



CONTACT!

THE VOICE OF THE "DUST BOWL" AIRPORT

Per Ardua
Ad Astra

VOL. 1—No. 3

MOSSBANK, SASKATCHEWAN, JULY 15th, 1941.

Free to Airport—Others, .05 cents.

"Lest We Forget"

This article is written to those, Officers, N.C.O.'s, Airmen and Civilians who were responsible for making "Mossbank", as it is today, a truly great example of Canada's accelerated war effort. The illustrations on these pages are a living example of what really can be done, when willing shoulders are put to the wheel.

When one surveys the Station, as it is today, and can recall the situation as it was in the fall of 1940, then and only then, can the pioneers say unto themselves, "Carry on Canada."

"Mossbank" was known as the damned, the Calcutta Hole, the Lazaretto, the worst place imaginable, in fact the "last post of postings". Mossbank to-day is really a place to be proud of, and those responsible can say to the curious with pride, "Come and see what we've got". To those who were here in the early stages and to those who are still with us, may we say, "Do you remember?", or lest we forget: Do you remember boys, when we leaped those ditches and walked 100 yards at 25 below to get to the Wash Room at dawn to shave, just to find that there was only one tube of shaving cream among three hundred? What had happened? Oh! Yes! No water! With consternation, someone meekly inquired, "I wonder what happened to the water? There was plenty last night!" So there was, it had just frozen in the tanks! And do you remember the old fashioned proverbial Reading Rooms with one seat in each, constructed to catch the wind on whatever direction it happened to blow! Do you remember the oil stoves, that we had to encompass with blankets to keep from freezing? Do you remember the Adjutant, who, after warning

For the Next Issue

Calling all pens, pencils, typewriters—Calling all writing brains—Calling all wide-awake Officers, N. C. O.'s and men:

Start right now and write your story for the next issue. We want to improve CONTACT. We need you.

To save time write or typewrite your contribution on note-size paper. If you are using a typewriter please double-space the lines. The printers will like you.

all in D. R. O.'s to beware of ditches, stepped into one and broke his leg, and how the M. O. gently laid him on the floor, put him to sleep and constructed a splint from pillows he took from the head of some weary soul? Do you remember the morning some crafty individual ex-appropriated the C. O.'s shaving water and substituted beer, explaining to the complaining Batman that the "water" looks rusty? Don't you remember through it all the ringing cheerful sound of a certain Officer, "Boys, we have a job to do". Don't forget the boys who pushed your aircraft out on the coldest day, stood in the slip-stream

"while she warmed up", with only a pair of coveralls, (By the way the parkas came in March). Don't forget the M. T. Section who kept the trucks running day and night,

through the slush, and only once were there even more than two out of their vehicles unserviceable. Don't forget however, that No. 2 B. & G. turned out trainees through it all.

Whatever the hardships sustained by Officers and Men, the Battles were flying, the runways were clear, the Lake was peppered with bombs, the food was good, discipline was excellent, a job was being done. Everyone moaned and groaned about being sent to such a place but every kick was a boost and out of the dark the light began to shine.

Let us here pay tribute to a really true friend, a Son of the hos-

pitable West, a friend of both Officers and Men, "Cal Sutor". It was he who smoothed the rough places and it was Cal! Cal! Cal! morning, noon, and night. There are a few who would like to cast aspersions against this friendly gentleman, but Canada and the Air Force will never repay the many, many courtesies extended by him without a thought of remuneration.

Don't forget the citizens of Mossbank, Gravelbourg, Assiniboia, who cheerfully, generously, contributed to our comfort. Don't forget the mud, the beautiful mud, that responds so readily to both rain and sun. And then Spring came, and the gophers popped their noses out. Millions of them. Things took a different hue, the ditches were disappearing, the mud dried up. Then it rained! The natives tell us that there hasn't been as much rain in sixty-seven years. Although we're supposed to be in the Dust Bowl. The Russians have a good expression "Nicheva" which means "Nothing Matters", which may well have been the slogan here, except the "Job to be done".

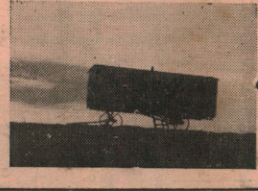
We are proud of our accomplishment. We are proud of our Station. We are proud of our Commanding Officer. In fact, if the truth were told, we would hate like hell to be posted elsewhere. All we need now is the tools and we'll finish the job. Our hospital is the best in the West, our Officers' and Sergeants' Messes are second to none. Living quarters are unexcelled, anywhere. The Legion provides our comforts, we have moving pictures four times a week, bus and train service daily. There is some talk of a swimming pool; this is an ideal place, and we don't take our hats off to anyone or to any station. And don't forget, we have the best running water in Canada.

J. L. McK. F/O.

Flash!

Your paper, men, is given to you by the advertisers whose names you read in the columns of CONTACT. Remember those names when you are in Regina, Moose Jaw, Mossbank or in any of the towns where truly spirited men are found. They are rendering a service to you—patronize their business places; speak highly of them all—they are true friends of yours and of the Air Force.

"THE OLD"



"THE NEW"



Where Credit Is Due

The following appeared in the "SUDBURY DAILY STAR", June 25th issue, and we concur that the poem written by our popular Padre is certainly worth reprinting.

We received a copy of "CONTACT", the air station's monthly newspaper. Its staff is deserving of congratulations. The little journal is jammed with news and bright spots on all of its twelve pages.

A sample of its copy is a poem written by Flt. Lieut. McLean, which bears the title "R. C. A. F." The poem, in accord with our Mossbank correspondent's request, we reprint. It is well worth it.

There's a stirring of wings in the heavens,
There's 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 stir-

reth,
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.

For the Canteen:

"Credit extended to all those over eighty years old, accompanied by their parents."

To The Boys In Maintenance Flight

To me you boys do beef and moan
For working late and you can't go home

To your little wives who sit and wait;
Only to find you're working late.

But alas my men, some day you'll be
Sergeants tough and hard like me

So work away and do not beef
For some day you may find relief.

After this war is over
After this war is won

Then you may have a chance
To keep ME on the run.

But until the battle is over,
Until this war is won

I'm sorry, boys, you'll have to work
And all things can be done.

I hope some day they will forgive me,
Your pretty wives so dear

For not letting you go home
And making you stay here.

"Richford"

CONTACT!

Published every month for
No. 2 Bombing and Gunnery School,
at Mossbank, Saskatchewan.

Editorial and Reporting Staff

A representative from each flight on the
Station.

Editorial and news correspondence should be
sent to:

CONTACT Committee,
R. C. A. F.,
Mossbank, Sask.

Advertising queries should be sent to the print-
ers:

THE MODEL PRINT SHOP
Gravelbourg,
Sask.

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

Contact and Local History

Few of the personnel of No. 2 B. & G. School, as they read their copy of "CONTACT" realize that they are reading perhaps the only contemporary history of the more personal activities of the school it is possible to read. It is doubtful too, if they realize that as each issue gets old, the more valuable it becomes and that the old files of a newspaper are, from an historical standpoint, of incalculable worth.

The newspaper files are the most authentic history of a community available. They tell the story of the community's life as it happens. Past history is important to those who live in the present. Those of us at No. 2 B. & G. who are living with all modern conveniences are sometimes apt to forget the sacrifices of those who made Canada possible. It is not so very long ago when this territory was virgin forest or prairie, untouched by the hand of the white man. It was a territory upon which the plow-point had never turned a furrow, a wild and beautiful country in its natural state. In the meantime, men have worked and schemed, and planned, and today we have every modern convenience, churches, schools, libraries, theatres, electric lights, sewers sidewalks and a hundred and one other conveniences our forefathers never dreamed of having. These things did not come by chance or natural evolution. They came about because men toiled ceaselessly to leave behind them a better world than that into which they came. Their devotion, their struggles, their ideals, their initiative and determination should be an inspiration to succeeding generations. And the record of their achievements appears in the files of local newspapers everywhere, and that is why they are such valuable records of the triumphs of the pioneers.

Few people who contribute to the columns of a newspaper realize that they are contemporary historians. They are chronicling the events of community life for posterity, and generations hence will read the story they have told, and from the struggles of this day they will gain inspiration for the struggles of their day. For this reason it is essential that contributors be not lacking for the columns of "CONTACT", so that we may preserve a record of our achievements, our struggles, our sorrow and our fun.

Playing the Game

Ever since time, the bards have been singing Their praises of champions, loud, to the world. Ever since time, sport fans have been bringing Their tributes to where heroes' banners unfurled.

Round and about us, in picture and story, Are blazened the deeds of men who have won, While, for the losers, though often we're sorry We only take time for a single "Well done!"

We're eager to send up loud cheers for a winner, Eager to hand him his new laurel crown. The champion's feted. The loser, poor sinner, Gets just what goes to the fellow who's down.

Loaded with honors, the champion often Fails to consider the fellow who lost; The thrill of his win makes his heart slow to soften. He just doesn't know what the victory cost.

There's more to a game than mere wining or losing, And the best man's not always the fellow in front. There has been more than one Champ who got there by using Methods the loser disdained in his heart.

The way a man tries, and his bearing in winning, Are what should determine our homage and cheers. The loser, who goes down still trying, and grinning, Merits more plaudits than he ever bears.

The Paint Shop

There's a little spot that we call home,
Where many visitors chance to roam.
That small corner of number five
It really is a swell little dive.
Here we spray paint nearly every day,
Painting planes to ease our pay,
Getting paint seems quite a task,
But send the right stuff is all we ask.
Now painting offices seems all the rage,
We've learned that fact from Sgt. Page,
Also, stands, jacks, and many more
Sgt. Bryan brings to our door.
Now we have a gallon of milk each day
To drive the various poisons away,
But fitters and riggers of every size
Come in to sample our liquid prize.
When we'er finished and the craft rolled out
Everyone looks, then begins to shout
You're welcome to visit us and see the sight,
To spray your toolkit will be our delight.

