

CONTACT!



March
10 Cents

CONTACT

Volume 3 - Number 9

Published monthly by kind
permission of
Group Captain E. C. Tennant,
Commanding Officer.

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



"CONTACT" receives Camp Newspaper Service material. Re-publication of credited matter prohibited without permission of CNS, War Department, 205 E. 42nd St., N.Y.C. 17.

Managing Editor
F/O. J. SHAW

* * *

Editor-in-Chief
LAC. H. WILDE

* * *

Associate Editors
F/SGT. J. F. HODGES
LAW. E. BROUGH
LAW. G. J. BURNS

* * *

Circulation Manager
SGT. M. A. DAZE

* * *

Staff Photographer
CPL. T. J. A. LAST

* * *

Staff Artist
AC.2 J. A. LONGDEN

* * *

Staff Typist
AW.1 D. A. HANSON

Contents

	Page
Editorial	1
This Issue	2
After the War	2
A Message to All Personnel	3
Read This Tomorrow	4
Features	5
What Is in Store For You?	6
Beauty Culture.	6
Personalities No. 4—Group Captain E. C. Tennant	7
Magic	9
With the Australians in the Middle East	11
My Life as an Entertainer	12
News	13
Station Stage Show a Success	14
Welcome to Mossbank	16
Postcard from F/O. P. F. Fordham	17
Former Mossbank Pupil Decorated	18
Wedding Bells	19-20
Headquarters	21
Dental Doin's	21
Quips from Equipment	22
Service Police	23
Remarks from the Heart of the Station	23
Hospital Stir-up	24
Canteen News	24
Maintenance Wing	25
Control Room	25
Electrical Section	25
Workshops	26
Maintenance Smoker	26
Maintenance "5"	27
Pictures	30-31
Training Wing	33
Plotting Office	33
Photo Corners	33
Control Tower	34
Bombing Teacher	34
Drogue Pilots	35
Conversion Flight	35
Peregrinations in Pedagogy	36
Drogue Operators	36
G.I.S. Stores Procedure	37
Armour-ers	38
Range Crew	38
Sports	39
Station Sports	40-43
Maintenance Wing Sports	44
Literature	45
Station Library	46
With Our Poets	47-49
Quiz	50
Crossword Puzzle	52
Humor	53
Mossbank Village News	57



Editorial! 

**Opinions Fashion
the Future**

THIS ISSUE

... will be the last number of our Station Magazine to appear under the name of "Contact." A new name has been chosen from among the entries submitted by our readers in the contest which closed on February 7th, 1944. At the present time a new cover design in keeping with the new name is in preparation and will be ready for the April number. The April issue will announce the name of the winning contestant and will feature a write-up and picture of the winner.

The internal layout of this issue has been changed slightly in order to reduce costs by approximately \$100.00. This new layout has in no way reduced the amount of printed matter, nor the number of illustrations.

The editors have now adopted a policy of long-term vision regarding the magazine, and already plans have been laid for as far ahead as next October. This number might be referred to as an Auxiliary Service or Sports Issue. Most of the illustrations are of sports and recreational facilities as enjoyed at this unit. It is planned to make the April issue a Training number, the May issue a W.D. Anniversary number, the June issue a "Where-to-spend-a-48" number, and so on. The big issue of the year will be a large pictorial Station Anniversary number in October. And so the Editors dream on!

AFTER THE WAR

"After the war," said the self-confident speaker in the hotel, "we'll need a new form of government, a new internationalism."

"What's your idea?" he asked suddenly as he pointed his finger at a quiet, seemingly henpecked little man.

"Well, I think kitchens should be overhauled."

There was a loud guffaw. The speaker frowned.

"Fact is," the little man continued, "kitchens count a lot, don't they? Most women spend more hours in their kitchen than in any other room in the house. So, after the war I'd like to see all kitchens receive a good overhauling. They should have good sinks, large windows, plenty of shelves and cupboards; more attention should be paid to the floor and its covering. You see, pleasant kitchens would mean cheery and contented women."

The self-confident speaker grunted. His eyes twinkled. "Hadn't thought of it," he conceded. "There's more to it than one thinks."

By LAW. BETTY BROUGH.





A Message to All Personnel

IT IS an honour for me at this time to ask each and every one of you to share with me the thrill I experienced on the afternoon of 2nd February, when I received a wire from the Air Officer Commanding, No. 4 Training Command extending his heartiest congratulations on our Station winning the Minister's Efficiency Pennant for the quarter ended 31st December, 1943.

For any unit to win the pennant is a great achievement, won only by the co-ordinated efforts of every individual. We all know the main object of No. 2 B. & G. School is to turn out aircrew, and this objective is like the hub of a wheel with everything we do circling about it. In awarding the pennant all points are taken into consideration. For instance, our reports must show that the maximum number of aircrew is graduated, the maximum number of hours flown for the available weather, messes and institutes must be run efficiently, and living quarters must be kept meticulously clean; the Station as a whole must have a high morale—esprit de corps—the appearance and deportment of every officer, airman and airwoman is judged both on and off the Station. To sum it all up, everything we do, both at work and at play, is placed on a percentage basis and the school having the highest percentage wins the coveted pennant.

I draw your attention to these points, first to congratulate you on the manner in which you have done your work, and secondly to emphasize the necessity of everyone keeping on with the job, putting their shoulder to the wheel and giving everything they have in order that we may hold the Minister's Efficiency Pennant for the longest possible period.

G/C. E. C. TENNANT.

Read This Tomorrow

You Won't Believe It Today

By ROSEER

We shall not truly live our Service days until, before our post-war fireside of a winter's night we listen to the whirr of an aircraft propeller as it stirs within us a fierce resurgence of Service memories. We shall appreciate "today" only when we live it tomorrow. You know the sort of thing we mean. You loan a fellow a few dollars. He not only fails to repay the debt, but is posted to the uttermost ends of the earth. Today there's nothing funny about it. You need the money, and you become a bit sour with your fellow-man. Tomorrow, by your hearth, as the prop. sings overhead you see things differently—something like this: "He was really a good head. A fellow I could place confidence in to safeguard my secrets as his own. The only trouble was that he thought of my five-spot in terms of a secret." You smile and would give a good deal to have him walk in on you.

It is true that the roar of the rushing prop. through the darkness is becoming, nay, has become, one of the established sounds of our characteristically northern night. For Canadians are an air-minded people. We have taken to wings as an evolutionary necessity to meet the demands of our environmental vastnesses. As seaways built the British Empire, and railways the United States, so airways shall mould and develop Canada. We shall marvel, as we reflect before the fire

that whereas a few winters ago Dad listened to a neighbor's buggy (a light horse-drawn passenger vehicle for two, you know,) creaking along the lonely road to town, we hear the Canadian airliner streaking past to Moscow. We shall hold ourselves in awe as the prop. sweeps into our ken, our mountains, our plains, our rivers and our inland oceans, and carries us forward into a future realm of economic and social greatness. All this is true, but far from the real essence of living.

To us of the Service, the developing airways will palpitate with the very stuff of life, with the common stuff of which we are made—memories. Small shall the mundane greatnesses become, and commonplace the wonders, when we tune in beneath the roar of the rushing prop. to its song of Service life, and be carried into the slip stream of memory to the good old Service days when comradeship possessed a meaning; when life was a laughing and a crying, a working and a loafing—a soul-stirring something, magnificent and good.

A THOUGHT

I have often wondered how many of us, that talk about other people behind their backs, would have the courage to say it to their faces.



Features

**Where All Men Think Alike
No One Thinks Very Much**

What Is in Store for You

1. How many days' pay does an Airman or Airwoman get after honorable discharge from the ranks at the end of the war? (15 days, 30 days, 60 days, or 120 days?)
2. At what rate will allowances be paid to their dependents during that time? (In full, one-half, nothing?)
3. On discharge an LAC. gets \$65.00 clothing allowance. How much will his Flight Commander get? (Twice, half, nothing?)
4. You are a single man, discharged at the end of the war after one year's service, but can't get a job right away. What out-of-work benefits can you claim? \$1.00 a day, \$15.00 a week, \$45.00 a month, \$100.00 a month?)
5. For how long are you entitled to draw that allowance? (A month, ten weeks, or a year?)
6. A married man with two children, discharged after two years' service, wants to take a trade course lasting two months. What living allowance is he entitled to? (\$45.00 a month, \$85.00 a month, \$105.00 a month, or \$125.00 a month?)
7. An airman, married, with one child, is discharged as totally disabled due to wounds received in action. What pension will he and his family get each month? (\$75.00, \$95.00, \$115.00 or \$150.00?)
8. You are a Flying Officer (R.C.A.F.) under the same circumstances. What pension will you get? (\$75.00, \$95.00, \$115.00, or \$150.00?)
9. You were brought up on a farm, and after discharge see a change to get a good farm property for \$4,800.00. You figure it will take another \$1,200.00 to equip and stock it properly. How much cash must you have before the government will help you make the purchase? (None at all, \$480.00, \$600.00, or \$1,000.00?)
10. What part of the total cost would you have to pay back?

* * *

(Answers on Page 8)

Beauty Culture

By PEGGY

Palmists judge character by the shape of the nails, others judge it how well they are kept in shape. Manicuring is another important act in our quest for good grooming.



We can learn to give ourselves a good manicure by following a simple routine. Once each week file the nails from the outside to the centre in long strokes, filing one way only. Trim with emery board until smooth, remove any stale nail polish and

soak in a bowl of soapy water. Repeat on the other hand. Dry the first hand thoroughly, then apply cuticle remover and oil to nails. With orange stick and cotton batting push down loose cuticle, removing any dirt underneath. Rinse again, dry and apply light colored nail polish if desired. Dark nail polish is not desirable with a uniform. Repeat same on other hand. Use a good hand lotion to finish manicure. For soft smooth hands use hand lotion often and avoid strong soaps as much as possible.

If nails are very brittle use a good cuticle oil each night. This will stop splitting and encourage growth. A nail white can be used under very colorless nails.

Cuticle should not be cut with scissors as it spoils the appearance and often makes nails sore. Push the cuticle down when drying hands each day.

File fingernails. Do not cut with scissors, as this encourages splitting, also does not give a shapely nail.

Nails on short thick fingers should be kept oval shaped, not pointed. Pointed nails should only be worn on well shaped tapered hands.

Bright nail polish at any time draws attention to your hands, so if your nails are not well groomed, don't wear it. Very short nails look better with clear nail polish.

Following these simple rules, you will be assured of well-groomed hands under almost any condition.

PERSONALITIES No. 4

Group Captain E. C. Tennant



G/C. ERNEST CLARE TENNANT

Group Captain Tennant was born of English mother and Canadian father, in Winnipeg, Manitoba, where he made his home for two years. Moving West, he spent his school days in Victoria, Vancouver, and Golden, B.C.

His first civilian occupation was as a junior clerk in the Imperial Bank in Golden, B.C. On the 4th of August, 1915, he enlisted in the 47th Infantry Battalion of the Canadian Army. In November of the same year he went overseas, where he served in France until the Armistice was declared, and in Germany until June, 1919. In April, 1918, he applied for a transfer to the R.A.F., but his application was not accepted until November, and, after a brief stay of ten days, during which the Armistice was signed, he returned to his battalion in France.

On the 3rd day of February, 1923, Group Captain Tennant joined the Canadian Air Force at Jericho Beach, Vancouver, B.C., as a storekeeper (Equipment Assistant). Early the same year he remustered to E.A.M. and did his

first flying as Flight Engineer, engaged in Fishery Patrols on the West Coast. He became a pilot in 1926, and flew on Forestry Patrols in northern Manitoba for two years. In 1928 he became a photographic pilot and was engaged in photographic survey work in northern Ontario, northern British Columbia and the North West Territories until 1936. The same year he was posted to the Air Armament School at Camp Borden and went to England to complete an Armament Course with the R.A.F. at the Air Armament School, Eastchurch.

At the outbreak of war Group Captain Tennant was attached to the Directorate of Airmen Personnel Services at Air Force Headquarters, as a Trade Test Officer, but soon after was transferred to Advance Training Squadron, Trenton. He served with No. 110 Squadron at Rockcliffe, where he conducted an Armament Course for pilots and air gunners prior to the unit proceeding overseas. Thence to Air Force Headquarters, where he became a Staff Officer in the Directorate of Armament until January, 1941. From there he was posted to Western Air Command as Command Armament Officer. His first permanent station command was at Prince Rupert, B.C., where he was in command for seven months. He came to No. 2 Bombing and Gunnery School on October 6, 1943. This is his first period of service in a Training Command.

Group Captain Tennant is married, and there are three children, two girls and a boy. Mrs. Tennant and the children are living in their home in Victoria, B.C. It is not likely they will be coming to reside here.

ORIGIN OF CUSTOM

Raising the right hand while taking an oath in court originated in the days when a person who had been convicted of a felony was barred as a witness. As such an individual had the letter "F" branded on his palm, every person, before taking the stand, was required to expose his hand to prove he was not disqualified for this reason.

The Ant a Military Problem

A FRANTIC medical inspector at an air base sat down and wrote this note to the medical supply officer of the station hospital:

“Following the telephone information from your office that you were unable to issue carbon disulphide for use in this office in ant control, request was made of Quartermaster. We were informed by Quartermaster that they could only issue such preparation if the ant to be exterminated was in the building. If it was outside the building, the issuance of such preparation properly should come from Engineering. It is difficult to determine the intentions of the ants we are attempting to exterminate—some live inside and wander outside for food, while some live outside and forage inside for food. It is a difficult matter to determine which ant comes from without and is an Engineering ant, and which ant comes from within and is a Quartermaster ant. Some of our ants appear to be going in circles and others apparently are wandering at random. Such ant tactics are very confusing and could easily result in a Quartermaster ant being exterminated by Engineering poison, or an Engineering ant by Quartermaster poison, which would be contrary to the letter of regulations, and would probably lead to extensive investigation and lengthy letters of explanation.

“In view of the fact that Quartermaster poison has been found to kill an ant just as dead as Engineering poison, and vice versa, request is made that your office draw identical poisons for issue to this office from both Engineering and Quartermaster and mix same so that there will be no way of knowing which poison killed the ant.”

—Fifth Service News.

Correct Way to Fly the Union Jack

Don't get the “Union Jack” upside down. That is a distress signal. You will notice in every “Union Jack” diagonal bars of red white. The white is the St. Andrew's cross, the red St. Patrick's. At least it is so-called frequently. It represents Ireland, as St. Andrew's cross does Scotland.



One of the white bars is broad, the other narrow. The “Union Jack” is right side up when the broad white bar of St. Andrew's cross is at the upper edge of the corner next to the mast. Make sure of that and everything else comes right.

Lizzie says: “Any girl looking for a real thrill should try kissing an airman with hiccups.

Answers

1. 30 days' pay.
2. In full.
3. Nil.
4. Approximately \$45.00 a month (actually \$44.20).
5. One year (or less if your period of service is less than one year).
6. Approximately \$85.00 a month (actually \$86.40 a month).
7. \$115.00
8. \$115.00
9. 10% of the value of the land (\$480.00).
10. $\frac{2}{3}$ of value of land (\$3,200.00)—in 25 years.

== MAGIC! ==



Dear Readers:

Having been asked by the staff of "Contact" to pen an article, for the March issue of the magazine, concerning my experiences (such as they are) as a sleight-of-hand artist, I find myself doing a pleasurable task. As I am to write of magical experiences only, then it will be necessary to eliminate "frills" on travels and such like; also, this must be written in the first person—so, readers, please forgive any reference to myself that may possess a flattering tone.

Magic? Yes, magic is, to me, a wonderful art. Many people look upon a magical performance as "just another act"—but have they ever considered the years of hard work, the hours of assiduous practice, the understanding of audience psychology and reaction to various tricks, the clockwork precision of a sleight—and a host of other points—engendered in such a performance? Magic, like other great arts, can be divided into many branches. For instance, a singer could be a soprano, a contralto, a baritone,—so in the Magic Art, there exists the Illusionist, the Escapologist, the Mentologist, many others, and the branch in which I specialise, sleight of hand.

At the age of nine, I chanced to witness a Magical roadshow performance, held in my home town, Gunnedah, in

northwest New South Wales, Australia. During the act an assistant was required, and I, boylike, volunteered. The trick was that one in which a number of cards passed invisibly (?) from one person to another, and it left me more mystified than was the audience. Believe me, readers, I spent many sleepless nights trying to fathom the secret of that trick (now, incidentally, with improvements, one of the highlights of my Card Act). As a result of this, while holidaying in Sydney, I bought a book on elementary card tricks, and not many months passed before I had mastered every trick in that book. While in Sydney, I was fortunate enough to be admitted as a member of the Independent Magical Performers of Sydney, as the youngest member.

Three years later, following continual practice, I was participating in small country shows, and during the remainder of my school years much of my time was spent in finger exercising and in the study of books concerning the Magical Art. It must be confessed that this was a source of worry to my mother, for she evidently thought that I was becoming "stage-struck", which is a bad state of being.

In 1938, on graduation from High School, I moved to Sydney, where, for experience sake, I became a member of a travelling concert party, whose activities covered many State institutions, including gaols, rest homes, reformatories, and even asylums. This may sound strange to you, but these audiences proved to be the most constructively critical that any performer has to fact. The organizer of the party is a man of some 56 years' experience, with over 5,000 concerts to his credit, so it can be readily seen that I learned much from him—a man whose prowess and theatrical technique many thousands admire. May I add that in all my experiences in the entertaining world, never have I encountered the equal to this party, although I also belong to a Camp Concert Party in Sydney, with whom over 60 nights of camp entertainment have been spent.

Charity concerts took much of my time, and I took part in a few National hook-up broadcast shows in and around Sydney. It is, indeed, an honor to have one's names on the same programme as

Peter Dawson, Jimmy Gussy's Orchestra, Lt.-Col. Jim Gerald (A.I.F.), Gladys Moncrieff and other such artists so well known to Australians on various Celebrity Concerts. Harry Yates' "Digger Show" of Radio ZUE, the late Frank Perkins' ("Perko") of "Fun with the Fighting Forces" of Radio 2KY, and the regular Tivoli Theatre shows for the forces saw my act on various occasions.

