



CONTACT!

THE VOICE OF THE "DUST BOWL" AIRPORT

Per Ardua
Ad Astra

VOL. 1—No. 5

MOSSBANK, SASKATCHEWAN, SEPTEMBER 15th, 1941

Free to Airport—Others, .05 cents.

Quarantine Lifted!

Fourteen days of confinement, waiting for a mosquito to come around and bite you, and so get the thing over with surmised up the Quarantine. Many have been held here, but very few stayed in when the ban was lifted. To see the boys scamp from hut to hut for the usual, "Low about \$5.00 till next pay day" would have been a joy for any shyster's blood-shot eyes. All in all, the humming that went on that particular Thursday night really showed that the boys were still alive and raring to go.

To say that these some boys were inactive here in the camp would be a gross under-statement indeed. To say that they took it quietly would also be a lie. Actually the only thing that broke the monotony of this ban was the numerous games going on last pay day, which do not include tennis, baseball, softball, pinocle . . . and lots of others in the same class. Many comments and rumors were born in the shadowy corners of different huts and messes. To quote one would not be fair, too many would have to be given in order to substantiate the first. But everything thrashed out there was one which gave many a poor soul that certain dash of sunshine "The quarantine is lifted" or "Do you know that the M.O. is giving special passes to those who want to get married." I know for a fact that quite a number of the boys made arrangements by phone. But, of course, there was no truth whatever in the statement. Some are worried no end about this new law "breach of promise" indeed.

The gophers around here were

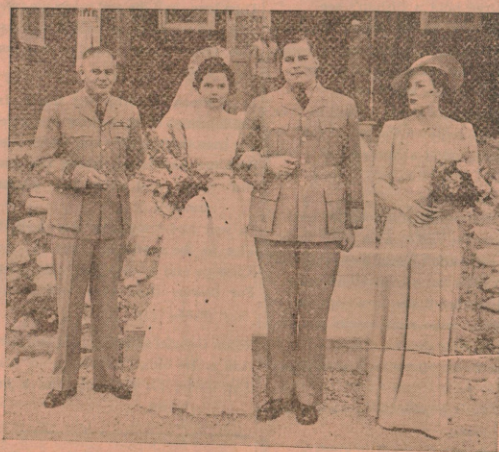
quite perturbed about so much tramping on their little homes. As a matter of fact I heard one quote "I hope that M.O. quits this foolishness, so I can resume my home life and get some sleep." But then who gives a doggone for gophers, they have no representative in the House of Lords—or have they?

The interesting part for the bachelors who were quarantined was that it only meant the postponement of their various forms of enjoyment on 48 hour pass. But the poor married men, the darling sweet little things really had to grin and bear it . . . mostly bear it. A blab of happiness was somehow thrown their way for a few days when permission was granted to have their wives come to the gate at night and discuss the various problems . . . whatever married people tell each other at night. A Frost fence is not very conducive to amorous designs, but some seemed to manage all right. The only confusing part about the whole thing was the insistence on the part of one of the guard to "cut it out" that he could not take any more, being a married man himself with his wife somewhere out East. He instituted the parking cards system, whereby every two hours he would punch somebody's ticket and say "Sorry, you're blocking the traffic, give somebody else a chance."

And so the quarantine was lifted and many other things too numerous to mention in this paper.

By "BUSHBY BEE"
(Ed. Note. — More could be said, but . . .)

Last Month's Popular Wedding



FLIGHT LIEUTENANT BEGG
AND MRS. BEGG (MISS SUTOR),
WING COMMANDER JONES MRS. JONES.

Contact Club

A Club has been formed by the Airman's wives in Mossbank, Sask. The name of "Contact" has been duly and appropriately given, our object being to get into touch with all the Airman's wives. An invitation is cordially extended to the wives who have, or are about to take up, residence in Mossbank.

One of the aims is to aid all new comers to get established in this community and in this we ask the co-operation of all airmen. They can do so by getting in touch with the following members:

Mrs. Ian C. Farquharson, President.
Mrs. Gus. Jeffreys, Vice-President.
Mrs. Blake Garrow, Sec'y-Treasurer.

Until further notice the meetings are being held in the fire hall each Wednesday, at 2 o'clock p.m., Air Force time.

Late Issue

On account of the quarantine the paper is late this month. Our readers and advertisers will please excuse the unavoidable delay.

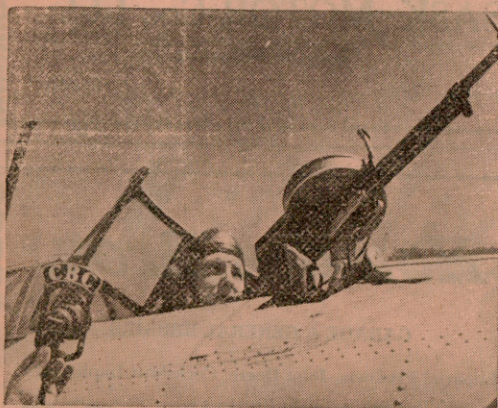
Slow Up

This is just a note to some of our personnel who possess cars. If you will notice, there is a sign on the main road coming into camp that reads: "Speed Limit, 15 m.p.h." Some of you come flying down the road then apply the brakes just before you reach the gate. More than once the guard has had to jump out of the way to avoid being hit. Then when he comes up to you to remind you of the sign you laugh and say, "I was just trying to scare you." Maybe so, but one of these days your brakes will fail to hold and someone will get seriously hurt. You will then be full of apologies but it will be too late. You can be pegged for disregarding the sign and when you are coming back to camp slow up . . . because we don't want to hear you saying, "I lost my forty-eight . . . I came too fast towards the gate."

