank?" asked the paymaster.

"A.C.2." the young man replied.

"Your name?"

"A. C. Tew."

"I asked what's your name," the paymaster said firmly.

"A. C. Tew," came the reply again.

"Come on, quit your kidding and give me your rank and your name and initials."

A.C.2 A. C. Tew, whose initials stand for Arnold Cecil, hopes they'll make him a squadron leader or something like that soon.

—Contact Magazine.

KHAKIKOLOR

Since my last contribution several things have happened here at G.O.R. First in importance was the arrival back from sick leave of our O.C., Captain L. J. Muirhead. We have lately welcomed several new members into our little group here and they seem to be quite content, enjoying the varied camp activities.

We have lost two of our old-timers as Gnr. Cooke has gone up to our R.H.Q. to work in the kitchen as he did here. Gnr. Yachnichi a gifted violinist has left our midst and is now a member of the army symphony orchestra, presently stationed at Toronto. Our best wishes go with him on his new career. Among our new arrivals we have (CWAC) Lt. B. Cowan, who is responsible for the spic and span appearance of our woodwork and glass here in G.O.R.

I think of all the different jobs big and little, F/S Allan of works and bricks has done for us, the ventilator installed recently is most appreciated by all, and the fresh air entering our room is most welcome.

—BDR. J. H. GUILFOYLE

The Men of the G.O.R.

We come from many places
In this far famed northern land.
And they sent us to Prince Rupert
To lend a helping hand.

When we first saw this fair city
We really felt quite sad.
But when it isn't raining
It doesn't seem so bad.

Our Captain is a good one.
And really knows his stuff,
But if anyone should cross him
He'll call their little bluff.

Our boys are good natured,
And each one knows his job.
And one while working night shift
Sometimes smokes an old corn cob.

Sergeant Bertin's always busy,
But when his work is done
He sits down near his bedside
Modelling airplanes for fun.

Next comes Bombardier Guilfoyle,
We're glad that we have met.
He doesn't care for dances,
But he likes the girls you bet.

Bobbie Castner knows his onions.
He's a good G.D.O. ack.
When he goes to a dance on Saturday night
He takes along his C.W.A.C.

Now just a word for the gunners;
They're a jolly gang of boys.
And when they're in the barracks
You ought to hear the noise.

My story is almost finished,
There's not much more to say,
And so for all of the G.O.R.
I'll have to say good day.

So to all of you in Four Group.
To the boys and girls, too,
We thank you for your friendship,
And now we'll say adieu.

—G.NR. N. WEBBER.

OVERHEARD IN RECRUITING CENTRE

Recruiting Officer—"Where is your home?"
Recruit—"I have no home."
Rec. Off.—"Who is your next of kin?"
Recruit—"I have no next of kin. I am an orphan and have no relatives."
Rec. Off.—"Where do you wish to have your remains sent, in case of accident?"
Recruit—"I'll take them with me. Good-bye."



ORCHIDS

To Central Registry, who to our amazement, keep pretty close tab on the Paper War.

To our "Meds" whose "itty bitty" hospital is more like a home than its name would imply.

To our G.D.'s. Not specialists, but Joe's who do the important jobs that no one else fancies.

To our "RAINDROP" STAFF. THE BEST CREW AN EDITOR COULD WISH FOR.

To our readers who have been very lenient in their criticism.

To our W.D. Officers, who play the game under men's rules and no special favours.

Station Music

Although this station has not concentrated on music on a grand scale, what efforts it has made, have been very worthwhile. Early last fall, we had musical evenings in the W.D. canteen, thanks to Bob Morrison. This finally grew into our regular Sunday afternoon music hour in front of the fire. Recently this has been transferred to the Lounge Room in the Recreation Hall, where it is quieter. Many varied programs have been presented and enjoyed by all.

Special thanks are due to Cpl. Tyrrell, who has obtained records for us from U.B.C., to our erstwhile padre, F/L Springborn, who always took a great interest in these programs, as well as to the other members of the committee.

But it is S.O. Isralson who has done most towards our musical activities. Besides helping with the musical hour, she organized a W.D. choir to sing at our church services. Some of the rare church-goers will remember the anthems sung by the choir, and the duets, JUST FOR TODAY and THANKS BE TO GOD, sung by L.A.W. Rigate and Miss Isralson. The choir also sang for services at Seal Cove and the Navy Drill Hall, where they were most welcome. It is hoped that the W.D. choir will continue after its leader has left. —N.B.

Goodbye—On Leaving P.R.

So long old pal, old Town, old thing.
I hate to leave all this behind.
The muskeg, fog and rain and everything,
Despite these burdens there are ties that bind.

Yes, Prince Rupert, place despised by most.
In spite of rain and cold and sleet,
To me you're proved a rather perfect host
Of hospitality the town's replete.

I've served on stations where the district round
Lacked just those little things that airmen need.

A smile, a handclasp, not a frown,
Or vicious local atmosphere of greed.

Your city suffers undue fame
From those too fickle folk who spread a tale
Of rains incessant till it were shame.
Prince Rupert pictured thus would be a jail.

To those well balanced, coming here
Proves not a hardship or a keen distress.
In fact on leaving I detect a tear,
The salty kind, of parting bitterness.

So thanks, Prince Rupert, may I come again.
I know your faults and all your sterling worth.
You lack a tinsel glamour which the wise disdain

And just for this we love you. (Damn that rain).

—C.G.H.

"BUTCH" GOES SOLO

From Royal Air Force Journal)
(With apologies to S/L and Mrs. Watson)

"Come on, chaps. Mind you don't prang yourselves against the table. Had to move it over there to give the kid room—pre-selected line of approach free from obstructions and all that."



"How's he shaping?"
"Fair. Went solo yesterday for the first time. Trying to get him off again now but he keeps stalling. Take a seat."

"O.K. Where is the infant prodigy, anyway?"

"He was here a minute ago. Where are you, Butch?"

Butch! Here, Daddy wants you! Blessed if the kid hasn't beetled off somewhere."

"There he is—over at dispersal."

"Butch! You bad type! Get up off the linoleum—and mind that vase!"

"Shall I fetch him?"

"Would you, old boy? And get him well away from that curtain. I can see those flowers going for a burton any minute."

"Come on, Butch. Come to your uncle."

"I say, steady on. He's not geodetically constructed, you know. Lift him like that and you'll pull his perishing arms out."

"Sorry. I thought—"

"Put him down there and I'll try to get him to walk over here. That's a bit more than the distance he covered yesterday. Come on, Butch, walk to Daddy."

"Go on, son, get cracking."

"He doesn't want to budge."

"Seems to be having a thumping good look round before taking off."

"Obviously learnt that from his old man."

"If you chaps would only stop nattering, I might be able to do something."

"Well, slap me—he's going to try operating by remote control."

"Shut up! Now Butch, come on! Don't take any notice of these silly twerps. No—don't crawl—walk!"

"Walkie, walkie, to your nice old nunkie."

"For crying out loud, don't pull any of that stuff."

"Suppose I stand just ahead of him. D'you think he might be encouraged to formate on me?"

"Try it if you like, only don't step on his mits, or he'll yell the house down."

"Come on, Butch. Get into line astern your uncle."

"No, not line astern, old boy, we shan't see a thing from here. Make it echelon port or starboard if you're going to do it at all."

