

R. C. A. F.

No. 2 BOMBING & GUNNERY SCHOOL—MOSSBANK.

CONTACT!

THE VOICE OF THE "DUST BOWL" AIRPORT

PER ARDUA
AD ASTRA

VOL. I—No. 2

MOSSBANK, SASKATCHEWAN, JUNE 15th, 1941.

Free to Airport—Others, .05 cents.



AIM WELL—SHOOT STRAIGHT

(By the C. O.)

Back in history houses, clans, tribes and armies went into the thick of action with a rallying cry. In victory or defeat this cry was perpetuated through the years. In the press it gave new courage to the disheartened; at the battle's end it was a cry of triumph or a word of determination that the next battle might be won. So, historically, the regimental motto came into being, and with it by various ways, the regimental crest.

Today No. 2 Bombing and Gunnery school has its own motto and crest. Its motto is fitting and its crest symbolic. Among the mottos and crests of the fighting units of the British Empire its junior position is realized. It is acknowledged that it has yet acquired no history to speak of, but in the same breath it can be affirmed that it has a history to make. No. 2 Bombing and Gunnery School will live up to its motto and keep its shield un-tarnished.

For our youth we shall make no apologies. We belong to a larger tradition which is rich and honorable but one which is also young. The Royal Air Force, from which our own service was born, has existed as a separate service for only 26 years.

Compare this with the Royal Navy which saw the light in the days of King Alfred and the standing army whose first complete organization is credited to Oliver Cromwell. It is a fact that we were born out of these two great services and for a time our tradition was their tradition. That day is gone for ever and we now stand on our own merits.

Today our evolution has reached a stage more dramatic and important than could have been dreamed of by the proponents of air warfare only a few years ago. As far back as 1911 it was diffidently suggested by a few of the faithful that the day might dawn when Britain would need a separate air service. They were lonely men in their views, these far-sighted men, and several years with many setbacks were to

Thank You, Boys

This small contribution was intended for the first issue of "Contact" but was a little late in getting to the Editor. Here's hoping it gets into the second issue.

From Aug. 12th, 1940, I worked with the construction Co., that built No. 2 B. & G. school, until the end of Oct., at which time I started to work for the R.C.A.F. In the seven months I have been with the R.C.A.F. I have been in a position to witness the comings and goings of the personnel of this station, also the useful work they have done during their stay here and it is to some of the staff that are still on the station that I pen these few words of thanks.

We have an up-to-date Post Office in camp now, supervised by personnel of the Postal Corps, (nice boys too, and courteous) but the pioneers of No. 2 B. & G. didn't have things quite so handy. Corporals Potts and Sissons, were the first two airmen that were "Joed" for the post office chore, (they weren't Corporals then). Their place of business was in one end of the

civilian mess, where they kept post office, canteen, and looked after the laundry. Not a bad idea in one way, a chap could get a letter and read it while enjoying a bottle of "Coke" and then pick up his clean shirt and socks—all at one trip.

I know it was a headache boys, but you did a splendid job and I am sure there are plenty more of the personnel of this station who feel the same as I do about it, but haven't got around to telling you yet. The post office was moved to its proper quarters in due course, then our little blond G. D. appeared behind the wicket, Harry Meadows, and his side-kick, Joe Horning, "Joed" for the P. O. (what a sentence). Well they didn't have stamps or money orders, to sell, but they had plenty of other worries, through it all they kept smiling, and gave good service and I feel you deserve a hearty THANK YOU, and to any other helpers of the pioneer Postal Staff at No. 2, B. & G. school, whose names I never knew, THANKS A LOT BOYS.

A Civilian.

The Warrant Officer

Who wakes us up at half-past six?
Who drags the bed-clothes in a mix?
And pokes us out with walking-sticks?

Who's always on parade in time?
Who calls in voice superb, sublime,
"Come double up, there, into line!"

Who comforts us when troubles come?
Who nightly serves us tots of rum?
Who's loved and feared by everyone?

Who comes at ten to douse the light?
Who sees that everything's all right?
And kisses each Airman good-night?

Who when you're O. O. late at night,
Whispers so softly "Rounds all right"
And quietly fades away from sight?

Whom do you think when life is done,
Will be St. Peter's "Number One"
And greet us with "Defaulters 'Shun!"

The Warrant Officer...

R. J. S.

And You

I don't want to go to that S.F.T.S.
I'll stay with the old B. and G.
Keep me away from that mosquito mess,
Give me the Mossbank prairie.
You keep your old homestead up north near the "TOON",
You can keep all your pupils as well,
If you have to threaten and feed with a spoon,
They're no good down here, where it's hell
If they don't toe the line and play squarely,
And handle their share like a man
The C. O.'s on their back bright and early,
And they find themselves in the can,
The twenty-third parody's useless,
In aiding you out of a jam
If you want some advice on how to cut ice
Try cutting their forty-eights, wham!
We don't have to do that at this School
We don't have to threaten and frown
Our boys champ the bit in the morning
And are rarin' to go at sundown.
So list the advice of your mentors,
Ye pupils of Stations up north
If you ever get posted to Mossbank
We'll soon find out what your worth
But we won't hold "4" against you
It isn't your fault that you're there,
Your would-be Bob Burns, gives my stomach the turns
'Cos we feel that he'd like to be here
Away from those So-Sy-Tea-Parties
Away from the glitter and swank,
To this School where nothing else counteth
But "Efficiency" MOSSBANK.

Patronize

Our

Advertisers

(Continued on page 12)

Round The Camp

WAR SERVICES

(By Howard Large, supervisor)

Twenty one Guns of Salutations:
To Group Captain Ashton and personnel of the Station for the magnificent way, in spite of many obstacles, they have brought No. 2 Bombing and Gunnery School to its present status; that of one to be envied by many other stations which were aged months before this one; And we will steal one of those Salutes to express our personal thanks to everyone for the wonderful way they have so unselfishly given us support in our effort to give service. The Legion Salutes you.

One Hundred Rounds Right Fire:
of the Cheeriest Kind of Congratulations to all who have made possible the publishing of our camp paper "Contact" the first edition was a knock-out, may the next issue be just as peppy. We'll be waiting for it.

Apologies: We missed the first edition with our column, and after hunting through our usual stock of Alibis, we have come to the conclusion that its no use. And so we just say, Sorry men, but we're with you.

Shrapnel: A-plenty in the form of activities for all you chaps awaits you at our hut. Games, of all kinds. 1200 of the finest books in our library. Magazines in hundreds. Paper and Envelopes as much as you want, and a Spot of Coffee to pep you up, and Two Chaps Mac. McKay and Howard Large, who were privileged to serve their country in the Last

war and now are anxious to serve you for duration. So Hows Abawt it?

Side Slips at the Coffee Counter:
After hearing the Drogue flight singing at their smoker, Cal Sutor has brought in another Cultivator. Moose says their voices just need to be brought out more but The Security Guard suggests they need to be pushed further back, and even if some of the Officers insist that they took a year in a Music College, others say they must have played hookey for at least 364 days.

During the last month: citizens of Woodrow and district opened their homes to some dozen Australian airmen training at Mossbank. Although the weather was anything but settled it did not dampen the enthusiasm of the Aussies and as the Woodrow people are noted for their hospitality, which many boys from this camp can vouch for at Christmas time, they took the boys under their wing and over the week-end, gave them a real time...and did the lads enjoy it. It was a chance for the boys to see life on a Western Canadian farm and they were enthused by their reception...Nice work Woodrow, we will send more of the boys down your way.

Gravelbourg Branch of the Legion has shown that it is truly a wide awake branch, the Chesterfield in our hut, the card tables, and lamps are due to this energetic
(Continued on page 12)

CONTACT!

Published every month for No. 2 Bombing and Gunnery School at Mossbank, Saskatchewan.
Editorial and Reporting Staff
 For this first issue no definite staff has been selected. Every officer, sergeant or airman who was approached, did his bit in a very interesting way—as these pages show.
 Editorial or news correspondence should be sent to Sgt. Major Carver, R.C.A.F., Mossbank.
 Advertising queries should be sent to the printers: **The Model Print Shop, Gravelbourg, Sask.**

We aren't no thin blue 'eros,
 We aren't no blackguards too.
 We're Aircraftsmen in barracks,
 Very much the same as you.
 And if at times our conduct,
 Ain't what your fancy paints,
 Why Aircraftsmen in barracks,
 Don't grow into plaster saints.

From the Editor

The first edition of CONTACT is off the press and distributed. The Editor can now sit back and wait for comments to pour in. So far they have all been verbal and favourable, and the Editor is still in good health. The Editor extends his thanks to all those who contributed to the columns of the first edition and would like to remind those that didn't, that we want to hear from them soon. The paper has been started. It is now up to you to keep it going. Each Flight or Section should send in some news of its activities.

We may think that our paper is good, but it is not good enough. Let us strive to improve it. Just when we think we are sitting pretty, something happens to shake us loose. The most dangerous period in a gunner's or an observer's training is when he begins to think that he is good, something happens again, and if he is lucky, he is sadder and

MOSSBANK

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Five Tables — Two Chairs

L. SCHIENBEIN,
Owner and manager.

much wiser. The same applies to all tradesmen on the ground, if we start to get careless. We have a good record on this station. Despite a few "forced landings", we have not had what might be called a serious flying accident. Let us keep up this good record so that we may always look back on a job well done.

To the Editor of "Contact".

I received today issue No. 1, Vol. 1, "Contact!", The Voice of the "Dust Bowl" Airport. May I congratulate you and the others associated with you in the production of this bright and breezy paper.

Such a publication performs a variety of functions. It not only provides an outlet for a few of the odd complaints but on the other hand it forms a splendid medium for messages such as the one which appears on its front page from your Commanding Officer. And not the least among its many services is that of giving the public at large some idea of the activities of your particular part in training members from many parts of the Empire to take their part in the war.

Congratulations.

Yours sincerely,
F. H. AVERY.
 Winnipeg Free Press.

—@—@—@—
A G.D. N.C.O.

There'll always be a Woodward,
 A General Duties N. C. O.
 And although he's only Acting
 He puts on quite a show.

Now when this war is over
 And all the battles won,
 I'll find that certain Corporal
 And start another one.
 Little Joe.

Can it be true that two commissioned officers recently used a Station Wagon for some personal business? Shock absorbers are expensive. Better stay on the back concessions next time boys. The Commanding Officer travels the main Highways.