My short "stay" in the A.M.F. and A.I.F. was spent as N.C.O. i/c Entertainment for our Unit, during which six months my company visited some six camps and put on about 40 shows, for which services I am the proud possessor of a personal letter of thanks from Major-General Lloyd.

After having transferred to the R.A.A.F. on temporary ground staff, four months were spent at the nicest city I have seen in Australia, namely, Mildura, on the Victorian side of the Murray River. Here, again, much time was spent in performances on the Station, and in the surrounding districts. The "R.A.A.F. Skylarks Review", which was presented to an audience of 2,500 in November, 1942, was the show in which I first presented to the public my one and only act entitled "Topsy Mystery", which act, conditions permitting, shall be performed on this Station.

While on leave in Melbourne, before proceeding to I.T.S. at Bradfield Park (Sydney), I took part in a few shows. During I.T.S. there were a few shows on the Station, and some Aussie readers may recollect performances.

Magic performances have taken place under strange circumstances, but few, perhaps, can claim to have performed on the Equator, in the middle of the Pacific Ocean. The small audience, I hope, will never forget the look of utter amazement on the face of the American sailor when he found a marked card in the cigarette he was smoking, the card having been previously burned. Many happy hours were spent in entertaining in the sick bay, several Americans being invalided home from New Guinea. They evidently took my tricks to heart, for immediately I would enter, they would hide any soft drink (?) bottles in the vicinity.

En route from San Francisco to Vancouver a certain coin sleight nearly caused a Negro porter's eyes to roll out on his cheeks. The boys still laugh over the way he grabbed at my hand—then found the coin, to his consternation, in his pocket!

During the wireless course at Winnipeg, time did not permit of mid-week

performances. However, with various professional companies, at week-ends, I did shows at Brandon (R.C.A.F.), Shilo Camp (military), Clear Lake, and Gimli Camp. During our mid-term leave, the R.C.A.F. granted me permission to do legitimate theatre shows in Kenora, Fort William and Port Arthur.

"Pre-B.A.G.S." leave allowed me time to go to New York, where one of the outstanding shows of my magical career took place at the Stage Door Canteen. This show was done in collaboration with Bill Robinson, the famous Negro tapper; The Ziegfeld Follies, and Jimmy Dorsey's Orchestra. It was indeed a boost to my act to have the Ziegfeld Follies girls holding my hand (sorry, silks), while Jimmy Dorsey's Orchestra played background music. Since having been at Mossbank, I have maintained correspondence with Jr. Robinson, and I am sure, readers, that it would be hard to find a more painstaking artist who is interested in the welfare of fellow-artists.

It was also in New York that I met the world champion card manipulator, Cardini, with whom I spent an evening. Also, I was made an honorary member of the New York Hat and Rabbit Club, and have been a member of the International Brotherhood of Magicians for some time.

Perhaps one of the hardest acts I've attempted was the recent performance on this Station, for I had, unfortunately, injured my finger, thus making it awkward to hold and manipulate the billiard balls, which, incidentally, are all solid. (Sorry, readers, to disappoint you!)

So much for the resume of various performances, and it is to be hoped that these have interested you.

Before closing, however, here are some facts that may be included under the "Something New, Strange But True" column:

Firstly, in a small box, 24 inches by 6 inches by 3 inches, I carry a repertoire of 600 tricks. Secondly, I've never played a hand of cards in my life. Thirdly, I neither possess, have possessed nor will ever possess, fake apparatus of any description, for all my gear will stand thorough inspection. Fourthly, I can perform expertly about 30 tricks, of which 10 have carried me, and my act, through eleven years as,

Yours for Entertainment,

Sincerely, and Magically,

"DEXTER".

With the Australian Imperial Force in the Middle East

By SGT. GEORGE DARK, R.A.A.F.

Read the story below—it is written by a Wireless Air Gunner who recently graduated from this Station.

In Air Force language—"it sure makes you think." There is a frankness in this story—let's face the facts—given by one who was there. We also think that his story is timely, especially when a few people are convinced that this war will be over tomorrow.

ACTION — this came in January, 1940, after a protracted period of training or hardening in Palestine; the whole idea of this period, together with the army cooks, is to make troops so tired of life that the alternative is almost welcome. The first time I saw action was at Hellfaya Pass and Fort Capuzzo, in General Wavell's first push westward into the Libyan Desert. Then on to Bardia and Tobruk, where part of this force was to become the now legendary "Rats of Tobruk" (or rats, anyway).

During this three-week period, 120,000 Italian and German prisoners had been taken and our very acute supply problem had been solved by immense quantities of captured equipment, including (what will be more interesting to some of my recent Mossbank acquaintances) thousands of gallons of Italian cognac. It is to this that I attribute the successful retention of Tobruk in the following months. At this period, too, our Air Force was sadly lacking in equipment. The R.A.F. and R.A.A.F. at that time used Gladiators and Lysanders and all too few Hurricanes to escort mighty air armadas of six or seven Vickers Valentias and Bristol Bombays, and occasionally a Blenheim IV, at the same time keeping the enemy out of our skies—the Axis at that time were using Ju. 52's, 88's, 87B's, Savoias, Capronis, CR. 42's, Bredas, Fiats and a few Franchini fighters.

At this time the Greeks were promised assistance, and, having nothing else to do, the Australian force of one division was sent to repel a force of approximately 15 attacking German divisions. The ultimate outcome was evident, and the Australians were soon retreating to the coast for another pocket edition of Dunkirk. This failure was again due to lack of aerial support. I was then evacuated to Crete, where it was decided to fight a retarding action against overwhelming

odds. It was here that the Germans proved the possibility of an air-borne invasion, sacrificing hundreds of huge transports A/C in crash landings, but achieving their objective. At one time on Crete I saw 400 Stukas operating at one time, and really good targets such as 'dromes received their attention from three levels simultaneously.

Next came the Syrian campaign after the capitulation of France. This time the Allie were successful, the campaign ending after just 31 days of rather bitter fighting. The French Foreign Legion has trained in Syria for years and had excellent artillery registration in difficult mountainous terrain. In this action we had complete aerial support and for the first time realized that perhaps we were on the right side.

February, 1942, found me again under General Wavell in Guadia and Burma—and in another inglorious retreat from Irrawady in heavy monsoonal rains and mud. Then on to Ceylon, where a small Australian force was organized to repel the threatened Japanese invasion. This was done by mixed Wellington and Blenheim squadrons. On Easter Sunday, 1942, 120 carrier-based Zeros attacked Colombo, 47 of which were destroyed by two Hurricane squadrons. It was on this day that I decided to become a fighter pilot.

So he arrived at Mossbank as a Wireless Air Gunner. Due to an eye defect, he could not realize his ambition to be a pilot. To you, Sgt. Dark, our hearty congratulations on your graduation. That makes a very full bag of experiences and accomplishments since the outbreak of war.

Nor is Sgt. George Dark the only trainee who has served in the armies and seen action at the warfront. There are many who are now taking a crack at aircrew training—and with flying colors. To all of you—Good luck.

My Life As an Entertainer

By AC.2 M. McHEFFEY

"The show's the thing." You've all heard that expression. I don't know when I first heard it, but ever since I can remember I have regarded show work as one of the greatest professions on earth, and the most important thing in my life.

As a small boy in school, I took as much delight in showing off before others as I do now behind the footlights. And vaudeville, in fact, almost every type of show work, has been part and parcel of me almost from the very day I was born.

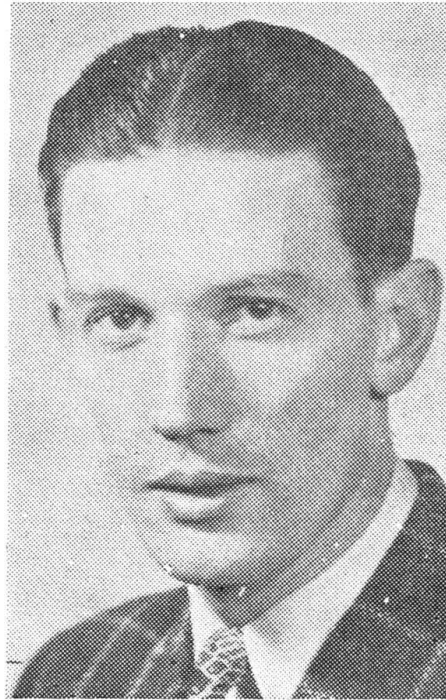
I have been asked to give my story to "Contact", under the title of "My Life as an Entertainer."

I am not so sure it will prove very interesting. However, here is some of my story.

To begin with, I have been in show business, in one way or another, all my life, through good times and bad times; have made money and lost money in this fascinating game called "stage"; have played in theatres in some of the world's greatest cities, and clowned on the proverbial little red schoolhouse stage. No matter how interesting other subjects have been, I have never once wandered from my first love — the theatre. Seems the smell of grease-paint and the glare of footlights do something to you.

Up to 1936 my work had been confined to Canada and part of the United States. Then I decided to leave the American continent. Seems the spirit of the wanderlust and the urge to entertain go hand in hand. Spring of the same year found me on the go as a vagabond dancing teacher and free-lance vaudeville man in the British Isles and part of Scotland, including appearances in Glasgow's famous Empire Theatre. I proceeded to London, did a bit of work there, and shortly after opened dance schools in southeastern England. Later, I free-lanced in Germany, and also made stops in a few other countries, part-time barnstorming "legit".

I had been very anxious to visit Germany as it had always interested me; particularly this year, as the world Olympic games were being held in Berlin. I was also anxious to see this country that we were told had been made all-powerful by a certain corporal with a Charlie Chaplin moustache, who



AC.2 HORACE F. McHEFFEY

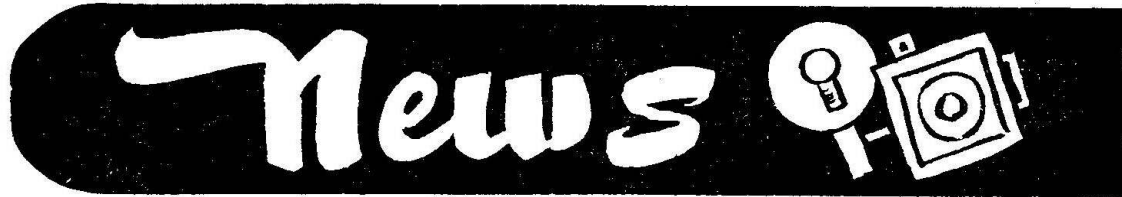
Operating forty-seven dancing schools throughout Canada and the British Isles; dancing and ad-libbing his way half around the world; is part of his life story.

picked up pin money paperhanging in his spare time.

After a short time in Berlin, most of which was spent around the Wintergarten and LaScala theatres, I decided to return to Canada. There were too many soldiers on the streets in Der Reich—too much smoke pouring from munition plant chimneys to suit me. Besides, I didn't like the way storm-troopers looked me in the eye and said, "Der Fuehrer luffs you." So I left for Paris, and shortly after sailed from Le Havre on the S.S. Alaunia for Canada.

Since then my work has been confined chiefly to this county. Until the outbreak of war I did some work in New York, but from 1940 on it has been confined to Canada, chiefly Montreal, although during 1942 I presented stage revues in 18 cities from Montreal to Trail, British Columbia.

(Continued on Page 16)



**What is Writ is Writ
Would it Were Worthier**

Station Stage Show a Success

Even standing room was at a premium in the Rec. Hall Wednesday evening, February 9th, at the highly enjoyable and versatile stage show that was produced and directed by AC.2 Horace McHeffey.

At 2030 hours, Cliff Skogberg, of the Canadian Legion, introduced McHeffey as Master of Ceremonies in a few well-chosen (?) words. The M.C. then welcomed the huge audience. "I came here direct from Hollywood," and "I have three cousins—two living and one in the Air Force," are examples of what the audience had to put up with from their master of ceremonies during the evening.

The show opened with that popular favorite "Shine," by the orchestra, with LAC. "Bill" Gibson at the piano, AC.2 Mel Oatridge, guitar, Cpl. Ray Shea, trombone, Cpl. Dave Pugsley, saxophone, and LAC. Westrum, drums.

The three charming vocalists in the persons of Sgt. Joyce Roderick, LAW. Jean Burns and LAW. Dorothy Simons, greatly appealed to the appreciative audience, their charming personalities and lovely evening gowns adding greatly to the success of the program. Sgt. Wilma Plyley very capably accompanied the three vocal artists.

A highlight was reached when Mr. Ed. Boyle, Soldier-Violinist, and veteran of the last war, held the audience spellbound with his rendition of "Souvenir" and "Danny Boy." Sgt. Edward Boyle played upon the same violin which he carried with him in the last war to cheer his comrades during conflict, the battle through which it lived scratched upon the back—the instrument which later brought fame to Mr. Boyle in New York, California, and Canadian and American cities as Canada's True Soldier-Violinist. So impressed was the audience by Mr. Boyle's numbers that one could have heard a pin fall—a fine tribute to an accomplished artist.

Throughout the program, as part of his M.C. repertoire, AC.2 McHeffey also presented skillful exhibitions of several types of tap dancing including fast novelty tap, soft-shoe routines, and his own version of the military dance.

As his feature attraction, the master of ceremonies presented a ten-minute act of "Chalk-Talk," a fascinating dis-

play of free-hand charcoal sketches, caricatures and landscapes.

A professional entertainer of no mean ability was brought to the stage in the person of LAC. Collin Palmer, Australian sleight of hand artist, who, under the professional name of "Dexter," the Magician has performed in leading theatres throughout his own country, Canada and the United States. This master of magic and manipulation mystified his audience with many fascinating tricks with handkerchiefs, billiard balls, cards and ropes; his interesting and easy-flowing patter commanding complete control of his eager audience. LAC. Palmer made two appearances during the evening, and both received well-merited applause.

Further musical renditions during the evening included a guitar solo by AC.2 Mel. Oatridge, who formerly played with Mart Kenny. Cpl. Ray Shea delighted the audience with his trombone solo. As the show's final number, Oatridge and Shea, with Cpl. Dave Pugsley (saxophonist) formed an instrumental trio to wind up a night of grand fun.

The twenty-five-piece Station band, under the capable direction of F/S. Bill Probert, commenced to play at eight o'clock, and was in attendance throughout the evening.

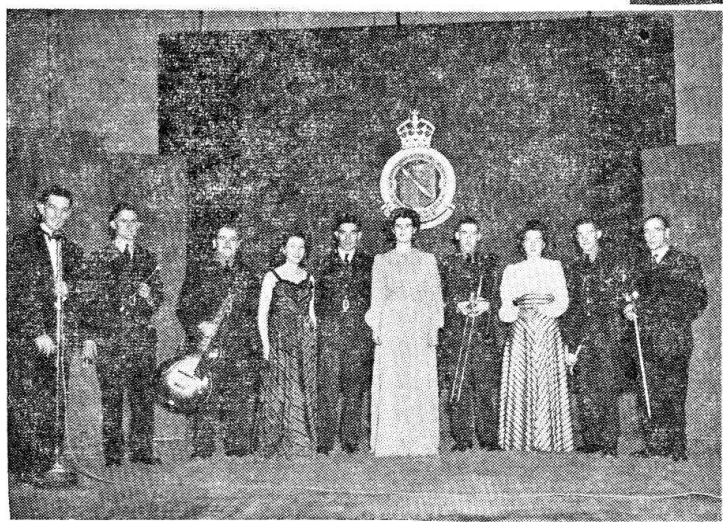
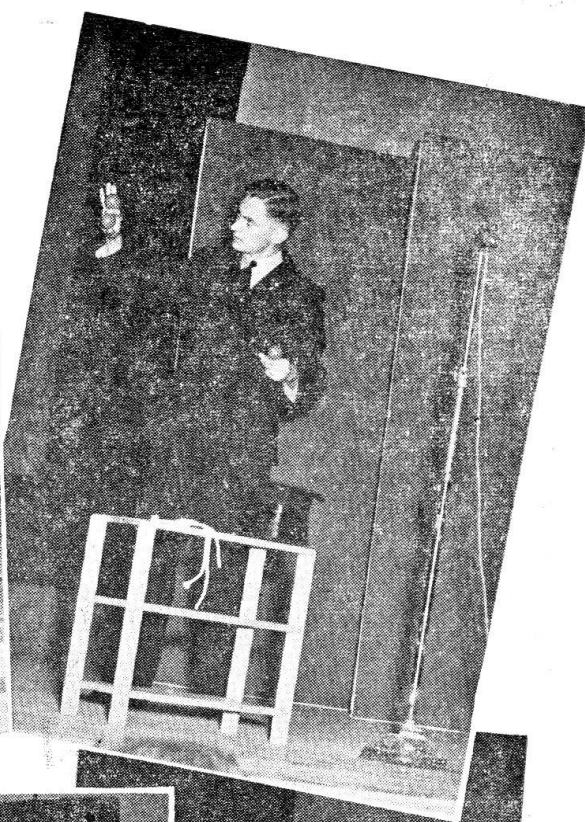
Special credit is also given for the co-operation of those behind the scenes, particularly to AC.1 Jack Longden, formerly with Famous Players' Publicity Dept., Toronto, for scenery and advertising; to LAC. MacDougall, for stage carpentry, and to all who were connected with the sound system, photography and electrical unit.

At the close of the program, Group Captain E. C. Tennant, Commanding Officer, appeared on the stage to tender his thanks to the concert personnel. "I am greatly interested in this type of entertainment," he said, "and strongly urge the continuance of same on this station."

Following the C.O.'s words, the program closed with the National Anthem.

Later the cast was invited to the Officers' Mess for refreshments.

Plans are now being made to arrange stage shows of this type each month, the proceeds to go towards the Commanding Officers' Welfare Fund for Airmen and Airwomen.



Top Left: Joyce Roderick delights huge audience with her vocalizing.

Top Right: LAC. Collin Palmer, "Dexter, the Magician," Australian sleight of hand artist, performs.