F. S.H.

Editorial Comment

A Contrast

We, as Canadians, scarcely realize as yet there is a war. Not one house in Canada has been blown to atoms by the fiendish air attacks of the Germans. Not one child nestling in its mother's arms has been torn from her breast by a bursting shell or bomb. We have not had one sleepless night. We have eaten what we chose to eat, worked as we have chosen to work and played as we have chosen to play. How different to those in the Mother Country. Night after night bombed mercilessly. Mothers, fathers, little children, brothers, and sisters, maimed and crushed or blown to pieces before one another's eyes; no food to eat; the place that once was their home a pile of rubble; the gardens where once they picked flowers a desolate wilderness; churches where they were wont to worship a pile of ruins and all about them death, and yet through it all they smile and carry on. Such men and women cannot be beaten. Such brave indomitable spirits cannot be subdued. "There will always be an England", and so long as there is an England, Hitler and his hordes cannot win.

Nuts and Bolts

(From Maintenance)—(Mostly Nuts)

Congratulations:

The personnel of Maintenance from both Hangers wish to take this opportunity to congratulate F/L Cheeseman on his recent promotion.

Said No. 6 Hangar to No. 5....
"Ah, you're all wet, we worked harder than you did today" (G.I.S. in stage whisper, heard for half a mile.) "Who said you bozos work?"

"Ah heck, I never get any flying pay." (Maybe you don't fly)

Have Kirkham and Gerber figured out yet how to get oil in the Norseman?

Stores Stock Statement:
"Sorry, haven't got it, it'll be in to-morrow" (I hope)

Marshall and Anderson are going to install Battle Modification No. 107. Bed and Mattress in rear cockpit for tired airmen. (Canteen for thirsty N.C.O.'s.)

Famous sayings:
"Bring it back to-night... or else!"

Storm Clouds:
"Why do we have to work to-night?"

F/L Cheeseman says he always looks after his men, he is not going to see their wives lonesome during the quarantine.

The Instrument Section is now stocking high class Jewelry. See Cpl. Hindson.

Sgt. Seguin wishes to take this opportunity of inviting all the men of Maintenance to a tea party in the Orderly Room next week. At two o'clock maybe.

Cpl. Webster is plunging into the sea of matrimony. Now maybe we can get a couple of extra feet of locking wire... or a dirty look..

Is it possible that our popular F/L really thinks his speed ball Sgt. is a contortionist, or was he only worried about the refreshments which appeared to be slowly fading away.

Mary had a little lamb,
Her father shot it dead,
And now it goes to school with her,
Between two hunks of bread.

Officers' UNIFORMS

We specialize in made-to-measure uniforms, authentic styles and best tailoring. Also accessories shirts, ties, socks, dressing gowns.

KIT SUPPLY HOUSE
FOR A. C. A. F. PERSONNEL

FRED BARBER

MAN'S SHOP
Representative Warren Cook
Clothes.
1828, Hamilton St.
Regina Sask.

DON'T SAY BREAD

SAY:

McGAVIN'S

THE HOME OF TONIK
BREAD

COMPLIMENTS

Hotel Kitchener

Regina

Sask.

GENERAL MOTORS PRODUCTS OF CANADA LTD.

Factory Retail Branch

For Dependable

FOUR STAR GUARANTEED

USED CARS

The Best Equipped Garage in Western Canada

Phones: Service, 8511 — Sales, 4424

Corner Rose & 12th Avenue

Regina.

Do We Hear You Kicking?

(Extract from a letter from "Over There")

Editor's Note: The following letter was written by a Canadian Mechanist working in one of Liverpool's busiest plants and presents a vivid picture of the determination of the British people under present conditions.

"... I had a close brush myself. On April 17th I left work and had such a cold and cough I wasn't sure what to do. For five days I stayed in bed. I then got up and walked a block and a half to a Doctor who advised me to go to my panel Doctor as he was very busy (we are allotted to a certain Doctor). Well feeling so tough, this was on Friday, I went back to bed and Saturday a land mine landed just this way from that Dr.'s home. Of course he and every one else in his house were killed. It only knocked the rest of the plaster down on my bed, but I was under the covers by then. But at any rate on Monday I had the Landlady here phone for a Doctor. He called but being so busy he figured I was on the last stages of the whooping cough. I laid in bed till the following Friday when I called him again. He took

my temperature which past and 104 and on May 2nd they sent me to the hospital from which I just returned today and found your paper and several letters marked "damaged by sea water" We had eight days while I was in the hospital. A bomb hit one wing of the hospital and believe you me, it was a drafty place. However, it is odd, an old man next to me had his bed covered with broken glass. He was unhurt but very sick. To this day I never heard one word from him and I've talked to him too. But not a kick or grouse of any sort because of what happened. Then when they brought in casualties, there were lots of exciting stories. One man was rather outstanding. He talked to no one in particular. But he talked, seemed to be sensible too. Talked of his people, his kids, his work, etc. Between five and six the next morning (we are called at 5) he was chatting away, his words were spaced further apart... and there, all alone, no folks with him and I believe in his right senses, he passed away at 6 a.m. The awful part of this was, I figured him 33 or so. A young man, he may even have known that he was done for, yet not cussing Hitler, crying for revenge or asking forgiveness for his sins. He just died. No one spoke of him and

no one asked questions. I would have liked (but in Rome, etc).

I have seen a lot of bombing and called at three heavily bombed cities and now I have been in an extra heavy blitz. Even the damage done to London on Saturday has not in any way changed the talk of the people and the kids in the streets, playing among the wreckage of their homes. This morning I walked for 10 minutes to the nearest Bus stop and waited 30 minutes for a bus. I saw men looking over their wrecked stores figuring out where to start. We have had two nights now without any bombs, so no gunfire. I have never seen a brick on the street and the streets are being swept just as ever. In other words everything is normal. Some firms are indisposed but not for long. You, of course, know that they downed 33 planes Saturday that is 124 for the first ten days of May. The total for April was 90. It's a ten minute walk from my rooms to the Bus and I see broken windows boarded up, street lamps down and neatly piled. Fire watchers stay up most of the night and go to their work in the mornings. I wonder if you know how much a shilling's worth of meat for a working man for a week is? O, how hard it is, for instance myself. In the hospital ten days. Four of those days with no food and three days before I entered. Seven days on liquid. I did get some milk but mostly bovril. After a tempera-

ture of 104 I was very weak and at no time while I was there did I have an egg, an orange or lemon or any of the things considered necessary for recovery. Some patients did, only they received it from friends who stayed in line for hours only to get one or two eggs. Being a stranger I received no extras. And there are thousands, maybe not friendless but unable, due to conditions, to get those things. For breakfast on a full diet I received as much bread and butter (?) as I wanted up to eight half slices and a plate of porridge, no sugar or milk or tea. (The landlady just arrived... 3shillings for a pound of fish for dinner), for dinner we had potatoes, meat, cabbage and gravy. Rice with no sugar or milk, no tea or coffee, only water. For tea at 4 p.m. we have three half slices of bread and maybe jam and two sardines and at 8 p.m. we have a half cup of hot milk. Now, mind you, I got more at home but that is what a person gets who is ill if they have no friends. A casualty next to me got hold of some pipe tobacco and half out of his mind he was chewing it. He had no way of getting a cigarette. You hear no great deal of kicking. They take the good with the bad.

Then the merc'ant Navy... where I lodge a Mr. Davis left last December and returned May 8th. He is leaving tomorrow, May 13th. When he leaves he says goodbye as if he were returning that night. No one speaks of him as being in danger... just away to work. So you see there is more to their fight than putting up with the blitz. In my shop we work 12 hours a night. During a raid there is a heavy barrage therefore a lot of schrapnel raining on the roof and thousands of men work through this. It's hard on the nerves, but personally, I never spoil a job because of it and the only time we stop is when planes are overhead, and they douse

the lights.

Yes there are all kinds of stories I could tell you. Real human interest stories of real people who do a very strange job real well. They are doing a great job and are not discouraged and figure that they were overfed before and are healthier for being on rations.

Gags From the Security Guard

We have a young "Corp" we call **Ron**. He never gets home until dawn; Each day he does flee, To his own sweet Marie And we don't mean the well known bon-bon.

The Old Refrain:
"Sleep? Never heard of it!"

Guard: Halt, who goes there?"
Reilly: "Sergeant of the Guard".
Guard: "So your the guy who cancelled my '48".
(Too bad, he WAS such a nice fellow).

Who's face lights up like a Christmas Tree at the mention of the word Ettington? (Why Joe?)

What has Moose Jaw that Montreal hasn't got? Eh, Tommy?

Who is the handsome young examiner that wants a posting to Gravelbourg?

Famous last words:
Rearing: "Leave? What's That?"
Reilly: "I was in the Exhibition Squad"
McKinley: "Whaddaya mean, hair-cut?"

It was 6:30 a.m. Two guards were returning from a very disappointing visit south on No. 2 highway. Says one: "I never met an old man who could stay up so long."

MOSSBANK

The RED & WHITE Stores
F. J. Hoskin

- COMPLETE LINE OF GROCERIES —
- FRUITS and VEGETABLES —
- "PROGRESS" BRAND CLOTHES —
- OFFICERS' UNIFORMS—GREAT COATS —
- RAIN COATS —
- SHIRTS—TIES—SHOES—HOSE—

Come to
Wing's Hotel
for Dancing
Wednesday & Saturday

COMPLIMENTARY
The Mossbank Cafe
Meals & Lunches
A HEARTY WELCOME TO ALL

COMPLIMENTS-----
The Empress Hotel
WHERE THE AIRPORT PERSONNEL
AND THE TRAINEES ARE ALWAYS
WELCOME

Security Guard

ABOUT THE GUARD

Here are a group of airmen who have one of the most responsible positions in the Air Force, yet how many people know and realize this.

I am afraid that too few have any ideas concerning the duties of the guard, thinking that a guard is someone who simply stands at the gate and stops you from entering or leaving the station. Such is not the complete function of this unit.

Every station has millions of dollars worth of machinery and equipment that must be guarded constantly, and it is the Guard's job to see that this is done. Rain, wind, snow, all these must be endured by them in the carrying out of their duties.

