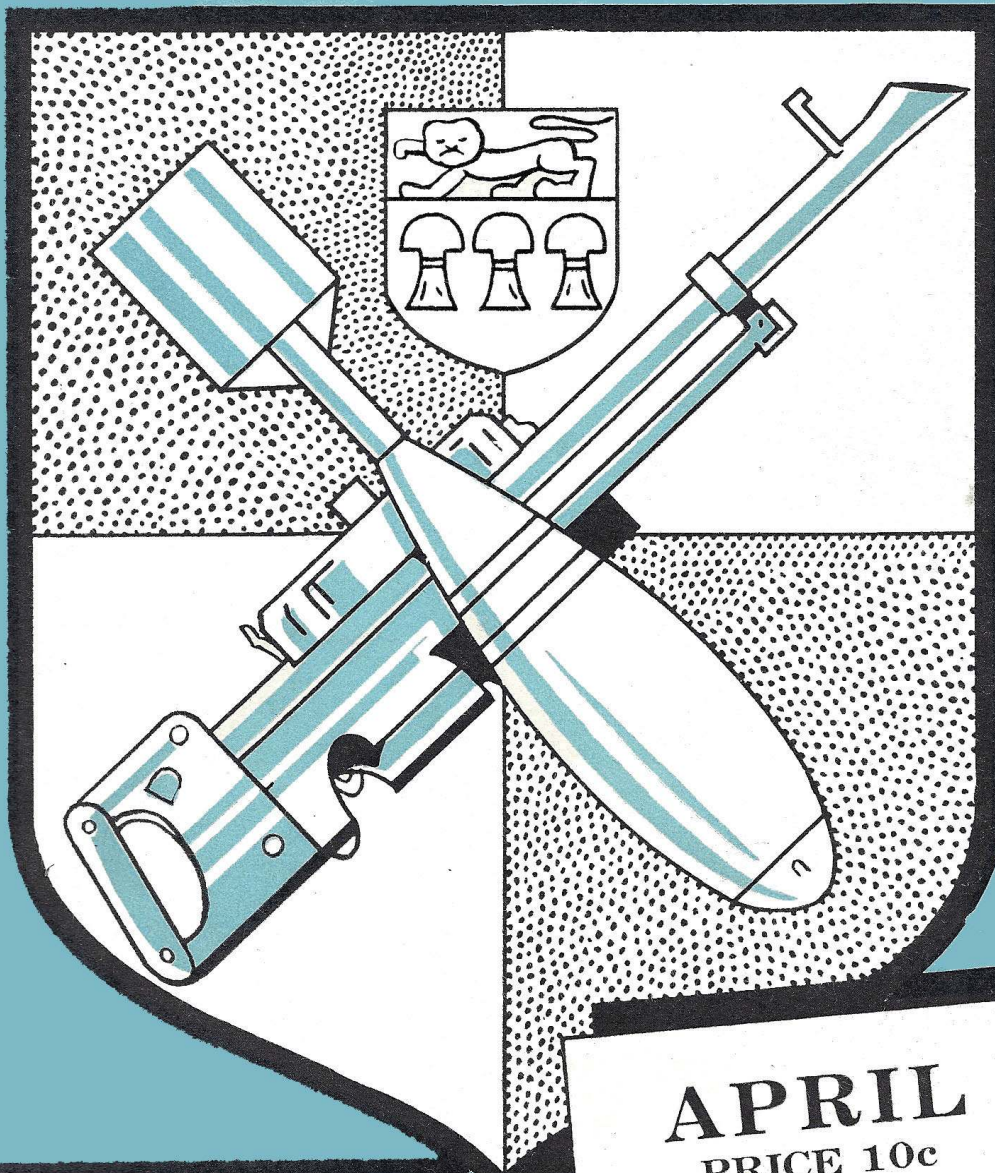


THE MOSSBANK

# Target!



**APRIL**  
PRICE 10c

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# CONTACT

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Group Captain E. C. Tennant,  
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## THIS ISSUE

... of the Station Magazine comes to you with new name, new cover and new layout. It is a Souvenir number, depicting the training of bomb aimers and gunners as carried out by No. 2 B. & G. It is a SALUTE to our graduates, our trainees, our instructional staff, our headquarters and maintenance staff and our special services staff. In other words, it is a pat-on-the-back for ALL who had a part in the winning of the Air Minister's Efficiency Pennant. It is a word-by-word and picture-by-picture description of why we won it, and why we hope to retain it.

"The Target" salutes our graduates who have won fame and honors. It wishes the best of everything for our past, present and future trainees. May we, who spend our days at Mossbank, revel in the deeds of those whom we train.

Next month we shall celebrate a double anniversary—the beginning of our Station Magazine, and the arrival at Mossbank of W.D.'s. It will be a bang-up number. Till then, good reading!

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## THE TARGET

In the February issue of our Magazine a suggestion to change the name was made. A competition was organized and a five-dollar prize offered for a new name, one which had to be original, short, new, distinctive and which applied to a bombing and gunnery school. Considerable interest was taken in the competition, and numerous names were submitted to the committee in charge who, after a great deal of consideration, selected the name "TARGET" which appears with a new cover design on the front of this issue.

The name "TARGET" was submitted by F/Sgt. N. A. Gillespie, an air bomber instructor of the Bombing Pool staff. He said the name was entirely original and that he had conceived the idea for his prize-winning entry one day on his way to the sergeants' mess. The name occurred to him at the time as being suitable because it applied to both gunners and bombers and was connected with a B. & G. School. On being notified that he had won the prize, F/Sgt. Gillespie said that he was quite surprised and pleased. He said that he had numerous ideas as to what he was going to do with the money.

F/Sgt. Gillespie joined the R.C.A.F. at Vancouver in November, 1941. After washing out as a pilot he switched over and took an observer's course. Previous to joining the air force he was employed for six years as an auditor in Vancouver. F/Sgt. Gillespie thinks we have an exceptionally fine magazine and sends a copy each month to his wife and two daughters living in Vernon, B.C.

The attractive new cover was designed and drawn up by staff artist AC.1 J. A. Longden.



1. Air Vice-Marshal George R. Howsam, M.C., Air Officer Commanding No. 4 Training Command, takes the salute at the march past after presenting the Efficiency Pennant. 2. Air Vice-Marshal Howsam steps from aircraft at Mossbank airport. 3. The Efficiency Pennant being admired by Air Vice-Marshal Howsam and Group Captain E. C. Tennant, the Commanding Officer of No. 2 B. & G. School. 4. An Australian airman is spoken to by Air Vice-Marshal Howsam during the inspection. 5. The parade stands smartly at attention in the Station Drill Hall as Air Vice-Marshal Howsam carries out inspection following the Efficiency Pennant presentation

# Address by Air Vice-Marshal

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## PRESENTATION OF MINISTER'S EFFICIENCY PENNANT AND OPERATIONAL WING, No. 2 B. & G. SCHOOL, MOSSBANK, 3rd MARCH, 1944.

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The Commanding Officer, Distinguished Guests, Officers, Airmen and Airwomen of No. 2 Bombing & Gunnery School.

It is indeed a source of satisfaction for me to be here today to make two important presentations: the presentation of the Efficiency Pennant, awarded by the Minister of National Defence for Air for outstanding administration, conduct and training results by your school, and the presentation of the gold Operational Wings to Warrant Officer G. Anderson. Both awards reflect credit on your school as a whole and the personnel individually.

The Efficiency Pennant, which soon will fly proudly beneath the Royal Canadian Air Force ensign on the school flagstaff, is more than a piece of coloured bunting. It is a symbol of team-work, of co-operation of a high order running through your school from your Commanding Officer to the most recent airman and airwoman.

The progress of the present war has shown clearly that set standards or levels of efficiency must never be considered as final. Methods of warfare are constantly changing with the development of new and better equipment. Aircraft which were first-line fighters and bombers in 1939 are in most cases now considered obsolescent. This evolution in material and equipment has its counterpart in the maintenance of personnel efficiency. It is only by constant vigilance and by everyone, officer, airman and airwomen, on duty and off, striving to do more than his or her share that we can keep pace with this scientific development and maintain our position on top.

The enemy rats of Germany and Japan are now on the run—as they are cornered and stand at bay the conflict will become more intense and grim. It is our duty—yours and mine—not to relax until the day of unconditional surrender, or better still, the day of their extermination.

No. 2 Bombing and Gunnery School has established an enviable record, and now that the forces of the United Nations are carrying the attack to the enemy's lair, it is imperative that you do not relax—keep up the good work.

Group Captain Tennant, I share with you the pride that is justifiably yours today, when I present on behalf of the Minister of National Defence for Air, the Honorable Mr. Power, his Efficiency Pennant for the Bombing and Gunnery School class.

(Presentation).

And now, Group Captain Tennant, in presenting these gold Operational Wings to Warrant Officer Anderson, I would like to say that here we have a fulfilment of station team-work and co-operation which I spoke of earlier. These gold wings are the outcome of efficient training as represented by your pennant.



## Presentation of Pennant

Friday, March 3, 1944, was a red letter day for the personnel of this station. On that day, Air Vice-Marshal G. R. Howsam, A.O.C., No. 4 T.C., and party honored us with a visit to present to us the Air Ministry's Efficiency Pennant. It was a gala day.

Station personnel paraded in the Drill Hall, under command of Group Captain E. C. Tennant, Commanding Officer, and were inspected by the Air Officer Commanding.

The Commanding Officer introduced Air Vice-Marshal Howsam, who then made the presentation of the Pennant. (The address of the presentation is printed in full elsewhere.) Group Captain Tennant accepted the Pennant in behalf of the station, and spoke as follows:

**“Air Vice-Marshal Howsam—Sir, on behalf of all ranks at No. 2 Bombing and Gunnery School, Mossbank, I accept this Pennant. We are indeed proud to be the winners of this coveted Pennant, and we are very glad that we have been able to bring one more Efficiency Pennant into your Command. As you said, Sir, we will fly it at our Flag Staff every day for the next three months, and longer, we hope. It will be an inspiration to us to put every bit of energy we have in our work in order that we may have this Pennant on our Flag Staff for the longest possible time.**

**“On behalf of all ranks I wish to thank you for coming here, as we know you have not a great deal of time at your disposal, and we are honored by the fact that you saw fit to come here and make this presentation.”**

A. V. M. Howsam then presented Operational Wings and Scroll to WO.2 G. Anderson.

After the presentation the parade marched past the saluting base, where the salute was taken by the Air Officer Commanding.

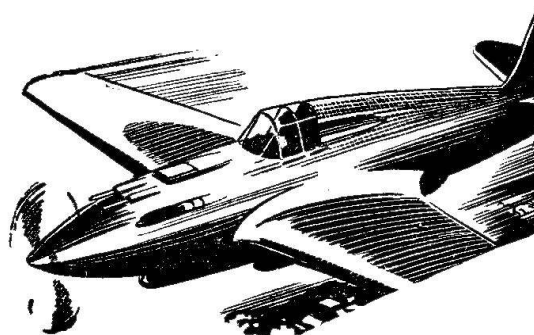
## Enviably Record Made by Our Graduates

Listed on the opposite page is a record of graduates of No. 2 Bombing and Gunnery School who have been decorated as shown, for bravery overseas.

This list is far from complete, for it does not contain the personnel of the Royal Air Force who graduated from this Unit and who have received decorations for bravery. Such a list has not as yet been fully compiled.

It is doubtful if this School's record is excelled by any. A notable fact is that 45 per cent. of all decorations awarded to Australians trained in Canada have been won by graduates trained at Mossbank. “Aussies?” —“We love them.”

We are justly proud of all our graduates.



# HONOR ROLL

## CANADIANS

W/C. Penman, W. M.	A.F.C.	F/O. Haines, A. R.	D.F.C.
F/L. Kendall, E. C.	D.F.C.	F/L. Smith, F.D.	D.F.C.
F/O. Freberg, P. G.	D.F.C.	P/O. Wortley, W. H.	D.F.M.
P/O. Fowler, H. W.	A.F.M.	P/O. Farrell, W. H.	D.F.C.
S/L. Jacobsen, G. G.	D.F.C.	P/O. Kusiar, G. W.	D.F.C.
S/L. Grierson, W. R. F.	D.F.C.	P/O. Beach, A. M.	D.F.C.
F/O. McCullagh, M. R.	D.F.C.	F/O. Ingalls, R. B.	D.F.C.
S/L. McAuley, V. C.	D.F.C.	F/O. Langstaff, W. C.	D.F.C.
	& Bar	W/O. Lindsay, G. A.	D.F.C.
P/O. Price, J. R.	D.F.C.	F/S. Dimma, T. W.	D.F.M.
F/O. Clifford, A. W.	D.F.C.	F/S. Franciscone, A.	D.F.M.
P/O. Schanenberg, B. L.	D.F.M.	W/O. Hunter, A. R.	D.F.C.
P/O. Fowler, G. P.	D.F.C.	Sgt. Paige, B. C.	D.F.M.
P/O. Francis, A. J.	D.F.C.	W/O. Smith, K. C. A.	D.F.C.
F/O. Carter, R. G.	D.F.C.	Sgt. Bion, P. C.	B.F.M.
P/O. Greenshields, J.	D.F.M.	Sgt. Stevens, L. C.	D.F.M.
F/O. Waterman, T. J. D.	D.F.C.	W/O. Gayton, G. F. G.	B.E.M.
F/L. Shapiro, H.	D.F.C.	F/S. Boucher, L. J.	D.F.M.
P/O. Waterbury, O. R.	D.F.C.	F/S. Gage, D. J.	B.E.M.
F/L. Lindo, H. L.	D.F.C.	Sgt. Hill, J. K.	A.F.M.
F/L. Webster, A. E.	D.F.C.	Sgt. Oancia, S.	D.F.M.
P/O. Godfrey, C. O.	D.F.C.	LAC. Duggar, F. R.	A.F.M.
F/L. Cleveland, J. B.	D.F.C.	F.S. Cumberland, D.A.	D.F.M.
F/O. Campbell, P.	D.F.C.	F S. Porritt, F. R.	A.F.M.
F/O. McGregor, W. K.	D.F.C.	W/O. McDonald, D. M.	D.F.M.
F/L. Alexander, E. S.	D.F.C.	Sgt. Ledford, W. H.	D.F.M.
P/O. Sorsdahl, E. E.	D.F.C.	LAC. Wright, H. D.	A.F.M.
P/O. Rainville, G. H.	D.F.M.	Sgt. Osler, E. E.	D.F.M.
F/O. Sterns, W. M.	D.F.C.	W/O. Neale, K. F.	D.F.M.
P/O. Dalphond, M. H. S.	D.F.M.	Sgt. Gaston, J. P.	D.F.M.
P/O. Taylor, R. W.	D.F.C.	F/S. Wheatley, R. J. A.	D.F.M.
F/L. Lambert, A.	D.F.C.	Sgt. Mellin, A. A.	S.F.M.
F/L. Trickett, R. I.	D.F.C.	F/S. Pay, A. E.	D.F.M.
P/O. Quinn, R. N.	D.F.C.	Sgt. Leet, R. J.	D.F.M.
P/O. Rogers, P. A.	D.F.C.	F/S. Bullock, C. H.	D.F.M.
P/O. Hosick, B. B.	D.F.M.	Sgt. Taylor, H. A.	D.F.M.
P/O. Bouschard, A. D.	D.F.C.	Sgt. Roach, M.	D.F.M.
P/O. Lanckner, I.	D.F.C.	Sgt. Smitten, L.	D.F.M.
P/O. Legge, H. T.	D.F.C.	F/S. Haunks, L. W.	D.F.M.
P/O. Campbell, C. S.	D.F.C.	Sgt. Burke, J. R.	D.F.M.
F/O. Bing, L. P. S.	D.F.C.	Sgt. Anderson, H. J.	D.F.M.
	& Bar	Sgt. Ratcliffe, S. T.	D.F.M.
P/O. Knights, J. K.	D.F.C.	F/S. Alexander, E. S.	D.F.M.
P/O. Darby, C. E.	D.F.M.	F/S. Morton, C. L.	D.F.M.
S/L. Pearson, G. T.	D.F.C.	F/S. Hill, W. L. H.	D.F.M.
		Sgt. Dzinkowski, K. E.	B.E.M.