Lower Left: Members of the Concert Party. Left to right: AC. H. McHeffey, director and producer; LAC. C. Palmer, magician; AC. M. Oatridge, guitar; Sgt. Joyce Roderick, vocalist; LAC. W. Gibson, pianist; LAW. J. Burns, vocalist; Cpl. R. Shea, trombone; LAW. D. Simons, vocalist; Cpl. D. Pugsley, sapophone, and Mr. Ed Boyle, violinist.

Absent from Picture: Sgt. Wilma Plyley, vocal accompanist, and LAC. Westrum, drums.

Lower Right: H. McHeffey, the M.C., exhibiting one of his intricate tap routines.

Welcome to Mossbank



Group Captain E. C. Tennant, Commanding Officer, welcomes Air Vice Marshall J. A. Sully, Air Member for Personnel, A.F.H.Q., Ottawa, on arrival at Mossbank during a tour of R.C.A.F. stations in the West.

My Life as Entertainer

(Continued from Page 12)

Yes, show work is to me the most wonderful thing in the world, and the only thing in the world, and the only thing I am one hundred per cent. interested in. There are so many fascinating branches to show work. My own repertoire includes tap-dancing, roller-skating acts, stilt acts, chalk-talk, impersonations and M.C. work. Then there's marionettes which I consider a most important phase in my life; not to mention the teaching of dancing, and directing of chorus routines and individual acts as a finished product. If these don't interest you, then there's stage designing, lighting, color effects and photography; there's costuming and script writing, and new angles to be tried in advertising, not to mention the thrill of watching a

show grow from what one might almost term "nothing at all" into a highly developed finished product.

But the biggest thrill and greatest satisfaction of all is to watch the expressions of delight on the faces of one's audience during an act, and to hear their applause after one's act. For in this way the world is saying to you "We appreciate you. We have troubles, but for the time being you have made us forget them; for the present you have made our load just a little easier to bear." This satisfaction alone is worth more to a showman than all the money in the world.

"The show's the thing." To me it's the only thing that makes my life really interesting and worth living at all."

Men With Wings

When the first ray of sun appears in the east,
When freedom's enemy rears like a beast
His ugly head, to ravage again our peaceful land,
Does the courage of the sons show its hand,
And blast a merciless enemy from the sky,
To make his a home for you and I.

These brave warriors who guard our fate
Have risen from all walks of the state;
Scions and scholars are all as one,
Resolved each, this war shall be won;
Alone by such flanks of our unity
Will devilish "isms" bow to the free.

Our faith they ask, and nothing more,
To conquer again the Gods of War;
Their is no quest for a worldly name,
Their deeds aren't measured by value of fame;
He, who before, was an honored son,
Is today but an arm of One.

We, who live in seclusion abroad
Fail to realize how the hand of God
Was cast aside for a hideous fate,
That turned men into monsters of hate,
Wilder than the most ferocious animal
And degraded him lower than a cannibal.

How proud must be the mothers of these men,
Who offer their lives again and again;
These men with wings who flirt with death,
Protecting the mothers who gave them breath,
Who watch and wait and think it fun,
Proud, too, is the nation of such a son.

Kriegsgefangenenlager **MIT LOFTPOST NACH**

Postkarte **MIT LOFTPOST NORD AMERICA**
Par Avion **2011.6.2-10**

An

Taxen:	MR + MRS H WILDE
Gebührenfrei:	40
Absender:	
Vor- und Zuname:	
No DF FORDHAM	
Gefangenenummer:	
2363	
Lager-Bezeichnung:	
M.-Stammlager Luft 3	
Deutschland (Germany)	
Empfangsort:	
GENERAL DELIVERY	
Straße:	
MOSSBANK SASK	
Land:	
CANADA	
Landesteil (Provinz usw.)	

EXAMINED BY CENSOR 3615

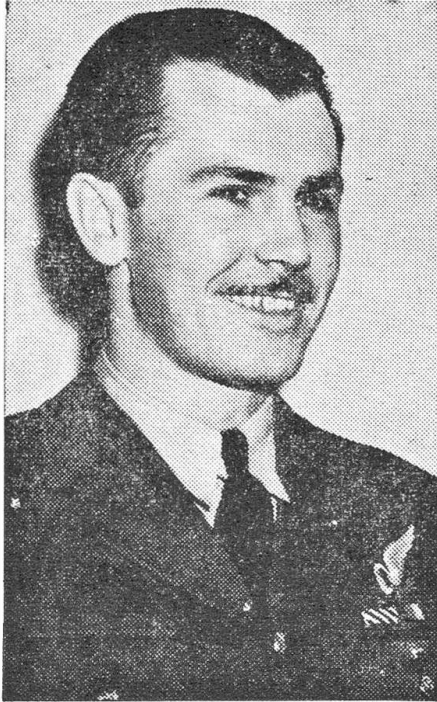
The Editor-in-Chief of Contact received the above postcard recently from Flying Officer D. F. Fordham, R.A.F., a former student at Mossbank, who is now a prisoner of war in Germany.

Flying Officer Douglas Frederick Fordham came to Mossbank in August, 1942, as a Corporal with a class of R.A.F. Air Bombers, and graduated on October 23. He obtained good marks during his course and stood fifth in his class. On leaving Mossbank he went to No. 3 A.O.S., Pearce, Alberta, where he finished his training and graduated in December with a commission. He later proceeded overseas. On the postcard he says that he is keeping well and that he had met another airman in the prison camp who had trained at Mossbank. He says they have frequent talks together about Mossbank.

Flying Officer Fordham was born in Rangoon, Burma. After leaving school in 1936 he enlisted in the British Army and attended the Lawrence Military School in Sanawar, India. After serving for several years in the Middle East, where he obtained the rank of sergeant, F/O. Fordham transferred to the R.A.F. and came to Canada for training under the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan. F/O. Fordham is 27 years old, single and his mother lives in Middlesex, England.

Former Mossbank Student Wears Decorative Tunic

S/L. ROBERT I. TRICKETT



Courtesy Leader-Post

Squadron Leader Robert I. Trickett

A former Mossbank student has returned from overseas wearing an Air Force tunic which attracts public attention wherever he goes. On the left breast are an observer's Wing, the Distinguished Flying Cross, the 1939-43 Star and voluntary service ribbons, the Pathfinder insignia and a gold "ops" Wing with Bar.

Trained at Mossbank

The owner of this tunic, Squadron Leader I. Trickett, son of Mr. and Mrs. F. Trickett, Humboldt, Sask., trained at Mossbank away back in the spring of 1941. He started his air observer's course on March 31st and graduated first in a class of 35 on May 5th, 1941. From Mossbank he proceeded to No. 1 A.N.S.,

Rivers, and in June, 1941, left for overseas, where he became attached to the R.A.F. and became one of the original members of the Pathfinders, the men whose job it is to drop route and target markers over enemy territory for Allied bombers to follow.

Completed 45 Trips

During his term of duty with the Pathfinder Squadron he completed 45 trips over Germany and Italy, most of which were fairly uneventful.

On one raid over Essen, the Halifax in which he flew was filled with plenty of holes from anti-aircraft fire and enemy night fighters which waited until the ground lights picked the Pathfinders out and then attacked them from above.

Training to Be a Pilot

When Squadron Leader Trickett first joined the R.C.A.F. at Saskatoon in September, 1940, his ambition was to be a pilot, but things turned out differently and he became an observer. Now he has returned to Canada to fulfill that ambition and is at present training at No. 15 E.F.T.S.

The D.F.C. was presented to him by the King at Buckingham Palace and the Bar to the gold Wing indicates completion of two tours of duty.

Mossbank personnel wish Squadron Leader Trickett all the best in future operations, and will follow his coming exploits against the enemy with pleasure and pride.

He Asked For It

Sarge: "How about some old-fashioned love-making?"

Girl: "All right, I'll call Grandma down for you."

To the C. O.

Out on the broad prairie,
Where breezes are airy,
Float a coveted "E".
It means a lot to me.
We have won the Pennant
For that G/C. (grand chap) Tennant.

WEDDING BELLS



LAW. M. B. Ganser and LAC. D. R. Wills, R.A.F., had the honor of being the first couple to be married in the new Station chapel by F/Lt. E. S. Light.

On the extreme left the newlyweds can be seen being showered with confetti as they leave the chapel.

The centre picture shows the groom slipping the ring on the bride's finger under the watchful eye of Padre Light.

On the extreme right the wedding party pauses on the steps of the new Station chapel.

WILLS-GANSER

The Airport Chapel No. 2 B. & G. School was filled to capacity on Thursday, January 27th, with friends and well wishers to witness the marriage of LAW. Barbara Ganser, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Carl Ganser, of Provost, Alta., and Bomb'r Robert Donald Wills, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Wills, of Whitchurch, Cardiff, Wales.

F/Lt. Light officiated. Sgt. Cronk was bridesmaid and Bomb'r R. I. Welling attended the groom.

The bride, who wore uniform, entered the church on the arm of her father, to the strains of the wedding march. Guests included Mr. and Mrs. Carl Ganser, of Provost, Alta., and Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Rawlinson, Mossbank.

Miss Jean Burns (W.D.) presided at the organ and during the signing of the register, Miss Margaret McKenzie sang "I Love You Truly."

After the ceremony the happy couple received the congratulations of the Commanding Officer, Group Captain E. C. Tennant, and his staff.

Later in the evening, relatives and friends of the bride and groom were invited to a wedding dinner at the "Hagar Hotel," Ardill. The room and table were beautifully decorated with pink and white streamers, with a huge white bell suspended in the centre; the table was centred with a wedding cake, and held pink and white carnations and tapers.

Wedding Bells

WOLDNIK—ADAMSON

On January 21st, former Cpl. Doreen Adamson of No. 3 B. & G. School, MacDonald, was married to LAC. Frank Woldnik. The wedding took place in St. Anne's Anglican Church, Portage la Prairie, at 6.15 p.m.

The bride wore a two-piece powder blue wool suit with a matching blue felt hat and veil, and corsage of Talisman roses. The bridesmaid was LAW. Peggy Merrick, of British Columbia, who wore a royal blue crepe dress and a matching hat, with a corsage of pink rosebuds. The groom, and best man, Cpl. Harry Sadler, were in uniform.

After the ceremony the wedding party went to the home of Mrs. Costigan, where a toast was given to the newlyweds by Mrs. Costigan.

Soon after, the bride and groom left for a short honeymoon in Winnipeg.

The bride's home is Stellarton, Nova Scotia, and the groom is from Parry Sound, Ontario.

THE FARMERS HAVE IT

Average chorus girl dances every performance	4½	miles
A railroad conductor walks about	6	"
The average stenographer (not in R. C. A. F.) walks daily about	8	"
On a regular shopping tour a woman walks	8½	"
A schoolgirl does daily about..	11	"
A schoolboy does daily about..	15	"
A policeman walks daily about	16	"
A postman walks daily about..	22	"
A farmer behind a walking-plow will do daily	25½	"

Night Life in Mossbank

A sergeant living in Mossbank, said to another sergeant: "You want to be more careful at nights, and pull your blinds down. Last night I saw you kissing your wife." "Oh, is that so?" said the sergeant, "the joke is on you, I wasn't home last night."

HAS THREE NOSES MADE OF RUBBER

Twenty doctors examined a British soldier for physical defects, some suggesting this and some that, but all overlooked the fact that he has a rubber nose.

The young trooper lost the original in Italy when a shell exploded. He became the first patient in a laboratory at the University of Algiers, where Captain Carl D. Clarke of Baltimore, Md., and a technical staff are making artificial noses, ears, jaws, hands and arms for maimed soldiers.

Now the Briton has not only one rubber nose, but three—all of varying shades to match seasonal changes of skin coloration.

INTELLIGENCE TEST

An English officer, after a gruesome experience during the Boxer rebellion in China some years ago, fell asleep in church during the sermon. He was dreaming that the executioner was approaching him to cut off his head, and just as the sword was descending on the officer's unhappy neck his wife lightly touched her husband on the back of the neck with her fan to awaken him. The shock was too great, and the officer fell forward dead. Now, there is something wrong with this. What is it?

What is wrong with the dream story is the obvious fact that, as the dreamer never awoke from his dream, it is impossible that anything could be known about it. The story must, therefore, be a pure invention.

WERE YOU BORN IN MARCH?

If born between February 20 and March 21 your sign is Pisces. You are sensible and thoughtful, anxious to gain knowledge, have mechanical ability, are positive in your opinions and successful. You love faithfully and sincerely and should marry under Virgo (a person born between August 24 and September 23). Men are restless and absorbed, and women weep without cause. The daffodil is your flower.

Tit for Tat

Airman takes the girl upon his knee.

"My wife," he grins, "would burn." Right now wife's on the milkman's lap;

Airman's got a lot to learn.

HEADQUARTERS

Watch Your Figures

We welcome two new members to our Section this month—**AW.1 Jane Campbell**, who came to us from the Orderly Room, and **Cpl. Ron Watson**, from No. 11 Equipment Depot. Hope you like your stay in Mossbank.

Cpl. Sanderson (Woodsy) has left to take up housekeeping in Mossbank. Good luck to you, and don't forget to come up and see us sometime.

Congratulations to **F/L. Mortimer-Lamb** on his recent promotion. That's the kind of thing we like to see, but next time don't get mixed up with the bread-cutter. Fingers come in handy sometimes, Sir.

Cpl. Williams arrived back on the 7th of February. Temporary duty seems to agree with her, and we notice she was out the first night back. Could that saying, "Absence makes the heart grow fonder", be true in this case?

Pat Wolbaum and **Hazel Collett** have been living at the Hospital, lately. Hurry back, kids, we miss you.

F/S. Duns and **Sgt. Killip** have been down in No. 5 Hangar, checking aircraft. It appears that **Sgt. Killip** (Charlie) was wearing a pair of teddy-bears when someone came up and asked him who had died in his family. Charlie, looking very surprised, answered, "Nobody, why?" "Well, why are you wearing your teddybears at half-mast?" Better get a longer pair next time, Charlie.

F/S. Duns has a new way of wearing his Cap, Winter, Airmen, for the use of. It appears that you let the front flap down for Mossbank weather, and if big game hunting in Africa you turn it around and let the flap hang down the back of your neck. Very becoming, I must say.

Mary and **Gene** have been looking very unhappy of late. Could it be because Course 95 is going? Cheer up, girls, there will be another course in to take its place.

One of our Senior N.C.O.'s was watching the sunrise the other morning. He turned to a Corporal standing beside him

and asked her what made Sundogs? After a lengthy explanation, he said: "Yes, I know, but what I want to know is what makes them so 'close-apart'?" How about that, Scotty? Did you ever find out?

That's all the new for this month, folks. See you next issue (if I'm still alive to tell the tale).

Dental Doin's

After writing about our Senior Dental Officer last month, I'm completely at a loss. We do have a new dentist, **Lieut. Craigie**, but I know so little about him that I'm afraid I can't pass along much information. Dr. Craigie is tall, dark and handsome, and harbors a passion for flying. Our wish is that he may realize his ambition to "go air-crew".

Things have been busy of late. Even so, **Mary** has found time to coax a sweet potato to grow. Daily she measures the plant, and is exceedingly proud of same.

Darl has had more fun packing and unpacking kits. Bit of a bother, isn't it, Darl? But, never mind, you're allowed only three minutes on a trade test to do this "little" job.

Maybe I don't scare my patients enough. A class of W.A.G.'s were being examined one afternoon, and one lad said, "Hi, Sarge, are you going to keep score for me?" Then, of course, there's my pet patient who manages to bribe a friend to kick his bridge out every so often. What a KIDD!

Capt. Cooper works along; busy as ever. He manages to find time for a little bowling though, and greatly enjoys the game.

As usual, the little thing I call "dear brain" fails me again. So, if you don't mind, I shall now retire and do the work for which the government pays me a couple of nickels.

Maybe Not That Time

Girl: "I suppose you have been in the navy so long you are accustomed to sea legs."

Sailor: "Lady, I wasn't even looking."

Quips from Equipment

Time certainly rolls around. We had just finished digesting our last "Contact" and wondering who we could pass it on to, when in pops our roving news-hound who, after sauntering by a time or two, suddenly drawls, "You know this is strictly a business visit. We are collecting news for 'Contact'."

It's been a beautiful spring, hasn't it? Hard to believe that we are almost half through February. Which reminds me (as one Westerner to another), while passing through the guard house the other day I heard an Easterner (they call themselves natives of Canada); remark: "So this is the severe Saskatchewan winter. This is the most wonderful weather I've ever experienced." Are they slipping, or do they just hate to admit that they like the West?

The Equipment Section was waiting with open arms for two new Equipment Assistants, supposedly males. The boys were all set to heave a sign of relief and take things easy, and the gals, too, had plans made. All were very patiently awaiting their arrival, and finally steps were heard outside the door, and a very feminine leg appeared. Yes, they turned out to be two W.D.'s, namely, AW.1 Smith, and AW. Delaney. Greetings, girls, we hope you will like our section.

Our genial F/L. was absent for a week. He reports a good trip, which we were all pleased to hear.

Wonder why Marion giggles so much these days. It has to do with "they" and "them," and occasionally one hears the word "wolves", but it's away over our heads. Can anyone enlighten us? And Phyl and Nellie are having their own private conferences, too. What's up, girls?

We were glad to hear from Hutch. She misses the "Hi, Hutch," she was so used to here, and we miss you, too, Hutch. Remember "Del"? She belonged to Accounts, but was at Equipment so much that she seemed to like one of us. She is working, and feeling fine, but misses W.D. life at Mossbank. It seems as though everyone misses Mossbank a little bit after they have left it, which should serve as a warning to be a bit more appreciative of the things we have at our disposal, while we are here. Of

course, we beef. That's everyone's privilege in the Service. That's what they figure makes good troops, but we all know that we have a mighty shaky foundation to base our complaints on here. Make the most of it while you have it; don't wait until you are posted and then begin thinking that it wasn't such a bad place after all.