Besides this he must take drill and attend lectures, in order that he will be proficient in the use of firearms, and thoroughly versed in the different forms and techniques of sabotage. Other countries have been ravished by Fifth Columnists due to either the lack of, or the inefficiency of the guard. That will never happen here because we have a group of men who joined the service for the express purpose of safeguarding our airforce centres.

So my friends when you are passing an airport and see a guard diligently patrolling his beat, don't use the well know phrase known to him "Hello, sucker", stop and smile, and say "Nice going, chum".

ICE COLD PILSNER
Keeps you Cool!
You can Beat the Heat but you can't Beat Pilsner

The Armament Section

An armorer has a forgotten, but very important, and highly specialized job. If you doubt this statement, see the editor of the Toronto Star Weekly, for they are his words. To back him up, we of the Armament Section humbly point out that without armament, the R. C. A. F. would only be a fancy flying club! So, to give you a few of these outstanding people at work, I will ask you to follow me around on a visit through this section of No. B. & G.

Do you think those men out on the gunnery line have a cinch of a job?

Moans From the Hospital

We were asked in the last issue of CONTACT! to explain the meaning of the letters A, B and C, on the treatment slips. Well, the letter A means that you are able to work, but you are to come to the hospital for treatment. Letter B is not much better, if you are thinking of having a nap in the morning or afternoon. It does not excuse you from P. T. or parades, but you are not to be exposed to extreme heat or cold, and you are excused heavy work for the time stated on the treatment slip. Flying personnel are excused flying. Letter C is most sought after slip of them all, because it excuses you from all duties, but this letter is hard to get, for if you are sick enough to get a C, then you are sick enough to be in the hospital and we don't mean maybe.

We had a fashion parade here in the hospital the other day. The nurses were trying on their new dress uniforms. Pretty smart, we say.

There were a lot of flowers around the hospital, during the inoculation parades—you know the kind, Pansies.

We certainly enjoy the rumour going around as to what the camp is quarantined for; some people certainly have some funny ideas.

We have two new members on our staff and we would like to say welcome to Mossbank, ACI Latulippe and ACI Milnev.

Yes, it seems that times are getting better. About the only place you can find panhandlers these days is in the hospital.

The great heart of the hospital staff goes out to LAC Grudnitski, and we offer our sympathy. We feel grateful no one was hurt; yes, too bad, but these model airplanes will crash, you know.

Just watch them when an aircraft returns from an exercise. A mad rush and they're up beside the Gunners, before taxiing is completed. "How's the gun?", and then comes a long tale of woes from the flier. To all this, the armorer must give the sympathetic ear and the bedside manner of the good physician. With the tact of a diplomat, he impresses the Gunner with the fact that his weapon was really O. K., and the stoppages were really due to some lacking experience in the man firing. Of course, once in a while some things beyond our control do happen, and then, with the skill of a psychoanalyst, the Gunner is appeased and the difficulty smoothed out. As a skilled tradesman, all this work is done in less than five minutes.

In Bombing Flight, the armorer has to be responsible for every piece of mechanism that ensures release of the bombs at the exact instant they are supposed to drop. He has also to put the bombs on to the carriers, to inspect them, and to remove the safety split pins, just before the take-off. Then once more, the combined work of a doctor, a psychoanalyst, and even an instructor to some observer, whose mind was on a ravishing blond one day in class, must come into operation.

Back in the section. Here you will find that an armorer has to be a fine machinist. In the fitter's shop they are constantly making new parts, doing repair work, and even following the footsteps of the great inventors. Most of the ingenious devices that adapt the armament supplied to conditions of this station are the products of the mighty minds and the cunning hands of the armourers here.

Following through, you will see armourers in the machine-gun room, cleaning and examining weapons that are brought in from the line. Hardly a thing escapes the sharp eyes of these armament inspectors. To his left is the magazine filling room. Here, we see armourers who are also excellent accountants or bookkeepers. Every round that is received must be accounted for, as it is spent, and an armorer does that job as well as fill magazines.

Armourers are the men, too, who obtain the wind speed and direction for the bombing flight, since the Camera Obscura is part of their department. The 25-yard range is also in the care of this section.

Therefore, in leaving the Armament Section, we hope that this job

Notes From the Cookhouse

(By Weary Willie)

Our history has been interesting. There were those days in October, 1940, when we marched through inches of dust. Yes, boys, it was dust then, for that is how we got our name, "Dust-Bowl Airport". We marched for our meals to the Poole Construction Company's Cook shack. Maybe you think the food was the... then. Personally, I thought it was darn good in comparison to Manning Pool.

By the first of the month, we moved into our first airforce Mess, the small one, which is now the Civilian Mess. At first, the butter was rationed—one square to a man, for right then we started and continued on army rations. There was no extra messing then. And the meals were good, even then, were they not?

So we outgrew this Mess. I do not see how we fed everyone in so small a place, but we did. By November 25th, our permanent airmen's Mess was ready. So we moved in and the first meal was breakfast on the 26th. The same high quality and standards conti-

nued as before, but it seemed from then on our problems and troubles began. That was to be expected. We had no sooner started, when the water went off. Fortunately we had an auxiliary tank to fall back on. Then later there was the problem of night meals. Too many were eating at night and were supposed to be on night duty. Then extra messing came in, another big problem. There were lunches for

There is supposed to be a set-down rule for the way in which a Central Registry is run, and the way in which files are kept, but in our case when a file is not in the Orderly Room C.R. (as is nearly always the case), AC Simone Symon nearly always says: "It must be in the Accounts Section", and he never refers to his files to give you that bit of information (deduction I suppose), and he even adds as a sort of a clincher, "Either Cpl. McCormick or Cpl. Horsfall will have it".

It is really a wonderful system those three boys have, it has never failed to work yet, and you have to give them a lot of credit, for it took a lot of hard work to perfect such a foolproof system as that.

Where There Is Life, There Is Hope

The four Easterners in the O.R. were great believers in the above saying and still are, and they hope that some day they will be posted back East.

From the way I see it, the boys have HOPE, just as the maxim says they should, but for the part about LIFE... well! The fellows do eat, they also walk, and sometimes they even go as far as to work, but you all know what they "Looks are deceiving", and the last point can be debated!

We would like to know whether this is an Air Force Station, or a Naturalists' School. A certain Corporal around here seems to think it is the latter, for early every morning he rushes down to No. 1 Hangar and vainly attempts to stuff a butterfly into a lamp bulb, and this project takes all his time every day.

We are not quite sure whether this Corporal belongs to the M.T. Section, for we have not seen him doing any M.T. work since he has been at No. 2 B. & G. School. P. S. A FLASH has just reached us that the experiment was a success, the butterfly is in the bulb. (Who, who!)

the bombing-range crew, which began to increase. Eventually we got lunch pails for them. And now they have a Mess of their own out on the range. They number about thirty three, but the cooks say they would rather cook for two hundred at regular hours.

Another highlight in our history was when two "B" grouping cooks arrived from Patricia Bay, B. C., Corporal Ford and L. A. C. Lewis. Right away they began to houseclean and many things went out the back door. All these changes—a new order—became too much for the Civilian Chief Cook Henry Nelson. But when the meat block was moved into the refrigerator, that was the last straw. Nelson quit. The meat block didn't stay there long. All people have brain waves.

In the course of time, we got our Hobart, our bake oven, and vegetable peeler. All this new equipment helped immensely.

Near the end of April, the steam-table, along with the coffee or tea urns, were installed all new and bright and shining.

And now what have we? We have brand new paper serviette holders, just as in a good restaurant, new boxes for silver, in place of apple boxes, separate tables for Corporals.

Wonders will never cease! All we need now are ash trays, about a hundred a day until the barracks become stocked. The Corporals will soon be using the other side of the Mess, along with the "Civies", for a new steam table has been installed on that side.

You like our meals and our Mess. Very well, but the credit goes, in my opinion, to those who laid the foundation and set the standards right at the start. Those now in charge have carried on the good work. Upon Sgt. Cook L. R. Charbonneau and Chief Cook Henry Nelson fell the responsibility of the entire set-up, arrangement, opening, quality and standards of the first airman's Mess, and these two have made it what it is today. You have no idea of the problems which had to be confronted and solved. Too much is taken for granted.

I might add that it is Civilian Charlie Chalmers who has been preparing and serving night meals and lunches from the start. How well he does, you who eat at night know. In conjunction with Sergeant Charbonneau and the Service Police, the problem of night meals seems to have been smoothed out.

L. A. C. Walmsley, H.J.

H. Q. Orderly Room

You all know about the people who always "Just drop in for a chat", usually at meal times, and stay for tea; well, have you heard about the runner that drops into the Airmen's Mess about 1100 hours every day for a cup of tea and stays for lunch!

Warning To All

LAC Equipment Assistant threatens to sue all and everyone who dares to mention his name once more in our little newspaper "CONTACT", so beware all ye mockers that have ever used the name of the above mentioned in vain.

Just because the young fellow hopes he will be "Lucky" enough to be posted elsewhere, (Winnipeg preferred), and is unhappy in the Service, (and intends to let everyone know about his troubles), is that any reason to say nasty things about him?

Be kind to our little chum, boys, and please for his sake don't hurt his delicate feeling any more. I just know you would not want to see him broken hearted (or would you?)

has been shown in its true importance to the operation of a Bombing and Gunnery School. We hope that, when the inexperienced and the unknowing say the disappointing "Oh" when introduced to a ground crew man, that you'll do something to correct that impression. Yet we, armourers, while we know we're important, would never think of looking that way. Oh, no—to the station we're just "Joe Armourers" all.

ACI Gamble, G. A.,
Armament Section.

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The Outcast

To most of us, policemen are good friends, but here is the tale of a fugitive from the law, who was hungry, homeless and forced to run at the sight of the familiar blue uniform.

