



# CONTACT!

THE VOICE OF THE "DUST BOWL" AIRPORT

Per Ardua  
Ad Astra

VOL. 1—No. 4

MOSSBANK, SASKATCHEWAN, AUGUST 15th, 1941.

Free to Airport—Others, .05 cents.

## Presentation of Wings to G. Class

### Impressive Ceremony Marks Presentation Of Wings to Grad. Class

AIR OBSERVERS AND AIR GUNNERS HONORED ON  
SUNDAY AUGUST 3rd.

Sunday, August 3rd, was a Red Letter Day for some 77 Air Observers and Wireless Air Gunners when they were presented with their wings by Group Captain Ashton, Commanding Officer, No. 2 Bombing & Gunnery School. The Wings Parade was held outdoors on the station parade ground with all personnel of the station in attendance. Wing Commander of the Parade was Squadron-Leader Penman with Flt. Lieutenant Hamilton, Squadron Commander of No. 1 Squadron G.I.S. Flt.-Lt. Johnston, Commander No.

2 Squadron, H. ; Flt.-Lt. Emond, Squadron Commander of No. 3 Squadron A.T.S. and No. 4 Squadron which comprised the graduates was in charge of F.O. Randall for the Air Gunners and F.O. Ballinger for the Observers.

Following the Church Service which was conducted by Flt. Lt. Rev. McClean, the parade was handed over to the Commanding Officer, Group Captain A. J. Ashton who addressed the parade. Speaking particularly to the graduates the Commanding Officer warned them not

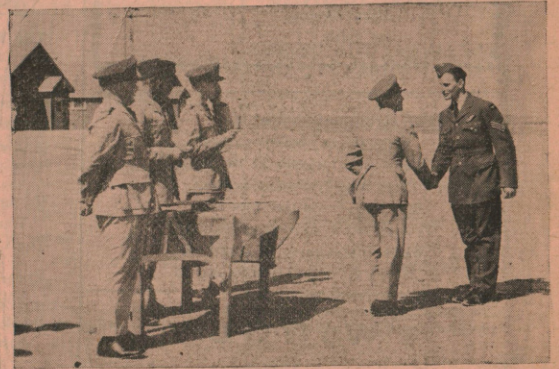
to think that by receiving their wings they had completed their work "Your work is only beginning", he said, "we have laid the foundation upon which you must build your knowledge by unceasing study and application to the job before you." He extended his congratulations to the graduates and wished them good luck. Following the presentation of Wings the March Past was held with the Commanding Officer taking the salute, accompanied by F.O. Peterson, Acting Adjutant.

A feature of the parade was the presence of the newly formed band under the leadership of LAC Halls-worth. The band gave an excellent performance eliciting a favorable response from the station personnel who know the short time that they have been organised.

Following is a list of the graduates presented with their Wings:

Sgt. Bourque, Anselm Simon,

(Continued on page 12)



Group Captain Ashton extends congratulations and a hearty handshake to one of the graduates during the Wings Parade Ceremony.

### My Discovery

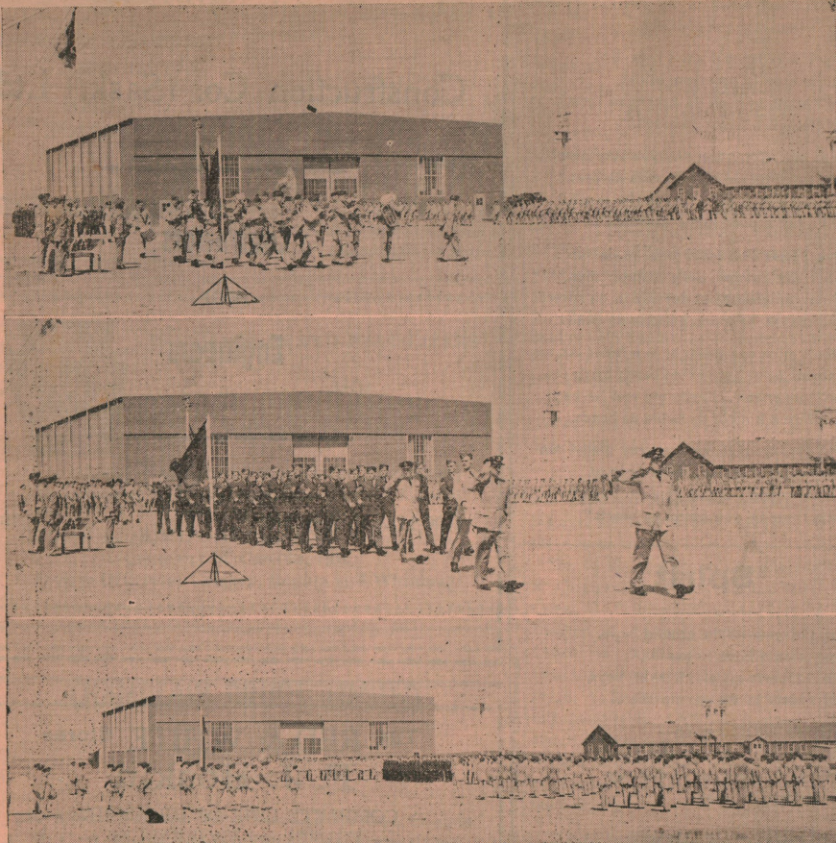
## Of The West

I belong to a family of French seamen, who established themselves some two hundred years ago on the shores of the St. Lawrence river,—my ancestors have roamed about the world, and through the beautiful St. Lawrence from Kingston to Belle-Isle, and the barren shores of Labrador up to Pond's Islet was known to them as much as the Quarter-deck,—every little nook, and sand beach from Halifax to Anticosti was like part of their boundary,—I was brought up on nautical terms and was thought to box the compass as soon as I could speak.—I was reared in a French town where the sight of a 45,000 tons Super lines and a 35,000 Dreadnought is an ordinary every day happening, where ships of all nationality and tonnage stop every hour of the day to change pilots before proceeding on their long voyage to other countries of the world,—but through all that, our beautiful Canada west of Montreal was absolutely unknown to me,—from stories heard from old veterans of 1885 I had figured it was like the Sahara, a barren desert, where the Tumbleweed was the main growth, and cities were hundred of miles apart, where the Prairie schooner was still the main mode of conveyance. So I joined the Air Force and from that time, I was sent out west,—I've seen every city from Ottawa to the Pacific Coast and every little town from Vancouver to Winnipeg,—I have travelled North, South,

East and West,—for 17 months I have roamed the west,—I have experienced the rains of Vancouver, the Shinook of the foothills, the cold of North Saskatchewan, and now the warm breeze!!! of the Dust Bowl.

But I got the surprise of my life when I came in contact with the population of the western part of our Canada, such hospitality, such friendly atmosphere, such kindness, every where I was received like a brother somewhere like a son, with open arms, and I have found that people of the prairie have got a heart as big as the country they live in,—where I come from our world is somewhat limited to a certain extent due to our language, and a Frenchman is rather I should say lost outside of Quebec, but contrary to my belief whenever I went I was made completely at home, my hat's off to the western people, to those who left cosy homes overseas some forty years ago to come and settle out in the barren western country, and make the west what it is to-day,—no wonder they don't want to leave, no wonder their sons have enrolled, its in their blood, those celtic races, and to protect their Canada and the home of their ancestors against the human machine with Napoleonic Ideas, they have left the soil they have toiled and worked for, and taken to arms and wings, with but one thought in their minds to rub from the face of the earth, this Gutter-snipe, this Attila

(Continued on page 12)



Top picture: The new band leads the March Past as Group Captain Ashton takes the salute. Centre picture: The graduates present a smart picture in the March Past. Lower picture: A scene on the parade ground during the Church Service held prior to the Wings Parade.

## 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.

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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 Aircraftsmen 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.

## WINGS

Wings, the dream of all aircrew, the guiding light in times of hardship, the golden threaded design worn in pride as a sign of achievement, the key to the door of adventure. To all of you who received the coveted distinguishing mark, CONTACT offers congratulations. To all of you, our words of farewell will be short. "Time waiteth for no man". To outline, even though we realise how vivid your duties are engraved in your mind, to further grove the importance of your duties and responsibilities will be our departing comments.

You have worked and sweated. You have been under an intellectual and physical strain. We realise all that. But through it all you have been directed towards an ideal. Perhaps it has not been fully understood but only reared in the background as something to be cherished never knowing fully what it was. Through the many stages of your training, gradually and decidedly, a subconscious realisation in-crusting itself in your mind—Your Job, What is to be done.

You are leaving for other climes. Whether they are kinder or not is beyond the object of your efforts. You are living now the crystallisation of your dreams, of all that you have conceived in your mind the day you enlisted. For many of you it may be the awakening of a new sense of value. It may be the knowing that you have finally stepped out of the classroom stage to become a lead in the great mon-strous drama now being enacted over there.

To all of you I say this "Traditions are the living elements of a Nation"—Live the, the traditions of those who had to offer and die to break the hold of the tyrant. Always remember the months of August and November 1940, where your brothers, the elders, against the serene English sky, over towns and villages, protected with their undying courage your sisters and mothers. The crowded streets of the cities with their teeming population, helpless in themselves, depending on the strength of others like you; others who have gone through the same routine, the same hopes, the same fears and the same baptism. Look upwards and think. Just think for a moment and you will grasp the full meaning of all that you have been through with its strengthening significance.