BETWEEN PAY DAY LAMENT

I need an advance of pay,
 My inlaws have moved in to stay.
 They have no money,
 But their daughter's a honey,
 And I haven't got started to play.

I need an advance of pay,
 As on a 48 I go away.
 I cannot do much
 Without making a touch
 And I'm too much in love to delay.

I need an advance of pay,
 To keep my creditors at bay.
 They threaten to go
 To inform the C. O.
 "Hooks down" I'm afraid he may say

I need an advance of pay,
 My wife's in the family way.
 You ask me to explain,
 "Sir, are you insane?"
 "I've been married two months and
 | one day.

I need an advance of pay,
 To get to Moose Jaw to-day,
 My girl friend's arriving
 I haven't a farthing
 We have to get some place to stay.

I need an advance of pay,
 If you would just ask it this way.
 "I'm going to be truthful,
 I'm due for a snoutful,"
 You'd never be turned away.
 Accountant Officers.



Nursing Sister shoots at gopher gets goose!

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 — and —
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Come to Wing's Hotel for Dancing Wednesday & Saturday

COMPLIMENTS----- The Empress Hotel

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AND THE TRAINEES ARE ALWAYS
WELCOME

Advice to the Lovelorn

A well known national authority on affairs of the heart has offered to be of service to the readers of Contact. All you have to do to avail yourself of this service is to write a letter to Contact, stating your problem. The answer will appear in the next available issue of Contact or you may have a personal reply by enclosing a stamped and self addressed envelope. This service is not only open to Airmen but also to any members of the fair sex who desire any information about Airmen in general or any Airman in particular.

The following letter has been received,
 Dear Editor,

I am facing a great crisis in my life. I am deeply in love with a beautiful young lady but my family oppose my marriage to her. They want me to marry a wealthy widow who is worth at least Fifty Thousand Dollars. What shall I do?
 Bewildered Airman.

Answer:
 Your course is quite clear. By

all means marry the beautiful young lady as your heart dictates. Then send the address and telephone number of the wealthy widow to the popular officer who fixes the air-craft.



This smart Omega (B-23) is styled to please the masculine eye. The 10-kt. pink gold-filled case guards a 17-jewel movement. The dial is silver with raised pink gold numerals \$60.00

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Main St.

What Is Good Gasoline ?

VAPOUR PRESSURE

Hot weather is somewhat delayed this year. Whether, through unusual or other circumstances beyond the weather bureau's control, I cannot say, but if it had been rather hot the following complaint would have made itself noticeable by the average motorist, that is, that during the hot weather the motor has been acting up and been hard to start, "I'll be travelling along alright, and the motor will begin to sputter and buck; it may even quit, and when it does it usually takes a considerable period of time to get started again."

Now this may be vapour lock, and if so then it emphasizes the importance of specification number two, called Vapour Pressure, which was established by engineers to indicate certain vapor lock characteristics of gasoline which are not covered completely enough by Volatility. This specification indicates the tendency of gasoline to evaporate at 100° F., as this is about the maximum atmospheric temperature which will normally be encountered in temperate climates. The tendency of gasoline to vaporize in the fuel system at this temperature is governed by the amount of extremely light gases which the fuel might contain. A bottle of soda water and a bottle of distilled water clearly demonstrate the comparison between the tendencies of the two gasolines to vaporize where one contains extremely light gases and the other does not. Soda water contains carbon dioxide, a highly volatile gas that constantly wants to leave the liquid in the form of bubbles even at room temperatures. Distilled water contains none of this gas. There are several extremely light gasses, such as "Propane" and "Butane" which should be practically eliminated in the refining process, but are sometimes left in gasoline and have the same effect as carbon dioxide does in soda water. When the gasoline comes in contact with a fuel system operating at a normal temperature

these gases begin to separate from the liquid in the form of vapour bubbles. The higher the percentage of gases the more rapidly the gasoline will vaporize. If the bubbles are comparatively small and are formed in small quantities, the pump delivers them to the carburetor, and they merely cut down the volume of liquid gasoline being delivered to the engine and thus reduce its top speed. But if the bubbles are large they will soon fill the pump with vapour and since the pump was designed to operate on a liquid fuel it therefore cannot deliver enough vaporized fuel to the carburetor to run the engine. This is known as a complete Vapor Lock. After the engine has stood without running long enough for the fuel system to cool down below the normal operating temperature, the gases will again become dissolved in the gasoline and the stream of fuel will be allowed to flow continuously and the engine can again be started until such time as the temperature rises, when another vapor lock will occur. Having seen the influence of these gases upon the tendency of fuel to produce vapor lock, the importance of using a fuel containing a safe percentage of extremely light gases should be evident. Vapor pressure is checked by means of the Reid Vapor Pressure Test which indicates the pressure developed by the expansion of the extremely light gases. It is expressed in terms of pressure because that is the truest and easiest way to denote the tendency of the gases to leave the liquid. Minimum vapor pressures of nine pounds per square inch for summer use and eleven pounds per square inch for winter use, are considered to be safe from the standpoint of vapor lock difficulties, and are therefore used as vapor pressure specifications for good gasoline. This brings us to specification number three. Sulphur Content.

This specification establishes the maximum allowable amount of sulphur that a good gasoline may con-

tain. To understand why larger quantities of sulphur are undesirable, let us discuss for just a moment the chemical properties of gasoline. Commercial gasoline is composed mainly of two chemical elements namely "Carbon" and "Hydrogen". When the hydrogen burns it combines with the oxygen in the air to form water. When an engine burns one gallon of gasoline, approximately one gallon of water is produced in the combustion chamber and then forced out through the exhaust in the form of steam. When the engine is stopped the superheated steam condenses in the form of drops of water on the exhaust valve stems and other parts of the engine, including the entire exhaust system. When Sulphur burns it always combines with the oxygen in the air to form Sulphur Dioxide, and when sulphur dioxide combines with water it forms Sulphurous Acid. Thus when the exhaust gases come in contact with the water on the exhaust valve stems or when blow-by gases come in contact with the water in the crankcase, "Sulphurous Acid" is formed, and if it is formed in sufficient quantities, it quickly corrodes all polished surfaces such as valve stems, pistons pins, etc. Now although all commercial fuels contain one sulphur, the sulphur content of good gasoline is never allowed to be more than one tenth of one per cent in climates with cold winter weather, and only somewhat higher for climates which are warm the year round. These amounts will not form enough "Sulphurous Acid" to cause any damage.

This article together with the article appearing in the first edition covers Three of the requisite Five specifications for Good Gasoline, the other specification, namely, Gum Content and Anti-knock value, will be dealt with in the next issue, I would like your comments on this series of articles, and, if they have found favour then I will try to undertake another series on a similar line, i.e. Lubrication.

R. W. Marriott, F-Sgt.
-@-@-@-

Flash— Stop the Press

OUR Editor, WO2 A. E. Carver has been posted back to "Canada". AC2 Frank C. Avery has been appointed to succeed him. For the information of all concerned our former Editor is a native of the Province of Ontario. He does not say much but if the truth were known, he really likes the prairies and the people who make their home, but who can blame him for being a little bit pleased to be returning near his home and family. He says that "Canada" is anywhere east of Port William and west of Montreal. We know that he took a lot of pride in the development of No. 2 Bombing and Gunnery School as he saw it grow from piles of lumber and open trenches to the neat and orderly station it is to-day. We wish him

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The R. C. A. F.
There's a stirring of wings in the heavens,
There's a sound like a humming bird's.
They are going aloft in their legions
And the winds submit to their lords.
They are lords of the air and the engine.
They are masters of night and day,
Where none but the lone eagle stirreth,
They are winging themselves a way.

From the east and the west they are coming,
From the south and the north lands snows
They are eager to join in the training,
That fits them to vanquish our foes.
From their birth, they were born for this triumph,
To overcome all that is wrong.
Where the people in pain travaileth,
They wing to them healing and song.

There's a stirring of wings in the skyways,
There's a stirring of hearts on land.
For the boys in blue be the highest praise,
They are men of the King's Command.

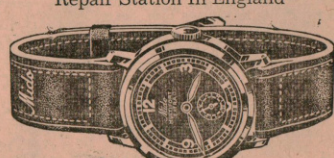
Flight Lieutenant W. McLean.

luck on his new station and know that if he applies himself to the job there as well as he did here, then all will be well with No. 14 S.F.T.S. He has promised us an article for the next issue and we will be looking forward to his regular contributions to these columns.

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Letter For Mother

Excerpts from a letter written by AC2, St. Jean Baptiste de TROIS MAISONS de Riviere du Loup, to his Mother.

Delivered by "A FREE FRENCH-MAN" (Kenneth J. Van Geun) on the occasion of the opening Banquet of No. 5 B. & G. School, Dafoe.

Ma Cher Maman:—

Which means hin Henglish, my dear mothair—you will please excuse me for not 'aving written for de pa' two or tree weeks.

Many tings have 'happen since I leav' Montreal. De firs' ting, I go to a station call Mossbank, where Hi been for a short while den dey transfer me to dis place call Dafoe. De reason Hi 'ave not tam for write his because hits tak all my tam for clean de mud from my shoes and pants. Better dey call dat place Mudbank. When dey tell me Hi goin' to be transfer to Dafoe, me HI'm ver' appy, mais oui NO MORE MUD. Gee Whiz, mama, dat mud

she is so terrible dat one day Hi see two Hofficers stop for talk and dey bot' was marking tam, so they not get stuck.

Any how Hi arrive at Dafoe, and de 'hole population, de heifty-four of dem is come down for see de train for hexcitement. We halso 'ave special committee of mosquitos, big lak bumblebee. Dey was so bad dat when Hi get to de hair-port my face is lak tomato from scratch and hitch. So, now hi stink from Citronella. "Better Smell dan feel lak 'ell".

Den de wind shes star' for blow, she blow lak 'ell, worse even dan Lac St. Pierre. Hi believe hall de mud from Mossbank hits dry hup and come over 'ere lak dus'. I never see so much dus' in Hall my life. So when HI'm finish my work Hi go for tak de shower. Hi cover myself wit' soap and goddam dey turn hoff de bloody water.

Hin Moosebank heverybody shes

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talk de watair. For me hits hokay, shes no bodder me. Hin dis place hits different. You remember, mama, when HI'm 'ome Hi 'ave what you call de constipation, Well, Mama, HI'm lucky, I no longer got de constipation, By gar, Hi got plenty someting helse, Gee Whiz, hits lak castor hoil, so now I drink de Coco Cola. But soon dey fix dat, dey put someting in de water, and goddam shes tas' lak water de Javal. So Hi still drink de Coco Cola.