## AUSTRALIANS

P/O. Howes, T. E. W.	D.F.C.	Sgt. Ghoram-Henderson,	
P/O. Sears, J. A.	D.F.C.	P. J. U.	D.F.M.
P/O. Winstanley, H. E.	D.F.C.	Sgt. O'Donhue, T. J.	D.F.M.
P/O. Martin, W.	D.F.C.	F/S. Ritchie, A. V.	D.F.M.
F/O. Legego, J. F.	D.F.C.	Sgt. Smith, H. W. J.	D.F.M.
P/O. McLean, J. M.	D.F.C.	F/S. Connely, H. F.	D.F.M.
P/O. Badham, C.	D.F.C.	F/S. Farrelly, W. J.	D.F.M.
F/L. Giles, L. A.	D.F.C.	Sgt. Lewis, N. B.	D.F.M.
F/O. Murphy, R. B. G.	D.F.C.	Sgt. Appleton, R. A.	D.F.M.
F/O. Campbell, K. S.	D.F.C.	F/S. Witney, R. C.	D.F.M.
F/L. Douglas, A. C.	D.F.C.	Sgt. Robin, J. W. D.	D.F.M.
P/O. Crabb, J. H.	D.F.C.	F/S. Ridley, J. K.	D.F.M.
P/O. Jackson, F. G.	D.F.C.	F/S. McGrory, S. R. D.	D.F.M.
P/O. Newbound, A. G.	D.F.C.	F/S. Hammet, A. H.	D.F.M.
F/O. Emmerson, R. J.	D.F.C.	Sgt. Mould, R. M.	D.F.M.
F/L. Lloyd, E. G.	D.F.C.	F/S. Waites, W. E.	D.F.M.
P/O. Waddington, N. J.	D.F.C.	F/S. Done, T. E.	D.F.M.
F/O. Dorward, L. C.	D.F.C.	F/S. Heath, G. E.	D.F.M.
F/O. Liddle, T.	D.F.C.	F/S. Richardson, I. R.	D.F.M.
F/O. Ward, P. W.	D.F.C.	W/O. Ricketts, S. J.	D.F.C.
F/O. Giblin, D. W. T.	D.F.C.	Sgt. Connor, A. W. G.	D.F.M.
P/O. Murtough, G. B.	D.F.C.	F/S. Mitchell, W. M.	D.F.M.
F/L. McLeod, L. L.	D.F.C.	F/S. Stain, R. R.	D.F.M.
F/L. Wilson, W. W.	D.F.C.	F/S. McMurtle, B. C.	D.F.M.
F/L. Staunton, J. K.	D.F.C.		

## NEW ZEALANDERS

F/S. Doak, R. T. D.	D.F.M.	F/L. Smith, J. M.	D.F.M.
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Is this date O.K.?

It's all in the point of view

W/C. G. M. Ross, S/L. A. B. Whiteley and F/Lt. J. E. Jennings discuss impending events at Training Wing Headquarters.

## Wing Commander G. M. Ross Chief Instructor

As Chief Instructor, Wing Commander G. M. Ross is responsible to the Commanding Officer for all aircrew training both on the ground and in the air. Of necessity, the C.I. is a ubiquitous person. To cover his range of duties he may be found at: his desk, fighting the paper war; in the air, doing "percentage" flying; observing classroom instruction; scanning results at the Gunnery and Bombing Pools; inspecting the

bombing and air-firing ranges; helping the C.E.O. figure out how to make ten aircraft to do the work of twenty; arguing the point of correct "corrections" in bombing, and a hundred and one other things that come up in the run of a day's activity. Under pressure, the C.I. admitted with a twinkle in his eye that keeping on the move was the best way to keep out of trouble. It also keeps one from getting old too quickly, and he

seems to have succeeded in that direction, too.

Born and raised in the "herring choker" country—Nova Scotia, if you prefer—W/C. Ross is dated by service in the last war. He joined the Royal Flying Corps in 1917 as cadet-pilot, completed his training, was commissioned and "joed" for instructing on the training aircraft then in use, the famous Curtis Jennys. Crashes were common in those days, and he admits having had one just before the end of the war which resulted in an eight months' holiday in hospital and the happy discovery of the young lady whom he later married.

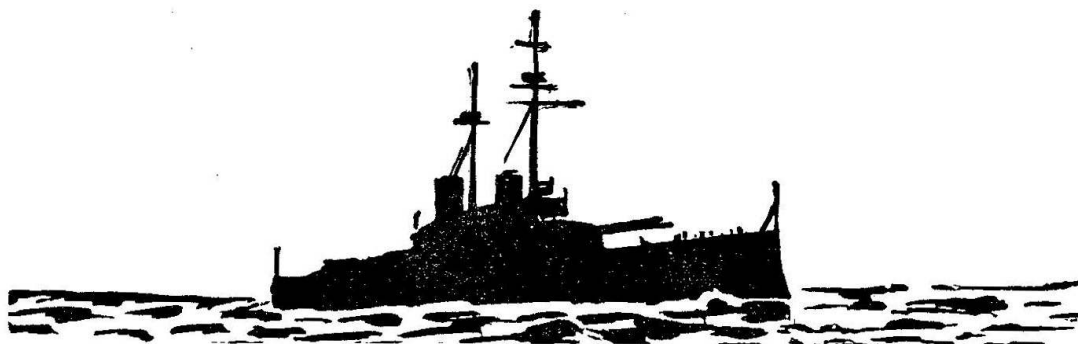
After eleven post-war years in banking, the urge for flying again won out and W/C. Ross, in 1929, became active in the Moose Jaw Flying Club. A year later he accepted a position in Ottawa as executive secretary of the Canadian Flying Clubs Association. In that capacity he had to carry on contact work with the federal government on the one hand and maintain a close liaison with the clubs on the other. To do so necessitated flying an average of 25,000 miles each year, because the 22 member clubs were scattered from Sydney to Vancouver. Most of his flying was done in a Gypsy Moth, which will be remembered by many as "Ack Ack," the first privately registered aeroplane in Canada—CF-AAA. Also, for two seasons he used a four-place Waco, known as "Miss Sweet Caporal." Cross-country flying in those days was mostly done sans weather aids, sans radio, beam, etc. Maps and the compass and a sixth sense for bad weather were the main aids.

Whilst engaged in this work, W/C.

Ross also served as Managing-Editor of Canadian Aviation, a publication which constitutes the only continuous record of Canadian flying from early 1928 onwards. The magazine developed so rapidly that toward the beginning of the present war it required his full time. The Association work was relinquished early in 1938. During all this period, our C.I. admitted, while in reminiscent mood, two of the highlights were the organization of the Trans-Canada Air Pageant in 1931 and the commemoration of the first British Empire flight at Baddeck, Nova Scotia. The pageant, it will be remembered, toured the whole of Canada from coast to coast and part of the United States, giving a great impetus to flying and unquestionably proved to be the "shot in the arm" that carried the patient through when the pulse of aviation in this country was pretty weak. The Baddeck celebrations in 1934 disclosed for the first time to many that Canada—Baddeck, Nova Scotia, to be exact—provided the cradle for the very first flying by a British subject anywhere in the British Empire. W/C. Ross still feels that too few people are aware of the important part this country played in early flying history.

From the Reserve of Officers, our C.I. donned the Air Force blue again at the outbreak of this war. After 16 months in the Manning Division of AFHQ, he went to B. & G. work. Steps along the way to his present post lead through Trenton, Jarvis, Dafoe, Mountain View, MacDonald, Paulson, a training tour overseas, Lethbridge, and now at Mossbank, which he freely states is the best of them all.

A. K. G.



## Squadron Leader Whiteley



S/L. A. B. WHITELEY

S/L. A. B. Whiteley, O.C., G.I.S., born at Halifax, Yorkshire, England, in 1895, is a "Yorkshireman" first and an Englishman second; his speech still betrays him, even after 14 years in Canada.

Although his family followed the traditional industries of Yorkshire — cotton and engineering—the opportunities offered by the English banking concerns to ambitious young men proved too great an inducement. He ignored tradition and entered the employ of Lloyds' Bank, remaining with them until the beginning of the First Great War.

With the outbreak of hostilities, he joined the King's Royal Rifles, and in 1916, as a Sergeant i/c of Snipers, served in France until a "blighty" put him in hospital for a year.

He received the King's Commission in 1917, and in the same year transferred to the Royal Flying Corps, being employed as a ferry pilot until March, 1919.

Shortly after the signing of the Armistice, an insidious slogan began to be heard in England—"Go West, young man, to Canada, the land of golden opportunity", and the effectiveness of this was increased by huge posters showing a "bronzed giant" with a sheaf

of wheat under one arm, holding out a welcoming hand.

To many of us, "distant fields are always greener". Add to this the unsettling effect of four years of war, and you have a state of mind engendered in thousands of men, to whom the offer of a new life in a new land was the perfect answer to all personal problems in a post-war world. And so, like many of his ex-comrades, the newly "demobbed" Lt. Whiteley came to Canada. Recalled to England after two years, he returned again in 1930, and eventually found himself teaching public school, until, in 1938, he became principal of Fairbank School, Toronto, Ontario.

In 1939, the obscene growlings of the German monster, so foolishly ignored, suddenly became a roar which threatened to engulf the whole of Europe. Country after country fell to the victorious Nazis. The supremacy of their luftwaffe became a byword, until in desperation the R.A.F. challenged and checked it for the time being, during the Battle of Britain.

However, it was evident that plane production must be immeasurably increased, and the massed training of Aircrew placed on a basis commensurate with it; thus the B.C.A.T.P., then in its infancy, was stepped up to cope with the insatiable demand for trained airmen, and so A. B. Whiteley, Esq., School Teacher, became AC.2 Whiteley, A.B.—Armourer Standard.

His previous training was of great value. In a whirlwind six months he found himself passing Armourers' Course, spending two months with the School of Army Co-operation, recommended for staff pilot, and finally commissioned in Armament in November, 1940, and sent to Eastern Air Command. Eighteen months with operational squadrons—as he puts it, "criticizing the product of the Gunnery Schools"—ended in a three-months' stretch as T/Arm.2 at Command Headquarters.

During this time Mountain View had been equipped to handle the huge influx of Armourers which was pouring into the Ground Trades melting pot of the R.C.A.F., and F/Lt. Whiteley was posted to the Air Armament School there as O.C. Armourers' Training Courses.

Transferred to Mossbank in July, 1943, he has been turning out the product he so bitterly criticized during his spell on the East Coast—certainly now with less reason for criticism.

# Ground Training at Mossbank

Not every resident of this community of ours is fully aware of the ramifications of the Training Wing.

The work of training at this stage of the war runs so smoothly that its processes are scarcely noticed by anyone but the expert observer, or visiting critic. So, perhaps, a little explanation of the organization will not be out of place in this issue of our Station magazine.

Ground Instructional School and Air Training Squadron are complementary to each other, and they are closely interlocked. At a later stage of the trainee's career, the work in both sections proceeds simultaneously in any one course, but in a general way it may be said that, first of all, the student receives basic instruction in G.I.S. together with initial practice on the ground, using the same equipment that he will later use in the air. This form of training is called Synthetic Training, and by its use considerable air time is saved, with a consequent further economy in gasoline, equipment, and "high priced" training staff.

Ground instruction in the school itself is based on the theory that "practice makes perfect". Therefore, much lecturing has been abolished, practical work substituted for theory, and even examinations are now conducted on oral and practical lines in place of the old written type examination. Wireless Air Gunners, having received a long course in wireless technique prior to coming to a B. & G. S., receive at Mossbank a training in aerial gunnery, signals and aircraft recognition.

All instruction is given by highly qualified instructors, with the exception of Aircraft Recognition. Here the story has been taken over by the lady workers, and most of the boys, particularly the Australians, are very fond of "teacher". A tremendous amount of work has been done by these W.D. Sergeants in the past six months, and Mossbank is very proud of its Aircraft Recognition department. This in no way belittles the work of the "old brigade" of Armourers, who have borne the burden and heat of the day, many of them for as long as upwards of three years, without complaining — much! Navigation training has only recently

been organized, but it promises to be very popular with all ranks. The normal turmoil in G.I.S. has been intensified in late weeks by the din of constructional work, carpenters et al, consequent upon the introduction of this new form of training in the school. An indication of what all this is leading to was noticed the other day when a certain course officer was seen walking along the hall with a rapt look on his face and a lighted cigarette in each hand.

When a foundation has been laid, students commence their air exercises. The general idea is first to learn the theory, secondly to do something synthetic training, and lastly the actual air work. As was previously pointed out, the two latter phases are dovetailed together for the greater part of the course.

## SYNTHETIC TRAINING

It may be of interest to indicate some of the synthetic training devices at this station, together with a general idea of their functions.

### A.M.B.T.

This is a standard Air Ministry Bombing Teacher. We have four machines, each one of them slightly different from the rest in its general layout, so as to give students an idea of the various types of cockpit they will meet with later in their careers. The general idea is to stimulate the movement of an aircraft over the ground by means of a moving picture projected downwards. The student chooses his target, goes through all the motions and "patter" performed by a bomb aimer when on actual operations, releases his bomb, and discovers at exactly what spot on the ground it will fall.