How's the "new-set-up", Harry? We have seen some new W.D.'s in the Store, but you don't keep them very long. At present, AW.1 Frances Chaloupka is a silent member of the staff. Nice girl, too, but Paul, can't you persuade her to talk to us? Another addition to the staff is "Taffy" Thomas. That will meet with Ora's approval, as she prefers office work to the laundry business.

* * *

The hive is slightly disorganized due to many reasons, namely, moving to the new location and the illness of our traffic director, George Garner, also to Ethel's leave and consequent retirement to the hospital to join her much devoted assistant. This is merely the result of the Queen Bee's recent marriage, which means an overworked staff, as same is making his regular trips to Moose Jaw. At any rate, we wish you two a very speedy recovery, and if wishes were flowers you would be showered abundantly with them. But rest peacefully, Berny Cudmore is carrying on wonderfully.

* * *

The following is an overheard conversation between our star reporter interviewing a couple of new arrivals:

Dauph (introducing himself): I am the reporter of our station magazine and I would like to know your first impression of the station.

New arrival: ! x * ! x.

Dauph: Where do you come from?

Arrival: Trenton!

Dauph (exhausted): Where is your home?

New Arrival: Ontario.

Dauph: Hasn't the village a name?

New Arrival: I have been in Toronto!

Dauph: (wh-umph): How do you like our section—no, never mind.

(Reporter with burning face timidly walked away.)

Service Police Chatter

Since last month's contribution, three important changes have taken place in our personnel.

Flt. "Parky", who has kept the old S.P.'s on the straight and narrow for the past three years, has left for new surroundings, and not only his old and faithful S.P.'s, but also nearly everyone on the Station, will miss his jovial presence for quite a while. We all wish him continued success in his new posting.

A sincere and warm welcome goes to **Flt. Mason**, who moved in with us to take up where "Parky" left off, and we all hope his stay will be a happy one.

A warm welcome is also extended to Sgt. Story, who vacated I4X for dear old Mossbank.

Here and There

Pining for Pork. A very sad but far reaching case came up before the jurisdiction of the S.P.'s recently. The ever efficient S.P. on the Main Gate happened to notice five nice, fat pieces of pork strolling nonchalantly under their own four-legged power from the vicinity of the W.D. Barracks—no, I didn't say they came out of the W.D.'s Barracks. Anyway, he immediately notified the Flight, who, in turn, summoned Sgt. Perrie to aid him in escorting the snorting intruders off our well kept premises. If the S.W.O. had seen how those two able-bodied Gestaphos performed a good hour's P.T. along with the hogs, I'm sure he would have given them an extra 10 days with their Annual to recuperate.

The three Merry Macs seem to be still getting by, except one, and he can't seem to get by Moose Jaw. Three week-ends since New Year's and still going strong. Nice going, **McWilliams**. How do you do it?

A certain members of our S.P.'s, who recently moved in on us from Winnipeg, is still carrying on his Wolfish tactics. Be careful, girls, this is Leap Year and he might turn out to be a Pistol Packin' Papa.

Why all the week-end patrols, Jim? Your wife hasn't gone to that place near Malton yet, has she?

When am I going to get another 48, Joe? Cheer up, we'll still have those headaches, even after it is all over.

That's all, folks. Better stuff next time.

Remarks from the Heart of the Station

First of all, we extend a welcome to our new W.D. officers—S/O. McPherson and A/S/O. Galashan. They're tops, and we think you'll agree when we say "Hope you both have a long and happy stay at Two B. & G."

Then, of course, we mustn't forget to sincerely congratulate our Commanding Officer on his initial part which won us the Efficiency Award.

Something happened last month and the printers forgot some of our "Quips." Our congrats to Binkie were omitted somehow. Sorry, Binkie, we really didn't mean to forget you. Blame the printer.

Glad to see our Cpl. Munroe back from hospital. How was that trip to Calgary, Pee-Wee?

What happened, Penny and Jackie, was Regina too big for you or did you like the "privacy" of Moose Jaw a little better? Did you sleep well, gals?

Our Cpl. Daze has left us, and it looks like for good this time. Incidentally, it's Sgt. Daze now. Nice going, Dazie. We sure miss you, but hope you like your job of keeping an eye on us Bowlers.

Our staff of runners has changed again. Welcome, boys. Dottie Carr's "big" brother Jack is among them. It seems like our Orderly Room wouldn't be right without one of the Carrs around. (No pun meant, either.)

Congrats also go to our Flight. D.R.O.'s didn't tell us her name, but we hear she's a future W.D. How is the little one doin, "Pop"?

Well, that seems to be all for now, so I'd better scram and start gathering notes for next month.

WITHOUT RHYME OR REASON

A customer once called the photograph department of Macy's, New York City, to ask if it would enlarge a snapshot of her son. Of course it would. Then she wanted to know if they could remove his hat—she would rather have the enlargement without it. That, too, could be done; but on which side did he part his hair, and was it straight or curly?

"Don't be silly," snapped the woman. "You'll see that when you take his hat off!"

Hospital Stir-up

A certain F/Sgt. Beatty, convalescing in the hospital at No. 2 B. and G. School, while enjoying the olives his good wife brought to him, suddenly "gave in" to a brain wave as to what he should do with the left-over juice from the olives. In no time a clean empty test tube was placed in his left hand, with the olive bottle and juice in his right hand. Gingerly, he half filled the test tube with the juice. Arrangements were quickly completed to have F/Sgt. Wilson (unawares) conduct a urinalysis of the deceiving sample. As luck would have it, the test proved very positive, and with a swish F/Sgt. Wilson raced through the hospital in search of what he believed to be the dead patient.

Never mind, Beatty will live and give a good account of himself, despite the test.

The Eyes Have It

A dog sees everything as pale grey; there are no brown, red, blue or white details in his world. An Irish setter is not a red-haired beauty to another dog; it's just another grey member of the race.

The hen is being constantly deceived in her food, for the worm is only half the size she thinks it is.

Fish see men as towering, distorted shapes which would frighten the men themselves, let alone put fish in a panic.

Tears wash the eye with nature's strongest germ killer; just one teaspoonful would give antiseptic power to 100 gallons of water. —Visual Digest.

CONVERSATION

"You don't seem to remember me."

"No, just who are you?"

"Why, my mother is your mother's mother-in-law."

What is the relationship?

Answer: Father and child, paternal uncle or aunt and his nephew or niece.

Canteen News

Sgt. LaBelle's elbow is much better these days, as he had it pulled out for fresh air the other day. He immediately had a patch put on his greatcoat.

Cpl. Clark is not down on the outs lately, because he is in too much. There could be a reason for this. The pin boys down at the Bowling Alleys have all decided to get insurance policies, because LAC. Hossack is a daily occurrence around the place. (Note—When he doesn't get a strike the first time the pin boys all make for the door.)

The Canteen Staff is sorry to see the English bloke, better known as LAC. Billings, leave the premises. Good luck, Les, on your course.

"Shorty" and "Hank" got on very good terms together since Hank's arrival on the Station. They both chipped in and bought a tin of tobacco. Apparently the financial situation bothered them. Who knows?

Time to open shop—so long until next month.

"THE STEWARDS".

CONSERVATION TIP

That automobile tires should be changed frequently from wheel to wheel in order to equalize wear is revealed by a recent study which shows that, considering the year on the four tires as 100 per cent., that on the left front is 14 per cent., on the right front 19 per cent., left rear 29 per cent., and right rear 38 per cent.

FAST WORK

After being injected intravenously into a person's arm, any of several substances can be tasted by the subject in from eight to fourteen seconds, although it has to travel to the heart, then to the lungs, and return again to the heart before it reaches the tongue. — Collier's.

UNLESS HUBBY IS AWAY

"Is it customary for the best man to kiss the bride after the ceremony?" asks a correspondent in a contemporary journal. Yes, but not **too** long after.

MAINTENANCE WING

Control Room Chatter

The Control Room staff welcomes F/O. Fisher, our new Technical Adjutant, replacing F/O. Davidson, who has just been posted overseas. F/O. Fisher joined the R.C.A.F. June 4, 1937, took a technical training course at Camp Borden and was posted to No. 1 Fighter Squadron on completion of course. Was posted to Calgary August 28, 1938, with same squadron. Moved with squadron to Montreal in October, 1939, and from there to Dartmouth in November of the same year. He went overseas with No. 1 Fighter Squadron in June, 1940, and remained with this squadron until October, 1942, when he was commissioned. He took an engineering course in England and was posted to 416 Canadian Squadron on completion of course. He was repatriated from England December 1, 1943, arriving home at Christmas. After a month's leave was posted to No. 4 Training Command, Calgary, spent a week at No. 10 R.D., Calgary, before being posted to Mossbank.

We bade farewell to P/O. Lucas, our test pilot during the past six months. He has been posted to Suffield and has been replaced by P/O. Manson. P/O. Manson was posted overseas as a flight sergeant, receiving his commission in January, 1942. After completing A.F.U. he was posted to O.T.U., England, later returning to Canada because of medical reasons. His home is in Saskatoon.

* * *

What W.D. Corporal is taking in all the dances within fifteen miles of Mossbank, after missing all dances for thirteen months? What's your explanation, Susie?

Another person added to Control Room strength is AC.1 Wilton. Wilton hails from Wilkie, Sask., and was with the Royal Bank for six years prior to enlisting.

Another one of our staff has left us. Good luck, Lil, we are sorry to see you go.

Since F/S. Hughes and his confederates have installed the new P.A. system

we hear that communications between the many sections in Maintenance and Service Flight have improved considerably. Do not be too concerned, though, if you call and receive no answer from the Control Room, because with all the little gadgets on the panel here, we have no way of knowing who is calling unless you identify yourself. It is a mystery to us who calls "Control Tower" or "Bombing Flight."

At times George, who is usually at the controls, becomes quite confused, especially when two or three sections call at the same time.

Oh, yes, George, we are wondering who or what the attraction is in Regina.

Electrical Section

The Electrical Section, having finally got down to earth after last Saturday night's Maintenance Party, are back in again pitching. Several jolts and short circuits have been reported from different members of the section, some of which we decided (after rigid censorship) to submit for "Contact".

Sgt. Stewart Posted

The section had a get-together recently for Sgt. W. D. Stewart, popular N.C.O., who left for McLeod, Alberta. Good luck, Sarge.

Curling Team

A Curling team, made up of Mrs. Lindsay, wife of Cpl. Lindsay (lead), LAC. Lett (2nd), LAC. Fowler (3rd) and Cpl. Dennison (skip), entered the Mossbank Bonspiel. They are making a pretty good showing. Up to press time, they are still in two events.

On Station Hockey Team

The boys are quite proud of LAC. Bornes, who is keeping the Electrical section's end up on the Station hockey team. We are looking for a few goals from you, Bornes.

Poor Sergeant

The boys are thinking of presenting Sgt. Kray with a crate of eggs, to help bolster his moral. Remember the old saying, "An egg a day keeps one happy and gay."

A few moans were heard around the section after the trade board's written examinations. Cheer up, fellows, we all have to use a pen sooner or later.

Workshops

Flight Sergeant MacMillan has been on temporary duty again for taps and dies and odds and ends, but it appears he has lost that one he calls the Saskatchewan. "I'll see if I can find it this 48," says Mac.

Well, it is Sandy's birthday again. Yes, **Sgt. Stewart** is reforming. The day is nearly gone and he isn't thirsty. (That's what you think!)

Why is **Cpl. Whiskin** working so hard today? Is it that 48 tonight. His pass reads Regina, but we have other ideas.

The welding shop is back to strength now that **Cpl. Wilson** is back off temporary duty.

Cpl. Ritter is pining over a posting. Why, Hap, you have **LAC. Mytroen** and **LAC. Mergel** to help you win that trade badge.

LAC. Urschel is back again this morning. Boy, those reveilles are sure hard on one, eh, Johnny. I think we will have to put him on nights because he seems to be so busy.

It isn't generally known, but **LAC. Hrabia** was seen in the canteen with his Instructor Sgt. But isn't it usual to bring "an apple for the teacher," rather than "take the teacher to a milk shake"?

LAC. Chapman, our lop-sided airman, has to have his shoes sent to a harness maker to have them rebuilt. Don't worry, you won't need boots after a week of P.T.

LAC. Addy will have to be sent to another barracks if he can't get along with the boys at this end. He is a vicious lad. He was going to kick **Cpl. Miles** full of holes (and he said he can do it, too).

AC.1 Bentley is on furlough and is most likely dying to get back to Mossbank. "Ho, ha!"

AC.1 Russell is a new-comer to the Metal Shop. He is looking forward to his furlough next week. **AC1 Stubbs**, another new-comer, is somewhat of a wolf. He has quite a time now keeping out of sight as there is a bounty on wolves. (It's also leap year.) **LAC. "Flash" Urachel** went to the dance at Gravelbourg! Wins the door prize of \$5.00! What is he going to do with it? Drinks?

Maintenance Smoker

On February 5th, Maintenance held their smoker in the south wing of the Mess Hall. The committee, composed of F/S. Duck, F/S. Doerr, Cpls. Lindsay, Martin, Robinson, Burns, Heagy, Whiskin, and Sadler (H), arrived at 1900 hours to see that everything was ready. By 2000 hours the fellows started to arrive.

The honored guests were: S/L. Coates, F/L. Venables, F/L. Light, P/O. Millar, F/O. Anderson, F/O. Jessop, and Mr. Boyle. As soon as the music started and the "refreshments" were "issued", things became merry. F/L. Venables gave a short informal talk and Mr. Boyle played a few numbers on a violin that he played in the trenches in the last war.

Everything went along smoothly, but, due to a dance in Mossbank, it ended about 2230 hours.

Movements

P/O. Millar has been transferred to G.I.S. and is replaced by **S/O. Galashan**. **F/O. Davidson** has been posted overseas and has been replaced by **F/O. Fisher**, who has just returned from three and a half years' tour of duty overseas. **P/O. Manson** is our new Test Pilot, replacing **P/O. Lucas**, who was posted to Suffield. Good luck to all of you.

Spark Plug Room

We wonder what **Vince Marley** has been thinking about. It seems that he had spent the day watching aircraft take off into the south. It was nearly 1100 hours when he comes out with "the wind must have changed, I see the planes are taking off in the south now." Could it be love, Vince?

Have you noticed at the Mess that the butter looks like ice cream. I know of a young airman who spread his ice cream on his bread and ate the butter with a cookie. It must be love, Vince!

MAINTENANCE "5" BETWEEN FOUR LANES

The boys in No. 5 are wondering where all this hair raising music comes from that they hear over the P.A. system. It couldn't be that the purchaser of those records has a crush on horses, eh, fellar?

Did anyone hear about those two corporals who have such an exquisite nose for scents? By George, but the guys on No. 1 Lane take the cake when it comes to a mystifying scent. (I guess we got 'em there, eh, Walt?)

I wonder how many noticed how clean the cockpit of 9985 was after **Bill Graham** had washed it. It was only a test-hop, Bill; nothing to worry about.

Did you see all the happy faces after the boys had to work one night. I never knew any man to possess such a range in vocabulary. But I've got to hand it to you, **Peterman**, serviceability sure hit the roof!

Some concern has been raised as to why a certain airman should start his 48 in Mossbank over a Sunday and spend the rest of it on the Station. Must have been some attraction, eh, **Doins**? We sure didn't have to break trail to clothing stores—and who could miss that neat little piece of adhesive tape on her neck. Don't suppose you missed very much, eh, **Doins**?

The expert attention attraction sure has some whistle. He never misses a chance, but he always regrets one thing—poor **Herb**, he hasn't any puppy biscuits.

* * *

Maintenance party was held on Nov. 5. The girls were given enough money for supper, show, and the dance. **Madge Davils** was the guest. The boys had a stag. Buffet supper was served with beer. **Mr. Boyle** played the violin, and a happy sing-song was held, in tune with the piano (**LAC. Gibson**). During the latter part of the evening it seems that Oscar was going around with a club foot. Could it be that **Bennett** dropped a bench on his toe?

While **Art Davies** was going to the dance he got himself into the ditch, on his knees. "Westy" was seen making many trips to town, taking the boys. Good show, "Westrum".

We are wondering why **Tommy Sheldon** left the dance so suddenly.

It was noted that our Editor had an enjoyable time at our Maintenance smoker. He said to one of the boys, "I have never had such a good time before under normal circumstances."

It is wondered why the boys are doing so much whistling these days. Are they following the motto "Whistle while you work", or it is because of the arrival of our new S.O. Adjutant in Maintenance Orderly Room?

Some of the boys are worrying how **LAC. Herb Reichert** will make out with the purchasing of his wedding wardrobe. If it takes as much time and running around to get a uniform (and then he finally had to buy one), we are wondering if he will have the rest of his wardrobe in time.

Cpl. "Doin's" Sadler says he is very badly in need of a new great coat. He has shown quite an interest in clothing stores and its personnel. He says he thinks it is just a matter of time, as one quite frequently has to wait in the Air Force, and now we are wondering which he will get first, the girl or the great-coat.

Two of our boys, **Cpl. Audibert** and **LAC. "Dusty" Miller**, have been on a Curling holiday in Regina and Mossbank. We are glad that you are upholding our station motto, "Aim well, shoot straight", but it's so long since you were on the lane that it seems like you have been on furlough. So welcome back (and to work), boys.

Who was the Corporal that was so kind as to give up his 48 because No. 1 Lane could not function properly without him? Thanks a lot, Cpl. Janis.

We are wondering what Moose Jaw has that Regina and Calgary hasn't. Cpl. "Doin's" Sadler used to say that he didn't care for Moose Jaw. What made you change your tune, "Doin's"? Beware, this is Leap Year!

FOR SALE—Twin beds, one slightly used. Anyone interested, see **LAC. George Waldbauer**.

We have heard that **LAC. Norman Berner** doesn't like **Chuck Robb** talking about a certain person from Qu'Appelle. Does Norm consider Qu'Appelle his Happy Hunting Grounds?

Art Sawatsky received a pack of Rum and Maple fags at the stag. He tried to sell them. Finally, he found a "—" called Vince Kimball, who paid the huge sum of 20 cents. After smoking half a pack, he didn't want the rest. Now his biggest worry is that Art will give him a dime back.

