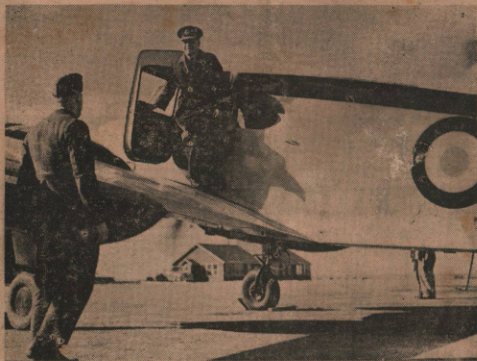


## WINGS PARADE HELD AT MOSSBANK



Air Commodore Howsam alighting from plane after his journey from No. 4 Training Command, Calgary. Air Commodore Howsam is Air Officer Commanding No. 4 Training Command.

Wings Parades, which occur so frequently on this station, appear all too infrequently in "CONTACT". This is inexcusable.

Recently, a Wings Parade was held that was unusually important:

It was the first to be held on the Parade Ground under a warm spring sun, in 1942.

It was the first Wings Parade to be held with the use of our "Public Address" system—brought out of Canteen Funds for the Recreation Hall in particular, and the Station in general.

Wing Commander Penman took the parade—with honour to himself, the P. A. System and the graduates, he said:

"This ceremony of Wings presentation is always a source of particular pleasure and satisfaction to me. For you boys, it is an immediate result of your hard work—the ultimate result will show only in your actual operations, and then, only you will know how well you have absorbed that which you have been taught. For us, Wings presentation is a testimony to the continuing work we do here—and to our continual efforts to improve our instruction both on the theoretical and practical side. But like yourselves, your results will only manifest themselves in your actual operations against our enemies.

Naturally we shall follow your future career with great interest. In G.I.S. we hope to put up a Roll of Honor during the next few days. On it will be inscribed the names of those of our graduates who achieve distinction on active service. I feel sure that these two classes here today, will be well represented.

To date, your training has been chiefly on the theoretical side—with

tions, from whatever source, have always been well received — and credit given. Nothing contributes more to the building of esprit de corps.

Wing Commander Penman's quiet air of surety and confidence, lightened by a furtive and perhaps shy humor, tend to hide his youth from associates and new-comers alike. How many know that he is the youngest Wing Commander in Canada? Consider the career he has packed into his comparatively short term of years:

Born 12th of May, 1917; Joined the R.A.F. Oct. 1935; 19th Fighter Squadron, Duxford, August 1936-July 1937; No. 801 Fleet Fighter Squadron, (Aboard H.M.S. Furious) August 1937-April 1938; Flying Instructor No. 1 S.F.T.S., Netherton, May 1938-January 1940; Married Miss Peggy MacCorkingdale, of Harrow, London, England, January 8th, 1940; Camp Borden, Ontario, January-July 1940; Jarvis, Ontario, August - October 1940; This Station, November 1940.

It will be noted that his marriage has been included among the more important events in his life. We be- (Continued on Page Eight)



Wing Commander Penman is shown in the above picture taking the salute at the march past during the recent Wings Parade at Mossbank.

very little practical work, but at your Operational Unit, you will find that most of your work will be on the practical side. Your work there will determine to what type of squadron you will be sent.

I am very glad to see so many New Zealanders from down under. I have played rugby against quite a few All Blacks and know what calibre of men you are. You should do well in England. In closing I should like to pay tribute to the Armament Instructors, the pilots and the ground

crews whose untiring efforts have made this graduation solely possible.

Finally, I should like to wish you a safe voyage overseas and a safe return to your homes.'

The top man of the Air Observers Course was:

R110351 Sergeant Campbell, Hugh Morrison. And the Top man of the Wireless Operator Air Gunners (Air Gunners) Course was:

N.Z. 41189 Sergeant Cull, Douglas George.

### FORMER MOSSBANK STUDENT MAKES TWENTY-SIX TRIPS OVER GERMANY

In 26 major trips over Germany in British bombers a man can have a lot of experiences so F/O Percy Milward says.

Flying Officer Milward, a former Moosomin lad, received part of his training at Mossbank and was a member of the first graduating class from the Regina Air Observers School.

#### Biggest Thrill

His biggest thrill was crashing three bombs onto the deck of an enemy tanker from a 25-foot level. That was "infighting" of the very warmest nature, with Nazi guns from the shore 200 yards away, making it an unhealthy spot to hang around. I saved one bomb for the Nazis ashore," said F/O. Milward.

"They made it too hot to stay around and see what happened to the ship."

#### Bring Nazi Fighter Down

In a fight with a Messerschmidt, F/O. Milward worked a gun from a side window while the tail gunner and pilot pumped lead at the Nazi fighter too. Under the blazing fire of the three the Nazi was brought down. They didn't get off unscathed however.

The Messerschmidt's cannons blew holes as big as buckets in their wings and other parts of the bomber were riddled with machine gun bullets.

#### Make Crash Landing

The Canadians had some difficulty bringing their plane home

(Continued on Page Eight)

### First Parachute Jump Made on the Station

During recent night flying exercises being carried out over the bombing range, an aircraft developed engine trouble. The pilot, Sgt. Pilchard, realizing the trouble was serious, ordered the two student observers, L.A.C. Donen of Winnipeg and L.A.C. Grier of Ogema, Saskatchewan, to bail out.

successfully brought it back to the airport where he landed without mishap.

This is the first case since the opening of the Mossbank airport where any of the personnel have had to bail out of an aircraft.

#### WING COMMANDER W.M. PENMAN



This Station has accomplished much of which to be proud. That accomplishment, is in no small part due to our Chief Instructor — Now Wing Commander Penman.

His energy and clear conception of purpose have gone well with an open and sympathetic mind. Suggest

#### Couldn't Find Rip Cord

Both students jumped when the aircraft was up about 5,000 feet. Donen left the aircraft by jumping from the rear cockpit and Grier by way of the bomb hatch. After getting clear of the ship, Donen felt for the rip cord with his right hand but it wasn't there, so he felt it with his left hand, found it, and jerked the chute open. Both airmen said that they didn't feel any jerk when their parachutes opened. They landed about 1 1/2 miles apart in a farmer's field. Neither one suffered any injury upon landing. L.A.C. Grier received a slight scratch on the nose from the parachute when it opened.

#### Pilot Brings Plane In

In the meantime Sgt. Pilchard stayed with the failing plane and



The above picture is something out of the ordinary as it shows Wing Commander Penman with seven airmen all of whom are of a different nationality and all members of the same class which graduated recently from Mossbank. Reading from left to right: Wing Commander Penman, Sgts. Kiekelbelt, Dutch Canadian; Pinard French Canadian; Huggard, Australian; Hildebrand, English; Ivers, U.S.A.; Elstynne, Canadian Jew; McLean, New Zealand.



The above picture shows Wing Commander Penman delivering a speech over the public address system to a recent class of graduating students just before presenting them with their wings.

## CONTACT!

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### Facing the Music

We know people that cannot take big news, good or bad. Good news drives them to celebration excesses, bad news to despair.