Well Bon Soir Mama. Wit, all my love,

Your Son

Jean.

P.S. I may be 'ome for Christmas but don't hexpec' hit.

"The Laws of the Air Force"

Now these are the laws of the Air Force,
Descended from Barrack and Ship,
And he that is wise will observe them,
Lest his foot on the ladder may slip.
As naught must outclimb us in fighting,
Even so with the law and its span,
For the strength of the man is the Service
And the Strength of the Service is the man.

Take heed what ye say of your Rulers,
Be your words softly spoken or plain,
Lest a bird of the air tell the matter,
And so shall you hear it again.
If ye labour from morn until even,
And meet with reproof for your toil,
It is well—that the gun may be humbled,
The compressor must check the recoil.

On the strength of one link in the cable
Dependeth the might of the chain
Who knows thou mayest be tested?
So live that thou bearest the strain.
When the 'plane that is tired returneth,
With the signs of the air showing sore,
Men take her in hand for a season,
And her speed she reneweth once more.

So shalt thou, lest perchance thou grow weary,
In flying from morn until eve,
Pray for rest for the good of the Service,
And wend thy way softly on leave.
Count not upon certain promotion,
But rather to earn aspire,
Though the sight line shall end on the target,
There cometh perchance a misfire.

Canst follow the track of the Dolphin,
Or tell where the sea swallow roam?
Where Leviathan taketh his pasture?
What Ocean he calleth his home?
Even so with the words of thy rulers,
And the orders those words, shall convey,
Every law is as naught beside this one,
"Thou shalt not criticise, but obey."

Saith the wise: "How may I know their purpose?"
Then acts without wherefore or why.
Stays the fool but one moment to question,
And the chance of his life passeth by.
If ye win through an overseas bomb-raid,
Unmentioned at home in the Press,
Heed it not; no man seeth the piston,
But it doeth its work none the less.

Do they growl? —It is well. Be thou silent,
So the work goeth amain,
Lo, the engine revs to two thousand and shouteth,
Yet none shall complain.
Do they growl and the work be retarded?
It is ill, be whatever their rank,
The engine may miss but still shouteth,
But can a misfire turn the crank?

Doth the fabric make war on the cowlings?
Do the wings to the engine complain?
Nay; they know that a clean and polish,
Unites them as brothers again.
So ye, being heads of Departments,
Growl, but smile as a matter of course;
Lest ye strive and in anger be parted
And lessen the might of your force.

Dost deem that thy station needs paintwork,
And the "Bolo" forbear to supply,
Put thy hand in thy pocket, and purchase,
There be those who have risen thereby.
Dost think in a moment of anger,
'Tis well thy Seniors to fight?
They prosper who burn in the morning,
The letters they wrote overnight.

For some there be shelved and forgotten,
With nothing to thank for their fate;
Save that, on a half sheet of foolscap,
Which a fool, "h'ad the honour to state",
If homeway be crowded with busses,
Diving downward the hangar to win,
It is meet that, lest any should suffer,
Each pilot pass cautiously in.

So thou, when thou nearest promotion,
And the peak that is gilded so high,
Give heed to thy words and thy actions,
Lest others be wearied thereby.
It is ill for the winners to worry,
They take fate as it comes with a smile.
And when thou art safely gazetted,
They will envy; but may not revile.

Uncharted the bumps that surround thee,
Take heed that to meet them thou learn,
Lest thy name serve as a mark on a tombstone,
Or else—the Court Martial Return.
Though the wires may escape from the "Archie":
The fabric shows scars on the side.
It is well if the Court shall acquit thee,
'Twere best hadst thou never been tried.

As the cloud rises over the wind screen,
Flashes past and is lost in the wake,
So shall YE drop astern, all unheeded,
Such time as these laws are forsake.

De beer here shes also ver' funee.
Hif Hi ever drink 12 bottles in
Quebec I be drukk lak anything, By
Gar in dis place Hi might jus' as
well drink de Coca Cola.
Dere is one ting which really mak'
me mad. De Mess Hall. Wait in
line for 'alf an 'our for hevery meal.
De food shes not so bad, plenty to
heat, lolsa bread, tea hor coffee, at
leas' dey tell me hits tea hor coffee,
for me Hi still drink de Coco Cola.

So we mak de complan' and wat
you tink dey say. De Station Shes
not open. Everyting be different
when she's Hopen Hup.

De Sgt. Major 'es nice fellow, but
gee 'es mak me laugh lak 'ell. De
odder dey 'es mak announcement,
NO SMOKIN' IN DE 'ANGAR-
HARE, den 'es come on parad' and
star' for smoke.

Anodder ting in de morning, if
you not get hup himmediately a
fellow what dey call de corporal is
cry "RISE & SHINE" you 'ave for
do drill at night. Dis rise an' shine
shes really someting. Heverybody is
jump from de bad and start for
shine, de buttons, de shoes and
pretty soon Hi gues' de floor.

Ho, yes mama, Hi'd lak for you to
sen' me five dollar. De man wats
give de monee, shes say de station
shes not hopen so she can no pay.
Me HI'm sing dat song, HI, HO, HI,
HO, Hits heveryone Hi. Ho, so please
sen' me some monee as I got for
drink de Coca Cola.

**COMPLIMENTS OF
THE NUT HOUSE**
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Next door to Eaton's
Moose Jaw.
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Hot Buttered Cashews.
Fresh Daily

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Meal, be sure and dine

At the
NOVIA CAFE

**REGINA'S SMARTEST
RESTAURANT**

FLYING HIGH or FLYING LOW
M^cBrides L^{td}
THE GROCERS, MOOSE JAW
WELCOMES YOU TO THE
The Friendly City
AND TO ANY OF THEIR 10 MOOSE JAW STORES
VISIT THE **SUPERMARKET**
WESTERN CANADA'S FINEST FOOD STORE
YES, BRITAIN STILL DELIVERS THE GOODS
H-P Sauce—Birds Custard— Chiver's Marmalade,
Cleaves Caramels—Bisto—And many other lines

THE C. O. — GROUP CAPTAIN A. J. ASHTON



Relaxing after a day's work and responsibilities.

Adventure & Love

For the following thrilling story of love and adventure, we are indebted to "DOPE". DOPE was the unofficial publication of No. 5 Wing of the Royal Naval Air Service, and was first published somewhere in the war zone in April 1917.

THE MAUVE MULTIPLANE

Being the amazing Episodes from the life of Commander Careless, R. N.

CHAPTER 1

Slowly the shadows gathered in the old oak-panelled study of Monkton Manor, and the flickering firelight cast a grotesque silhouette of the two figures seated motionless on the low-built hearth.

"Darling!", Commander Careless' voice vibrated with pent-up emotions "speak to me; tell me that my love is not in vain, that I may still cherish some hope..."

The girl turned, the red glow of the fire staining the ivory white of her complexion, and bringing out the hidden glory of her hair—that wonderful Titian-red in which lurked threads of purest gold. At first glance she appeared scarce human, like the reincarnation of some old-time goddess, or a complexion cream advertisement come to life.

"Cuthbert!", she said, and her voice was as the beating of a silver bell, "you know the conditions on which I have agreed to marry you..." with a passionate gesture she flung out her arms. "Dearest", she breathed, "give up this life of perpetual danger and peril in the Air Service—for my sake!"

The man's face became suddenly white and strained, his sleeve, heavy with the symbols of his rank, trembled with emotion.

"Would you see me in the trenches," he queried tensely, "in possible danger, with wet socks and amid flying bullets? Nonsense, Jeanne beloved, you demand the impossible!"

"It becomes, then, a question of your career or my love?" she pouted adorably.

He frowned, and his deep-set eyes glowed in the gathering darkness like scintillating pin points of flame.

"Listen," he said, but ere the words left his lips an imperious summons sounded at the door.

"Enter!" cried Careless, once more the man of action, and a travel stained despatch rider reeled through the portal, a palpitating Douglas in one hand, the despatch in the other.

Careless stretched out his hand, and the despatch-rider absent-mindedly handed him the Douglas.

"Zounds!" muttered Careless, dropping the red-hot machine, the signal, dot, the signal!"

With eager fingers he tore it open and devoured the contents.

"Aeroplanes, Hun, Hostile; suspicious sounds of." he read, "Please patrol coast N. E. by E. and S. E. by E. sectors .0006 and .0007 on Mauve

Multiplane."

He glanced across at Jeanne, an unspoken question in his eyes. Woman-like she instinctively divined the meaning of the signal, while Careless still wrestled with the cypher on his cuff.

Her eyes shone with excitement. "Go, bravest of men!" she cried, "Go! Those Fokker props make lovely photo frames, I simply must have one!"

Straining the willowy figure to his heart with one hand, and putting on his flying gear with the other, Careless pressed one passionate kiss on the ruby lips upturned to his and was gone.

CHAPTER II

The Call of Duty

When Careless reached the 'crome his machine was already out of the hangar, looming grey and grim in the gathering twilight like some evil bird of prey.

As the Commander strode quickly across the quarter-deck, every mechanic in the vicinity leapt smartly to attention. The Commander smiled, his men were well trained, he could trust them everyone.

A grizzled old C. P. O., one of the veterans of 1914, stepped forward. "Bus all ready, sir" he said with respectful familiarity, "showing 2,000 revs, on her port and starboard engines."

"Good!" ejaculated Careless, donning his Bifles non-combustible goggles, and clambering into the pilot's seat.

The mechanics, who were adjusting the empennage with steady strokes of the joy-stick, finished their work and leapt lightly to the ground.

Careless was alone in the great machine.

With steady finger the Commander adjusted his looping straps, his side-slipping and his tail-sliding straps. Then revving up his engines till the luminous fingers crept twice round the indicator dials, he waved his hands.

The high-pitched drone of the many bladed propellers changed into a steady hum, like a herd of overwrought two-strokes at a hill-climb, as the great machine slid forward over the ground. A swift mo-

Compliments of the Regina Theatres

vement of the elevators, a deft adjustment of the stabilising fin and the machine rose gracefully in the air, sweeping upwards in vast spirals.

Far, far below the lights of the aerodrome glimmered in the dusk: a crescent moon hung low on the western horizon.