"Why not line abreast? Then if he stalls on the turn he'll maybe fall on uncle."

"Cripes, he's standing up."

"Lead him off, uncle, quick, before his undercarriage caves in."

"Undercart seems a bit weak, if you ask me."

"What do you expect at his age? Good boy, Butch, that's fine. I say, old boy, steady the pace, fo heaven's sake. He can only cope with plus two boost, not plus seven!"

"What's he normally cruise at?"

"Oh, about—"

"Blimey, he's crashed! That happens twice every five minutes. Those kids are as pliable as a length of perol flex."

"He's off again."

"Now steady it up this time, uncle. That's it, Butch. Steady—steady. Take it easy now. Throttle back a shade—not too fast. That's the idea."

"I say, does he always take off with his flaps down?"

"It's this war-time elastic. The damn things are always coming down. Hitch 'em up, will you? Only keep him on his feet now he has got that far."

VERY SECRET CLUB THIS



Code and Cypher Girls

"There, Butch. Is that better?"
"Okay, chaps, let's start again. Try lowest safe cruising speed this time, old boy. He's more stable at that."
"Seems a bit left wing low, doesn't he?"
"It'll right itself, don't worry."
"Puts an extra two feet a minute on his speed with the flaps up!"
"Why all the weaving? What's he taking evasive action for?"
"He's not doing it on purpose, you noodle. It's just temporary instability. See, he's straightened up again now. Keep going, old timer, that's grand."
"That's wizard. Hold it, Butch, hold it."
"Steady your course, there keep straight."
"Only one more foot to go."
"He's made it. Good show!"
"Wizard!"
"Pass me that tape measure, old boy. Thanks. Now, let's see. Boy, oh boy! He's beaten yesterday's trip by one foot seven and a half inches. What a performance! Come on, chaps, this calls for a drink—on me."

FLASHES FROM "SIGNALS"

Here we are at the old Underwood again, (at 0200 hours) rubbing sleep from our weary eyes and trying our best to think of a bright column for the Signal Section's contribution to "The Raindrop". We were under the impression that we had at least another three days, but apparently the "Adj" has moved the deadline ahead. So we had better 'get crackin'."

With our '43 annual leave only a couple of days off it is pretty hard to settle down to any serious thinking. But at least we have started our little story differently this time. And now we shall get on with the news of the section.

Yes, it is still the same old story, of the boys who have been posted out (or those who wish they were), and a few new faces in the section.

LAC. C. C. "Cal" Krause and AC1 B. B. "Benny" Zaidman (the paperdoll kid) were the last to leave our happy family circle. We will also miss the smiling faces of LAC's "Sol" Lucow and "Frank" Lutz.

The new "Sarge" behind that pipe that has been seen around the Signal Section lately is Sgt. A. F. Kitney. He is replacing "Pop" Derrick who was lucky enough to get a posting back to civilization.

Others posted out since our last publication were LAC's "Bert" Keegan, "Jimmy" Sharpe, "Corky" Baleshta, "Bill" Banks, "Cliff" Harvey and "Earl" Grant.

They say that LAC. "Frenchy" Portelance has just about decided to give up politics—his attention being centred elsewhere. LAC. Ron Cranston's morale has also jumped about 100 per cent. Frenchy and Ron now seem to get a great deal more pleasure from mountain climbing, shows and dinners down town.

Returning to the subject of postings, we understand that AW1 "Hank" Miller is trying to get posted to No. 5 A.O.S. But Hank seems to be doing fine as a pinch-hitter on the teletypes, as do a number of the other W.O.G.'s, so maybe we had better keep her here.

We extend our wishes for a speedy recovery to LAC. "Les" Callow who is now convalescing from an appendectomy.

—F.M.



LET US BUILD THAT NEST!

That 'Bungle-Oh' you've dreamed about can be yours. See Flight Allan.

OUR SPECIALTY

"Log Chalets Chinked with Muskeg,"

You'll be surprised what we can do with a little Plywood, Masonite—and patience.

WORKS & BRICKS

(Contaminated)

(Without) WORK ORDERS

It was our intention to write a splendid editorial about birds and trees, flowers and bees, the wonders of Nature and the pleasures of spring in Prince Rupert—but coal is needed for the Boiler Room. Telephone for the truck, conjure up some men, get crackin'! There are the trees, standing strong, silent and tall, just outside the window, watching the puny efforts of man to build and tear down, make and remake, do and undo (how I wish these people would make up their mind). Now, who threw that big fat wet snowball at my window? Oh, yes, the huge blobs of snow on the trees make the scene look like wonderland, or a Christmas card from Norway. How many of us realize, I wonder, what great friends the trees are, supplying beauty upon which we gaze mostly with unseeing eyes, sheltering us from the stormy blasts (except the ones we get from "higher up"), providing our homes, fuel and many of our comforts. Speaking of fuel reminds me—we still need some coal. Oh, well, all the beauty of this world is not in Nature anyway. Have you seen the beautiful smile on Cpl. Nelson's face lately? He has a brand new son. That is really a worthy war effort, Bill.

Cpl. Tyrrell has left us to work in the Orderly Room. We hope you will enjoy your sojourn in the Admin. Bldg., Terry.

A great deal of credit is due the Boiler Room Boys of No. 4 Group for the spic and span appearance of their Section. It is rather unfortunate, however, that their industry down there causes the remainder of the Station to be covered with soot.

Cpl. McCallum has invented a new game. Look out, Boys—it has "rolling the bones" beat—and will he BEAT you!

The fine weather must have roused Smoky Smith's hopes. Now that he has the ladders, the boxes for his fire blankets, and his Fire Orders, it seems that something should be done to justify his existence.

The carpenters are a busy lot these days. They are wondering, too, if the wood could not be used to better advantage repairing heads instead of chairs.

We understand that a good time was had by all Works and Buildings personnel at the Red Cross carnival on the eleventh of March, but to be certain, check with Cpl. Price, R. P.

And now we come to that great disciple of Issac Walton himself, Thompson by name and painter by trade. If he does not join the Famous Liars Club of America after this war is over, it's a queer thing to us. His fishing stories are nearly unequalled. He gives his stories lots of colour, too, so after all maybe that is why he is a painter—poor chap!

Next comes the Clark Gable type—John Gillis—tall, dark and handsome (how does one whistle on paper?). It is a cinch he won't be a bachelor long, some gal will hook Gillie through the gills, for the "I do" party. There will be a hot time on Cape Breton Island when that happens. Best of cheer, Gillie.

Well, Joe, when do you think it is going to happen? Romance is in the air for sure, eh, Fowler?

Last but by no means least is our W.D. Sergeant—Price by name. She often wishes she were back in her old environment again. But the fact remains—she isn't doing so badly out here at No. 4 Group either—not so bad. She now knows when to plant wire fence seed also how much white lampblack to order for the painter. Yep, she's learning fast.

Time and space do not permit us to include the others—Slim, the Stout, and his merry gang, and Richer, the painter's assistant. (Let's hope he does not become a liar as well as a painter.) But we must say a word about our faithful John Mostad, whose painstaking and careful work is so admirable. John's not just a carpenter, he's a craftsman.

Comment from Mr. Ed Stone—Thompson is always a great help when you want to tell a good yarn.