Do not disgrace the makers of tradition. When you get over there, the confidence put in you by such a Nation of men, of conquerors, of defenders of the faith should not be marred

by any sign of cowardice—show your courage, so that others who have known your brothers may say "It is the same family, there's hope then".

Always repeat in your mind whenever in doubt the words of the great Churchill: "To our wings, who, undaunted by odds, unwearied in their constant challenge and mortal danger, are turning the tide of the world war by their powers and by their devotion to an ideal. Never in the field of human conflicts was so much owed by so many to so few."

Remember always, you are one of the un-daunted. Let your wings guide you in the years to come. Farewell to you all and Good Luck.

Editor

### THE ELECTRICIAN'S MOAN

We number just a very few,  
Considering the work we do;  
And we're on the job both night and day,  
To keep the Faireys trimmed for flight.

To some our work seems very small,  
You sit up there and churn and churn,  
Don't you ever smell the starter burn?

These things are only made to use,  
Not to ruin or abuse.  
So if you don't know right from wrong,  
Just ask our help and we'll get along.

We don't profess to be a pact,  
And on this you'll surely know it.  
But if some bits of this fits you  
Just take it boys and do not chew.

—L.A.C. Case

### A Son of the Beach

I sella da fish, an I sella da crab,  
I'm notta so good an I's notta so bad.  
I live on da beach wher da sea gull she screech,  
I'm Tony Polloni, a son of da beach.

I s'pose you may think I am a beeg fool  
For I nevaire been to American school  
An I don't know so good da American speech.  
I'm Tony Polloni, a sonna da beach.

Dey say to me, "Tony, for why you stay here?  
You make mora da mon if you sella da beer."  
I say, "I don't care eef I nevaire be reech,  
I rather be jus' a poor sonna da beach".

Las' week I hear two feller talk on da san'  
Bout feller call Adolph, beeg dictator man.  
I don't know so good what dey say in da speech,  
But he seems lak he too is a sonna da beach.

Now I don't think dey mean he is a feller lak me  
For he nevaire leeve here by da beach by da sea,  
So I don't unnerstan', maybe me and he each  
Be two different kind of da sonna da beach.

I'm jus' Tony, de dago, an I'm very glad I am  
Dat I ain't what you call a dictator man.  
Dey will say when I die an Heaven I reach:  
"Hi, Tony, come in, you sonna da beach."

### Spirit

Some are the crew on the ground, boys,  
And some are the birds in the air,  
But we're brothers under the skin, boys,  
With our hearts in the air up there.

We'll carry on, we'll carry on—  
Through study, work and parade  
Our battle cry comes out of the sky,  
And history will be made.

To the stars through arduous ways,  
In the air on land and sea,  
The R. C. A. F. always will fly to VICTORY.  
Dedicated to all Air minded students,  
By LAC Plant, C. E.,  
Equip. Sect.

### TO THE EDITOR:

Mossbank, Sask.  
July 5th, 1941.

The Editor of CONTACT

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

Dear Sir:-

In glancing through one of the Local Newspapers, I came upon this poem, and thought it might be a good answer to a letter sent in to "CONTACT" by one of the air-man's wife, signed "Vivandiere".

I am sure that if these women care to look around a little they would find that there is a lot more work to do than just "walk down to the Post Office for the mail". There are thousands of refugee children who might appreciate knitted garments or anything that might add to their comforts of life.

I am surprised that any woman whose husband is in the Army, Air Force, or Navy could even think that there was nothing for them to do. If you would just put your heart into it, like most of your men are doing there would be little time to care whether there was a "tap" from which to get your water supply or not.

The residents of Mossbank have gone through 10 years of dry wea-

ther and depression, and I don't think you will ever meet up with a small town, where they will treat you as hospitably as the people would here, if you would care to meet them half way. The women of Mossbank are not worrying about the lack of "taps and bathrooms", they make the best out of it and find happiness.

A lot of us might have been raised in small towns or villages but there are just as many true spirited people in small towns or villages but there in the East.

Signed,  
Resident of Mossbank.

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# The Flying Instructor's Dream Low

## Flying

(Reprint from 'Wings Over Borden')

It has always been the editorial policy of this paper to speak freely, sincerely, unshackled on any subject that concerns the personnel of this station. We take such a stance in discussing the subject of low flying. It is neither our desire to dictate nor arbitrate, but only to discuss the subject opening on these pages and to invite a judicial hearing.

Low flying IS a matter of concern to us. Not perhaps as individuals, but as a Unit of the J.A.T.P. The evils or merits of low flying can be approached from several angles. A man may be considered a potential murderer or a daring hero, if he operates a plane at an altitude where a split second may mean the difference between a crash or safety.

Consider the set-up from a viewpoint of PURPOSE! What is the purpose of training men to fly aircraft, and why is low flying a hindrance to the purpose? Across the Atlantic there is a brave nation on a little island standing alone against overwhelming odds. A brave people that we are speeding up the wheels of industry, speeding up the training of men in order that we under way at the moment to bring may help them. A huge plan is that succor to them, and there is not one minute to be lost. Not one man can be spared, not one aircraft can be done without. Yet we have a snag, not big, but no snag is too small to be above consideration in such a gigantic programme.

Mr. Low Flier enters the picture. He is the snag! For the purpose of making this point clear, we won't look upon him as a potential murderer, but rather as a little boy, who on being sent to the store to buy some groceries in a big hurry for dinner, dawdles on the way. Maybe only to stand on his head to gain the fleeting admiration of the little girl next door, or walks on a rail fence to the applause of his little playmates. Usually this little boy ends up with a scuffed knee, and nine times out of ten fails to deliver the groceries. Why? Because he became sidetracked from his purpose.

Mr. Low Flier first entered the Air Force under a different name. He was A.C.2 Aircrew. Like thousands of others he felt that he would like to be a pilot, and go to the aid of the people of the little island. This was his purpose. A.C.2 Aircrew follows clearly marked path. He entered Manning Pool, did his stretch of guard duty, entered I.T.S., graduated to Elementary School, still on the path, he takes more advance training and his wings and goal are nearer. Then a subtle change comes over him. He starts a new and dangerous line of reasoning. Low flying, he whispers to himself. Why not take a chance? Of course it is against all training rule of the R.C.A.F. and it wouldn't do for others to try it. But I'm different, he assures himself, I'm smart. That is human nature—

human weakness. Yet if A.C.2 Aircrew surrenders to that line of reasoning, wavers from his path, Mr. Low Flier is born!

He becomes the snag to the progress of the plan. His action may lead to his own death and that of others. He is the means of wrecking an aircraft that could have been utilized for the training of scores of other fliers. Whether he is caught or not, changes the picture only slightly. If he's caught the only change is a wrecked opportunity for him to fulfill his purpose, an expensive court martial for the public purse, time lost, and one less defender to send to the people of the island.

Churchill says: "We shall not flag or fail, we shall go on to the end." Let it be our purpose not to hasten an unfavourable end by thoughtless dawdling. Let us not impede a hard sought victory for personal ends. Let us throw in with the plan and in all strength and might set forth to liberate the harassed and oppressed. Let us remember a chain is only as strong as its weakest link. LET US PERMIT NO WEAKNESS!

LAC E. M. Rorke.

### WHEELER-LINDBERGH

(Veronique Hall in the New York Herald Tribune.)

Q.—What is a wheelbergh?

A.—A wheelbergh is a not so quiet bird-man of the ostrich family (also dimly related to the dodo family). Its main habitat is in the temperate zone, where it enjoys all the fruits of Nature, but it is noted for its refusal to defend these advantages, appears only too willing to share them with despoilers who have only to growl from a distance.

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A further distinguishing characteristic of the wheelbergh is "day blindness," which causes it to ignore dangers plainly seen by others and yet can see non-existent dangers in a poorer light.

The wheelbergh's favorite trick is to bury its head in sand.

The only sound the wheelbergh makes is something like "A-peace! A-peace!" It is a harsh scream.

The wheelbergh can fly, but never makes any attempt to do so. As a result, its wings are becoming atrophied.



To Me upon an afternoon a vision was revealed  
As fifty training-aeroplanes careered about the field,  
My pupils landed back to front, they landed upside down,  
But I was lying fast asleep and there was none to frown.,

I dreamed that on a certain course a certain pupil came  
And in the Flight allotment he was drawn against my name,  
A blackavised rapsallion with a falling lock of hair  
And a stupid little clipped moustache that shouldn't have been there.

He said he meant to learn to fly and get it over soon  
As his patience was exhausted with the old man in the moon,  
He said I'd better hurry up and teach him all I know  
Or he'd label me for over as a plutocratic Jew.

He said his name was Shicklegrub, he said he wasn't fair  
He ripped the order book to shreds and tossed them in the air,  
He bit his parachute in half and screamed in mortal pain  
Till I strapped him securely in our oldest aeroplane.

I told him all he had to do was wind the tailtrim back  
And loosen well the throttle-nut to make it really slack,  
I warned him that when taking off the flaps should be depressed  
And the stick pulled firmly backwards till it hit him in the cest.