"Hi there," said the policeman. "I'd like a word with you." He was a large policeman, while the suspect was small. He was an efficient policeman, but the suspect was the more agile of the two, evading the clutch of a powerful hand, he darted into the roadway, swerved past a lorry, rounded a bus and reached the opposite side of the street. There a public park confronted him. He sought refuge in that. No whistle shrilled behind him; no grim, pursuing footsteps sounded in his ears, but he ran wildly on for all that, never pausing for an instant till his eyes were dimmed with exhaustion and his breath was nearly spent. Then, however, he flung himself down in the shade of a tree, ignoring with characteristic heedlessness the notices which re-

quested him to "keep off the grass." Outcasts are naturally lawless.

It was 11 a.m. and the park was thronged with nursemaids and their charges, soldiers, retired elderly gentlemen, and a host of well-dressed ladies. The outcast eyed them dejectedly. He was hungry, tired and thirsty, unkempt and bedraggled, splashed from head to foot with mud, in bitter contrast with the comfort of his pre-outcast days. The sound of happy voices, the warmth of the sun and the soft caresses of the gentle breeze combined to send the outcast to sleep, in a sleep that ceased to be peaceful when the memories of the tragedy that had ended his tranquil existence invaded his mind. He remembered that drive that finished with a collision between the two-seater that had held him and a huge touring-car. There had been the screech of brakes and a scream from the girl beside him, the impact of metal and the crash of breaking glass. He saw the woman he loved lying white and helpless in the roadway; again he lived in fancy through his own shameful flight, recalling those moments of utter panic with a tremor in his limbs. But he had paid for his desertion, was paying for it yet, because he could not recall the place where he used to live or find anyone who wanted him, alive or dead. "Come on out of here," said a voice behind him. "Don't let me have to tell you twice!" It was a park-keeper, and the outcast rose wearily from where he had been lying and exchanged the grass for the nearest path. When he was clear of the park the sight of silver buttons on a blue background caused him to risk his life a second time in a scamper across a crowded thoroughfare. The gods of the lost ones were with him, however, and again he escaped mishap, and was unpursued by the second policeman, as he had been by the first, though a van-driver cursed him for forcing him to swerve. The outcast did not hear him, deaf as he was to all things save to the call of hunger. He went dejectedly along the pavement, keeping as close to the wall as he could. He contemplated the theft of food with no greater misgiving than a natural desire to avoid the punishment of crime. Not that he had the opportunity, at the moment, because there was no shop in sight, nor had he the physique, the courage, or the inclination to rob some well-fed passer-by in this busy, well-lit street.

Outside the provision stores temptation came across his path. It was in the shape of a girl who was pretty and expensively dressed, yet her resemblance to some memory of the happy days past saved him. But he lacked the courage to resist the second temptation, born of the gnawing hunger which undermined his strength, so that, when he caught sight of a ham in the errand-boy's basket, he did not hesitate to seize it, drag it out on the pavement, balance it neatly and then take to flight. Turmoil broke out behind him and this time he was pursued. It was a stern chase and would have been

Control Tower Capers

A happy place this tower of ours, The staff is blithe and gay, Where work is done efficiently For each and every day.

Our leader Mr. Penman, A Britisher of note, And Mr. Booth our Adjutant Their words we often quote.

The wing commander sits in state, His henchmen by his side, He and Mr. Hale we hear The Trainees' fate decide.

Of many others could we speak But it will suffice to say That when there's any work to do We have no time for play.

After that little effort (?) here are some standard expressions by some

a long one had he not collided with a policeman at the corner of the street.

"Hi you, not so fast!" exclaimed the constable, and gripped him by the neck. "You come along wi' me!" And the outcast was marched to the police station, followed by a jeering crowd. He went willingly with his captor for anything was better than the laughter of the mob. "Hello, Jones!" said the station sergeant in the Charge Room. "What've you brought in?"

"A desperate character, Sergeant. Lifted an 'am from Block's stores in the High Street as cool as you please, but he gave no trouble when I claimed him, came as quiet as a lamb."

"Hum... he looks all in, and—Phew! it's the chap we were warned to look for! Here, keep him under observation while I get on the phone."

An hour later the outcast reappeared in the Charge Room to see a woman standing before the station sergeant's desk. The outcast had just been given a meal and was feeling more himself.

"Peter!" cried the woman; and took him in her arms.

"Then he IS the little beggar who bolted after your car crash, miss?" the station sergeant asked.

"Yes," replied the girl. "A Scottie," said P. C. Jones, "My missus had one once. He was a perky beggar, too, but he never stole an 'am."

"I must pay for that, and it's awfully sweet of you to find him." The girl smiled gratefully at the constable, and Peter, the Scots terrier, wagged his tail.

M.Y.O.D.B.

of the staff:

"Oh, that's tigtly boo!"
Sqd. Ldr Penman.

"Say, Bill, yuh got a cigarette?"
Flt. Lt. Booth.

"What '\$&?-!)é)!' goes on?"
F/O Smith

"I might say that I... and I... while I..."
F/S O'Brien

"I've stood just about enough—step outside will yuh?"
Tierney

"Haircut, Bud?"
"Anybody around here got any money I can borrow?"
Laird

"I'm on a '48"—my wife called me."
Marriott

"Tresidder! What are you doing?"
Cpl. Miller

Then there were three of our staff with the initials Miller, Leaker and Laird who got quite black in the face trying out a "lung-tester". Our own Bill Marriott takes quite a ribbing when his wife calls him up, the next thing we know he's making a bee-line for Mossbank. "My wife needs me", is his only come-back.

Speaking of wives, the Control Tower staff wish to extend their congratulations and best wishes to Mr. and Mrs. "Barb" Leaker who were married on June 30th.

WANTED: A competent instructor to teach Flight Sergeant O'Brien how to use the telephone.

Really Flight, it's quite simple.

Our Adjutant, Flt. Lt. Booth has gone to Oitawa on Temporary Duty and although there has been no official comment, it is felt that this move is in advance of his posting there. He has built himself quite a niche in the Tower and our loss will be Oitawa's gain. The rest of the staff join the writer in saying "The best of everything, Hal!"

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CANADIAN LEGION WAR SERVICES

CANADIAN LEGION WAR SERVICES

by Howard Large, Supervisor

Some people are hounds for punishment and our Editor is no Exception for he has asked us to make another contribution to the columns of the Station Paper CONTACT, he even admits that there were no printers strikes at the headquarters when they read our copy, confesses that the firms are still willing to advertise in the next issue knowing that he had asked us to make another onslaught against good journalism, yes Sir; it is a great and trusting world. But we are more than pleased to have the opportunity of sending in our little bit of chatter. Our slogan is TO SUCCEED YOU MUST KEEP CONTACT; AND THE WAY TO KEEP THAT IS BY CONTACT?? WITH CONTACT... Now where are we? Oh yes, here are the news:

Activities

Even in the hot weather the picture shows which are now on the 35MM basis, with a pay as you enter charge, are proving popular with the boys four nights a week and are being patronized in a substantial way.

— SPECIALTY —
— TASTY MEALS —
RYAN'S CAFE
Mrs. F. Ryan, (prop.)
1761, Scarth, St. — Regina

"Round The Camp"

Other activities are given over to the great outdoor and besides the dances, "forty-eights", and rummy games, sports have taken on some activity, and although we have two good hard ball teams, with full equipment, their play is retarded somewhat by the slowness of preparing the diamonds. Soft ball is getting under way with the strating of sports periods, many games should be taking place. Soccer has made fast strides and some interesting games have taken place with Moose Jaw city teams, and 32 Flying school R.A.F. and it is hoped within the football season to have the new field in shape so that visiting teams can play in our own station. A new sports centre will be opened shortly in the East side of Barrack 18, where all sports equipment will be under supervision and available at all times.

It has been the Legion's privilege and pleasure to give assistance in some way to the lads who are now camped at the Lake and they are taking full advantage of that equipment, volley ball, horseshoes, hard and soft ball, darts, and we are plugging for a radio. So they will be able to tell how the war is progressing. Cheerio, lads. Carry on!

Events in the sports' realm for future dates as ratified by the Sports Committee, participation in the field day at Lafleche, July 16, and at Kincaid, July 23, when hard ball, soft ball and a dance will be staged and the lads at Kincaid who so generously opened their homes to many of the chaps at Christmas and New Years', again throw open the invitation to all Officers and men to be their guests on that day. Let's know if you can go. Transportation being provided by Kincaid.

Proposed
A monster field day, open to public in the Camp.
A swimming pool.
Roller skating.
Miniature golf course.
Little Theatre Movement.
Camp. Military Band.

THE OLD TIMER SAYS:

Durned if I can see any sense a haulin' all them rocks back on this homestead, that took nigh unto ten years to haul them off!

Went up in one of them Aero-planes tother day and left the Missus and family scared stiff watching me go. Ye know, fifty percent of them folks down there think we going to crash... and I says well they aint got nothing on us, for fifty percent of us thinks the same. When I did get down I went around behind that plane and I nearly got blowed over with the wind... That's one fairy-tail I keep away from. At any rate I can say I was in one Battle, during this here war, and when my stomach quits choking my adams apple I'll tell you more about my visit.

Member how them chickens used to thicker'n russian thistle in the early days. Wal sir tehy tell me ye got to go into the city for the chicken now...

Forgot to tell you that I arraided herenot knowing whether Bill would be at home, but seems the day I got here is what the boys call July 6, the day of the Great Purge... One fella told me that's the day when the Doctor makes a Punch board outa your arm... tother fellow told me he jest got outa hospital... they took his appendix away from him... and I told him he shoulda had it in his wife's name and they couldn't touch it... at any rate the boys is all corraled for brandin' or something. Seven days as one chap says that makes one weak... Durn these boys ye can't keep em down. And the coolest flyer is up in the air most of the time, sounds screwy, don't it, Aint we all? so long, and jest remember... 25 years ago the driver wrapped the lines around the buggy whip and go to sleep for a few minutes but today the driver wraps car round a telephone pole and goes to sleep permanently... and remember boys if you are thinking of getting married... taint all looks ye know... Its like going into one of them thar cafeteria restaurants... ye pick out what ye think looks good and pay for it afterwards... Well must begetting back to the summer fallowing Chins up... make sure your winds right...

