

CONTACT!



Jack Doerr

Photographer

EXETER — ONTARIO

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CONTACT

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No. 2 BOMBING & GUNNERY
SCHOOL
R.C.A.F. Mossbank, Sask.



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Editorial!



This Issue

It comes to you with face lifted and internal organs overhauled that it may better please and serve you. If you like it, we are happy. If you don't like it, let us know—we shall be glad to have your opinion.

You are urged to give special attention to the article, "**Just an Idea**", by **Roseer**. It will stir the breasts of all men. Read it—and argue.

Rehabilitation

The Department of Pensions and National Health is evolving a very comprehensive plan for rehabilitation of the servicemen and servicewomen at the time of their discharge. The main features of the plan follow:

1. Clothing allowances, transportation, rehabilitation grant of one month's pay, plus allowance on discharge.
2. Reinstatement into former employment by Order of the Privy Council.
3. One year's free medical treatment (non-service ailments included)—those with service disabilities for life.
4. Unemployment insurance benefits for a period of service not exceeding 52 weeks.
5. Preference in Civil Service.
6. Vocational education to prepare for a trade or to refresh oneself in one's trade.
7. College education for those with Junior Matriculation, or a post-graduate course for those who need a refresher in their profession.
8. A Veterans' Land Act to benefit farmers and fishermen whereby a farmer may borrow \$4,800 to purchase farm and equipment, putting up \$360 himself and repaying the loan at about \$12 a month until one-half the loan, with interest, has been paid, when the balance of the loan will be cancelled.
9. Grants for educational training include the following: Single man, \$10.20 per week; Married man, \$14.40, per week; Wife, \$18.20 per month; Children, \$10-\$12 per month.

The editorial staff urges all readers to give considerable thought to the above information. There is no doubt that the programme is very extensive and should be thoroughly studied by all. It would be well to form discussion groups or Sunday Evening Forums for the complete understanding of the opportunities to be afforded.



Sir, We Welcome You!

CONTACT, on behalf of all Station personnel, welcomes you, Wing Commander E. C. Tennant, as Commanding Officer of No. 2 Bombing and Gunnery School.



May your stay at Mossbank become the happiest days of your Service life.





To All Ranks at Mossbank Greetings

I find it difficult to adequately express in words my feelings when I first learned of my posting to Mossbank. It was with regret I found myself on the point of departure from a station to which I had become attached by a bond of comradeship; however, I looked with pride toward my new appointment here as a step forward. I am indeed grateful for the warm welcome extended to me by all ranks upon my arrival.

In spite of a reputation unjustly gained in its early days, this station has an enviable record. Undoubtedly, circumstances here have called upon you for much hard work outside of your normal routine. That you have responded to this demand with initiative and energy is evidenced not only in the excellent appearance of the station, but in the recorded achievements of aircrew personnel who have been trained here. Although a great deal has been accomplished in the training of our Air Force, much remains to be done. It can only be accomplished by our continued efforts, whose success means the defeat of our enemies.

E. C. TENNANT, W/C.,
Commanding Officer.



JUST AN IDEA

By ROSEER

The views expressed in the following article are those of the author and are not necessarily the views of the editorial staff, nor are they to be construed as an expression of R.C.A.F. policy. Comments—pro and con—will be welcomed by the editorial staff for publication in the next issue.

A highly desirable post-war development among the nations of the world would be that of facilitating the intermingling of young people in the activities and environments conducive to the growth of mutual understanding and respect.

To that end I propose that discussions be entered into now among the United Nations in an effort to draw up definite, though elastic, plans for the instituting of a world-embracing scheme of social education.

Conscription of Youth

By way of initiating thought in this direction, I suggest that consideration be given to the feasibility of procuring an adequate area of suitable land and water surface—say the size of the three Canadian Prairie Provinces—to be governed by an international council and used by the youth of the world for cultural training in the art of living together. Further, I suggest that consideration be given to the desirability of having every boy and girl of the world conscripted for a period of training in this world youth centre.

Where the World Would Meet

I frankly admit that the scope of the project captures the imagination. The enrollment would be in terms of millions. The providing of accommodation—modern in every respect—including housing, college halls, sports arenas, theatres, gymnasiums, swimming pools, transportation facilities, pavements and a thousand and one other things would constitute a post-war world building-project of vast proportions. The feeding and clothing of the students would in itself be an item of present war-time proportions.

But the successful carrying out of such a scheme would, I believe, result in the integration of world-wide thought in a social concept so far above that of today that its inception would usher in an era of civilized human inter-relationships.



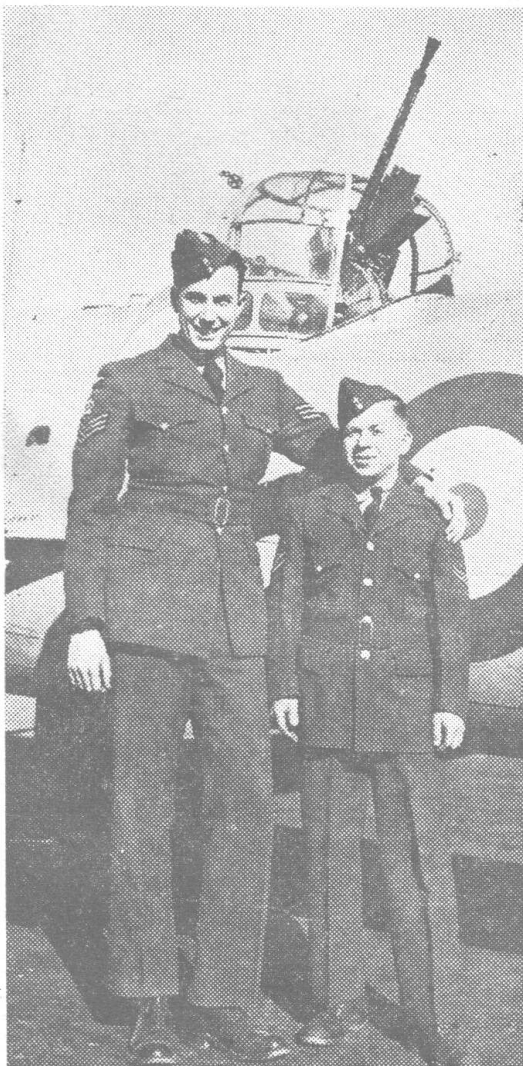
PERSONALITIES—No. 1

The Tall and Short of Maintenance Wing

Number Five hangar, Maintenance, has the tallest and the shortest airmen in Maintenance Wing on its roll call. This is quite an achievement for No. 5 hangar, considering the hundreds of airmen employed in Maintenance Wing.

The tallest airman is **Flt./Sgt. J. V. Doerr**, an airframe mechanic by trade and Senior N.C.O. in charge of No. 5 hangar. He is 6 ft. 5 ins. tall, weighs 210 pounds and hails from Mitchell, Ont.

The shortest airman is **Cpl. W. (Shorty)**



Flt./Sgt. J. V. Doerr rests his long arm on little **Cpl. W. Hawken's** sturdy shoulders.

Hawken, another airframe mechanic, who works on the Anson line. "**Shorty**" is 5 ft. tall, weighs 125 lbs., and calls Brownlee, Sask., his home town.

Flt./Sgt. Doerr joined the Air Force in March, 1940, at Galt, Ont. He soon ran into trouble on account of his size. At Toronto Manning Pool he had to have a uniform specially made and a special bunk had to be rigged up for him to sleep on.

Cpl. Hawken joined the R.C.A.F. in August, 1941, at Regina, Sask. "**Shorty**" had quite a time persuading the recruiting officers to take him in because of his height. However, "**Shorty**" talked his way in and went to Manning Pool. He didn't suffer the same privations as **Flight Doerr**; in fact, everything was too big except the meals. However, the Air Force tailors soon chopped a uniform down to fit "**Shorty**".

Previous to coming to Mossbank, **Flight Doerr** was stationed at St. Thomas, Trenton, Jarvis and Paulson. He has one younger brother who has just joined the Air Force as an A.F.M. He is also on the tall side, being 6 ft. 3 ins. in height. **Flight Doerr's** main hobbies are photography and model plane building. After the war he plans to become an aeronautical engineer.

Cpl. Hawken came to Mossbank from St. Thomas. He has one brother in the Royal Canadian Engineers, overseas, and three bothers and two sisters in Canada. One sister is a nurse. "**Shorty**" was a carpenter before the war and worked for Cushing Bros. Mill Works, Moose Jaw. Previous to that he was employed for three years at a Moose Jaw fox farm as a nurse maid to the foxes. **Cpl. Hawken's** hobbies are woodworking and playing hockey. After the war he plans on taking up farming.

Both **Flt./Sgt. Doerr** and **Cpl. Hawken** are married and have their families in Mossbank Village.

Teacher: "Willie, which would you rather have, Shakespeare or Charlie Chaplin?"

Willie: "Charlie Chaplin, Miss, 'cause he ain't dead!"



SIGNING THE TREATY

The Treaty of Waitangi is looked upon as The Maori Magna Charta. Sovereignty was ceded to Queen Victoria and the occupation of their lands guaranteed to the natives, the Crown to have the right of pre-emption of such lands as the Maoris desired to sell. The Treaty was signed by assembled chiefs at Waitangi on The Bay of the Islands on 6th February, 1840.

Still Use Military Salute

Service men still use the military salute that originated in Elizabeth's 16th century England.

No beauty prize winner, Elizabeth once announced her decision to go aboard some naval craft on an inspection tour. The authorities feared the English seamen might not have the same respect for their queen after a close-up view of her features. One captain solved the problem by ordering his men to raise their right hands "to shield their eyes from Her Majesty's dazzling beauty." That was the beginning of the salute, subsequently adopted with variations by most armies and navies.

Maisie was in a bar having a beer when a friend from England walked in.

"Aye say, Maisie, old deah, are you 'avin' one?"

"No, it's just the cut of me coat."

Regimental March

"Queen Elizabeth's March," which was approved by the King as the regimental pipe air of the A.T.S. in June last year, has now, with the Queen's approval, been accepted as the regimental march of the Canadian Women's Army Corps.

The march was composed by Pipe-Major W. Ross, M.V.O., Scots Guards, when he was Pipe-Major-in-Charge, Army Pipers' School, Edinburgh Castle.

When there's nothing boiling on the old Hot Stove, a guy can always tell a Lefty Gomez yarn. Like, for instance, when Lefty hit a triple while the Yankees were playing the Browns. Pulling up at the far turn, Gomez suggested to Coach Art Fletcher that he be permitted to steal home.

"Steal home?" cried Fletcher, a horrified look crossing his face. "It took you ten years in this league to get as far as third and now you want to spoil it."

War-Time London

By Cynthia
(from *The Scotsman*).

What is the London of today really like? That was the question I had been asking ever since the blitz. Friends returning from visits to London gave me very contradictory reports. "Really you would hardly notice the damage, except round by St. Paul's and in the East End, of course—they've got it so well cleared up. You can go quite a long way on a bus without noticing much wrong." Or again, "You'll be terribly shocked—long before you get to St. Paul's!" I determined, during a recent holiday to go and see for myself.

Visitors who actually experienced the blitz have said that, terrible as it was, they would not have missed the experience for anything—that was after they were safely home, of course! My visit—at a time when things were quiet—could not compete with theirs in the matter of thrills, yet I was obsessed by a feeling of strangeness, a sense of the unknown, in visiting war-time London. King's Cross certainly looked much as usual. Never before had one been able to cross the streets with so little difficulty. I caught my first glimpse of bombed buildings almost immediately.