I begged him to make no mistake before he hit the trail  
But make quite sure the wind was blowing strong behind his tail,  
I told him that the mixture knob should always be in "weak"  
And the radiator shuttered off in case it sprang a leak.

I ordered him if things went wrong my good advice despite  
To rudder strongly to the left and bank towards the right,  
To throttle back one engine and to climb at twenty-five  
And then return to safety in a screaming power-dive.

I sent the ambulance away and set its driver free  
I told the fire-tender's crew that it was time for tea,  
Then, all my preparations made and all the omens right,  
I authorised Herr Hitler for his first and final flight.

Owen Chave

(The Aeroplane, June 13th, 1941.)

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1743, Scarth St. Regina  
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REGINA — SWIFT CURRENT  
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Dependable Used Cars  
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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.

# The Editor Howls

A lot of our correspondents fell down on us this issue and there are a lot of places in the camp not heard from. If you fellows want a paper you've got to give us some co-operation. Johnny Esper goes out and hustles the advertising... in fact he is such a good hustler that we have to put out twelve pages to accommodate it. Now twelve pages may mean nothing to you boys but if your sitting in the editor's chair...with only two pages of copy and your mind as blank as the Sahara Desert and forty eleven printers including three devils keep hollering copy, copy, copy...and finally you struggle

and get four pages out and think you've reached the end of your rope...when they start on four more and...just repeat the above until the paper is out and hope its the fifteenth and not the twenty fifth of the month.

Don't get us wrong Johnny, keep up the good work on the advertising and we'll get news if we have to crash a plane every five minutes to do it. If some of you mugs...and we mean mugs...think you would like a nice cushy job around camp, why just drop in and talk it over with Johnny Esper. He will give you the low down, and you can get a couple of days off and lo and behold you are an advertising salesman. Its as easy as that. Just ask Johnny. And if you want the editor's job...we won't quibble...just tell us how much we have to pay and the job is yours if I have to mortgage my farm for the next fifty years.

Kidding aside, boys... Johnny is working hard on his end and if your end is not held up its going to spoil the show. So lets have some "Esprit de Corp".

Success to the R. C. A. F.  
of  
MOSSBANK AIRPORT  
from  
**Rural Municipality of  
Wood River No. 74**  
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1/2 Hour Battery Recharging      Dominion Tires  
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COMPLIMENTS OF  
**Weston's**  
BREAD & CAKES (CANADA) LTD.  
Regina      Moose Jaw

## PER ARDUA AT ASTRA

Thro' peril towards the star they soar  
Thro' winter's wind, thro' tempest's roar;  
O Thou, who ridest on the storm  
With Godly grace their hearts inform,  
Eternal Father, hear our prayer  
For those who battle in the air.

So much the many owe the few;  
With strength from Thee their arms endure,  
And let them feel midst war's alarms  
'Neath them Thy everlasting arms.  
And ever in thy watchful care  
Keep those who do battle in the air.

Their deeds are writ in glorious flame,  
That puts the foeman's rage to shame.  
The sweets of victory let them know;  
Be Thou their guide where're they go.  
Our Father, heed our thankful prayer  
For those who battle in the air.

But if the silver cord should break,  
And Thou to Thyself should take,  
Grant that he may not pass in vain,  
And give him rest from toil and pain.  
Thy peace, O God, be his to share,  
Whose fight is ended in the air.

J. C. Marlin, K.C.

Editor's Note: The following poems was received by the Regina Leader-Post in reply to the poem "Oh! Bloody, Bloody, Bloody", which was published by "CONTACT" and reprinted in the Leader Post.

Dear Aussie:

Your bloody poem made me grin,  
Your bloody manners are a sin.  
This bloody war you'll never win—  
Oh! bloody, bloody, bloody!

You've got a bloody kangaroo  
Of convicts too, a bloody few.  
If you don't like us we don't like you,  
Oh! bloody, bloody, bloody!

Your bloody climate ain't so fine,  
And have you tried your bloody wine?  
Not fit to feed to bloody —  
Oh! bloody, bloody, bloody!

—One of your Bloody Dames.

Laugh like a boy at splendors that  
have sped,  
To vanished joys be blind and  
deaf and dumb;  
My judgments seal the dead past,  
with its dead,  
But never bind a moment yet to  
come.

## GLEANED FROM D. R. O.'s

Births:—F-Sgt. E. E. O'Brien,  
born a son, Herbert Lewis, at Moose  
Jaw, Sask., on 8-8-41.

LAC Romanoski, born, a daughter,  
Carol Anne June, on 10-7-41 at  
Lumsden, Sask.

Marriages:—AC1 W. C. Hughes,  
married to Miss Elsie Wagner on  
23-6-41 at Inglis, Man. E. S. Rosen  
quist, officiated.

Cpl. T. M. Webster, married to  
Miss Margaret Frances Miron on  
22-7-41 at Toronto, Ont., by Rev.  
W. W. Walker.

Sgt. G. H. Johnston, married to  
Miss Evelyn Elizabeth Tottle, at  
Vanocover, B.C., by Rev. G. Turpin,  
(Capt.) on 18-5-40.

## HERE AND THERE

### BY Anybody

Its about time "Contact" mentioned LAC V. P. Payne, the little man with the big brown eyes, who works so hard at keeping the Bombing Teacher running. He is an instrument man, still, when he first came to us the Bombing Teacher was entirely new to him. You are doing a good job Payne, keep it up!

The Bombing Teacher would not be complete without Corporal Bowling, he of the ready wit and cheerful grin. Under his supervision pupils have dropped theoretical bombs for some months. Some have hit the target even though their winds "were not so hot" and others have "missed by a mile". There is where Corporal Bowling comes in. He irons out the errors...bingo... another direct hit. Some of these men who have passed through Mossbank and the Bombing Teacher are demonstrating what they were taught for the benefit of Berlin. (No cover charge).

### GAVE THE WRONG ANSWER

Mrs.: "Tell me, is my hat on straight?"

Mr.: "It looks straight, so let's hurry along."

Mrs.: "I shall have to go back then, because this isn't the sort of hat that's worn straight."

**Paris Cafe**  
PALM ICE CREAM—ICE COLD  
DRINKS  
Special Chicken Noodle Chop  
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COMPLIMENTS OF

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# What is good Gasoline

## Gum Content.

This and the following subject will finish our discussion on "What is Good Gasoline?" I hope that it has proved of interest to all concerned and that it has in some small way helped to make clear the various terms and requirements of that fuel used for so many sources of converting heat into mechanical energy. It is to be understood of course that these series of articles only deal with the subject briefly, although the general knowledge contained therein is useful to all. Now a small amount of gum exists in dissolved form in all gasoline, but if gasoline contains only a little more gum than is normal it forms deposits which will likely cause more actual trouble than any other gasoline fault. When gum goes into an engine it does not vaporize along with the rest of the gasoline but it deposited wherever the gasoline evaporates such as on carburetor jets, in the intake manifold or on inlet valve stems. At first this deposit is sticky, like molasses, but as it absorbs more

oxygen from the air it becomes hard, like dry varnish. If gasoline containing an excessive amount of gum is used continuously, the engine won't idle because the intake valves are sticking, and finally will not run below twenty miles an hour because of clogged low speed jets. There is another fact about gum which is very interesting. A gasoline may have a low gum content when placed in the gasoline tank, and yet sixty days later the gum content will have increased owing to certain hydrocarbons in the gasoline absorbing oxygen out of the air to form additional gum. This formation of gum is accelerated by high temperatures, by intimate contact with the air and by the presence of materials such as bright copper and some soldering fluxes. The danger of gumming is when a car is stored in a heated building, also in hot weather to the effect of atmospheric temperature. Because of the effect of intimate contact with air, a gallon or so of gasoline spread over the bottom of the fuel tank of a car will likely form more gum than a full tank of gasoline. To be on the safe side all the gasoline should be drained from the tank of a car that is expected to be in storage for more than sixty days, and the engine should be run until the carburetor is dry, since storage for this period of time might form enough gum for the engine to become inoperative after being driven only a few miles.

Bright new copper surfaces, such as the inside of fuel lines, and certain soldering fluxes left from sol-

dering joints in new gasoline tanks make it specially important to see that new cars are not left in storage for any length of time with gasoline in the tank. Reconditioning or cleaning an engine that has become badly gummed may be materially simplified by the use of a good gum solvent such as Acetone, or a half and half mixture of Benzol and Alcohol, since both of these solvents will dissolve the gum deposits, if used while the gum is soft. If the gum is formed in large quantities and become hardened it will likely be necessary to replace the parts involved. For these reasons, good gasoline must not have a gum content of over five drops to the gallon. This is equal to about one hundredth of one per cent of gum.

But there are low grade gasolines on the market that have one hundred times that much, or nearly five teaspoons of gum in one gallon. Such fuels must be avoided or serious gum deposits will result.