This Month's Songs

"Sure They Called It Ireland" (tune)
Sure the corporation mud cart over-
turned itself one day
And all its mucky substance in a
Mossbank district lay
And when the Air Force saw it sure
it looked so nice and dry
They said oh what a lovely place,
where men can come and die
Then they dotted it with hangars,
and barracks all in rows
But why the 'ell they did. I'm sure
nobody knows
And then called it finished and they

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opened it to train
And the personnell all wish that was
down the bloomin drain.

Around the Legion Hut

Yes: it's too hot for coffee.
While it has been extra hot in
the barracks and you want to write
that letter or even study, you will
find that it is a little cooler in our
hut. A quiet room away from the
rattle of the ping pong balls and
rasping voiced yodellers on the ra-
dio, where you can make yourself
comfortable in easy chairs with in-
dividual lamps to rest your eyes.
Another three large study tables
will shortly be installed, for your
further convenience.

More and more lads are taking
advantage of the Legion Educational
courses and why not? It's a chance
to keep contact with that course of
study you gave up to enlist... it
will help you prepare for the after-
war rehabilitation and it is free
to all men in Canadian Forces.

Alec Fraser, the congenial chap
who would have to put a golf ball
too far away to hit it and at the
same time see it, has again received

the call to transport for Blighty.
Alec was one of the old first contin-
gent of 1914, and served with dis-
tinction throughout the war, but
this time, age and physical staus
being on the down grade, he must
be content to join the front line
troops as a supervisor of Canadian
Legion Services. Alec, who has
been schooling with us at the hut
for the last few weeks left to-night.
So, it's good luck, Alec, and don't
forget to duck.

Pertinent Paragraphs

Our coffee counter poet says:
We used to see their ankles
And now we see their knees
And all I ask is just to live
A few more years please.

As they sat alone in the twilight
She said as she smoothed his brow
Darling I know my life's been fast
But I'm on my last lap now.

In a mule we find two legs behind
And two we find before
We tickle behind before we find
What the two behinf be for.

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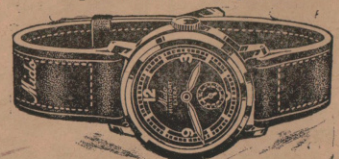
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Anonymous

This philosophy of Life what is it? If two men fight the world is at war. My friends, it is for those two men—but the rest of the world—well, you know, they go scurrying hither and yon, they know not where. We are born, marry, have children and die. But, do we live? That is the point. Have we enough brains in our poor human skull to appreciate the beauties of the life that is passing us by, day by day, and hour by hour. The flowers, the birds, the trees, our fellow man. Surely we must make these things the sum of our life.

We are brothers under the Sun. Brothers in the sight of God and the good man of God. Our main purpose of life, I think, is to help our fellow man over the turnstile and the rocky road of life. Glory and be happy in the success of our friends. Be with them in their sorrow. Rejoice in their comradeship. A man is no better than his brother.

The essence of love is true comradeship and feelings of friendship towards all mankind. "Brothers under the Sun". Big or Little. Meek or Proud and Arrogant. Life knows them all and after all it is we ourselves who go to make up life. Rather a meaty thought that, is it not? Let me repeat it. It is we

ourselves who go to make up life. When we consider that statement let us hark back to our geometry days. The sum of the whole is no greater than the sum of its parts. A chain is no stronger than its weakest links. So let us all pull together boys and make life a little bit smoother for our fellow beings on this earth.

Mossbank No. 2 B. & G. Ah! friend, I see you laugh. But hold. I look out of my barrack block window tonight and what do I see. I see the glorious Sun sinking to rest in the vales surrounding us. I see green blades of grass bravely sprouting up thru' the dark earth. I see flowers, with their petals like brave banners flying on high. And I see a long line of Barrack Blocks. 13A, 12B, 11A, 9B, as we call them. But list friend inside of those barrack blocks are human beings like you and I. Our friends whom we work with, play with and eat with. We laugh, sing and shout together. We are living and have not the brains to realize it. I see that the smile has gone from your face with that trite statement. Yes friend, you are one of those people. All one body we.

And lend your ears yet a while friend. We, they, are all joined together here for the common cause.

Our fathers knew the cause we fight as the German heel. We know it as Nazism. Our fathers crushed it into the ground but like a snake it is rising again and trying to pour its foul venom out into the land. But that will not be. We shall crush it. We shall cut off its vicious head and feed it to the jackals. Ah yes, friend. You may not like Mossbank but curb your impatience to be away. Don't forget we are sending men out to crush the vile thing that kills children in their sleep, and our fellow men at work. Did you not see the line up of Graduates on that Wing Parade last week. That is what we are working for here at 2 B&G. Think friend, darn you, think. After all friend, life is good. And we wish to keep it and nourish it. Quit your squawkin' and come down to earth and lend a hand to beat off Nazism.

'Bye friend,
The old Philosopher.

COMPLIMENTS OF SIMON'S CAFE

1820, 11th Avenue

Regina,

Sask.

Model Aircraft Club Organized At Mossbank

Group Capt. Ashton Sponsors
New Organization; F.O.
Headricks To Direct
Club's Activities.

Sponsored by Group Captain Ashton, a Model Aircraft Club has been organized for No. 2 Bombing and Gunnery School and will be under the direction of F/O Headricks. Present plans call for a Club Room in No. 1 Hangar, which will contain all necessary equipment. Club membership will be open to all ranks.

The Model Aircraft Club will offer a complete progressive course in

model building from small indoor flying models to large remote control gas models, patterned after the ½ h.p. "Fireball built by F/O Headricks. The costs to members has been figured to be negligible and as no previous experience is required the club will undoubtedly have a healthy growth. Personnel on the Station who have had experience in model building are invited to give their co-operation which will be greatly appreciated.

Model building is an interesting, important and educational phase of the aviation industry. A great many pilots famed today began their careers as model builders and this interesting hobby is rapidly becoming one of the largest throughout Canada and the United States. All personnel of this Station who are interested in becoming a member are urged to contact F/O Headricks, c/o Parachute Section.

Salute to Britain

Could we be in Britain
Now that Spring is here,
Despite the ugly scars of war
Scattered far and near,
We'd see green banks of daffodils
Silver willows in the breeze,
Brave, brown hares and timid lambs
A-playing on the lees;
Wadows with their restless streams
Rippling out to seas,
Little children, making forts vbgkq
On the sand-down on their knees.
we hear,
But sweet birds' songs would fill
the air,
Much there'd be to make us sad
And even more to make us glad.
Despair remains, when Hope is gone.
In British hearts Hope lives on! . . .
..... (Flora E. McDougall, in S.T.F.
Bulletin.)

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SPORTS

BASEBALL

SENIOR N.C.O.'S STILL HOT

(John McGraw) F.L. Cheeseman brought his highly touted team down to No. 1 Hangar on Sunday afternoon, July 6th and ran against the unbeatable (Gabby Hartnett) Sgt. Skidmore team of pennant snatchers. The Officers (and we blush) were trounced by the N.C.O.'s 15-4.

The game started in the usual and ordinary manner but gradually progressed into illegal and very unethical practices. About all the spectators could hear was "his pitch is illegal" - "keep his foot in the box" - "make him face the batter, ump" and others too numerous to print and others numerous but unprintable.

The "Ump" was right on the job despite the protests which he blissfully ignored and the game finally wound up with the Officers gasping for breath and reaching for their pocket books. (Thanks for the refreshments, "Al")

The line up were as follows:

Senior N. C. O.'s

Gray, C., Lindgren, P., Harwood, 1st, Paige, 2nd, Williams, S. S., Melbourn, 3rd, Orr, L.F., Cox, C. F., DeBeaupre, R. F.

Officers:

Galbraith, C., Randall, P., Pendergast, 1st, Jones, 2nd, Hall, S. S., Bigras, 3rd, Brown, C. F., Mowers, L. F., Race, R. F.

The above two teams also played a game at Mossbank on July 1st,

resulting in a score 16-3 in favor of the N. C. O.'s

HARDBALL

Mossbank Hardball team journeyed to Assiniboia on July 1st and tackled a team from Rockglen and Lisieux coming out on the score just short two runs of making it a tie. The boys got their money back, at least and that adds up to some thing or other.

Always, two runs short the team is now figuring a way of playing one inning before the opposition arrives and sorta pegging a handicap. The game at "Crane Valley" ended the same way, but the treat and repetition they received was enough to more than make up for the loss of the game and the team was unanimous in saying "Three Cheers for Crane Valley".

THE SOCCER TEAM

Our Soccer team correspondent had his tongue in his cheek when he pounded out the column for this issue... we quote "We admit that our chance of ever winning a game around Moose Jaw vicinity is pretty slim... don't laugh, give us an opposition of Canadian players and we'll show you whether we can win or not."

Now boys, such talk smells of defeatism. How can you utter such deprecations when all your supporters (me and my girl) are solidly behind you, though we did regret our small wager on the last game. However 'tis sinful to gamble.

Our columnist cheers up in the second paragraph between the soap

Dishing Out the Dirt From The Accounts Section

What Corporal was seen walking on what Street, where?

We wonder if we should tell a certain young lady in Winnipeg about the difficulty in getting "Beautiful Bemie" to go home on his "48's". Our own opinion is that the girls are much nicer in the Peg than in Moose Jaw or Regina.

We trust that one of the Poy Corporals will eventually recover from the heart-to-heart discussion about failing his "A" which was elivered with fullest sympathy by one of his confreres.

A charming young chap named Lecours,

On each "48" takes a tour,
To see a belle femme,
We hear she's a gem,
Lecours, l'amour, toutour.

Conversation overheard from the Airmen when informed of the 8 day quarantine: % éééé&@**)-?1b A non-public lad called Kiesel, Who's bright and as fast as a wiesel, Saw a spot on his tummy, Said, "It seems sorta rummy, Sure hope it isn't miesel."

One of our equipment men was heard to say "I'll stick by Phil Till the cows come home."