Dinner over, I set out to look round. No bombed building was to be seen from my bedroom window, which overlooked the usual clatter of cooking utensils inseparable from back-door London. A building on the opposite side of the street had gone, the site, walled in, providing, as many of the bombed sites do, space for a tank of static water. A little further round—and the corner of a square was cut off. One looked right into the very heart of the building's foundations, all neat and trim, like most of the ruins, as though the last speck of dust had been swept up. Only once did I see a house as though sliced open, showing sections of the rooms with furniture more or less intact, mirrors and chairs still in their places; one had the impression of looking into a doll's house.

Proceeding along a familiar street, I was congratulating myself that it remained practically intact, when the first truly devastating sight met my eyes—a street showing more gaps than buildings. The Strand presented no corresponding alarms, though a friend had told me that she had seen it burning from end to end. And the lions in Trafalgar Square were defiant as ever!

Next day some friends very kindly

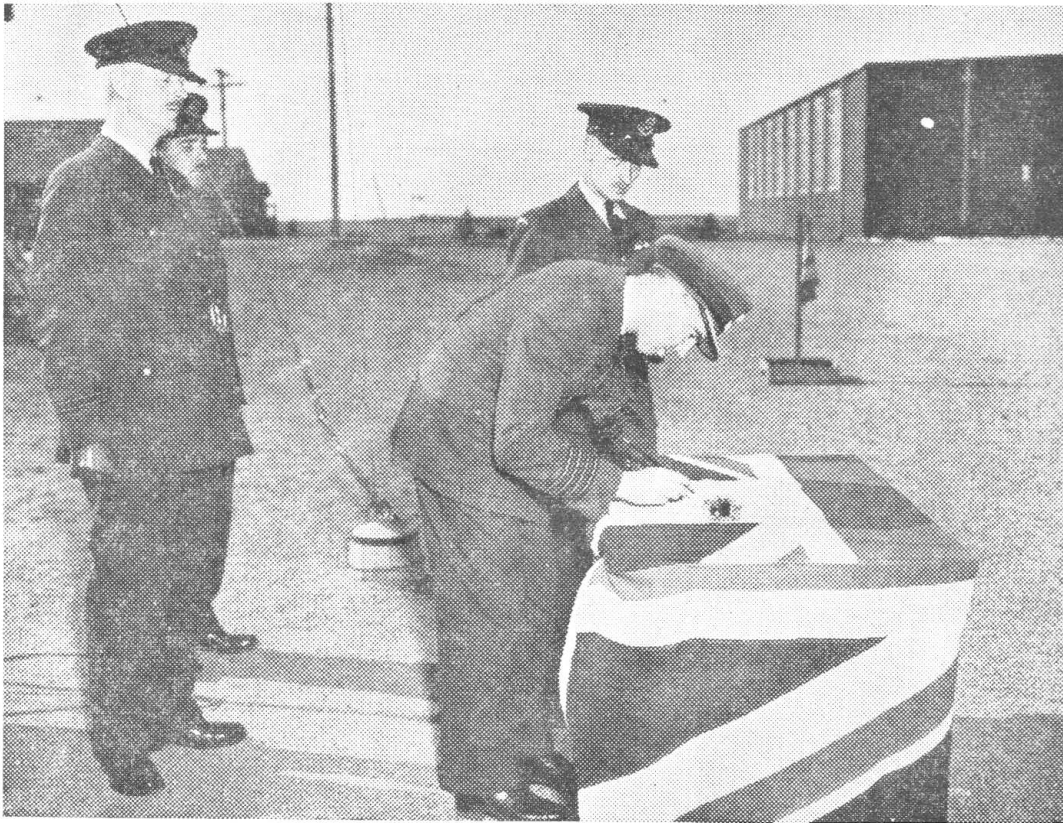
showed me round the Temple and the City, passing on the way the tragic sight of the burned-out St. Clement Dane's. Yet at the end of the church, looking towards Fleet Street, there was Dr. Johnson, carved in stone, still placidly reading his book. The Temple is, of course, quite heartbreaking, the church more or less a skeleton. Goldsmith—his name still on the stone—rests now amid a scene of dreadful devastation, for the Temple has not yet been cleared and its buildings lie in heaps of rubble. Strangely enough, the trees are green as ever, waving their branches so gracefully over it all. I am told that trees withstand blast in an amazing manner. A new visitor has come to the Temple since it was blitzed — the black redstart, well known on the Continent. It follows ruins.

Thence on to St. Paul's, Ludgate Hill, showing frightful gashes opening on nothingness. St. Paul's dominating the scene more impressive and dignified than ever in its solitude. Behind the cathedral—nothing. Cannon Street, a mere road without pavements, without buildings. One felt that seeing the ruins of Pompeii must be something like that. Acres and acres of devastation all round, buildings crumbled to the foundations. St. Paul's Churchyard is still there; but behind it Paternoster Row and all the rest have disappeared. Weeds and flowers, as is their kindly way, are doing their best to decorate the ruins; willow herb is spring up everywhere. Rows and rows of working-class houses are empty. Yet one finds the house next door is carrying on as usual, with fresh curtains at its windows.

One has a strange feeling in walking through the ruins. One feels so much alone, for with the buildings, the people have disappeared—gone elsewhere. The silence is great . . . A baker's shop, a corner building, stood quite alone in the midst of a ruined area, and it advertised itself, "B——'s stands alone!" . . . You walk on through ruined streets, then suddenly, and without any preliminaries, life begins again.

One is profoundly thankful still to be able to steal for a little into the quiet of St. Paul's or Westminster Abbey. Crowds of American soldiers were visiting the Abbey that day, the Unknown Soldier's grave being the centre of attraction.

Tragic as were the scenes of devastation, one yet had a feeling of pride which surged above the sadness, pride that London could endure such suffering, stand up to it, and go unconcernedly on it sway.



Group Captain D. S. Blaine is shown signing his signature during the Handing and Taking Over ceremony held on this station during the latter part of September. Standing on his extreme left is **Wing Commander W. J. Bundy**, who assumed temporary command until the arrival of the new C.O., **Wing Commander E. C. Tennant**. Directly behind Group Captain Blaine is the station adjutant, **Flight Lieutenant W. J. Lancaster**, and directly to his left is **Squadron Leader J. Penman**.

Musical Programme

An exceptional programme of music selections was heard in the W.D. Canteen on Tuesday, October 12th, when the music lovers of this station were again favored by a visit from Mr. A. J. Wickens of Moose Jaw.

A number of the recordings were individual request numbers, but the extras of Mr. Wickens' choosing were thoroughly enjoyed. We now can state that Mr. Wickens will come every second and fourth Tuesday of the month at 7.30 p.m., and an appreciative group of airmen and airwomen will be found on hand to greet him.

A school mistress came across the following "howler" in a general knowledge test paper: "The first book about parachutes was written by Charles Darwin and called "The Descent of Man."

Bi-Monthly W.D. Dance

The bi-monthly dance of the Women's Division was well attended by station personnel last Thursday evening. The Station Orchestra supplied the music. The highlight of the evening was a visit from the new Commanding Officer, **Wing Commander E. C. Tennant**. With the winter season approaching we are hoping for bigger and better dances, so remember to come and trip the light fantastic at our next one. Watch for notices in the D.R.O.

The bus was, as usual, crowded and the party of five W.A.A.F.'s found themselves strap-hanging. Presently, one bright member of the company said loudly to her friend:

"I wish that smart, good-looking man would give me his seat."

Almost before she'd finished five men stood up to offer their seats.

F/Lt. W. B. Coates Chief Engineering Officer

Maintenance Wing Personnel welcomes another pleasing personality to its roster in the person of **F/Lt. W. B. Coates**, the new O.C. of Maintenance Wing, who arrived here recently from No. 10 Repair Depot, Calgary.

Permanent Force Man

F/Lt. Coates is a permanent force man, having joined the R.C.A.F., as an AC.2, many years before the war. During his term of service he has been on numerous stations throughout Canada and has worked his way up from the ranks. He received his commission in September, 1941.

First Enlisted in 1927

F/Lt. Coates enlisted in the R.C.A.F. as a boy in 1927 at Vancouver. After serving for several months as an AC.2, he returned to civilian life again. In 1929 he re-enlisted again and was posted to Camp Borden for nine months. Later he was posted to Winnipeg, where he spent two years on operations.

Returned to Civilian Life

In 1932 he returned to civilian life again until 1934, when he returned to the R.C.A.F. From 1934 to 1938 he was stationed at Jericho Beach, 1938 to 1941 at No. 13 A.I.D., Vancouver, 1941 to 1942 at No. 3 S.F.T.S. Calgary, and 1942 to 1943 at No. 10 R.D., Calgary, Alberta.

F/Lt. Coates is a native of Vancouver, B.C. His favorite sports are: Basketball, baseball, hockey and fishing. He is thirty-two years of age and married.

Fifth Victory Loan

Your Station ushered in the Fifth Victory Loan Campaign with a subscription of \$65,050. This sum was \$50.00 more than the quota set by the Station and \$10,050.00 more than the quota set by No. 4 Training Command. This achievement is acclaimed by the committee with great satisfaction, and they wish to thank all personnel for their fine spirit of co-operation and at the same time leave a fundamental thought with you while the campaign is still open.

Help Canada and Yourself

It is perfectly true Canada needs your money but not in any greater proportion than you will need available funds for

the inevitable re-establishment to a civilian career. Just stop for a moment and consider what your pay really amounts to while you are serving your country! Run across a field and fall down a gopher hole, breaking an ankle—what happens? You simply lie in bed while your pay accumulates and all you have to worry about is how much sick leave you can wangle. The story in civilian life changes, to the worry of how the hell you will pay the bill and how soon you can get back on the payroll. This is also true of your dental care, food and clothing, which all goes to make up a very formidable civilian salary. For this reason, the committee say: "Save to help Canada and help yourselves! It is your opportunity!"

Mart Kenney Coming

A dance to celebrate our Victory! Well, why not? and let's make it a Station dance and use the Drill Hall.

No sooner said than done. With the Station Orchestra in attendance, we had a very enjoyable dance on Wednesday evening. The Drill Hall also looked Victorious, with its array of flags and pennants. Members of the Women's Division served soft drinks, cigarettes and popcorn throughout the evening. After the intermission, during which the broadcast recording was made, a free lunch of coffee and doughnuts was served by the male members of the Air Force.

Our Next dance?—yes, it's already bagged for November 5th . . . and our orchestra leader will be none other than that very popular gentleman "Mart Kenney".

Mending While You Eat

In September, 1940, a service under the name "Mending While You Eat" was started in the Scottish Rest House, Waterloo Place. In the three years since then over 32,000 men have been looked after in various ways. Twelve thousand buttons and over 13,000 stripes and flashes have been sewn on; more than 6,500 major and minor repairs to uniforms and underwear have been done, and over 5,000 pairs of socks have been darned. Also, some hundreds of pairs of socks have been refooted.

Command Performance

The personnel of the Station were highly delighted when No. 2 Bombing and Gunnery School was given the opportunity of broadcasting on the air.

These broadcasts, known as "Command Performance", are presented by the Royal Canadian Air Force from R.A.F. and R.C.A.F. Stations in No. 4 Command.