* * *

On February 3rd, **LAC. Ed. Hodgson** had the majority of Barrack Block 14A wondering, as "Hodge" was really frothing at the mouth. It's O.K., folks, it's just Hodge; he used shaving soap, instead of tooth powder, on his tooth brush. Did you get good results, Hodge?

* * *

Cpl. "Shorty" Hawkins has been trying to do some low flying—in the hangar in Maintenance 5. On February 5th, "Shorty" had just re-assembled an Anson wheel and was rolling the tire (which included the wheel and axle) towards the aircraft. By putting his hands on the axle he could let the wheel rotate between his arms, and in this way obtain enough flying speed—until the tire caught "Shorty's" overalls and took "Shorty" for a roll instead of "Shorty" rolling the wheel.

Maintenance 5 hangar have a few improvements in the hangar these days. The most notable is the "Battle" gasoline tank, on casters, for draining oil. This will greatly assist on the inspection of aircraft. Now that we have a portable tank that will hold 104 gallons of used oil, our next problem is how to empty it. However, **F/S. Buchan-Terrel** is working on it.

Cpl. "Shorty" Hawkins has just "relieved" workshops of a wood-working bench. "Shorty" claims that these steel benches are too hard on his tools. We notice that "Shorty" has put his bench beside the tent (in the hangar). Are you figuring on sleeping with it, "Shorty"?

Cpl. "Doin's" Sadler has finally got his heavy vice and a piece of railway iron for an anvil. **Cpl. "Doin's"** couldn't see why about seven or eight men, in engine shop 6 hangar, required six vises, while on the Boly line (alone) there are 43 men using one small vise in the hangar workshop.

Sgt. Duperon's "pet" is a portable paint spray outfit. With the use of a ¼ h.p. electric motor, a section of a Boly starter, a "Battle" B.T.H. air compressor, air bottle, copper lines and gauge he has the "critter" nearly completed. All it requires now is a spray gun and hose. Let's hope that it works, Sarge.

On Wednesday, the 9th, the "Gallop Poll" went through 14 Barrack Block. We are wondering if they were checking the truth of a statement made in a previous issue of "Contact" (where it said that checkers have given way to the more "popular games") or if they were really looking for that "baby bond".

* * *

We Would Like to Know—

Why **LAC. Art Sawatsky** took such a sudden interest in learning to type. Could **LAW. Mona Strange** be the reason, Art?

Who was the observant **F/S.** who asked one of the boys why the aeroplanes taxied, on the taxi strip, in a northerly direction one day, and the next day they taxied in a southerly direction?

* * *

F/L. Venables has a new addition to the family. **Norma Joanne** arrived at the Moose Jaw Hospital on January 31st. Congratulations, Sir.

F/S. Buchan-Terrell was pacing the floor of the penhouse, wondering what sport he could get into in order to get a half off. Why not go in for curling?

What two **Flight Sergeants** have remustered to night patrol? On the night of February 5th, **Flight Sergeants Duck and Doerr** were inquiring whether the **W.D. personnel** were in barracks. Before they realized it, the bus had already passed them twice and was well on its way to Mossbank. Why not try watching the bus, instead of the **W.D.'s**.

It was noted that **AC. Herb Reichert** has been asking the married men a number of questions. Could it be of his approaching marriage?

* * *

What makes **LAC. Walt Powell** go around in circles, these days? Could it be that charcoal pipe burner (pipe) you just purchased, **Walt**?

* * *

Cpl. "Doin's"—"What does 'nom de plume' and 'incognito' mean?"

LAC. Lord-Lewis — "When you go through the gate without a pass, that's 'incognito'. When you come in the gate and the **S.P.** asks you for your pass (and you have none) and then your name, and you give him the wrong one—that's 'nom de plume.'"

* * *

LAC. "Shorty" Endresz was asking if it is moonlight these nights. He says he hauls water at night—we wonder!

Who is the **W.D.** in the Control Tower who is going to very lonesome now that her boy friend is getting married. Well, **Gladys** that's another man "gone west."

THE Sport-o-drome



BADMINTON
BASKETBALL
ARCHERY
SWIMMING
BOXING
BOWLING
VOLLEYBALL



OPEN EVERY EVENING!

MEET YOUR PALS HERE!

A SPORT FOR EVERYONE!

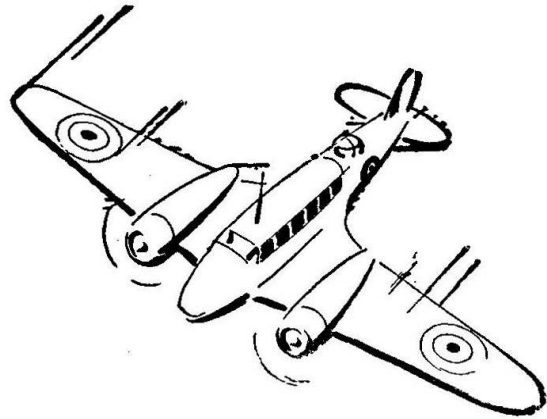


F/O. PAT O'MARA,
Sports Officer.



1. Intersection Volleyball final between the Fire Dept. and P.T. and D. teams.
 2. All quiet in the swimming pool. 3. The Fire Dept. volleyball team, station
 champs. 4. A curling team which took part in the Provincial Bonspiel at Regina.
 5. Mezzanine floor. 6. Celebrating winning of Efficiency Pennant at sports dance
 in the Recreational Hall. 7. Station hockey team. 8. Group Captain E. C.

Tennant, C.O., throws first ball during the opening of the new bowling alleys.
 9. Cpl. Hinley, centre, and curling team at Mossbank 'spiel. 10. Station swimming
 team. 11. The Commanding Officer connects for a hit during a January softball
 game. 12. A group of January softball players.



Wings!

Published Monthly

Canada Wide
Pictures
Stories
News

5^c

Jokes
Cartoons
Information

Get your copy now
On Sale at Canteens

Wings!

TRAINING WING

Plotting Office Patter

Courses come and courses go, but we go on forever.

Gone are the holidays but, believe me, memories of New Year's is still vivid on many minds here.

The Plotting Office should have a part interest in the bowling alleys. Hardly a night passes, but Ducky, Blanchard, Kemp, Faibish, Skinner and Whitey are violently trying to knock over the pins. The surprise of the season is Ernest Kemp's "snake ball". Skinner's wind speed is okay, but the direction is out. Whitey has the habit of consistently throwing the balls where there are no pins. Nevertheless, Plotting Office defeated the Dental Clinic in the first challenge match. Our return game might be different as our secret agent informs us that the Dental Clinic is practicing on the sly. Say, how about a battle; moral support from all?

Betty Grant is on annual leave yet. She must be well acquainted with Winnipeg. It is said that a certain telephone operator complained of too many phone calls to No. 5 A.O.S.

Saturday nights in Mossbank draw quite a few of our family. Pet cut quite a dash last week. Several others weren't exactly far behind the scenes either.

Major Magwood is back now, looking hale and hardy after being East for some time on temporary duty. I'll bet that'll start an argument!

Why does Scotty love working in the Camera Obscure? Does she like the quietness of the place, or?

Who is the handsome R.A.F. chap on Course 99 that Joyce and Ann are battling over continually — hair by hair, tooth by tooth? Whoa, wait a minute —!

The man of the hour, **F/O. Gilmour**, spends his 48's washing and ironing, but that certainly doesn't explain the blisters on his hands.

That's all, folks.

"THE PLOTTER".

P.S.—What will Dave's wife and children think of him —!

Photo Corners

This is the Photographic Section again, hoping you're all well, and hoping they'll find a spot for this bit of nonsense in this issue.

Everyone is just a bit puffed up over our picture show in last month's issue. However, "Pappy" Last, N.C.O. i/c wishes it known that no credit is due him for the selection or taking of the photos. He, you'll recall, deserted us for a stay in hospital over Christmas and went home for New Year's. He got the hospital pictures alright, they got him. . . and there it was.

Over the busy Christmas and New Year rush two more W.D.'s were welcomed into the fold. Please add Cpl. Shirley Green and LAW. Betty Juneau to your lists. Corporal Last **did not** get them as Christmas presents as some thought. On the other side of the books we lost Bill Porter, who's been posted to another station nearby.

The Trade Test Officer has come through and gone again. The Station managed to pin up a good score again, and we hope soon to see LAW's Peltier, Olson, Wisser and Juneau sporting props and an increase in pay. The increase in pay especially attracts your poor scribe. Cpl. Green won a "B" group in a walk. LAW. Farr was away on a special course down East (lucky girl) when the T.T.O. came, but she is to get a chance very shortly to show how it's done. We're counting on her to make it a 100% showing for the section.

We hope you'll like our little contribution of pictures in this month's mag. This magazine now caters to those of you who "can't read but I still kin lookit de pitchers." You're all welcome.

Many, many things puzzle the mind of the invisible seer who writes this junk. We're still trying to get on the track of "My Honey," but can't seem to pin it down to any particular chap. And it doesn't make things easier when she writes to fifteen of 'em in an evening, does it, Leone? Another of our girls is still as hungry as ever. The latest dodge is to catch the Gravelbourg M.T. Friday nights and fill up the empty corners. Works fine, doesn't it, Pell? Then, of course, you **must** have met our "Red

Riding Hood" on that brief night in the canteen. Why did you give up so easily, Theresa? I didn't like red at first, either! We could fish up all kinds of stuff on an Aussie P/O. and his vain beatings on a darkroom door. Could any of our W.D. Corporals clear it up for us? Elsie is back—at this writing—and presumably will take up where she left off. Service Police please copy! We are likely late in introducing to you the "Peace River Kid" as she's a one for getting around. Take a bow, Betty. Then, who is this Hospital Assistant who's been taking care of Cpl. Last since he's left the hospital? From where we stand it looks like a mutual arrangement, though, and he says he's got a few pointers on darkroom technique. Fair trade, we'd say.

Well, if you're all good, you'll likely see a picture of us all next issue—those of you, that is, who haven't seen us in person trying to get a roll of film developed. However, we'll try hard to handle the picture end of the business again next issue.

But . . . Gunnery Flight is screaming for last week's camera gun film, so we'd better disappear into the weird glow of safelights in darkrooms 'till we get another ten minutes to spare. 'Bye now.

THE ANNOTATER.

Control Tower Tid-Bits

There has been some postings in the Tower lately. First of all Wig Commander W. J. Bundy, Chief Instructor, was posted to Lethbridge. We miss him at the Tower, but wish him all the luck at his new station. Squadron Leader Ross has taken over as Chief Instructor and we hope he will like Mossbank.

The two sergeants, who have a lot of fun giving red flares to the pilots, have also been posted. They are none other than Sgt. Barber and Sgt. "Scotty" Hill. They have been posted to Pat. Bay. We wonder what they will do without good old Mossbank; we sure will miss them and hope they won't forget No. 2 B. & G. School. Best of luck, boys!

Our Adjutant, F/Lt. Reesor, is claimed to be the man who "does the thinking" around here— isn't that right, Sir?

F/Lt. Jennings is still taking Sqdn. Ldr. Hale's place as O.C. of A.T.S. He's making a good job of it, too.

Our "Miscellaneous Special," Uncle Willie, has a birthday coming up. It's about time for another Control Tower party, or is it?

Before going any further, we must mention our bowler. Who? It's Toddie. She has been busy these "nights" brushing off the bowling alleys and making high scores. Does she look cute in those "Teddies"? And another thing, the red-headed "pin-up" boy takes a fancy to them, too . . . and how!

F/O. Gifford spent a week in the Tower. . . . It sure makes you think!

Lou has not been saying much since she got back from her leave. . . Wonder if it could be that "Ozzie." Tell us about it, Lou.

Well, that's about all the . . . for this time.

GLADYS.

News from the Bombing Teacher

Cpl. Tuck Moyal has been in the A.M.B.T. for a long while, and turns out a lot of good exercise. If a chap comes up to the third floor with a worried look, lights a smoke, walks around the table twice, and then relates a story on the sad condition of No. 1 machine, that is "Tuck".

Cpl. Pete Busch — Our ever ready maintenance and handy man. Pete is more than an amateur artist. His work, which adorns our walls, would indicate that he has a practiced eye for following "curves". (How about a few drawings for "Contact", Corporal?—Editor.)

Cpl. Harold Cassan — Plotting Office knew a good man, and hope to have Harold back. We have seen Harold with some very contented smiles lately. Some of these may be due to Saturday nights in Mossbank, eh, Harold?

Sgt. Graham—Usually found on the second floor at No. 4 machine explaining the intricacies of "drift" and "corrections". Al. keeps the students on the mark.

Fred Allsop — Our Aussie helper, whose theme song is "Don't you hear dem bells".

P/O. Ernie Lane—Quiet, but knows what's going on. Has made some real friends among the trainees as well as the staff.

P/O. Merc. Warren—Our well respected O/C., who gets things done — and neatly, too.

Drogue Flight Pilots

Once more we greet you from Drogue Flight with all the latest scandal about the "ace" pilots on the Station.

Everyone misses one of the swellest pilots ever in the flight, "Bud" Stephens, who, with LAC. Madiuck, was killed in a flying accident late in January. "Bud" was a tireless and a most efficient pilot. His very clever sketches of many of the Station personnel are certainly something to be remembered.

In accordance with a pre-arranged plan to build up the efficiency and morale of the other flights on the Station, the following boys have recently gone down to Bombing Flight: F/O. Keegan, P/O. Gillies and P/O. Stewart. "Sonny" Keegan is now an F/O.—after many long months of hard work; P/O. Gillies, "Sonny's" running mate, is still the "Romeo" of the pair and is continually whipping into Regina on his 48's. P/O. Stewart—"Stewy" to his friends—says he is definitely going to quit playing knock rummy if the fellows don't let him win once in a while.

The old pilots in the flight are "Johnny" Calderwood, who is on a course at Mountain View (in Upper Canada). Jack Henderson is "Joe" in Johnny's absence and incidentally crossed up the experts (especially Pat O'Mara) by finishing the Step Test on his feet. Talking about the Step Test of our latest recruits, Sgt. Doug. Whittaker had to be lifted in and out of the Lizzies for three days after he took the test. Tommy "Wrong Way" Orthman is still with us and keeps in trim by flying the gunnery line in reverse gear! Sgt. Chuck Templeton is on annual leave at the moment so we won't give away any inside dope on him. "Pretty Boy" Shirey is doing a mighty fine job in the flight and now the drogue operators are all tossing to see who is to ride with him.

The newer members of the Mercenary Flight (according to F/L. Lane) include Mickey Brennan and Don White, who are graduates of Gunnery Flight.

Guess that's all for now, but we'll close with a joke.

A little boy got on a crowded train and a kindly old gent asked him to share his seat. It was O.K. by the little boy, so the old gent took the picnic basket the kid was carrying and put it on the rack above his head. After a while the old man felt something drip-drip-drip on his neck and said to the boy:

"Sonny, I think your pickles are leaking." To which the little boy replied: "Them ain't pickles, Mister; them's puppies."

We think that F/O. Keegan should grow a beard so the bartender in York hotel, Calgary, will serve him beer. That must hurt when they figure P/O. Gillies is old enough to be admitted to the bar.

Conversion Flight

This is the first time heard from and I don't even work there, so I'd say "Shame" to those who do.

First off their Chief—F/L. Lane. Plenty of the credit for our having won the Efficiency Award goes to you, Sir, and even though you'd like to be as they say "Back in Canada," we hope you're here to keep us flying for some time yet.

After reading the last issue of Contact you can all see there isn't much we can say about their "Ace" Sgt. Carr, who would almost rather fly than eat.

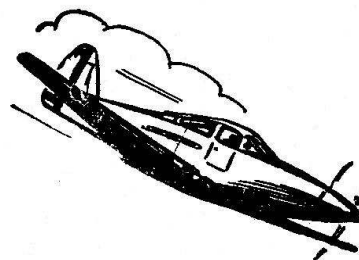
We mustn't forget our Jean, or Tiny, as she is called by her friends. If you know her you'll know what I mean. She may be small, but I hear she can hold her own with all those "wolves," pardon me, pilots, down there in Conversion. I remember once she called it "Confusion Flight," and more than likely the name is very applicable at most times.

The pilots down there are changing continually, but I'd like to say here that they all seem to be tops. They've proved that to me whenever I've been in the vicinity.

Of course, we mustn't forget the boys of the ground crew, without whom they could not keep 'em flying.

Guess I'd better scram now. Hope this meets with the approval of all at "Confusion" Flight. How about a word or two from you personally next issue?

AN ONLOOKER.



Peregrinations in Pedagogy

Ground Instruction School. Three words which, like Charity, cover a multitude of sins—mostly Armament; although A/C. and Ship Recognition may possibly be considered among the less cardinal.

However, even if strenuous efforts are made to get students to absorb a modicum of knowledge, let us not overlook activities in other directions.

G.I.S. team gave a good account of itself in the Volleyball League, and is backing F/O. O'Mara in his efforts to make Borden Ball popular at No. 2.

Those of the Station personnel who enjoyed Wednesday Vaudeville Show in the "Rec" Hall, will have recognized many members of G.I.S. both in the band and in the cast. Genial F/S. "Bill" Probert and his "Boiler Makers" did a sterling job. The audience found it almost impossible to converse during the numbers. Seriously, though, we should congratulate the band as a whole, on its good work.

"Our Si"—LAW. Simmons to you—without a doubt, has a very beautiful voice; it's too bad she's so busy in the orderly room, otherwise we might hear it more often. Thank you, "Si", especially for your song from Noel Coward's "Bitter Sweet".

WO.1 Cralli's posting to Mountain View has been felt very deeply by his many friends both within and without G.I.S. They all wish him the greatest success in his new sphere of activities.

WO.1 Ramsay, recently of Mountain View, has taken over the duties of Senior Instructor, and to him we extend a very sincere welcome.

F/S. Doug Ridehalgh has resumed instructional duties after an extended visit in the East. Oh, yes, Doug also attended a course at Rockcliffe during that time.