## Octane Rating

The fifth and final specification is "Anti-Knock" or Octane Rating, which indicates the tendency of the gasoline to prevent detonation or knocking, in the combustion chamber. To appreciate its full value, we must understand the meaning of Octane Rating and its relation to compression ratio. An Octane Number, which is simply a unit of measurement, like one foot, one pound, or one gallon, is used to express Octane Rating. The name "Octane" is derived from "Iso-Octane" an extract which is far too expensive for

commercial use. Another product, "Normal Heptane", which is distilled from pine sap, knocks very badly. The knocking tendency of a fuel is tested by burning the gasoline with special combinations of Octane and Heptane until one is found that gives identically the same knock as gasoline. For example, if the knocking tendency of a gasoline is equal to that of a mixture of 70 parts Octane and thirty parts Heptane, it is given an Octane rating of 70.

Now let us discuss cause and effect of knocking, and relation between Compression Ratio and Octane Rating. If the cylinder of an engine holds six pints of an air and fuel

mixture when the piston is at the bottom of the stroke, and the piston then compresses this same mixture

(Continued on page 7)

COMPLIMENTS OF  
**LEGION Theatre**  
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AND  
**ROSE Theatre**  
Mossbank Sask.  
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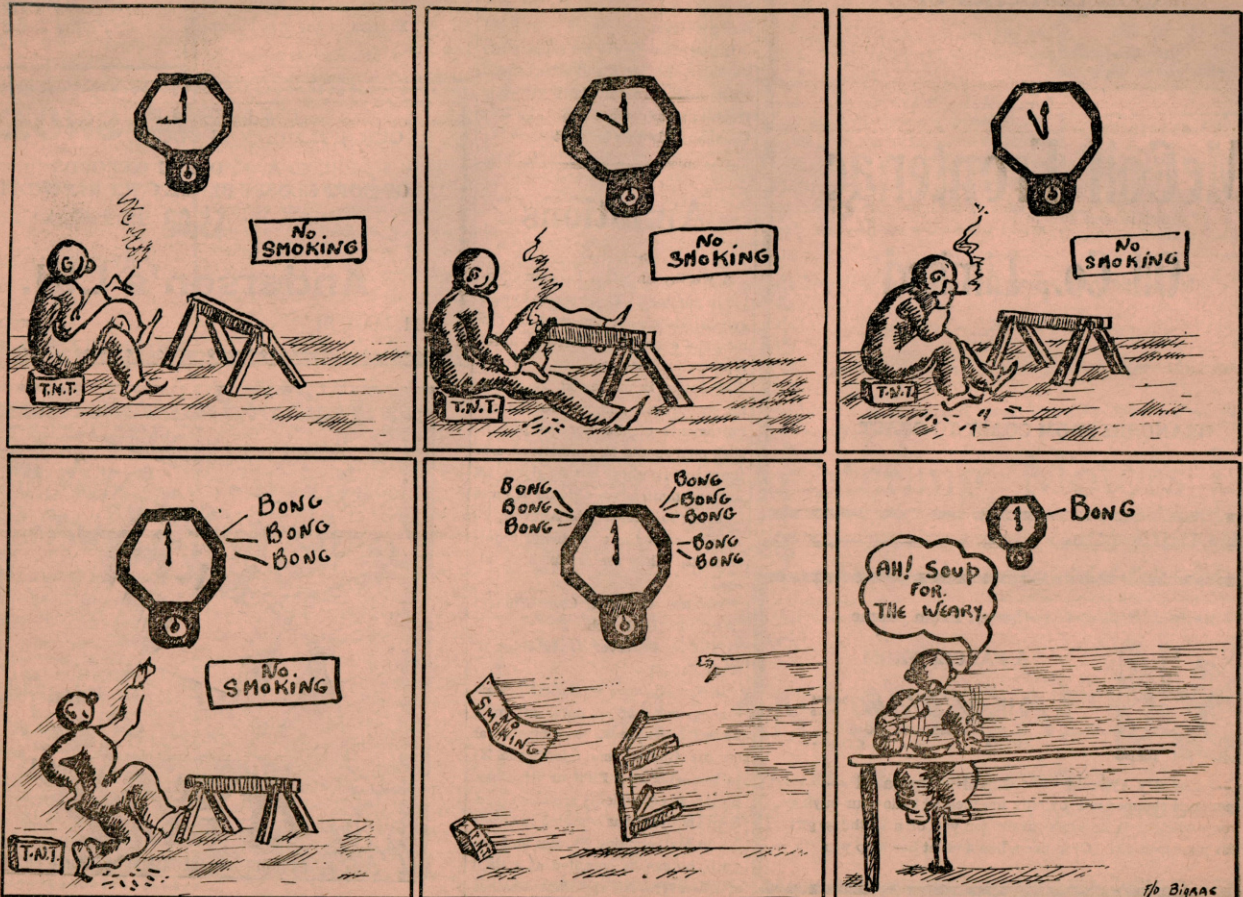
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# "Okie-Doke"

Give credit where credit is due: do not claim credit for new ideas, new methods, new schemes, when they originated in somebody else's mind. It's no disgrace for a Group Captain, a Wing Commander, a Squadron-Leader, a Flight Lieutenant or a Flying Officer to admit that "AC2 Smith made this suggestion and I think it is excellent—this chap AC2 Smith has helped us a lot by this."

If you persist in laying claim to all new developments, you will stifle new developments, but worse, too, you will eventually be found as an imposter and so stifle your promotion too. Funny, but these men are always found out!

Whoever you may be, never fail to give credit to and compliment the person who institutes new and good ideas or methods.

Ever slap a chap on the back and say, "Hiya, Chum!" It's a happy, wholesome pleasantry. Why not add a few words to your young civilian friends and, with the friendly jovial pat on the back, say "Hi-ya, chum, is it true you are joining up?—Great stuff—you'll enjoy it." Best recruiting method I can think of at the moment. It implies you joined freely, you did it for real sound reason, you are enjoying it, you are useful, and now you are saying all these complimentary remarks to him. It won't take many of his friends to "Hi-ya, chum" him, etc., before he does join up.

And there is the chap who is always looking for promotion, and does so little to earn it. Seems that the uppermost thought in all our minds should be "Let's see, how can I do this a better way."

It's funny how a group of men put together always appear to take their colour from the worst. Now Barrack Blocks—for instance—if everybody was interested, really interested in his section and kept it in an airmanlike fashion, can you picture the sloppy chap's bunk! Why it would stick out like a sore thumb. Could you cure that lazy habit?

## COMPLIMENTS

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We rather think so.

It has been said that in the Army you spend more time getting out of a job than it would take to do the job. How true, but perhaps they had only learnt service discipline and not self-discipline. The hardest thing in the world is to make yourself do or not do certain things—you know New Year's resolutions that are forever broken.

Discipline yourself and service discipline will be easy, if not pleasant at times. A willing obedience is a better job done than a forced or unwilling obedience and after all we are all in the service to see this "job of work" very thoroughly done.

Because we do not see the bills and more because we don't have to pay them, carelessness is so apt to creep in. No use moralizing and repeating the truth that indirectly we do pay the bill, but it is of concrete use to say "let's show Ottawa that No. 2 B. & G. is the most efficient, most effective, and also, please note, the most economic!" How? Ey just being thoughtful over small things, by being thrifty in expendable things. Yes, turning off taps definitely helps; turning off lights, too, when they are not needed. These are but two use your imagination and help.

And we should have a Station History. If all you chaps would get snaps of men who passed through and, of course, write who and what they were, news clippings, letters, private diaries and, if all these, one bright and sunny morning, found their way to the Adjutant (who opens all mail), why, a station historian would have to be appointed pronto. No use just one or two doing it—everybody at it, right now!

If you want to cry on somebody's shoulder, go to the Padre, that's what he's here for, take all your troubles and woes to him—all but financial—he's broke, too.

## Ambitions

A worthy ambition is commendable in any man. There seems to be a general desire on the part of our men, not engaged in Aircrews, to remuster to that position. Where that desire is expressed, it should be encouraged and, where the requirements of the Service permit, such men should be remustered. But there are no short cut to glory. A man, no matter how able he is, must in order to remuster to Aircrew, be able to meet the educational requirements. They are set forth as follows:

Wireless Operator (Air Gunner) two years High School.

Pilot or Observer, three years of High School.

In the Province of Saskatchewan, this means that an applicant must have his Grade X to remuster as an Air Gunner, and his Grade XI to remuster as a Pilot or Observer. So far, as equivalents are concerned, if an applicant has standing in Grade XI, in Mathematics, Physics and English, he can be accepted as a Pilot or Observer. An applicant who has

## SHORT CIRCUITS

# What the P.O. Staff Has to Contend With

A freckled face AC2 stopped at the Post Office and yelled out

—"Anything for Murphy?"

—"No, there is not".

—"Anything for Pat Murphy?"

—"Nothing."

—"Anything for Patrick Murphy?"

—"No"

—"Anything for Patrick Maloney Murphy?"

—"No"

—"Anything for Patrick Thomas Maloney Murphy?"

—"No, nor for Terry Murphy, nor Dennis Murphy, nor Peter Murphy, nor Joe Murphy nor any Murphy dead, living, unborn, native or foreign, civilized or barbarous, male or female, black or white, naturalized or otherwise, soldier or citizen. NO, there is positively nothing for any of the Murphys, either individually or collectively, jointly, severally, now and forevermore, one and insepara-

ble." The Airman looked at the clerk in astonishment. —"Please," he said, "will you see if there is anything for Isaac Murphy?" The clerk fainted. The cadets were eagerly awaiting their dinners at a certain R. A. F. training school. One of them was overheard to remark: "Never was so little waited for by so many for so long." —Manchester Guardian.