One of the lads appeared with a rather large tear in his trousers and about the fence cramping his style it appears was mumbling something during the quarantine.

ad and the Brewery ad and goes on to say... "Personally I think the team is rather a good one—somewhat lacking in practice, which will be remedied as soon as the Soccer Field is completed. It's situated down by No. 1 Hangar and we even have the hopes of building a track around it."

"We have played four games so far. The last one against No. 32 S. F. T. S., the R. A. F. station at Moose Jaw. That was the day of the big celebration in Mossbank on July 1st. The score? ... Well, ... it was 3 to 1 but I have not quite made up my mind as to whether they were just "playing" with us or not."

"The aftermath we really did enjoy—Dinner at the Wings, well lubricated with the brew that doesn't come from the well of Tic Ville."

"Grassam was absent from his usual position at left half, but I am sure he enjoyed himself at Moose Jaw on his "forty-eight". What say Grassam?"

"Whenever any of you chaps notice on D.R.O.'s, if you ever read them, that there is a soccer practice schedule, do come out—we are always on the lookout for talent. So far the team is comprised of the following:

Goal, Cpl. Headon; Backs, Cpl. Hesterman and L.A.C. Youngson; Halves, Sgt. Bryan, Sgt. McDonald, AC1 Grassam; Centre, L. A. C. Kirkham; L.R., Pte Cathcart of the Dental corps; O. R., AC1 Gibson; I.L., Cpl. Pender; O.L., L.A.C. Ralphs; Cpl Law, AC1 Gilbert and L.A.C. Dakenfeed have been pinch hitting in some of the games.

So far there haven't been any takers to the open challenge the Accounts Section Softball Club delivered to the Station at large. What's the trouble, are you all a bunch of sissies?

A chap named Harding, Spends all his time guarding, The dough in the Airmen's Canteen. I'm rather nice lad, And I need "ten" real bad, Could you work it for me, old bean?

We think it is a dirty trick to send that beautiful young damsel back all the way to Racine, unwed. It isn't necessary because the dependents' allowance clerk would be glad to co-operate in making the claim; and besides it's getting to be the style around the section to take the leap.

We think the M. O. wasted his Corporal a tetanus inoculation as no one could possibly imagine him with a lock-jaw.

Nursery Rhymes

Georgie-Forgie pudding and pie, Kissed the girls and made them hie.

There was an old woman, Who lived in a shoe, She had so many children, She couldn't have known what to do.

Little Jack Horner sat in a corner, Little Miss Muffet sat on a buffet, He should have used Lifebuoy. Migod, it must have been uncomfortable.

COMPLIMENTS OF

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Compliments of

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BRANCHES FROM COAST TO COAST

The S. A. I.'s Dream

Last night as I lay on my pillow
And thought of the future ahead,
I had visions of pilots and gunners,
Their bodies so still and so dead.

I thought of the toils and the hardships;
Of weary days spent in a room,
Struggling with theory and bombsights,
To send these poor chaps to their doom.

I could see their wives and their mothers
Their children and sweethearts true;
Bereaved of their brave young menfolk
By a war so bitter and cruel.

All around me were visions of terror,
Skies filled with enemy aircraft,
Of terrible fright and dismay;
With bombs and incendiaries to lay.

There were dreams of a world filled with ruin;
Ruled by a single man,
Who had taught the youth of his nation
To hate and kill our clan.

But where were the lads we had sent there
With courage and valour their aim,
To wreck and conquer that nation
And make themselves heroes of fame?

What was the cause of their failure?
Hadn't we taught them bombing and gunnery
What was it that they done wrong?
To make Hitler moan loud and long?

Or had one of our number taught something
Which caused them to weep in despair
When they faced the enemy's valour
In their fleet little ships of the air?

I tried to think of some details
Which might not have been given them straight;
That would cause them to err in their shooting,
Or drop their bombs a little too late.

And there I lay in a nightmare,
I was startled by a terrible roar!
Something was disturbing my slumber!
The "Moose" had come through the door!

There were his shoulders above me;
I was scared and shaking with fright,
It was the "Western Eskimo" Estabrook
That was disturbing my slumber that night.

He said as he shook me to wake me,
He had a confession to make,
In his lectures to pilots and gunners
He had made an awful mistake.

While shooting a line about Calgary
And describing the Eskimos,
He had failed to divulge his secrets
Of bombs and their uses on foes.

He had described the West and its virtues
And had told tales on Indian lores,
But had sadly neglected the aircraft;
And now he can't sleep anymore.

He said his life was ruined,
His conscience was no longer at ease,
At last a man named Hitler
His story had failed to please.

Then the "Moose" told me his story.
A line was forming in there;
Every lad on that S. A. I.'s course
Was standing there tearing his hair.

There were "Curly" and "Chalky" and "Walker",
Hook, Muir and Ladd were there too;
They had all been out drowning their troubles,
And now they were feeling quite blue.

One by one they told me their stories,
Each man had a tale of woe;
Of how they'd taught those poor gunners
A lesson in fighting the foe.

After Esty came bald Curly Johnson
His head lowered down to his knees;
He had taught the lads how to play crap
Instead of diving at ships on the sea.

Chalky White's time had also been wasted
In telling of two little calves
And Walker had delved deep in theory;
And Hook kept the boys bursting with laughs.

Well, it seemed they all had their faults
Then I realized the cause of their failure
Which they found out a little too late,
That I thought was destined by fate.

We'll thank our stars for good fortune
That in only a dream this was true
And we'll keep this in mind just to guide us
In the future when teaching aircrew.

We will stick to our job of instructing
And as time brings us peace ahead
We'll make these men heroes of battle
And win this great war instead.

No hint of the future ahead;
But think of the fate of this nation
Now some say dreams have no portence
Who, but for a dream, could be dead.

Goings-on in C Flight

What bright AC1 Leach devised a
new lung tester to test the lung
power of members of A. T. S. This
so-called lung-tester turned out to
be very successful, as many found
to their sad regret. It seems to have
a flap valve inside, which must be
closed before the wheel turns. Most
men found it very difficult to close
the valve and turn the wheel. Its
inventor, AC1 Leach, seems to be
the only one person able to do it.

What two officers, one from G. I.
S., F/O. Ballinger, and one from C
Flight, F/O. Rowan, couldn't resist
temptation to try this lung tester?
They passed the test as Air Crew,
with flying colours.

Also what Sgt. in charge of No. 5
hangar blew himself black in the
face, trying to make the wheel go?

On Sunday, June 29th, at 1000
hours, it was reported that a monkey
had been heard chattering and
squealing in the rafters of No. 4
hangar. But investigation proved
it to be only LAC Setterfield, busily
cleaning the dust off the light reflectors.

It appears the F/O Lawson came

"Maintenance Flight"

The glory in the sky doth lie,
For pilots who up there do fly;
While we the ground men stay,
And work for them to fly and play.

Though we work and toil and sweat,
Through our work we do not fret.
Yet how happy we would be,
To have our own hours and be free.

Our hours are from eight to nine,
And we must always toe the line,
And constantly be on the run,
For our pilots to have fun.

"Joe Service"

to work one morning, smelling quite
horsey. It seems (only a rumour)
that he was seen riding a horse
up and down the streets of Moss-
bank, with whoops and yells of
glee. This same night, F/O Wright
was seen riding around on a bicycle.

Information please: L. A. C. Lind-
field sends in this request. He would
like to obtain information as to
"What he did, where he went and
who he was with, on a certain "48"
in the near past." It seems that
Lindy returned with utterly no ideas
whatsoever as to what went on at
that time. Could it be amnesia,
lapse of memory, OR otherwise?
Any person with information
please see L. A. C. Lindfield.

TO CONTACT BOMBING REVIEW "C." Flight

The bombing flight has reasons
to be proud of its historic connec-
tions. Three Musty Steers, the Vol-
ga Boatman and the inseparable
Siamese Twins.

Who is the L.A.C. A.E.M., who
figures a screw-driver is sufficient
tools to repair an aircraft. Also
the L.A.C. who writes two love let-
ters a day in the course of his
duties?

Our hangar is so bright and clean,
Its equal you've never seen.
If five and six would follow suit
We'd have our "48" to boot.

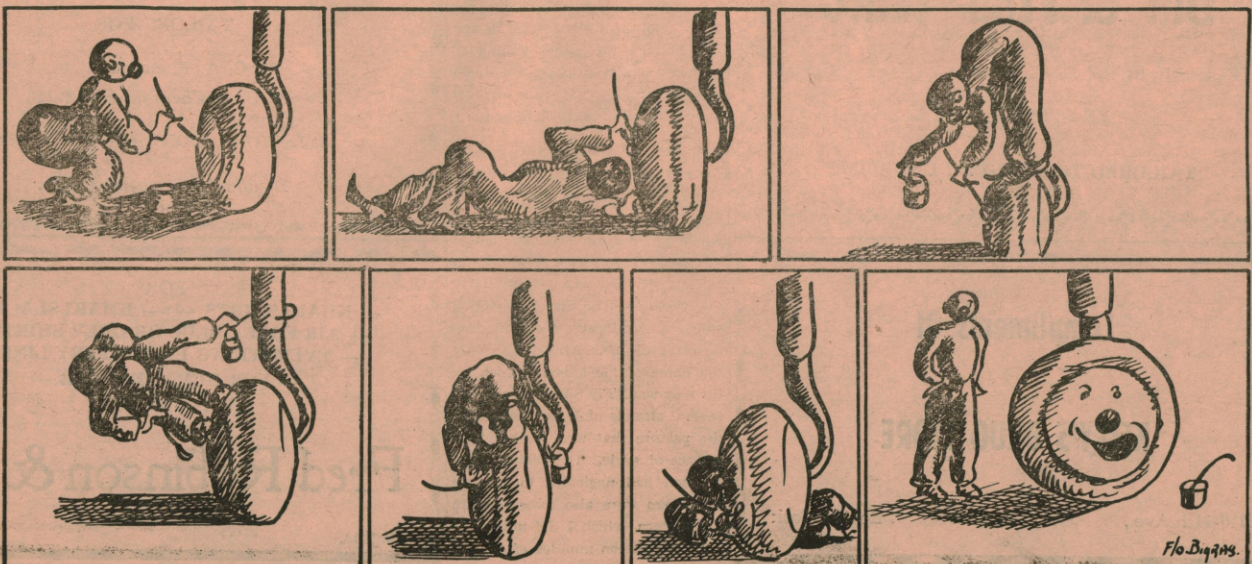
We have a lovely little fence
That did not cost us many pence.
If two or three had any sense,
They would of built a little fence.