YE OLDE WORKS

To us doth fall all the jobs of maintenance and repair of our good No. 4 Group H.Q. We like the way in which our fellow airmen, airwomen and officers do take our little faults and shortcomings. If a shelf be needed, a pane of glass to be replaced, and any of the other too-numerous-to-mention jobs which our Section has to do with, it seems to take an unusual amount of time to finally complete these jobs. We thank you and appreciate your great patience.

"to him that waits all good things do come (we hope)."

HYPODERMICALLY SPEAKING



With assistants like these who couldn't do a good job?



HORSES — MULES — ASSES Bought, Rented or Sold

Wartime restrictions make it impossible for us to sell whole horses. Investigate our "SHARE THE HORSE" plan (We keep the front end, you have all the rest.)

McCardell's Lively Livery
(The only genuine half-horse dealer in B. C.)

SO, HE'S GOING AIRCREW

It came at last
And none too fast
His posting to aircrew do's
The biting of his nails has ceased
And scraping of his shoes.

He feels as now
He gives a bow
And parts from those so near,
How nice the stay at 4 Group was
His first two months this year.

He rides on air
In dreaming chair
And fancies this and that,
Pleased with Luck and world at large
And grins like a Cheshire cat.

Now life is new,
A different hue,
The rain is not so wet
Dreamy looks bring forth remarks
"An aircrew bloke, I bet."

And so he goes.
Where? No one knows.
Indebted to the mess
For friendships made and wishes he
Some way the spot could bless.

And what's that game
They use to tame
Ambitions from the start?
When one of four will madly beat,
Cause palpitating heart?

Knock Rummy fans
Clutch vicious hands
And Hoper pickers too,
When all at once a member knocks!
And others hollar "OOooh!"

A safer place
He'll gladly face
While riding through the skies,
Than scorching, damning, evil looks
In Hoper Pickers eyes.

Thanks to those
Who thought and chose
To send me on my way.
Appreciation bounds no end,
My compliments I pay.

—A. M. THURSTON

Absent-minded Professor: "Madam, what are you doing in my bed?"
She: "I like your bed. I like your house and I like the neighbourhood. Furthermore, I'm your wife."

SONG of the RUPERT SOURDOUGH

Do you ever stop to think, friends, as you shout a loud "Halloo",
When you hear the good glad tidings that postings coming through.
Then remember what I tell you as you fill that old blue pack;
That sometime there may come a day you'll wish that you were back
When you get a sort of yearning for that bushed but happy troop;
That you met up by Prince Rupert in the muskeg at the Group.

It may be sooner than you think, on more isolated stations,
That you'll be doing duller tasks and eating shorter rations.
No ice-cream, shows or taxis there and no more pretty dames,
On some forgotten island post or down on Cape St. James.
There are things that we could mention here that we don't like to tell,
And the wind blows with the fury of a fiend cut loose from hell.

Or it may be in the years to come as to your kids you boast,
That you were the defenders of the Great Pacific Coast.
It may be then when troubles come and sort of get you down,
That you'll get a lonesome feeling for that distant sea coast Town.
And you would gladly give all that lies within your means,
To see some friendly faces and the old familiar scenes.

For the mountains and the mountain-streams you'd give all you have on earth,
For the Station that you helped to build right from its muddy birth.
And you'd give your bottom dollar for the passing bit of cheer
That you knew in some dark tavern round a table filled with beer.
For it all brings back fond memories, of things you won't forget
Of happy times you had there and a host of friends you met.

For the fact that you were posted there, you always will be glad,
For the better points of everything are always mixed with bad.
And all down thru the ages, two things are understood,
That berries 'neath the nettles grow, and an ill wind blows no good.
You'll be lonesome for the mountains, and the bush-land and the rocks,
And even for the breeze that blows from Rupert's fishy docks.

And you'll forget the hardships, for memory always clings,
Not to the worst, but to the best, the pleasant and happy things.
You'll remember the tree clad slopes that formed a frame about the camp,
And forget the mist and muskeg and that it was always damp.
Forget you never saw the sun for many a day and yet,
Recall that oft' when evening came how gloriously it set,

The hardest battles fought up there were just synthetic raids,
And the rain that you complained about, cancelled your parades.
You'll remember all the pleasant things that never might have been,
The fire place in the evening in bright and gay canteen.
And in the days that lie ahead you'll appreciate it all,
The fun and games and dances in the recreation hall.

And ever in your mind will be the thoughts that don't erase,
Of little things that happened in another time and place.
The night you missed the midnight run and got stranded with your gal,
And then you took the short-cut home across Guadal Canal.
Perhaps you'd like to walk again when you are "in the dumps",
The quiet muskeg trail to camp that winds among the stumps.

The forks in the path and how you lost the coin you used to toss,
To find which way should lead you back to good Group Captain Foss
Of how you thought you'd never find that dark and gloomy place,
The gusty wind and chilly rain that beat against your face.
The log that tipped and how you slipped into the sticky mire,
The planks that sagged and left you snagged in loops of sharp barbed wire.

Perhaps a view will come to you in the sweet, sweet bye and bye,
Of a bright moon sailing proudly in a cloudy storm tossed sky.
Of silhouettes the mountains made against the sun's first light.
The murmur of a mountain stream and voices in the night
And tho' you do not know it now, your heart may yearn again,
For snow capped mountains, morning mists, some muskeg and some rain.

—L.A.C. CUYLER.

GREETINGS FROM THE NAVY OPS.

As the third edition of the "Raindrop" goes to press we feel that it is time that we express our appreciation for the many courtesies and the hospitality extend to us while we have been here. Our Liason duties have given us a lively interest in all phases of Air Force activities.

We have endeavoured to take every opportunity of extending our knowledge, even to coming out to the Group of a Sunday night to brush up on our 'Gen' of Air Force methods and techniques.

From these associations we have gleaned valuable experience which should hold us in good stead in our Naval careers.

To show the lesson has been well learned, the following verse is a result of 'Combined Ops.' For security reasons and the possible charge of missappropriation of Government time, the names of the authors cannot be revealed.

On Naval Watch

I am the Guardian of the night.
The hours drag by in silent flight;
I plot my ships on a mimic sea,
As I wish that that's where I could be!

The strange questions come to me:
'This is Post X. A ship I see!
'It looms against the wintry sky,
'Please Sir can you identify?'

I am Admiral of this shadow fleet,
But they and I will never meet.
I watch their progress from the balcony rail,
Alas! I never see them sail!

—SUB LIEUT B. F. CLARKE,
R.C.N.V.R.

PROTECTION UNLIMITED TWENTY-FOUR HOUR SERVICE

We supply Bodyguards, Mudguards and
Shinguards. Rapid Transit Patrol
Service Day and Night

Personal troubles Sympathetically
Treated. If you're lonesome or in
trouble, see us. We'll lock you up so
tight your most vicious enemy won't
find you.

We Work For Less
(for nothing)

HUGH STEWART Associates (INK).

POULTRY FOR SALE

Our Chickens have Personality

Plymouth Rocks (Puritans at heart)	\$0.10
Rhode Island Reds (Lively and tempermental)	1.50
Wine-dotts (Uh-Huh!!!)	5.00
A Pullet for your Picnic or a Pigeon for your Party.	
Pigeons (Some are Homers and Pouters)	\$ 0.05

**The M. Graham Poultry Farms
Inc.**

Why am I at Prince Rupert?

(A cynical view, not necessarily that of the writer.)