Such requirements should guide men in making applications to remuster and they also outline the limits where such applications may be recommended. It is pointed out, however, that men falling below such educational requirements, have the opportunity of raising themselves to the required standard. This can be done through the excellent correspondence course offered free by the Canadian Legion. Already 133 men are registered and others are encouraged to do likewise. Those interested can get in touch with F.L. W. McLean at the Administrative Building.

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"You say you never clash with your wife?"

"Never. She goes her way and I go hers."

"Where's the C. O.'s Office?" demanded the AC2.

"Follow the passage", some one directed him, "until you come to the sign reading "Out of Bounds to All ranks". Go upstairs till you see the sign "Keep Out". Follow the corridor till you see the sign "Silence then yell for him."

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## What is good:=-

(Continued from page 5)

to a one pint volume at the top of the stroke, we say the engine has a ratio of six to one. Today, the ratio is over six to one. Compression Ratios were increased to step up the power & economy of an engine without increasing its size. Unfortunately, however, as the compression Ratios were increased there was a very evident increase in the tendency of engines to knock. Theories concerning the cause of the knock were advanced from various sources. Some said it was caused by the connecting rods, some blamed it on the piston rings, some insisted it was timing while others thought it might be caused by fuel. Experiments of all kinds were carried. One of the very first experiments tried was retarding the ignition timing from the standard setting. This was found to be effective as a method of eliminating detonation, but was impractical because it resulted in sluggish performance and poor gasoline economy. Research engineers continued experimenting until they finally proved that it was fuel problem, but it was not until recently that they were able to see by means of high

speed motion pictures exactly what caused the knock. These pictures, taken at the rate of 5,000 per second through a window at the rate of a combustion chamber, show that when gasoline burns so that it knocks the flame starts at the spark plug at one side of the combustion chamber and then progresses at an even speed away from this point. This rate of flame travel continues across the combustion space accompanied by a gradual increase in pressure. Suddenly we see that a new flame starts of itself from the opposite side of the combustion space where the unburned gases lie. With flame advancing from both directions the gasoline burns so fast that the action is similar to that of a terrific explosion. This results in a very high pressure being developed at a very rapid rate. This enormous increase in pressure is developed so fast that it occurs while the piston is still near top dead center, and since the piston can't get away fast enough to utilize the pressure in developing power on the downward stroke, it receives a terrific blow. The shock of the heavy blow received by the top of the piston and cylinder head is heard as a sharp metallic knock. This is what is known as knocking, spark rap, ping, or detonation. This shock is transmitted through the piston pin, connecting rod, and the crankshaft and so to every part of the engine. Such constant pounding tends to speed up the wear of piston pin bushings and connecting rod bearings. In aggravated cases it has been known to split pistons across the top, blow out cylinder head gaskets and split the porcelain inside spark plugs. Knocking not only results in excessive wear on many engine parts, it also wastes power. When an engine knocks, energy is wasted because it is forced to go into the cooling water and in excessive cases to boil. Here then, in excessive wear and wasted power, we have two excellent reasons why engineers were anxious to eliminate knocking from the automobile engine. Having established through extensive experimentation that the knock was not mechanical, research engineers now set about finding some method of improving gasoline so that the entire charge would burn evenly from one side of the combustion chamber and therefore would not develop knocking. They found several different refining processes which would increase the Octane Rating of gasoline. Some of the processes were found to be too expensive to use commercially and the others had a tendency to increase Gum Content in the gasoline in direct relation to the increase in Octane Rating.

But since none of the processes increase the Octane Rating sufficiently to completely stop detonation the research engineers soon began to direct their efforts along other channels. Numberless experiments were tried. Thousands of chemicals were added to gasoline until finally the engineers were successful. They found that a chemical known as Tetraethyl Lead when added to gasoline would eliminate the knock. This was combined with two other chemicals, a red dye was added for identification purposes and the solu-

## Control Tower Capers

Cpl Tresidder also speaks words of wisdom when he says, "What this country needs is a good five-cent piece."

We wish to bring to the attention of all concerned that we have had several answers to our "Want Ad" of last month. No others need apply since Flight Sergeant O'Brien has become acquainted with the operation of the telephone. Congratulations, Flight.

Much concern is felt about Flying Officer James who is building a model aeroplane powered by—of all things—a BEE! What will people think of next?

We wish to congratulate "RED ONE" Reynolds on his efforts at testing the runways with a 2½ lb. hammer. Keep up the good work "Red One"!

tion was called Ethyl fluid.

Now if we look at the inside of combustion chamber through the eyes of the high speed camera we see that when a mixture of gasoline and Ethyl fluid is burned the flame starts at the spark plug as before and then progresses at an even speed from this point. This rate of flame travel continues farther and farther across the combustion chamber until it finally reaches the other side, burning all of the gasoline at an even rate of speed from only one direction. This produces an even pressure that can be absorbed efficiently by the piston and develops more power from the same amount of gasoline. With the fact established that engine compression ratios could be increased through using better gasoline, motor car manufacturers continue, year by year, to increase engine compression ratios. This constant increase in compression ratios made it necessary for practically all oil companies to produce gasoline having a higher Octane rating. The proven value of Tetraethyl Lead as an effective anti-knock compound lead several oil companies to begin using it to raise the Octane rating of their regular gasoline. This method was adopted by more and more companies until today over seventy-five per cent of all regular gasoline contain enough Tetraethyl Lead to give them an Octane rating of 70. Fuels to which Tetraethyl Lead is added, must first be good base gasolines. They are tested for VOLATILITY, VAPOUR PRESSURE, SULPHUR CONTENT and GUM CONTENT before Tetraethyl Lead can be added.

### Word of Warning to Would-Be Defaulters

Flight Sergeant O'Brien has a complete set of plans of Kingston Military Prison and approval has been granted for erection of such a prison on this station should the continued flow of defaulters warrant it. Incidentally it is pointed out to defaulters that 48-hour passes and revilles are out of the question.

We wonder if the abundance of Bibles and Prayer Books, accompanied by the M. O.'s treatment are helping Cpl. Miller recover from his indiscretions.

The recent "Band Concert" put on for incoming Trainees was a miracle to say the least. The 23 bandmen each played a different selection. Quite a trick. Speaking of the band; AC3½ "Bill" Marriot cuts quite a cute figure in his tailored "uniform".

### Tid-Bits From Here And There

S'funny but Mrs. Marriot hasn't been calling Bill up much of late. What can this mean?

The Control tower staff is clamouring for gas masks or else a change in our Flight Sergeant's diet.

Comparing a kid with his first bicycle and Squadron Leader Penman and the Norseman is quite appropriate. He worships that ship, no foolin'.

Voice over the telephone: Duty Pilot? Have those M. T. drivers clean up around the tower a bit, will you?

Tyler: Sorry Sir, but I'm only an AC2 and it's a bit difficult for me to give orders.

In the last issue we mourned the transfer of Flight Lieutenant Booth. This time we mourn the transfer of Flight Lieutenant Cheesman. "Al" was greatly liked by all who worked with him and we were sorry to see

him go. All the personnel who were in contact with him agree that he was "tops".

WANTED: An adding machine for Cpl. Miller so that he can figure out flying time correctly. What a Flying Time Log chart.

For the Lavatory: "Don't be a four-flusher; water costs money."

### SPARKS

A rookie passing the mess hall, asked the cook: "What's on the menu for to-nite?" "Oh, hundreds of things." "What are they?" "Beans".

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# S'MORNING

“ALL-RIGHT-WHADDYUSAY  
WHADDYUSAY-WHADDYUSAY!

Where do you guys think that you are anyway, in the Army? C'mon crawl out of your holes, ya bunch of ;fbf(?!)\*b@&-,-! motheaten specimens of a hangover!”

“O.K. Tommy, O.K. I'll be up in just a couple of minutes. Don't you know that it's hard on a man's constitution to get up too fast in the morning?”

“You're damn right I do, m'boy, and if you're not up by the time I get over there you'll know how hard it is!!!”

Yep, it seems to be approximately 0630 a.m. in the barracks, and Canada's War Effort is once more on the March. Almost. At that time of the day, “On-the-Stagger” would probably be a more appropriate phrase to use. But it is not the

method in which these stalwart sons of the Air Force manage to propel themselves along that would catch the interest of any chance passerby. Rather, his imagination would be intrigued by the conversations that go hand-in-hand with our staggering a.m. effort. The casual visitor would probably be greeted by something like this:

“Hey, Joe, whattaya gonna do, sleep all the bloomin' day?”

“Aw, dry up! And 'nother thing, who in the blazes was it that arrived in here sometime around two bells and raised the roof? Anyway, what-sitoya whaddido?”

“Oh! Starting somethin', eh!”

“Pipe down, Shorty, and hand over one of those cigarettes!”

“Huh? Say don't you ever buy...?”

“Quiet Chum. Don't suppose that you remember that you bummed 'em off me all last night, do you?”

“Who...me!”

“No one else but, sweetheart!”

“How do you guys expect a man to get his proper amount of sleep, with you two birds gabbing like a couple of stuffed hens?”

“A little sleep at the proper time might help to...”