A tremendous amount of work and ingenuity has been put into this section by various members of the staff, particularly F/O. Lake, P/O. Warren, and Corporal Busch. The work has recently been taken over by P/O. Lane. The fact that this most delicate of all training equipment has never caused any loss of time for almost two years is due very largely to the devotion and skill of this section of G.I.S. staff.

### Standard Gunnery Trainers

These hemispheric bowls with turrets mounted in central positions have been

developed to enable the student to obtain training in meeting air attacks in the most realistic manner. By following a moving target projected on the screen in such a manner as to stimulate the attack by an enemy aircraft, the student receives invaluable training in turret manipulation.

By means of inter-communication equipment, students are also trained to give a running commentary of the action to his pilot, so that the latter may take necessary avoiding action.

Here, again, the feminine influence has crept into training and we have one young lady who may be found at all hours of the day listening to "sweet nothings" from her Air Gunner over the intercom.

#### **Range Estimator**

This is one of the most popular games played by trainees in G.I.S. It is a combination of a stock market ticker tape, movie show, and shooting gallery.

As an enemy aircraft approaches on the screen, the gunner opens fire at certain ranges which he must correctly estimate. The accuracy of his judgment is recorded by a special synchronization of the film with the ticket tape.

When making his shot the gunner announces the type of aircraft that is approaching. After the shot is recorded on the tape, an announcement on the film confirms the accuracy or otherwise of his decision.

#### **Turret Manipulation**

In this section, students obtain considerable practice in handling various types of turrets met with Overseas. His target consists of various patterns set up in front of him and by tracing their paths he is compelled to go through the motions of following and dealing with an enemy attack. Before entering this stage of training, students are given theory, cockpit drill, and checks so that they learn to enter and leave a turret in such a manner as to obtain maximum safety to personnel and equipment.

In order that students may understand the operation and maintenance of their turrets, they are also taught how to fill and "bleed" the hydraulic system. They also develop a sympathetic understanding for the work of the poor "\_\_\_\_\_ armourer", upon whom much of this work devolves. In fact, much can be said at this point about the place occupied by the Armourer in this war; however, modesty restrains us.

#### **Ranges**

We have, at a distant spot on the prairies, a 200-yard range where trainees are first taught to appreciate the value of tracer ammunition, to fire their machine guns from turrets under all climatic conditions, and also to accustom them to the rigors of Service life so far as they apply to life in the open. It would be unfair at this point not to mention the excellent work done by Mr. A. Patton, the cook for the camp, who daily performs the miracle of the "five loaves and two fishes" for the benefit of the embryo air gunners.

Along with the 200-yard range goes its station counterpart, the 25-yard, or "Two Bit" range, where Sgt. Cordwell runs a most orderly school on elementary gunnery training.

Finally comes the Skeet range, where, by shooting at clay birds, the air gunner develops co-ordination between hand and eye. We have several outdoor ranges for use in good weather, but we also are proud of a very excellent indoor range, set up and organized by Sgt. O'Brien and Sgt. Small, under the direction of F/O. Jenkins, recently, most unfortunately (for this station, posted to his home town. This range on occasion can be used to give facetious trainees a chance to let off steam by shooting at human targets in the approved "Keystone Movies" manner. Unfortunately, the supply of targets, and trousers, is strictly limited, therefore their practice is severely rationed—in fact, quite frowned upon by higher authority.

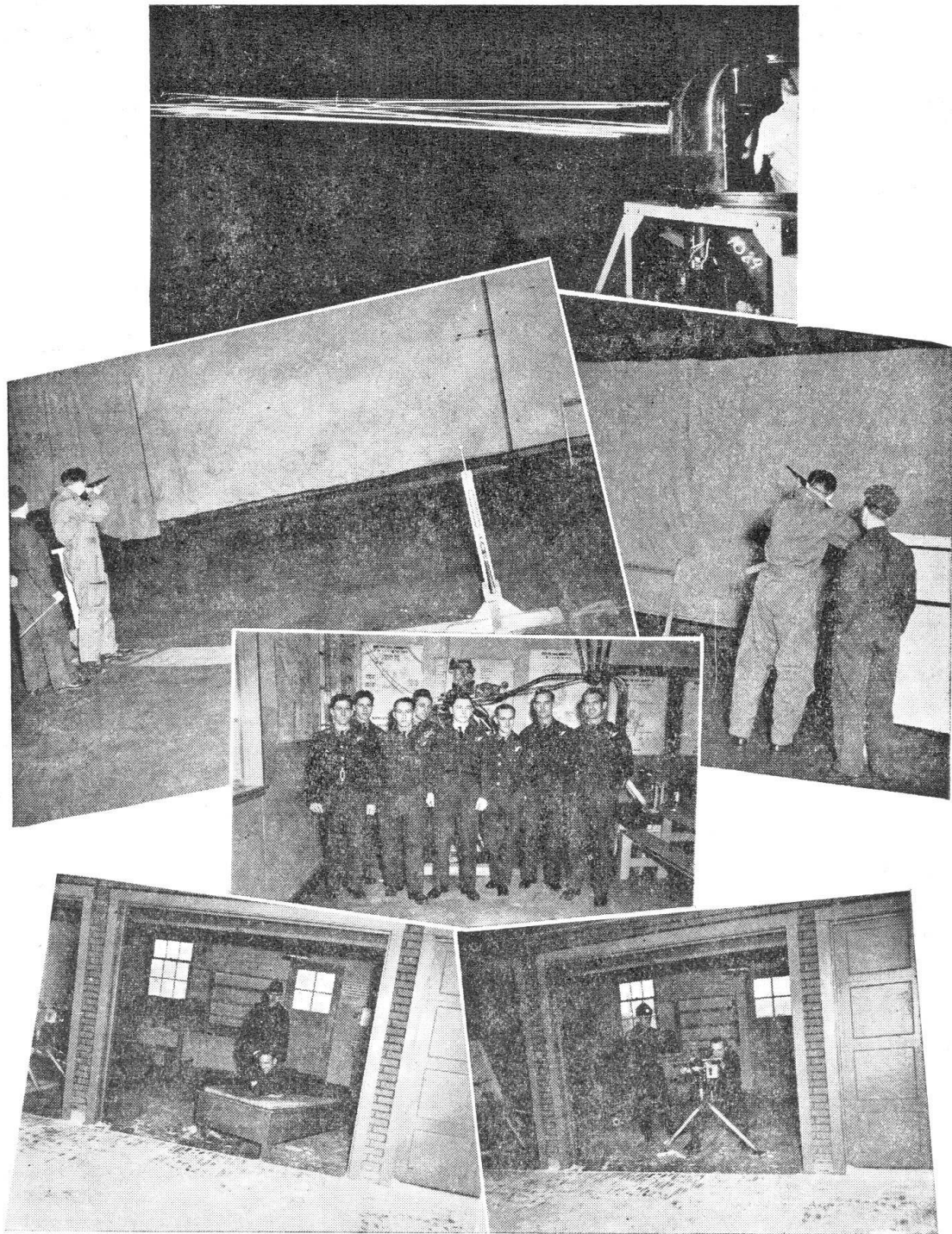
With the exception of the A.M.B.T., most of the Synthetic Training is supervised by P/O. Leo Doucette, assisted by frequently changing Aircrew Gunnery Instructors who, to keep up their spirits and incidentally to follow their trade as Air Gunners, are for the latter part of their instructional tour of duty rotated to the Gunnery Pools, where they fly with the students they have previously trained on the ground.

#### **Gunnery Pools**

The Gunnery and Bombing Pools are the linkage between G.I.S. and the Air Training Squadron, and as such their work is described elsewhere.

#### **G.I.S. Orderly Room**

Only the Orderly Room staff know exactly how much work is involved in turning out courses with regularity and efficiency every two weeks. Until recent-



1. Night Firing on 200 yard Range — note tracer trail.
2. Indoor Skeet Range showing skeetin flight across screen.
3. Indoor Skeet Range showing hit just being made.
4. Turret Manipulation staff with filling and bleeding demonstration, turret in background.
5. Rifle firing on 25 yard range. Sgt. Cordwell in charge.
6. Browning Gun practice on 25 yard range.

ly, Cpl. Mizie Cralle and LAW. "Si" Simons carried out this work with un-failing cheerfulness and untiring energy, and it is to their credit that very few adverse comments are received at this unit, due to administrative errors. Cpl. Cralle has now left to join her husband at Mountain View and we wish them both the very best of luck in their new field. "Si" still carries on and is still able to sing, although we fancy she finds it difficult to handle all the calls, including her own share and also those who come to see Mizie. We would like to see a roll of those lucky N.C.O.'s who were the bearers of tender greetings from Mrs. Cralle to her husband at Mountain View before she joined him—probably FS. Poulton could supply same! Cpl. Watson has recently joined the staff, but he has not yet developed that harassed look generally worn by the administrative staff around G.I.S. We know that our Orderly Room will still continue to carry out the same high standard of work that it has always done in the past.

#### **G.I.S. Stores**

"Junior" Markell has just dropped in to say that he will be mentally grieved if we fail to mention his section in writing up G.I.S. He was too modest, or something, to blow his own trumpet, but we would like to say that Stores goes on like a proverbial brook, never failing to have nothing in stock that is required, and to produce it with the utmost expediency. "Yes, we have no pyrotechnics."

This section is one of the most orderly and efficient branches of the Training Wing. If any of you have ever attempted to amend even your own copy of a publication—which we are quite certain you have not—then it is recommended that you attempt the task of amending several score of publications such as are kept in G.I.S. Stores.

The officer in charge of Stores is also the keeper of G.I.S. Inventory, and the O.C. recently stated that he was darned sure that Markell was not going to be posted before he was. A new room is shortly to be added to Stores to provide more commodious and comfortable sleeping accommodation for the staff.

**Flight Sergeant Hodges**—For a long time now keeper of the flying records at G.I.S., has a long record with the service.

At the outbreak of war he was attached to the Signal Corps of the N.P.M., but transferred his activities to the

Senior Armament Instructors' Course, R.C.A.F. as an Armorer. Mechanically minded, "Jack" found the Armament Course at Trenton well to his liking. Almost immediately he passed on to the No. 7 S.F.T.S. at Macleod was his next sphere of activities, where he learned the satisfaction to be obtained from successfully graduating classes in the subject one teaches.

Lethbridge claimed him next for more instructional experience, and now Mossbank. After a spell of instructing at this station, he went into Records Office.

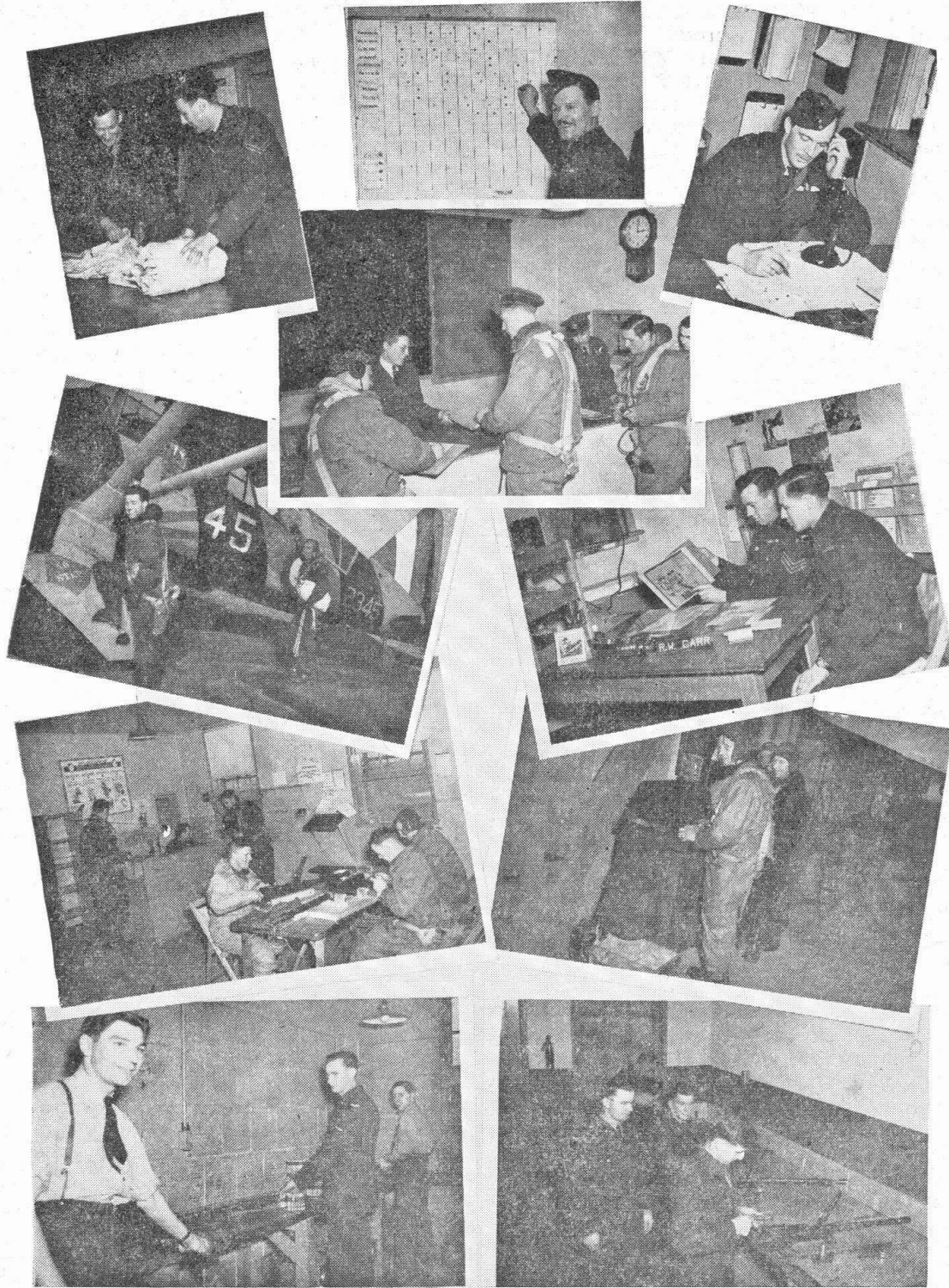
#### **Photographic Section**

Under present methods of gunnery training a very important role is played by this section. Simulation gunnery exercises carried out with the camera gun require very rapid and efficient service on the part of the girls in the Photographic Section in order that trainees may see the results of their work at the earliest possible moment after completing the exercises. All Station functions, including special parades, concerts, Wings presentation, require coverage and prompt production of results. Most of the girls in this section are comparatively new to the work, but they are very rapidly becoming quite proficient and will be very well capable of dealing with the increased volume of work that will shortly fall on their shoulders as a result of still further changes in the syllabus of training. The section at present is composed of Cpl. Green, S.A., LAW. Farr, E.E., LAW. Peltier, L.M., LAW. Wisser, L.W., LAW. Olson, M.F., and LAW. Juneau, B.M.