F/S. Mathews and Sgt. Roach are at present attending the same course, at Rockcliffe.

At the time of writing, WO.1 Ramsay and F/S. Paulson are on their way to Mountain View to absorb the latest gen. on armament. This instruction should prove very interesting in view of the many new types of weapons in use that formerly were not included on the armament instructor's syllabus.

Reports have it that F/S. Crowson is, at present, most unpopular with the

Armament Section. As a member of the recent Trade Test Board, he was in charge of the department dealing with "Stores Procedure" and "Workshops". Need we say more?

Imagine the mixed emotions of one of the students, who recently "bailed-out" of a Boly. He was dunb-founded to have the Rip Cord part company with the Pack. He was sorely afraid that he had ruined the chute, and beside, fearing the action that would be taken on his return to camp. (If the rumble is 4 shillings for pulling a chute, how much for ruining it?) He had lost the sole hope of ever seeing "Aussie" again. What a relief to see many, many yards of bee-eutiful silk fluttering rapidly upwards! Under such circumstances a life-time is lived in a moment. We understand that he is spending his present "spare" time writing an Ode to the Life of a Silkworm.

Incidentally, what Senior N.C.O. had difficulty convincing his "bitter half" that the Oral Examinations lasted till 2250 hours recently, and said exams pertained to Gunnery subjects only?

DROGUE OPERATORS

We wonder who the little girl in Regina is who causes **Art Murray** to sleep in the Drogue Room for two days after a forty-eight.

Acting Cpl. Whitaker has been coughing around here ever since his leave. Now that he has his "Temporary", we hope he'll cure that cold.

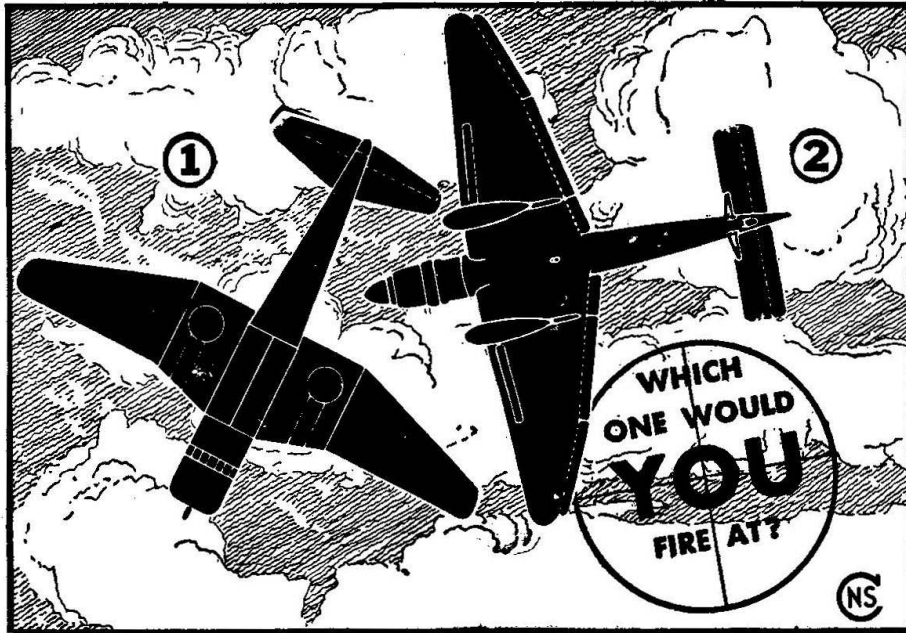
"**Speed**" **Goodair** is on leave now, so we don't know anything of his night life.

By now "**Pretty Boy**" **Swaboda** and **LAC. Gafgha** are on their way overseas. We do miss you very much, boys.

We have several new operators—**LAC. Logan**, **LAC. Herbert**, **AC.1 Bowan**, **AC.1 Warren**, and **Metcalfe**, of whom we know very little so far.

Then there is "**Curly-haired**" **Giles**, for whom the girls literally swoon.

Vic Loughheed left us to serve in the Canteen, **D. D. Aldcorn** went to Estevan with **LAC. Loyer**. Good luck to you in your new occupations.



NOT AT No. 1! It's a U.S. dive bomber, the Vultee A-31 Vengeance. This swift plane is powered by a single radial engine. It has a large, deep fuselage and the wings taper to square cut tips. Both edges of the tailplane taper to square cut tips. It has a single fin and rudder.

FIRE AT No. 2! It's the German Junkers Ju. 87B Stuka, a mid-wing single engine dive bomber. The leading edge of the wings are slightly tapered and the trailing edge is sharply swept forward to rounded tips. Its tailplane is rectangular. It has a single fin and rudder.

G.I.S. Stores Procedure

"No! we haven't got it—we can't get it, and even if we could get it, you couldn't have it."

That, my fran's, is standard conversation in G.I.S. Stores. If this is told you by LAC Rines (known as Zeke), try Verne Richardson; he will tell you the same thing in language which is more picturesque and the Hayes office would die if they heard it. But should you still persist, try asking P/O. "Junior" Markell; he will quietly tell you to go to that well known place where there is no heat shortage.

Later, there is a brief skirmish to see who is going down to "C" Class Stores. Maybe Cpl. Nellie Manson is the reason for the skirmish. Then who should walk in but the "glamour girl" of G.I.S.—a skirt by the name of Simons. Immediately three wolves are licking their chops, but are quickly disillusioned when "glamorous" hands them a pile of amendments—the howls turn to growls and Si beats a hasty retreat.

Here comes Snoop Snyder—trying to scrounge Browning gun parts, but he is successfully beaten off.

There is a sniffing sound at the door and we look up to see F/S. Hodges mournfully weeping. It seems he wants a pencil. For once stores go soft hearted and we give him a stub three inches long.

Fiendish grins always appear when a course is being cleared, but lately we have been disappointed because the boys aren't losing any precis—curses!

Thus the battle of Mossbank goes on—with a cry, "Get that man's name and number, he didn't sign for that penful of ink!"

Sgt. Davies: "Haven't you a speedometer on this car?"

Sgt. Morrow: "I don't need any. If I do 40 miles an hour the lamps rattle, at 50 the whole car rattles, and if I go above that, my dental plates rattle."

The “Armour-ers”

The lovelife of this section is really something to talk about, everyone except me, and as you don't know dear reader who me is I'll remain anonymous.

There is of course the F/S who wants so badly to “go back to where he came from.” The flight is going aircrew and just a day or two ago could be softly and sweetly heard crooning “Say a prayer for the boys over there”, with many trills and tremolos. He's either going sentimental on us or more likely trying to put in a good word for himself. Next he'll be going to church. Father Branch please take note.

What's the attraction, Mr. Gowling, down in parachute section, or the photographic section?

Which reminds me. Joe, our “equipment expert”, will need some real protection if he goes down to Stores now One week down on his knees for Marion, next week up on his toes for Mary. You-you Casanova you (and in business hours too).

There is an new addition to our office staff, just a temporary one, you should see his eyes light up, yep, he walks and talks, too, but it's all about a gal named Marge, or Ruth, personally I can't see what any man sees in a blonde. Joe hand me the peroxide. Just one little word of warning, don't do what a certain airman from Bombing Flight did Stew, it seems that the bomb armourer introduced the light of his life to a “friend.” Now the accent is an “armour” but for the bomb armourers buddy.

The only rift in our lovelife column is with Sgt. Masson, he is staying away from tractors for sometime to come and who can blame him. It's a wonder he wasn't charged with low flying, his ground loop was really something to see. Betty, his wife, was very unpopular with Jimmy when she only asked “What happened.” Thank heavens Mr. Masson is a gentleman, at least he was in public.

We don't know about our O.C.'s lovelife but we did see him bowl. He certainly works hard at it. He throws practically everything but himself down the alley. Guess he's just struggling to be another pin-up boy. Never mind we admire your spirit, and as long as you don't start throwing over-hand the bowling alley can't kick.

At “coke-time” a good deal of penny flipping goes on. Some people are just born to be smarter than other people. We can't help it if we win all the time, even the O.C. got stuck. I guess we're just the innocent looking type. You boys will stick your neck out and we're just the ones to use the axe. That is, my silent partner and I.

Range Crew Chatter

We're quite busy these days remodeling ye olde cook-shack; and by the way, fellows, I wonder when we're going to get our new barracks out here?

O/C. of Range—Mr. Walker is quite happy these days, now that we have completed thirteen miles of splash targets.

N.C.O. i/c—Has Sgt. Simmons got St. Vitus Dance, or is it just the after-effects of operating the pneumatic drill?

Two hard-working LAC's. would like to know why the Sarge so severely reprimanded them for taking a breather after working overtime on cold Lake Johnston. (How do you like chopping ice, Si?)

N.C.O. i/c Ticville—Does Sgt. Harris spent his 48's in Expanse just to shoot rabbits; or are there two-legged deer out that way? How about that, Reg.?

N.C.O. i/c No. 3 Target—Cpl. Burg is always happy, cause he's stationed so darn close to home; so all he thinks about is the bi-monthly 48!

The Rangers—Say, Harnden, has that party back east recuperated from your last furlough?

Listen, Girard! We know that you're pretty buxom, but we didn't think the bombardiers would use you for a target. If you had got that target swept off a little earlier in the morning, those Aussies wouldn't have dropped their eggs on you!

We all agree that our pin-boy certainly gets around on this campus. Take a bow, Luker; these fellows from Montreal aren't backward about coming forward!

The section regrets very much the passing of the late LAC. Maduik, a popular airman, who is missed by all.

FISH DON'T USE 'EM, EITHER

Skeptic Miss: “Can this coat be worn out in the rain without hurting it?”

Fur Salesman: “Lady, did you ever see a skunk wearing an umbrella?”



KEEP FIT!

STATION SPORTS

New Sports Office

The P.T. and D. Department is very proud of its new office in the Drill Hall. The plans are all drawn up, and work will begin almost immediately. It will be noted that the Drill Hall already has its telephone. The Station P.T. and D. Officer feels that the completion of this office will add new impetus to the already busy sports programme on the Station.

A word may be said here about the new paint job on lines and basketball brackets in the Drill Hall. This work is being supervised by F/S. Anderson, and it is requested that you co-operate with the P.T. and D. Department by wearing runners at all times when playing in the Drill Hall.

HOCKEY

Hockey has finally come into its own. The No. 4 Training Command Eastern Zone Hockey League is in full swing. In the several games that have been played, Regina No. 2 I.T.S. seems to have the edge, but the Mossbank Gunners are improving rapidly. The first game between these two teams resulted in a win for Regina by the score of 8 to 1, but in the second game Regina had all it could do to squeeze out a 12-10 win.

No. 25 E.F.T.S., Assiniboia, played No. 2 B. & G. School, Mossbank, in a Service Hockey League game at the Mossbank rink. After a hard-fought game the Mossbank team edged out a 6-5 win. The line-ups of the teams were as follows:

Mossbank — Heatley (goal); Sykes, Hill, MacDonald, F/O. Whitaker, Marchand (defence); Masterson, Martin, Whittaker, Bornes, Nelson, Collett, LeBlaw, Booth (forwards).

Assiniboia — Bridges (goal); Morrow, Maitfield, Tufford (defence); Campbell, Cattermore, Hamra, Bennett, Donaldson (forwards).

Regina No. 2 I.T.S. vs. Mossbank No. 2 B. & G.

The game between Regina No. 2 I.T.S. and Mossbank No. 2 B. & G. was played in Mossbank before a large crowd. After one of the best games seen in Mossbank for years, No. 2 I.T.S. edged out a 12-10 win.

Summary of the game: 1st period—1, No. 2 B. & G., Richardson from Matheson from MacDonald; 2, No. 2, B. & G., Richardson from Matheson; 3, No. 2 B. & G., Whittaker from MacDonald; 4, Regina, Adkins from Cooper; 5, Regina, McDonnet; 6, Regina, Keleen; 7, No. 2 B. & G., Richardson from D. Whittaker; 8, No. 2 B. & G., Whittaker; 9, Regina, Simmons from McLean; 10, No. 2 B. & G., MacDonald from D. Whittaker. 2nd period—11, Regina, Adkins from Cooper; 12, Regina, Adkins from McDunn; 3, Regina, Cooper; 14, Regina, Allan. 3rd period—15, Regina, Simmons; 16, No. 2 B. & G., Bornes; 17, Regina, Cooper; 18, Regina, McDunn; 19, Regina, McLean; 20, No. 2 B. & G., MacDonald; 21, No. 2 B. & G., D. Whittaker; 22, No. 2 B. & G., MacDonald.

Standings	W.	L.	D.	Pts.
No. 2 I.T.S.	3	0	0	6
No. 2 B. & G.	1	2	0	2
No. 25 E.F.T.S.	0	1	0	0
No. 32 S.F.T.S.	0	1	0	0

Maintenance have formed a league of their own on the Station, but have been handicapped by lack of ice. However, P/O. Dusty Millar has arranged practices for them in town, and also home games with Gravelbourg.

Skating

Skating has been proving itself a very popular sport, and Station personnel have taken full advantage of their good fortune in having a closed-in rink so conveniently situated. The Sunday Skating Club has been organized and has a good membership. The Station rink hasn't been doing so well—what with all this balmy weather—but now that winter seems to have put in a belated appearance we may be able to keep a little ice on the rink (we hope).

Volley-Ball

The Volleyball schedule came to end on February 2nd. The league was made up of ten teams, and the standing at the end of league play was as follows:

	W.	L.	Pts.
G.I.S.	8	1	16
A.T.S.	8	1	16
Fire Department	6	3	12
P.T. & D.	5	4	10
Service	5	4	10
Headquarters	5	4	10
Equipment	3	6	6
Armourers	2	7	4
Repair	1	8	2
Trainees	0	9	0

The play-offs were in the form of a knock-out tournament in which the Fire Dept. defeated P.T. & D. in the finals, after a hard-fought two out of three series. The line-ups were:

Fire Department — LAC. Marchand, WO.2 Rousby, Sgt. Huston, LAC. Stackhouse and Cpl. Monahan.

P.T. & D.—F/O. O'Mara, WO.2 Parker, F/S. MacDonald, F/S. Anderson, Sgt. Smale and LAC. Shawcross.

The Station Volleyball trophy was presented to Captain WO.2 Rousby of the Fire Department team by Group Captain Tennant, at the Station dance on February 2nd.

The Station Volleyball League turned out to be the most popular and hard-fought league of the winter season.

Swimming

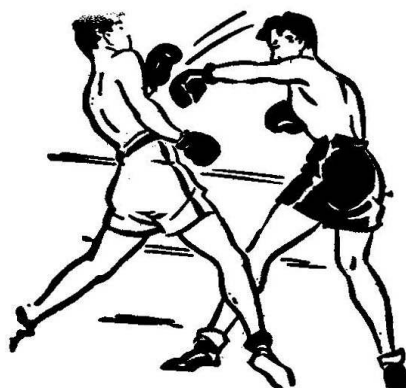
The big item of interest in connection with swimming is a mighty important one. It's perfectly true that many men die in wartime because they can't swim, and we are trying to cut down the odds against some of our boys.

Under the able supervision of Sgt. Smale, all trainees are now given a swimming test as soon as they report for P.T. All those cannot pass the required test are given individual instruction and practice until they can.

Carry on the good work, Sgt. Smale.

Water Polo

In order to make more use of our splendid swimming pool and provide exercise and recreation, as well as excitement for the spectators, a Water Polo League is being formed. This is a mighty strenuous game and very interesting, so we're expecting a big turnout, both in players and spectators.



Boxing

While there has not been a great deal of boxing right on the Station, our boxing team has been out winning laurels away from home. No. 2 I.T.S., Regina, put on a couple of dandy boxing cards, and our boys were there—and how! The team on the first card, January 15th, consisted of LAC. "Tony" Marchand, AC.1 Prentice and LAC. LaFountain, with Sgt. Wilson as coach.

Tony started an old-time feud with LAC. Bass of Swift Current. Tony lost on a spit decision, which wasn't too popular.

AC.1 Prentice didn't leave much doubt as to who was top man in his fight with LAC. Croft of No. 32 S.F.T.S., when he won a clear-cut decision over the latter.

Much to the disappointment of all concerned, LAC. LaFountain didn't get a chance to tangle with LAC. Walliser of McLeod, due to the fact that midnight arrived before their bout came up. LaFountain has since been posted overseas and, needless to say, our best wishes go with him.

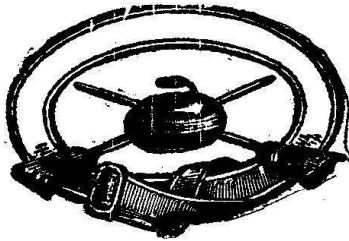
The second fight card at No. 2 I.T.S. was shorter in length, but lacked nothing in quality. It was held on January 29th, and only one man, Tony Marchand, represented No. 2 B. & G.

They say revenge is sweet, and our fighting fireman tasted it to the full in carrying on the feud against LAC. Bass, and this time emerged victorious after a tough fight—one of the real thrillers of

the evening. "Gee, Mister, can I have your autograph!"

With open arms we welcome to our boxing team LAC. "Scotty" Richardson, a wee Scot who can really dish it out. If you saw him at the two fight cards in Regina, you'd know what we mean. Right now he is working out every day, because on February 15th he will represent No. 2 B. & G. on a card to be held at McLeod, Alberta. Good luck, Scotty.

Curling



Since the Curling season started No. 2 B. & G. School, through the excellent co-operation of the Mossbank Curling and Skating Club, has been able to take part in the roaring game. Six rinks have been playing regularly, and ten R.C.A.F. rinks have entered in the Bonspiel. Final results will not be obtainable for a few days, but some of the teams are sure to be in the jewelry. The rinks entered in the Bonspiel are: F/Lt. Venables, Cpl. Peterson, Cpl. Audibert, F/S. Ramage, Sgt. Beamish, F/O. Minton, Cpl. Hindley.