“I'll have you know, my dear sir, that I was partaking a little anatomical knowledge until quite late last night.”

“Sure, sure we understand. And, just as a matter of interest, who has that copy of Esquire now, anyway?”

“That vulgar literature is quite beneath my dig— say, wherinhelly' goin' with my shoe-polish! Don't you ever use your own stuff?”

“Not when yours is so nice and handy. And while we are on the subject, just where did my razor go to last...?”

“O.K., you guys, I've got witnesses that you were warned...”

The free-for-all that follows is a sight to see. But do not let it worry you, gentle reader. 'Tis but healthy exercise of a morning, and think of how happy it makes the manufacturers of WAX.

by DIOGENES

P.S.: Diogenes might go so far as to suggest, as a caption for that marvellously true-to-life picture of “Old Nasty”, the following:  
“Beaten by a Straight Flush”

### Community Spirit.

If you want to live in the kind of a town,

In the kind of a town you like, You need not pack your clothes in a grip,

And go on a long, long hike; You'll find what you left behind;

For there's nothing that's really new, It's a knock at yourself when you knock your town;

It isn't the town—it's you. Real towns are not made by men afraid

Lest somebody else gets ahead, But when everybody works and nobody shirks

You can raise the town from the dead, And if while you make your personal stake

Your neighbor can make one too, Your town will be what you want

## Dirt from the Drogue Droppers

Since the last issue of CONTACT, “D” Flight has suffered a great loss in the transfer to Gunnery of one of the most popular N.C.O.'s on this station. We refer to Flight Sergeant Birch who was for some time the efficient N.C.O. i;c D. Flight. This affable and exceedingly popular gentleman was long a symbol of the fine spirit of harmony and co-operation which exists among the personnel of No. 3 Hangar. We miss his genial presence on the job, but our loss is Gunnery's gain, so in spirit in which he would have it we say, “So long, and good luck in your new duties.”

What handsome F/O is the D/Operators' favorite pilot when he is “in the mood”.

What pair of D-men put on a good show by sprinting after the drogues during a recent visit to No. 2 Range Tower of the American big-wigs? Rubbing Alcohol (used externally) will relieve those aching leg muscles,

Grassam.

What tall, dark and handsome (?) Drogue Operator chose to become a fugitive rather than a washroom orderly? We hope the resultant incarceration will not cause a premature tinge of gray in that lustrous cranial adornment.

When will “Killer” Watts come clean as to the date on which he is to go out of circulation as an unmarried airman? Would that “dark affair” in Moose Jaw have anything to do with the postponement?

What likeable lad in D Flight ditched his home-town g.f. in Niagara Falls for a frail in Moose Jaw and now spends his “48's” at 173 Omica West?

Our new N.C.O. informs us that there will be some changes made, but we are still in the dark as to their nature. Please be careful, Sarge, we really don't think your stature would carry too much extra weight along with that iron hand.

This is our first attempt to crash these columns, boys, so please forgive the Winchellistic ambitions if these notes sound rather crude. If we are still able to write, we will try to do better next issue.

So Long,

Joe.

They say Adolf doesn't smoke. He doesn't drink either. An', wot's more, the stinker don't even play around with the girls. Cripes, wot a Furore! He reminds me of that bloke who wanted to get some kinda rejuvenatin' injection from the doctor. He wanted to live to be a hundred, he said.

—“Do you drink?” asked the doc.  
—“No.”  
—“Smoke?”  
—“No.”  
—“Chase women?”  
—“No.”  
—“Sufferin' cats, what d'you want to live to be a hundred for?”

The Legionnary, July, 1941.

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COMPLIMENTS OF  
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Moose Jaw, Sask.

## Armament Section Notebook

— by the “Professor” —  
— the weather man? —  
**THAT'LL BE THE DAY!**  
—When Denovan finds his lark.  
—When Allyn thinks Mossbank and vicinity as interesting as Montreal.  
—When Ft. Sgt. Richardson finds time to go away on a “48”.  
—When MacDougall finds a playmate who'll really double his (not Mac's) money.  
—When Gamble stops his horrible howling from dawn to dusk.  
—When Cpl. Nadurak has pleasant thought on seeing an armourer.  
—When gunnery “flips” start at 10 a.m. instead of dawn.  
—When our crooning Calgary Corporal signs a radio contract  
—When F/O. Headricks stops looking for sabotage.  
—When a gunner says “It's all my fault that the gun wouldn't work”.  
—When Corporals Hesterman and Bowling start making love to each other.  
—When Toal remembers to buy oil of citronella before visiting Assiniboia.

### “Information Wanted” Department

What system does Meggeson use to arrange a rain washout at the end of every pass? (Is his uncle

it to be; It isn't the town—it's you.

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Local Agency WITZKE BROS. Mossbank, Sask.

# No. B. & G. Boasts Splendid Hospital

## Accommodation and Equipment Fully Modern

No. 2 Bombing & Gunnery School at Mossbank, Sask., has the reputation of being the "Calcutta" of Canada, but though you may have never heard us boast of scenery, we have long bragged of our efficiency, our speed and record which we leave open to challenge. This time we wish to boast a little of our hospital and medical organization of which we are all proud.

Possessing a splendid hospital, a competent staff with most modern equipment this branch of the service, while seldom heard of, is filling one of the most important, in many cases the most important, phase of the activities of the school. However we will let you have it from "the horse's mouth" as it were.

### Meet the Hospital Staff

Perhaps when you come on Sick Parade for the first time or even for the twentieth time, you wonder into whose care you are trusting your health.

We have heard the medical staff called different kinds of names such as "quacks" and "horse doctors" and "pill pushers" and there are those who say "Hell, you couldn't get me into that damnd hospital with a shot gun" (so an instrument maker said) but sooner or later they come up to see us.

Well, here is the low down on the staff that stick with you when you have that low down feeling. We'll start first with the "boss".... Flight Lieutenant Williams, who

started medical school in 1929 at the University of Western Ontario, interned at Chicago Mat. Centre, Chicago Memorial Hospital and Brantford General Hospital, Ont., he started practice at Fort Burrell, Ont., in 1936 where he was until joining the Air Force in June of 1940. Then we come to genial Flying Officer Church, a graduate of McGill University, Montreal, who interned at Royal Victoria Hospital and started practice at Pirth, Ont. This is Mr. Church's first posting in the R.C.A.F. He is a physician and Surgeon and has performed major operations right here at our station at Mossbank.

Just before going to press, our other medical officer, (who has just returned from temporary duty at Boundary Bay), has returned to his old stamping ground at Mossbank. Yes, Flight Lieutenant Duncan, who with Capt. Whyte were the first two Medical Officers at No. 2 B. & G.

Flight Lieutenant Duncan started medical school at Manitoba University, interned at the King George Hospital for infectious disease, the Winnipeg General Hospital, and the Grey Nuns Hospital, at Regina. He started practice at the San Antonio Gold Mines, Man., until joining the Air Force on the 24th of June 1940.

Now here comes the low down on the nursing sisters: First: Nursing Sister Carey who is a graduate nurse from Regina General Hospital completed her training in the spring of 1939 and joined the Air Force, January 28th, 1941 with Mossbank as

her first posting.

Nursing Sister Seaman is also a graduate of Regina General Hospital graduating at the same time as Miss Carey and joined the Air Force at the same time.

Now we come to the other part of the staff, N.C.O.'s and airmen. Sgt. Hadager, who is our senior N.C.O., and wardmaster, is at present on leave but we do know that he held a responsible position at the Weyburn Mental Hospital for eight years prior to joining the forces.

Sgt. Jewitt is our dispenser who started in the business in 1936 as dispenser in a drug store at Indian Head, Sask. He joined the Air Force in July 1940. He was first stationed at No. 2 I.T.S. Regina until October when he came to Mossbank the first of the medical staff to arrive.

Sgt. Murphy is the equipment man of the hospital. "Murph" used to be an undertaker, ambulance driver, bank clerk, insurance agent and a host of other occupations occupied his younger days. He joined the medical corp with the hopes of getting a little practice at the first mentioned trade but has had no chance as yet.

Cpl. Wilson was born in Scotland in 1911, came to Canada in 1919 when he came with his family to Moose Jaw, Sask. Wilson is an expert St. John Ambulance member and passed with high marks at No. 2 I. T. S. at Regina during his course. He, along with Sgt. Jewitt share the distinction of being the first on the station.

Cpl. Shaw was born in Wolverhampton, England, and came to Canada in 1928. He has spent the

greater part of his time in Canada in Hospital work, mostly at the University of Alberta hospital, Edmonton, and joined the .C.A.F. in October 1940.

LAC Roy is our medical clerk which is a very responsible position. Roy is a citizen of Regina, first starting his business career as a stenographer and bookkeeper. A year previous to enlistment he was under the tutorship of an accountant and auditor. Through this man's hands pass all your medical documents.

LAC Roberts is the Radiographer responsible for the X-Ray machine and laboratory. A graduate of McMaster's University, Ont., with a B.A. degree. He took an X-Ray course with the R.C.A.M.C. at Toronto General Hospital and came to Mossbank on Feb. 1st from St. Thomas.

LAC Grudnitski, AC1 Milnes, AC1 Latulippe, AC1 McDonald, AC1 Lin, AC1 McCauley, have all received courses in the R.C.A.F. Medical Services.