#### **In Conclusion**

This general resumé of the work of G.I.S. cannot be concluded, however, without mentioning the most excellent and devoted work done by Aircrew personnel posted to this unit for instructional work prior to their leaving for Overseas. It is a matter of pride at this unit that between the various sections of G.I.S. and the A.T.S., including the Pools, there are no fences erected, and the close co-operation that exists has produced a very high standard of training efficiency which is the envy of all B. & G. Schools and the subject of comment by outside observers.

It is this spirit shown by all ranks and sections of the Training Wing, together with the co-operation given by other sections of the station, that has lifted Mossbank from the role of an isolated station to that of a real community, whose sole aim is to produce the most highly efficient Aircrew possible.



1. Packing a Drogue. 2. F/Lt. Nichols, O/C. A.T.S. 3. F/O. Whittaker. 4. Log-book room in Bombing Flight. 5. F/O. Henderson and Drogue Operator. 6. Office Conversion Flight. 7. Log-room, Gunnery Flight. 8. Sorting Empties. 9. Belting Ammunition. 10. G.I.S. Room 8, Cleaning Guns.

## The Air Training of a Bomb Aimer

The headquarters for the air training of a Bomb Aimer at No. 2 B. & G. School is No. 4 Hangar. There are two distinct sections in this hangar who work in close co-operation in this all-important part of the students' curriculum.

In the east lean-to of the hangar is Bombing Flight, consisting of the pilots and ground crew under the supervision of **F/O. George Whittaker**, assisted by **P/O. Bob Byron**. Some twenty-six pilots are on strength and, in addition, two timekeepers. Working in close co-operation with the Flight is a detachment of maintenance personnel from Service Squadron, headed by **Sgt. "Danny" Danforth**. In the west lean-to of the hangar is the Plotting Office and headquarters of the Bombing Pool, composed of Air Bomber Instructors, Armament Instructors, Clerks General and General Duties, headed by **F/O. Phil Benson** and assisted by **F/O. Jim Gil-mour**. The "Bombing Pool" consists of the instructors who fly with the students; the balance of the staff are chiefly concerned with ground instruction and records and are supervised by **WO.2 Burdett Magwood**. Adjacent to the Plotting Office is located a detachment from the Armament Section, under **Corporal Lou Rogers**, which also works in close co-operation with Bombing Flight and Plotting Office.

To give the reader an outline of the training carried on, we will endeavor to set out the routine followed by the trainees on the ground and on a typical bombing exercise in the air.

Toward the end of the second week of an Air Bomber's twelve-week sojourn on this station, the course reports to the Plotting Office for cockpit checks and a familiarization tour of the hangar. At this time, two officers instructors from the Bombing Pool are assigned to that course, and from then on have a particular interest in all its activities connected with flying. The class is split up into small groups and an instructor takes each to an aircraft in the hangar and explains to the students the internal lay-out of the aircraft, in particular the bomber's cockpit and the many switches that he will be using in his bombing. Within a day or two of this familiarization visit, the class officers conduct an

examination on the procedure on the ground and in the air, followed by a bombing "critique" at which helpful hints are given to the students prior to their first air exercise. These critiques are conducted by the class officers and a pilot, and are given at intervals throughout the air training program. Their object is to prevent mistakes before they are made and to alleviate the problems which will confront the students in the air. At this point, the class has had all possible preparatory instruction in G.I.S., the Bombing Teacher, and the Plotting Office before commencing its actual air work. The occasional student who has never been in the air before is also given a familiarization flight.

Finally the day arrives when the air work is to commence. The course is detailed to fly on the previous day by G.I.S., and at 07.25 hours reports to the Plotting Office. The students draw their flying clothing from the "Check Room" and wait in the Crew Room. First take-off is at 08.10 hours, and thirty-five minutes before then the first two crews of two students each are called by the Dispatcher over the Public Address System. They then draw their parachutes and electrical intercommunication sets and report to the dispatcher across the hangar. The Air Bombers are there joined by **F/O. Sunny Keegan** and **F/S. Les Beakhouse**, who are the pilots detailed for this particular schedule. The latter now sign the Flight Authorization and Aircraft Serviceability Forms, which are kept in order by **Cpl. Lois Botkin**. Together the crew pass into the Briefing Room, where they are given last-minute instruction by the Briefing Officer, **P/O. Dick Hamill**, and the two instructors, **P/O. Norm Scott** and **Sgt. Noel Gillespie**, who are detailed to fly with them.

The crews then proceed to their aircraft and check their bomb load, which the Armourers have ready. After getting in the airplane, the pilot starts his engines, while one of the students crawls into his cockpit in the nose and checks the switches, bombsight and inter-communication. When all is set, they taxi out to the runway, take off, and climb to the detailed height over the



Bombing Pool and Plotting Office Staff

target. The students then do their "computing" to determine the correct settings to put on the bombsight, and the first student to bomb gets into the cockpit. At the correct time, the two aircraft go onto the target in properly spaced "Leader-Follower" formation and the actual bombing commences. The position and time of each bomb burst is accurately recorded by the Range Crew on the ground and, approximately, from the air by the student. A standard patten between air bomber and pilot is followed on each run over the target and the instructor checks to see that the student is doing his bombing properly. At the completion of the exercise the planes return to the aerodrome and the crews proceed to the despatch room. Here the pilots sign in and the students obtain their exact flying times.

The students and instructors then go into the adjacent Interrogation Room, where the Interrogating Officer, **P/O. Jerry McConnell**, questions them in detail about the trip and the Instructors write up reports on each student. Work-

ing with Interrogating Officer is **Cpl. "Bud" Mack**, as "Trouble Shooter". He has met the aircraft on landing and reports on any apparent unserviceability of the armament. His report is handed to the Interrogating Officer and it and the student's report are taken to the Plotting Office. There they are handed to **LAC. Dave White**. He, by this time, has received the results from the Range and has them plotted on a large chart, showing the exact position of the bomb bursts in relation to the target and the score the student has made. He pins the student's report to the appropriate charts and returns them to the students, who proceed to the Analysis Room.

Here **Cpl. Dave Faibish** and **Cpl. Pete Malowsky** analyse the charts with the students, pointing out any faults in procedure which are evident from the results or obtained mathematically. When the analysis is complete the students return to the Crew Room to await their next trip. The records of all students are kept in order by **Cpl. Ann Bow** and **AW.1 Betty Grant**.



# From Gunnery Pool to Gunnery Flight

Now is the time for the class of which LAC. Plotsenpots is a student to report to Gunnery Flight. LAC. Plotsenpots, or simple "Plotsey", as we will call him, since we are going to follow him very closely for the next few lines on this page, has up to this time received considerable training at G.I.S., Turret Section, and on the ranges. All this work seemed very unnecessary and boring to our hero. Little did he know the important part it was to play in the very near future nor the audience of interested observers he was going to have. So, fired with the enthusiasm that every normal man has for flying, because we always assume early in the student's course that he is normal, and Plotsey is no exception, we find him reporting to Gunnery Flight dressed in all his flying gear, looking very much like a man from Mars. At this moment we drop behind a little to study the thermometer and weather report which registers 35 above zero, clear with light winds.

"Plotsey" has never been in a hospital, but will never be cared for better by the gentle hand of nurses nor the tender care of doctors than he is, as we notice by pilots, instructors, maintenance crews, and despatchers of Gunnery Flight. They tell him what exercise to do, show him how to do it, load his guns for him, put on his harness and parachute, and last, but not least, take him up in a real honest-to-goodness training bomber craft.

Very early in his trip "Plotsey" finds that he is not on a sight-seeing tour, because, much to his dismay, the designers of the "Boly" in which he is riding, only made one small window. Muttering to himself, we hear him say that things will be different when he becomes "Air Vice Marshal" Studying "Plotsey's" countenance (map to you) closely, we read a mixture of thoughts, because this is his first trip. He wonders if this "crate" will hold together, if the pilot and instructor remember that he is in the back? If the pilot is as competent as he appears to be, most important of all if those two fried eggs, glass of milk, toast and cereal that he

had for breakfast are going to stay down.

Suddenly, the instructor informs "Plotsey", via intercom, that he must enter the turret for his exercise. Just at the moment a little gust of wind bumps the aircraft and we notice that the climax of Plotsey's keenness has been reached, at the same time his stomach has done a roll and two loops Plotsey's face has become quite pale. As a last minute precaution, he pulls off his glove and into his bare hand ejects his artificial uppers, which have the fault of falling out when his mouth opens too widely.

On his way to the turret Plotsey notices that one of his comrades has brought with him a large shoe-horn which, no doubt, is to aid Plotsey, who is a big boy, comfortably and excessively clothed in flying clothes. At last Plotsey makes it—there he is in the defender's seat of the aircraft. His air sickness has been forgotten by his new interest. He looks around and there to prove the efficiency and co-operation from Drogue Flight, and interest in Plotsey's career, off the starboard side of the aircraft is a Drogue ship pulling at the end of a long cable, a Drogue which is to be Plotsey's target.

Plotsey, like all good students, has made ready and waits eagerly for the command from the pilot or the instructor. There it is. Plotsey, very determined to bag the best score and go down in the annals of B. & G. history, opens fire on the target. Those guns take French leave all of a sudden, because, although they are pointed in the direction of the target according to the sight, the ammunition and tracer bullets are careening all over the sky. Finally, Plotsey's ammunition has been expended and it is time to return to the station, and land.

Almost as soon as Plotsey has landed the Drogue hut phones in a score of hits for our hero that he can plainly count on his hand. There must be something wrong with the counters, so Plotsey complains, loud and long. Eventually he is adequately informed that he has to have more practice before he attains

perfection; otherwise, we who instruct, fly the aircraft, despatch crews, maintain aircraft and guns would have nothing to do.

So, happy with his soon-to-be-attained results, Plotsey leaves our Gunnery Flight for his barracks, surrounded by his fellow-students who all are intently listening to Plotsey's experience.

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## SIGNALS

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There are no sign posts in the sky; no friendly cops to point out the path of flight back to base; no thin ribbon of highway to travel along, as a guide. It requires the unerring accuracy of the Navigators to bring that fabulously priced crew and aircraft safely home.

However, sometimes, if not frequently, the Navigator finds that his efficacy is at an end, and then it is up to Johnny W.A.G. to prove his value to the crew, and those back home, in being the prime aid in homing his aircraft.

Here, of course, is where the Signal Section enters the picture, with its compact staff. The Morse that W.A.G.'s are required to receive at No. 2 B. & G. is sent in this section from a variety of "fists", which tends to stabilize the receiver at the Wireless School. The student learns to copy from different senders, much in the same order as he would do if he were on "ops".

Under these conditions he gains confidence in himself, so that when that big chance comes he will take over with veteran skill.

Morse is not the only consideration of this section. The Aldis Lamp, an important adjunct to an aircraft, is taught to the Air Bombers, who graduate with a reading speed of eight words per minute.

"Pep" talks from the Officer i/c of the section, who has two years "ops" behind him, increase the ambition of the students to attain efficient standards.

All in all, results are climbing with each course striving to better the records of the previous courses, a fact that is gratifying to the Signals' staff as it is a tribute to their efforts to make a "good show".

## Physical Fitness

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Physical Fitness is playing an ever-increasing part in Aircrew Training. From A.F.H.Q. down this branch of training is being stressed more and more as its importance in turning out competent Aircrew is more fully appreciated. There was a time when P.T. was considered a not too necessary nuisance—an additional thorn in the flesh of the poor training trying to get along. It may still be considered a nuisance, but a very necessary one—as witness the new syllabus for G.I.S.

This new syllabus allows for five hours a week Physical Fitness Training for all trainees. It is no longer a part of training which is to be squeezed in when other subjects permit, or left out altogether. It is a **must** subject and takes its place alongside of the other branches of training that go to make Pilots, Bombardiers, Gunnars, Navigators and other aircrew.

Physical Fitness Training differs vastly from the old system of straight calisthenics. Running, conditioning drills or grass drills and certain types of games are considered to be the best aids towards physical fitness. The ideal period consists of warm up and running exercises for a short period, gas drills, a short period of calisthenics which consist mainly of limbering up and stomach exercises, and the balance of the period is devoted to games. The games favored are Basketball, Borden Ball, Hockey, Floor Hockey, Soccer—games in which all of the team members participate actively and get plenty of exercise. Games such as Softball, Cricket and Baseball are good for after hour activities for amusement but are not suitable for Physical Fitness Training.

At No. 2 B. & G. School we are particularly fortunate in having a fine swimming pool, so that every Physical Fitness Period is rounded off with a swim. As part of the program, all trainees are tested for swimming ability, and those who cannot pass the test are given instruction until they can. This provides good exercise, but more than that, may save lives on operations.

No Physical Fitness Program is complete without the inclusion of the obstacle course. This provides the best form of all-round conditioning and is a definite challenge to the trainees to

prove their fitness. In winter we use an indoor course which speaks concretely for the inventive ability of the P.T. & D. staff—it is changeable to give variety and moveable so that it does not interfere with other sports in the Drill Hall. Plans have been made and a grant obtained for the construction of an outdoor obstacle course which will be under way very shortly.

Sports play a large part in the Physical Fitness Program for Aircrew in Training. There is plenty to do in the way of voluntary sports which provide relaxation, entertainment and healthful exercise. Students have their choice of Bowling, Swimming, Badminton, Table Tennis, Boxing, Wrestling, Weight Lifting—and, in the summer time, Tennis, Baseball, Softball and Cricket are added to the list. They also enter teams in the station leagues in Borden Ball, Volleyball and Basketball. They have their own leagues which provide competition between classes, with a winner declared at the end of each two week period. These league games are played during physical fitness periods.

## Headquarters

Under the command of Group Captain E. C. Tennant, No. 2 Bombing & Gunnery School won the Minister's Efficiency Pennant for the quarter October 1st to December 31st, 1943, awarded to Bombing and Gunnery Schools. This is the first time in the history of Mossbank that we have been selected as a winner. Naturally, we are proud. This signifies that we, as a station, obtained the highest percentage of proficiency in discipline, deportment, aircraft serviceability, general cleanliness and maintenance of the Station, and number of trainees graduated.

An award such as this is not won by individual efforts, but by each one doing his or her bit, which means that all personnel in a section co-operate to make an efficient section, and that each section co-operates with the other sections, to make an efficient station.