War is a big news, generally bad. Until we know who has made the fewer mistakes, we know that we have not yet won the war. In the meantime we must face the music, the good or bad, ups and downs of a gigantic struggle. Telling how to analyse the war and the news of it, Norbert Engels gives us sound advice:

"We do not like war. We do not like the idea of bloodshed and mangled bodies, starvation and disease, and homeless, aimless wandering about toward nothing. But we are facing exactly that kind of prospect in one degree or another, and we must meet it in the right way."

"We must know what we are fighting for, and must face the issue squarely. And about the best way to understand the issue which we must face is to read intelligently about it and discuss it calmly, to think about it and be reasonable in our judgment of what happens during the course of the conflict. When it comes to winning a war, rage alone is not much better than apathy. The courage which is born of understanding, of faith, determination, and conviction: these are the best weapons a man or a nation or a cause can possess. But lacking these, then rage will have to do. There is hardly anything in the whole catalogue of human weakness so disgusting as indifference, especially to something that is fundamentally, at least, good and true."

### AN ORGANIZATION WORTH HELPING

Many of us in Canada are so far away from the actual scenes of battle that we sort of lose sight of what may be happening to our brothers and allies across the seas who have been unfortunate enough to have been taken prisoners by the enemy. No one knows when they will be posted overseas and perhaps, through some tough luck, land in the clutches of the enemy.

As we all know, being a prisoner of war is no pink tea party and any news or gifts of any sort from home are a God send to those who possibly will have to spend the rest of the war behind barbed wire.

The organization which enables us to get news and gifts to and from prisoners of war is none other than the Canadian Red Cross. Nearly 120,000 expressions of gratitude have been received from prisoners of war acknowledging receipt of food parcels.

The other day an Ontario newspaper published a story about a member of the Royal Canadian Air Force now a prisoner of war in Germany. He praised the Canadian Red Cross for the wonderful food parcels he is receiving. They are, he said, eagerly awaited as they mean so much.

He has requested his family to make a \$10 monthly donation out of his pay for the duration of the war to this branch of the Red Cross. He knows what the Red Cross means. The rest of us, by luck, are spared that realization. The food parcels he receives from Canada and mail from his relatives are the links that keep the memories of home green.

Every week hundreds of women voluntary workers pack the food parcels at Red Cross depots in Tor-

onto and Montreal, and every week 40,000 parcels are ready for shipment to Switzerland from where they are sent to prisoners of war in Italy and Germany.

No doubt there are many of us sending gifts and parcels across via the Red Cross, on the other hand, there are many of us who could and would send something but have not given the matter any serious thought. How about it fellows? A little gift would lift a pal's or even a mere acquaintance's spirits.

### Station Workshops

The workshop personnel wish to announce in their first contribution to CONTACT the welcoming of Sgt. W. E. Edwards, D.C.M., as their new N.C.O. in charge, we wish him the best of luck in his recent promotion.

We also want to offer our congratulations to Corporal Stewart on the birth of a daughter, glad to hear that Mrs. Stewart and daughter are getting along fine, keep up the good work Sandy.

LAC Kaplan wonders how long a month can be stretched? says it seems to be a long six months since coming here, never mind Kappy, the first five years always seem the longest.

We suggest that LAC Wannacott be remunerated into the Commandos, he is one lad that needs no training in how to sleep with his clothes on, "for days and days".

We wonder why Sgt. Edwards had a fence erected in the office which places 75 per cent of it out of bounds, could it be on account of the W.A.A.F. being posted to this station?

### DROGUE FLIGHT

The boys of the flight offer their congratulations to Superon, Littleford and ... being promoted to Corporals.

Who was the young A.C. in Drogue Flight who decided to go for a canoe ride about 10 P.M. the other night with his girl friend and when they got into the canoe decided they both needed a bath? What about it "Daisey"?

Many questions were being asked around the flight recently when one of their members appeared on duty with an eye which looked as if it had received some rather rough handling. Of course we wouldn't think of suggesting that it was a black eye. It's no use trying to explain how it happened, George, and blame it on the trombone player in the band.

Now come come sarg, we all want to stick together.

Who was the airman that got the boys to look through the magnifying glass to see if the mustach was growing?

How did our affable corporal feel since the arrival of a daughter, do you have to carry much more water than usual Sandy?

After listening to one of our corporals when he hit his thumb, we sure would like to know where he learnt it, Fred?

### Wireless & Electrical Section Head

By the Assiniboia Flash

Wedding bells will ring again on or about May 24th and this time they will be for A. C. Habkirk and Miss Munn of Prince Albert, Sask. The boys wish you all the best, Ed.

They sure picked a good electrician for nights when they chose Blondie. He is so used to this all night stuff.

With Ikey on leave what are we going to do to relieve that after-pay-day feeling due to funds running low. He was always willing to help, provided he received a small remuneration on pay day.

What's the matter with all the sportsmen of the Electrical Section? No softball team, no team of any sort. According to some stories we have heard some of the boys are second only to Babe Ruth. I guess we are getting old.

Cpl. Chapman has finally taken the step into the matrimonial section. Good luck to you Chappy.

L.A.C. Gray seems to be getting

## The Book of Blah!

### Here Endeth the Lesson

1. And it came to pass, on the Sabbath Day, that a company of ministers did visit the camp. And the sergeants did make great preparations for their reception, but the officers having been caught before, did with great strategy entice these entertainers into their mess, where there was great merry makings, the sergeants meanwhile experiencing the penalty of their previous success some moons before. Yea! The officers learn quickly the art of pulling a fast one.

2. Now the time did come when the scribe of this book did have to arise, take up his belongings and proceed to a far off place by the Western

Sea.  
3. But he was not downcast, for he had stayed in one place for many moons!

4. He did leave behind him many friends whom he wished could accompany him on his journey—however it was willed otherwise!!

5. So, where there is a beginning there must also be an end. Hence the time has now come to write FINIS to this BOOK OF BLAH: In the words of the poet Khayam—called Omar.

"A book of verses underneath the bough,  
A jug of wine, a loaf of bread and thou,  
Beside me in the wilderness,  
Ah, Mossbank! 'twere wilderness now!"

### BANDMEN'S CORNER



Bandmaster Transferred To Wireless School, Calgary  
Au Revoir and Good Luck Shorty!

Yes, our genial little friend and bandmaster, F/Sgt. "Shorty" Hallsworth, has finally got the "break" he's waited so long for, and has gone to Calgary to take charge of the "command" band attached to No. 3 Wireless School.

We all wish you the best of luck in your new position and we are quite sure that if you show the same zeal, untiring energy and "patience" that you displayed while organizing our station band, your efforts will undoubtedly be crowned with success.

Yet, it took a lot of patience in those first days after our band was born. The aspiring bandmen were full of enthusiasm, and they had nice shiny horns to blow into, but the noise that came out of those horns was anything but swell. (It's a wonder that F/Sgt. Rousby survived the ordeal).

But gradually out of chaos came order, and finally the day dawned when we were proficient enough to march the airmen to the strains of "Activity".

From that day on, our band has improved in every way, to the point where it is now considered quite an asset to our station, and the credit, for this achievement is due to one man, F/Sgt. Hallsworth.

Nor were your labours in vain, Shorty, for we will stick together until we can find someone to carry on from where you left off. Cheerio!  
The Band.