Now you have a bird's eye view of the hospital staff. So you men

of other trades don't forget our work is just as important as yours, and although our names and trade are hardly ever mentioned in this great Air Training Scheme, we will still be on the job with a smile and a tender word for the sick and a sharp reprimand for the lead swinger, and don't forget to visit us when you have the itch from the old swimming hole or a nick in your finger from the machine gun or even a powder for a hang-over.

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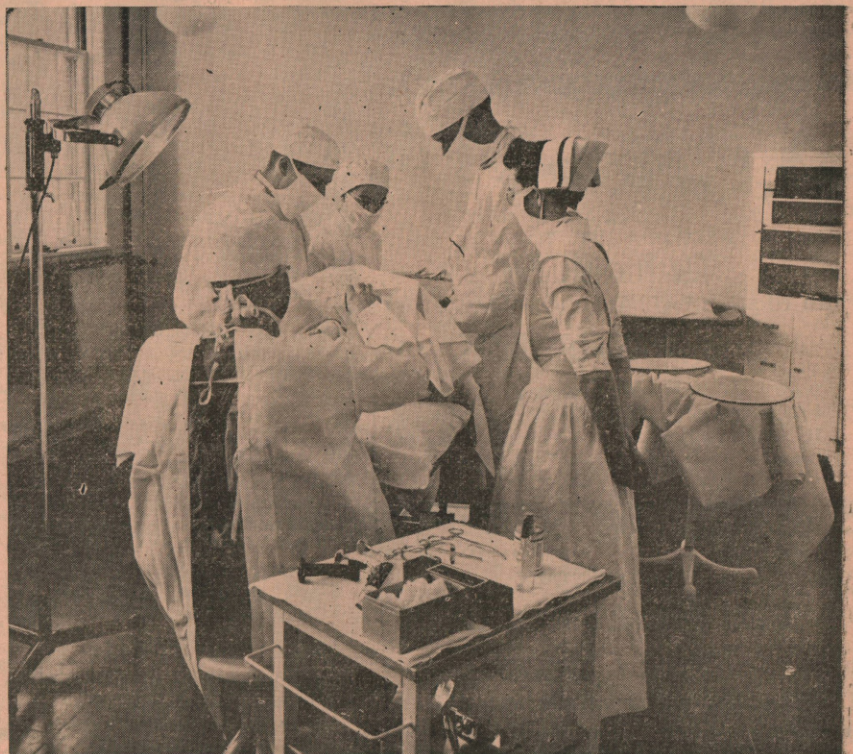
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### Officer In Charge No. 2 B. & G. Medical Staff



FLIGHT LIEUTENANT WILLIAM, Officer in Charge of the No. 2 Bombing & Gunnery School Medical Staff.

THE MEDICAL STAFF IN ACTION. A SCENE IN THE OPERATING ROOM OF THE MODERN HOSPITAL AT NO. 2 BOMBING AND GUNNERY SCHOOL.



# Here and There Around the Camp

by H. Q. Orderly Room Snooper  
AWH

What Senior N.C.O. got confused the other day, July 20, 1941, at Assiniboia, to be exact, and attended a meeting of the Holy Rollers.

Did religion get you or was it the only way you saw you could get that girl "GAS"?

We noticed that shortly after the Drill Squad dismissed in Assiniboia on the afore-mentioned date, that the streets very quickly were cleared of girls, and not long after that the small town park was simply crowded, and I do mean crowded.

Could it have been a coincidence, or was it just the heat driving everybody out into the open.

Famous saying that will be long remembered:

The words of the "Marble Mouth" or "Tonsils", formerly of Barrack Block 13B "I'll put you on charge", will live forever in the memories of the present occupants of the mentioned block, especially after lights out when the hum of activity usually begins.

As for Clothing Stores "Sorry, your issue day was yesterday, come back Thursday", WELL!

H. Q. Orderly Room never fail to say, "You're going on leave tonight; gosh that's funny, we've never had it hear, I wonder where it can be".

"Tiny" at the Dental Clinic always greets you with "Too bad, you'll have to make an appointment. How will the 30th of next month do?"

Then at Tickville (The Range to the uneducated) "Anybody seen Opyr?"

No explanation is needed for "You've been on the Station long enough

to know that Laundry comes back Tuesdays and Fridays". (ED: That's a statement that they will have to prove before I'll believe it, I'm from Missouri, Cpl.....)

The Sports Day at the Hospital, and the usual saying is: "If you're positive you get 6 shots, of you're negative, well, then wetry out some other method that you will be negative in".

The two expressions that are standard about the station thought: "AM I POSTED, EH, AM I POSTED?" and "HELLO, JOE!!! and I do mean JOE!"

Where was the bugler, and why did someone have to substitute for said bugler when the truck was ready to depart from Assiniboia at 0100 hours some days back?

Did that widow with three children have anything to do with that Tapper?

Even F/O. Bryan had to laugh when a certain Disciplinarian Corporal yelled "Settle down you guys" when the squad was marching at ease. "Boy, was someone's face red." (?)

Its lucky that the small tribe of Incians left from outside Assiniboia early the night of the parade, for some of the boys had very definite ideas about this and that.

It is noted with great interest that attractive street signs have been placed at all corners of the Parade Ground.

Not only does it give the Attention area a more distinguished appearance, but it also is a great help to personnel in getting their bearings when returning to their Barracks after a pleasant night at the

## Wet Canteen.

We want to wish Oakenfold the best of luck on his latest venture, which happens to be marriage. We don't know as yet what the outcome will be, but as they say "Where there's life, there's hope", and as far as we know, Oakenfold is still alive.

One of the boys suggested this little ditty as the evolution of Money:  
Get paid  
Two Days (48)  
Borrow Dough  
ZERO

Then a little ditty to be sung going home on leave:  
(Tune—"I'm An Old Cowhand")

I'm an old A.C.  
Of No. 4 T. C.  
Since I've been out here  
Never rode a steer  
And they call this West a will, wild place  
But there's nothing here 'xcept Gophers to chase  
So I'm going back East to the Ford V-8's  
Yippy ie Yiy Yay

## MOSSBANK

M is for Meadows with eye of light blue  
O is for Oakenfold, Oaky to you  
S is for Symon, a simple one too  
S is for Sago, an L.A.C. 2  
B is for Bouchard, the chief of our Staff  
A is for Al, who seldom does laugh  
N is for Noisy, that's Howl you'll agree  
K is for Cosgrove, spelt with a "C".

The Station Band, as everyone knows, has its practices at very opportune times for work, but it proves to be a great drag and a real gag in getting two of our fellows, with initials Symon and Tapper, of work quite a lot. However, needless to say, they are very seldom missed.

Rumour has it (No. 2 B&G Rumour No. 7373778½) has it that a draft is being picked out for Lethbridge, and another for Overseas.

Don't count on these things too much boys,—although prayers might make some things happen—they can't happen here.

Scotswoman's Prescription  
FAITH, WHISKY FOR AIR RAID  
Toronto, July 8—A gathering of nearly 1,000 people paying tribute at a testimonial dinner to C. O. Knowles last night received a recipe through Rt. Hon. Malcolm MacDonald for British fortitude.

The British High Commissioner told the dinner in honor of the Toronto Evening Telegram editor of a letter he received the other day from "an old Scottish lady who is a veteran of many air raids".

"I give it to you lest by some mischance Hitler gets his way to the extent of bombing Toronto in some future period of the war", Mr. MacDonald said, quoting the letter: "When the air raid warning sounds I take the Bible from the shelf and read the 23rd Psalm, where it says: "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear

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no evil, for thou art with me." Then I put up a wee bit of prayer. Then I take a wee drap o' whisky to steady my nerves. Then I get into bed and pull up the covers, and then I tell Hitler to go to hell".

The N.C.O. has really nothing to do, except "To decide what is to done; to tell somebody to do it; to listen to reasons why it should not be done, why it should be done by somebody else, or why it should be done in a different way, and to prepare arguments, in rebuttal that shall be convincing and conclusive.

"To follow up to see if the thing has been done; to discover that it has not been done; to inquire why it has not been done; to listen to excuses from the person who should have done it and did not do it.

"To follow up a second time to see if the thing has been done; to discover that it has ben done but

incorrectly; to point out how it should be done; to conclude that as long as it has been done it may as well be left as it is; to wonder if it is not time to get rid of a person who cannot do a thing correctly; to reflect that the person at fault has a wife and seven children—and that certainly no other person in the world would put up with him for a moment; and that—in all probability—any successor would be just as bad or worse.

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

# News from the Mess

by Wearie Willy

In the airmen's Mess, new glass sugar dispensers, with conical plastic tops, in cream and red have been added to the tables, replacing the sugar bowl. They are sanitary and lend a touch of color to the tables. The first sugar containers were tin cans.

The "Hobart" mentioned in last month's CONTACT is a large mixing machine. The Hobart mixes our cream potatoes, mashes turnips. It has a grinding attachment. Another one enables us to make our own sausages. The machine saves much time and labour.

The Corporals have a private dining room of their own now. The

formerly unused side of the mess has been partitioned off. The Corporals occupy one half, and the civilians the other.