Headquarters Orderly Room is the heart of any station. Combined with the Commanding Officer (G/C. Tennant), the Adjutant (F/L. Lancaster), the Senior Administrative Officer (S/L. Allison), W.D. Officers (S/O. McPherson and A/S. Galashan) and the Orderly Room Staff, the administration of the

station is carried out. It is here that postings, promotions, remustering, daily incoming and outgoing mail, telegrams and discharges are dealt with.

Accounts Section in the other end of the Admin. Building, is something we can't do without—they hold the parade twice a month that no one misses. Under the guiding hands of S/L. Gregson, F/O. Mortimer-Lamb and F/O. Watt this group of people play an all-important part in keeping up the morale of the station.

The Dental Clinic, with its staff of two Dental Officers and several dental assistants, puts that never-to-be-forgotten smile on everyone's face. Great is its work in making certain the dental anatomy of all our graduates is in perfect shape.

The Hospital looks after your physical well-being. S/L. Jay with his able assistants, F/L. Francis and F/L. Garrison, together with Nursing Sisters Buchanan and Fisher do a pretty good job of keeping us healthy. Their staff of hospital assistants, specialists, chefs and clerks make all visits to the hospital bright, cheery and comfortable.

Ring 60 gives you the M.T. Section. This is F/S. Robertson speaking. This section manned by many airmen and airwomen controls the traffic of our station. Our Adjutant, F/L. Lancaster, is the big boss. The responsibility of the upkeep of all mechanical transport is the duty of these personnel.

The Equipment Section, headed by S/L. Noonan and F/L. Munde, with a highly experienced staff, handles one of the most important duties on the station. Keeping our airmen clothed, our stationery cabinets full and enough spares on hand to keep our aircraft serviceable—they are a busy lot.

In reviewing the part played by Headquarters in the efficient production of highly qualified graduates, one must not forget the work of the three messes, Airmen's, Sergeants' and Officers. Serving the best of foods in their own inimitable, appetizing style, the staffs of these messes deserve the highest praise of all personnel. Headed by the cheerful, untiring and efficient Messing Officers, S/O. Maycock and F/S. R. M. Clarke, the chefs, messwomen and messmen work early and late providing all with that greatest builder of morale—appetizing, tasteful and nourishing food.

And we must not forget the R.C.A.S.C., the men who bring in our rations—what morale builders are they!

The C.P.C. always greet all with a smile. When the folks back home do their stuff, the Postal Corps hands everyone a letter from home, or a parcel, a newspaper or a magazine. And it grieves them deeply to have to turn a lad or a lassie away from the wicket with "Nothing for you today—sorry!"

Next door to the C.P.C. are the S.P.'s. Guardians of the gate, the school and the personnel, they take all jibes on the chin and come up smiling, asking for more. They are a grand bunch.

Another group of guardians, ever watchful of our welfare, are the Fire Fighters, led by that stalwart major, WO.2 Rousby. Ever checking, ever watchful, they have an enviable record.

Last but not least and in a remote corner of the station, we find Works and Buildings. F/L. Willson, O.C. of this Section, has been in charge for more than three years and has watched the station grow from a mere camp to what it is today. The upkeep of station grounds, buildings and roads is their chief responsibility.

## Equipment Section

Outlining briefly the constituents of the saying, "Equipment, the Key to the Air Force".

To illustrate the Equipment personnel's contribution towards a speedy graduating day for our aircrew trainees, let us come in at this Unit with a class and follow it through to the grand finale, the pin-up of wings.

The first parade on arrival is through Barrack Stores, where necessary bedding is issued on loan to each individual while on this station. From here the parade continues to Clothing Stores for exchanges of worn-out items of clothing and issue of flying gear. Throughout their stay periodical clothing parades are arranged for boot repairs or emergency issues.

The class, now ready for intensive scheduled flying training, must have serviceable guns, turrets and ships, as well as consumables such as ammunition, gas and oil. This huge consumption of equipment of a flying station necessitates accurate attention being paid to provisioning. To meet this demand we employ a system of flagging our

Ledgers, known as Tally Cards. Appropriate quantities of the correct equipment must be ordered previous to the need of same. We have to determine the requirements of our Aero engine and airframe mechanics who service the trainee's aircraft. This is accomplished by a record of past consumptions. Needless to say, we endeavor to have all required equipment on hand at all times. We realize that lost training hours means delay in graduating qualified aircrew, thus a steady flow of equipment is coming and going continually. We pride ourselves that aircraft are seldom grounded due to negligence on our part. Consequently, the provisioner plays an important role in the operation of G.I.S.

The work in the Bee Hive—or I. & R., as officially known—can be described simply and completely in two words, "shipping" and "receiving". Through this department all equipment must pass, coming in and going out. Work here is mainly routine packing, unpacking, checking, recording where great care must be exercised to prevent bottle-neck in transportation. When emergencies arise under expected circumstances, equipment must be flown in, wired for, or delivered directly by motor transport, but close contact is maintained with railways to expedite deliveries to avoid delay.

On receipt of equipment, it is checked with accompanying vouchers and immediately passed to technical stores, where it is binned, recorded and ready for issue to sections requiring same. This entails receiving, storing, and issuing thousands of articles of serviceable equipment and receiving and shipping a large quantity of repairable equipment for reconditioning. A system of numerical sequence is employed to bin and locate the equipment so that it may be readily found and issued to those who keep the various types of aircraft in flying condition. Our trainees are the boys who will provide the punch and the blitz in the near future and they need first class equipment to train on, and with. Consequently, great care has to be exercised to see that they get exactly that. We are proud of the part we have in contributing to the moulding and graduating of the past and future "Fighting Airmen of Canada".

On completion of this course, we again see them through our Barrack and Clothing Stores, this time to return equipment issued on loan, and are awarded with an issue of well-earned stripes and wings.

# MAINTENANCE WING

Maintenance Wing, the largest wing on the station, plays one of the most important roles in the output of aircrew.

Its main responsibility is to provide enough serviceable a/c serviced with gas and oil; in other words, keep them flying.

What would happen if Maintenance ceased to function? All the aircraft would soon become unserviceable and flying and the air training of trainees would cease. Thus the Maintenance staff of every Air Force in the war today is of the most vital importance to the continuance of the Air War.

Maintenance Wing is divided up into two squadrons, Repair and Service.

Repair Squadron, housed in No. 5 Hangar and the largest of the two squadrons, has the important work of carrying out major and minor inspections on all aircraft at a definite period. These inspections mean, sometimes, the replacing of engines, changing propellers, replacing worn and defective parts, checking the airframes, wiring, instruments, radios, etc. — in other words, making the aircraft nearly as good as new again so that the trainees will have serviceable and efficient ships in which to train.

Repair Squadron is proud of its serviceability record.

A very important section of Repair Squadron is the parachute, or "life-saver", section. This small and efficient section plays a very important part in helping protect the lives of the trainees. Each 'chute is called in once a month and checked for any deficiencies and then repacked. This section has to its credit a perfect record, with four successful parachute jumps made by trainees without mishap.

After the aircraft leave Repair they

pass into the hands of Service Squadron, whose personnel are distributed throughout Bombing, Gunnery, Drogue, and Conversion Flights. Their duty and responsibility is to see that the aircraft are kept serviced with gas and oil and to make minor repairs.

They must be able to have the aircraft out on the line and ready for the pilots and students to take-off whenever required. They have the job of pulling aircraft out onto the line, running the engines up and checking for faults before take-off and performing daily inspections on the aircraft after flying has ceased.

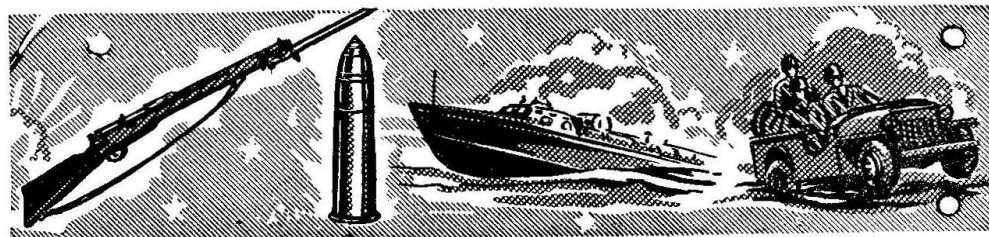
Service personnel also carry out many other jobs. Although only of a minor nature, they are of the most vital importance towards keeping the aircraft flying.

Maintenance Wing is not only proud of its aircraft serviceability record, but points with pride to the large number of tradesmen who have successfully remustered and made good in aircrew, and to those who are awaiting for their remuster to come through.

So to Maintenance Wing, with its riggers, fitters and electricians, instrument and radio mechanics, fabric workers and parachute riggers, transport drivers and mechanics, clerks and stenographers, discip. and general duties, from the Officer Commanding to the AC.2s, a special salute for the splendid work which is being done towards the output of aircrew.

Maintenance Wing is under the able and experienced leadership of S/L. W. B. Coates, a P.F. man, who came up through the ranks and knows his job.

Repair Squadron is under the command of F/Lt. W. N. Venables and F/O. W. T. Jessop is Officer Commanding Service Squadron.



## Special Services

An important part in the life of trainees and other service personnel is played by the special and auxiliary services. In order to tell of the work of these services in a limited space, they are being considered as a group. Actually, however, each is an identity unto itself and responsible to the Commanding Officer and attached to Headquarters Wing.

First there is the Station Padre—**Padre C. A. Sutton**—who is full-time padre attached to this Unit. His work is unbounded. Besides conducting religious services, he is kept constantly busy easing the lives of airmen and airwomen who seek his advice, assistance, and sympathetic understanding. Numerous are the problems given to him to unravel—problems of compassionate leave, financial assistance, mental and emotional worry, religious uncertainty, arrangements of weddings, etc. He is a member of the Commanding Officer's Welfare Fund, of Committees of Adjustment. He is expected to visit the sections regularly, to cheer the patients in the hospital, to greet all with a cheery word, to be at hand at all hours, to be prepared to speak on a moment's notice to any gathering, to welcome trainees to the station, and to know the marriage laws of all provinces and nations. **Father Branch**, part-time R.C. Padre, is a frequent visitor to the station, ever welcome, and just as busy as the Station Padre. Yes, the Padres do a great job.

Second of the special services to be described here is the Education Branch. This branch of the service is headed by the Education Officer, **F/O. J. Shaw**, who is ably assisted by **Sgt. W. S. Nimrod**. The work of this branch falls into several divisions: Trade improvement for ground tradesmen, educational courses for airmen wishing to qualify for aircrew, evening classes and correspondence courses for personnel wishing to improve their education or understanding of a trade, organization of discussion groups, musical hours and handicraft groups, and, what is becoming heavier daily, the passing on of information regarding rehabilitation and the counselling of personnel on remustering, self-improvement by educational courses and kindred matters pertaining to their future.

The third of the special services is the Canadian Legion Auxiliary Services which operates at this camp. **Mr. Cliff Sgokberg**, a veteran of this war—as a member of the South Saskatchewan Regiment, he was wounded in the Dieppe raid—is the Legion Supervisor here. In charge of the Legion Hut, he provides all personnel with writing paper, envelopes, and magazines. He attends to their phone calls, telegrams, snapshot requirements, and dozens of other wants. He assists the Sports Officer with sports, helps to organize station entertainment, and assists the Education Section with the Station Library. He provides weekly showings of movies free and makes a special point of arranging movies for patients in the hospital.

The physical, mental and emotional well-being of both trainee and staff is a natural pre-requisite to success in training. This station boasts of facilities second to none in this regard. We have a beautiful theatre for movie and stage shows, a sports hall boasting a swimming pool, badminton courts, volleyball courts, bowling alleys, basketball court, boxing ring and lounge. This hall is well equipped with the best in gymnastic equipment. The station has excellent coffee bar and canteen facilities and billiard hall. Recently, a chapel has been built and a grand electric organ has been installed. Though far from a large city, this station has all the recreational and spiritual facilities that any city can offer.

## Control Tower Capers

### "THE GREENHOUSE"

What goes on up in the Tower? Just what everyone has been asking, so now you'll know:

If they removed the telephone, it would be a good place for a vacation.

One of the hardest things about this job is being here at 07.30 a.m. When you do arrive here, 10 minutes late, you immediately phone the carsh tender and have him check the runways. Then you check the sirens and notify the Hospi-

tal. After this is done, you may wash in flying if the weather permits; if it doesn't, you feel sad and sorry because you could have had another hour's sleep.

The weather man has a lot to say, or, at least, we want his opinion first thing in the morning. So, immediately flying is washed in, you phone the Met. Section at Moose Jaw, and he usually has a cold front moving somewhere or another.

In days gone by the traffic was controlled from the Tower by red and green lights, but now, through the efforts of **F/Lt. Reesor** and **LAC. Fritz**, we have a bread wagon (Control Truck) on the corner of the field. You may find **AC's. Batchelor, Mitchel, Wilson** or **MacKenzie** in the truck, and they tell me it's a chilly performance out there these frosty mornings.

If an aircraft is going visiting to some other port, we phone the flight plan to the aerodrome when they leave. The safe arrival of the aircraft is phoned back to us, and thus all aircraft are kept from going astray for days without being missed.

A couple of other minor details that must be done is making out the flying report and getting the weather report for aircraft that are going visiting; for instance, some places dislike our aircraft landing there when the weather isn't up to scratch, but we promise faithfully not to let it happen again.

Things are usually pretty quiet, but before our tour of duty is up the Flights are phoned to make sure that all aircraft are down—usually there are one or two that like to stay up an extra 10 minutes. Anyway, when they are all down, you can dismiss the crash tender and haul up the red and white checkered flag. You are all finished for the day and you can go to supper.

There is only one scrounge that you can get, and that is a cup of coffee around 15.00 hours, that is, if you are awfully nice to the W.D.'s, but you really have to be polite as they may be hard to get along with.

I nearly forgot to mention our Radio Section, just underneath us. They have their radios on full blast and you can listen to the moaning and groaning of the pilots to the targets.

As you can see, it really isn't a hard job, but someone has to do it, and I guess it's me.

So long for now.

(Sgt.) CHUCK ANDREWS.

## Interview Iliad

(Or — THE SCOURGE OF G.I.S.)

Near the end of the course,  
'Round Library—Intelligence  
Can often be found  
Conversation quite dense.

For this is the period  
When emotions run high  
And everyone's tempted  
To take to the "lie".

How the Officer raved—  
They must be tough!  
How's my shirt? How's my tie?  
Should I have shaved?

Why all this fuss?  
It's interview time.

The first fellow's back;  
Look at him smile.  
"Hey, you, hurry up!"  
They said, "Single file".

"What did they ask you?"  
"What did they say?"  
Why—"How old are you?"  
What do you play?"

"Surely, they asked more—  
It means so much!"  
Well, they did say  
"In Air-Firing what's your  
score?"