He'd gone upstairs and he was set,
To make each bomb a direct hit.
He'd seen their smoke
Each time they broke—
"By, God! each one! not off a bit!

So back downstairs our little Will
come,
The conquering hero coming home.
But oh the mirth
When he hit the earth—
For not one bloody bomb had gone.
—Anonymous, Course 25.
Eds. Note: Yehudi bombs—The little
bombs that make direct hits and come
back up to you again ready for another
drop. Hence, Ideal

"They Fly for Freedom"



Dealing with the activities of the men in the sky who have won so important a place in the present war, and of the army of men on the ground whose duty it is to back them up and keep them flying, a new series of programmes was recently launched entitled "They Fly For Freedom". Heard over stations of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, it tells the story behind the Commonwealth Air Training Scheme and of the thousands of young men from all parts of the Empire who are eagerly developing into

pilots, observers, gunners and mechanics. Much of the material used in these broadcasts has been gained first hand. CBC Engineers and producers, along with Gerald Noxon the author, have journeyed to many of the centres where training is going on and have there recorded the actual sounds and voices of the students and instructors on the spot. Listeners who desire knowledge of the training of the airmen and all that goes to make our Royal Canadian Air Force will find that this programme is extremely interesting.

The R. C. A. F.

Lift up your eyes unto the sky,
Behold and see our airmen fly.
Lift up your voice in loud acclaim.
Lift up your hearts, give praise again.
Give praise for all our men in blue,
Men of the air and groundmen too,
Yielded to service, 'til victory we gain,
Lift up your hearts, give praise again.
Men from the bench, men from the field,
Unto the task, service they yield.
Men from the hills, men from the plains,
Lift up your hearts, give praise again.
Shall we then doubt as forth they go?
Men of the air to fight the foe,
Strong men of faith, Fear they disdain,
Lift up your hearts, give praise again.
Give praise that in our hour of need,
The Spirit of the mighty Rede,
Is manifest in our airmen.
Lift up your hearts, give praise again.
For such a Cross shall eye consume,
The evil hosts and mark their doom,
And Peace shall bring increase to pain,
Lift up your hearts, give praise again.
—W. McClean, Flt./Flt.

Black and Blue Notes

Black: The genial orderly Sergeant of A.T.S. Flt. Sgt. O'Brien has played many solos unaccompanied by the rest of the Band. Have you heard him, boys? Tut, tut flight, that's against the rules.

Blue: Our Bandmaster has some trite sayings. I remember playing in Mossbank that time. Coming up that steep hill, he said: "If you run out of breath when breathing through your nose, well, don't forget fellows, you can always breathe through your EARS." Let's ask the M.O. about that Bandmaster.

Black: I wonder if Last Post Tapper plays any solos to that widow in Assiniboia. How about that "Taps"? Blue: Our Bass player "Cannon" must have a Criminal Record. He sometimes comes in from Behind the Bars, instead of in front.

Blue: That man from the Hospital who plays the Trombone? Oh "Law", is that his name, can't seem to get away from his work. He even makes that trombone sound as if it was in need of a "Number Nine." Nuff said.

Black: That's all for this time. Be careful boys though. There's another issue of "Contact" coming up. Bye.

Your roving reporter,
ANIMUS (or something).

A Dream

"IDEAL" OR YEHUDI BOMBS—
WILLIE'S DAY DREAM

I'm here to tell of little Will,
Who hopes to be a bomber still.
Four bombs four hits,
Cried he, "Some Blitz!"
I've never had a greater thrill!

"For Freedom"

Oh have I dreamed, and in my dreaming have found,
A secluded haven from all my worldly cares,
A comforting refuge from the persistent snares,
Which along the highway of life are found.
Serene though my thoughts, my dreams are some times bound,
To be suddenly stirred; though I lie quiet and still,
Yet, dream of monsters, who snarling ferociously will,
Suddenly disappear, leaving my sleep more sound.
As I drift in dream, the world is stirred,
By murderous oppression of the Nazi horde,
By the vile corruption, that her might instills,
On the World's free peoples, against their wills.
But these vile vultures, like the ones in my dream,
Are doomed to destruction, to leave freedom supreme.
6057 Sgt. Johnston, G.H.

Sports

CRICKET

A team of Australians consisting of Observers and Wireless Air Gunners journeyed to Moose Jaw to match their skill against the R.A.F. Owing to a misunderstanding play did not commence until the afternoon, and a time limit of one and one-half hours on innings was agreed upon. Price won the toss and the Australians opened with Harris and Winstanley. Harris was seeing them well early, but fell to a full loss. Winstanley followed shortly afterwards. Fitzgerald and Murray-Kidman then settled down to play really good cricket, the latter going on to make top score. Robin, Badman also gave creditable performances. The Australians eventually closed their inning at 8 for 96.

The R.A.F. opened their inning against Medlin and Fitzgerald and offered stubborn resistance. However, due to some good bowling by Fitzgerald, who took four wickets, our opponents were dismissed for 65. Harris and Price also obtained two wickets each. The fielding was quite good, Badman and Murray especially shining. In all it was a very enjoyable outing and our hosts were more than kind. Final score was 96-65 with the Australians winning by 31 runs.

Our CONGRATULATIONS AND BEST WISHES Gravel, Culliton & MacLean Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries Public, Lawyers. Gravelbourg, Sask.

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An Australian's Lament

Our life upon this station, with its share of service ration, Is a parody of work and labor done. It would amuse the most dyspeptic, 'tis a harvest for the sceptic, Of the toil that Airmen do to save their home.