* * *

Borden Ball

On February 9, 1944, a new protégé was born to the Station Sports Family, and was named Borden Ball. Our new P.T. & D. instructor, F/S. Andersan, can rightly claim the honor of being its "Pappy".

The christening was attended by teams from A.T.S. and G.I.S. Judging from the speed of the boys on both teams, everyone seemed quite jubilant over the new arrival.

Sgt. McCarter, playing centre for A.T.S. and F/S. Paulson, in goal for G.I.S., carried on their own celebration

—McCarter to the tune of nine goals, and Paulson just as stubbornly kicking out the proverbial million that brought gasps, oh's and ah's from the spectators.

A.T.S. were a little too fast and tricky for G.I.S., and the game ended in their favor to the tune of 13 to 6.

The opening was considered a big success, and G.I.S. have vowed that by the time the coming-of-age party comes around things will be different.

Borden Ball League

Teams	Representative
No. 1—G.I.S.	F/S. Paulson
No. 2—Service	Cpl. Hindley
No. 3—Fire Dept.	W/O.2 Rousby
No. 4—P.T. & D.	F/S. MacDonald
No. 5—Repair	LAC. Heatly
No. 6—A.T.S.	F/S. Leggett

Schedule

Mar. 1.....1—3	Mar. 8.....1—2
Mar. 1.....4—2	Mar. 8.....3—6
Mar. 1.....5—6	Mar. 8.....4—5
Mar. 15.....	Play-offs

1st and 2nd teams will play off, the best out of three games to declare winner.

Borden Ball Rules

Rule No. 1—Size of Court: The game is played on a field or floor about the size of the ice surface of a hockey rink.

Rule No. 2.—Players: There are six men on a team—a goalie, two defence-men and three forwards. There is an unlimited substitution.

Rule No. 3—Ball: The game is played with a rugby ball, which is passed from one player to another and eventually thrown at the goal.

Rule No. 4—Goals: The goals are similar to hockey goals.

Rule No. 5—Crease: There is a semi-circular crease in front of each goal, five yards in radius.

Rule No. 6—Penalty Shot: A penalty shot is thrown from a spot seven yards in front of goal.

Rule No. 7—Commence of Play: The game commences with the ball being thrown to the centre forward of one team by the referee. The team receiving the ball shall be determined by the toss of a coin. The other team gets the ball at the beginning of the second half.

Rule No. 8—Playing time: The game consists of two fifteen-minute halves, with a five-minute rest period at half time. Overtime consists of five minutes' playing time each way.

Rule No. 9—Time Out: Time shall be taken out—(i) after a goal is scored; (ii) at time of substitution of players; (iii) when a team asks for time out, which is allowable once each period for each team. This also applies to over-time periods.

Rule No. 10—Steps: A player can only take three steps with the ball; penalty, loss of ball.

Rule No. 11—Possession of Ball by a Player: A player can only remain at a standstill with the ball for three seconds; penalty, loss of ball.

Rule No. 12—Checking: A defensive player may not interfere with ball-handler within a 3-ft. radius; penalty, a penalty shot.

Rule No. 13—Incomplete Pass: Should a pass be not completed, the ball goes to the opposing team.

Rule No. 14—Out of Bounds: A ball handler on stepping outside of playing area loses possession of ball.

Rule No. 15—Crease Rules: Should an offensive player step into the crease he loses possession of the ball. If he is in the act of shooting, he must stay out of the crease even after the goal is scored, and until the referee has the ball in his possession. Should a defensive player step into the crease, the opposing team gets a penalty shot.

Rule No. 16 — Recommencement of Play After a Score: When a goal is scored, the referee gives the ball to the centre forward of the team scored upon, in the centre of the floor.

Rule No. 17—Fouls: A player upon committing four personal fouls shall be banished from the game.

Rule No. 12—Unsportsmanlike Conduct: The referee shall award a free shot for unsportsmanlike conduct, and has the right to expel a player from the game if such conduct continues.

Rule No. 12—Addressing the Referee: The captain of the team is the only player entitled to address the referee.

* * *

Archery

At the request of the C.O., Archery has been suspended until the alterations have been made and a new target area can be arranged for. New targets are being prepared by Work Shops this time. This order has been made for the safety of the personnel of the Station, as Archery is as dangerous a game as it is popular.

Bowling



We have already anticipated, in "Contact" the popularity of our new Bowling Alley. Perhaps we couldn't anticipate the high degree of enthusiasm shown by everyone on the Station. The Bowling Alley was officially opened by the C.O. on January 18th, when he bowled the first frame. Any time of day, and night, you can hear the song of the bowls and the clatter of the pins as bowlers make contact with them.

There are four alleys, and the lighting is excellent. According to all reports, it compares more than favorably with any R.C.A.F. Station Bowling Alleys.

They are efficiently run by F/S. Mahoney and Sgt. Daze, and as soon as you are off duty you should hurry to get your name on the board if you expect to play a string that evening.

Highest scorers to date are: F/O. Minton, 335; LAC. Kidd, 319; Cpt. Penfold (W.D.), 280; Cpl. Fisher (W.D.), 240.

Group Captain Tennant was seen recently keeping his hand in at the game; and enjoying it, too.

F/O. O'Mara reports that a Bowling League is under consideration for the near future.

In passing, we must congratulate Sgt. Daze on his recent promotion. We all agree that he is indispensable and that No. 2 B. & G. would not be the same without him.

Not So Bright

"Your husband looks like a brilliant man, I suppose he knows everything."

"Don't fool yourself; he doesn't even suspect anything."

Maintenance Wing Sports

Time has rolled around for us to present our second sport review to the Station. Since our last effort, a great deal more activity has been noticed in sports world. Now for a summary of the various sports in which Maintenance personnel are striving for top honors.

Curling

With the Mossbank bonspiel in full progress it is heartening to notice the great number of rinks entered from Maintenance. With final results still to be decided, Cpl. Audibert's rink seems to be the one that will take top honors. Already they have reached the jewelry in two events, knocking out F/Lt. Venables' rink, both times they met, in battles to qualify for the fours. Ernie Cunningham's aggregation, after winning five straight games, dropped out of the jewelry by losing two important matches. Other rinks, skipped by Sgt. Beamish, Cpl. Hindley, Cpl. Peterson and Cpl. Dennison, as yet haven't managed to hit their stride. However, they are expected to be heard from in short order.



Hockey

Maintenance hockey-minded members got their first opportunity of the year last Wednesday, when about 30 players turned out at the Mossbank rink. Despite the shortage of equipment, some rough and ready hockey was in order for the night. The Maintenance hockey team are planning a series of games with teams from the surrounding district. The first of these games is slated for Sunday, February 13th, at Gravelbourg. The return match will be played at Mossbank Station. Personnel are requested to turn out and give their moral support at these games.

Borden Ball

This new and interesting game is just getting under way. Some fine battles are expected when the boys get used to this new sport. We have two teams entered in this league. Both Service and Repair are upholding Maintenance Wing prestige in this league.

Volleyball

At a six-team play-off in the Volleyball league, Maintenance boys, in the first round, defeated the hitherto undefeated A.T.S. squad. This was after three hard-fought games. Despite this big win, the boys were set back on their heels in the next round by the P.T. & D. squad. Our congratulations go to the Fire Dept., who came out of this play-off as Station champs.

There is very little to report along the line of other sports. Every night we see more and more of our members making their way to the Drill Hall to take part in a game of Badminton, Bowling or one of the other various activities that take place every night. Congratulations to our sportsmen for the uplift in sporting events. The few that carried on for the first while in sports are happy to see that now they are going to have to compete with a place on the various Maintenance teams.

Badminton

Always a very popular sport, Badminton is being played daily at any hour in the Drill Hall.

Shuttle enthusiasts will be glad to hear that another tournament is in the wind. Past tournaments have been popular with Officers, N.C.O.'s, Airmen and Airwomen. If you have a keen eye, and like a good work-out, buy a shuttle at the Airmen's Canteen or the W.D. Canteen and go and learn the game, if you haven't already been introduced to it. We promise you it will be a lot of fun.

F/Sgt. Wilson (W. & B.): "Georgie, my plate is damp."

"Hush," remarked Georgie, "that's your chicken soup."

Literature 

**The Pen is Mightier
Than the Sword**

Station Library



Since the last publication of "Contact" a large number of new books has been added to our shelves. These should undoubtedly be of interest to all book lovers, whether your interests be along technical, non-fiction or fictional lines. Why not come in and look them over?

Library hours are as follows:

1200 hours — 1600 hours
1700 hours — 2000 hours

The following should be of particular interest to various tradesmen on this Station:

How to Design and Install Plumbing—A. J. Matthius, Jr.: A book of 388 pages, well illustrated by photographs and drawings, and should prove of great value, not only to apprentices and beginners, but to the experienced plumber as well.

Practical Electrical Wiring — H. P. Richter: This book is based on the 1940 National Electrical Code. Consisting of three parts: part 1 presents the fundamentals of electrical work; terminology; basic principles and the theory behind general practices. Part 2 deals with the actual wiring of residential buildings and farms. Part 3 covers the actual wiring of non-residential buildings, such as stores, factories, schools, and similar structures.

The Working, Heat-Treating and Welding of Steel — H. L. Campbell: (Second Edition). This text is supplemented with a series of laboratory assignments.

Elementary Forge Practice—Robert H. Harcourt, Mechanical Engineering Dept., Stanford University.

Electric Welding (Illustrated—Morgan H. Potter, B.Sc.

Airplane Maintenance — Hubert G. Lesley: An authoritative book for mechanics, pilots, salesmen, draftsmen, engineers, students and operators. This book covers the Servicing of Controls, Hydraulic Systems, Electrical Accessories, Structural Parts, De-icing Equipment, Instruments, Fuel and Oil Sys-

tems, Heating Systems, as well as chapters on Aircraft Welding and Vibration.

W.D.'s. will find these books especially interesting:

I Served on Bataan—Lieut. Juanita Redmond, A.N.C.: She was one who escaped from Bataan and Corregidor—one of the few. She was part of the American-Filipino Army that, outnumbered and under-equipped, waged an incredibly heroic battle against the invader of the Philippines. In telling her own story, she recreates a blazing chapter in the history of American arms.

Heroines of Modern Greece—Lois A. C. Raphael.

Sky Hostess — Betty Peckham: Deals with the main facts which should have real meaning to many girls who have ambition towards a career in the skyways.

Wings On My Feet—Sonja Heinie: This talented young lady requires no introduction beyond the fact that her Autobiography is as interesting as she is charming. Illustrations of simple and intricate routines and exercises should prove beneficial to anyone wishing to improve their skating.

A New Design for Women's Education —Constance Warren, President, Sarah Lawrence College: This is not just another book about Education. It is a shining vision of a new world in which learning and living are one. Miss Warren's new "design", which fits men as well as women, is based on the idea that education should be a matter of helping each individual to develop to the fullest extent of his capacity, rather than of trying to meet someone else's standards of what everybody ought to know.

The Art of Being a Successful Business Girl—Gladys Torson: ...A practical guide for the young business women who wants to advance her status by improving her work.



WITH OUR POETS

Just Before the Trade Test Mother

Just before the Trade Test, Mother,
I am thinking most of home,
Wond'ring why I didn't stay there,
What gave me the urge to roam.
Comrades sit around me shaking,
Biting nails so pink and bright,
What we wouldn't give, dear
Mother,
Could we but vanish in the night.
Mother, maybe we will never
Reach that goal that is our aim,
But, believe me, when I tell you,
We will never be the same.

Just before the Trade Test, Mother,
All our thoughts are backward
turned.

Do we know what every form is?
What were those we hadn't learned?
Pals light fags with shaky fingers,
Pace the floor with ceaseless tread,
"O'r the top" we'll soon be going,
Will we number with the dead?
Mother, what lies there before us?
Will they have mercy on our brain?
What we'd like right now, dear
Mother,
Is passage on a speeding train.

Now the end's in sight, dear Mother.
Have our efforts been in vain?
When the next Board calls upon us,
Will we all be there again?
If so, as pals, we'll quake together,
Find comfort in each other's fears,
Laugh when there is nothing funny,
When we all feel more like tears.
Mother, there will be difference,
When again we face this fray,
Locks that once were brown, dear
Mother,
Will have changed. We'll all be
grey.

—MADGE DAVIES.

Sgt. Brett: "They say you can tell a girl's character by her clothes."

F/Sgt. Shirey: "I don't believe it. Girls must have more character than that."

P. T.

P.T. today? I hate the stuff.
When I'm through work I've had
enough!
Instructors make me sick, they stand
And leer while we obey commands.
We run and jump and bob and bend;
To all this nonsense there's no end!

I don't like playing silly games,
Especially with a bunch of dames;
My back is sore, my shoulders ache—
And then, at night, I like awake.
I toss and turn and wonder when
They'll make me take P.T. again.

I like to bowl, I like to dance,
I like to make the arrows glance,
I like to skate, I like to ski—
Like exercise—but **not** P.T.!

What is P.T.? It's through and through,
The everything I hate to do—
And yet I like to have some fun,
I like to play when work is done!

CPL. MARY KER.

Airwoman's Lament

An Airwoman stood at the Pearly Gates
Her face was scarred and old,
She stood before the man of fate
For admission to the fold.
"And what have you done?" St. Peter
said,
"To gain admission here."
"I've been a W.D.," she said,
"For many and many a year."
The Pearly Gates swung open wide
When Peter touched a bell.
"Come in," he said, "and choose your
harp,
"You've had your share of Hell."

Sgt. Nimrod (in Pre-aircrew Class):
"Sgt. Danforth, give me a sentence lack-
ing in coherence."

Sgt. Danforth: "A chesterfield is a
piece of furniture made to hold three
people with an arm at each end."

The Fire Fighters

We get up in the morning
At the break of dawn,
We rush to the Mess Hall
But find breakfast all gone.

Next comes the cleaning
Of Fire Hall and Truck,
But find out that "Shorty"
Has cleaned up the muck.

Then we sit down
To listen to the news,
While the Major is thinking
There is no time to lose.

He then hollers out,
"There's extinguishers to weigh";
And someone clean the wash bowls
Or there will be rumbles to pay.

Of course, we all shiver
With fear and with fright,
For we know that the Major
Likes things clean and bright.

We'll start with WO.2 Rousby,
The boss of the Fire Hall.
He is very understanding
And tries to please us all.

His home is in Toronto.
He doesn't like the West,
But we all know the Major
Should always know the best.

Next comes our Sergeant.
Huston is his name.
It's mostly for wolfing
That he got his name.

If someone should tell us
Where Sarge spends late nights,
We all know he's walking
Under bright Northern Lights.

We can't prove a thing
On our Sergeant just yet;
We know it's a W.D.,
Or we are all wet.

Then come two Corporals,
Terry and Graves.
When they give the orders,
You would think we are slaves.

Then come the Joe's,
A bunch of Nit-Wits.
I think they drive
The N.C.O.'s into fits.

We will start with Daws,
A cute little tike.
Whatever he has,
The girls really like.

Next comes Dumais,
A Fire Fighter at heart.
After a Moose Jaw 48,
He is very hard to start.

Then comes Kindred.
He is more the timid kind;
But when it comes to passes,
He always seems behind.

Next comes Marchand,
A good sport all around;
But very often Tony
Must have something to pound.

Then comes McGough.
His home is in the East,
But we can say for Charlie,
He is not a Wolfish beast.

Last comes Morris.
He keeps the telephone hot.
Is it someone in the M.T.
That likes Frank a lot?

By LAC. REMPLE, D. I.

To a Friend

When I have done with my day's toil,
And the pale tones of even descend,
I quietly leave this world's turmoil
And think upon a dear, dear friend.

A friend is blind to each little mistake
And sees only in one what is fine;
A friend is as soothing as that we take
From the warm glow of an aged wine.

A friendship can soothe where medicines
fail,
And glow so brightly thru the dark;
'Tis a friend you need when courage is
frail,
'Tis a friendship imparts the saving
spark.

WO.2 MacKenzie: "My wife had a
dream last night, and she thought she
married a millionaire."

F/Sgt. Sanderson: "You're lucky,
chum; mine thinks that in the daytime."

F/Sgt. L. Smith: "What would you do
if you were in my shoes."
Sgt. Cordwell: "Get a shine."

Oh Yeah!

Of course, our Station runs itself,
There's not much work to do.
It swings along just like a song,
Why worry, me and you!

The C.O.—well, why mention him?
He never does a tap—
Just sits in there without a care,
He surely has a snap.

You think the C.I.'s job is hard?
Why, brother, don't you know,
That all he does the whole year through
Is watch the Courses come and go.

The C.T.O.—well, bless my soul,
I'm sure you must be lying,
For all his time is occupied
In watching Aircraft flying!

The "Admin-O's." job is just a joke,
It makes a fellow grin.
The C.G.I. and Adjutant,
They have it pretty "thin".

And so we might go on and on
Enumerating sinecures.
There's only one job really tough,
And that there job is "yours".

Oh, yes, each job just runs itself
With Automatic Buzz.
If you're in doubt, just try it out—
You'll say—"Like heck it does".

The Voice of My Soul

A pale moon shines in a cold, grey sky,
And my lonely soul cries out your
name;
But lofty temples of prayer on high
Only answer my plea in vain.

My heart, in a simple earthly way,
Pleads for the love we once knew.
Still the sky is cold and grey.
And my soul cries out for you.

The endless night grows into day,
My spirit grows haggard and wan;
And still I pray in a heartfelt way,
Tho my voice is long since gone.

Surely one day the sun will rise
In a sky that is cheery and bright,
And temples of prayer will turn your eyes
To the one who loves you this night.

What Am I?

The boy friend called the other night,
With a date to dine and dance.
I said "No," both polite and right.
He replied "Come on, take a chance."
What am I?

Grampa Wilson lives in a country town,
At entertaining he's just a big clown;
He writes: "Come for a week and stay
stay for two."
If I did, my name would be—taboo.
What am I?

I simply love to shop and shop.
But now,—one look—I dare not stop.
It appears that high heels are not
satisfactory.
The reason, well, they're still made at
the factory.
What am I?