That Aussie Officer is good,  
And talks about home.  
But, be on your guard,  
They'll catch you if you roam—

Ain't it the truth?  
—It's interview time.

### EPILOGUE

"That wasn't so bad."  
They all agree  
When it's finished—  
And there's naught left but  
"The Spree!"



F/LT. K. K. SMITH

## Flight Lieutenant K. K. Smith

The benign smile above belongs to F/Lt. K. K. Smith, who is Officer in charge of W.A.G.'s with his headquarters in G.I.S. One of the "K's" in his name stands for "Kilburn" (the other is a secret, he says), but his friends call him "Kil."

Born thirty-odd years ago in New Brunswick, F/Lt. Smith underwent the usual growing pains of youth, and attended the University of New Brunswick, where he specialized in electrical engineering and English rugby. He migrated to the Great West in 1926, via Montreal, Detroit, Peoria and way points in between and achieved his B.Sc. degree from the University of Illinois in ye U.S.A.

A penchant for teaching brought him to the notice of Calgary's school officials and he joined their faculty's technical division. Later, he went to Rideau Park Junior High School, Calgary, remaining with them until September, 1940, when he joined the R.C.A.F. who were soon to find his 15 years teaching and technical experience useful indeed. He played rugby for the Calgary Broncs during the

(Continued on next page)



F/O. Cahoon

## Flying Officer A. E. Cahoon

"Ab" Cahoon is another of the many pedagogues called into service shortly after the outbreak of the war. He has had a colorful career. Born in 1902 on a ranch in sunny southern Alberta, he was greeted by one of the worst snowstorms in thirty years; that may, or may not, account for anything.

His early years were spent on the ranch rounding up delinquent cattle, and acquiring some education at a nearby rural school. After completing a high school course and attending Calgary Normal School, he is next found rounding up delinquent children. That is to say, he taught for a year in a one-room rural school and later for eight years as principal of a rural consolidated school. Prior to enlisting he was employed on the high school staff at Raymond, Alta.

Like most teachers, he abhorred the vacuum created by summer vacation and spent a great many years attending summer schools and working as Canadian Customs Officer at Waterton Lakes Park. He was a member of the escort party there when the late Lord Tweeds-

(Continued on next page)

### FLIGHT LIEUTENANT K. K. SMITH

1926-27 season, one of their winning ones.

As an AC.2 then, off he went to Trenton to begin an armament course. Posted to No. 3 S.F.T.S., "Kil" earned his commission, was sent to Mountain View to take an Armament Officers' course, then our "gen" man journeyed to Lethbridge B. & G. School.

June 10, 1943, was the lucky day F/L. Smith came to Mossbank and now in his capable hands rests the shepherding of the flocks of W.A.G.'s. For them he is "in loco parentis," superintendent of parades, discipline and G.I.S. training—under the over-all direction of our C.I., W/C. (congratulations, Sir) Ross, and of our genial G.I.S. S/L. Whitley.

Many of F/L. Smith's ex-pupils from his Calgary schools have come under his benevolent thumb and he boasts with prideful glow of their D.F.C.'s and D.F.M.'s.

Blessed with a charming wife and two blonde daughters (aged 9 and 11), whose portrait he will produce most willingly, "Kil" plans to do his P.T. in his Calgary garden this summer.

Après le guerre, F/L. Smith has promised to return to Calgary and re-occupy his niche as senior technical instructor on the Calgary Junior High School staff, from which institution he has a leave of absence for the duration.

### FLYING OFFICER A. E. CAHOON

muir visited the spot in 1936. His marriage in 1930 did not cure him of a desire to see the world, so he and his wife spent the next four years in British Samoan Islands, where he managed a plantation and took charge of the native school there. F/O. Cahoon enlisted in the Air Force in 1940, being called up in September, 1941.

Having taken an Armament Officers' course at Mountain View, he was posted to No. 3 S.F.T.S., Calgary, being finally carried by the tide to No. 2 B. & G.S., Mossbank, in May, 1943. "Ab" has a quiet and unassuming personality, but his heart is very much in the job he is doing. He takes a very active part in the sports life of the station, being a very canny ball player besides doing effective work on the basketball and other station teams.

## Instructors (G.I.S.)

What of the Instructors who stalk the corridors of G.I.S. with "grim and silent mien"?

To most of those students who have been at No. 2 B. & G. for a few weeks, that scowling brow is a sign of concentration rather than censure. For in a world gone mad with the lust of killing, new weapons for that killing are designed almost daily. New methods of countering the enemy's latest bid in the race for supremacy in armament are necessary. New tactics necessitate modifications to existing equipment. As the weight of Allied air power increases, and heavier and more deadly types of bombs are carried against enemy targets; so special equipment to carry and release these bombs must be fitted to aircraft. Bombsights are re-designed, giving greater accuracy, used from heights almost undreamed of a few short months ago. Bombs! Guns! Turrets Pyros! Modifications! Changes! Changes!

All these alterations find their way, in due course, into the syllabus of the Air Training Plan; necessitating constant revision and study on the part of instructors; so that aircrew students shall benefit to the fullest extent during their period of training.

Yes! The latter part of the preceding sentence sums up very concisely the attitude of instructors towards students. Realizing that the knowledge they do their best to impart may mean the difference between life and death to each individual member of aircrew, they bend every effort to ensure that students shall leave No. 2 B. & G. as fully prepared as possible to meet any contingency that may arise.

Remember, too, that many of these same men would prefer to be overseas, taking their places beside the aircrew they have instructed.

Let's meet some of them, shall we? Perhaps a little personal knowledge of those that instruct may make for an even better understanding than ever between them and their students.

**Flight Sergeant Tolpey**, who hails from Vancouver, enlisted in December, 1940. He went through the usual procedure of waiting for, and taking,

courses, being posted to Mountain View on No. 29 Armourers' Course, and then back once more for the Instructors' Course.

Two years were spent at Trenton, instructing in the "Reselection Centre", now disbanded, but often referred to by men who came under its sphere of influence as "the camp of forgotten men".

One break came during these two years in the form of an Aircraft Recognition Course, once more at Mountain View.

F/S. Tolpey's motto is "best instruction for aircrew". Perhaps he realized how worthwhile that is during his sojourn at Trenton. At least he lives up to his motto here at Mossbank, and gives his students all he's got.

**Flight Sergeant Probert**—The "Grand Old Man" of G.I.S., apart from his qualifications as an armament instructor, plays a "crafty" cornet, and is the Bandmaster for No. 2 B. & G. He's quite a volley-ball enthusiast as well, and he's licked a very respectable team into shape to represent G.I.S.

It stands to reason that a man who understands team work, and the individual, sufficiently well to successfully accomplish these things, must of necessity realize that only by constant hard work, and application on the part of everyone, can students be trained to the perfection required to make an absolutely co-ordinated aircrew.

"Flight" Probert and his family have an enviable record. "Bill" himself served with the Canadian forces in the last war; and enlisted once again in October, 1940. Two sons are also with the R.C.A.F., one of whom has been listed as missing from operations over enemy territory; the other has just received his commission, and the D.F.C.

**Sergeant Cordwell**—Who is, by the way, quite a "tillicum" of "Flight Probert, joined the R.C.A.F. in August, 1940, and is another "oldtimer" in Armament, being a member of Course 25 at Trenton.

"Cordite", as he is affectionately called, was attached to the Royal Engineers Territorial Cadets, and assigned to the London defences during the First Great War.

This time he's helping to train the men who now take the job he held before. All aircrew will know him, and like him; he's N.C.O. in charge of the "Two Bit" Range.

**Flight Sergeant Courtenay**—A native of Winnipeg, and, being stationed at Mossbank, is naturally a strong supporter of the faction who advocate longer 48's.

Enlisting in December, 1941, he has, by sheer hard work and constant application to his job, built up a reputation as a "Gen man" in G.I.S.

Sure he's a hard man, but remember, he came up the hard way. "Fred", however, is pretty soft underneath that gruffy exterior, and is willing to help anyone who really needs it, "if" he's willing to work. A word of warning, though; he has no use for a slacker.

In his spare time he amuses himself with mathematical problems; and, incidentally, is doing his darnedest to get into aircrew.

**Flight Sergeant Macfie**—"Old Apple Trail", as Course 95 nicknamed him, from his way of explaining one phase of the theory of sighting—calls his home city Montreal, where, we understand, (from other sources, of course) he played a mean trumpet before enlistment in the R.C.A.F.

(Funny, isn't it? Nearly all instructors have some harmless vice or other.)

"Mac" is pretty quiet around G.I.S., and, as he has a temporary home in Mossbank, is not often seen after hours. We have it on good authority, however—the students themselves, in fact—that he makes a jolly good job of teaching a difficult subject: Theory of Sighting. Don't think that's his only subject, though; he's a good all-round man on armament generally.

**Flight Sergeant Matthews** — Big, genial "Mat", while perhaps a little heavy on a volleyball court, is no "slouch" when it comes to armament.

He enlisted in the R.C.A.F. in 1941, as an Armourer, and experienced the mud and discomfort of the Valcartier Manning Depot for a couple of months while waiting for the course at Mountain View.

After his armament course he obtained his practical experience at No. 4 B. & G., Fingal, Ont. Passing out of Mountain View once more in April, 1942, this time as an instructor, he was posted to Mossbank.

"Mat" has instructed continuously since that time. Like all the instructors in G.I.S., he is a willing helper when it comes to students in difficulties.

He has one motto that might be followed to good advantage by all of us. "Forget your work on a 48".



**Flight Sergeant Hooker** — Says his present job is a “headache”. We are all sympathetic, but thankful it’s not us. “Herb” makes up the programs for G.I.S., vice WO.1 Cralle. It is a thankless task, but a great deal of credit is due to him for the job he is turning out. The mantle of a veritable Elijah fell on him—and it fits! When not concerned with seeing that other instructors work, he teaches Gunnery subjects himself, and likes it.

He’s quite scathing in his remarks about aircrew at times. Don’t be deceived, though, it’s “sour grapes”; he’s just busting to get into that category as well.

When he’s home at LaFleche, he goes hunting. “Sharpening his eye for aircrew,” as he calls it. Thereby hangs a tale of mistaken identity. “Well, if that cow looked like a deer, was it my fault?”

**Flight Sergeant Crowson** — Another “blinkin’” Englishman, who has, however, been in Canada long enough, 20 years, to have the corners smoothed a bit.

This dual nationality has helped him a great deal in his dealings with students, as he can see the R.A.F. point of view as well as the R.C.A.F. It helps, too, with the R.A.A.F.

“Flight” Crowson is a comparative newcomer to Mossbank, arriving here last September from No. 5 S.F.T.S. at Brantford, where he instructed pilots’

courses in Armament and Aircraft Recognition.

He maintains that a personal interest in each and every student in his classes is at least half “the battle of the class room”. There’s quite a natural thought, possibly subconscious, in the minds of students when a new instructor enters the room; “how much can we get away with?” Make friends with them in the right way and that never comes to a head.

It works. He’s proved it.

**Flight Sergeant Ridehalgh**—In Montreal, in the spring of 1941, a very persuasive recruiting officer convinced him that he should be an Armourer, and eventually he arrived at Mountain View, just as the station opened.

Anyone who has been in that position will know the 101 “Joe” jobs that crop up. “Doug” was lucky and helped to move the armament equipment into its new quarters.

On completion of his Armourers’ Course, he remained at Mountain View to work on the 25-yard Range. In the fall of that year he passed his Instructors’ Course and was posted to Mossbank.

Being naturally interested in aircraft, he found the science of Aircraft Recognition absorbing, and from a hobby he shortly found himself instructing students in that subject, with Sgt. Roach as his co-partner.

These two men together did a sterling job for over a year, before the teaching of Aircraft Recognition became standardized in Canada, and a great deal of credit is due them for their efforts in that direction.

They are both back on Gunnery subjects, now and glad of it. Aircraft, like Ship Recognition, is monotonous to teach for a length of time. **Sgt. Roach**, incidentally, comes from southern Ontario. He’s fond of sports as well. When playing volleyball, he has a vicious “kill”.

His badminton is definitely above average, and softball enthusiasts have been known to go into raptures over his delivery.

**Sergeant MacLean, H. D.**—Still talks about those “happy days in Manning Pool” in August, 1941; we are never quite sure whether his tongue is in his cheek or not.

During the period between his armourers’ and instructors’ courses, he obtained his practical experience at Regina A.O.S. From his remarks we wonder if that had anything to do with the station closing down.

However, Mossbank eventually received him, once on Temporary Duty, and then permanently. They must have got used to one another, for he's still there, teaching bombing and allied subjects.

Teaching is no new profession to "Mac"; he did it in "those dear, dead days beyond recall", when you could "Tell your boss off", and get fired.

**Sergeant Schellenberg** — Wanted to enlist in 1940. However, it was not until August, 1941, that the R.C.A.F. eventually agreed to accept him as an armourer, and sent him to St. Hubert Manning Depot.

Spending only one day there, he was another unfortunate who was shipped out to brave the discomforts of the Valcartier Army Camp.

From there to No. 8 S.F.T.S. at Moncton, N.B., where, he tells us, he dug ditches, hauled logs in the swamps, and washed a million dishes. (Oh, to be an armourer—didn't we all!)

At "last", an armourers' course at Mountain View, and then five months practical work at MacDonald, Man.

Being a teacher by profession (ask him about his experiences among the Doukhobors), the instructors' course was a foregone conclusion. A posting to Fingal followed, where for 15 months he instructed in G.I.S.

Since last October, "Shelly" has divided his time between the school and his home at Herbert, Sask., on 48's.

In his quiet way he's enthusiastic about teaching aircrew. He likes them, and they like him.

**Flight Sergeant MacLean, R. B.** — After several attempts the Recruiting Depot at Winnipeg finally accepted his application for enlistment on August 6, 1940, and shipped him to Toronto.

Followed 18 months as Security Guard and Service Police, etc., until, with the rank of Corporal, he remustered to aircrew.

An unsuccessful attempt as a pilot ended, via Trenton K.T.S., at No. 2 B. & G., Mossbank, as an air gunner. Perhaps some of the oldtimers, F/S. Paulson or F/S. Hooker, will remember him on Course 32.

On graduation the whole course was sent overseas, and found themselves in one of the many beauty spots of England — Bournemouth, on the South Coast. Incidentally, "Flight" MacLean advises aircrew who may be stationed at Bournemouth to be sure and take full advantage of the facilities of Receiving

Centre there. (Confidentially, that's where he met his wife!)

Training courses in Gunnery and Tactics, etc., followed; he was, however, grounded for medical reasons, and returned to Canada as an instructor.

"Mac" has recently been re-categorized, and is hoping sometime to return to England. In the meantime, he's teaching Gunnery subjects in the very school from which he, himself, graduated.