What with bombing and with gunnery, we have never finished running, Or sleeping as the powers to be decide, We're never short of ammunition, on account of the position That the gun was fired once, collapsed and died.

The bombing was no better when we kept right to the letter Of the booklet issued to us by the School. For when we used the proper diction, it seemed a lot of friction With the Pilots, who declaimed it all as "Bull."

So we just go up and drop 'em, and we hope the ground will stop 'em Near that piece of orange target covered soil That persists in drifting from across but never on, The drift wires of a bombsight soaked in oil.

We were issued with some precis, confidential secret thesis, Which are taught to A.C.II's at I.T.S. Though the world knows all about it, we will never breathe or shout it Lest it reach the ears of Lord Haw Haw, or Hess.

Our 48's are getting shorter, we don't get them when we oughta, And a Sunday's just the same as any day. Quarantine is very rigid and the canteen beer is frigid, And some of us don't even get our pay.

Then they socked us for a quarter, for the sports fund, or the water, Or the ground staff, or for something we don't get.

When we organized a picket, they arranged a game of cricket But we haven't seen a pitch to play on yet.

Though our Station floors are spotless, in a Battle there are not less Than a quart of oil and grease upon the floor, If the wings were not so dusty, you would see that they are rusty, But the G.D.'s still are hanging round the door.

Flying used to be £.30, then the weather got too dirty, It was winter and the planes took off at 8. But this Indian Winter lasted, for two weeks and then some B. Found the calendar they used was out of date.

Thursday night we work like horses, for a subject in our courses, Is entitled "Waxing Floors and Cleaning Glass." When our efforts aren't rewarded with a flag that someone's hoarded, They can stick the wax and polish up the other end of the barrack room Where nobody is likely to trip over it.

—L.A.C. Ian Richardson.

Barrack Joe

When I joined the Air Force Many months ago, I knew little of the term Entitled "Barrack-Joe."

I often used to wonder When my turn would come, To be "Joed" for some disorder Which I had never done.

Recently I read an article Which appeared in D.R.O.'s, It dealt with dirty barrack huts, And stressed the need for "Joes."

One morning as I lie on my bunk Tired from the night before, I got "Joed" by the Orderly Sarg. To scrub and wax the floor.

When I had finished that job Like a "willing-horse," I got "Joed" again By the N.C.O. of course.

So with the orders given, I commenced to work as "Joe," Folding sheets and blankets And lining up bunks in a row.

Soon I became tired of "Joe-jobs," And tried to pass the buck, On to another barrack-mate Who was never "Joed" enough.

The Orderly Sarg. caught me Trying to swing the lead, And so I was "Joed" again This time right on the head.

I suffered from the consequences, Of being put on "charge" For the wrong that I had done,

Riggers and Fitters

We are the Riggers and Fitters; we are the men on the ground; Serving the Bombers and Fighters, keeping them airworthy, sound!

We bid them God-speed in the gloaming with a pat of affection and pride;

We hail them with joy at their homing, as we haste in the dawn to their side;

With eyes keen to mark their condition, "What luck sir?" we eagerly ask.

Then the Pilot's "thumbs up" of elation returns us renewed to our task—

Serving the Bombers and Fighters, keeping them airworthy, sound; We who are Riggers and Fitters, who are Men on the Ground.

Our names are not written in story, we wear not the purple-and-white;

Yet we still have a share in his glory, whose work keeps the Pilot in flight!

And no matter where duty takes them, wherever the warplanes are found,

No Rigger or Fitter forsakes them; there always are Men on the Ground.—

Proud to be Riggers and Fitters proud to be Men on the Ground, Serving the Bombers and Fighters, keeping them airworthy, sound. —Courtesy of Moose Jaw Times-Herald.

The Air Gnnner's Night Mare

The claw of the transporter engages the wingspan of the Dornier 17. On the forward movement of the light beam trainer, the graticule of the rear turret is ejected sharply into the light series carrier. Whereupon the Puff Powder ejects the No. Mk. 1 magazine from the 20-m.m. cannon. During further forward movement of the M.E. 109 a sixth position stoppage may occur, causing the ring and bead to be jammed in the gas cylinder. Here Harmonization causes chemical erosions in the elevating ram. If so be the case, the recuperator is drawn quickly to the rear, the shock being taken up by the Signal Distress Marine . . . as the student revolves on his axis a complete wash-out occurs.

When I was "Joe" at large.

Losing out on my "48" And other privileges too, I soon realized that it paid To be a good "Joe" thru and thru. —By D. A. Monette.

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

The chief of police thinks his men are improving in regards to their behavior as when he was on his holiday only one of the staff was thrown into jail. Some record, eh Foster?

That great legionair, Min Dawson, has once again got his store teeth back. He goes around grinning at everybody. We the police wonder why?

A Toast to the R. C. A. F.

Here's to the boys of the flying blue, Lads of the land so firm and new. From Canada's shore to Britain's main,

From East and West, for Freedom's gain, Toward the stars, beyond the cloud, For Britain's cause to pierce the shroud, And keep Old England free. —C.E.T.

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Notes From The Band Room

No. 2 B. & G. School awoke the other day to find a Band in its midst. The musicians of the Station had gathered together in a very capable musical organization, under the direction of Cpl. Hallsworth, our very able Bandmaster. Your roving reporter is going to try and let you know what goes on in this organization, so here goes.

First, a word as to the men behind the scenes. Fit./Lt. Laubach, our popular Adjutant, who has given the band a great deal of help in the purchasing of both music and instruments, himself a musician of no mean repute; also Flying Officer Brown, under whose capable direction the Band was brought up to its present strength of thirty players.