The weatherman cancelled our recording set for Tuesday evening, but actually favored us, as the entire programme was enacted for broadcasting purposes during the intermission at the dance on Wednesday evening. The Station Band, under the leadership of **Sgt. Probert**, opened the broadcast with the R.A.F. March Past.

Sergeant Harry Cluff, able master of ceremonies, received hilarious applause at every turn of the programme with his humor and interesting interviews.

LAW. "Dot" Simons astounded the Sergeant by announcing her intentions of singing "I Just Kissed Your Picture, Good Night." She was accompanied at the piano by **Sergeant "Winnie" Leggett** and drew a hearty round of applause.

A humorous skit of "What does not go on here at No. 2 B. & G." was ably directed by **Pilot Officer D. LeFluffy** and **LAC. G. Doleman**. We sincerely hope the public realizes that it was all in fun.

LAC. Fred Bryant, a former guest artist with Horace Heidt's orchestra, drew real applause by singing "You'll Never Know." (We are sorry that we weren't allowed an encore. Hope to see and hear you at some of our future entertainments.) Fred was accompanied at the piano by **Sgt. Pilot G. Hartrick**.

As this is Victory Loan Week, the programme wouldn't have been complete without some mention of our successful campaign. The round of applause which greeted the announcement of our total subscription was a slight indication of the pride we have in putting our objective over the top.

A contralto solo, "Homing," was beautifully rendered by **AW.1 Jean Burns**. **Assistant Section Officer M. Anderson** accompanied at the piano.

The spotlight turned to a very interesting personage of the R.A.A.F., **LAC. Thomas Tung Yep**. He is "our one man United Nation." As **Sergeant Harry Cluff**

remarked, "A Chinese lad in the Australian Air Force, training in Canada to bomb Germany." Shall we add, "and Japan"?

The Women's Division was once more represented. **Corporal Joyce Roderick** sang "I'm Getting Sentimental Over You." Again we wished we could encore.

With the Station Band playing the R.A.F. March Past, **Sergeant Cluff** closed the programme with thanks to the Commanding Officer, **Wing Commander E. C. Tennant**, and all those whose co-operation had made the broadcast a success.

Our "Command Performance" was written by **Sergeant Eric Nicol** and presented by kind permission of **Air Vice Marshal G. R. Howsam, M.C.**, Air Officer Commanding No. 4 Training Command. However, a great deal of credit is due **Pilot Officer Desmond LeFluffy**, who coached our artists, and **Sergeant Bill Probert**, the leader of the Station Band.

Farewell Party

A farewell party for **Major Merritt** was held in the Hostess House on September 27th. Everybody was there, including the Padre, and a happy time was had by all. Dinner was served downstairs by the ladies of the Hostess Club, and entertainment was supplied by **Sgt. Duns**, who sank some of his Scottish songs for us. After dinner, the party went upstairs to dance and play games. Once again we were entertained by **Scotty Duns**, who favored us with a solo on the bagpipes. (He used a kitchen chair.) We were all sorry to see **Major Merritt** go, but Winnipeg is his home town, so he will be happy now. Good luck, Major, our loss is Manitoba's gain.

On the first morning after the honeymoon the husband got up early, went down to the kitchen, and brought his wife her breakfast in bed. She was delighted.

Hubby spoke later: "Have you noticed every detail on the tray?"

"Of course; every single thing, darling."

"Good! Well, that's how I want my breakfast served every morning after this."

He's Our Acey-Deucey



CPL. RODERICK AND "RODDY"

Only a little guy is the W.D. Mascot, "Roddy", but he has found his way into all the gals' hearts. Who else can make the rounds and kiss them all good-night?

Grandson of U.S. Champ

We really can't give you a great deal of information about him—don't even know how old he is. "Roddy" is a grandson of "My Own Brucie", the U.S. champ, so he should grow up to be a fine gentleman (we hope). Already he knows enough to ignore the people who call him "kitty" or "gopher". At that, the latter title isn't very misleading, he does go fer this and go fer that. (Corn! corn!)

Lion-Killer?

The girls who go for a finger-wave while wearing fur trimmed slippers tell us what a wonderful lion-killer he will be (in time). Fur fascinates him.

Now, we could give him a commission quick-like and he'd be a pretty important dog, but all the gals are for the boy who begins at the beginning and deserves his promotions.

So when we can put "Roddy" down on the floor without worrying about carrying a blotter, we think he'll rate his AC.1.

It is rumored that the airmen envy (oh, just a bit) all the lipsticked attentions that our boy accepts as his natural due.

What Next?

Frances Langford didn't get to fill the shoes of any war hero during her tour of European war zones with Bob Hope, but she did put on a pair of flier's pants. The flier, Capt. Richard Headrick of the U.S. Army Air Force, loaned them to her for an African show when it was too windy for a lady to wear skirts. "Please keep them and give them to my parents when you get back home." requested Capt. Headrick, (former Mossbank Drogue Flight pilot and Instructor of Model Aircraft Club), "I'll frame them when I get back."

The singing star went to South Pasadena, Calif., in person to take the trousers to the flier's father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Edward B. Headrick.



WEDDING BELLS



Flight Sergeant ("Mac") MacKenzie slips the ring on **LAW. Vi Fiskar's** finger during their recent wedding ceremony held on the station in the W.D.'s canteen. **Flight Lieutenant E. S. Light**, the station Protestant padre, can be seen officiating while the bridesmaid, **LAW. Franklin**, and the best man, **WO.2 Roxburgh**, look on. The Commanding Officer, **Wing Commander E. C. Tennant**, can be seen in the background.

MACKENZIE—FISKAR

A very pretty wedding took place in the W.D. Recreation Centre on Friday, October 15, at 7.30 p.m., when **LAW. Violet Arleen Fiskar** became the bride of **F/Sgt. John W. MacKenzie**.

In the candle lit interior of the Airwomen's Recreation Centre 150 guests witnessed the marriage of two of the most popular members of No. 2 B. & G., Mossbank. This marriage was unique in the fact that it was the first wedding between an N.C.O. and an Airwoman to be held on this Station, and the first to be held in the W.D. Recreation Centre. The ceremony was performed by **F/Lt. E. S. Light**, Protestant Padre, and the bride was given in marriage by **W/C. E. C. Tennant**, Commanding Officer.

The bride was attended by **LAW. J. Franklin**, and the groom was attended

by **WO.2 R. W. Roxburgh**. Ushers were **Sgt. E. Nepitt** and **Cpl. T. A. Todd**. All were attired in the uniform of the Royal Canadian Air Force. During the signing of the register, **Cpl. J. E. Roderick** sang "I Love You Truly".

Nothing was more impressive in the almost cathedral-like interior of the room than to see that ever popular pilot, "**Mac**" **MacKenzie**, take unto himself as his wife, **Violet Arleen Fiskar**.

Lunch was served in the ante-room. The toast to the bride and groom was given by the Padre, and returned by the groom. After lunch, dancing was enjoyed in the main reception room of the W.D. Recreation Centre.

The bride and groom left by car for a short honeymoon in Regina.

All the personnel wish to congratulate **Mr. and Mrs. MacKenzie** in their new career.

Wood-Sanderson

A wedding of interest to Station personnel took place at St. Paul's Anglican Church, Regina, on Saturday, October 9th, when **Corporal Eileen Wood** became the bride of **F/Sgt. Norman ("Russell") Sanderson**.

Rev. Canon Lee officiated at the ceremony. The bride, given in marriage by her father, came down the aisle to the strains of Lohengrin's Wedding March. She was charming in a white triple sheer gown with a floor length veil held in place by a headress of orange blossoms. She carried a bouquet of Minerva red roses and her only ornament was an old gold locket belonging to her late grandmother.

The bridesmaids, **Corporal Thelma Todd** and **Miss Ivy Heard**, wore floor length gowns of turquoise blue of triple sheer. **Sgt. Emma Nepitt** was maid of honor and was becomingly dressed in pink triple sheer. The three attendants carried bouquets of pink carnations.

The groom was attended by **Sgt. Lionel N. Keen**, R.A.A.F., of Mossbank. The ushers were **Sgt. J. G. Hugill**, R.A.A.F., and **Sgt. N. Gillespie**, R.C.A.F., both of Mossbank.

During the signing of the register **Corporal Joyce Roderick** sang "I Love You Truly."

Amid a shower of rice and confetti the bridal couple left the church for the King's Hotel, where a wedding supper was served, followed by a dance.

Wing Commander W. J. Bundy proposed the toast to The King.

The toast to the bride was proposed by **Hon. D. A. McNiven**, M.P., and ably responded to by the groom.

Immediately after the dance the guests visited at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. K. Wood, where a splendid array of gifts were displayed. After a brief honeymoon in Regina, Mr. and Mrs. Sanderson returned to Mossbank, where they will reside.

Among the wedding guests were seen the following Station personnel: **Wing Commander Bundy**, **Squadron Leader Penman**, **F/Lt. Jennings**, **F/O. Reed**, **A/SO. Anderson**, **F/O. Clark**, and **Pilot Officers Dandy**, **Bratrud** and **Swanson**.

Anderson-Bileski

A quiet wedding took place in Christ Church, Saskatoon, on September 25th, when **AW.1 Barbara E. Anderson** and **LAC. Walter Bileski** were united in marriage by **F/Lt. Canefield**, Chaplain of No. 7 I.T.S., Saskatoon. The groom was attended by his older brother, Michael, and the bride's attendant was **Mrs. J. Moore**, a friend of the bride. Both the bride and groom were in uniform. The reception was held at the home of the groom's parents, and was enjoyed by all who attended.

Accounting for Accounts

Believe it or not, after that last issue I'm still alive to tell the tale. Wonders will never cease.

In the last issue of "Contact" we gave you a brief outline of the personnel on Equipment Accounts. This time we are going to tell you about the people on Pay Accounts.

We have four newcomers to the Accounts Section, namely, **Cpl. Kiplip**, who came from No. 3 "M" Depot, Edmonton, **AW.2 Thelma Vogt**, from Trenton, Ontario; **AW.1 Mary Eckold**, from Wireless School, Montreal, and **AC.2 Bill Galbraith**, who came from Toronto Manning. Bill is only with us temporarily, but we sincerely hope that you all will enjoy your stay at No. 2 B. & G., whether long or short.

Sgt. D. G. S. Duns (better known as "Scotty") is N.C.O. in charge of Pay. You have probably met him at some time or other when you have come up to inquire as to why the Dependent's Allowance has not been received for Junior, or to tell him that too much was taken off your pay for extra messing, etc. These are all Scotty's headaches, but he carries on marvellously. **Sgt. Duns** comes from Vancouver, B.C., and worked for a stock brokerage there prior to enlisting in the R.C.A.F. We, of the Accounts Section, firmly believe that **Sgt. Duns'** chief pastime is playing the bagpipes (on kitchen chairs).

Cpl. Rose (we call her Dottie) has been at No. 2 B. & G. School for quite

Accounting for Accounts

some time. Her home is in Regina, and she worked at Simpson's as a book-keeper. It is rumored around the office that she would make quite a good drummer girl, having practiced on kitchen tables with knives and spoons. How about a solo, Dottie? When the office was enlarged and desks were moved around, naturally the pencil sharpener had to be moved, and was put in a higher place. Dottie is so tall, that we had to put a box underneath it so that she could reach it.

Right behind **Cpl. Rose** sits **Cpl. "Georgie" Colwell**, another Regina girl, who also worked for Simpson's. Try as hard as we could, nobody seems to know just what Georgie does on her days off, or her evenings. But leave it to Georgie, she'll have a good time.