WHEN the Chief, under duress from Berlin, handed me a travel warrant and said, "Prince Rupert, lad", I desperately, feverishly, poured questions at friends, acquaintances, occupants of bar rooms, and passengers in street cars, busses and trains. How far is it from Vancouver? What kind of mail service? What is the liquor like? What do people do there? How big is it? WHY DO THEY NEED ME? Always, always, parrot like, they would repeat—it rains, it rains there, it rains, until even the rails of the Canadian National Burma Road seemed to chant, it rains, it rains, it rains—nothing more.

Eventually I stepped off the train into a puddle of water (and the arms of an S.P.) and was bounced by M.T. to this eyrie realm of terraced wonderland—spawn of the Pacific—4 Group H.Q. and pursued my inquiries.

Limited library facilities paint this historical picture of Prince Rupert and district.

In the days of beaver hats and fainting women (i.e. before W.D.'s) after months of cajoling and threatening, Alexander Mackenzie led his men, beating the drip from the branches as he went, at 8 o'clock on the morning of Saturday, July 20, 1793, to a wide lagoon lapped by the tide, where sea weed waved for miles along the shore, and morning fog lay on a far billowing ocean—Dean Inlet—Bella Coola. Two days later, days spent in prowling along the beach, he took a pot of vermilion in hand and painted the following inscription on the slippery rocks. "Alexander Mackenzie, FROM CANADA, by land, the 22nd of July, one thousand, seven hundred and ninety three" and started back.

That was the last trip he made—the remainder of his life was spent quietly on an estate in Scotland. Two things are significant. That Mackenzie was a man to be respected—(He only stayed on the Pacific coast two days) and second, that inscription of his—the phrase "From Canada"—he knew, that man of discernment, that this coastal reach was not fit habitat for Canadians, or for any race, so he didn't claim it—didn't want it—he just splashes on the rock "Alec from Canada" turns smartly about and proceeds directly for Canada.

In 1778 Captain Cook landed at Nootka on Vancouver Island. He spent four weeks talking the Indians out of their fur—sailed away—got himself killed in a brawl at Sandwich Islands—his crew peddled the furs at Canton and returned to England and peddled—the greatest stories.

Then came Captain Vancouver. Then followed the American explorers Lewis and Clark who crossed from the Missouri to the Columbia. John Jacob Astor, the great fur merchant of New York, sent his traders overland to establish a fort at the Mouth of the Columbia River. The Canadian Northwest Company in frantic haste despatched explorers to take possession of the Pacific Fur trade before the Americans dominated the field. Simon Fraser is sent to build Posts west of the Rockies in New Caledonia. For two years he built forts including McLeod, St. James, St. George and Fraser. Then in 1808 he spent 40 days on a rough stretch of river which flowed into the Pacific and was named after him. Thompson came from Fort Garry—explored the Banff area and then followed the Columbia down to Astoria—two months after Astor's men had established it.



Canada did name one of the tributaries of the Fraser after him.

Follows the fratricidal war in 1812 and the union of the Hudson's Bay company and the Northwest Company in 1820 to completely strip the Indians of their hides and to avoid legal airing of the crimes both Companies had been guilty of in their fur wars. Then the Treaty of 1846 settling the boundary between U.S. and Canada, a gold rush on the Fraser, missionaries running around baptising Indian brats and recording nothing of historical interest in their long books and the completion of transcontinental railroad lines. None of this explained why I was here—it just points out the personages who made the place available to the R.C.A.F.

What does geography say—

Thanks to the Alaskan panhandle, there are only 600 miles of coast as the crow flies to defend. 600 miles from the tip of Alaska to the southern tip of Vancouver Island. Six hundred of the ruggedest coastline on the continent, where the mountains soar sheer from the waters edge—tough going for a Jap for miles inland. On this short stretch there are only two spots of military value—the valley of the Fraser and the valley of the Skeena. The Fraser doesn't concern me—I'm on the Skeena.

Prince Rupert I find, is an all of a sudden city, built overnight on Kaien Island, the western terminus, in an unfinished world of the Canadian (no berths) National. The C.N. was built by vision of a railway civil engineer named Hays after whom a 2200 foot hill that dominates both city and harbour was christened Mount Hays. Hays was drowned with the "Titanic" so never had to ride his railroad. It boasts a good harbour—fourth best in Canada as harbours go, a dry dock, ship yard, a healthy fishing industry in normal times and a big wheat elevator.

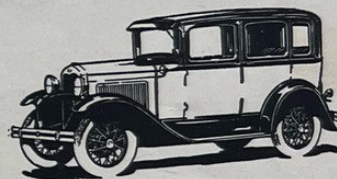
A peace time population of 7000 has moved over to let Canadian soldiers and Navy in. Then the American Army and A.T.S. came in and took over and then the R.C.A.F. Women's Division came in and took over the Americans. Then I came in under protest and took over a bunk in barrack block 23.

If I have been sent here to protect these thousands of troops located here, there is a rifle in B.B. 23, a relic of the last war, for which there are four or five shells. Let me have it. I'll get the war over with and get out of here. Nobody or nothing can tell me why I was sent. I'm going to ask the Chief of the Air Staff next time I see him.

—FOSTER.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY

Good opening for Resident Dentist. Successful Candidate will have most pull in 4 Grp. Hqs. See the M.O.



HIGMAN TAXI SERVICE

"If it has wheels we have it"

Do you need a Staff Car? See us. You'll settle for the Dump Truck.

Consolidated runs to Rupert, Seal Cove, Port Edward, Millar Bay and the Incinerator.

Our Motto—"If it's fine—you walk"

PHONE 37

THE SERVICE STORE

WHERE THE ULTRA SMART SELECT THEIR KIT

We have everything that keen Service Personnel could hope for—(and we mean Hope).

Have you a Great Coat that is Green from age?

Do your boots leak?

Have you a smart, streamlined Gaspirator?

SO WHAT? — WE'RE FRESH OUT!

Are you ready for Easter? See our new Chic Steel Helmets? They top anything.

Coleberry, Scardina & Doern
OUTFITTERS EXTRAORDINARY

CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCE



OPERATIONAL CASTE

ON THE RANGE

(With the Cooks)



Here we are again or cana you remember the last instalment from us.

We wish to remember the former members of the staff, i.e. George Cross who arrived overseas a short while ago, nice going George, and the best of luck, Art Poitras, who was posted to Cape St. James and as I understand it at the present time is in hospital with foot trouble, we hope they get better Art.

We would like to welcome the new arrivals in Cpl. Thorton, Bill to us, L.A.W. Smith, wife of our congenial, but now well behaved Cpl. Smith, also to Pat Patton, the new army lad who replaced the well known Cookie, who is now in charge of a Sgts. Mess with the army somewhere on this great west coast of Canada.

Thanks also goes to F/L Stewart, who so nobly stood to, to replace our former Messing Committee president; also to Cpl. Salmon who is still carrying on with the secretarial duties for another period of time.

I wish to thank the staff for stepping in to clean up the place, also to the W.D.'s, for helping out through no reasons of their own. Were sorry to report LAC. Ross, L.V., as being in the hospital with a carbuncle, we hope it gets better soon Ross.

—W.T.

P.S.—We are heartily sorry to see our M.O., F/L Hogg leave, but would like to take this opportunity to welcome the new M.O.