Careless ran a casual eye over the complex array of instruments on the dashboard. The Castrol in the pulstor-glass rose and fell with a steady throbbing, the side-slip indicator moved rhythmically to and fro, the Spherry gyroscopic compass pointed due north, and being of approved Service pattern would probably continue to do so irrespective of the direction of the machine, while the air-speed indicator hovered between 10 and 100 knots.

Peering eagerly into the black void below, Careless endeavoured to pierce the intense darkness. He could see nothing; there was nothing to see. He listened intently, he could hear nothing; there was nothing to hear.

Stay! what was that? In the sea of darkness below, floated two vaguely-defined luminous spots. For a few seconds Careless gazed baffled at this strange aerial phenomena. Was it the hallucination of an over-wrought brain a figment of the imagination? No! In a blinding flash their true significance dawned upon him.

These will-o'-the-wisp lights emanated from the dashboard of an enemy machine.

One course of action was open to him, and one alone. Switching off his engines, Careless stalled the machine and tail-dived for a few thousand feet. Then, banking steeply he opened fire with his machine gun on the unconscious foe, at the same time firing continuous bursts of red, white and blue Very's lights and confetti to indicate his position to the A.A. gunners below.

Even as the hostile machine reeled under the shock, and spun downwards in a fatal nose-dive, the sound

of throbbing engines smote on the still air.

Careless glanced upwards. High above him, suspended motionless in the blue void, hung a giant airship! The black crosses on its sides eloquent witness of its fell purpose.

The faint strains of the Hymn of Hate floated downwards to the Commander as the Mauve Multiplane hurtled at this new adversary. One long second, and the bloated silver belly of the huge monster loomed above him, shimmering in the glare of the searchlights. Slowly his hand stole towards the throttle lever, the roar of the engines deepened, the death-stutter of machine-guns was audible amid the shrill screaming of the wires. Friend and foe hurtled together at the rate of hundreds of miles an hour. In a few seconds they must meet, and then"

As DOPE was published in April 1917, nearly twenty-five years ago, and our good friend, Flight Lieutenant Booth has only the one copy on file, CONTACT regrets greatly our inability to publish any further installments of this thrilling serial of love and adventure.

Editor.

La Salle Hotel

REGINA, SASK.

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- It's Modern —
- It's Fireproof —
- It's Sanitary —
- 80 guest rooms —

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128 Main Street N., Moose Jaw.

Meals .30 and up

Special night lunch

COMPLIMENTS OF IMPERIAL BANK

BRANCHES AT

REGINA —:— MOOSE JAW —:— MOSSEBANK
—:— ASSINIBOIA —:—

BEST WISHES TO CONTACT

Mossbank

This bloody town's a bloody cuss;
No bloody tram no bloody bus;
And nobody cares for bloody us;
Oh! Bloody bloody bloody!

No bloody sports, no bloody games;
No bloody fun with bloody dames;
Won't even give their bloody names;
Oh! Bloody bloody bloody!

If it isn't dust, it's bloody snow;
The bloody winds they bloody blow;
They take all your bloody go;
Oh! Bloody bloody bloody!

All bloody clouds, all bloody rains,
All bloody mud, no bloody drains
The ministry got no bloody brains
Oh! Bloody bloody bloody!

And everything's so bloody dear
Twenty cents for bloody beer;
And is it good? no bloody fear
Oh! Bloody bloody bloody!

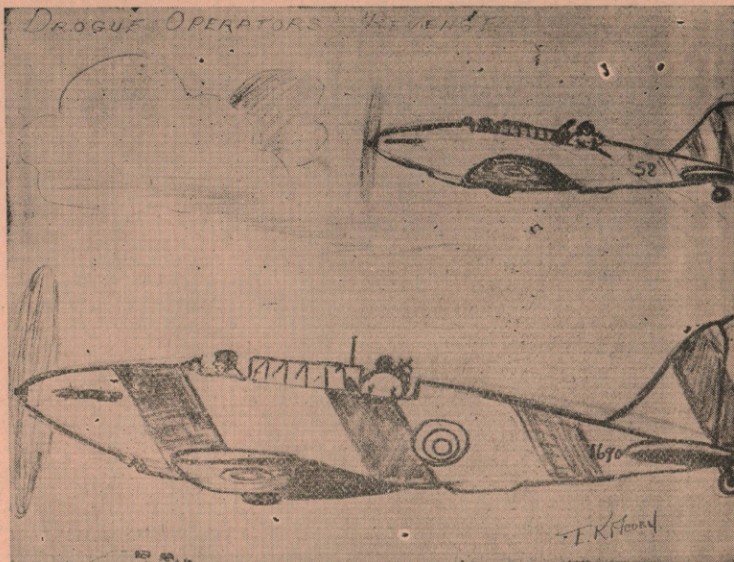
The bloody flicks are bloody old;
The bloody seats are bloody cold;
You can't get in for bloody gold;
Oh! Bloody bloody bloody!

A certain guy, a bloody sarge;
A bloody menace, at bloody large;
We're always on a bloody charge;
Oh! Bloody bloody bloody!

The bloody dances make me smile;
The bloody bands are bloody vile;
They only cramp your bloody style;
Oh! Bloody bloody bloody!

The bloody planes, they bloody roar;
Can't even get a bloody snore;
It's time this bloody war was o'er;
Oh! Bloody bloody bloody!

Aussie



untiring efforts in promoting the sports activities on this station. We regret that he is shortly to leave here on posting to Winnipeg.

The Sports Committee has been able to place a large amount of Sports equipment in the Recreation Hall. It is there for your use, use it, don't leave it there to be eaten by rust and moths. However it takes more than a Committee and equipment to make a Sports Association a success. Each and every one of you should jump in and sustain or improve the good record of sportsmanship that our station has already set for itself.

Flying Officer Cheesman has greatly helped out boxers and many other activities. Flying Officer Bryan was largely responsible for the success of our Hockey team last winter. Our thanks are also due Flight Lieutenant McLean and Mr. Howard Large for the time and energy that they have devoted to our Sports activities. But behind the scenes is the man who carries out most of the orders of the Committee and in his spare time keeps the Recreation Hall spick and span as well as acting storekeeper of the Sports Equipment, L.A.C. Foulis. Being the junior member of the committee he has no one to pass the work on to so he must do it himself. He is always ready to be of any assistance to anyone in matters pertaining to Sports, and if you have any complaints or suggestions, just call around to the Recreation Hall and he will listen to them and pass them on to the committee if they are practical. You will find him at the Recreation Hall almost any hour of the day or night.

As soon as weather permits, and it does not look very favorable at the time of writing, soft-ball and hard-ball diamonds will be completed. The soft-ball league will consist of one team from each Barrack Wing; two teams from the Sergeants' quarters and two teams from the Officers quarters. The hard-ball league will consist of one team from each hangar and two teams from the Headquarters Staff. The equipment is in the Recreation Hall for use by all who wish to start practising.

With the excellent Sports Com-

COMPLIMENTS OF

THE **T. EATON CO** LIMITED
Moose Jaw Canada.

New Developments In Parachutes

In recent weeks considerable interest, has been attached to new developments in parachutes throughout the world.

Possibly the outstanding one is an entirely new design parachute invented by a United States physicist. The outside canopy appears somewhat smaller than the usual being only 18 feet in diameter. The risers and shroud lines are attached in the familiar manner. From the center of the pack, however, there extends another line up toward the center of the canopy. This divides into twenty individual lines which form the web supporting a vertical cone of silk the vortex of which is about 5 feet over the head of the jumper. The area of the base of this inverted cone is about one-third that of the opened canopy. Its purpose is to increase the speed of the air striking against the canopy by Venturi action. Since this cone is not directly attached to the silk of the canopy, a space of about two feet is left in between through which the high-velocity air passes to a rather large vent in the top center of the canopy. This forms the conventional "wind-tunnel" or

low pressure area made use of in the "Parachute Spinnaker" jib sail for modern racing craft.

Preliminary experiments with weights indicate that in spite of the greatly reduced area and, thus, size of the pack, this parachute dropped 60% slower than a standard 24 ft. military type parachute supplied by the U. S. Army Air Corps.

The Parachute Section of No. 2 B. & G. School, F-O Richard Headrick commanding, invites all officers who would like, in their spare time,

(Continued on page 8)

COMPLIMENTS OF

SIMON'S CAFE

1820, 11th Avenue

Regina,

Sask.

WHEN IN MOOSE JAW
EAT AT

WIMPY'S

THE HOME OF
ARISTOCRATIC
HAMBURGERS & CHOPS

SILK HOSIERY

NYLON HOSIERY

A GRAND NEW STOCK

BINNING'S

Moose Jaw, Sask.

Sports

The Sports Committee is composed as follows:

Chairman, Squadron Leader W. M. Penman; Flight Lieutenant W. McLean; Flying Officer S. A. Cheesman; Flying Officer, J. R. Bryan; L.A.C. Foulis, B. J.; Mr. Howard Large.

Very few N.C.O.'s and Airmen on this station seem to know exactly what the Sports Club has accomplished. When the Station opened last October we had to start with absolutely nothing. Now a short visit to the recreation hall should convince anyone that we have gone a long way since then.

A great deal of credit is due Squadron Leader Penman for his

Bellamy Furniture

Company Limited

EVERY HOME SHOULD HAVE FURNITURE FROM

BELLAMY FURNITURE Co. Ltd

Moose Jaw,

Sask.

The Wash Line or The Tale of a Shirt

The Laundry business is quite a clean business but sometimes we are able to pick up a bit of dirt. The

Laundry staff extend their "Best Wishes" to CONTACT and promise to support it if they survive this, their first attempt.

Our record order was received the other day when a member of the R.C.A.F. brought in two large kit bags full. When we asked him for a list of the contents, he proceeded to open the bags and counted out 32 pairs of socks, 10 suits of underwear, 15 shirts, 36 handkerchiefs, 6 suits of pyjamas and numerous unmentionables.

One of our customers, L.A.C. Equipment Section, is always squawking about our prices. Does he think that he could do any better in Winnipeg?

Who is this man "Doc". His laundry has been here for four months now but none of it fits us.

We would like to know where our customers get the idea that we were open twenty-four hours a day. We like to give good service and please our customers, but that does not go as far as being awakened a few minutes before midnight to give some Corporal his laundry. We

CLUB CAFE Assiniboia, Sask. QUALITY AND SERVICE TRY OUR SUNDAY DINNER

suggest that he either buy himself another shirt or make his dates for earlier in the evening.