Cpl. Hazel Collett comes from Indian Head, Sask., and worked in the Recording Department at Simpson's at Regina. Hazel is a lover of cats. Between Hazel letting them in one door and **Cpl. E. F. Wood** (beg pardon, **Cpl. Sanderson**) throwing them out the other, they have lots of fun. **Cpl. Collett's** job is to look after Ration and Subsistence Allowance for Station personnel, and she makes a good job of it, too.



LAW. Joan Black is another Vancouverite, and enlisted in the W.D.'s shortly after finishing school. Joan never tells us what she does in her off hours, although we have heard rumors at different times.

Cpl. E. F. Sanderson (we still call her Woody) works on R.A.F. Pay, and she

really has fun with pounds and shillings. We laughed the other day when the telephone rang and someone called out, "Who's Cpl. Sanderson?" Of course, it was only a week after her marriage, and people can't be expected to learn new names in that short space of time. **Cpl. Sanderson's** home town is Regina, where she worked for the T. Eaton Company. More about **Cpl. Sanderson** later.

LAW. Anne Edgar comes from Banock, Sask. Anne's particular job is to look after Civilian Pay, and what fun she has. Anne is on leave right now, but we expect her back in a day of so. Maybe, by the time the Christmas edition is ready to come off the press we will find some juicy bits of news to tell you about Anne. (We're listening! Ed.)

LAW. F. M. Franklin does most of the stenographic work for Pay side. Comes every Pay Day and you can hear Frankie groan. Acquittance Rolls, how we love those things. So, fellows, if your name isn't spelt just the way you like it, I'm sure you wouldn't kick if you knew the time and energy it took to make those lists up just so that you can get paid on the 15th and 30th. **LAW. Franklin's** home is Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, where she spent two weeks' furlough in September. From all reports, she really had a lovely time and didn't want to come back. Never mind, Frankie, the war will soon be over (we hope).

LAW. Burns, M.G. (not to be confused with Burns, J. G.) works in Non-Public Funds, and likes it very much. Marion's home is Calgary, Alberta, where she has been going practically every "48" or "72" that she can. Must be some big attraction there. Come on, Marion, you had (Blackmail, I calls it.)

Working beside **Marion Burns** is **AW.1 Strange, G.**, who is a newcomer to our Station. Gene hails from Brandon, Manitoba, and worked for the Bank of Montreal. Prior to coming to Mossbank, Gene was at the Wireless School at Montreal, but was glad to leave there, from all reports. Could tell you a few things about her, but I value my life. So shall be like the S.P.'s and keep mum about everything.

First of all, there is the Padre, who has been an honorary member of the Accounts Section for quite some time. Yes, he even has permission to use the back door. We have missed the Padre's singing this last week. You see, the

Noises from Headquarters

Since the last issue of "Contact" several changes have taken place in Headquarters. Hearty greetings to our new Commanding Officer—"He's Tops", say everyone in Headquarters. Belated greetings also go to the S.A.O., **Squadron Leader Allison**, recently posted from Calgary to succeed **S/L. Laubach**.

* * *

Our fatherly Adjutant has a wonderful habit of passing out chocolates and cigarettes. We don't ask where they come from, but say "Thanks". His favorite theme song is, "Where in hell's the mail?"

* * *

FI/O. Reed certainly has her share of headaches these days. Now don't jump to conclusions—it's just from interviewing civilians, keeping track of the W.D.'s and trying to find beds for new arrivals.

* * *

Latest posting out in our office was **F/S. Hardwicke**, who left for Regina a couple of weeks ago. He doo'd it, but how? Best of luck, Flight.

* * *

Our little Wolf (**Sgt. Marier**) has taken another step up the ladder to success—N.C.O. i/c of this den of W.D.'s. We're sure he'll make good but, one and all, we would like to wish him the best of luck.

* * *

Winnie (Sgt. Leggett) wanted a glamor job—so she joined eighteen months ago—she travelled and she met people—

Auditors are here and have commandeered his office, so he had to get out. Maybe his rent was due, and he didn't pay it; but, of course, we don't know.

Another supernumerary member is **F/S Plouffe**, who looks after the Canteen and Coffee Bar. I have never, in all my life, seen anyone disappear so fast as Flight can. Now you seen him, now you don't. Sometimes we wonder if he has a little trap door under his desk that he disappears through.

Last, but not least, is **Cpl. Daze**. He is always down flirting with the girls, but we would certainly miss him if he ever went away. It's no use telling him he's out of bounds, because he doesn't pay any attention to you when you tell him.

We bade farewell to **LAW. Ostrander** this month. She was posted to David-son, Sask. Happy landings, Dottie. Hope you like your new Station.

where? Mossbank, of course; she's just been here for sixteen months.

* * *

Welcome to our new D.R.O. clerk, (**Cpl. Fisher**) formerly a Ganderite, but at last she has entered civilization (?). Who's kidding?

* * *

Another Ganderite (**LAW. McKeon**) recently decided she would become Mossbankized rather than Ganderized, which is still better than being Vulcanized. She has stepped into Wee **Shaver's** boots and saddle since Shaver is now riding high, wide and handsome in the mezzanine floor of the swimming pool filling out application forms for the Fifth Victory Loan.

* * *

We can't say much this time about **Dot Carr** as she is at present spending her leave in Regina. It sure arouses our curiosity, though, wondering why a certain Flight Sergeant has called to see which Duty Watch she is on.

* * *

Any W.D.'s wanting to know the latest way to catch a man—call on **Gracie**, Who said the Harwood Hotel looked like a prison from the outside? We're wondering if a certain airman hasn't found out it's more a prison once you're inside!

* * *

Mary Orr traded her D.R.O. job temporarily to help Wee Shaver put us over the top. Is it a secret, or would you mind telling us—"What's the pay-off?"

* * *

Our famous Richard still checks documents in and out—and then takes an occasional "48" in town. Don't hold out on us, **Dick**—what's the big attraction?

* * *

Daisy and "Contact" go together like crackers and cheese—where there's you, there's me. What's happened to Gravelbourg, **Daisy**, you don't haunt it any more.

* * *

There's nothing like our two runners—**Heon** and **Dicks**—they're lightning personified. **Heon** prefers school teachers, while **Dicks** says "Any Blonde will do".

* * *

Our Winnipeg gal, **Ruth Wright**, has turned Reginan. But I.T.S. says no "48" until the end of November. Never mind, Ruth, you can always write letters—there's always the male.

POSTIE SAYS—

Ho-hum! No sooner do we get accustomed to reading over last month's Station Post Office News and saying, "Did we write that?", when up pops someone at one of the wickets and says, "How about some more material for Contact?" Oh, well, some people have it and some people don't—what am I saying? Anyway, here goes once more.

In London Town

We've been having a lot of mail from **LAW. Griffiths** lately. Remember "Griff"? She is "over there" now and finding a "little Mossbank" in old London Town. Seems every time she goes out she meets someone from dear old Mossbank. And believe it or not, they all say, "How I wish I were back at No. 2"!! Strange, but true!

Two New Faces

There are two new faces in the office now, the first to arrive being **Private Ross Green, C.P.C.**, hailing from Lumsden, Sask., one of those wild westerners—as if we didn't have enough now! Then came **LAW. Thelma Conway**, another westerner, from Conquest, Sask.

East vs. West

Gosh, maybe you don't think Lois and I have a time, sticking up for the East, amongst all these Westerners. Well, we sure do. See, we're even talking like them now. By the way, Lois and I are the self-appointed members of the "Welcome to All Easterners" committee, so if any of you are being out-argued, in numbers only, of course, just call on us;

What happened in Kamloops a couple of weeks ago still remains a deep dark secret in the young heart of our **Jackie**. We'll get it out of you yet—but we're glad you're back. You know, Jackie sure is a good kid and we'd all like to see her get ahead—far ahead,—well, why doesn't she get going? We didn't know Kamloops raised chickens—but it sure was good.

* * *

Which two W.D.'s have been burning the midnight oil—or is it 2.30 typing Station Standing Orders. **Finnie** needs toothpicks to keep her eyes open and **Penny** needs a Red Cap. We're not worried, though, they are nearly finished—we hope.

* * *

Well, that's all for this time, folks. Bye, now. More scandal next month.

we've plenty of experience, after fifteen months in this place!

Wedding Bells?

Did I say there was nothing new up here? My mistake. Lois, she's our Corporal, and her Corporal's hooks are still being seen at all the Mossbank night spots. Trouble is that there are so many night spots we just can't keep track of them! But here is the news of the month. The Post Office and the Armament Section have always been the best of friends, and just to prove the fact our favorite Corporals are going to be "middle aising" it in the near future. The very best of luck from all of us, Lois and Mac.

We can't get anything on **Thelma**. She spends most of her time in barracks. Says she doesn't know anyone yet—well, what are we waiting for? Confidentially, she's awfully nice



Generous Husband

Nothing new up here. **Bud** looking after a ninety-six at home—**Pete** and

Dental Doings

Things are really humming in this, the smallest section on the Station.

Course 83 has just been cleared. Nice boys, but not enough red heads for our Mary, or should we tell on her.

With our Mel gone, you should all meet **Private Darrel Fournier**. His home is in Moose Jaw, so this is a pretty fine posting for him. But, hands off, ladies, one of our W.D.'s will take good care of him.

Gosh, we haven't any news. All we do around here is work, and go to weddings when we get a chance.

Chop, Chop! Henry!

G.I.'s in Britain recently entertained the native population with a good old fashioned American rodeo. The British, who had never seen anything like that before, thought the show was a corker. And once—when a steer refused to leave his pen—the fans got pretty excited. "Run the blooming thing out and chop him up for Spam," they cried.

Ross carrying on valiantly without **Bud's** able assistance. **Bud** left his wife at home for a while, just to give you girls a chance—so he says.

Rushing Agrees With Her

Marg Chamberlain still rushes like everything to catch the 7 p.m. bus in the evening and the 7.45 a.m. bus in the mornings. But rushing seems to agree with her.

Spare Time "Henry"

Now, who's left? Oh, yes, "**Henry**" **Aldridge**, who spends most of her spare time playing badminton in the Drill Hall, dancing in the Canteen, and reminiscing with any Montrealers she can find around Camp.

No Trouble With S.P.'s

The hint we dropped last month about our estimable neighbors, the S.P.'s, must have taken effect, for we had no trouble lately. So, if you have any hints you want dropped, just drop them in the mail box.

This is all for this month. Must do some work—the mail **must** go through! Bye!

"Postie".

News from the Hive

Although we are quite busy with the Auditors and Maintenance we take time out for a small contribution to "Contact", so here are the highlights from Equipment.

Congratulations to **F/Lt. Mundee** on his recent promotion!

We wish to greet **Cpl. Smith**, the newest arrival to join our ranks in the Equipment Section.

Congratulations to **LAC. Smith (A1)**, who went to Trenton to take an Equipment Assistants Course. He passed with flying colors, coming second high. He's in Barrack Stores in Newfoundland now.

Hearing from **Mr. Shea** was indeed a pleasure. Holidays are over now and he'll be starting to work. Someone else's gain is our loss. Don't think we don't miss you as much as you miss us.

Extract from **Mr. Shea's** letter: "How's everybody at the camp? Please spread the news around that **F/O Shea** (Wally to you) isn't the kind that easily forgets such a grand bunch of kids, and that comes from the centre of my old pump (left side). Everytime I pick up my Gift Pipe my eyes water. I've changed my brand of tobacco 20 times, but the result is the same. Oh, Hell, I do miss you all such a Hell of a lot."