My Dad used to look up and say "Good
night,"
Even though 'twas five o'clock. He was
quite right;
I didn't need a pass, I didn't need a card.
As for Mum, well, she never said a word.
What am I?

The silliest of hats give me such thrills,
But Mam says "Away with those frills."
What am I? Surely you can guess.
I'm wearing a uniform. I'm a W.D. Oh,
yes!

And that am I.

The Struggle

The story of life has oft been told;
The struggle of man thru the years.
Amusing in phases this fight of old
Was usually honoured with tears.

Man has risen to glorious height;
But glory has ever been cruel;
Glorious day was followed by night;
Now lust and ambition rule.

We, who live in this modern day,
Knew not the battle to live;
But now, all races gone astray,
We no longer take but give.

Perhaps in many years to come,
When man will grow into man,
We'll warrant Him a place in the sun,
And with love lengthen life's span.



Exercising the Mind

Conundrums

1. Why do girls kiss girls, and men not?
2. Why do women make good post office employees?
3. What herb is most harmful to a woman's beauty?
4. What is the difference between a girl and an old hat?
5. What is becoming to every woman?
6. Why may a beggar wear a short coat?
7. What is the difference between a witty scholar and shoe polish?
8. Why is a jeweler like a prisoner in an interment camp?
9. Why is a flyer whose plane plows into the earth like a successful speculator?
10. What is the difference between a milkmaid and a swallow?
11. What goes most against a farmer's grain?

Mathematics

1—Dividing Legacy

A man left \$400 to be divided between his two sons, John and Harry.

If one-third of John's legacy be taken from one-fourth of Harry's the remainder would be \$44.

What was the amount of each legacy?

2—Buying Geese

A man bought a number of geese at a cost of \$240, and after reserving fifteen of the birds he sold the remainder for \$216, thus gaining 40 cents a head by these.

How many geese did he buy?

3—Boys and Girls

Nine boys and three girls agreed to share equally their pocket-money. Every boy gave an equal sum to every girl and every girl gave another sum to every boy.

Every boy and every girl then possessed exactly the same amount.

What was the smallest possible amount that each then possessed? (a) In English money; (b) in Canadian money.

4—Pile Driving

During some bridge-building operations a pile was being driven in the river.

A foreman remarked that at high water a quarter of the pile was embedded in the mud, one-third was under water and 17 ft. 6 in. above water.

What was the length of the pole?

5—Wages

A maid is promised \$100.00 and a coat for a year's engagement. She leaves at seven months and is paid \$20.00 and the coat.

What was the coat valued at?

Quizzical Quirps

1. Ju 90 is
2. The C.I. of No. 2 B. & G. is
3. A.T.S. means
4. A.G.S. Parts mean
5. An E26 is
6. S.W.O. means
7. A.M.B.T. means
8. N.C.O. i/c Headquarters O.R. is.....
9. An E93 is
10. An M.I.O. is

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

Across

1. Flying target.
6. A Joe-boy Officer.
8. Opens (backward).
10. A prefix.
12. Barrack.
14. An officer's worry.
16. She is a Clerk General.
17. Someone's initials. (I know her.)
18. The S.P.'s are supposed to be this.
21. A summer resort. (Take your swim suit.)
22. Catty Sob Sisters' Club. (Not organized yet.)
24. Sharp flavors (backwards).
26. A.W.D. Officer.
27. A fish (not a sucker).
28. A No. 2 B. & G. byway (abv.).

Down

1. March heralds "_____".
2. Plural suffix.
3. The Padre's duty is to "_____".
4. Tea without the "a".
5. Round.
7. Correct.
9. Not in—added to—the Cpl' photographer.
11. Prefix.
13. Mountain lakes.

1		2	3	4	5	6	7
		8				9	
10	11			12		13	
14		15					
		16		17			
18	19						20
	21			22			
23		24		25			
26			27				28

15. Loud noises in the Rec. Hall.
19. No more use (R.C.A.F.).
20. An R.A.F.
23. He goes with No. 6 across.
25. A direction. (Ask the navigator.)

ANSWERS

CONUNDRUMS

1. Because girls have nothing better to kiss, and men have!
2. Because they know how to man—the males (mails).
3. Thyme!
4. One has feeling and the other has felt!
5. A blush.
6. Because it will be long before he has another.
7. One shines at the head and the other at the foot.
8. Because he has too much time on his hands.
9. Because he has taken a flier in real estate.
10. One skims the milk; the other skims the water.
11. His binder.

MATHEMATICS

- 1.—The two legacies were \$96 and \$304. For if 32 (one-third of 96) be taken from 76 (one-fourth of 304) the remainder will be 44.
- 2.—The man bought 75 geese at \$3.20 each, making \$240.00. After retaining 15, he sold the remaining 60

at \$3.60 each, making \$216.00, as stated. He thus made a profit of 40 cents on the 60 birds that he resold.

3.—(a) Every boy at the possessed 3d, and he gave 1/4d to every girl. Every girl held 9d, of which she gave 3/4d to every boy. Then every child would have 4 1/2.

3.—(b) Same answers, in dollars.

4.—The reader will probably give the answer as 42 ft., but there is a little trap in the puzzle. The part embedded in the mud must also be considered as "under water". The answer is, therefore, 26 ft. 3 in.

5.—\$92.00.

QUIZZICAL QUIRPS

1. German aircraft.
2. S/L. Ross.
3. Armament Training School.
4. Aircraft General Spare Parts.
5. Repayment Voucher.
6. Station Warrant Officer.
7. Air Ministry Bombing Teacher.
8. F/S. Marier.
9. Conversion or Transfer Voucher.
10. Medical History Sheet.



To Laugh is to Live

The Wolf

by Sansone



A Friend

Judge not a friend if the mind
Should, for a moment, know hate,
Have the deeds he leaves behind
Determine his true state.

Remember not when he erred—
The fault is human in men—
Remember not his unpleasant word
But that kindness o'ercame him again.

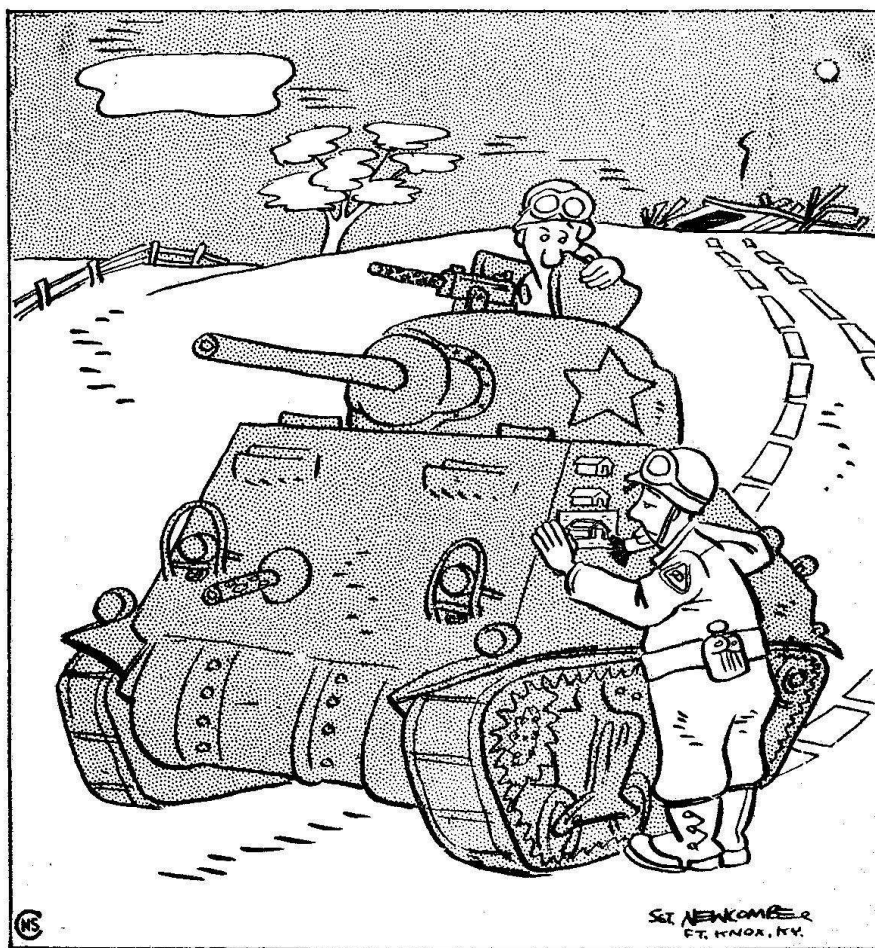
The years one lives are so few,
One has no time to judge men;
So leave a friend be proven true
By his deeds that live again.

Forget his each little weakness,
Strong flesh does not make a king;
Remember his faults with meekness,
Then will true friendship ring.

A Passionate Airman to His Love

You wonder why I cough and sneeze,
Why I tremble at the knees,
Why I gulp and breathe in pants,
And stand as if in a trance?
Why my tongue gets so thick
That I think my stomach sick,
Why I stutter when I speak,
And appear so palely weak,
Or why I jump about the room
As though I had met my doom?
Well, my darling, I'll speak true,
You wonder why? I do too:

Because, my dear, for years I've known
That I want you for my own.



A Soldier's Socks

(Words to a Marching Song)

Twenty thousand little stitches,
Go to make a soldier's sock;
That's not counting up the hitches,
Nor the minutes by the clock.

Forty thousand little stitches,—
Then, it takes to make a pair;
And it means a heap of riches,
If you count the thought that's there.

There's a little wisp of laughter,
Just to keep your spirits gay;
There's a thread of tough resistance
That will give you strength by day.

There's a filament of firelight
Stretching out across the sea,
Just to warm you in the cold night
And a glow—of cheer to be.

There's a strand so soft for comfort,
Meant to cheer the longest road;
And a friendly comrade feeling
That would like to share the load.

Forty thousand little stitches,
Then, it takes to make a pair;
And they all are woven closely
In the armour of a prayer.

NOTE.—W couldn't resist putting in this song-poem, after seeing so many of our W.D.'s knitting socks. Keep it up, girls.

SEASONED VETERAN

Friend: "So your daughter is about to marry? Do you really feel that she is ready for the battle of life?"

Father: "Well, she should be. She's been in four engagements."

WHERE DOES HE COME IN?

When a man is born, people ask: "How is the mother?"

When he marries, they say: "What a beautiful bride!"

When he dies, they say: "How much did he leave her?"



NATURE FACTS

Some freshly laid eggs are not fresh. When frightened shortly before she is ready to lay, a hen is likely to retain the egg for several days. Consequently, after having been kept at her body temperature for such a period, the egg is actually stale when it is laid.

Chow dogs and polar bears are the only animals that have black tongues; frogs and toads are the only animals that have black tongues; frogs and toads are cannot swallow without closing their eyes; and minks and weasels are the only animals other than skunks, that eject a malodorous fluid when angered.

—Colliers.

It would probably make us appreciate our Station even more than we do if we were to study the reactions of visitors to the Station. A very definite touch of envy is obvious in many who are not so fortunately stationed. They look at our swimming pool, our mezzanine floor, our bowling alleys and spacious drill hall, the large amount of sports equipment. They consider us extremely fortunate. Don't you agree with them?

The Sports Section has really been humming these days. Inter-station leagues, inter-section leagues, games, physical training, step tests, and almost every sport activity you can mention.

Mossbank Village News

Newsy Notes

PO. and Mrs. John Rawlinson, with their baby daughter, from Yorkton, arrived on Monday to spend the week with Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Rawlinson.

Cpl. Oscar Hensrud, of the R.C.A.F. station at Davidson, visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ole Hensrud, over Sunday.

W. J. Mitchell received a telegram from his daughter (Wilma) Mrs. L. M. Jones, of Vancouver, informing him that her husband, PO. Jones, had been killed in action on January 31.

Mr. and Mrs. Lovgren received a cable that Lieut. Raymond Lovgren had arrived safely overseas.

Mrs. Johansen, Sr., celebrated her 80th birthday on January 14, by entertaining her son, Nels, and family, and a few close friends to dinner.

Pte. Richard Jolly, who had been ill in the military hospital at Vernon, B.C., for three months, then moved to Shaughnessy hospital, Vancouver, B.C., in July, has been discharged from the army as medically unfit. He is in Regina with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Jolly.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hutchinson have received official news that their son, Robert James Hutchinson, had been wounded in action and was now in hospital, and that further information would be forthcoming. Robert had been with the 8th Army since last July.

It is hoped that when further word is received it will convey the good news that Bob has not been seriously wounded, but well on the road to recovery.

Born—At Lethbridge, Alta., on January 10th, to WO. Joseph Bourque and Mrs. Bourque, a son.

Pte. Arthur McDonald Hennessy, son of Mr. and Mrs. James Hennessy of Congress, Sask., has been reported "killed in action" overseas. He was a nephew of Mrs. A. S. McDonald, of New Westminster, B.C., formerly of Expanse.

Mossbank Red Cross

The 1944 National Red Cross Drive will be launched during the latter end of February.

Mrs. A. S. Thompson, Mrs. R. Sawin and Mrs. P. J. Rawlinson attended the provincial annual Red Cross meeting held at the Saskatchewan Hotel, Regina, on February 10th.

Mrs. H. H. Bodie and Mrs. G. Bradley were lunch hostesses at Tuesday's meeting. Mrs. Ralph Sawin was elected delegate to the annual Red Cross meeting at Regina, February 10, 11.

A cheque for \$5.00 was received from Sgt. Mary Brett of No. 2 B. & G. School, from the sale of statuettes of "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," modelled and painted by this clever artist. These statuettes are sold and the money turned over to the Red Cross.

A very interesting letter was received from Stan Humphrey. Stan said he was "with an armored car regiment, which is right in my line, after being in Bodie's garage." He loved England, even more so if they would move it closer to Mossbank. Stan gave a lovely description of the beauties of England and was enthusiastic about the old historical places, the flowers and birds.

Wedding Bells

OWENS-WAITE

A quiet wedding of interest to many of our readers took place in Vancouver on January 8, when Lorraine Valerie, daughter of Capt. F. Waite, became the bride of Sgt. Pilot Arthur Randal Owens, R.C.A.F., son of Mrs. Owens, Vancouver, and the late Mr. A. J. Owens.

Sqdn. Ldr. Clinton, R.C.A.F., performed the ceremony. The bride was attended by Mrs. R. Deans, sister of the groom, and the groom by Sgt. W. J. Trumbull, R.C.A.F.

A reception was held at the home of the groom after which the bridal couple left on a honeymoon trip to Victoria and Patricia Bay. Mrs. Owens will resume her duties as staff nurse at Davidson Union hospital while Sgt. Owens will return to his post with the R.C.A.F.

Annual Meeting of St. Luke's Church

The annual meeting of the parishioners of St. Luke's church was held on January 16th, following the morning service. Mr. P. J. Rawlinson, People's Warden, presided over the meeting. Reports were presented and showed continued interest in all branches of church work, with an increase in the financial statements over previous years.

P. J. Rawlinson thanked the congregation for their splendid support in the work of the parish; they had now entered their seventh year without a resident minister. He also thanked the W.A., Sunday school, the organist, Mrs. Douglas; Mrs. Doherty, Rev. W. Tingley, and F/Lt. Light for their support; also Mr. Garrison for auditing the books.

Mr. A. Douglas, Vicar's Warden, addressed the meeting and paid tribute to the work of the church and the organizations supporting it.

Mr. W. Buffet and Mr. Douglas were appointed delegates to Synod.

Mrs. Doherty moved a vote of thanks to P. J. Rawlinson.

Election of officers:

Vicar's Warden—A. Douglas.

People's Warden—P. J. Rawlinson.

Members of Vestry—Thos. Balfour, W. Buffet, J. Garrison, S. Doherty,

Auditor—J. Garrison.

Mossbank Ice Notes

The curling season is under way with 11 Mossbank rinks and six Airport rinks, with the following skips and personnel:

Chas. Clarke, skip; Thos. Balfour, Sr., J. Clements, Mrs. James Magee.

L. Shienbein, skip; Robt. Sadlemyer, Crawford, Mrs. Campbell.

Tom Balfour, Jr., skip; Art. Howlett, Mrs. Geo. Long, Mrs. Dennison.

W. Ankerman, skip; Bill Kindopp, Const. Patterson, Mrs. Roy Davis.

Geo. Bradley, skip; F. Magee, J. J. Wilson, H. Winters.

Henry Hensrud, skip; T. Hamlin, W. Hansen, Shorty Aasen.

A. S. Thompson, skip; Dr. Coons, P. J. Rawlinson, Mrs. Nils Johansen.

Ole Hensrud, skip; S. Clarke, H. Klaproth, Elt. Robinson.

R. D. McLaughlin, skip; Herb Boehm, A. E. Crosby, Mrs. Crawford.

F. B. Smith, skip; Alf Willets, Mrs. W. Hanson, Jack Ireland.

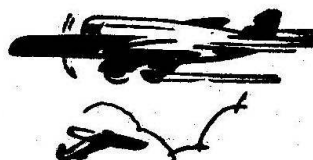
Geo. Eppy, skip; D. Jolly, J. Jolly, G. Bumphrey.

Spares: C. McFadden, Dick Witzke, A. McKee, Paul Stevenson, Andy Gibson, Dr. Wallace, S. Doherty, D. Naimark, Bert Anderson, Pete Allan.

Skips who will pilot R.C.A.F. rinks are: H. W. Dixon, Cpl. Halasa, H. Linell, F/O. Venables, F/O. Lucas (Legionnaires), P. Audibert.

Hockey Game

Mossbank hockey fans enjoyed a real good game on Tuesday evening when Mossbank Airport beat Congress Airport by the close score of 6-5, in one of their league fixtures in the local rink. Although the ice was soft, owing to mild weather, both teams played a fast and clean game, only one penalty being handed out. Next game to be played here soon.



Male Call

I Dream of Genii

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



Autographs, Notes, Etc.

A Greeting

FROM

.....

.....

To

.....

.....

PUT
1c
STAMP
HERE