We are beginning to think that the boys wash the "Grant Hall Hotel" towels themselves. They never show up in the laundry.

When we enlisted in the Air Force we were given to understand that the educational standard was very high. Now we are beginning to have our doubts, unless some Recruiting Officer has slipped, as we have discovered that a lot of Airmen cannot write, but surely they could find a comrade who would be willing to write their names on their parcels for them.

Then we have to contend with the Airman who throws his soiled clothing in his shirt, rolls it up and uses it for a football on his way to the Laundry Building, and then when he gets it back, complains to us about some items of his apparel being missing.

We would suggest that R68034 might save himself a lot of grief if he would tie his uniform in a proper

bundle when he sends it to be cleaned.

Laundry dialogue.

"Is the Laundry in yet?"

"NO!"

"When will it be in?"

"I don't know."

"Why?"

"The roads are muddy."

"How much will my laundry cost,"

"Eighty Cents".

"Wow what prices. Why in Saskatoon it would be half that much." "We are not in Saskatoon, Thank Heaven".

You are always welcome at the Laundry. Call around and see us the next time you have a dirty shirt.

NEW DEVELOPMENTS IN PARACHUTES

(Continued from Page 7)

To learn to fold parachutes to arrange an appointment with the section. It is also suggested that it would be of value for air crew and officers to understand the method of spilling a 'chute on the ground in a strong wind. This will be demonstrated to anyone interested.

The Parachute Section will attempt to present interesting facts concerning recent parachute developments in each issue of CONTACT.

Parade

On Sunday May 18, 1941 at 1100 hours, the first full dress Church Parade of the Station took place in the Drill Hall. About 700 Staff and Trainees were in attendance. The Station Chaplain, Flight Lieutenant W. McLean was in charge and preached the sermon, while Wing Commander W. A. Jones read the lesson. The Station Orchestra was in attendance and did a very good job of providing the music for appropriate hymns. It is hoped that the Commanding Officer will call a similar parade every Sunday. The hour or two lost from training should be more than made up by the other benefits received.

Congratulations

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OF VITAL IMPORTANCE TO THE EMPIRE BUY VICTORY BONDS

WE MUST AND SHALL RAISE \$600,000,000.00
The Eyes Of The World Are Upon Us
We Shall Not Fail

PERSONNEL OF THIS SCHOOL ARE INVITED TO HELP TO THEIR UTMOST IN MAKING THIS LOAN A SUCCESS
BONDS MAY BE PURCHASED IN DENOMINATIONS AS LOW AS \$50.00 PAYABLE
10 PER CENT ON APPLICATION BALANCE IN FIVE MONTHLY INSTALMENTS
5 1/2 YEAR BONDS COST 99 TO YIELD 2.19 PER CENT
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CAN BE PURCHASED BY MONTHLY
ASSIGNMENT OF PAY

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FULL PARTICULARS FROM THE ACCOUNTANT OFFICERS
ONWARD TO VICTORY
No. 2 B & G

Our Gallant Police Force

Our hotel has been well patronized lately and thanks to our "guests" most of our walls are now covered with a new coat of paint.

We really hate to see L.A.C. Scott return to his duties. He has been our guest for so long and so often now that he seems like one of the family.

Two of our stalwarts are seriously considering taking a correspondence course in "detecting". Could it be Foster and Sharpe?

We wonder if Corporal Foster is still looking for the flag.

Corporal McMillan recently was assigned to a case. He was to re-

move an intimate feminine garment that some practical joker had placed on the flag pole surmounting the Australian Trainees Barracks. The garment was duly removed, but what is puzzling the rest of the boys is the present whereabouts of the said garment. It was not entered in the "Lost and Found" book. Could it be that Mary is now wearing it?

The great lover of the Police Department was seen making love to a young lady in a well known cafe in Moose Jaw. We admire your taste in the subject, Ian, but not the pla-

A certain bootlegger in the town of Mossbank would like to know what becomes of his supply of "Hooch". Could it be some fast confiscation on the part of one of our Policemen? And how many telegraph poles does it take to make a case?

The Police Department have installed a new system of signing out Airmen. By painting the wall with a different color paint each day, it is easy to tell when an Airman returns, whether or not he signed out that day, by one glance at his uniform.

"Neither snow nor rain nor heat nor gloom of night stays the 'aspees' from the swift completion of their appointed duties."

Corporal Parkinson is the boy in charge Of the men who roam the town at large, It's men like him we're supposed to respect, Even though he pops up when you least expect.

His right hand man is Corporal McMillan, Who to gain experience is very willin'. His first arrest he has yet to make, Yet on pay day he's right there for the take.

AC Clarke, our boy from the west, To be a Corporal he's trying his best, At giving pack drill he truly excels, Each time he gives it, his head really swells.

AC McMillan as you've no doubt heard, At speaking "Soup" he knows every word,

Other than that I really don't know, The rest of his time he spends in a show.

From Regina hails a boy named Sharpe, His heart is as big as an angel's harp. I would trust him with all sort of news, But never an inch with a case of booze.

Corporal Holliday is built like a horse, And can bring in most men without using force. But on the dance floor it's really surprisin' To see this "mountain" a-truckin' and jivin'.

Our Corporal Foster is not the man Who a poet like intends to pan. At using his "dukes"—he's a dandy. For as you've heard he's more than handy

It seems that now I'm nearing the end. What better place to make amend. I hope the boys can take the jest, And try to remember I've done my best.

WISDOM FROM HEADQUARTERS SQUADRON

A Corporal of the Accounts Section was greatly embarrassed on a recent Squadron Parade, when after doing considerable bragging about having the cleanest buttons on the Station, he was checked by the Squadron Commander for "dull Brass". Could it have been the after effects of the night before, or doesn't alcohol have a tarnishing effect on

brass? One of our Warrant Officers was heard to make some remark about intelligent Drill Instruction on a recent Squadron Parade. Could he have been handing any hints to our portly Squadron Orderly Sergeant whose melodious voice is getting to be so well known around the Parade Square.

When will the powers that be get wise to the Corporal who manages to go on Temporary Duty midway between his 48 hour passes? Is ten days too long to wait?

Who conceived the bright idea of Six Duty Watches? What a headache they turned out to be for the poor overworked Orderly Sergeant.

Then there is the Equipment L.A. C. who is late for parade every morning. Does he have to call in at the Station Orderly Room EVERY morning to see if there is a transfer in for him? And if it should come does he think it will be Winnipeg?

The town of Assiniboia seems to hold many attractions for some members of our Security Guard. Three or four trips per week seems to be the general rule.

We regret to record the departure of one of the original members of the staff of our Station, P. G. Lowe, who has been posted to another Station. While the famous P. G.

kept the Sergeant Major on the run, there was never a dull moment while he was around and we wish him luck on his new surroundings.

We wonder if the Security Guard N.C.O. was disappointed, when, after the long trip to Assiniboia, he found an L.A.C. in charge of the situation. Leave is sometimes cancelled, Sergeant.

AN ODE TO MOSSBANK Where grows the grass, and flowers weep, For a drink of rain just once a week.

Where mud is mud and dust is fine, Where shrieking winds howl and whine.

Where trees are few and far between Where aught but gophers is ever seen.

There is but one place you may go When back you come from your furlough—

MOSSBANK !

PROMOTION

When I had one ring and you had two I really thought no end of you, Hypnotised by your rings of gold Body and soul I gladly sold, And even used to call you "Sir" Simply because I thought you were

SOME STUFF.

Now I've got two rings same as you, A hollow mockery I see thro' The vaunted power, the boastful talk Were like as cheese compared with chalk

Mine idol dear of yesteryear Alas has got huge feet of clay, ENOUGH.

—@—@—@—

EXCELSIOR !

The shades of night had fallen fast And breakfast came again at last Some Shredded Wheat before us

We wondered what the funny taste Excelsior !

Newspaper headline: Slip In Hotel Lobby Causes Death To A Traveller.

"Well I have heard of a slip in a man's suitcase cause plenty of trouble at home."

NOTE: Because your wife is Forty is no sign that you can change her for two twenties.

OLYMPIA THEATRE

Assiniboia, Sask.

Fri., Sat. June 20-21

ERROL FLYNN

In

"FOOTSTEPS IN THE

DARK"

Exclusive Fight Picture

JOE LOUIS vs BAER

Thurs., Fri., Sat.

June 26-27-28

ROBERT TAYLOR

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"FLIGHT COMMAND"

Special reduced rates for

Men in uniform

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FAMOUS ALL OVER THE WORLD.

SOLD IN MOSSBANK

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Rawlinson Hardware

Genuine Frigidaire Equipment

Sold and Installed Only By

J. H. Ashdown Hardware

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Exclusive Distributors

A Visit to the Station Hospital

—By Joe—

How many men on this Station have ever visited the Hospital? If YOU haven't then you have missed one of the highlights on the Station.

The Hospital at No. 2 Bombing and Gunnery School, in the opinion of the writer and many others, ranks the highest in this Command. Perhaps I could, through the medium of Contact, conduct a tour through this Haven of Rest, and introduce you to the staff.

First you enter the main door, (if your boots are clean). We find on our left the spacious waiting room with the usual rules and regulation signs posted on the bulletin board. On our right we have the dispensary which is in the capable hands of Sergeant Jewitt. It would delight any Pharmacist's heart to see those shelves so well stocked with every possible drug and medicine known to Science, and everything is in readiness for any possible emergency.

On the other side of the dispensary is the laboratory, and this is the place where you might find any of the staff peering into the microscope at something on a glass slide, or doing other laboratory tests that have been ordered by the Medical Officer.

Continuing our tour, the next door that we find on our right leads into the Treatment Room, in charge of Corporal Law. On entering you will probably find someone apparently hiding under a towel, but don't worry, it is merely some brave person gallantly undergoing a steam inhalation. Within this room Airmen receive their treatments as prescribed by the Medical Officer, and also receive treatment for minor cuts, etc.

Next is the Medical Inspection Room. Here they receive their Attend A. B. or C slip, or perhaps only a dose of salts. (Perhaps some day the Medical Officer or some of his staff will write an article for Contact, explaining in plain English what this Attend A, B, and C means. Ed.)