Congratulations to **Sgt. Kirchner**. Since he's been cooking with gas we don't see much of him. But he still tells us he works 24 hours a day. And our Johnny's word is always good. Too bad your trip to Saskatoon was only a flying one. Cramps your style, doesn't it, Johnny? We must see more of you in the future; someone might like to know what you do in your spare time.

Vancouver Reunion

It is whispered around camp that the Equipment Section cannot be kept separated, even in Vancouver. During a recent furlough we hear that quite a bang-up reunion was held, very pleasant evening being spent in renewing old acquaintances and fond memories, and ending in a dance at the Alexandra Club. Those present were **Cpl. & Mrs. Killips, LAC. and Mrs. Raglan, LAC. Dick Davies, LAW. Smiley, Cpl. Kelly, Sgt. Cozine** (also Equipment). Other former Equipment who were unable to attend

were **LAW. Ismon, LAC. and Mrs. E. Hughs**, Master Keith Killips. Another Equipment man from Mossbank heard of was **Cpl. Crothers**, who is now a proud papa and has remustered to aircrew. **P/O. Bert Wilford**, who is stationed with W.A.C. in Victoria, is shortly being transferred to Vancouver. On the return trip they were fortunate enough to meet **LAC. Lenko**, who was coming home on leave, and they understand congratulations are in order. Bill recently became engaged and plans on being wed in early spring. These former Mossbankites wished to be remembered to their many friends and hope to see you all again soon.

I. and R. Beehive

There is no alternative when introducing the I. & R., but bringing forward our most goal-getter, the **LAC. Kester**. Because of having his pep-talks, daily planning and lecturing on I. & R. with his fellow-workers, he has won the faith and respect of them all. As a result, you will find the I. & R. at any hour nothing else but a busy hive, with **LAC. Kester** as the Queen Bee. In picturing his capabilities in I. & R. we see him not as an LAC., but on him is a suit of clothes with a cap, somewhat more flat, extending well over his nose. However, being as it is imaginary, we feel assured that he in the near future shall experience the thrill of the cap that casts shade over the nose.



The next in line of equal importance is our very much liked "**Ethel**". Her addition in the I. & R. has greatly inspired the boys and you should see them work now. If there is anything to be done for **Ethel**, physically of course, there comes a mad rush from all corners of the I. & R., with **George** at the head of the line. But we do not blame **George** as

he not only took an interest in, but he has worked himself up to a wonderful respect from all members of the Equipment Section.

Who else did we appreciate to see back in the I. & R. than the witty, willing worker, **Pat Patterson**. The two weeks seemed months to us, Pat. To prove the fact, the girls from the neighboring groups became very impatient and restless. I believe it was three times that **Nellie** checked up in the orderly room about the date and travelling time. They took it hard—don't do it again. Take them with you or give some assurance.

Then we have the **Reeves** and **Roe** Company: the two very outstanding men in our group. It is our regret that **Roe** is on furlough and we cannot expect help on making a few neat cases. Anyway, we extend our heartiest wishes towards a successful furlough. On the other hand, we have **Reeves**, a very capable manager of arrangement of Half of No. 6 Hangar: designated to chart position and given full charge by **WO.2 Forsyth**. **Reeves** favorite saying, "Hey, what time is it? Shucks, the time goes so !!! fast.

To get the count complete, we have the last, but not the least, odd, but not the oddest, of the bunch by far, **M. Zaharia**, who so humbly observes his duties and has his favorite saying, "When do I get my next 48." Do you blame him?

Pioneer Returns

After spending several months in Maintenance Stores, **F. S. Gibson**, only pioneer left in the section, is back to share our **Major Forsyth's** worries. Not being used to handling W.D.'s, we hope he won't encounter any staff trouble in Tech Stores.

Barrack Stores suffered the loss of **Sgt. Neppit**, who is now in Maintenance. Guess you just can't get away from inventories, eh, Nippie? Changes have also been made in Clothing Stores. **Cpl. Kelly** has left to take over "C" Group, and has been replaced by **Cpl. Madill**. Since her leave in Vancouver, **Cpl. Kelly** is wearing a lovely ring—and are we curious?

Until next "Contact" time, watch us hum.

Macpherson took his gramophone back to the shop.

Said the assistant: "It is most unusual to have a machine returned after a year's use. What's wrong with it?"

"The needle's broken," explained Macpherson.

Maintenance "5"

Between Four Lanes

Men may come,
And men may go,
But I go on forever.
—George Anderson.

3-Year Term

LAC. George Anderson celebrated his third anniversary on this Station on October 14th. 'Tis said that Anderson, accompanied by his next-of-kin (accordian), journeyed to Mossbank and celebrated the momentous occasion at the "Thirst Bowl Inn" there.

Commissioned

Congratulations go out to **Art Lucas**, Maintenance Test Pilot, who was commissioned a pilot officer recently.

Holiday-Maker Returns

Cpl. "Irish" Ireland of No. 3 Lane arrived back off leave recently after spending a strenuous 13-day leave in Vancouver plus one super-strenuous day in Gravelbourg.

"Irish" Upset

Poor "Irish" was quite upset about a girl in Moose Jaw. He says she was electrocuted right before his eyes in a Moose Jaw bakery. The girl, he says, trod on a bun andn the current ran up her leg.

Wedding Bells Ring

No. 4 Lane reports that wedding bells chimed recently for **LAC. Bennett**. Congrats, old man. Can we kiss the bride?

Posted Out West

LAC's A. W. Anderson and **W. C. Carter**, along with **LAC's Nicol** and **R. F. Wrench** left recently on postings to Stations in Alberta. Good luck, boys!

"Fair" Exchange No Robbery

Sgt. Nepitt is now N.C.O. in charge of Stores. **F/Sgt. Gibson** has evacuated and returned to Equipment Section.

Powell and His Bag!

No. 1 Lane wired in about one of their men (**Powell**) taking a bag up in an aircraft. Don't get excited, it's only a cotton one for use in case of sickness.

A "Strange" Girl

No. 3 Lane reports that **DeMontigny** "fell" for a "strange" girl in the Smoke Room the other day.

Pants and Nails

No. 3 Lane reports that a certain Corporal is going to sue Mossbank for building the sidewalks too close. Could it be because he tore the seat of his pants on the nails. How about it **Cpl. Hawkens**?

Lingerie and W.D.

No. 2 Lane cabled in some late news about a couple of W.D.'s on the Mossbank bus.

One W.D.—"Why don't you wear that lovely lingerie you got for Christmas?"

Other W.D.—"Oh, I'm saving that for a windy day."

"Needless Worry" Wiskar

No. 4 Lane comes up with a story about **Pop Wiskar** and his car.

On the way to Moose Jaw recently a nervous pilot said to "Pop":

"There's only one thing I worry about on a car and that's the brakes."

"Then you've got nothing to worry about. This car hasn't got any," answered "Pop".

Penny Ante Trio

No. 2 Lane resembled Monte Cario recently when **Thompson, Leduc** and **Stitt** got going playing Penny Ante under the shade of a Lizzie's legs. How many pennies did you lose under her cowlng, boys?

Flash!

No. 4 Lane reports that **LAC. Hafso**, owner of the firm of Hafso, Hafnot and Hafbeen, wine merchants, has returned after a strenuous business trip to points out West. Did you meet any "Injuns", Hafso?

Wedding Tears

Why do women always cry at wedding ceremonies?

They say there was quite a cloudburst when **LAW's Page, Osterhout** and **Sgt. Nepitt** turned on the tap.

"And what would you like for your birthday present, Tommy?" asked the fond mother.

"Oh, a telephone!" replied the youngster promptly.

"Whatever for?"

"Then I can ring up and answer teacher's questions without having to go to school!"

Workshop Shavings

Victory Bond Campaign Jottings

Workshop office was a real hive of activity during the recent Victory Bond Campaign. It was the headquarters for Maintenance Wing bond drive, which went well over its quota. **F/Lt. Venables** was chairman and proved himself to be an expert salesman.

Bond or Ladies' Wear Salesman

Our Senior N.C.O., **F/Sgt. Taylor**, really covered some ground selling bonds. He is contemplating going in for a salesman after the war—selling ladies' wear. At least that's what the daddy of twins says.

Beer or Bond

"Boy, Oh Boy!" says **Sgt. Sandy Stewart**, "they are increasing the beer ration in Mossbank. Oh hell, I forgot, I've got a bond to pay for."



The Mayor

Ritter for Mayor

Is it true that Uncle Bulgy (**Cpl. Ritter**) is contemplating running for the mayor's office in Mossbank's trailerville? Better beat your drum a little more, "Hap".

Cupar's Metal-Working Kid

Was caught holding hands with a "B" class W.D. during visiting hours in the hospital. **Cpl. Whiskin** says he hasn't got used to going around without that plaster of paris collar around his neck.

Financial Welder Wins Pool

Cpl. R. F. Wilson, our financial demon welder, recently begrudgingly bought a pool coupon. To the dismay and anguish of his workmates, he won the darned thing. Result—Yanks won world series.

Metal Worker Curtain Hanger

One of Workshop's most versatile young metal workers must be planning to remuster to the trade of curtain hanger. **Johnnie (Urschel)** will have to wait until the red disappears from his face before taking his trade test.

Two-Wheeled Expanse Express

Have you ever had a ride on the Expanse Express? Just contact "**Socrates**" **Chapman**, who rides an iron horse (bicycle) back and forth between Expanse and the Station. We suggest that he should take his brakes off when riding up the hill at Ardill. Less work, you know.

Machinist Had Better Sow Wild Oats

LAC. Hrabia of North Battleford, Sask., was very disappointed when he didn't get his harvest leave. Perhaps next year there will be wild oats to harvest.

Compressor Expert Likes the East, But Loves the West

LAC. MacLean, the compressor expert, seems to like the East by the way he talks, but we know that he really "loves" the West, particularly the West Coast.

New Men in Section

A. C. Stratton and **A. C. Addy** are both newcomers of whom we know very little as yet. Perhaps next month we will hear something about their escapades. Who knows?

LAC. Dunlop Posted

LAC. Eddie Dunlop has left our happy family for the West Coast. Eddie was one of the old-timers of the Station, having been here three years. The boys wish you all the best on your new Station, Eddie.

"Well, Angus," said Donald, "I hear yive got married?"

"Aye, Donald."

"An' whit kind of a wife hae ye got? Can she cook?"

"No, I don't think she can."

"Can she sew?"

"No."

"Then what can she do?"

"Man, Donald, she is a grand singer."

"Ach, man, ye're daft," said Donald in disgust. "Wudna a canary hae been cheaper?"

SERVICE SQUADRON

We are sorry to report the breaking up of the Pearson team as **Tommy** has returned to nights. (Don't we all? Ed.) Well, what is day shift's loss is night's gain. Good luck, **Tommy**.

* * *

We surely hope **Cpl. Apperley** will take home life in Mossbank as seriously as he does his work in Service Flight. (Do we get a free coffee for this, App?)