Sgt. Porter, has stepped into the breach and is welding the baton for the time being but there's a gleam in Reg's eye that spells "bandmaster" for someone.

The Editor.

matrimonial ideas now and is looking all over for some young lady who might make the jump.

L.A.C. MacDonald should be in his glory. Lots of spuds and lobsters. He's home in Prince Edward

There is a certain Cpl. running around the hangers with a face so long that he trips over it. It's only Cpl. Case (Dutch). His wife's away in the East.

### PRINTER OF CONTACT JOINS NAVY



"Ted" Bouvier, Shop foreman of Model Print Shop joined the Navy a short time ago. He is now Ordinary Seaman Bouvier, T. E., going East soon, on training ships. He joined the signal corps. An A-1 Scout signalman in the Gravelbourg troop years ago, he is back in the Morse and Semaphore again.

"Ted" is replaced as shop foreman by "Bert" Beauregard, thrice rejected from the army on medical grounds.

### THIS IS CRANTON CALLING

It seems the Wireless Section is going to the dogs. Chapman married and Lamb is worrying about the same thing. In fact it has Lamb quite worried. Then Todd has his worries over the same problem, but it will soon be over for him. They say Ottawa is one fine district.

Two new recruits for the W.E.M. benches have arrived. They are very nice fellows although the canny one is thick between the eyes, most Scots are smart and smart enough not to get the world see it. So best of luck new men.

The new corporal is progressing excellently, is well liked and is a fine example for all married airmen and W.E.M.'s married or about to be married.

Sgt. Cooney has a few troubles but he can take them. He was practically slated for air-crew but Ottawa said no. W.E.M.'s are too important to make mere pilots of.

Good luck to you, Painsel, in your efforts to remunerate. You deserve a break.

Cranton is Listening Out.

# Winter Sports Parade



Above is a picture of the station hockey team which had a successful season in the world of hockey. Reading from left to right are: Top row: L.A.C. Munday, L.A.C. Hughes, L.A.C. Reeves, Cpl. Hill,

L.A.C. Reeves F., L.A.C. Bates, L.A.C. Marchand. Bottom row: Howard Large, Legion Supervisor, Cpl. Cathcart, F/Lt. McGillivray, L.A.C. Whitaker, L.A.C. McDonald, Cpl. Hughes. Missing off the pic-

ture are: L.A.C. Cowan, Sgt. Jewett, L.A.C. McGregor L.A.C. Kraeling, F/Sgt. Heffernan, Cpl. Oakenfold.

## HOCKEY TEAM ENJOYS SUCCESSFUL SEASON

By J. K. H.

It is a little late in the season to be talking of hockey, but to those newcomers on the station, and to us who were here during the winter, it doesn't do any harm to have a review of the winter activities of our team.

### Only Two Practices

Without fear of contradiction I will say that we had some wonderful talent on our team, but due to the mild winter and no artificial ice rink in the vicinity, the team had two practices together before taking on teams from the surrounding district. A great handicap to the players and supporters was the transportation problem. It wasn't very comfortable to ride 40 to 50 miles in the back of a truck in zero wea-

ter but nevertheless we never fell down on any team that we scheduled to play. We lost more games than we won but I am sure that we had more than our share of enjoyment and recreation out of them.

### Canadian Legion Helped Team

The team had the best of equipment and all the players had to provide was their own skates. Due to services rendered by the Canadian Legion and its popular supervisor, Howard Large, there wasn't a single item in equipment that we lacked. It was always a smartly dressed team which appeared on the ice in their white, blue and orange uniforms. Most of the games were played at Gravelbourg where the fans always gave the team plenty of support.

### Played Moose Jaw Canucks

The season was officially opened with Group Captain Ashton facing off the puck in a game with Moose

Jaw Canucks at Gravelbourg. The score was 4-4 and we had to come from behind to tie up the game. There was a capacity crowd on hand to enjoy a fast and exciting game of hockey. The station band was in attendance to provide the fans with some selections in between periods. In a return game in Moose Jaw, sponsored by the I. O. D. E., we were fortunate to win a hard fought game, again coming from behind to win. Fifteen-hundred fans witnessed the game, in which the team played its

## THIRD PRIZE WINNERS



Winning six games out of eight the above foursome completed a successful and enjoyable part in the Mossbank Annual Bonspiel to take third prize in the Quality Oil Competition, Reading from left to right the players are LAC Talbot, 3rd: Cpl. Hanson, Lead; LAC Chalmers, Skip; ACI Dennison, 2nd.

best hockey of the season. The hard artificial ice surface improved the team immensely and we showed the fans a wide open game which they enjoyed.

### Played Swift Current Indians

Other games were played with Swift Current Indians, Bateman, Mossbank and Gravelbourg. Although the team lost more games than they won, the players had plenty of fun and good sport. Probably the best team we turned out consisted of the following:

- Goal: Cpl. Cathcart; L. D., Cpl. Hill, R. D., F/Lt. McGillivray. Centre, L.A.C. Kraeling, R. W., L.A.C. Munday L. W. Whitaker. Centre, L.A.C. Cowan, R. W., L.A.C. Hughes, L. W., L.A.C. Reeves F.

### SOMEBODY'S SON

By G. L. Creed (Squadron Leader R.C.A.F.)

Somebody's Son has volunteered to risk his life for you... Somebody's Son is far from home and the things that home folk do,

Somebody's Son for your Freedom's sake is preparing himself for War ...

Somebody's Son deserves your help, for it's YOU he is fighting for!

Somebody's Mother is giving her boy in a Cause that is yours as well. Somebody's Wife knows a loneliness that only her heart can tell... Somebody's Mother and Somebody's Wife are doing all they can do... Somebody prays that some other may care and the answer is up to YOU!

Somebody's Son in the days to come must meet the bitter Test...

Somebody's Man for our Freedom's plan in a foreign field may rest. Somebody's Job is to care for them NOW—for on them all our hopes depend...

Somebody's Job is to dig up the cash—and that Somebody's YOU, my friend!

THEN ... '14

'41 NOW - Still in the Front Line!

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# TECHNICAL NOTES

## SECRETS OF BOMBING RESULTS

1. A little while ago Command Headquarters wrote a very complimentary letter on the improvement of Bombing scores at this Unit. To what is this improvement attributed?

2. The ordinary airman probably thinks that the improvement is due to the Pilots becoming more experienced, or perhaps to an improvement in G.I.S. Although there has been an improvement in G.I.S., and the Pilots in Bombing Flight also seem to be improving every day, there are other factors which also come into the question.

3. Bombing is supposed to be 50% Pilot and 50% Observer. Therefore, if the Pilot flew with perfect air speed, perfect height, and flew directly over the target, and the Observer had perfect settings, and released the bomb at the correct time, the bomb would strike the target. Some of our observers are very nearly perfect, and yet they do not strike the target. The reasons for this are manifold:

- (i) Instruments incorrectly calibrated.
- (ii) Compass is swung incorrectly.
- (iii) Bombsights installed incorrectly.
- iv) Pilot's error.
- v) Bomb-aimers' error.