The Band has already shown itself to be made of the right stuff by its performances at our Station Church and Wing Parades. They have appeared in the village of Mossbank once to welcome our last Trainee Courses, and were the recipients of a very warm welcome from the people of Mossbank. Then, of course, they played their part in the Wedding Ceremonies of Fit./Lt. Begg and Miss Joy Sutor.

The personnel of the Band itself are a group of fine musicians numbering as they do among their members a couple of Music Festival winners and a former soloist with Mart Kenny's Dance Band (Stu Young). So that's not too bad, is it fellows?

A few words about our Bandmaster, Corporal Hallsworth. Although an A.F.M. by trade, he is doing a grand job whipping the Band into a musical organization, which speaks for itself. Well liked by the boys of the Band, and well versed in those mysterious terms such as "andante," "tacet," "forte" and the like, he is doing a fine job. He is the possessor of some very fine musical degrees, too, but like most musicians, is very quiet when approached on the subject. However, your roving reporter knows that those letters he can put behind his name really mean something.

I would like to go on and name the various bebezers of the band, but space will not permit. However, you who read this might like to know that practically all of the various sections of the Station are represented among the band personnel. So you can take pride in knowing that it is in reality "Your Band." I would like to say

Motor Transport

In the past issues of our paper there has been the odd crack about our section and personnel. We figure it is about time there was something done about it and put in our 2 cents worth in way of self-defence.

Our boss, Flight Marriott, has been the target for many carefully worded cracks. Why not come out in the open so we can all have a chuckle.

Bruton "The Brute" has been quite huffy these days. It seems someone else was posted to the drogue ambulance and he figures he has the seat about broken into to his correct "sit-down" measurement.

Every time a certain corporal in the M.T. opens his mouth someone else puts his foot in it. The wear and tear on the teeth must be terrific.

When an M.T. driver is sent on Temporary Duty to Moose Jaw you will notice that he watches the sky very carefully. If it rains the roads become impassable and he has to spend the night in town. Get it?

Some people expect us to pull a truck out of thin air for them. Have a heart, the demand on this section is heavy and we are doing the best we can.

ACI. "Faraway" Farwell has been appointed pilot of our "Snowmobile" for next winter. When maintenance fastens on the wings and the snow comes, "Faraway" will be all set for his first hop. He will probably be after some of the pilots for a few pointers.

here, in passing, that during the past weeks we have lost two of our Band members, whose presence will be missed much around the band-room, Col. McCormick and Pte. Cathers. Well, good luck to you boys, and I am darn sure that you will never have to blow your own horn for people to notice your good work. (Please note, McCormick.) They are good kids though and we wish them well.

May I say here, on behalf of the Bandmaster and personnel, that we are all indeed grateful for the assistance and encouragement given us by our Commanding Officer, Group Captain A. J. Ashton.

Must write "thirty" to this article now. More in later issues of "Contact." If there is anything I have forgotten or anything which you think should have gone into this article forgive me, and I'll do my best to get it in next time.



An Ode to a Mossbank Orgy

How thoughtless I was,
While living at home,
That to the Old West,
I thought I should roam.
The home of the grasshopper,
Gopher and rabbit.
I know now the idea
Was just a bad habit.

Now after ten months,
Of this lousy location,
I can say very flatly
It's no inspiration.

There's mud around here in spring
That's so deep,
That it's impossible
Even to creep.
The Indians travelling
O'er this bare waste
Surely got wise
And vamoosed in haste.

Only the poor stupid white man,
As I,
Should come here to live

And mentally die.
But there's one thing this
Damned place has done for me—
That is to appreciate Canada,
The best place to live.
(Meaning East of Winnipeg and
West of Calgary.)
H. H. O'NEIL.

A fellow came to the newspaper
and wanted to have an epitaph
written for his sister's tombstone,
the sister being an old maid. The
editor was away, also the society
writer, and the only one left was
the sports editor. So when the fel-
low came for the epitaph the next
day, here's what was written:

"There was once a maid named
Nellie McBride,
A maid she lived, a maid she died,
No hits, no runs, no errors."

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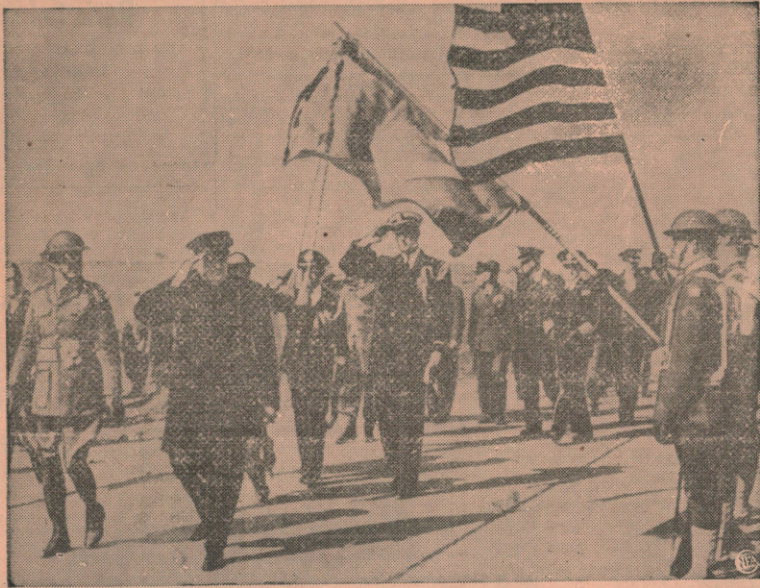
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Anglo-American Salute



Prime Minister Winston Churchill, in foreground, and Ensign Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr. marching behind him, salute the Stars and stripes and a U. S. Marine flag on their arrival in Iceland to inspect U.S. and British forces on duty in the strategic island. Photo arrived in London with Churchill and was flashed to New York.