"INTELLIGENCE"

Private Investigator

Confidential personal sleuthing. Star Chamber and Third Degree, our meat. Has Junior lost his gum? Will you get that promotion? Will your blonde Corporal say "Yes"? You don't know. Ask us!

JONES INVETERATE INVESTIGATORS
— AT YOUR SERVICE —

A Confession by the Adj.

When you've come to the end of a busy day
And your bones are all weary, and tired,
The Adj calls up on the blinking phone,
To say "Sorry, old thing, but you're hired."

"You see it's this way in this busy world,
They ship folks from "A" to "B",
The fact that the body is "Joe" makes no diff,
They won't forecast movements to me."

"So, you're Orderly Officer, (just for to-night)
You'll see me through this jam, I know.
You're a Prince, you're a Honey—yes, sure it's
a fright,

I can count on you? Bully! Good Show!"

"Now the Adj gets unpopular working this
way,

It's not a good show, by a mile,
But it hitches a man to a job, the same day,
How would you like to try it awhile?"

We're hunting a system, a better kind,
Where O-O's will line up on a muster,
For the present system would drive one blind.
The lads beef or they roar and they bluster.

Some day, they'll develop a new type of Adj.
Who can "adjitrate" trouble beforehand.

He'll run everything much like clockwork, I
guess,

And the Joes will just plead for an armband.

So, cheer up, old thing, and give it a fling,
We try hard, but the way seems so hazy.
You're a peach, you're a dill, just fit for a king
And we'll tell the whole town you're not lazy.

FIRE PROTECTION

FOUR GROUP
FIRE FIGHTERS (VERY) LIMITED

Are your clothes insured?
Do you smoke in bed?
Have you a metal waste basket?

LARGE, Medium and Trifling
Fires watched with interest.

OUR SLOGAN

"You're not so hot. We've put out
bigger ones."

FOR REASONABLE TERMS — SEE

SGT. "SMOKIE" SMITH

SEGMENTS from SECTOR

Sector, like many other sections, is whipping itself into a turmoil. The rumor-mongers are dropping from sheer exhaustion. There are so many new stories concerning the future that most of the personnel have started to carry portable filing cabinets.

We were all sorry to see F/L Young leave us early last month. F/L Mainil, who took his place, has left us already. Oh well, we're always glad to have people drop in for a month or two, and anyway, we hope to see them both soon, sitting in the sun down south.

It seems that Sector is not only a hotbed of rumorthis month, but also a hotbed of romance. Katie Vose has laid down her torch, now that Dick Baines has come back from his leave, and is seeing a little more of life off the station. The "Upper Bunk Club" of B.B. 13 was not deserted, however, as Joan Beckett took over as soon as Chuck Phipps caught the "Toonerville Trolley" for London. Bobbie Hune, more commonly known as the "Shiek of Sector" or "Lonesome Polecat"—(did you get all the cocoa off yet, Bobbie?) is still busily occupied in keeping track of the new eito Is Banks from Filter. Bernie is at it too—Picnics with Irene up the mountain. Ken Small looks positively hungry these days. Well, Ken, with all the rumors, it may not be long now. Ed Keam isn't quite as cheerful as formerly either, since Mrs. Keam was posted.

We're still not sure whether the millenium is approaching, but four of our confirmed lone wolves seem to have spring fever, or whatever you want to call it. Art (permanent two hook) Cullum is no longer offering passive resistance to the charms of the fairer sex. As a matter of fact, he seems quite evidently on the offensive. You all know Naomi Fenwick. Scotty says she has nice eyes—Well?? Then our secret agents report sighting Sgt. Don Smith heading for town on two occasions and reclining in the W.D. Canteen on another, resplendent in a silver grey shirt, and a very close shave. Harry Brumer is also feeling the sting of furlough right now, since Grace Dalton left for Edmonton. What fatal charm do those damsels in Filter have for the men in here, and why don't we do something about it? Of course it could be co-operation between the sections.

Even Bill Jeffery is getting "that look". Does it mean that Polly has broken the ice?

Romance! Romance! We are sick of it. All we have to report is love 'n' stuff. Even the promotion business is in a rut. The wheels of the old rumor mill continue to grind, and we continue to pack and unpack our bags. Why can't somebody start a good feud? There may be something doing, or why are Slugger Haynes and Andy Demers doing all the shadow boxing? Getting set for the spring drive—through the muskeg, boys?

Speaking of feuds, were you at the "Sadie Hawkins" Dance when "Hairless Joe" Demers and "Lonesome Polecat" Hunt kidnapped "Daisy Mae" Vose? We want to know why Katie is so glad the pictures didn't turn out.

A versatile man is this Sam Rath—we caught him sewing a fine seam the other night. We know, Sammy, a stitch in time holds the trousers up. Fran Williams is also proving her versatility, by turning at long last to wood carving. The worms she turns out are really magnificent! Speaking of Fran reminds us that someone really ought to start a national "Cigarette for LAC's on C Shift" Week. The way they scrounge the cigarettes which she in turn scrounges from our friends on Acropolis Hill is positively grim—lacks art, she says.

And that seems to be the last news from Sector.

WINNING ENTRY

Short, Short Story Contest

• "Left By The Tide"

AS Doreen Wilson stood gazing out to the skyline of the restless Pacific, she had a look of utter dejection on her pretty face. She felt that her young life had been one of frustration since illness had prevented her writing her senior matric followed by the death of her mother a few weeks later. Then the last staggering blow had come three months ago. Larry was missing overseas.

Larry Carson had met Doreen while he had been stationed near Vancouver. The cheerful personality any jolly manner of this young Pilot Officer from Nanaimo had seemed to make her forget all her sorrows. They had planned to be married at Christmas, and then when he was attached to a squadron that was going overseas they had decided to wait until he returned. June came, and with it the dread news. In July when Doreen's father moved up the coast to manage the office of the cannery at Grace Inlet, he persuaded her to come along in hopes that the change of environment would help her to recover. She kept house for him in the little cabin he had rented, and the loneliness and inactivity of the place seemed to make her worse. She got the feeling at times that life was not worth the effort that it took to live. She had this feeling of despondency now as she stood on the side of the steep slope above the sea.

Turning she walked aimlessly along the slope for perhaps half a mile. Some how the wind driven clouds and tossing white caps seemed to make her forget her bewildered mind a little.

Suddenly she stopped, tense and alert. Was that a cry? She listened intently. Yes, there it was again. It came from far below, at the foot of the steep slope. Hurriedly Doreen scrambled down through bush and over rocks to where the slope fell away a sheer twenty feet to a tiny beach of sand less than fifty feet long and closed in on every side by the wall of rock. She peered over the edge and there on the sand stood a tiny boy crying lustily. She saw in a moment that this youngster—he couldn't have been more than three—must have wandered to the edge of the slope and fallen over the cliff, the soft sand below breaking his fall. As she looked the full significance of the whole situation struck her and she felt the muscles of her throat tighten. The tide has just turned and it was coming in fast. Soon it would be up over the little stretch of sand. Could she get help here in time? As she looked at the breakers creeping up on the tiny beach she knew she could not. In a few minutes an extra big wave might sweep the tiny bundle of humanity off into the churning brine.