The airmen in the morning rise
And look upon the clear blue skies,
And all the aircraft they do start
To show the school they do their
part.

The pilots all arise and shine,
For breakfast they have never time,
With all the aircraft on the line.
Three-thirty seems to suit them fine.

The Inspirational Three.

"Wheels of War"



Philosophical Philandering

Do not be misled by the title of this article. I am in no way condoning as a physical reality what you might be led to think. However, I recently had a very illuminating conversation with an R. C. A. F., M. O. who is attached to one of the larger recruiting stations and during our conversation we did end up doing a lot of Philosophical Philandering. You may want to clip this article and mail it your wife. I won't guarantee the results but it may ease your conscience.

This particular M. O. was broader than broad-minded (considering he was married) — for instance he

thinks wives who object to a little mild stepping out on the part of their husbands (enlisted ones of course) are selfish. The craving for feminine companionship being as normal an appetite as hunger or thirst... a wife would admonish her husband to look after himself, not to be cold, or chilly, but would object to his spending a few hours in the companionship of another woman. I told him he didn't know my wife. Object was too mild a term and something like "blitzkrieg" would ensue if she found out.

He frowned at the mere suggestion of repercussions and assured me that being cloaked in His Majesty's uniform and being "a chivalrous gentleman of the air force" she, in her humble pride would condone no such thoughts that would be a motivating element in a "blitzkrieg". Further he stated, that she undoubtedly realized it would be a difficult task for her to find anyone more, or equally charming, intelligent and attractive as myself. (This called for another round). I was becoming interested in the Dr.'s theory by this time as there was a long evening ahead of me and being in a strange city, had no telephone numbers. The Dr. had previously mentioned two stenographers, who, he was sure, would be free for the evening. Having imbibed deeply of both the Philandering philosophy and uncounted rounds of John Barlycorn's second cousin, I took the bit in my teeth and said "Doc, I just know my wife will understand this. Let's go." He steered me to a waiting cab and we departed. I must confess I felt light-headed and a sense of reckless abandon enveloped me. Come what may, I was going to live this one night for tomorrow I may be dead. The taxi finally stopped half way between Winnipeg and Toronto. (I am not sure which city we started from) and the Dr. remembered that he had remembered to forget to bring his pocketbook. After pay-

ing for the last three taxis the guy ever owned we struck off across a ploughed field and ended up at a country school house, deserted, of course, at this hour of the night. I asked him what the stenographers would be doing out here and he suggested nightschool. He then remembered he had forgotten to tell me they were school teachers and we would now have to find out where they lived. The air was chilly and we stumbled over the prairie looking for a light in the window of what might be some farmer's home, though I had doubts that this section of the country had ever been explored, let alone inhabited. We had punished a good half of a forty before he let out a cry and said there was a town ahead. By closing one eye and leaning against a fence post I could discern a feeble light ahead, possibly six miles but not more than fifteen. The Dr. was jubilant and insisted we have another drink. He swigged so long I thought the bottle was stuck in his throat but it finally came loose and I let the merest drop trickle down my throat more to keep from freezing to death than anything else, and besides that's all there was left.

Wary hours brought us at last to the gate of a farm house and after repeated pounding a counterpart of Rip Van Winkle opened the door and wanted to know if the British had arrived. "I told him that a small detachment of His Majesty's Forces had arrived and were in urgent quest of two schoolteachers suspected of being spies and they must be apprehended at once. The Dr. by this time had conveniently forgotten their names and could only give the vaguest description of the girls whom he finally admitted he had never seen but had heard they were "alright". The farmer pointed to four different counties in four different directions all having school houses and all having school teachers. What little mentality was still clinging to me did some lightning calculating and based on our previous speed we had a mere chance of finding them by Christmas and they would then, no doubt, be home for the holidays. I decided then and there that Philandering was O. K. for them that liked it and personally I was quite willing to go home and beg on bended knees the forgiveness of my wife for ever having entertained such notions.

A Ten Dollar bill finally convinced the farmer that if he lent us a horse and a rig we would return it the next day and he could keep the whole ten dollars. The only hitch to this proposal was that we had to catch the horse which was out in the pasture. The Dr. being in a state of "collapse" the round-up devolved on me. Armed with only the name of the animal, which by the way was "Fly Speck", I climbed several strands of barbed wire into the pasture that was blacker than the ace of spade. The gentleman of the soil had neglected to tell me that there were also some cows in the pasture, which I did not discover until fifteen minutes of chasing

an elusive animal through willow brush and soft mushy things on the ground and my voice had finally left me after hollering "Whoa, Fly Speck" so long and so often. However, the first faint rays of dawn were creeping up the horizon and in a few minutes I discovered the elusive animal standing at the gate where he had no doubt gone when first called.

Not being a "rigger" it took me a good hour to figure the workings of the harness and the animal was finally draped and hooked by some manner or means to a buggy. By this time mental reasoning had left me entirely and my stomach and throat were beginning to feel as if I had swallowed a can of lye. But muttering "through adversity etc" I connived to lead the animal to the farm house where I discovered the Dr. soundly asleep on the porch steps. A bucket of cold water revived him sufficiently for me to inform him we were going back to where we started from and further he was going to drive as I neglected to bring a compass and had not the faintest notions of where we were. He agreed readily enough and told me to lay down in the buggy and catch some sleep, which I was quite willing to do and soon the gentle jolting of the rig had me ripping off snores that could be heard for a section and a quarter.

What woke me up, to this day I don't know. The sun was overhead, my watch had stopped. We were in the middle of a field and Fly Speck was contentedly munching grass after having unhooked himself from the rig. The Dr. was nowhere in evidence nor was there a sign of anything human as far as the eye could see. I couldn't even be sure of what day it was. I immediately suspected foul play as my head felt as though someone had played the National Anthem on it with a black jack. A little exploration failed to discover any bruises, contusions or abrasions and I was about to investigate the possibilities of standing on my own feet when a loud snore from the under part of the vehicle made my hair stand on end. A glance sufficed,

I now had the missing link. By dragging the rig away I let Old Sol wake him up and to this day I am sorry I didn't leave him there to rot. It took him fifteen minutes to realize he was not at home in bed and that I was not his wife and that breakfast was not ready and that I had not forgotten to call him and that I did not know he had an appointment and that I did not know where we were nor how we got there. He had completely forgotten driving off so we concerned ourselves with getting back. We soon had Fly Speck in his rightful place between the shafts but only after we had dragged the buggy over sixteen acres trying to get him to stand still long enough for us to catch up. The next problem we solved magnificently. The horse looked like an old timer and would undoubtedly know his way around so the Dr. in his best bedside manner encouraged the horse to start off and please take us home. At the mention of the word home the animal's ears pricked up and he started off at a brisk trot. For ten minutes over one rise and up another we cantered gaily along until with a whynny of triumph Fly Speck brought us in sight of the farm house we had started from. The painful detail of that second taxi bill need not be further elucidated. Needless to say my Philosophical Philandering left me with a dirty taste in my mouth, a "forty-eight" that had stretched to a hundred, with consequences, and a firm resolve to do all my threshing in my own loft. However you may have better luck. I hope so.

Dad: Why, Dora, what are you crying for?
 Mother: Oh, Jim, I'm afraid the baby is going to grow up to be a boxer. Just look at the way he clenches his fist.

—:—:—:
 A gold digger is a flapper who has lost her amateur standing.

—:—:—:
 Glands may come and Glands may go, but Monkey Business goes on forever.

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GOOD FLYING and GOOD EATS

SURE GO TOGETHER. YOU ARE TOPS IN FLYING,

WE CLAIM THE SAME IN MEATS.

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Sask.

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LONGEST LETTER MAKES LAC HAPPY

Many things are blamed on the heat, and we admit without bias that a person is tempted to "cool off". This will possibly explain why Cpl. McMillan suddenly developed a yen for things aquatic when he cast his sunken optics upon the shimmering waters of Waskana Lake. But, heat or no heat and in spite of his sudden enthusiasm why didn't he stop. Efficiency is reaching a high peak among O. G. P. and as "the proof of the pudding is in the eating" we suggest you contact LAC Castling on or about July 18th for a full report on "Live Alone and Like It."

Generally we are not considered meddlesome but we feel that young "Mac" unwise to the wicked cruelties of a hard bitten world could do with some advice, though a bit late, and we respectfully submit that he consider himself advised that the Exchange Cafe is NOT the best place in M. J. to bury his uppers in suds. And by the way Mac what does the g.f. in Assiniboia say when you kiss her good night, Ugh?

Patriotism is firmly ingrained among our Police and a shining example is W. J. R. who spent weary days looking for a mythical flag. Intelligence Officer G00-1 reports it was found in the B. C. Rooms.

Another case for the higher brackets of intelligence is what happened to the "Brute's" four simleons on his last "forty-eight". Tsk, tsk, these platonic friendships do come cheap in M. J.

Speaking of platonic friendships a married man of our somewhat dubious acquaintance let down his hair over a few ales one night and with tear-filled eyes endeavored to convince us and himself that a mere evening spent in the company of the opposite sex (innocently, we presume) was, in his opinion, a trivial matter for the better half to feel that she had been "done wrong". We lent a sympathetic ear (he was buying) and bit by bit the whole affair came to light (name, address and tele phone number on request. Enclose twenty-five cents for cost of mailing.)

This column would not be complete without we bring forth some comment upon our N. C. O. chief. His stirring qualities (silver plated, rust proof) are more evident with the passing of time. His judgement, now maturing, definitely shows signs of passing the infancy stage and we are convinced that the gray hairs he assiduously plucks each day are caused from no less than worry of his sworn and bounden duty. Speaking of swearing, his vocabulary has increased amazingly since Frenchy Chevrette registered as a non-paying, non-profit sharing guest. Printers in all parts of the country are combing their shelves for "charge sheets" as the Mossbank stock has depleted at an alarming rate since "Parky" has been on the prod. Personally we think somebody is suffering from the seven years' itch.