* * *

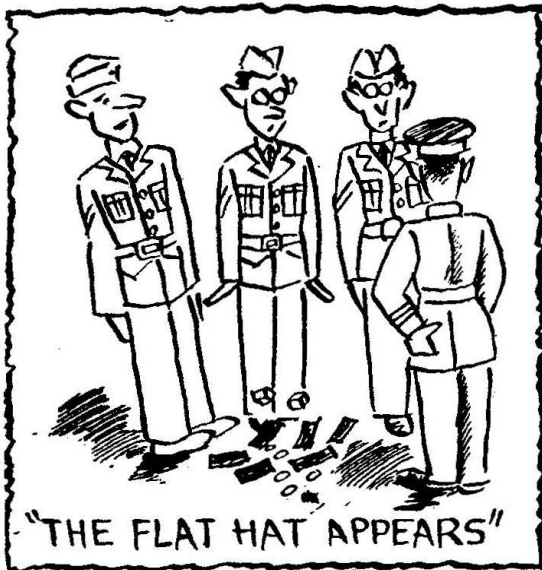
There is a rumor of a bridge tournament starting in Mossbank, and the boys have been requested to bring their own card tables. Your efforts will be appreciated. (But where? When? Who? Ye Ed. sticking his nose in again.)

* * *

We wonder who the "A" group fitter was who asked the pilots to taxi over rough ground in order to retrieve lost tools? (So does Ye Ed.)

* * *

It must have been embarrassing to certain Cpl.'s in charge of Flights when a routine inspection was carried out on Tuesday morning. Surprised, Corporals? (And what is the rest of the story? Ed.)



Bill Pearson is the fastest mechanic in the Flight. He can change a Starboard engine to a Port while the ship is moved from the tarmac to the hangar. But watch it, Bill, that's a poor way of instructing our remustered fitter **Steve Calimente**.

The usually sleepy **Elliot** was right on the bit when Gunnery Flight's gas truck got a new W.D. driver. All we hear now is "Okay, Kay"

* * *

They say "**Killer**" **Jones** has reformed. He is studying mathematics at the hangar every day instead of using instrument men for target practice with his Very Pistol.

* * *

The boys in Gunnery Flight were annoyed to hear that **Lutz** had acquired calouses. How could he, for he never works! Finally, after a scientific research, with **Jones** as the sleuth, it was found that **Lutz's** calouses are where he sits. (Big ones? Ye Ed.)

* * *

The boys in Bombing Flight are anxious to be line party since the new M.T. driver (W.D.) has taken over the gas tender. One of the boys in particular needs no urging in gas-ing the mighty Anson bombers. Be careful, **McKenzie**, Blondes and Black Heads don't mix.

* * *

No. 4 Hangar welcomes these newcomers: **Lewis A. Newman-Jones**, Toronto; **Arthur Rabeau**, Toronto; **Archie Bell**, Toronto; **William Aarssen**, Wallaceburg; **Bob Way**, Ardill, Sask. We are pleased to announce that there is a man among us — **AC.1 Johnston** — who has taken the drastic steps—Marriage. We offer our heartiest congratulations to Art and his bride.

* * *

"Hear them bones a-rattlin'?" Yes, it is none other than the gambling fool—**Martel**—believe it or not! He manages to get to work on time now (well—nearly always). Must be the influence of the Corporals, or may be it is that cold soap box in the morning.

Yanks Trap Train in Sicilian Tunnel
Sicily (CNS)—American artillerymen bottled an Italian train and its crew in a tunnel here. Every time the train stuck its snout in the open the Yanks' guns opened fire and shooed it back inside again.

Magistrate: "You are sentenced to pay a fine of ten guineas, plus five guineas costs. Have you anything to say?"

Offender: "Rather. And if you'll promise not to increase the fine, I'll say it."

We Who Work in the Dark

It is quite apparent that everybody is doing his bit, as we thought it was time the Photographic Section was heard from. This spot, to the uninitiated, is where all personnel vainly hope to have their films developed.

* * *

Well, they tell us we live in a day of changes, and we here at Photo have had a lion's share of them. New faces include: **AW.2 Therese Olson**, a veteran of about three days as we write, who has come from Ottawa. Another recent arrival from the East is **LAC Jack David**. No one will likely ever know how many broken hearts he left in Toronto and in Ottawa. His smile and laugh "gets" them, it's rumored. Now there is also **Corporay "Jimmy" Last**, who arrived recently from Command to learn about camera guns. "Professor" he is called by the girls under instruction here. We ask you, who else has apples brought to him by his students, without blushing!

* * *

AW.1 Elsie Farr is at present on a week's leave, so should come back to Mossbank feeling as fit as ever. We also have **AC.2 Bill Porter**, a quiet, attentive young fellow from Toronto, who is our chief splicer and handyman deluxe.

* * *

Last, but not least, is **Pilot Officer Guse**, Officer Commanding in charge of the section, who has more than one name for his winter hat when turning it into stores for a fur-lined one.

* * *

If you've been wondering where **LAC. "Smitty" Smith** has been lately, he just came back from Vancouver after two weeks' furlough, and when asked if he enjoyed himself he said, quote, "WOW"!



The new student body from Rockcliffe consists of **AW.2 "Honey" Lamb**, "**Roads" McAdam**, "**Nicky" Nixon-James** (most people are satisfied with one surname) and **LAW. "Canihavafortyeight" Peltier**, the Gravelbourg kid, who is the sweater girl of the Photo Section. **FLASH:** The new students have received postings.

Plotting Office Patter

Apologies are hereby offered for our failure to appear in last month's issue. We promise that it will not happen again.

* * *

Congratulations are in order for **F/O. Gilmour**, our popular Bombing Instructor. He received his promotion several weeks ago.

* * *

A splurge of new faces gives us a chance to introduce **AW.1 Grant**, new assistant to **Corporal Woodland**, **P/O. Hughes** and **P/O. Lienbach**, two new bombing instructors, and **LAW. Duckmanton**.

* * *

Our pretty little blonde, **Cpl. Woodland**, is hoping, praying, and dreaming these days for a posting overseas so she can rejoin her hubby, **Sgt. Max Woodland**.

* * *

For a bit of neat landscaping, you are invited to visit the Plotting Office and view our new paint job.

* * *

Our invalid, **AC.1 Mikolash**, arrived back from sick leave only to desert us for the M.T. Section. Such loyalty!

* * *

Wolf Partridge would appreciate it if more W.D. reinforcements were brought in to bolster our sadly depleted staff.

* * *

P/O.'s Dandy and Cooly, after many hectic months battering away at targets on Lake Johnstone, will shortly be aiming their bombs in the direction of Berlin. Good luck, fellows, we will miss you.

* * *

WO.2 Magwood is back with us again, full of vim and vigor, after a three weeks' spell of temporary duty at Fingal, Ontario.

But what is Freedom? Rightly understood,
A universal licence to be good.

—Hartley Coleridge.

Tower Tid-Bits

Dear Editor:

Well, another month has rolled around, and it's time again for our issue of "Contact".

About the most popular subject around A.T.S. is "Who's the next one to be married?"

On October 9, 1943, **F/Sgt. "Sandy" Sanderson** and **Cpl. Eileen Wood** were married in Regina. It was a very lovely wedding and a good time was had by all who attended. Everyone who was there won't argue that point with me.

On October 15, 1943, a very pretty wedding took place in the W.D. Recreation Centre, when **F/Sgt. "Mac" MacKenzie** and **LAW. Vi Fiskar** were married by candle light by **F/Lt. Light**. Lunch was served, and dancing was enjoyed. The bride and groom left by car for Regina.

Sgt. Don Wood also has ideas and he is planning to be married on October 29th. I guess we won't see that wedding, so lots of luck to both you and your wife.

The staff of the Tower has changed again. **Sgt. Bill Thompson** was posted out to Victoria some time ago, and we're sure he'll do just as good a job out there as he did here. He is a swell fellow, and we sure miss him.

S/Lt. Hale's favorite sport is hunting. I don't know exactly what he hunts for, but he leaves in the wee small hours of the morning, so I guess it's ducks. We can't tell for sure, though, because he doesn't say very much.

Our very popular Chief Instructor has been promoted to Wing Commander. Congrats to you, Sir, I know that won't be your last promotion.

We have a new Records Clerk in the Tower now, **Lou Burns** is her name. Keep that bottom half of your door shut, Lou, because there's wolves in them thar parts.

Gladys Archer seems to be having herself quite a time lately. How about telling me about it sometime, so you can enjoy it instead of grinning to yourself all day?

Cpl. "Uncle Willie" Marriott is still our favorite person around here. Don't you ask for a posting now, because I don't know what we'd do without you.

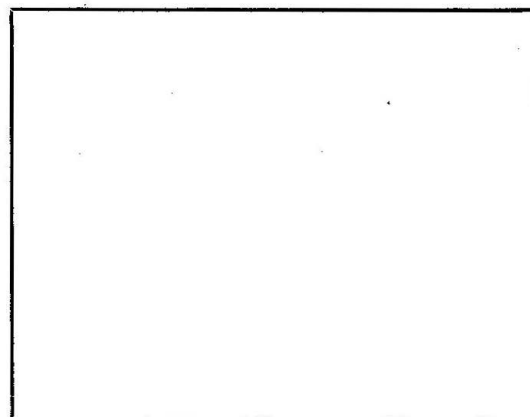
Well, due to such a small staff around here, I guess we don't warrant very much room in "Contact", but I'll drop you a line again soon.

Bye for now.

—Toddie.

Snoopings from Drogue Flight

The most popular pass-time is playing ping-pong. They all play, with varied success, the undisputed champion being (up to now, that is) our **O.C., F/O. Johnny Calderwood**. He plays for cokes, and never had to pay for any until that cute little Newsie, **P/O. "Sunny" Keegan** came along. Now we have two champions.



So Seldom Seen P/O. T. ORTHMAN

There is one man in this Flight who is so seldom seen that we wonder where he can be. We still put you on Parade States, **P/O. Orthman**, but come back and visit us sometime, won't you.

P/O. Stephens is going on leave shortly, and we understand that wedding bells will ring for him. Best of luck!

Sgt. Keen is a very busy person these days. He was best man at **Sandy's** and **Woodsie's** wedding, and he is also very active on the entertainment committee. We think this is because he is fond of the liquid refreshments that go with these occasions.

That dynamic little "Newsie", known as **"Joker" Shaw**, is living for one thing only these days—a posting overseas. We hate to see you go, Sergeant, but because you want it so much, we are pulling for you. His chief worry these days is to keep out of trouble in the air.

After celebrating a "72" in Regina, **F/O. Gifford** came back only to be transferred to Conversion Flight. Pilots have a way of wandering back to Drogue Flight for visits, so he'll probably be no exception.

P/O. Gillies is a very busy man, spending most of his spare time writing letters. We wonder if they all go to his mother! He has one complaint. Each time he climbs into an aircraft he has to spend about five minutes adjusting rudder-pedals, seat and safety harness on account of these short-geared chaps—**Shaw and Grant**.