If, sometime, you are in the Drill Hall, that "Star Chamber" of the P.T.I.'s, and you hear a wild cry of "Dinghy, dinghy, prepare for ditching", don't be alarmed; it's just "Mac", in the pool, giving the boys a workout in Dinghy Drill.

**Sergeant Beard**—Who blows the trumpet in the Station Band, while admitting quite frankly that he doesn't sound like Harry James, is a bombing instructor in the school.

His is no mean contribution to the training of Bombardiers, while practical experience with — Squadron on the East Coast has stood him in good stead when teaching Bombs, Components and Carriers, especially.

Gordon, who calls Toronto his home city, enlisted in November, 1941.

**Flight Sergeant Ramage**—A native of Edinburgh, Scotland, who came to Canada in 1929.

He enlisted in the R.C.A.F. in 1941, and has divided his activities among a number of stations: Brandon, Penhold, Saskatoon, Fingal, and last, but by no means least, Mossbank, arriving here in August, 1942.

He joined the G.I.S. in November of that year and has remained the very popular disciplinarian of the School ever since.

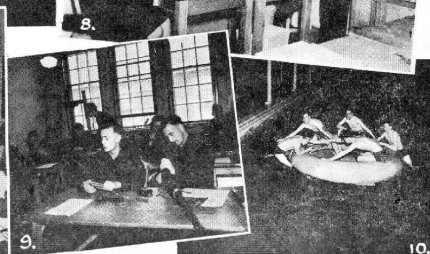
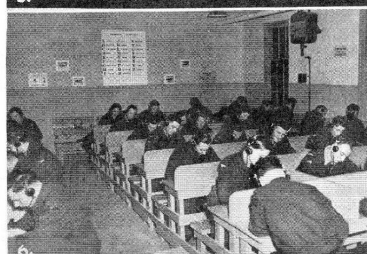
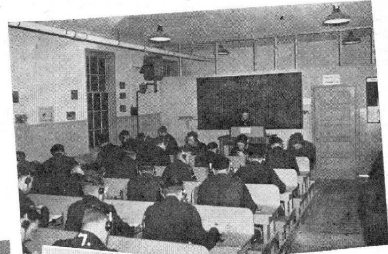
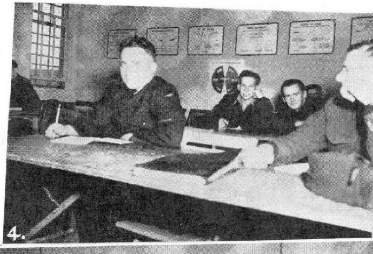
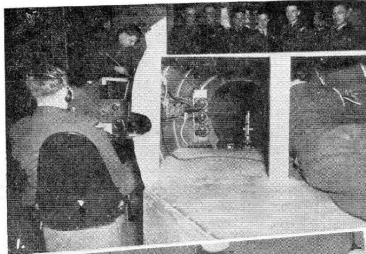
Since the change in his "Trade", Andy—everyone calls him Andy—has been on course at Trenton, Ont., and is now reclassified as a P.T. and D. instructor.

He possesses natural leadership qualities, a keen sense of humor, a knowledge of men, and a strong sense of duty, tempered with sympathetic understanding.

**Sergeant Anderson**—A former newspaper man from Calgary, who enlisted in August, 1941, as an Armourer.

Passed from Armament Guns Course No. 2 and gained his practical experience at No. 15 S.F.T.S., Claresholm, Alta.

Started his instructional career at Edmonton I.T.S. in March, 1942, and was later posted to No. 8 B. & G.S., Lethbridge.



1. Bombing Teacher, with teaching staff in upper right hand corner.  
 2. Corner of G.I.S. Intelligence Library.  
 3. Some of our Signals Staff: (right to left) P/O. Duclose, Cpl. Smith, LAW Smith and Cpl. MacDonald.  
 4. Sighting Lecture in Progress.  
 5. Part of the staff of G.I.S.

6. Signals receiving test in progress.  
 7. Sending test — Morse.  
 8. Aircraft Recognition Instructors (right to left): F/O. Allison, Sgt Lind, Sgt. Reid  
 9. Browning Gun Lecture.  
 10. Dinghy drill.

While instructing generally on Armament Guns, he has for two years specialized in the Theory of Sighting.

In July, 1943, he was fortunate in obtaining a posting to Mossbank, where he has carried on his efforts on behalf of aircrew. Talking of aircrew, he has done his utmost to join them himself, but so far without success.

"Andy" has an absorbing passion for an Indian (motorcycle, of course). When the weather precludes his indulging in this passion, he contents himself with his other hobby, painting.

**Flight Sergeant Paulson**—A P.F. man who started his Air Force career as a "General Duties" at No. 2 Equipment Depot in 1939, and "five years in which to do it".

His histrionic ability (we have, perhaps a more apt name for it in the Air Force) was instrumental in obtaining a post of contact man at the Winnipeg Recruiting Centre. How many good men he inveigled to their ultimate doom is unknown, but we next find him remustered to the Armament trade and taking a course at Trenton. For a short time there he managed to see a great deal of Canada, until, as Senior Armament Instructor, he found himself tied down in Mossbank from October, 1940.

He's still here, and does not appear to be unduly "brassed off." Of course, he's had a couple of trips lately to relieve the monotony, one to Ottawa on a course in Pedagogy, the other to Mountain View to get the latest information in Armament. He's going to be busy for a while now passing it along.

**WO.1 Ramsey** — Has an enviable record in the R.C.A.F. Joining the 19th Auxiliary Bomber Squadron in Hamilton in January, 1936, for training, he was T.O.S. in June of that year, being the 10th enlistment in the squadron. His number is 10010A.

At the outbreak of war the number of the squadron was changed to the 119th, and all personnel were given the option of a discharge. It speaks well for the spirit of the squadron that not one man accepted the offer.

Training was continued until January, 1940, when the squadron was posted en masse to Jericho Beach, Vancouver, and attached to No. 6 B.R.

Shortly after this, WO.1 Ramsey, then a Sergeant, was placed i/c of the Armament Section. In July he was posted to No. 10 Senior Armament Instructors' Course at Trenton.

From Trenton he went to Fingal as an instructor—incidentally, the first one on the station—where remained for 23 months, when Mountain View claimed him. There he taught Armourers' Courses, and later Pilot Armament Officers' Courses.

Transferring from the Air Armament School to G.I.S., he was made School WO., and still later he was placed in charge of Ranges and Marine. A return to the Air Armament School followed, once more as School WO.

Then, one day, the axe fell. Mossbank! Mossbank!! No, no, please, anything but that.

But he's at Mossbank now, and it's not nearly as bad as he expected. In fact, we met him about an hour ago on his return from Temporary Duty on a course at Mountain View, and he was smiling. You know, there is something about the West!

**Sergeant Ransom** — Being by nature rather gullible, he was, in November, 1941, "taken in" by the R.C.A.F. He's still in the same predicament, but "hope springs eternal".

However, he admits to a considerable widening of his outlook on life, being thoroughly domesticated by six months at Toronto Manning. (Shades of the Mess Kitchen! Yes, we had it as well.)

The usual armament courses followed, broken by four months in the Bombing Teacher at Yorkton, Sask.

Then one bitter day in December, 1942, he found himself dumped on the doorstep of No. 2 B. & G., Mossbank, as a Bombing Instructor.

But there's no rest for the wicked, and shortly after his arrival here he was sent to Charlottetown, P.E.I., on a Ship Recognition Course, accompanied by Sgt. Gowanlock, who has since transferred his activities to No. 8 B. & G., Lethbridge.

Back at Mossbank, and with the help of the Photographic Section, they built up, from scratch, an excellent course in Ship Recognition.

"Bill" says that it's a fascinating subject, but becomes monotonous with repetition.

Since the change in the training syllabus has banished the subject from No. 2 B. & G., Sgt. Ransom is back with his first love, "Bombing". However, from what he tells us, after being at "sea" for nearly a year, he now finds himself "up in the air." Of course,

while he's up there he can keep an eye on his home town, Herbert, not too far away from here.

**Flight Sergeant Easton** — Without a doubt the quietest man in G.I.S., but "still waters run deep", and his knowledge of armament runs a very close second.

He's another who joined up in 1941, and has been at Mossbank as an instructor for nearly two years. During that time a great many students have passed through his hands. Yet, despite the continued "grind" over such a long period, "Harvey" maintains he likes the work, and definitely enjoys his contact with the students.

**Sergeant Small**—Another whose application to the R.C.A.F. was held up several months. Indeed, it was not until July, 1942, that he eventually signed "for better or for worse," which, of course, is all in the point of view.

Even then, it was September before he arrived at Toronto Manning Depot; in fact, Labor Day, which evidently had a bearing on his subsequent duties. He labored, until a transfer to "Works and Bricks" put him on easy street. Well!!

And those clothing parades! "I'm sorry, but have you a tunic that doesn't wrap around me twice?" "No!" "Well, I'm afraid I ———." "O.K., please yourself; but no kit, no posting." So you take it anyway.

At long last, Mountain View and an Armament Guns Course, then on to Lethbridge for practical experience. Back once more to Mountain View for training as an instructor.

Arriving in Mossbank in May, 1943, he went to work immediately as a Turret Instructor in No. 1 Hangar. Since then "Fred" has been back to Lethbridge for a Mo-Skeet-O course, and a special Sighting Course at Mountain View from which he has just returned. He is a popular lad around G.I.S. both with his fellow workers and the

trainees, whom, incidentally, he enjoys instructing.

**Sergeant Scott**—Whose peregrinations through the R.C.A.F. have followed much the same pattern as all armament instructors. One course after another, and eventually pitchforked on to a training station to pass along his knowledge to those fortunate beings, Bombardiers and W.A.G.'s.

"Scotty" (of course) was a school-teacher before the war, and so instructing is a "natural" to him, and he enjoys it. He's spent most of his time at Mossbank since he graduated as an instructor, except for a short stay at No. 19 S.F.T.S., Vulcan, Alet.

"48's"? Well, he spends them in Regina. You see, his wife and family are there.

We must not forget our more recent arrivals in G.I.S., who have buckled down to work and taken their places with the rest of those whose job it is to give instruction to aircrew.

**Corporal MacKay**—Who has already been with us an appreciable time, and has his shoulder behind the wheel with the rest.

**Corporal Johnston** — Apart from his instructional ability, is a first class addition to the G.I.S. volleyball team.

**Corporal McDonald**—Smokes a pipe. It's no "Sir Walter Raleigh" ad, either.

**Corporal Pugsley**—Another worthy of mention. As well as his instructional duties, he is working hard on the organization of the Station Dance Orchestra. In swing parlance, he's "digging the cats that can give".

**Corporal Shea** is using a shovel, too, backing up his partner in musical crime. He blows a mean "slush pump", and teaches bombing in his spare time.

**Corporals Phillips, Snyder, Mann, (Trapper) Allaire, Wade and Dycke** are all doing their share towards keeping the wheels of instruction moving smoothly in that line of industry—G.I.S.



# Aircraft Recognition

"Aircraft Rec" and her twin sister, "Ship Rec", have been very much in the spotlight since S/L. N. W. Helwig, D.F.C., brought his great mind to bear on the subject. "Mr. Ottawa" bore down so hard, in fact, that he squeezed more work into the syllabus than could be accomplished in the prescribed time. But the lads and lassies did it; they made all kinds of "bricks without straw"; they burned the midnight oil and several dozen fuse plugs and electric light bulbs, but they did a piece of work that has won the highest comment from "way up".

Before the experts came, **F/O. Allison**, with **Sergeants Roach** and **Ridehalgh**, built up a really first rate teaching organization. Being modest lads, they retired gracefully when the ladies came in, but they had built a good foundation. Allison, of course, came back to see how the gals did it, and straightway fell for the idea, so he still works here. In between seeing the ladies do a full week's work every day, he frequently does a spot of lecturing himself—but never more than nine hours a day.

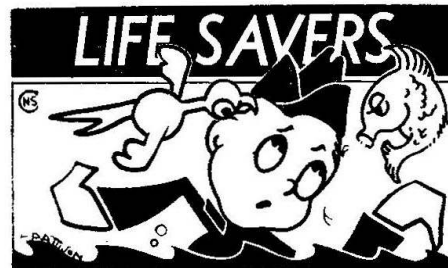
**Sergeant Peggy Read**, than whom there is no better, stepped in the day she came here, and even the doctors cannot keep her out. "Aussies" are her special weakness, she says. Anyhow, this gal never tires of doing the odd couple of hours overtime to push any stragglers over the line. The present set-up grew up around Peggy, and it will bear her mark, with that of her former running-mate, Sgt. Duncan (now at Mt. Pleasant, P.E.I.) until the Nazis quit.

"**Billy**" **Plyley** works hard and says little. She also plays the piano, and is fond of riding horses and backward students. Not much is known about Sgt. Plyley, beyond the fact that she has never been quite the same since the day her past caught up with her—wearing a pilot's badge. We wonder, and won-

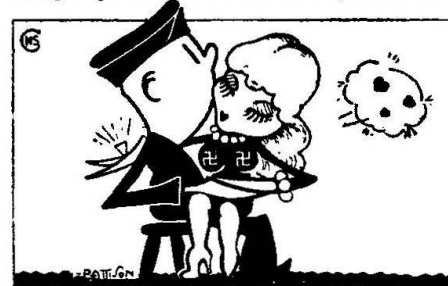
der. In civilian life, she was a teacher, and still is—a real good one. Came from Admin. to Aircraft Rec.

"**Jenny**" **Lind** is a newcomer, but she's coming all the time. She was for seventeen months an M.T. driver, typifying (she says) that famous "dernier mot"—"Never were so many threatened by so few". She worked at Winnipeg and Macdonald, and now has collected the reward for over two years of devoted service—a posting to Mossbank. Sgt. Lind also taught school in the good old days. She says she much prefers boys' classes to mixed grades. Her ambition, we are told, is to keep F/O. Allison in after school. Well!

On February 28th we scuttled the good Ship "Recognition". Old Ransom built her with blood, sweat and tears, and now she is gone. She was the pride of her skipper, whose work, like all good deeds, lives on after him. "Gone, but not forgotten"—except by students.