(P.S.: The only difference in the Corporals' mess is the table cloths and the company.)

The other night when the lights went out again, Jack Craig, baker, was resourceful and soon fashioned a home-made flare. A "slut" he called it and by the light of this slut he was able to carry on with the pie making. A slut is simple to make. Just take a strip of rag, give it a twist, soak it in a saucerful of fat, then light it, and there you have a slut.

It looked as if someone had sabotaged the bake-oven. Excessive heat forcing them apart, allowing heat inside had expanded certain joir and smoke to escape. The bake-oven has been taken apart for repairs. Meanwhile we have been carrying on by using the ovens of the ranges.

Sergeant Ford is in a quandary. A memorandum from No. 4 Training Command Headquarters had come through, to the effect that surplus fats could be converted into soap, after first rendering them down. Then a notice came from Sergeant Rousby of the Fire Department, that the rendering of fats in bake or range ovens, was forbidden.

AC1 "Butcher" Hughes has returned from leave—married with permission.

AC1 Huchelega is one man who seemed actually glad to get back from leave. His home is Saskatoon.

Aircraftman Ralphs had an urgent call back to Winnipeg. His son was ill with poliomyelitis. Serum had been administered on time and the child is recovering at home.

Just back from leave the merry voice of LAC Behan sounds again in the mess: "Hello little feller! How's she loggin'?"

I wonder why some of you take three pieces of toast and eat one, leaving the rest on the table. Any of you who have made your own toast at nights, know how hot it is, in front of the range. Realizing this, I should think that you would eat what you take or take what you can eat.

It is a airforce custom to remove your dishes after eating. Have some of you forgotten? Leaving one's place for even two minutes, one is liable to find his dinner gone, upon his return. The messmen think that the airman has forgotten his dishes, or was not hungry, so removed them.

## Australia Retains The Ashes

On Sunday, July 19th, a cricket team comprising an eleven chosen from Course 11 W.A.G.'s journeyed to Moose Jaw to compete against an R.A.F. team chosen from 32 S. F. T. S.

Captain R. Cassigan won the toss and Australia's inning was opened by G. Muntangh and A. Cannas and the partnership, which netted 29 runs, was the best of the day.

Best scores for the R.A.A.F. team were obtained by Muntangh (19) Kelly (17), Storey (14) and Carrigan (14). The scoring was not spectacular but each man did his job and the side's total was 104 runs.

The English opening partnership put on 28 runs before being broken. At this stage of the game the chances were about equal but the English side then collapsed dramatically four mickets falling to four successive balls handed by R. Critcher. D. Storey then commenced bowling the other end and obtained two wickets with his first three deliveries thus six wickets had fallen from seven balls.

The remainder of the R.A.F. side was dismissed during the succeeding over and their total was 39 runs, the Aussies winning by 65 runs.

The R. A. A. F. team comprised R. Carrigan (Capt.) A. Connor, V. Capas, R. Critcher, K. Gasteen, K. Gaulton, T. Kelly, R. Lafrance, N. Lynch, G. Muntangh, D. Storey. Detailed scores and the names of the R. A. F. players are unfortunately unavailable. LAC'S K. England and S. Maker acted ably as umpires and LAC A. Lead was an efficient scorer (although he lost the score sheet)

The game was played in a very friendly spirit and a good time was had by all. The R.A.F. is very anxious to have revenge on a team selected from a succeeding course of Australians.

## English Story

This week's English story concerns a flight lieutenant who was made a squadron commander.

He telephoned the Directorate of Postings at the Air Ministry and said:

"I want Lieutenant Jones transferred from headquarters at once, and try to get it done without the red tape and inefficiency that you people always show down there."

"Do you know to whom you are speaking?" the voice wanted to know.

"No," replied the squadron commander.

"Well, this Air Marshal Brown," was the reply.

"And do you know to whom you are talking?" asked the squadron commander.

"No," replied the air marshal. "Well, thank God for that," the squadron commander replied, and hung up.

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# Moans From The Hosuital

Things we would like to see...  
AC2 Latulippe's butterfly—also the rest of his tattoos.

"Joe" Law just celebrated his wedding anniversary but had to be reminded about it by his wife. The canteen sold one of their best gold lockets the next day. He thinks she'll forgive him. We don't.

What would Sgt. Pilot Moore rather have?... Tonsillectomy or Crash?

What "executive type" of the hospital staff went with the ball team to Lafleche to nurse the team but wound up nursing the good old bottle?

Well we had another one of those cut-throat sessions at the hospital

recently and when this reporter made the rounds afterwards the patients refused to talk of their experiences (or perhaps they couldn't). Infact one of them was "moored" here for quite a while.

The wife of the M. T. boss thinks that Tonsillectomy's are quite the thing (or should we say quiet the thing). Cheer up Flight, you should be able to say a few words on your own behalf soon.

At least LAC Marshall enjoyed his stay at the hospital especially in the evenings. But then, two is company but three is a crowd, Mr. Windsor.

We still can't help but wonder why Sgt. Pilot Williams turned down some nice crisp toast and bacon the day after his operation.

## WINGS PARADE—

Bowler, William Henry, Chaston, Lionel Greer, Duncan, Gordon Robert; Durward, Robert George; Goldberg, Morris; Honan, Lloyd James; Jollymour, Harold George; Laforme, George Will; McCoy, Alfred Ernest; Everett, Robert Emerson; Miller, Ian Barclay; McGregor, Walter Kenneth; Maffre, Kenneth Reginald; Mallish, Richard Lewis; Mennill, Joseph Lloyd; Moran, David Oliver; O'Connor, Francis Charles; Ramsay, George Balfour Nicol; Rothwell, Andrew MacBean; Shannon, Robert Porter; Shapiro, Harry; Shirley, Clifford Alvin; Simpson, Ernest Little; Simpkins, Frank Douglas; Billard, Thomas Gabriel; Reason, Wilson Albert; Smith, John Forsyth; Smith, Thomas Clark; Thomas, George David; Tooth, George Arthur; Trask, Woodrow Arnold; Turnbull, Donald Yuill; Waterbury, Orville Ray; Wheatley, Colin Havelock; Wortley, Warren Herbert; Zezula, Joseph Ferdinand; MacDonald, Joseph Camillius.

Sgt. Baldwin, Carnley, Carrigan, Connor, Alan; Copasa, Vernon; Critcher, Done, England, Grainger,

Gasteen, Gaulton.

Hart, Noel Henry Raybould; Henderson, William Douglas; Holdaway, Neville Charles; Jackson, Harold Angus; Kelly, Thomas Joseph; Lawrence, Raymond George; Leal, Alexander George; Lynch, Noel Bradford; Maher, Thomas Surrey Gilbert; Mason, John Lionel; Marsh, Gordon Ian Isley.  
May, Murray Arthur; McLaughlin, Francis Noel; Millett, Graham

Henry; Murtough, Geoffrey Benedict; Pugh, Walter MacPherson; Shaw, Gordon Henry William; Smith; Henry William Joseph; Stephens, Arthur Hugh; Storey, Donald Talbot; Sutton, James Thomas; Warren, Frederick Ernest Sydney; Weintz, Paul Frederick Leonard.

Guthrie, Stewart Fraser; Harg, Thomas Allen; Higgins, John Henry; Hillcoat, James Leckie; MacMillan, Joseph Kenneth.

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## Workshop Squeaks

### Information Please!

Is it true that LAC Desy is going to be nominated mayor of Gravelbourg?

Who was the one that told the Hospital they would have a lot of business now that we have some power saws and was himself the first customer?

What are the two new LAC's going to do with all their back pay?

Who is the AC1 who always gets merry on the way home?

### NO. 5 HANGAR

—It rhymes—phewie—  
Little Sgt. Carefoot as you should know,  
Is a proud little "Daddy" now you all know.  
On his 48's home he shall go,

To see his daughter, which he is proud of, you know.

Will the boys who went east on their leave bring back some Canadian Beer "La Batt's, Molson and Black Horse" preferred?

Since Corporal Britland came back off leave, he hasn't been going to Expanse. Has he promised his girl friend in Vancouver that he shall be true and faithful to her? We wonder. Why does he take bags of rice to Moose Jaw.

What is this we hear about LAC Lewis taking up canoeing?

### MY DISCOVERY OF THE WEST (Continued from page 1)

of modern ages, this man who calls himself the Fuehrer but is only an over-grown puppet.

So here's to you, western people, from a Frenchman who taught he would be rather lonely away from his family out west, but changed his mind rather quick, to you, all the pioneers of our western Canada, the Scots, English, Irish, French, and other nationalities, making our cosmopolitan western Canada,—to my friends in Saskatoon, Edmonton, Calgary, Macleod, Vancouver, Lethbridge, Moose Jaw, Winnipeg, St. Thomas,—if this ever gets to you, this is just to let you know that although the Sieur de la Verendrye went west some years ago, he only found the buffalo roaming about, but another one came lately and he sometimes thinks that probably Madame de Pompadour had an idea in the back of head and also that King Georges III was not so bad after all,—and being french I will not end without saying that the Petites French Mademoiselles of the East have nothing on the smiling, blue eyed, pretty Misses of the West, with this I say. Long Live the pioneers of the West, and more power to them.  
Joseph Paul Rogiers Rene LeCours.



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