Control Tower Capers

By Laird

A Fairy Story—Bronx Style
Once upon a time there were thoity poiple boids choipin' and hoipin' and eatin' woims and along comes Floity Goity and her boy friend Coily Boity who woiks in the Hoity Toity Shoit Shop down on Thoity-thoid Street, and they saw these thoity poiple boids choipin' and hoipin' and eatin' woims, and boy were they poitoib'd.

Here is a sample of the line of reasoning used by some when they get into an argument:

WHY FIRE TRUCKS ARE RED
Well, fire trucks are red because a truck is a dance and a dance takes two people and two people have four feet and four feet is a yard and a foot, and a foot is a ruler and a ruler is Queen Mary and the Queen Mary is a ship and a ship sails the sea and the sea has fish in it and the fish have fins and the Finns fought the Russians and the Russians are Reds and since fire trucks are always rushin' therefore fire trucks are red.

Tierney takes quite a stock of what is printed in Contact because now every time he opens his mouth (and believe me, that's a lot of times) it's "That's about enough. Step outside, willyuh."

Bill Marriott struts around like he owned the station. Remember, Bill, you're only an AC2.

Expansive and Tresidder were on very good terms until Killick came back and queered things for the corporal. That should teach you to leave other people's girl friends alone, Tres.

AC1. "Red One" Reynolds, after long and serious thought, has conceived the idea that it would be more efficient and give better results if the runways were tested with a 3 lb. bomber every morning from the UNDERNEATH.

We feel that AC2. Marriott has good cause to complain. "I just get the windows cleaned and they warm up a B-!-! aircraft in front of No.6 Hangar and blow a lot of windows."

F/O Hale has been going around with a happy smile on his face for a long time now. We wonder what the reason is.

Several reports have come in that a gas mask is an essential before travelling on the Station Bus. Maybe this is one of the reasons why it isn't patronized very much.

Recipe for a good time—By Cpl. Tresidder:

Ingredients—50 cents; a lot of imagination.

Directions—Take the 50 cents and visit the Dime Store. Set your purchases on the table and consume them slowly allowing your imagination to work overtime. After 45 cents worth has been consumed, you should be in pretty good shape for anything.

We don't know how it will work for you but Tresidder has a great deal of success with it. After he has followed the above directions he is in wonderful shape and even goes into a blackout if his imagination is working well.

Is the Adjutant paid to stand by for the Orderly Officer?

My 14 Days

Oh! if I want my fourteen days, I guess I'll have to mend my ways. I'll have to leave the drinks alone, if I ever want to see my home. Our C.O. said "No leave for you." "You've been so bad, what can I do?" "But if you change, I'll forget the past. And you shall see your folks at last." So I shall stay in camp at night, And keep the likker out of sight. 'Cause if I don't, oh, woe is me, I'll never see my family.

Watch Out

Our Great Lover, the famous G.L.R., wants to watch out for himself. One of these days a certain little girl from a town west of here is going to hear of his escapades and give him the air. And hotel rooms cost money (don't they, Allah?).

Why Sgt!!

I wonder why the affections of one of our senior N.C.O.'s turned from Ettington to Assiniboia? I guess I am not the only one who is wondering. Eh, Joe?

What's the difference between a bunk and a patch of grass in a field? Ask the four guards and a certain LAC who were coming back from a nightly sojourn to Gravelbourg.

We of the guard house would like to offer congratulations to AC2. Freeman and AC2. Wright, who during the last couple of weeks became proud papas. Nice going fellows.

Also congratulations to Sgt. Reilly, who became a Flight Sergeant. (You cheap skate, how about wetting the crown soon?)

Hold Everything

Names, Addresses and Phone Numbers on back of passes turned in by Range Crew are quite a source of information. We never knew there were so many girls in Saskatchewan, and would like to know if it was an oversight, or if the boys just want to give the girls away. And we mean AWAY!

Yes, girls, Cpl. Smith will be back. He has only gone on 14 days leave. Do you think you can live that long? If not how about a real substitute? Namely Cpl. G. F. R. Or have you met him already?

If a certain young airman doesn't stop visiting Moose Jaw pretty soon things are liable to happen. Yes, W. J. L., her husband is coming home.

And then there's the story of our handsome young Frenchman, who decided to go to the Bourg and take away all the pretty girls from the rest of the boys, namely, on his ability to parlais francais. But he forgot that the sign language can be interpreted by every race, including pretty French girls. Result . . . ! Tough luck, Ben.

Gags From the Security Guard

Who were the boys who were so mean, During the days of quarantine?

The Guard.
Who are the d--- guys at the gate, That even made the officers wait?

The Guard.
And who knows all the airmen's wives, ^{which they've had to see!} And say— they have the time of their lives?

The Guard.
You've lost your pass, you say? "Oh, dear!"

Who lets you in for just one beer?

The Guard.
But when you come home awfully tight,

Who hees you through the gate at night?
The Guard.

Oh twenty-one I'd like to be, So I could marry my Marie, But until then I'll have to wait, Or Mother will give me the gate.

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Accounts Of The Account Section

This is the writer's first attempt to join the Fourth Estate as a columnist and we offer our apologies to such members as Dorothy Thompson, Walter Winchel and Don Dunbar. (Cpl. S. Krivel).