4. The Instrument Maker has

probably never given a thought to the matter in calibrating an instrument; if he makes an error of two miles per hour in his calibration, this will cause an error of twenty yards on the ground. Therefore, it would appear that the Instrument Maker is becoming more efficient in his work.

5. The Armourer also plays an important part in improving Bombing Scores. If he installs a bombsight incorrectly, an error is bound to appear, or, if when swinging the bombsight, he does not do it correctly, another error will appear. Therefore, the Armourer is becoming more efficient.

6. Riggers can also play an important part. If an aircraft flies with one wing down and the Pilot has to be continually straining himself to keep that wing up, he will not be able to give full co-operation to the bomb-aimer. However, if the aircraft can fly with hands and feet off, the rigger can feel sure that he is playing an important roll in the training of the Observers.

7. Even the cooks in the Officers', Sergeants' and Airmen's messes have a say in bombing results, for if the food is perfect then both Pilot and Bomb Aimer feel perfect, and consequently, both minds are able to concentrate on the job instead of crying about pains in the stomach due to bad cooking.

8. If the above five mentioned reasons were corrected, then it would

greatly improve bombing scores.

9. The great secret of success of a Bombing Crew is "One for all, and all for one." The same can be said of Mossbank. Therefore, it would appear that everyone on the Station can be credited with the fact that Mossbank turns out the best Bomb Aimers in Canada.

## GUNNERY FLIGHT HOLDS SMOKER

A successful smoker was held on April 30 by the Corporals' mess by the personnel of Gunnery Flight. The evening was spent singing community songs and talking over old times together.

Corporal Monaghan, pronounced Monagan by a certain sergeant displayed his artistic ability at the piano and led the boys in community singing. The smoker was sponsored by the Rumble Club of the Flight and all the boys agreed that the committee responsible for the night's entertainment really made a god job of it. F/Lt. James O/C. of Gunnery Flight, F/Lt. Prendergast and F/O. Lesene were present to help the boys make the smoker a rumbling success.

## My Ship

I have a ship that's trim as can be,  
And I have christened her "Hope".  
I'll launch her down on Fortune's Sea,  
With my stouter hand at the rope.

She is my ship of Destiny,  
That carries the life I will live.  
Her Captain and Crew I must be,  
Through this voyage of take and give.

Effort will be my Pilot,  
Patience will help me too.  
And they will guide me to my lot,  
As work would have them do.

All through this Earthly voyage,  
Through Grief and Toil and Sport,  
Pray, God, grant me Courage,  
'Till I reach Thy final Port.

—J. T.

## A NEW INVENTION

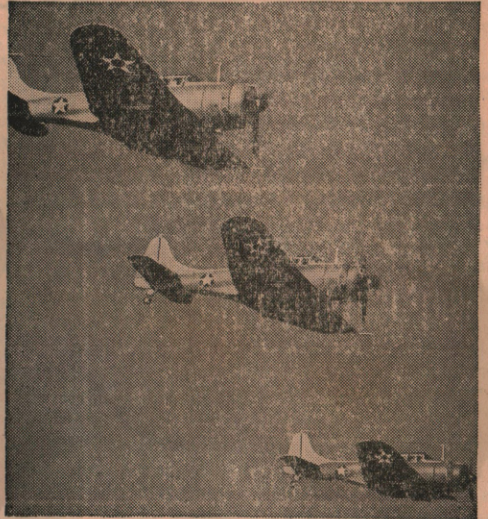
by a celebrated Night Club Operator  
(of doubtful character)  
One day in the Tower,  
Someone did get a brain wave,  
To install a P.A. system,  
And check on how the men behave.

At first we ran up against it  
Some of the loudspeakers would not work,  
But, as soon as the "Badger" got at it,  
The thing began to hum and spurt.

We have one in each hanger,  
And the Duty Pilot too,  
With headquarters in the O.C.'s office,  
You can always be sure of results coming through.

We have an identification,  
Which is called "surgery",  
If you cannot find our location,  
Call station X, Y, ZEE.

## DOUGLAS "DAUNTLESS" DIVE-BOMBERS SERVING WITH THE U. S. NAVY



The U. S. Navy's Douglas "Dauntless" dive-bomber, a two-seater monoplane with retractable under-carriage, possesses a higher speed than Germany's "Stuka". "Dauntless" dive-bombers took part in the big sea-air attack on the Japanese invasion fleet off Bali in February 1942, when the Allies inflicted on the enemy heavy losses in troops and warships. These aircraft are also used by the U. S. Army under the designation "A. 24". Picture shows: Douglas "Dauntless" dive-bomber in flight.

One day as I was strolling,  
Through the hanger's I did go,  
To my surprise upon entering,  
A familiar voice I heard, just so.

This is "Dr. Kildare" calling,  
To the Tower on the double please come,  
We are holding a sewing circle,  
To see which flight is on the bum.

Among those that did hear,  
Were "Dr's" Blackledge, Lindsay,  
Weaver and Weir,  
And also to be noted in our crew,  
Were "Dr's" Hemminger, Prendergast, Mackin and Plew.

To the Tower all the Dr's did run,  
They were huffing and puffing like mad,  
They admitted they had a good work-out,  
Which made me exceptionally glad.

In front of the head "Dr" they did form,  
In a semi-circle to salute and

scorn,  
And listen to the "Master" speak,  
On how to report a glycol leak.

It is a lovely invention,  
And should be inspected by all,  
But if you have bad intentions,  
Please do not come down at all.

That is all on to-days broadcast,  
And I hope you liked my report,  
If you do not believe my story,  
Come down and listen to us cavort.

— THAT IS ALL —  
(Composed by J. H.)

**BOYS!** When you're visiting  
Moose Jaw or Regina — and  
you feel "Nuttty"—visit the  
Nut House—For Fresh Hot  
Nuts.

## The Nut House

In Moose Jaw next to Eatons  
In Regina opp. Leader-Post.

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REGINA . . . . CANADA

# COME TO MOSSBANK

## THE HEART OF THE GOLDEN WEST

The following travelogue has been suggested by the old pioneers of this station in the hopes that it will catch the eyes of some distant airmen, thereby inducing them to submit their application for transfer to Mossbank at once.

This should work both ways, as, it should release the present inmates who have done over eighteen months and are now suffering from a suicidal surfeit of strafing Saskatchewan; so let us hie ourselves to the sunny southern shores of Lake Johnstone where we find the quaint little old-world town of Mossbank.

Approaching by steamer, the pellucid waters scintillating in the afternoon sunshine, are swarming with every type of water craft imaginable from the palatial yacht of the mightiest squadron leader to the more humble canoe of the lowliest A.C.2 come sounds of music and revelry as the boys and their Western belles make merry all the day, enjoying all the natural advantages this gem of the Golden West has to offer.

On entering the land-locked harbour, nestling between the "mossy banks" we recall the saying "See

Naples and die", but it becomes very evident that our Neapolitan booster never visited Mossbank.

On walking across the palm-fringed plaza from the harbour, we are struck by the number of airmen galloping around on horseback dressed in sombrero and chaps, (by special permission of the Service Police) and we realize that at last years of searching we have now found the much vaunted true west.