Without further hesitation Doreen crept to the brink of the cliff and looked down. She must get down some way and save the child, though how she could get him back she did not know. There was not time to hesitate. She started to slide. Suddenly she plunged the twenty feet through space. She held her breath for a brief second and then her feet buried in the sand below and she found herself flat on her face beside the startled child. As she took the youngster in her arms she glanced about for a possible means of escape. There appeared to be no foothold on the slippery surf-beaten rock. She shuddered as she looked at the waves reaching ever closer to her feet and then saw the high water mark above her head. She looked desperately out into the breakers. Ah,

there, a piece of drift wood. She watched it intently for a moment. It was not coming to their tiny beach, but might hit the cliff a hundred yards further down. It was their only hope. She must get it. She MUST!

Hurriedly slipping off her coat and shoes. Doreen placed the sobbing child as high as she could on the tiny bar of sand that remained and told him not to move until she returned. She plunged into the cold angry water and struck out with a strong steady stroke in the direction of the tiny black object in the water. She had never wanted to live as much as she did now. Watching for signs of hidden rocks that might dash her slender body to a pulp, she gradually made her way to the tossing log. How glad she was now that she had been a keen swimmer all her life. At last she reached out and touched the slippery, waterlogged wood. It was only a thin stick about eight feet long. Would it be any good? How could she use it?

As she turned back with the log in tow she at once looked for the child. She got a glimpse of his curly head as a wave tossed her on its crest. He was where she had left him, too frightened to move, and becoming worse every minute as the rising waters splashed higher and higher up his legs. In a matter of minutes she had the log pulled up beside him. It was pitifully short, and so smooth and slippery that to climb it would be impossible. The water was up around their feet now. Was it in vain after all?

She looked hopelessly about for a solution. Ah, there if she could only do it. Just above her head where the rock wall turned at almost a right angle was a narrow crevice into which she thought she could wedge one end of the log, and then brace the other against the shoulder that jutted out if she could find a place that would hold. She tried it and after several vain attempts it seemed like holding at last. Almost exhausted from holding the heavy waterlogged stick above her head, she made a last desperate effort and succeeded in gaining a precarious perch on the log with the child held close to her. They were now five feet above the water. If only someone would find them before the water reached them again.

As Doreen leaned against the rock to get her breath she had a chance to study the child for the first time. She felt that she had never seen him before, yet his little face seemed in some way familiar.

"What is your name?" she asked, bending close.

"Buddy," came the startling reply. "Why," she exclaimed, "not Buddy Carson?" Yet she knew now that it was before the puzzled child nodded his head. Larry had shown her too many pictures of his little brother for her to have any doubt. But they lived in Nanaimo.

Just then a cry reached her ears from the slope above.

"They are coming with a rope," called a man. "Lucky you dropped your gloves Miss, or we'd never have seen you, and that tide is coming in fast."

"Daddy," cried the boy in excitement, "it's my Daddy."

"Thank God," whispered Doreen as the waves reached her feet again.

Doreen soon met Larry's family as his father was in the lumber business and coming over to see about a contract, had decided to bring that part of the family who were not

in school, and stay a couple of weeks. They had taken a small cabin up the slope. Doreen was now the family heroine, but that was only the beginning of an eventful day. Mrs. Carson had just received the news that Larry was safe. That is probably why Buddy had strayed away unnoticed.

A couple of days later Doreen herself received a lettergraph from Larry. His plane had come down in the North Sea, and though wounded in the leg and weak from loss of blood he had managed to escape in his dingy. Lapsing into unconsciousness he had drifted into a secluded fjord on the Norwegian coast and had been washed up on to a narrow sandy beach and left by the tide. Some patriots had found him in the morning and had kept him in hiding and nursed him back to health, until at last he had made his escape to Scotland in a small motor boat along with three young Norwegians. Now he was coming home for a rest and perhaps a posting. Anyway there would be a wedding.

"It seems to have been a favourable tide for us," said Doreen happily to Mrs. Carson.

—CPL. TRACY

AIN'T IT THE TRUTH

I followed her for several blocks,

At quite a rapid pace,
And tried every way I knew,
To see her lovely face.

But now I walk the streets each night,
With murder in my eye,
To catch the man who once remarked,
That "Figures Never Lie".

LEGAL

Have you any worries, large or small?
If you have a problem and have talked it over with, your Dad, your Wife or Sweetheart and the Adjutant, why not consult me?

Let me have a bang at it.

Personal, Domestic or Service Troubles adjusted, or so fixed that nobody else will try.

Prompt Action Guaranteed.

SEHL'S SERVICE



"THE SPORTING SHOPPIE"

The Ducks will soon be on the wing—Daddy Duck, Mama Duck and Donald Duck. Have you any shells? Owing to War restrictions, these are difficult to secure. Our bargain counter has a full line of Skeet Equipment and Shells. Ground Sheets have disappeared from the market.

To help you complete your list, we offer some excellent Anti-Gas capes for this purpose.

See Me First — Then Quit
JACK (BALLISTICS) BALLINGER

THEY CHRISTENED THE SECOND RING



F/L A. H. Stewart and his Stalwarts

POUNDING THE BEAT WITH D.A.P.M.

Time marches on, and with it comes the inevitable change, even in one short month.

First and foremost we wish to congratulate our D.A.P.M. who is sporting another ring on his sleeve. Nice going, Sir.

We were sorry to have Cpl. Goss bid us farewell. He was recalled from temporary duty at Vanderhoof to leave on his posting. Cpl. Lacey took his place there for the remaining ten days. By the way we would like to know the real reason for Cpl. Lacey's bandaged elbow when he returned. Was it really caused by a fall on ice? That the world will never know.

Usually when we say farewell to a buddy we hail someone in his place, and so we take pleasure in welcoming Cpl. Conway to our ranks. Also Cpl. Denny who is a security guard of the old school.

Cpl. White has left for points East on temporary duty, and by East we mean East of Winnipeg, the boundary of Canada. (We didn't say which way.)

F/S Douglas only stayed a few days after returning from leave, and then departed on a course. We miss his genial personality but we don't begrudge him a chance to better his position and so we say "Best of luck, Flight".

We wonder where Cpl. Watson was when the Service Police photograph was taken. It is rumored he was somewhere looking for a ham sandwich—or WAS it a ham sandwich? There are those darn rumors again. Sgt. McBrien was heard to say he was going to start a taxi business after the war. Why not make it a merry-go-round Sarg.? You would also get the up and down motion.

Cpl. Grant is saying little about the limp and the bandaged knee. He mumbled something about helping the Red Cross, but he looks more as if the Red Cross had been helping him. Or is it just an advertising stunt? And did anyone see that chair at the hospital?

Cpl. Gallagher has been doing a good share of the train patrol lately. He claims his success in handling one or two delicate situations are due to his policy of tact and diplomacy. We get the idea—in other words, handle them with gloves on.

Then there is the one about Cpl. Douglas spending half an hour under the shower sitting on a chair. Was he trying to find the Prince Rupert equivalent for a sun lamp? Personally we think he had a wet night.

And have you ever heard Cpl. Greaves sing a solo, or Cpl. Sabins admit that he is in Canada, or LAC. Nugent talk about horses, or LAC. Fortier make a date, or seen LAC Jeffries smoke the same pipe two days in succession? You have missed a lot.

—W.H. LACEY

NEW DEAL AIRLINES

Frantic Froomies Friendly Flying
Freighters

OUR POLICY—"No Chit, No Sit".