The Account Section bade farewell to three of the Old Originals, Cpl. McCormick, Cpl. Horsfall and last, but not least, L.A.C. R. S. Kirkland. The boys will certainly be missed, McCormick's gentle reminders of "Gentlemen of the Air Force Stuff"; Kirkland's "That's You Superman," and Horsfall's continual desire for Eileen, Grand Beach and Mart Kenny's Band. The boys served their sentence and the smile that lit their pans when they received notice of their posting to Lethbridge erased the memory of those terrible eleven months. We wish the boys the best of luck and we know that our loss is No. 8 B. & G's gain.

Is it true that L.A.C. Donnelly's visits to Kincaid is going to lead to a visit to the Adjutant for one of those permissions to say "I do"?

The members of our Pay Section must have the old blarney as they always seem to get a Leopycky 48.

ACI Kiesel seems to be getting into the swing of things here as he makes his visits to Gravelbourg while on a 48. Do you need a day to recuperate?

We welcome as new members to our Account Section AC2's Atkinson (the tall one) and Cunningham, and we can assure you we will hear of great things of these lads in the future.

Cpl. Vic Flood would like to remind Cpl. Stan Hall that no early morning parades are held on Sundays and there is no need for him to turn on the Barrack lights at 6.15 a.m. as a gentle reminder to "rise and shine."

Cpl. Flood, reveille is also at 6.30 a.m. on Sundays.

Would ACI Olive make up his mind as to what service he will attend on Sundays, as Cpl. McCarthy is quite worried.

Olive's answer: "I hate you, you --- Walter Winchel. Anyway, I have already been converted, and the dinner was fine."

Is it true Cpl. J. A. Dever refused

a posting to Trenton?

Who is the member of the Account Section who suddenly found he had a chaperone while enjoying a rendezvous with a sweet YOUNG thing on one of Mossbank's side streets?

We close this lousy column with a little advice to the boys who did not get that posting: "They also serve who stand and wait."

Bouquets For Moose Jaw

This little effort is dedicated to the many friends I have made in the City of Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan, during the past nine months.

Arriving in Moose Jaw, an Easterner surmises from the oversize C.P.R. depot that the city must be of considerable proportions, and when he steps outside and looks north up the broad, well-lighted main street this surmise seems to be confirmed. That was my first impression of the city and it was with great misbelief I accepted the information that the population is, in actual fact, about 23,000. Really quite a small place from a Toronto man's point of view. The number and wide denomination of its churches, the size and efficiency of the public library, the numerous and spacious school grounds, the possession of the Provincial Normal School, all tend to create the impression of a much larger city and it is to the eternal credit of Moose Jaw's citizens that this condition is readily apparent to the eyes of a newcomer.

You don't need any letters of introduction to meet Moose Jaw people and when you do, you find them very hospitable and friendly. You will soon observe certain peculiarities about them, such as every other family working for the Canadian Pacific Railway one way or another, and a friendly though long-nurtured dislike for the nearby city of Regina. A likeable characteristic of these people, too, is their neighbourliness—everyone seems to know ev-

eryone else and on a summer's evening a favourite pastime is to drive down town, park your car, and watch your neighbours go by; or, if you have no car, walk down town and watch your friends drive by. This is termed the "monkey-parade." They open their homes to you freely. If there's a spare room you can have it for the night; if not, you can bed down with the "old man." If the weather is too hot to wander round town with a tunic on, they're always willing to lend you shirt and trousers and convert you into a care-free civilian. Of course, this is counter to "good order and Air Force discipline" but a wise man knows how to keep out of the way of Sergeant-majors. Anyhow the likelihood is the family possesses a bicycle, the use of which will be pressed upon you and I ask, how can the S.P.'s get you using only shank's mare?

To a person from a larger city, Moose Jaw seems small and unexciting but one has only to look for the attractions to find them. The "Natorium," a natural warm water bathing pool, is situated right in the heart of the city. There is a tale behind this building. A few years ago Moose Jaw, like almost every other Canadian city, had a large relief roll. It also had an area of waste land where the "Nat" now stands. One day hot springs were discovered in this area and the city fathers, putting two and two together, employed the city's relief recipients on a project to beautify the city and the Natorium with the surrounding park and gardens was the fruit of their labor. Then there is River Park. On the prairies water is a luxury and Moose Jaw people, not wishing to waste any of theirs, dammed up their creek sufficiently well to make a deep water area some four miles in extent. Around this they developed a park with two bathing beaches, an Aquatic club and a Canoe club. Many townspeople have summer homes in the valley and one of the finest flower gardens in the district is located there. Secluded roadways abound in the park and Moose Jaw's fair sex takes particular pride in revealing them to the local Air Force gentry.

For amusement you don't have far to look. Three movie theatres suffice to provide Hollywood entertainment for the city. For dancing everyone goes to Temple Gardens, a very substantial and well-floored

where they provide good music at the reasonable price of 35c a head. Tuesday is waltz night; Friday, Old-Tyme dance night; Saturday, Variety night, the remainder of the private dances. A word about week, except Sunday, left open for Waltz night—if you love waltzing, as I do, by all means go to the Gardens on Tuesday night, you'll get your fill of waltzes, Strauss, and other kinds, and you won't be bothered with jitter-buggers—they're taboo. On Friday it's best to go dances. Each alternate dance is an old-time waltz, square dance or scottische dances, and if you don't make an effort to follow the old-time step, off you go. In winter there is an indoor skating rink where one can skate to music, or, as many R.A.F. chappies found out last winter, break one's neck trying. For the outdoor man there is golf and horseback riding. Moose Jaw boasts two golf courses, both 18-hole and fairly easy, not only on the golfer but on his pocket-book, the green fee being a mere 25c. The riding school is up near the fairgrounds and it is possible to get an easy mount for 75c an hour. There's plenty of prairie to gallop over but, if like mine, your rump tends to part company with the saddle every step of the way, you had better trot.