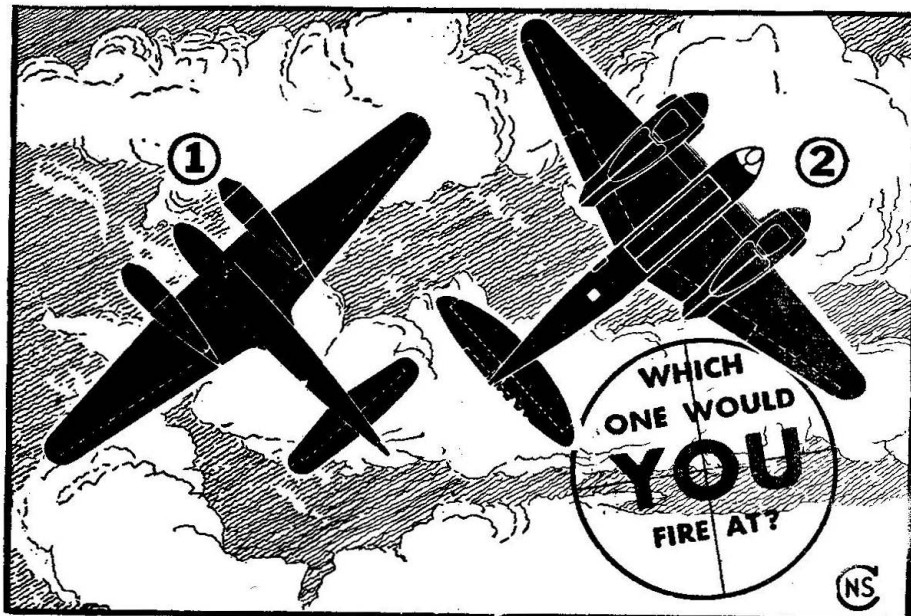
We have also three very quiet additions to our Flight. They are always around, but seldom heard—**WO.2 Hand, Sergeant Grant** and **Sergeant Templeton**. One thing we know about **Sgt. Grant** is that he has a very beautiful wife. When his wife is around we hear that the Sergeant is a very popular person, and he is beginning to wonder whether she has anything to do with it.

We think this about ends the exploits of our wild and woolly pilots, of varied nationality, that come to make up our Ace Squadron, Drogue Flight. We promise you bigger and snoopier scoops for next month, though.

Bombing Flight

Dan Cupid has been practicing his archery in Bombing Flight and hitting his targets, too, as he has persuaded some of our pilots to discontinue their lonely lives of single blessedness. The result is that we're so busy with celebrations we haven't much time for "Contact Scandal". After we had **Sandy and Eileen** married, the weather man gave us a few bad flying days for resting. Then we decided to get back to the usual routine of Bombing. Out of the blue, Mac informed us that "Dan" had hit the target again. Our congratulations to the happy couples and may all their troubles be little ones. There are rumors of more such events in the near future, but we'll keep you posted in later issues. (Weddings, or little ones? Ye Ed.)

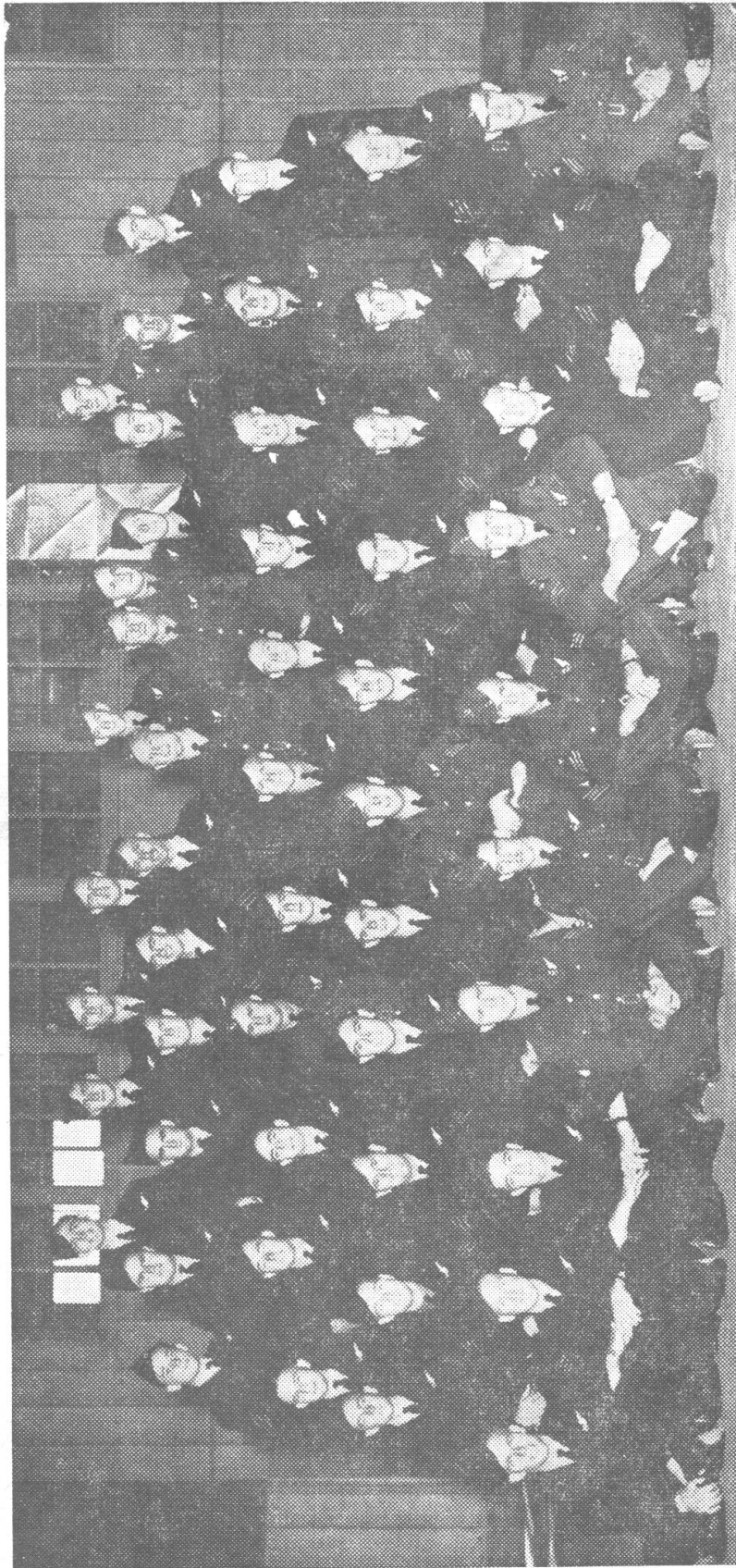
We are proud of the way our pilots rushed to **F/Lt. Jennings** to buy Victory Bonds. Good show, boys, we'll win the war yet.



Fire at No. 1! It's the German Focke-Wulf Fw. 187 "Zerstorer" (destroyer), a low-wing, two-seat, twin-engine fighter. It has a thin, streamlined fuselage with large underslung engine nacelles forward of the nose. Both edges of the wings taper equally to rounded tips. The tailplane is also tapered and has a single fin and rudder.

Not at No. 2! It's the British "Mosquito", a low-wing, twin-engine bomber that has been stinging Germany of frequent raids. The nose of the cigar-shaped fuselage is almost on a line with the engine nacelles. The trailing edge of the wings tapers more than the leading edge to rounded tips. It has a tapered tailplane and a single fin.

A FEW OF OUR RECENT GRADUATES



Literature

D for Destiny to lead a free world,
O for Opportunities to keep our flag unfurled,
M for Millions that help to keep its place,
I for Ideals free peoples embrace,
N for Navy, we're proud of its fame,
I for Importance that goes with its name,
O for Oceans that we have on either hand,
N for Nation, the pride of every man.

O for Others that are doing their share,
F for our Forefathers who fought over there.

C for Courage our country gave,
A for our Air Force and Army so brave,
N for Nobility, His Majesty the King,
A for Assurance that we will win,
D for Democracy, our purpose, our aim,
A for our Allies we're proud to claim.

These Men Called Airmen

There's **Corporal Johnny**, the egotistical flatterer, fickle and playful, who gives compliments to you like water from a duck's back, expecting them to be believed and returned. His flattery is so obvious and sprayed upon so many girls that even if he were telling the truth, no one would pay any attention to him.

Joe Blow—The Unconquerable I

Then there is **Sergeant Joe Blow**, who thinks you are an interesting person to talk to, because you never butt in on the "one man" conversation, not realizing that you're too bored to bother. His favorite topics are: I, the unconquerable I, the prominence of all members of his family, dead or alive, or perhaps a member of any of the three services. Constantly he raves about the trips he has been on, the outstanding plays he has made in hockey, and the much better Stations he has been on. Of course, his best pal is one of the prominent Air Force heroes and definitely is an officer. You shake your head. Of course, he is an interesting chappie, but, like pepper, one can only stand small quantities at a time.

Sophisticated Officer

Up! One, two, three, four; Down! Here comes **Officer X**, whose father has top interest in three companies and buildings of which the egotistical individual gives you all the details, at great length. By the way, the family owns a number of cars, and he had them at his beck and call. He'd probably date you; in the first place, you did the right thing at the right time; in the second place, because you always looked smart whilst doing the correct thing. Yet his sophistication gets you sooner or later and you see through it all—just another little boy too big for his shoes.

Conceited Airman

OH! OH! Here comes a good-looker. An airman who seems to have everything; spends a fair amount on you, but expects a lot in return. He's too conceited for his own good. He's superb. When it comes to sports, he's a wonder. He is always taking honors in his class work, and when it comes to flying—why, he is a miracle. Maybe, he's good but when you see him in action you're

rather let down. So, you figure the pro and con of the man, and decide that his liking for any girl is on the same basis.

Strings a Smooth Line

Our mothers would term this lad as a "Lovely Airman", and wonder why you didn't bring him home before. She will likely start humming the wedding march and get a far-away look in her eye, as if she were planning a reception luncheon. He can talk politics with dad; play bridge with mother; tell the kid sister and brother a "super-duper of a bed-time story". Ah, a smooth line anywhere. But, come to think of it, Mother doesn't know that he has a great thirst for something more than tea.

Jealous LAC.

Now, we have a jealous LAC. who thinks you should never go to a show or for a walk with anyone but him. Sure, go out with him once and he's definitely tied to your apron strings. You are his pride and possession. A little jealousy now and then does something to a girl's vanity, but a watchful green-eyed monster, no matter what the rank, commissioned or otherwise, is terrible, and usually doesn't get very far with the girls.

"That's That" Airman

Yes, we do have some of the dependable type. You find him in every office, every hangar, every place of entertainment and sport. He is so boringly dependable that he will never do anything off centre for fear that someone might not think it correct. Everyone simply palms off responsibilities on him—and he takes them. If the girl-friend gives him the go-by after having "put up with him long enough" and he finds out, well—she simply doesn't see him any more. As he would say, "That's that".

"Won't" Airman

Another dependable isn't such a bore. He is a good sport in anything. He won't, simply won't, take on any responsibility that he doesn't care to accept. All the lads and all the lassies respect him and take his advice as good and sound. Now, if the girls ever give this Airman the go-by, he'll tell her about it and the girl will love it. OH! won't she!—and back she'll come for more—maybe.

(Come on, boys, tell those women off next month.—Ye Ed.)

"Why did you leave your last job?"
"Illness. The boss got sick of me."

The Wolf

If he parks his little flivver,
Down beside the moonlit river,
And you feel him all a-quivver,
Baby !!! He's a Wolf.

If he says you're gorgeous looking,
And your eyes they set him cooking,
But your eyes ain't where he's looking,
Baby !!! He's a Wolf.

When he says that you're an eyeful,
But his hands begin to trifle,
And his heart pumps like a rifle,
Baby !!! He's a Wolf.

If by chance when you are kissing,
You feel his heart a-missing,
And you can talk but he won't listen,
Baby !!! He's a Wolf.

If his arms are strong and sinew,
And he stirs the gypsy in you,
And you want him close again' you,
Baby !!! Maybe you're the Wolf!

—The Gander.