An excellent bus service wafts us over the five miles of inlaid rubber highway to the palatial portals of that airmen's Mecca, No. 2 B. & G. School. Here we find everything that the airman dreams of, from the happy hunting ground of the A.C.2 to the acme of the Air Commodore. As we saunter through the hangers swing bands blend their music with the whispering of fountains playing in the sunlight. Shouts of merriment issue from the swimming pools attached to each hanger, and from the bar (open 24 hours daily) comes the raucous laughter of the equipment section (closed for stocktaking).

A sumptuous repast calculated to satisfy the most exacting gourmet is served to us in the airmen's mess and feeling replete we make a tour of the airmen's barracks. Here we find that nothing has been left undone to ensure the comforts of our gallant lads. Spacious carpeted rooms furnished in the voluptuous style of the early Victorian era, contain only 2 A.C.2's per room, while A.C. 1's and up have private bath and maid service supplied extra.

As we reluctantly vent our way gatewards we see a large building with bare walls and armed guards all around. What this kind of building is doing in such a vertible paradise it is impossible to conjecture, and upon enquire; from our escort we receive the amazing reply "Alas, they have been here too long". So with this sobering thought in mind we unwillingly drag ourselves away from this beautiful spot, this heart of the golden west where seldom is heard a discouraging word and the skies are not cloudy all day.

## PROUD BROTHERS

When Flight Sgt. Bert Paige, 27-year-old observer from Kitchener, Ont. in the Royal Canadian Air Force Overseas, was awarded the Distinguished Flying Medal recently for his part in a most successful Coastal Command attack on enemy ship-

ping, the two proudest men in England were his two younger brothers.

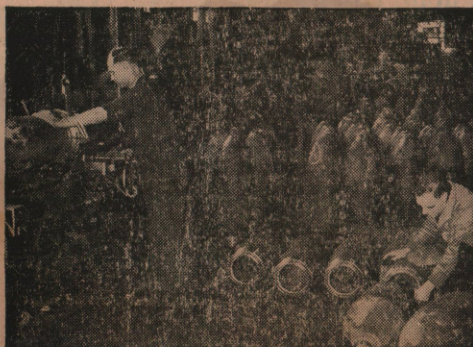
One was Pilot Officer Frank Paige, 26, who was just finishing his training as a pilot at an operation training unit in Great Britain; the other was Pte. Bob Paige, 22, who is with a Central Ontario regiment in the Canadian Army overseas.

## THE WESTERN FIVE WARMS UP



The Western Five providing Canadian radio with one of its most interesting anomalies. The programme is devoted to the songs of the wide open spaces. The music comes out at breakneck speed and is played by as smooth a pack of sophisticates as ever steered clear of a rodeo steer. The shrine of their activities is swank Studio "A" at CBC's handsome studios in the Chateau Laurier, Ottawa. Featured left to right: Oral Scheer, vocalist; Woody Hill, guitarist; Cammie Howard, leader-arranger-clarinetist; Gene Cloutier, violinist; and Red Calloway, the trumpet player, who triples in xylophone and string bass. The Western Five goes into session Tuesdays and Thursdays at 4.00 p.m. DDT.

## MASS PRODUCTION OF BOMBS FOR BRITISH R. A. F.



Each month sees a substantial rise in British arms production as established factories expand and new ones go into operation; and with the coming total mobilization of Britain's men and women power this output will be stepped up still further. Maching and inspecting bomb castings at a British munition factory where the mass casting of 500 lb. bombs for the R.A.F. is carried out.

When Frank completed his training, Bert in accordance with a long-established right of men serving the British armed forces, "claimed" him; i.e. he requested that his brother be posted to the R.C.A.F. squadron of Coastal Command with which he himself is now serving. To-day, the two brothers are together in the squadron, though they flying different aircraft.

All three of the brothers enlisted within a few days of each other. Bert joined up at the Hamilton R.C.A.F. recruiting centre in July, 1940, and trained at Regina, Mossbank, Sask., and Rivers, Man. Bob had enlisted with the army a few weeks earlier, and a short while after Bert

had gone, Frank enlisted too.

The story of Bert's D.F.M.—which he won while serving with the Royal Air Force coastal command squadron—is already well-known. He got it after the aircraft in which he was flying sank a ship off the German coast and then, after running into heavy leak concentrations, hit a rock while taking evasive action. Notwithstanding this, it came home.

## KEEP SMILING

Keep smiling, they say, is one certain way To win through your trouble thick and strife; And wearing a grin through thick and through thin Will lengthen the span of your life.

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## DROGUE FLIGHT

F/Sgt. Birch is now on Temporary Duty in Montreal where he is taking a special A.F.M. course. His smiling countenance and fatherly voice will be missed by the flight personnel.

Drogue extends a hearty welcome to their new sergeant rigger, Taylor by name, who was posted to this station recently from Dafoe.

The other day we saw old timers, F/Sgt. Birch, Sgt. Hill and Sgt. Foster in a corner trying to recite a poem which went like this:

Men may come and men may go  
But we stay on forever.

Who was the sergeant who got chased by a bull on his last forty-eight?

First of all let us congratulate our O/C, F/Lt. Weaver, on being promoted to a F/Lt.

Next in line for congratulations come Duperon, Lewis, Winto and Littleford on being promoted to Corporals. A few free Cokes should be floating around for awhile now.

Next in line comes L.A.C. Janis, who could be seen the other day going around the hanger handing out cigars. It was to celebrate the addition of a new son to the Janis household.

After a long confinement in a Moose Jaw hospital with a broken leg, L.A.C. Leriger has returned to the station. It will be a while yet before Leriger can throw away his crutches and take to the air again.

## BOTH HEAVY BOMBER AND FIGHTER — THE BRITISH FOUR-ENGINE "HALIFAX" MONOPLANE



The Handley Page Halifax bomber which, with the Stirling and other heavy types, forms the spearhead of the sustained British R. A. F. offensive on Germany, has been engaged on many heavy raids, some on Berlin when the devastating effect of its huge bomb-load has been brought home forcibly to the enemy. An all-metal mid-wing monoplane, its wing span is 99 ft., length 70 ft., and height 22 ft. Powered with four Rolls-Royce Merlin 12-cylinder liquid-cooled engines, it has three-bladed airscrews and carries heavy defensive armament. A Halifax bomber is here shown in flight.

## BOMBERS DIG

When they have a few moments to spare from "Bombing for Victory" many members of the Royal Canadian Air Force in Britain are helping too "Dig for Victory".

At one R. A. F. bomber station the agricultural work is being supervised by the Duty Officer, Squadron Leader T. W. Hay, who gained his first farming experience in Canada. Before the last war he raised cattle and horses in the Okanagan Valley for five or six years. In

Two more drogue operators have left the flight. L.A.C. Tetroe has gone to I.T.S. in Regina and L.A.C. Smith has been posted to Mont Joli. Best of luck fellows.

1914 he returned to Britain to join up and after 1918 remained there to continue his farming. Now he combines farming with fighting and last year, under his supervision, more than 200 tons of vegetables including 120 tons of potatoes and 80 tons of greens were produced on his station. So far as fresh vegetables are concerned this station has been self-supporting since last June.