A word of praise is due the people of Moose Jaw, too, for the good work they are doing through their Services club. In this comfortable spot, situated in the heart of town, a serviceman is always welcome. The club provides plenty of reading matter, comfortable chairs, radios, a lunch counter with reasonable prices, and many other privileges including free theatre tickets and reduced rates into the "Nat." The Y.M.C.A. is open at all times to servicemen and a swimming pool and gymnasium are provided. Rooms are available at the "Y" at very low cost, and in the event of a fellow has drunk his last dime he can always be sure of a couch in the lobby. Many hotel-keepers extend this privilege to their steady customers likewise. Restaurants are plentiful and of wide variety, ranging all the way from the "Tea Gardens" of the Exchange, where you can get almost anything you want except liquor—and pay plenty for it, to Woolworth's lunch counter where they sell you eight inches of weiner for a nickel.

There are many of us who have spent upwards of nine months of otherwise happy lives in Mossbank and have taken most of our 48-hour passes in the city of Moose Jaw, yet do not fully appreciate what the citizens of that municipality have to offer. It is for the benefit of these misguided souls and the bright lads who will certainly succeed us at Mossbank (I hope) that I offer this poor manuscript for publication in "Contact." The city and the citizens of Moose Jaw have much to offer a stranger and they do so with that hospitality which characterizes the west from border to border. So boys, the next time you go to town don't make a bee-line for a hotel to toss away your substance at two-bits a bottle until you're broke, instead, see the town's best and get to know its people. I don't think you'll regret it.

—AN EASTERNER.

Paris Cafe

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An old maid went to a lawyer to make out her will. She wanted to leave \$500.00—\$300.00 for her burial and \$200.00 for him to get a man to sleep with her. Going home that night the lawyer told his wife about it, and after thinking it over for a while she said she thought they could use the money, but he said that was ridiculous. She thought some more and said they could get a nice new car if they only had the money. He began thinking and decided it would be very nice to have a car. So he phoned the old maid and told her he would be over in half an hour. His wife drove him over and asked whether she would call for him later, and he told her to come back about twelve. At twelve she drove up to the house, honked the horn, and nothing happened. So she tried again and still nothing happened. Then she let out a couple of long blasts, and the old lawyer threw up the window and said "Come on back in the morning, dear, she's going to let the city bury her."

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Jots From The Electricians

What electrician known as "Horizontal" had a bad case of heart trouble in Moose Jaw?

What Sarge is under the personal wing of the C.O.?

What popular motion picture operator is known as Dog House, and why?

Who is the well-known "test pilot" in the section and why is he grounded? (Could it be stomach trouble?)

What Corporal goes around moaning I am not happy . . . Could it be

heart interest in M.J.?

Why don't the WEM's and electricians get along?

Which one of the WEM's has a bad case of nose trouble? (Baa.)

Who is the WEM with the so-called University degree?

And so on . . .

—BATTERY.

Drogue Flight

What LAC in "D" Flight is looking for a little wife in Saskatoon?

Who's the section Corporal in Drogue Flight known as "Handsome" by a certain dark-eyed girl in Gravelbourg?

Who is the Corporal in No. 3 Hangar who enjoys dancing in his rubber boots?

The boys in Drogue Flight should ask a certain big Scotch Corporal where he got the idea for a color scheme in the two little rooms at the end of the hangar marked "Officer", "Airmen"? Surely he hasn't been on River Street, Moose Jaw. Maybe he wan't to discourage the boys from taking reading matter along. — A

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Disgusted Patron.

A certain airman in "D" Flight, "Killer" by name, walked into a room of girls at Watrous, picked out the only girl he knew, his sister, and kissed her affectionately. One girl nearby puckered her lips and said, "Sarge, do you think these lips got this way from sucking lemons?"

The Prayer Of A Flyer's Wife

Listening, listening, listening,
To the motors humming din.
Waiting, waiting, waiting,
'Till I know, the plane came in.

He looks so handsome in his uniform,
His wings upon his breast.
I saw him walking as on air,
His step so full of zest.
I saw him go with shining face,
His buttons, polished bright.
And yet,—within my bursting heart,
I breathe a prayer—for him tonight.

He looks so proud, and grand, and great,
In his formation in the sky.
I am so proud that he has gone,
I pray that he will always fly.
My prayer may be, a simple one,
A few words, merely breathed.
Dear Lord, send him to me again,
That I won't have to grieve.

He flies above the prairie now,
Next time air battle grounds.
He hides above the snowy clouds,
Where are no poppy mounds.
He does his duty, and I'm proud
To see him work for life.
And yet each time he boards a plane,
I breathe a prayer—his anxious wife.

Listening, listening, listening,
To the motors humming din.
Waiting, waiting, waiting,
'Till I know, the plane came in.
—Ursula Anne Gohrke.
Assiniboia, Sask.

Model Aircraft Club News

The first meeting of the Model Aircraft Club was held in the club rooms in No. 1 Hangar. About 12 members were present. Organisation plans were completed and Flying Officer Hendricks gave a demonstration of model building. As he went to work with a razor blade the members watched a simple model being turned out and in half an hour the smart little craft was ready for its first flight.

Flying Officer Hendricks suggested to the members that they start with simple models, such as he had demonstrated, and competitions be held. For personal use members could construct larger models from kits. Membership in the club should be increased and if interested airmen would turn out, they will have the satisfaction of taking up one of the greatest hobbies in the world today, besides the immense value the training is to the work that is being done today.