Pay Day Blues

Here I lie upon my bed,
Throat so dry, throbbing head,
Bloodshot eyes and body sore,
The morning after the night before.

Can't eat nothing, got no pep,
Lost my money, lost my _____?
Can't get up, I feel so bad,
What a helluva time I had!

Never felt so bad before,
Yes, my darned old tongue is sore,
Can't remember where I went,
Don't know where the time was spent.

What a time it must have been,
See the terrible shape I'm in;
When I hiccup, it tastes like Gin,
What a drunk it must have been!

—The Gander.

Two boys going round the exhibits in the British Museum stopped in front of a mummy to which was attached a card: B.C. 1500.

"That puzzles me," said one of the boys. "What does it mean?"

"Don't show your ignorance," replied the other, "that's the number of the car that run him down."

HUMOR



The Wolf

by Sansone



Mrs. Stickup: "How do you manage to keep your servant girl so well nowadays?"

Mrs. Highup: "I'll just tell you. In the old days you know how we used to give the maid Thursday evening out. Now she takes the rest of the week, and Thursday is our night out."

Coach: "You're doing well, son. The way you hit that line and the way you dodge and tackle and worm through them is marvelous."

Football Player: "It comes easy to me. I used to go with my mother to the bargain sales."

Lawyer (slyly): "As a matter of fact—you were scared half to death and don't know whether it was an automobile or just something resembling an automobile that struck you—do you?"

Defendant (calmly): "May I saw I was forcibly struck by the resemblance?"

"Did you hear about Bill getting shot?"

"No—how did it happen?"

"Oh—he just went to the hardware store and asked for two pounds of it."



"Oh I know, we'll pull straws for him!"

Babe Ruth had one great superstition. He wouldn't play a game unless he first gave himself a treatment with some pet eye lotion he always kept in his locker. One day Tony Lazzeri swiped the bottle, dumped the stuff down the drain and refilled the jug with plain water.

The Babe came in a few minutes later and doused his eyes.

"Is that stuff any good?" said Lazzeri.

"It's great," said the Babe.

Lazzeri took the bottle, poured some of the stuff in his palm and tasted it. Ruth looked at him goggle-eyed.

"Are you crazy?" he yelled. "You'll poison yourself."

But Tony said it didn't taste bad at all, and to prove it he tilted the bottle up to his lips and drained the whole jug. The Babe almost dropped dead. He never did find out that Tony was drinking plain water.

Two flies were strolling along the ceiling. Suddenly one of them paused. "You know," it remarked, "human beings are very silly."

The second fly shrugged.

"People are silly?" it echoed. "How do you make that out?"

The first fly tapped the ceiling with its foot.

"Well, take a look, it chirped. "They spend good money building a nice ceiling, and then they walk on the floor!"

The Airmen's duds are clean today,
Not muddy like some Mondays—
They must have skipped their overalls,
And only washed their undies.

Convoy poem: Sail.
Gale.
Pale.
Rail.

Mossbank Village News

5th VICTORY LOAN

Calling all citizens of Lake Johnston Municipality No. 102.

This municipality has been asked to obtain \$69,000 as a share of

CANADA'S FIFTH VICTORY LOAN

It can, and will, be done

All of us must play our full part in the great struggle for freedom.

BUY EARLY—BUY EVERYONE

P. J. RAWLINSON,
Chairman, Sub-Unit No. 3.

ARMISTICE DAY SERVICE

Don't forget the Armistice Service
on the morning of November 11th in
Mossbank.

HOSTESS CLUB NOTES

About a dozen ladies of the Women's Division (Accounts Section) entertained at a banquet on October 12th at the Hostess Club in honor of LAW. Violet Fiskar.

During the evening the guest of honor was presented with a lovely gift of linen.

Miss Fiskar's marriage to F/Sgt. MacKenzie took place at the W.D. Canteen on Friday evening, October 15th.

We have had a great show of flowers around the Hostess Club this summer and fall, and they are still putting up a brave front. Our thanks are due to Mrs. Adam Woodburn, who took on this work of digging and planting, purchasing seeds and caring for the flowers as her own contribution. Good work, Mrs. Woodburn.

PLEASE NOTE

The Baby Clinic is held at the Hostess Club the third Friday of every month at 2 p.m., sponsored by the Lake Johnston Chapter, I.O.D.E.

Nurse Hamilton, Reg. N., of the Health Department, will be in attendance.

Please take advantage of this splendid privilege, and bring your babies for a check-up. All are welcome.

Thirty "Christmas Cheer" parcels have been dispatched to the local boys serving overseas by the members of the Mossbank Red Cross.

A pleasurable Silver Tea took place at the Club on Wednesday, October 20th, sponsored by the ladies of the Wednesday Social Club, No. 2 B. & G. Mrs. Edith McPhee, president, assisted by Mrs. LeFlufey, received the guests. The table was tastefully arranged with lace cloth and centred with flowers and matching tapers. Proceeds will go toward Christmas parcels for the men serving overseas.

Sargeant McLean and his charming wife arrived in town last week and have taken up residence in the J. Code home. Sgt. McLean was overseas for two years and returned to Canada with his bride in March of this year. We extend to them both a very warm welcome.

SALVATION ARMY DRIVE

Mossbank contributed \$62.00 to this annual drive.

CHOIR BROADCASTS

The United Church Choir, Mossbank, under the leadership of Mrs. George Eppy, with Mrs. Lester Johnston as organist, broadcast over CHAB (Golden Memories) on Sunday October 18th.

This was the choir's first effort over the air, and they are to be warmly congratulated on their splendid achievement.

Those taking part were: Mrs. Lou Ireland, Miss Joyce French, Mrs. Edgerton, Misses Abramson, Patterson, June Ireland, Dorothy Smith, Isobel Hoskin, Lois Pound and Roxena Johnston. Also Cpl. Lutes, Cpl. Brodie, LAC. Macauley, LAC. Millson, LAC. Patow of No.2 B. & G. School; Mrs. George Eppy, conductor, and Mrs. Lester Johnston, organist.

A GLIMPSE OF Canada

(By an English Lady)

After an eventful and most enjoyable trip from London, England, I experienced the most thrilling moment of my life.

We in Britain had not seen anything but "black-outs" for almost four years, and here below us were the harbour lights of Halifax. That stirring sight made me realize just how much that could mean to one. Just ordinary lights, but they seemed so wonderful.

With much excitement, the few women who had been on board proceeded to Montreal, while our Air Force husbands were reporting in Ottawa. We had heard that some unfortunates had had to sleep in taxis in that overcrowded city.

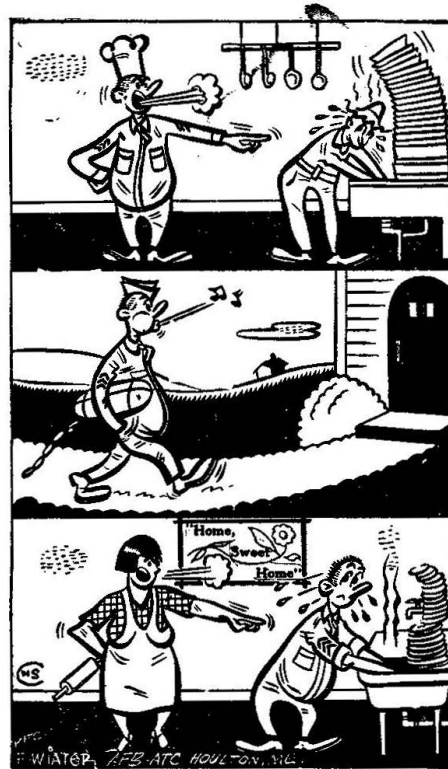
I was delighted to find that your train whistles really sound as we hear them at the cinema at home. Coloured porters were also something quite new. How different customs can be in two English-speaking countries.

We British girls in Montreal went completely haywire. I don't think one of us had a dime by the time our husbands came to us. It had been so long since we had been able to buy clothes without coupons, that we just couldn't resist buying the lovely things we saw in the shops.

We soon had to leave our travelling companions as we were posted to Ottawa. I had heard it termed the "Garden City". Now I know why. It is so lovely. The wide, green verged driveways, the lake, the canal, the hills in the distance—Ottawa has everything that is beautiful.

Our stay in Velleville, Ontario, was also very pleasant, but my ambition was to see the West. Well, we arrived here a week ago, and so far I have enjoyed every minute of it. I'm sure I'm going to like Mossbank very much, and I hope that Mossbank will get to like me.

I want to thank you all for your kind generosity and your warm welcome here.



All men are not homeless, but some are home less than others.

* * *

He had heard of the famous Chutney but had never tasted it, so when the Rector invited the Canadian soldier to his home for dinner the occasion was ripe—but, with a gasping breath, he finally managed to say: "Well, Sir, I knew you gave me sermons on Hell, but didn't know you carried samples of it."

* * *

The ardent lover knelt beside his lady. "I'll lay the world at your feet, if only you will marry me."

"Hm," with a toss of her head, "No thanks, not in the present condition."

* * *

"Do you know what she said when the paratrooper kissed her?"

"No."

"Oh, Chute."

* * *

He: "Let's get married or something."
She: "We'll get married or nothing."

* * *

Was the meanest man in the world the ventriloquist who threw his voice under the old maid's bed?

* * *

AC.2: "I can't see what keeps you W.D.'s from freezing."

W.D.: "You aren't supposed to, big boy."

*This page is reserved for all sections that did not submit copy!
Please read between the lines.*

GUNNERY FLIGHT
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CONVERSION FLIGHT
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MAINTENANCE WING ORDERLY
ROOM
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CONTROL ROOM
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ELECTRICAL SECTION
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INSTRUMENT SECTION
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WIRELESS SECTION
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M.T. SECTION
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MAINTENANCE "6"
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SPORTS SECTION
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G.I.S. ORDERLY ROOM
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ARMAMENT SECTION
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RANGE CREW
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PRECIS ROOM
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AIRMEN'S MESS
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AIRMEN'S CANTEEN
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SERGEANTS' MESS
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W.D. CANTEEN
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OFFICERS' MESS
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FIRE DEPT.
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WORKS & BUILDINGS
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Male Call

Dim View

by Milton Caniff, Creator of "Terry and the Pirates"



STATION COMMITTEES

Station Fund Committee

President—S/L. T. F. Allison.
Secretary—Sgt. D. Duns.
Members—F/L. Light, F/L. Reesor, S/O. Anderson, LAC. Douphinais (Equip.), Cpl. T. Sheldon (Maint.), Cpl. F. Apperley (Maint.), Cpl. Blanchard (G.I.S.), Cpl. M. A. Daze (Hdqts.).

Canteen Committee

President—S/L. Hale.
Secretary—Cpl. J. E. Trevena.
Members—Flt./O. E. E. Reed, F/S. Plouffe, Cpl. Woodland, LAW. Chamberlain.

Station Library Committee

President—F/L. E. S. Light.
Secretary—F/O. J. Shaw.
Members — F. S. Hodges, LAC. H.

Station Sports Committee

President—F/O. O'Mara.
Basketball — Airmen, P/O. Cantell; Airwomen, F/O. Whittaker.
Cricket and Rugger—P/O. Lake.
Tennis and Badminton — F/O. Mortimer-Lamb.
Softball—Sgt. Roach.
Baseball — F/S. Robertson and F/O. Cahoon.
Volleyball—Mr. C. Skoberg, Sgt. Morrison.
Boxing—P/O. O'Mara.
Archery—W/C. Bundy.
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