President:	S/L O. W. Froom
Vice-President:	S/L O. W. Froom
Manager:	S/L O. W. Froom
Traffic Superintendent:	S/L O. W. Froom
Ticket Agent:	S/L O. W. Froom

NOTICE—All passengers must provide their own oars. There are no exceptions to this regulation.

WE USE ONLY "GREAT, BIG, BIG
TWO-MOTORED AIRCRAFT"

DAN CUPID ON HIS TRIP TO OPERATIONS

Dear Four Group Victims:

After several attempts in which I was twice detained at the M.T. Section, I have finally arrived in Operations. I got kicked off the upper catwalks, but got one victim as I went to the Admin. building across from the Airmen's Mess.

I decided Sector was the WRIGHT place to make a start. It GREAVES me though to think how I got by the S.P. at the door but everything seemed to be with me. A BR sergeant tried to stop me at the door but I soon settled that BILL I guess he wanted a hair cut as he said something about wishing the BARBER would hurry. I'll BETTY didn't know my arrows were so sharp.

Everything's very secret in there but after a little HUNT hanging around Filter I found out everyone BANKS on at least one interception. IZZIE or is he aint?

That's life though always some one trying to take the JOYCE out of filter.

One of the Sector boys would RATHER I didn't interfere with him at all. I guess he's going to stick to his first love—fair WINDSOR fowl.

Another of the boys is doing extra duty over a SMALL matter of a few extra days in Vancouver. Maybe it's the HUNTER in his blood as he was looking for an aircraft going to Prince Rupert. It's sure funny what love KEN do.

Then there's a sax player there that's either having trouble making up his own mind or someone else's. First he's PEGging his way down to the rec. hall for a game of badminton and then away to HELEN gone back in barracks waiting for shifts to change in Filter. Where there's a WILF there's a way.

One of the boys seems to take no interest in anyone but just likes to YOWELL around and work with huge sums of figures. Speaking of mathematics—I was you know—a lot of the Sectom boys are working on a problem in L.C.M. It always works out the same

though. Their days off only coincide with those in Filter every twenty-four days.

One of the Sector sergeants has taken to singing in the bathtub. The boys would like some new selections though. They're tired of "The Campbells are Coming" and My Bill".

There are things I might tell here of more of the old timers but perhaps that can lead to left buried in the dark HALL of the past. Strange though, the things that can lead to the little KIRK.

Two more Sector N.C.O.'s have sent their wives back home but seem happy about everything in spite of this.

It's hard to keep up to the JOANses though. It seemed to be an ART with some people but more recently a forgotten ART or else its vice-versa. He seems to have had a sudden change of heart lately. When asked if he wants that posting he used to look for, he just says "NOO-mi like me for stay now, like station, like weather, like inhabitants." (Say, is that a Scotch or French Canadian lingo?)

It looked like good-bye Mr. PHIPPS for a while though postings do sometimes interfere. Sometimes it means a perfectly good romance has to be CHUCKED. However, something seemed to BECKon him back.

Speaking of postings one of the Ops B's has had to strike one name off the ROSS-ter. It looked like a KAYtastrophe but already it seems he's one of the has BAINES.

It's too bad that sometimes these little affairs leave on unfortunate third party out in the cold. Gracefully accepting defeat seems to be a good solution.

As I was leaving Ops they had two S.P.'s WATSON for me at the door. I have a black MARK against them in my little book. Service police and I just can't seem to COOPERate. They're a fairly friendly bunch up here though. I think some of them are just too LACEY to interfere.

I think CUY should say good-bye now, but in closing I want to remind you my MAIN purpose in life is the advancement of your best interests whichever way EILEEN, ANDRE-main,

Yours truly,
DAN CUPID.

STATION BADMINTON FINALISTS



They've killed a lot of birds in their time

... SPORTS ...

BASKETBALL

Barring postings before the play-offs are finished, the W.D. "Gremlins" basketball team hope to finish the season without a defeat. The six-team league schedule is about finished, with the Gremlins well out in front and the High School second—and only the playoffs are ahead. With the addition of our new star Vera Barilko, the team has been really adding up the points in the last few games.

Personally we think the real reason for the high score lately is that Coach George Blore, in a weak moment, promised a steak dinner all round if the girls finished the season unbeaten and untied.

BASKETBALL

The Area Ladies' League	Standing		
W. D. Gremlins	8	8	0
Maple Leafs	8	5	3
Bo-Me-High Girls	8	4	4
Last Resort	7	3	4
C.W.A.C. Jeeettes	7	0	7

BADMINTON

Outstanding amongst the many activities in the Rec. Hall during the past month was the successful completion of the Station Badminton Tournament. A record number of entries were received from all ranks and the successful finalists were:

- Ladies' Singles—
 1st—Sgt. Curor.
 2nd—A. W. O'Brien.
- Men's Singles—
 1st—Sgt. Jeffery.
 2nd—Lt. Stevenson.

- Mixed Doubles:
 1st—Sgt. Jeffery and L.A.W. Stoddart.
 2nd—L.A.C. Turner and A/SO Tailyour.

Early during the present month a team from Alliford Bay visited us and almost made a clean sweep. Last week we were visited by teams from Bella Bella and Seal Cove for a two-day tournament. Competition was

keen and the final results showed the winning teams to be Four Groupers. In the Men's Singles, Sgt. Jeffery; Men's Doubles, Sgt. Jeffery and Lieut. Stevenson, and in the Mixed Doubles, S/O Tailyour and S/L Balanger.

SOAP OR GRIT

It will take more than soft soap to clean up this world. It will take plenty of grit.

There was a timid knock on the door. "If you please, kind lady," said the beggar, "I've lost my right leg."

"Well, it ain't here," exclaimed the woman as she slammed the door in his face.

ABOUT THIS WEATHER BUSINESS—

Joe—"Been down in Vancouver, Chum?"
 Chum—"Uh huh."
 Joe—"D'ja have a good time, huh?"
 Chum—"Oh, so-so."
 Joe—"Girl stand you up, or sumpin'?"
 Chum—"No, too much rain. Indoors all the time."
 Joe—"Funny, no rain here. Funny."
 Chum—"Whaddya mean no rain here? This is P. R."
 Joe—"So mow me down, it gives 12 dry days and nine of 'em in a row."
 Chum—"You trying to make me miserable, or what?"

Joe—"No Chum. Nothin' like that. Feel all poohed out myself. Gettin' serious. Three dry squadron parades in a row and the Lord ain't done a thing."
 Chum—"Gee that's serious, s'awful."
 Joe—"Got any ideas? These parades are gettin' to be a habit."
 Chum—"Can we do anything about the Met. man? Heave 'im out, or perhaps, huh?"

Joe—"Should have a fresh un, I guess. This bloke's no good. Tells you what the weather's goin' to be. Keeps records. Says that's his job."
 Chum—"Huh, if that's all he's for, t'hell with him. Sunset, sunrise, poplar leaves, and gulls in the field'll give you that dope. Why don't he do sumpin' about it?"

Joe—"Dunno. If he can't regulate the weather what're we payin' him for? Supposed to be a scientific job and he's got so little

control all the dry days come on Friday Boy, I'm havin' foot trouble already."

Chum—"What we need is a Rainmaker, I guess, huh?"