Among the Canadian airmen who are helping to cultivate the 35 acres which has been allotted to the station are, — Flight Sergeants R. H. Adamson of Innisfree, Alberta; R. F. Bradbury of Mitchell Street, Victoria; D. L. Boyd of Mountain Street, Quebec; W. R. Davies of Brock Street, Peterborough, Ont.; F. A. Holmes of Elnora, Alberta; F. H. Mylrea of Government St., Victoria; H. Malkin of Argyle Avenue, Verdun, Quebec; J. E. Sumption of Pipestone, Manitoba; and Sergeants C. R. Barr of Church Avenue, Verdun, Que.; D. Conter of New Waterford, Nova Scotia; M. H. Cornish, of Melrose Avenue, Toronto; F. F. Duff, of Marlborough Avenue, Toronto; W. A. Gillies of Temiskaming, Quebec; C. C. Harris of Charlot St., Sydney, N.S.; D. Kent of Redisson, Sask.; S. B. Patterson of Owen Sound Ont.; F. G. Peebles of Dauphin, Man.; T. W. Ralston of St. Stephen N. B.; G. H. Rowe of Pembroke, Ont.; C. E. Sorsdhal of Nidale, Sask.; J. F. W. Towse of Livingstone, New Jersey and D. L. Torkelson of Bengough, Sask.

## WITH THE R. C. A. F. OVERSEAS

The accoutrements, appendages and gadgets which make a fighter pilot look like something from another world saved the life of Flight Sergeant R. H. Gridley of Scollard, Alberta, recently, when his Spitfire crashed in the British Channel.

His "Mae West" life jacket brought him bobbing to the surface from the cockpit of his rapidly sinking aircraft.

His rubber dinghy kept him afloat in the darkness for more than two hours while he listened to the drone of his comrades overhead trying to locate him.

And finally a sea rescue boat spotted the faint glimmer of a tiny

flashlight which is another of the numerous accessories in a pilots kit.

It was an accident, not "Jerry", that brought Gridley down. His squadron, flying in formation, was providing an "umbrella" for a sea rescue operation in the Channel — circling to fend off any Messerschmidt which might chance that way while Naval units were operating. Gridley's Spitfire grazed that of his commanding officer, Squadron Leader R. B. Newton, Gridley's airscrew slashed the cockpit of the

squadron leader's aircraft and severed one rudder wire. Newton barely managed to nurse his 'craft back to the aerodrome where he made a crash landing. Gridley, with a mangled airscrew, had no time to bail out. He belly-landed, unfastening his straps as the aircraft started to sink. As she went down nose first Gridley shoved down the handle of the carbon dioxide bottle attached to his "Mae West" and the inflated jacket sent him bobbing to the surface.

Fastened to his harness was his rubber dinghy with his carbon dioxide bottle and in a moment, it too was inflated. Shedding his parachute pack he climbed aboard, dug out his flashlight and began blinking it steadily.

It was dusk when the collision had taken place and light was fast fading when Flight Lieut. Ken Boomer of Ottawa led a search over the area in an effort to guide sea rescue craft. For three quarters of an hour they hovered overhead but never spotted him and Gridley later said that they came tantalizingly close.

Visibility had closed in to 40 yards when finally the sea rescue craft found him.

"His 'Mae West' jacket must have bobbed him out of the submerged cockpit like a cork" Flight Lieut. Boomer said afterward. They had reported Gridley as missing, but after five days in the station hospital he had recovered from exposure and shock and was back on the job.

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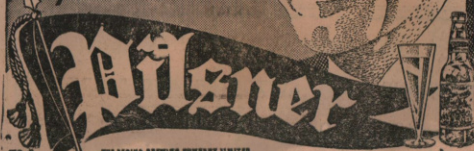
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# Facts on G. I. S. Personnel

W.O.1 Boyce, F. E.—Seems to be rather pleased to get back to the station after having spent several months on temporary duty. Much credit should be given to this N. C.O. for the construction of G.I.S.

Cpl. Browning, R. E. — Our new Wireless Instructor who really knows his "dit and dots".

F/Sgt. Burnke F. — A hard-working N.C.O. developing a "Charles Atlas" technique during his nightly work-outs in the gym.

LAC Burton J. D. — Just another draughtsman. I wonder what Flt. Sgt. French would do without this valuable man?

W.O. 2 Cralle W. C. — "Believe it or not"—but he was recently crowned to his amazement.

Flt. Sgt. French, A. T. — At the moment he is still drawing "Aircraft for the day". What about remustering to an artist—or something?

LAC Faryna, P. — What is there in Edmonton to attract an airman? Faryna found out on his last 48 when he had it extended.

Sgt. Hay, C. N. — Is he or is he not coming out on parade this morning? Do we or do we not have dress inspection?

Cpl. Hooker, H. H. — A blonde N. C.O. who has a tough time in Jeeing the boys in 10A Barracks, to wax the floors.

W.O. 2 Irving, W. J. — Our senior instructor who has just returned to camp after having spent an enjoyable time on his furlough down east, or did he? — after all he got married!

LAC Lafoy, L. — Our red-headed airman who enjoys his new job in the Precis Room—what makes him so popular in Lloydminster?

LAC Lloyd, R. M. — Mossbank's one and only "Jitterbug"—why do we all have to hire Moose Jaw talent with him around?

Flt. Sgt. MacDonald, D. — Six feet, blonde, blue-eyed and handsome. Believe it or not but Mac is 50% of the team when it comes to playing soccer.

Cpl. MacDonald, G.J.F. — How does he get along with the new O.C. of G.I.S.? Mac's nominated as one of

the best-dressed airman on the station.

Sgt. Mitchell, C. D. — Waiting for warmer weather so he can acquire that "Hollywood" Sun-tan? What for?

LAC Monette, A. — We think he has been on the station long enough—When is his transfer coming through? Perhaps he is waiting to get back to civilization.

Sgt. Ohrn, L. A. — Here is an N.C.O. that is really killing two birds with one stone—gets a crown and also a wife—what more could a man ask for?

Sgt. Paulson D. H. — Our all around athlete, who stars in football and baseball. Looking forward to playing against other teams on temporary duty.

LA Payne, V. P. — He seems to be quite the expert in watch repairing. Wishing you success in this side-line Vincent.

Flt. Sgt. Pell, A. — Still waiting for an eastern posting. Don't worry Archie it will come through — some day—you hope.

Sgt. Ridehalgh, D. — Congratulations upon receiving your third hook. Keep up the good work.

Sgt. Roach, G. — A hard-working N.C.O. who really deserved getting his third hook. Shake hands with Sgt. Ridehalgh.

LAC Rosen, R. L. — A thoroughly reliable store-keeper. When is he ever going to miss a morning parade?

Sgt. Skidmore, F. R. — What would this station do without Sgt. Skidmore? when it comes to drill—he "tops".

LAC Smith, E. R. — What troubles have you on mind today, Smitty? What would the Orderly Room do without this efficient clerk?

Sgt. Smith, H. W. — Our peroxide blonde instructor. How is Moose Jaw treating you? or isn't it?

Cpl. Valcourt G. H. — G. I. S.'s "Glamour Boy" who really gets around. Has just returned from his furlough at the "Great White Way".

That's all for now boys.