Turning right from the Inspection Room, and going on down the hall, we come to another large room known as the M2 Room. This is the place that every potential Pilot must visit, and which all flying personnel must visit at regular intervals throughout his career. Here we find a batch of modern instruments used for the body of men wishing to become aircrew. I could go into great detail describing the instruments used in this room, but time and space do not permit. However, if you will come up in person sometime, we will be glad to show you around.

Next, what do we find here? What are those wicked looking instruments lying in such eager readiness in those cupboards? You guessed it, it's the Operation Room, where all of the major surgery is performed. It is spotlessly clean and everything is ready for an immediate operation. The small rooms off of the main one are where the surgeons scrub their hands prior to operating, and where all the instrument sterilizing is done. Who takes care of this place? Why Nursing Sisters Carey and Seamen,

of course. You can see the "woman's touch" in the spotless cleanliness of the place.

Let us continue down the hall, just a second until we read this sign, "Out of bounds to all ranks", The Nurses' Residence. Well, well, perhaps we had better slide along or perhaps you would like to peep into these quarters? Another time perhaps, not now.

We now come to the Nurses' work room and next to that, "Quiet Please", the night orderly is getting his beauty sleep, and we will not disturb him. We go into the next room. It looks very interesting. It is the X-Ray room, here is all the latest modern X-ray equipment used for looking after the health of our Airmen, and if you hear a noise in the dark room, it will be L.A.C. Roberts, who is in charge of this miracle of Science, the X-ray. Next are the wards, still keeping to the right hand side is a two-bed ward and next to that is a four bed ward, and between these two rooms is a fully modern bathroom with its built in bath tub. Then we come to the big convalescent ward, a big bright room with twenty-four beds, next the utility room where a certain amount of medicines are kept, coming down the hall on the opposite side we find the chart room, where are found the patients personal charts, reporting the progress or otherwise during the time they are in the hospital. Every day and at intervals during the day a careful record is kept of every patient's condition. Two two-bed wards and after that the single bed ward, then the Linen Cupboard. The members of the staff to whom the patients are entrusted are L.A.C. Wilson, L.A.C. Grudnitski and Corporal Stewart all of whom are doing a very good job, as I think any of our former patients will testify.

Where are we headed for now? Something smells good. Yes, it is the kitchen, presided over by L.A.C. Barbor, and if we ask him politely he may give us a cup of tea. (Now we know where some of the Officers disappear to at regular intervals during the day. Ed.) Off the kitchen is the staff Dining Hall, and how are the eats? Just take a look at L.A.C. Wilson.

The room that we visit is the Recreation Room where up Patients may read and write and play games. Now we come to a room with a sign over the door reading "Pack Stores". In command here we find a tall slender gentleman Sergeant Murphy, who looks after the patients clothing, the laundry and the Hospital equipment.

The next door, we must knock before we enter, the sign says, "Medical Officers". Here we find Flight Lieutenant Williams and Flying Officer Church both very busy looking after the health of the Airmen.

We have almost completed our tour, but we must not pass up this last place, the Orderly Room, which is run very efficiently by Corporal Roy, who does all the Clerical work for the hospital. All the Medical Records of every Officer and Air-

man are entrusted to Corporal Roy's care. Seated at another desk we find our esteemed Wardmaster, Sergeant M. Fladager, who is the Non-commissioned Officer in charge of the Hospital.

We hope you have enjoyed your visit to our Hospital and that you will uphold us in our very fine opinion of it.

What's that? Oh, that room. That's just the Prophylactic Room. Good Bye.

Corporal Law.

—@—@—@—

The Object of P. T.

We have had the good fortune lately to have a qualified Physical Training Instructor posted to the station and while at the time of writing he has been with us but a few days, we already feel that he will ably fill a long neglected but important position on our establishment.

The first object of Physical Training is the attainment of such a state of health and general physical fitness that all organs of the body are vigorous and healthy, and capable of performing the work required of them.

The only means that we have of acting on the internal organs is through the agency of the muscles.

The object then of employing the muscles in all physical training and gymnastic exercises is not as is so often supposed, merely for the sake of muscular development, which for itself alone is a matter of secondary importance, but for the effects, direct and indirect, on the harmonious development and co-ordinate action of all the organs of the body and of the body and mind as a whole.

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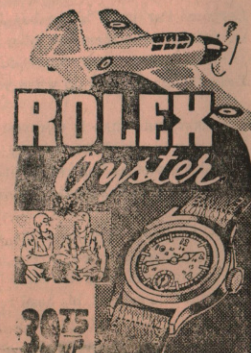
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WHEN IN MOOSE JAW EAT AT THE

National Cafe

Ladling the Last from The Accounts Section

We would like to know just who is the married AC1 who had a lot of explaining to do by long distance about a sleeping-out pass.

Also there is the Corporal (shortly to stagger along the bridal path) who has been looking in drug-store windows for bubble bath concoctions. Wonder what he has in mind?

Confidentially Joe I'm going on a 48, but what's a good excuse for an advance.

Overheard in the Administration Building "You know I am really fed up on pioneering but Dafoe IS closer to that Queen of Cities Saskatoon."

The poor high-strung, sensitive little Corporal is really hurt about being asked if his new khaki tunic was tailored by Omar the tent-maker.

It looks like romance is again bursting forth in full bloom. One of the lads has recently had the picture of his beloved, which appeared to be pretty badly battered, newly renovated and occupying a prominent position on his desk.

Joke??

A young lady was walking along the street and seeing a WO.2 quizzed

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him about the crown on his sleeve. He informed her that it meant he was married. A little further along she ran into a flight sergeant and asked about his insignia. He told her that it meant he was married with three children. Turning the corner she ran into a sergeant and slapped his face. (Well this fills up space).

You be a good boy or we'll send you down to G. I. S. too!

Must ask down at the Exchange Cafe if a ping pong bat is a Chinese Drunk.

I understand I can demand 25 cents a day for the time I spent in the digger (of course I was an innocent victim).

We understand that the exhibition squad made a good showing at Assiniboia in the afternoon as well as in the evening.

Our hearts go out to the N. C. O. who apparently is rather adept at the ancient and honourable pastime of African dominoes. Over the weekend lady luck laughed right out loud at him and at present he is convalescing and doing nicely, thank you.

At seven forty five we parade on the square Our orderly sergeant's as grouchy as a bear To do a right turn you just gracefully swivel Gadzooks! but you're sloppy Corporal—

(name omitted by request)

The Bridegroom.

Oh our handsome Corporal once on the peg For being late coming back from Winnipeg Has taken to himself a bride It was his joy and pride As he claimed his blushing bride He was blushing crimson red As to the altar he was led Where he was forever wed. So good-bye our handsome Corporal All the way from Winnipeg. K. R. O. (Hot Air)

Moving Picture Executive At Mossbank Airport

Mossbacks will be surprised to learn that among the many and varied careers of officers of the Soup Bowl airport we have found a real, live, genuine moving picture executive. Which goes to prove that one never knows what one will find until one turns over the next plank and looks underneath.

Tall and handsome, in civilian life this officer wears sun-glasses and straw-hat. His strong mouth he tastefully adorns with a delectable cigar. His manly figure is drooped in tweeds. The picture of modern Hollywood!

In a recent interview, this Flying

Officer stated proudly that he was the Western Field Representative for the "Little Dandy Educational Films Corporation" of New Hollywood, Minnesota (Minnaysoda), U. S. A., and that his territory covered the vast potential area West of the Mississippi. Recent statements from other Moving Picture Tycoons in West Hollywood, California, indicate that they think a merger between M.G.M., Paramount, Samuel Goldwyn, Cecil B. DeMille and the Little Dandy Educational Films Corporation is the only way to prevent the old-line companies in the California Hollywood from being competed out of business. A committee of Hollywood's crack yes-

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When on a 48 in Moose Jaw call

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Open Challenge

The A.S.B.C. listed below openly challenge any aggregation of fellow athletes from the Station at any time to a contest of softball, parchesi or tipping, for a purse of "name your stakes"—The gauntlet is thrown come one-come all.

A. S. B. C. (Accounts Section Baseball Club)

or (Associated Society of Bull-shooters Club)

Pitcher—Screwball Heath. Catcher—Indians Holden. 1st Base—Spike Flood. 2nd Base—Flat Foot Grant. 3rd Base—Mart Kenney Horsfall Shortstop—"Shoot the Buck" Dannelly.

Left Field—Charlie McCarthv. Centre Field—Jeeter Kirkland Right Field—Butch Krivel.

Management.

McCormick—Trainer. Purcell—Publicity. Hall—Rubber-upper (Supernumerary). Olive—Rubber-downer. Lecours—Cheer Leader. Dever—Score-keeper. Potts—Coach & Water Boy.

men are working out the details for such a combine.

A modest and retiring young man, F-O H. H. Hessenflow generously offered to arrange screen tests for any airman who feels that he has talent and the desire to give the movie-going public something for their money. Anyone so interested may get on the end of the line at Gunnery Flight, to which Mr. Hessenflow is attached during his leave-of-absence from the Little Dandy Syndicate.

F-O Hessenflow states that he is considering a short educational film entitled "Mossbank, the Magnificent!", in which he will endeavor to portray the scenic beauties of No. 2 Bombing and Gunnery School. Among other things he wishes to include some of the Australians and New Zealanders. They will be shown, F-O Hessenflow states, doing their war dance from "down under". That would be sort of a warm's-eye-view.

Officers' Mentality Test

Below are ten questions, answer to which will be found in the next issue of "CONTACT". Perfect score is 100, 90 is considered good, anyone scoring below that figure can't be paying much attention to the important happenings on the Station. Count 9 for each question except the first which is worth 19.

- 1) Why isn't Flt. Lt. Begg paid a living-out allowance?
- 2) What did the Padre do on the Bus coming from Moose Jaw on Friday evening, May 23rd?
- 3) What Officers came to the C. O.'s rescue at a recent Dance held in the Officers' Mess.
- 4) Does Lindsay do what Lawson says or would Lawson do what Lindsay does?
- 5) What is F/O Cheeseman's most favorite expression for love?
- 6) What is F/O Darrell's most

NOTES

Who saw a Beaver with a mouthful of chips following the A. O. C. around during his last visit?

The reason why the Nursing Sisters don't take their forty-eights together: Never let your left hand know what your right hand is doing.

Eureka.

Just before the last C.O.'s Inspection of the Equipment Section, an Equipment Assistant was found walking around picking up little pieces of paper with a stick that had a nail on the end of it. He would scrutinize the paper thoroughly, and then throw it down again in disgust. When asked what he was looking for: his reply was "My transfer to Winnipeg".