Joe—"Listen, Bub, I thought we were serious. A Met. man who's lost his control is sumpin'. A Rainmaker, gee Chum, that's grim. They ain't Rainmakers, they're just starters. Member how is rained December and January? When it wasn't snowin'? They say a Rainmaker took the Skunk to Terrace on December first, gee!"

Chum—"Well, I guess that's no soap. Man, what'll we do?"

Joe—"Just toyin' with the idea of stagin' a parade to end all parades."

Chum—"What you got in mind's a funeral?"

Joe—"Hum, hadn't thought of it just like that but two, three well placed funerals might just do it. G'night."

THREE RING CIRCUS



The Signal Section presents its Interpretation of the Melodrama

"BEHIND THE DOORS" With Individual Acts

- ITS—
 AMAZIN'
 TREMENJUS
 MYSTERIOUS
 CONFUSIN'

Featuring

- The Secrets of the Alluring C & C Girls. Thurston, the Human Filing System. Adrian, the Supreme Escape Artist and Disappearance Specialist. Wittman, the Despot Q.H.O. Rules by Virtue of a Whip over a Slave Kingdom. Wodlinger, Blonde Memory Demon, also does Card Tricks. Fenwick, Master of the Keyboards.

AND STARRING BILL (Call Me Boss) FULLER

A Traveller and Teller of Tall Tales Par Excellence

Numerous Novelty Features, Losing Files, Sanity and Hair; Messing up Messages, Administration and Quiet Serenity of the Neighbourhood.

Continuous Twenty-Four Hour Performance

ADMISSION Free To All If You Can Stand It

Postings, Promotions or Remusterings are all Ramourous". Any resemblance to Pukka Postings is purely coincidental.



PAUSE THAT REFRESHES AT "SADIE HAWKIN'S" DANCE

= ENTERTAINMENT =

"FADEOUTS OF '44"

On Thursday, March 16th, an impromptu amateur concert was called together just to test out the talent on the station, and to see if the fine stage in the Recreation Hall was meant purely for ornamentation.

Outside talent was drawn sparingly from the Army and Navy, and the "Jam Quartet" was borrowed from Seal Cove Orchestra.

Frankly there were no ambitions beyond a little corn which it was hoped would afford some amusement. Definitely there was no idea that a good show had been born, and it was quite evident that the M.C. was more surprised than anyone when the show gathered momentum and developed into a side-splitting success. It was so good in fact that the show was repeated as a Sunday Services feature in the Capitol Theatre, Prince Rupert.

The genial M.C., F/L Higman, provided no small portion of the evening's entertainment. (He really wasn't nervous—that was just the wind blowing up his trouser legs, not his knees trembling!) As a "passer-out" of lemons he is definitely in a class by himself. It was suggested that next time he just kind of get together with the cast, as the M.C. really is supposed to know what comes next. However, he insists that "There ain't goin' be no next time!" The expression on his face when a real cute little number with a guitar tripped out on to the stage when he was expecting to see a stalwart sailor with a ukelele, was something to behold! However, under his droll direction and odd bit of wise-cracking, the hour and a half of side-splitting fun rolled along like a well-rehearsed revue.

Highlights to the show were difficult to spot, so excellent were the various numbers. "Rexy" and her "W.D. Glamourettes" and W/C Sehl's solo with the "Glamourettes" mob scene came close to throwing the audience into a permanent state of convulsion.

Instrumental numbers were well received and the list contained such popular performers as Sid Moore, the Navy's Ukelele Man; Mrs. "Ted" (Flying Officer) Taylor, who gave a very fine performance on the trumpet; Maisie (G.O.R.) Ferris, guitar and Hill-Billy Songs; Wilf Ramsden and his miniature instruments; Sgt. Kirkby, mouth organ. A particularly popular number was an instrumental and vocal quartet from the "29th".

SADIE HAWKIN'S DANCE

February 29th goes down as a gala night at our Rec. Hall. All 4 Group's charming Daisy Mae's had their favourite Lil' Abners along with them, and spent a pleasant evening dancing to the rhythm of the Navy's 14-piece band. The high-light of the evening was the sudden appearance of 4 Group's choice of Lil' Abner (Sgt. George Blore), being chased by bare footed Daisy Mae (Cpl. Kay Vose). Close on their heels came Marrying Sam, (Sgt. Smith—"Smitty the Fireman"). After a terrific race, Daisy corners Lil' Abner on the stage, and then they begin to bargain with Marrying Sam whether they'll have the 10c. or 25c. wedding. At this point blood curdling yells are heard and Lonesome Polecat (LAC.) Bob Hunt) and Hairless Joe (Cpl. Andy Demeres) appear, and after a terrific battle Lil' Abner is laid low and Hairless Joe carries the bride off on his shoulders. The jitter bug contest was won by Cpl. Audrey Hamilton of Filter Ops. and her partner was? Several other prizes were given for novelty dances, and the awards to the champions in the tournament were given by S/L Ballinger. The Seal Cove photographer got some excellent shots of the crowd, some of which are in this issue. The Hot Dog under the direction of LAC. Rath, and Cake Stand sold out as usual, and the coats were ably checked by Cpl. Wright and LAC. Small.

We feel that it was a real success and hope that you liked it.

Lending variety to our show, S/O Herbin and her Marionettes was a nice addition.

Vocal numbers by the W.D. Choir; W.O.2 De Beaupre; "The Three Ladies of Song", (S/O Iralson, Sgt. Iverach, and L.A.W. Rigate), the latter also singing a duet with W/C Sehl, were all very well received. And we must not forget the piano solos by Harvey Dix, and the piano selections by Bill (call me "Boss") Fuller, reinforced by F/L Mudrick.

All in all, a very fine evening's performance was enjoyed by a capacity crowd, even the M.C.'s corn, strewn in true "Adj." tradition, going over with a bang! Here's wishing all the best to the "Fadeouts".

—W.S.D.

RED CROSS CARNIVAL DANCE

Saturday, March 11th was a gala evening at the Rec. Hall when a dance in aid of the Red Cross was held, and a large sum realized. At the end of the Hall numerous stalls were set up behind which attractive W.D.'s beckoned our airmen and their guests to all kinds of games.

Starting on a Cook's tour we came first to the Shooting gallery, ably run by Cpl. Bissett and formed one of the main attractions for the men. After spending a half hour there, we decided to have some important questions asked so we consulted the Wise Man of the East in the person of LAC. Bob Hunt and received some good answers and some we are not too sure of yet. Moving along we stopped at the Teacup and Palmistry Booth, ably run by Cpl. Morrison, L.A.W. Fenwick and L.A.W. Loughran and from the expressions of those who had visited them, they were quite satisfied.

By this time we were getting hungry so we paid a visit to the Hot Dog Stand and after fighting our way through the crowds surrounding it, were well nourished by three juicy hot dogs and a bottle of coke. However still having room for more we noticed a booth serving milk shakes and it has been a long time since we tasted better. This booth was run by Cpls. McFadyen and Murray assisted by AW1 Keen, O'Brien and Bolton.

All during the evening dancing was enjoyed to the strains of the Port Edward "Reveillers" and judging from the numerous compliments paid to it, we should be seeing them around soon.



BOATS FOR HIRE

Why not take your blonde canoeing?
Deposit Required. We solicit inspection
of our boats. (You have a
right to know).

Ford's Marine Livery, Seal Cove

NAMES ON THE DOTTED LINE



Autographing Giant Fungus in W.D. "Rec" Centre