## Station Hospital

The unit and staff of the station hospital: and they are in the Whom hospital: and they are happy in the service:

R for Robert Barker  
C for Charlie Foster  
A for Armstrong  
F for Fladager.

M for M. Grudnitski.  
E for Evan Milner.  
D for Dick Jewitt.  
I for Isador Speed.  
C for Cornelius Murphy.  
A for Alias Lennox.  
L for Lanko MacDonald.

C for Cecil Wilson.  
O for Oloaf McAuley.  
R for Roy Hauk.  
P for Peters.

R. C. A. F. Medical Corp.

Some people of this world may acknowledge this poem, but I wonder if the men of Mossbank do????

Sick am I of the noisy town,  
Sick of its pride and lust  
Where Man's nobility goes down,  
In the fight for golden dust.

I tread its teeming streets, but oh,  
My heart is far away,  
Where winds a road I used to know,  
A little road of grey.

And where a breeze blows cool and light,  
Beneath a dreaming sky,  
Where in the meadows daisy white,  
Glad larks go winging by.

Sick am I of the ways of men,  
Sick of their foolish play,  
I long to walk just once again,  
That little road of grey.

This guy had better come to Mossbank and et me take his place.  
WANTED: an expert tinsmith, that can make a pair of pants out of the strongest metal that may be had, but for goodness sake hurry, as my patience is nearly at an end. end all letters to Tom, Station Hospital kitchen.

Well, some boys finally are starting to take care of themselves as Our blonde Hauk visited the beauti-

ful Wascana Park at Regina instead of the little Cafe on a certain street. What is the attraction at the Park? He's a violinist, but the band hasn't started to play in the evenings yet.

Wow Wow, Barker was excited, when he received a long distance call from Regina and was informed that he was the Daddy of a 6½ lb. baby, and approximately 4 hours after the news he was on his way to Regina to see the little darling. Well he's sort of a slight chap but I guess he's got what it takes. To bad it wasn't a boy or we would have been smoking cigars.

Who is the man that is thinking of remustering to Security Guard, as he is doing a little practicing by escorting the fairer sex to the main gate after they visited the hospital.

Wasn't the Nursing Sister happy, when she was told that there was room for her to go to Calgary in the Norseman. She was actually tickled pink. Wonder why? Could it be a certain Ch. she was going to see? There's a glint in her eye when there's a letter from Chas.

During the last sandstorm, which was simply terrific, a gopher was seen approximately 35 feet in the air trying to dig a hole. That poor fellow may have been in Mossbank for quite some time and needs a transfer badly.

Who's the Guy that looks like a Goon, and lisps when he talks while he has his upper and lower plates in storage for the night. He's probably taking precautions since the time he rolled out of bed? Right

Mac.?

One of our Cpl's was invited out to dinner at Mossbank, and for some unknown reason didn't want to go at the last minute so off he went to Ardill by foot, and in the meantime, his party called for him at the hospital, but they were told that he was somewhere in Camp, and that may be anywhere, so the certain party decided to wait, and along comes one of the kitchen staff and spilled the Beans! Well it was quite a little while before he ventured into Mossbank, better not do that too often.

We've received a letter from Cpl. Law, who was at this station for approximately 15 months and one of the first of old timers to be transferred and he has been recently promoted to Sergeant. Good work Joe, we are proud of you.

Our cute headheaded Orderly cut his finger badly, when opening a bottle, he said that it was a Medicine bottle, but I doubt whether he would have been that anxious to open a bottle with that sort of a Content, and it's a good thing that Helen was in Winnipeg, or she might have been quite suspicious.

Who were the Medical Men that went to a dance at Expanse and on arrival found out that there wasn't any? Instead of being good boys and coming home they headed for Assiniboia, and the worst of it was, that three of the boys returned and two stayed over the night. Careful Red, that's not nice.

Who's Togo, and how did it happen that he was called that name, could it be that he resembles someone?

Here's a new way of making a date with girls far away as one of the boys does it. He writes them a letter a few days before he's on a 48 hr. pass and then proceeds to Regina. Well at least he'll find her at home. Right Basil?

## STATION SOFTBALL LEAGUE FORMED

A six-team station softball league has been formed with the Officers, Sergeants, G. I. S., Maintenance, Headquarters and A. T. S. each entering a team. A.T.S. is composed of Gunnery, Bombing and Droque Flight players.

### 15-Game Schedule

Each team will play each other three times for a total of 15 games each. Points will be awarded as follows: one point for a tie and two points for a win. The team with the most points at the end of the season wins the station softball championship and will be awarded sweat-jackets with station crests. Games will be played on the diamonds east of No. 1 hanger.

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**MORE ABOUT**

**FORMER MOSSBANK STUDENT**

(Continued from Page One)

and made a crash landing on a strange field. After they were down they discovered an unexploded bomb still clinging to the bomb rack. Fortunately it had dragged tail down when the landing was made. If the nose had come down instead of the tail, that particular landing would not have been a very happy one.

**In Balloon Barrage**

Getting into a balloon barrage was a nerve-racking experience. A cable ripped into the bomber wing to the depth of a foot before breaking off and the big plane flut-tered down to within 200 feet of the ground before recovering its balance. Then it was a case of cir-cling around for half an hour in a clear space before threading their way to safety. Getting out of that spot was "a matter of luck," said F/O. Milward.

In one of his many flights over Germany F/O. Milward's plane, with a target 60 miles this side of Berlin, overshot the mark in a heavy wind and came out of the clouds to find Berlin beneath them. The Canadians got out of there in a hurry. F/O. Milward is now home on leave after spending a year overseas.

**Saskatchewan To Get Boundary Bay School**

Leslie Martin, managing director of the Empire Air Training Plan in British Columbia, announced re- cently that the Elementary Flying Training School at Boundary Bay will be moved to an undisclosed point in Saskatchewan.

Forty-five freight cars already loaded with training school equip- ment are ready to start moving to Saskatchewan, he said.

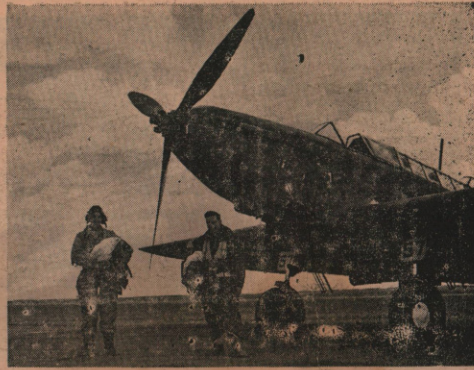
The present Boundary Bay school is three times the size of a normal training school. It was established as a double school and later extended to absorb No. 8 school at Sea Island. It has a staff of 214.

The above is an excerpt from the Regina Leader-Post.

Now solve this, and make your own tongue twister:

By inserting the letter "T" eleven times in this jumble of letters you will make a sentence to repeat three time quickly—

WOOALLYREDEACHERSRYING  
OEACHHOMASRIGONOMERY



Above is a picture of the two student observers who have the distinction of being the first ones to make a parachute jump on the Mossbank Station. L.A.C. Grier is shown on the left and L.A.C. Donen on the right.