LAC George Fields, the familiar friendly figure around the parachute section, received the other day, the longest letter ever sent to No. 2 B & G School.

The letter was a couple of yards long by a yard wide and closely written on both sides. What it was all about we can't even guess. But we know

that it was from an "in-law" (Possibly getting the last word.)

Conversation overheard by one of our highway reporters:

Oh Johnny Don't Park Here
Oh Johnny Dont Park
Oh Johnny Dont
Oh Johnny
Oh!
Oh!

Service Flight

Amid installations, rings, jobs, glycol leaks, unserviceable oleo legs and a few (insignificant) flat tires, Maintenance Flight salutes one and all.

We intended to be present before this but since the most popular phrase around camp is "send it down to Maintenance", we haven't had time to stop long enough to contribute anything to our paper.

It's been a long cry since our first aircraft (?) arrived on the station and Maintenance commenced to create Miracles. In the pioneer days of Mossbank, we used to do our inspections and majors with a 6 oz. ball pein and screwdriver and nothing to stand on but your feet. It was interesting to watch some of our shorter fellows attempting to install spark-plugs and wings nuts off the hangar floor.

Today it is a different story, instead of the old days, there now stands

two of the most efficient Maintenance Hangers in the Air Training Plan—thanks to the capable N.C.O.'s and willing co-operation of the men, who have put Maintenance where it is today. Every man has a part to play, a very essential part, and a job to do whether he be a G.D. Std. or Fitter Rigger "A". Every man does HIS job and does it well. No where else is it so apparent as in Maintenance.

All of us down here are going all out for King, Country and Mossbank. We're all making Maintenance—the one stop station.

THE DRAKE HOTEL

REGINA
At Eleventh and Rose
REGINA'S
RESTFUL
RENDEZVOUS
100 Rooms with
and without Bath.
Full Dining Room Service
at Moderate Prices.

Res. Mgr.: N. J. Taylor

Home On the Range

Ticville, July 7th, 1941.

Located 6 miles north of Mossbank on the shore of Lake Johnston, and headquarters for all the personnel operating Bombing & Gunnery range for No. 2 B. & G. School.

We boast of 3 large tents with wood floors, writing and reading room in with NCO's quarters, Mess tent, Airmen's Quarters. Also running water, light plant, sewerage system, parade ground, volley ball court, horse shoe pitch, softball diamond, canteen operated by AC1 Chapman, one cat, one dog, three ducks, and of course, Sgt. Burnk, Senior NCO, in charge. Our hats off to you, Sergeant, you are doing a fine job. And now that things are going better, here's hoping you can have a nice quiet "48".

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Heard Around The G. I. S.

We used to think the orderly room was a beehive of activity early every morning until one of our dear Sergeants upon investigation found that it was but the buzzing of an electric razor. Wonder who was holding it?

We imagine that Mossbank was like a balloon with a butcher knife through it during the station's quarantine period. Especially the dime store. Not Woolworth's either!

We wonder if the Corporal who put the E.42 for a carpenter had to sign for him on delivery.

We suggest that "Torchy" take up weight lifting instead of cycling. Either that or change bunks with his pal.

A fellow is really making headway when he can advance from a Cream Puff salesman to a fitter's helper and also aspire to the Welter Weight Championship of No. 2 B.&G. School and still keep the pretty schoolboy complexion that all the ladies of

Mossbank crave so.

We would suggest that a little ladder be fitted to the end of each of the upper bunks for the benefit of the wee fellows to be used in case of fire or any other emergency which may arise during the wee small hours.

Our worthy Corporal in the bombing flight should be very popular with the younger generation after the war is over. It is easy to picture the looks of awe on the faces of the kids as he recites his many and varied experiences, he may even rival Flash Gordon, who knows?

We wonder what the boys in 10A Barrack Block will do for entertainment if ever those two Corporals bury the hatchet and live together in harmony as all good Corporals should; it almost happened when one invited the other over a beer. Let's hope and pray his thirst don't overrun his better judgement and spoil our entertainment.

Is it true that our Corporal [sic] of fitters promised a little fellow if he'd mend his ways and be a good little fellow he would take him off the water boy's job and place him in a more responsible position?

They say a change is as good as a rest, if so why were all our instructors so deep in study the morning after. It was almost impossible to obtain a publication, especially on the more technical subjects.

SIGN OF THE TIMES

For the Barber Shop:

"If your head isn't becoming to the F/S, you had better be coming to us".

For the Pawnbroker:

"See us at your earliest inconvenience."

For the Laundry:

"We soak the clothes, not the air-men."

For the AC2:

"Marry in haste and repeat at leisure."

For the Mess Hall:

"What foods these morsels be."

Armament

There have been a lot of comments, criticism and bouquets brought forward from time to time about most sections of this famous school, but very little has been said about one of the most important, if not the most important section—the Station Armoury.

It is here that all machine guns are serviced and repaired, all the bombs are fuzed and loaded onto the aircraft, the bomb racks are serviced and the bomb sights are kept in first class condition to say nothing of the numerous other intricate jobs and miracles the armourers are required to perform.

The Senior N. C. O. in charge of the armament section, F/S Richardson, is an R. A. F. man with a great number of years of service and armament experience, he is doing an excellent job and all the men under him think that he is O. K., maybe it is because he is not afraid to get on a pair of overalls and get his hands dirty—please note, some of you other N. C. O.'s.

There are thirty-five men attached to the armament section, and they are excellent chaps. Most of them are men who have left good jobs to do their bit, for example, Cpl. Heppie was a machinest with the C. P. R. for 19 years, Cpl. Hesterman served as a machinest on munitions in England and was employed by Canadian Vickers at Montreal as a machinest.

Keep up the good work you armourers and let's hope that some day soon someone will get wise to the fact that you can only get a "B" group where most other trades, less important can get "A".

ON THE RANGE

News Items

Cpl. Skeats just returned from a six days' leave. But wouldn't say much.

Some of the boys had a time in Mossbank. So no more late passes for range crew.

ACI Smith (very tan) has finally gotten his leave all worked out.

ACI Tait staying in camp, due to quarantine. Do you miss the family at Ardill?

ACI Opyr transferred from plotting office, and chasing gophers with Rags, the dog.

ACI (let's have a game of horse shoes) Piercey, a real wizard at the game.

ACI Price appointed to the rank of Corporal. His ever present grin is bigger than ever. Good luck Cp..

ACI Dixon a new member of the crew, learning the ropes with "Horse shoes" Piercey.

Cpl. Hartman showing his stuff in No. 2 control tower. Yes Corporal it is 230 hours time to get up.

LAC MacKenzie goes to see some picture two nights in a row. Who is she, Mac?

ACI Hawes, station wagon driver, of real value to drogue section. Have you seen any drogues around, lady?

Cpl. Rainey of No. 1 control tower, and ambulance driver, signed up for first aid course. Let's drill.

Civilian cooks, Bob and Stan, are doing a swell job. Any more pie, Bob?

"LOOK"



Sir!

This cut with a caption contest has proven very interesting elsewhere and may give the boys a "kick" here.

I would personally be pleased to donate a \$5.00 certificate for the best caption.

Mrs. Frank Avery,
Miner Publishing Co. Ltd.
Flin Flon, Man.

PLEASE NOTE

Some copy is left over for next issue, also Simpson's advertisement has been forgotten.

We will make good these mistakes next time.

DON'T DRINK!

CHURCHILL IN INDIA

He writes:

"I acquired an entirely new faculty. Until this time I had never been able to drink whisky. I liked milk, and on very special occasions I could even drink a very small glass of brandy. But this smoky-tasting whisky I had never been able to face. I now found myself in heat which was terrific, with absolutely nothing to drink apart from tea, except tepid water or tepid water with lime-juice, or tepid water with whisky. Faced with these alternatives, "I grasped the larger hope." I was sustained in these affairs by my high morale. Wishing to fit myself for active-service conditions, I overcame the ordinary weaknesses of the flesh. By the end of these five days I had completely overcome my repugnance to the taste of whisky. Nor was this a momentary acquirement. On the contrary, the ground I gained in those days, I have firmly entrenched, and held throughout my whole life. Once one got the knack of it, the very repulsion from the flavour developed an attraction of its own; and to this day, although I have always practised true temperance, I have never shrunk when occasion warranted it, from the most basic standing refreshment of the white officer of the East."

(Did you ever read anything much more delightful about Whisky?)

And that's thirty for this copy. Hope all the pilots shake the hangups off over the lake, and the Gunnery keep on the targets.

Yours truly,
AC One Who Knows.

From the Jug

This edition of Contact was re-written, set and composed, in the stifling atmosphere of the old fashioned "jug". For some unfortunate deed our best rewrite man spent his days pounding away, not on rocks, but on the old decrepit Remington, that a guard so condescendingly smuggled in the darkness of the night. You may get the feeling of restraint throughout, but then, could it be helped?

Bombing Flight

Early last November, we heralded the birth of Bombing Flight. Not with blare of trumpets, but with calm concern, we watched it unfold wings and take to the air. It was a grand moment, for, from the dust of Mossbank arose a shining example of "Co-operation". We, personnel of "C" Flight, at that time "B" Flight know all the cares of parenthood. For have we not burned considerable night light, and expended untold amounts of energy in rearing it into the success it is today?

In the past months, we have made the record for a day's flying hours. And, to prove we knew what we were doing, we broke our record over and over again. Our present record stands, today, at 70 hours for one day's flying. Also we have been commended on the cleanliness of our hangar.

So it is with great pride we make our contribution to CONTACT!

G. I. S. wishes to congratulate ACI Farquhar on the excellent job he is doing dispatching in the bombing flight. We also learn through the grape vine that he is very good at "joeing" the Observers in the delicate pastime of floor waxing. Relieves their strained muscles after a strenuous W. S. & D.

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