Australian Official At Mossbank

A sudden change in plans found Sir William Glasgow, K.C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., Australian high commissioner to Canada, leaving No. 4 Training Command headquarters in Regina early Tuesday, Sept. 2nd, for a quick trip to the bombing and gunnery school at Mossbank. Sir William made no inspection of command headquarters, only conferring with Air Com-

modore A. T. N. Cowley, air officer commanding.

The Australian commissioner to Canada is on a tour of centres in the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan visiting his fellow countrymen who are in training for the air force. He is accompanied by Air Vice-Marshal S. J. Goble, chief liaison officer of the Royal Australian Air Force on the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan.

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COMMENTS

Have you ever considered that in putting "Contact" together, many hours of hard work and plugging are given freely by a group. These same hours could be spent just as well, by all and every one of this committee and our reporters, in our respective messes. At least we would be considered either good or bad drinkers. But what we are leading at is the way some of you, in your own cattish manner, have started to underdog your paper. We say your paper, because it expresses your feelings, your life, and your way of thinking. We will make this short and to the point. Some of you, who probably never do anything after working hours but sit around and criticize nothing and everything, might as well sit up and listen. Criticism is a welcome gift. It shows interest and a sense of construction. But downright destructive comments on an effort is but the expression of knaves and fools.

We are speaking for those who give their time and talent freely to bring you every month the expression of an effort! Don't let them down by going around and, as you quaintly put it, "squawk your head off."

Remember that by pulling together, you not only help the inexperienced in their newspaper business, but you are building up gradually a station paper that can rival any. This applies not only to you in the service, but to others as well.

THE EDITOR.

A young man met a Southern gal and started talking to her.

"Nice day, isn't it?"

"Yes, it sho is."

"Do you like the North?"

"Yes, I do."

"Does everyone down South speak as slow as you do?"

"Oh, no, my sister speaks a lot slower than I do."

"That isn't possible, is it?"

"Oh, yes. Why one night she went for a ride with a man, and when he parked the car he said 'do ya?' and before she could say 'No' she did."

To the Editor:

Dear Editor:

It is with the greatest regret that I can't this month give you any dope on the officers. Apparently the boys have been very quiet during the quarantine, so that I can't find anything to blackmail the boys with. I am starting a policy this next month of brewing trouble, so I will be able to earn my place in the Hall of Fame for gossip writers, such as guys and dolls like Winston Churchill and Elsie Maxwell.

I could, of course, tell about the time of the big fracas, when somebody a lot bigger than somebody else tried to... see, I can't tell about that fellow in question, he has already paid me. Being an honest man, I cannot do things of the like. I can though talk of the fellow who was on his 48 hour pass when the quarantine came on and he wired the C.O. that due to the fact that he had a case to put to him, he would have to talk to him on the telephone long distance. The call came through and he told the C.O. that he had acute indigestion an could not be on the station in time to be included in the quarantine. The C.O. answered: "I betcha it was a cute one, but come down here anyway."

I am again very much the sorry type that I can't give you any stuff for this month.

I will see you and that hand press of yours in the Hall of Fame or maybe the museum.

(Signed) BUSBY BEE.

A Letter

Sept. 6th, 1941.
Lewiston, Maine.

To the Editor of "Contact," and the Post of No. 2 B. & G.

Hello Fellows:

I just finished reading my first edition of "Contact." I must say it's not about too, I even read the ads twice. I gather by some of your items that you must be a swell bunch of guys. I would very much like to meet you all, from the C.O. down to the last lance yardbird—yes, I'll even talk to the bugler.

I had the very great pleasure of meeting your R.C. Padre, Father James Branch, the other day. He stopped here on his way back to Gravelbourg, for what seemed to be two minutes, and after whirling around here for awhile, a very short time, he went away. This place will never be the same now. You see, he and I were born in the same town, and we had a lot to talk about. If all the rest of you guys are anything like him, it must be a swell place to be, out there.

He gave me the June 15th edition of "Contact" and right away I was sold on it. I am enclosing my cheque. I hope that will be enough to pay one year's subscription, if not I will gladly send the balance.

You guys are doing a swell job, and I wish I could help some way, you see, I'm interested in flying in a sort of detached way. My experience in flying consists of six months of ground school, and a twenty minutes

"flight" in an old egg crate, the same holding together by the grace of God and a lot of hay wire. I'll never forget it. After a lot of wheezing and at least two miracles, we took off, and proceeded to imitate a cockeyed bat in a dust storm. Then we made a perfect two point cross-wind landing, one wing tip and the place where the radio antenna would have been, had we had one. After I had thoroughly digested part of the joy click, and the dial off the oil gauge, I heard some one say that I really should go right up again, to bring back my courage (?), if any, so I bought a quart of "whiskey" — a blend of battery acid, side-winder venom, and turpentine, the whole generously flavored with fish fertilizer. Well, after taking a few swigs of that stuff, I was ready to eat an airplane, so I staggered, or walked down to the airport again and gave one of the "pilots" (?) two dollars to take me up again. We went up, and he proceeded to try and see how close he could come to missing the tallest tree with his landing gear. I held my breath for exactly two minutes and one-quarter, by stop watch. Then he made a landing; it would have jarred the gun turret clean off a twenty ton tank.

Right then and there I decided to buy a Ford, and go back to shoe-making.

Well, boys, I think that will be all for now. Over here we say, "Keep 'em flying." I hope that over there you say "Knock 'em down." In the meantime, I'll pay my taxes.

Regards to Joe, whoever he is.

A. J. COMEAU.



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