**Merry Maniac Minstrels**

The Merry Maniac Minstrels, over forty in number, from Moose Jaw, staged a very enjoyable variety concert under the auspices of the Moose Jaw Branch of the Legion Auxiliary Services in the Recreation Hall, on Sunday evening, April 19th. The program opened with the singing of "O Canada" followed by a solo pleasantly rendered.

Sambo appeared with the proverbial broom and soon convinced the audience there were more merits in the "Good Old Days" and emphatically rejected the many propositions put before him, more especially the 25c coin in the slot "Baby solution", "Barrack Joe", probably gained a point or two from Sambo in regard to the performance of his duties.

In "Shuffle off to Buffalo" the artists held the attention of the Boys and full appreciation was displayed. "Archie" would have had no trouble getting a full quota of volunteers to shuffle off to Buffalo with his company if one could judge from the applause.

The Brethern and Cistern were duly introduced and melody and rythm with a running fire of wit were the order of the evening. Nimble Darky Dick proved to be very quick and really made a stick. A search of the Camp Area has proven that no "Chocolate Drops" are available since the Minstrels departed and some symptoms of "Picannee Blues" have been evident among the boys.

Bragging was duly challenged and while confessions were few they were true to form and apparent

forgiveness easily granted.

"Swanee River" rendered with vim, was highly appreciated. Slim Dick proved very entertaining and his rendering of "The Sidewalks of New York" was well done and highly appreciated. Tambo & Sambo added merriment and zest to the program with their dialogue which ended disastrously for Tambo when Sambo won the No. 30.00 with his version of "The Honest Saskatchewan Politician".

The musical Comedy, "Camp Town Races", brought the house down. Tambo was in excellent form in his rendering of "Old Black Mammy". Brother Ebenezer Jackson & Chorus carried the crowd with them in their variety item.

The pleasant evening was brought to a close with the promise of further entertainment for the boys during the coming summer by Mr. Brooksbank. The Commanding Officer, Wing Commander Higgins, in a few well chosen words, expressed the Camps appreciation for the successful efforts of the entertainers and that one and all would look forward to another similar treat at some future date.



Above is an informal picture taken during Aid Commodore G. R. Howsam's visit to Mossbank. Reading from left to right are: Wing Commander Penman, Group Captain P. R. Hampton, Air Commodore G. R. Howsam, M. C., and Wing Commander Higgins.

**BOMBING FLIGHT**

Who is the Mighty Mental Genius from Bombing Flight that doesn't know the difference between Air Speed and Ground Speed and refuses to acknowledge there is any? How about it Freddie? Maybe you had better stick close to your waxing new Chum. Also, is he the same party who made the wise-crack about correct and incorrect (1-c) on the computer. Was he kidding or are his looks really true?

**THINK IT OVER**

Why is Springtime dangerous in the country? Because we see the bulrushes out, the cowslips about and the hedges are all shooting.

**F/Lt. G. B. McGillivray**

The station lost another popular officer recently when F/Lt. McGillivray of the G.I.S. staff was posted to Camp Borden. He was a member of the station hockey team and played some sparkling games on defence for the Bombers.

**"FOOTA"**

by Yours Truly

It was Saturday and it had rained since Friday afternoon. We were to play the R.A.F. at Assiniboia, an inter-station game of Soccer—(you know that game in which you may kick—or be kicked, bunt—or be bunted, but you must not touch unless you are the goalie—or she is a blonde.

We started off for Assiniboia, twenty-eight miles away, at 1330 hours (1.30 p.m., if you don't be- long). Husband, Wife and Yours Truly. I said "I have rubbers and rubber boots, which should I wear?" Having done some concentrated pioneering in this part of the coun- try, he said "Rubber boots, decided- ly! I wore them. Thank God!

He was cold sober—but you wouldn't have known it from the way the car behaved—it switched and b..... and itched to ditch.

I knew I would be "Joe" for the pushing if it got stuck—and I re- membered hearing that rapture pre- judices your Service career.

Well! We got there. He said "I've got to get into togs." Yes, he said "to go"—and proceeded to pul out what looked like an assortment of refugee underwear from behind the seat. With a casual "Look after the little woman for me" he set out over a landscape of liquid mud. He started out using the Australian crawl, but when last seen had re- sorted to the breast stroke.

I looked after her as well as I could while keeping my fingers crossed, for she was dammed at- tractive. I even stood out in the rain so that she might have a better view of the two teams rolling around in the mud. Finally, gallantry was so diluted by rain that I said "Hell! Let me in the car, I'm cold!" She said "Sure. You can get in the far side. He has just scored a goal!" Getting in the far side meant going through the ditch.

The game went on—and on. We ate dry cheese and very dry crack- ers. Each time I breathe my lungs back-fired and I blew out cracker dust. I was so dry you could have scratched a match on my throat.

The game ended 3-1 in our favor. Of course the fact that they had only ten men against our eleven had nothing to do with it.

Having the only pair of rubber boots, I won the right to tramp the length of the Russian Front for six bottles of beer. Thank God, she didn't drink beer!

**MORE ABOUT WING COMMANDER PENMAN**

(Continued from Page One)

lieve he would be the first to give a large measure of credit to the charm- ing woman who adorns his home, and who, on occasion, brings us pleasure by her presence? We are glad to include her in our congratu- lations on his promotion. Whether they continue here or move to a larger, and perhaps less specialize field, both Wing Commander and Mrs. Penman can be assured of our very personal interest and best wish- es. We are confident that wherever they may go, further recognition will be awarded the fine qualities and leadership of "Tickety-Boo".

Since the above was written definite word has come of the posting of Wing Commander Penman. Our re- action is one of regret and a definite sense of loss. We are happy for his sake and sad for our own.

Perhaps a suitable farewell in these fateful days of our years would be "We'll be seein' you".

So we started home. The trip was so slippery and rough. I could barely hold a bottle to my lips. But you know me—difficulties were made to be overcome.

They entertained me to a home- cooked dinner. It was well—so did I. Sleep overcame me so they in- vited in their neighbor's five year old child to laugh at my open mouth and its noises. "Footba! Bah!

Incidentally, our team was composed of:

- LAC Hindley — Goal
- Sgt. Paulson — R. Fullback
- LAC Lyness — L. Fullback
- F/Sgt. McDonald — Centre half
- LAC Melville — R. half
- Sgt Coulette — L. half
- WO2 Nurse — Centre
- W/C Penman — Inside right
- LAC Newell — Inside left
- Cpl. Cathart — Outside left
- LAC Haughey — Outside right
- LAC Ralphs — Linesman.

**AIRWOMAN MECHANIC FIRST UP IN PLANE**

A young Toronto airwoman and three English companions share the distinction of being the first Women's Auxiliary Air Force flight mechan- ics to fly in the R. A. F. planes on which they work.

An aircraftwoman first class and a rigger by trade, she is Mrs. Julie Bennett 21, who came to Britain shortly before the war and remained to join the W.A.A.F. in June 1940. She was one of 16 girls graduated from a Midlands station for test flights with the R.A.F. and it will be part of their job from now on to fly in the aircraft they have helped to keep in the air.

Mrs. Bennent joined the W.A.A.F. four months after she married her sweetheart, who lived next door to her in Toronto, when he arrived in Britain with one of the first groups of the R.C.A.F. personnel.

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