Native of Saskatchewan, "What miserable weather we have here."

Easterner, "You should complain, you were born here. I came here to defend the place for you."

pressing problem? And can it be bought by L.P.O.?

7) Which one of the various Adm. Officers speaks French and how and where did he learn it?

8) The Batmen want to know how the Officers can possibly get lip-stick on their tunics?

9) Were the stitches in F/O Hessenflow's lip put in by the M. O., or was it done by Machine, Sewing, Singer.

10) Why doesn't F/O Bryan like the Viennese Waltz?

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AIM WELL—SHOOT STRAIGHT
(Continued from page 1)

pass before they saw their vision
 In the beginning there was the
 Royal Flying Corps and then the
 Royal Naval Air Service. Each
 built its tradition in its own splendid
 way. Sufficient it is to say of that
 era that it produced deeds of valor
 and skill the like of which the world
 had not seen since the golden days
 of knighthood.

It is unnecessary to dwell on the
 progress that our parent service has
 made since its formation on April 1,
 1924. Nor is it necessary to detail
 the patience, skill and courage over
 the years that went into the building
 of the Royal Canadian Air Force.
 Let us just be thankful that the men
 before us built well, and be con-
 fident in the knowledge that the

British Empire Air service will be the
 greatest power in war the World
 has ever known.

How do we, No. 2 Bombing and
 Gunnery School, fit into this larger
 tradition? Is it true that we have
 no special tradition? Hardly. To
 take up arms with honor is the tradi-
 tion of the Empire to which we
 belong. To make men efficient in
 the use of arms is our particular
 calling. As we march back down
 the road of history we note that
 British fighting men have always
 been jealous of their skill in arms.
 Whether with bow and arrow, pike,
 lance or musket, this history tells
 us that our men have always ex-
 celled.

Our own introduction to arms 26
 years ago was puny and primitive
 compared with today. In 1915 aero-
 planes were flying in the Great
 War. Few tacticians of that day
 could see any future for the aero-
 plane except as a medium for re-
 connaissance, pure and simple. But
 the pilots and observers soon recog-
 nized the possibilities of the armed
 aeroplane. In France in 1915 airmen
 by their own volition took with
 them in the air rifles, carbines, pis-
 tols, shotguns and hand grenades.
 Actual combats took place with
 these weapons. Later small bombs
 were dropped over the side on troop
 formations.

Just as on the ground faith in the
 bullet had difficulty in beating the
 superstition of the bayonet so in the
 air the aeroplane had difficulty in
 winning its position as a combat-
 ant unit. The first mounted guns
 were odd affairs. The pilot had to
 fly away from his target so the
 gunner could aim at it. Observers

had no bomb sights. They waited
 until the target came under the
 leading edge and then dropped their
 bombs.

No. 2 Bombing and Gunnery
 school is one example of how far we
 have travelled since those days.
 Science and experience have helped
 us to bring a new precision and
 power to our instruments of war.
 And, as we well know, we still have
 far to travel.

When we think of No. 2 Bombing
 and Gunnery school we will always
 think of Mossbank. If we look back
 far enough through its years of dust,
 sunshine and blizzard we will see
 that we stand on historic ground.
 Not so many years ago this place
 was one of the great hunting grounds
 of the Indian, himself sometimes
 credited with being a fair marksman
 with a bow and arrow. Tribal wars
 were fought around our bombing
 ranges.

If you look at the top of our
 shield you will see also the coat of
 arms of Saskatchewan. It was de-
 vised by the College of Heralds, the
 red lion "passant guardant" on the
 red field being symbolical of prairie
 fires, the three sheaves of wheat on
 the gold field indicating the staple
 industry of the province. The cross-
 ed bomb and machine gun is our
 contribution, appropriate to our
 calling.

With our own crest and motto to
 inspire us we can leave the honored
 ghosts of the past and look to the
 future. Ours is a war establishment.
 In war our motto "Aim well—Shoot
 straight" will stand us in good stead
 whatever may be our job. But wars
 do not last for ever and the day may
 come when No. 2 Bombing and Gun-
 nery school will be only a memory.
 We may all go our various ways to
 whatever fortune may await us but
 we can take one thing with us, the
 spirit of our motto.

In peace or war, to "aim well and
 shoot straight", is a worthy ambi-
 tion.

"ROUND THE CAMP"

(Continued from page 1)
 branch's endeavours along with
 other branches in the Province.
 We are proud of the way the Vet-
 erans have backed us up.

Educational facilities and courses,
 as supplied by the Legion, free of
 charge to the men of the Forces
 is being truly taken advantage of
 in this camp, and some 130 men
 have already enrolled for courses,
 and are studying in their spare
 time. It's a chance for any man
 to bridge the gap between his
 public school education and the
 secondary level where he can pre-
 pare himself for taking his place
 in civil life after the war is over.
 Flt. Lt. McLean is the representa-
 tive officer in charge of this work
 and is anxious to see any airman
 interested in these courses. His
 office is in the administrative
 building.

Sport Equipment:

It is the privilege and pleasure
 of the Legion to provide equip-
 ment for the carrying on of all
 Sports and recreation, baseball,
 softball, football, English rugger,
 tennis, volleyball, badmington,
 horseshoes, supplies are now at

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BRANCHES FROM COAST TO COAST

hand and with the advent of suit-
 able weather, all types of sports
 will be carried on, under the gui-
 dance of the Camp Sport Com-
 mittee.
 Sure it was cold in Camp last
 winter, even the administrative
 officer was Freisen (freezing)

Engineers: why aren't you plant-
 ing any crested wheat around the
 Sergeants Quarters?
 Agricultural Dept.: We were told
 there was too many wild oats
 there already.

Well if the M. T. section raves so
 much about the date in a Nearby
 Town, why dont they Marriott?

Just a Few More Bars said the
 LAC as he arrived at the Park-
 erson Hotel for another 14 days.
 You cant keep these musicians
 down.

Reilly: Remember if anything
 moves you shoot.
 Guard: Yeh, and if anything shoots

I move.
 Maiden: Don't you just love a
 night like this.
 Page: Sure but wait till we get
 out of town.

Must be a Bunch of Acrobats in
 the next Rooms. I heard one say
 to the other, you raised me. I'll
 raise you. "Mother get the Po-
 ker."

And we still think some of the
 Landlords in the Nearby Towns
 have taken a course in Super-
 charging.

Cpl. L: The Kids around here seem
 to be well disciplined.

LAC: Sure the women here have
 to be good Mudders "Dust get the
 drift?"

How we are growing? We have
 a BRANCH in Gravelbourg.

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WELCOMES ALL
 HIS MAJESTY'S FORCES
 TO ITS

DOMINION DAY CELEBRATION

July 1st
 FREE TICKETS TO GROUNDS AND DANCE
 TO ALL H. M. F.

BASEBALL — FOOTBALL

R. A. F. Moose Jaw

VS

R. C. A. F. Mossbank

Children: Free admission.

Adults, .25

4644. 046

An Extra Fly Sheet

THE ORDERLY ROOM KEYHOLE

as reported by A. W. H.

L.A.C. Batty says that he doesn't care if they never post him from Mossbank. He spends most of his spare time in Regina. Recently when returning from the royal city he brought back a picture which he took no trouble to hide. The boys now think that the original of the picture has something to do with our friend's contentment to stay on the prairies for the duration.

The young man who is responsible for all the mistakes in D.R.O. has the reputation for being the noisiest person in the Administration Building, and in the bargain it is no secret that he talks in his sleep. Has he a guilty conscience bothering him or does he just like to talk a lot?

The biggest worry of the Orderly Room Staff are those Airmen who keep asking if their posting has come in yet. Don't be too anxious, lads. You can never tell, perhaps we are just as anxious to get rid of you as you are to go. No reference is hereby made to Corporal Parkinson or L.A.C. Lockwood.

Rumour says that one of our tall, dark and handsome Corporals makes frequent trips to a neighbouring town. It can't be for a "marcel", but watch your step Corporal, "hubby" might get wise.

The long wait for the Trade Test Officer's report means a lot to one of our young Romeos whom it is rumoured intends to find out if two can really live as cheaply as one. If the T.T.O.'s verdict is favorable, Wedding Bells will ring, but if otherwise, we will be forced to retract our statement in last month's Contact, that "two gentlemen intend to drop into the matrimonial quagmire", and we will sorrowfully say:
FOR: Two gentlemen.
READ: One gentleman.

The Gentlemen of the "Glorified" Profession of Clerk (Accounting) have their troubles just like any of we common Airmen. You can see this for yourself if you watch the 8 Corporals as they compete for the honour of marching the 4 only A.C.'s in their Section to the Mess each day.

Corporal Foott has learned that even Corporals must return promptly when their passes expire.

We notice that one of our Speed Demon Runners has been visiting Moose Jaw and the Harwood Hotel on his passes lately. What is wrong

with the local talent now? Has there been some slight misunderstanding that you can't control.

Another Mossbank rumour says that one of our Accountant Officers made a statement to the effect that Corporal McCormick is a born leader of men and that he knows that it is true because Corporal McCormick told him so.

We do not know what they meant by it, but it was noticed that two of our Orderly Room Staff were seen to shake hands with great jovialness when they were informed that a certain Corporal was leaving the H. Q. Orderly Room to take over G. I. S. Orderly Room. Could it be that they were both happy that our Corporal was advancing himself by being transferred from the H. Q. Orderly Room to the G. I. S. Orderly, or did they have something else in mind.

Our Flight Sergeant Bouchard reports that all is well at Trenton, where he was attending a Course of Administration. Two hours drill, one hour P. T., Belleville girls and Ontario Beer all put together makes life worth while.

The Human Touch

THE HUMAN TOUCH IN "D" FLIGHT or HISTORY MADE AT MOSSBANK

Possibly never before in the annals of the Royal Canadian Air Force and certainly never before in Mossbank, was there such an epoch-making event as occurred in the Airmen's Mess on the night of May 29, 1941. Traditions were wiped out regulations were broken when the boys of "D" Flight gathered to stage a farewell party in honor of their popular Flight Commander, Flight Lieutenant Werly, prior to his departure to assume new duties at another station.

There are occasions when authority closes one eye, but on this occasion, authority closed both eyes and came to the party. We refer of course, to the presence of our popular Commanding Officer, Group Captain A. J. Ashton. After a very fitting speech he called upon L.A.C. Michel to present Flight Lieutenant Werly with a very handsome travelling bag as an expression of the esteem with which he was held in "D" Flight.

At this point Sgt. G. A. Moore read a poem composed by L.A.C. Webb which expressed the sentiments of the whole Flight. Flight Lieutenant Werly in his reply, thanked the mem-

bers of the Flight and assured them that he had always had their loyal co-operation in all his work in the Flight. This is quite true as Flight Lieutenant Werly is the type of Commander who will always get the co-operation of any party of men he may be in charge of. It is reported, but we cannot certify as to the truth of the statement, that AC1 Kamedish was once seen sweeping the hangar floor. If this is true, there is only one explanation behind it, Mr. Werly asked him to do it.

An impromptu concert was then arranged at which Group Captain Ashton told the following story,— censored.— Well it was a good story anyway. Next some of our Australian friends gave a few musical numbers, which were much appreciated. One of the highlights of the program was a very elaborate conjuring trick performed by Cpl. C. A. Foster. The main part of this trick was borrowing a hat from

one of the officers, pouring a bottle of beer in the hat, followed immediately by a bottle of Coca-Cola. As the hand is quicker than the eye, just what happened then is not quite clear to us, but it was a real good trick & drew a lot of applause. L. A. C. Whittaker then put on a very clever juggling act with a large fish. The fish was not caught in Johnstone Lake. Flying Officer Buchanan then brought down the house with two very clever sketches in dialect, and if this guy Ed. lets me get away with them, here they are, (Censored, Ed.). (O.K. Ed. Have it your way.)

To wind up the evening Flight Sergeant Birch in his own inimitable style made a very touching farewell speech on behalf of the Flight and wished Flight Lieutenant Werly continued success and happiness on his new station. The party then broke up with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne".

It was back in last October when the prairie dust was free,
Mr. Werly came to Mossbank to be Drogue Flight O. C.
Now this wasn't the place he applied for, he was sent against his will,
But when he leaves the Drogue Flight, his place will be hard to fill.

Now listen brother Airmen and I will try to relate,
This Officer of ours from the United States.—
You would think he was a born Canadian, the way he gets about,
For after his day's work is done, it's good old ale and stout.

For a man in his position, it must really be a gift.
After several beers below his belt, it's "Boys, just call me Cliff".
We trust his wife and family won't hear of all he's done,
For when he's on the job, he's the man behind the gun.

It's get the ships already and have them on the line,
And then there'll be no hitches, when comes the take off time.
Many are the things like this that Werly did achieve.
I'll tell you he really deserves that second band upon his sleeve.

On behalf of Drogue Flight Airmen, Pilots and Officers too,
We heartily extend this token, that is may be of use to you.
And every time you open it, may your memory go right blank,
As we wouldn't want to remember this place called Mossbank.

I think we should drink a toast to Werly,
If in the future we should meet,
And if it's not a better place,
Then hand in hand we'll all stand the heat.

Bragging

I'm ninety-five and settled down
No longer do I paint the town
A rosy red, because, you see,
It doesn't now agree with me.

I'm just a bit too stiff I guess
To fly a plane like killer Hess
But if I could but visit Fritz
I'd leave a mighty mess-o-schmitts.

If I were less than ninety-five
I'd go as sure as I'm alive
And paste that Hitler in the jaw
Then tell him what I did it for.

I'd surely grab him and his gang
And from a rope I'd let them hang
Some sort of plan I would contrive
But, dash it all, I'm ninety-five.

I'd catch old Musso in a trap
And wipe Joe Stalin off the map
I would not let that Hess survive
But, darn my socks, I'm ninety-five.

Rumours are current that one of the Officers deplores the lack of bath-tubs in Saskatchewan, maybe he is one of those meticulously immaculate people or one wonders if there could possibly be an ulterior motive.

To You, Our Graduates

The Washout Flag is flying at the Mizzen on the Tower,
It looks like Beau Geste's Fortress at this ungodly hour,
But here the likeness ceases with the passing of the shower,
So hoist the cans and furl the flag, it's nearly half-past four.

Life awakes around us as the sun shows in the east,
The Duty Pilot's taken off to make a weather test,
His yellow bellied Battle, with all a Merlin zest
Is churning into sunshine the early morning mist.

Soon other fellows in his wake to range and bombing ground,
Where British Aircrew Trainees make prairie echoes sound
With something new in war-whoops from Tom Toms raw-hide bound
O'er pockmarked old Lake Johnstone, where once the Bison roamed

These Trainees Bucks from British stocks, have "Innards" where
they count

Of judgement and ability unlimited amount,
From far-off Bailiwicks they've come on cayuse, car and "Oont",
To learn best how to liquidate this "HIT" and "MUSS" account.

They're not long here amongst us, they didn't come to stay,
Just long enough to learn their stuff, and then they're on their way
To help their Brother Airmen break the NAZI-FASCIST sway,
That task of all free men, since Magna Carta Day.

So good luck to you on your journey, we've given you all that we
know

Slam it into the net every chance you get, till Adolf and Benny cry
Whoa,

Mossbank Trainees are second to no one, You are all top-flight in
this show,

Here's wishing you all Happy Landings, Thumbs up, So Long,
Cheerio.

J. B. B.

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND

By F.O. Wilson

There'll always be an England,
To give the Navy shelter,
The brunt of air raids bear.

There'll always be an England,
As long as Scotmen fight,
Along with Welsh and Irish
To save old England's might.

There are Scotmen all in Khaki,
There are Scots in Air Force blue,
You'll find them in the Navy,
With Welsh and Irish too.

So when they sing of England,
And England in the fight,
They're forgetting all the others
Who save Old England's might.

There'll always be an England,
And a dear Auld Scotland too,
We'll all fight together
With the Welsh and the Irish too.

LIFE IN THE ORDERLY ROOM

Now upward till noon in the Orderly Room,
There is never heard
But the snores of the clerks,
Who weary with works,
Lie sleeping like Mortimer Snerd.

Now there in the corner,
His head on his desk,
His feet in his typewriter placed,
Is L.A.C. Howl, a steno so neat,
He's surely the last of his race.

Now further afield our eyes quickly turn
And our ears hear the rythmical sound,

Of L.A.C. Batty's nasal exhaust,
As through his forty winks
He pounds.

And all afternoon until ev'nen draws nigh,
Our lads carry on with a will,
Though their poor backs ache,
And their throats are dry—
As they dream of the ink and the quill.

And this is the way in the Orderly
Our dutiful clerks hold their
And in this manner,
And scorning the broom,
Ous stencs and clerks earn their pay.

YE SONS OF MOSSBANK

Ye sons of Mossbank a thousand strong,
Thy country is in need.
It matters not where goest thou
Ye are of the sternest breed.

We questioned not from whence ye came,
Nor if thine blood was blue,
But gave ye what we had to give,
Ye should be strong and true.

Go forth ye sons of Mossbank,
'Reck not the fiendish band,
But search the Huns from Greenland's Mount
To Afric's coral strand.

Thy heritage a rugged wall
With zeal thy fathers built
The crumbling of a Hunnish world
Will prove Satanic guilt.

Hold high the torch and stalwart ge
Ten thousand helpers come
Keep faith and we'll keep faith with ye
A Gethsamane for the Hun.

(By an
Airman from British Columbia)

Before I came to Saskatchewan,
I had heard many strange tales and
legends of the province. One of the

VICTORY LOAN

One of the first subscribers to the
Victory Loan in Rosetown, occupies
a position which will certainly not
be duplicated often across the Do-
minion. Some few days before the
loan was opened, Mrs. Mary Wall
'phoned to the local headquarters
requesting that a canvasser should
call on her and take her application
for two \$100 bonds. After filling
out the application the canvasser
was amazed to learn that his sub-
scriber was 92 years of age. She
has made her home of late years
with her daughter, Mrs. W. Mar-
fell. Her son-in-law, W. Marfell,
is a veteran of the South African
war and also of the Great War. Her
daughter was supervisor in a muni-
tions factory in England during the
last war. Her grandson, Harold Mar-
fell, is now serving in the R.C.A.F.
in England.

strangest, yet one that may well
prove to be the truest I shall now
relate to you.

Saskatchewan, it seems, is a large
waste of territory, embracing in the
south a thoroughly dried out expanse
of desert, inhabited only by poor,
down-trodden gophers and farmers,
who struggled magnificently for a
meagre living. In the northern por-
tion grew trees of sorts, and game
big and little swarmed in and out
of the woods. Anything from woods
mice to grizzlies could be shot for
the asking.

Now my story does not concern
the plentiful north but instead the
sun bleached south. Here was the
daily bitter struggle fought grimly
by man and beast against a mer-
ciless nature. Here the elements
revelled in their fiercest caprices.
Strong winds blew up blinding dust
storms, the blazing sun bleached
crops, withered trees and evapor-
ated lakes. Blizzards swept the land
in winter, blocking roads, paralyzing
transportation and generally caus-
ing distress alike to man and his
four legged companions.

In summer farmers sent feverish
prayers heavenward for the success
of their varied crops. Adding to their
worries of hail, disease and wind,
were the continued savage, smash-
ing attack of hordes of organized
gophers who devoured and tramp-
led down the few stalks of grain that
did manage to grow. Traps were
set, guns oiled up, poison brought
into use, but although the carnage
was dreadful, the depredations of
the mauraders increased rather than
abated. A further menace to the
scanty crops were the immense
flights of ducks which swooped
down from great heights and nest-
led and crunched the feeble grain
with the utmost relish. An ines-
timable amount of grain was thus
lost every growing season, by the
ravenous forces of nature, beast and
bird. Business, being based on the
yields of grain, in consequence lan-
guished and thousands were on re-
lief, many others needy and still
more pinched and wan with hunger.

But the day of salvation neared.
It was decided to build a number of
Airports in the province. Prosperity
returned at one stroke of the pen,
Thousands were employed, dollars
were spent, beer flowed freely, and
happiness was everywhere. Mer-
chants did a roaring trade. Bus-
and railway companies flourished,
Rain fell in torrents, nature even
was pleased to have the R.C.A.F. in
the Province. Crops multiplied,
gardens flourished, lakes swelled
and everything improved a thousand
fold in every conceivable fashion.

In this way did the R.C.A.F. bring
prosperity to Saskatchewan.

J. L. MCK. F.O