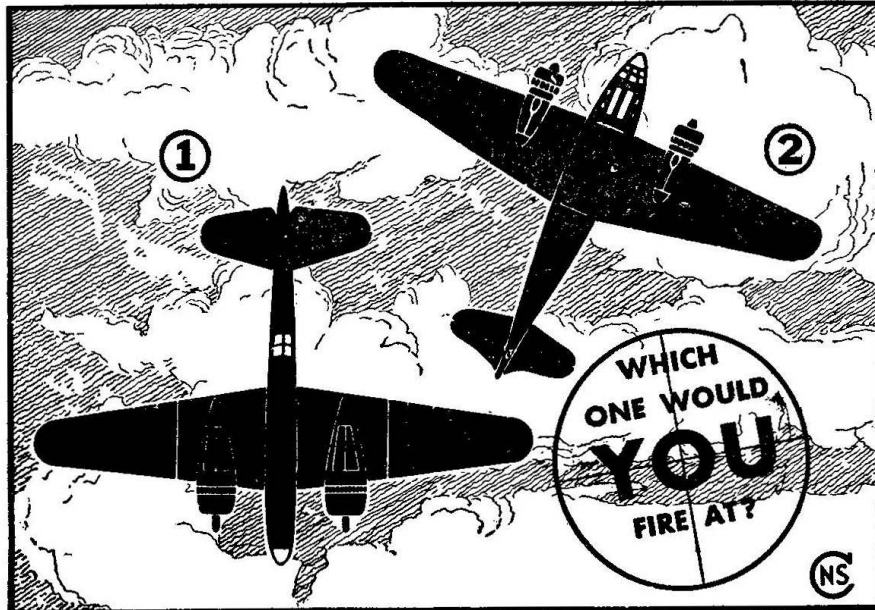


WHERE you have been or where you might be going is your business, no one else's. The oceans are deep, wide and rough—you can't swim back, you know!



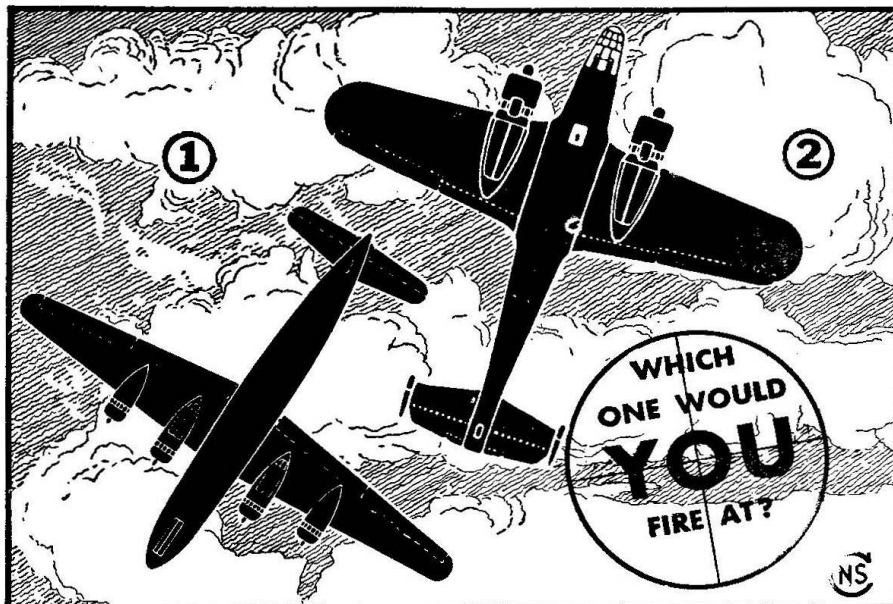
TELL the girls nothing except how pretty they are. That's all they should be interested in anyway. One might be a blonde from Berlin.





**NOT AT No. 1!** It's the A.A.F.'s Martin "Maryland," a low mid-wing, twin engine bomber and reconnaissance plane. The nose of the thin fuselage extends well forward of the engine nacelles. Both edges of the wings taper to rounded tips. It has an elliptical tailplane and a single fin and rudder.

**FIRE AT No. 2!** It's a Japanese long range, twin engine bomber, the Nakajima Type 19. This bomber has a large cigar-shaped fuselage with the nose extending far in front of the engines. The mid-wings taper on both edges to rounded tips. The tailplane is tapered to rounded tips and has a single fin and rudder.



**NOT AT No. 1!** It's the U.S. Douglas C-54, a low-wing, four-engine transport plane. The nose of the large, oval fuselage projects far ahead of the engines. Both edges of the wings taper equally to rounded tips. The edges of the tailplane are also equally tapered and it has a single fin and rudder.

**FIRE AT No. 2!** It's the German Dornier Do 17, a high-wing medium bomber powered by twin engines. It is called the "Flying Pencil" because of its extremely narrow fuselage. The thick wings taper to rounded tips. Both edges of the tailplane taper to square tips and it has twin fins and rudder.

# News

## Control Room Capers

There have been a lot of changes in the Control Tower within the last few months. The staff in aerodrome control has changed completely, with the exception of **LAC. Fritz. P/O. "Swede" Swanson** is back with us again. We aren't just sure whether he likes our company most or we like his, but we're always glad to have him around.

**S/L. Hale** has left us for Mountain View. Our loss is their gain. Everyone agrees that he was a swell O.C., and we sure will miss him.

**F/Lt. J. E. ("Pop") Jennings** has also been posted. He's gone to Dafoe. He isn't very far away from us, so we hope he'll come down and see us once in a while.

The newest addition to our Control Tower staff is **W/C. Ross** (Chief Instructor). Congratulations on your promotion, Sir. We hope you like our station.

**F/Lt. Reesor** has been kept very busy with inventories. We sure hope he doesn't get posted, too.

**F/Lt. Nichols** is back with us again, carrying out the duties of the O.C. of A.T.S. Glad to see you back again, Sir.

**Cpl. Marriott** (Uncle Willie) is back again, after seven days' leave. Doesn't say much—only that he had a good time.

**Toddy** has been kept very busy this past week or so, practising tap dancing, romantics and bowling, so we don't see much of her except during office hours. Good going there, Toddy.

One of our staff, **Gladys Archer**, has been missing the past two weeks. She has been spending most of her time in the hospital. Here's wishing you a speedy recovery, Gladys. We are looking forward to having you back.

**LAW. Burns**, our diet gal, has settled down since a certain course was completed. Never mind, Lou, there's safety in numbers.

—Bye for now, **Toddie**.

## Variety Show

The Recreational Hall was packed to the doors with an enthusiastic and appreciative audience on Wednesday, March 15th, for the second of a series of variety shows, composed of station personnel and produced and directed by **AC. Horace McHeffey**.

The fast-moving program, called the **Bombette Revue**, consisted of tap dancing numbers, vocal and violin solos, a chalk-talk, comedy sketches, orchestral numbers, and went over big with the audience, who clamored for encores continuously. The attractive costumes of the Bombettes and soloists were pleasing to the eye, and many a complimentary remark was passed. At the conclusion of the program, the Commanding Officer congratulated the members of the cast, the orchestra and the producer on their fine performance and hoped another such show would soon take place.

The Station Band entertained the capacity crowd with some pleasing numbers previous to the opening of the show. Program was as follows:

Dance routine by Bombettes **AW.1** **Thelma Bounds**, **Cpl. Betty Penfold**, **Cpl. Thelma Todd**, **Sgt. May Wiebe**, **AW.1** **Dot Hanson**, **Cpl. Grace Binkley**; vocal solos, **LAW. Jean Burns**; tap dance, **AC.1** **Horace McHeffey**; violin solos, **Mr. Edward Boyle**; comedy sketch, "Professor Goosenhooper from Spinachovia", **Cpl. Thelma Todd** and **AC.1** **Horace McHeffey**; vocal solos, **Sgt. Joyce Roderick**; trio tap dance, **Cpl. Grace Binkley**, **AW.1** **Dot Hanson** and **Cpl. Thelma Todd**; chalk talk, **AC.1** **Horace McHeffey**; orchestral number; comedy sketch, "Der Fuehrer's Face", **LAC. Dolman**, **LAC. Shawcross** and **LAC. McDougall**; stair dance, "8 Steps of Rhythm", **AC.1** **Horace McHeffey**; National Anthem.

Members of the Station Orchestra were: **Sgt. J. Steele** (tenor sax); **Cpl. D. Pugsley** (alto sax); **Sgt. M. McPhee** (trumpet); **Cpl. R. Shea** (trombone); **LAC. D. Follis** (piano); **LAC. W. Westrum** (drums); **LAW. Dorothy Simons** (vocalist); **LAC. Mel Oatridge** (guitar).

## From the Heart of the Station

Here we are, as usual at the last minute, rounding up some "Facts and Figures" for our column. Never let it be said that a column was blank because we missed even that last minute's scratch for news.

Not much cooking, but there are a few noticeable changes around here.

First of all, our "Flit." Now, let me see, what have we on him? Well, I'll be darned, not a thing! Say, "Flit" has been living rather a quiet life lately. We sure can't seem to pin anything on you at all. Wait till next time; you may not be so lucky.

Now, Sergt. Leggett. Say, I wonder what could be the meaning of that extra gaiety. Could it be that some people we know were coming back off leave any day (or hour) now?

Say, "Hattie May" (Cpl. Fisher to you outsiders), never noticed any "Want Ads," but you managed to secure all the help you needed. Did Cpl's. get a raise in pay or just how can you afford that new "Assistant"?

Even though it gets pretty frosty in the Orderly Room some days, a certain Corporal in Records manages to keep her feet warm anyway. Tap lessons sure come in handy, don't they?

Now for our little Pee-Wee. Say, Jeanie, why all the rush for the sewing box in the middle of a "strike"? Everything's on the mend now, we hope.

Not much on Richard this month, but we noticed him very anxiously scanning the newspaper one afternoon to see how the "refreshment" situation stood. From what we could gather from the look on his face we figure it was just standing and that's all. Too bad, Dick, but better days are coming yet (we hope).

Our new member, Joan Harbord, came to us from the Recruiting Centre Orderly Room in Regina. She's rather on the quiet side, but so were a few others when they first came here. Not quite over the shock yet, Joan? It can't be that she's not used to a B. & G., because she was formerly at Mont Joli. Could it be the people here? Who knows, but then we've been here a while, so there's a reason.

Now for C.R.'s side of things. First of all our little "Bess" (Sgt. Wiebe); she's in charge and very capably handles the job, too. Say "Bess," just who did you get into a fight with on your last 72? Scratches aren't automatic like Temporary Ranks. By the way, congrats on yours (Temporary Rank, I mean).

Say, Penny and Jon—you wouldn't be thinking of "remustering," would you? I hear from good authority that you can turn a good hand at cooking. Which is the best—out of a can or a cook book?

Our other "Mrs." seems to be doing fine out here in the Wild and Woolly West, after spending so long at Gander. We wonder just which is the worse of the two, but having one's hubby here, too, sure helps, doesn't it, Ev?

Going on leave? Need a Ration card? Then the one to see is Joan (AW.1 Hatley). Sure hope you enjoyed that leave but we're mighty glad to see you back.

If you're wondering just who is behind the new voice when you ask for a number these days, well, it's none other than one of our erstwhile runners—Jack Carr. How's the nite shift going Jack?

That seems to be all for now, but we'll be seeing you again next month. Hope we can make it before the last minute again.



## Watch Your Figures

We welcome to our section S/L. R. H. Gregson from No. 10 Repair Depot, Calgary. S/L. Gregson is our new Senior Accountant Officer. We hope you like your stay in Mossbank, Sir. The girls are all wondering where you learned to wink.

**ATTENTION:** If you want to find a new place to spoon at night, just ask AW.1 Vogt. She knows where there is a new set of stairs, too.

Have you noticed that the Fire Department is going to the dogs since Georgie and a certain Sergeant have been cooking with gas?

AW.1 Crowe (formerly known as Campbell) went and got herself married on March 1st, slightly disrupting the Accounts Section for the day. Future brides take note: S/L. Gregson claims he is **still** the "Best Man!"

Latest place for entertaining members of the fairer sex in the Sergeants' Mess—the kitchen, around a hot stove. What's cooking, Sgt. Killip?

We are learning more and more things every day. There is a back door to the Drill Hall, so Jean Burns informs us. And when it comes to tobogganing, she knows where there is a hill, too!

The Accounts Section is wondering how far that "Leave me alone" stuff goes with a certain W.D. we know, after duty, particularly at dances and such places.

Cpl. Hutchinson (look at those hooks shine) will be glad to give Jitterbug lessons—and for free, too!

There seems to be a lot of mail pouring into this section from Rivers, Man., these days. Isn't that where some of the Aussies were sent?

The Accounts Section expects in the near future to boast a living "Lady Godiva" when Sky Hook gets that Horsey. Camera, Girls—**ACTION!**

**Alas! Farewell**—And a Fond Farewell, Kenny Purcell. We, the Accounts Section, certainly hate to see you go. However, after almost three years, maybe it's a far, far better place you are going to than you have ever known. We sincerely hope so, at least. For now, Cheers, and the best of luck to you. Drop us a line, HUH!

## Motor Transport Rattles

If we did not have such a good excuse for not having appeared in "Contact" for the last three months we would feel very much ashamed of ourselves. But owing to the fact that most other sections on the station depend largely upon us for their perfect operation, we have been kept d—— busy. We don't like to blow our own horns, but as we are the only section with horns to blow, someone has to do it. So much for the excuse, now for the news.

Since our last appearance, personnel in the section has made a great change. We've had thirteen postings overseas, all boys who were liked very well on this station as well as where they are now serving.

LAC's Zorn, Provo, Honey, Ross, Hancock and Barn were the first to leave us, in January. A lot of you people will remember the M.T. party held prior to their departure. He hope their heads cleared up on the way over.

They were followed shortly by Tommy Farr and Tony Mundt and another party, but smaller this time.

Then, just a couple of weeks ago, we lost five more good boys—Walsh, McPherson, Carson, Martin, and Dingle, C. O.

So we think we're doing our part over there, of late—and do you blame us for blowing just a little?

Our best wishes go with LAC. Savage, who was posted to Trenton.

### NEWS ON N.C.O.'s

**F/Sgt. Robertson**, our N.C.O. i/c, still manages these week-long 48's and an occasional trip to Regina, Moose Jaw and Assiniboia.

**F/Sgt. Blott**—Whom we welcome into the section and hope he enjoys his stay with us.

**Sgt. Devitt**—"The man of character" was posted to Moose Jaw, thence to Calgary, but still comes back to visit us occasionally.

**Sgt. Burton**, one of our best bowlers, is busy these days sharpening his knife; what for, we don't know, unless it's to slice onions. What say, Bus?

**Sgt. Budnark**—Who just got his third and had to move the buttons over to the edge of his tunic.

**Cpl. Code**, our most original wisecracker, is a very good curler when standing on his feet. We don't know how that rack got behind you, Code.

**Cpl. Cottingham**, one of our new Corporals, is taking up route marching on his 48's. How are the feet now?

**Cpl. Burke**, our very newest Corporal, when not on leave or on course manages to spend some time at the section.

**Cpl. John** was posted recently to Moose Jaw. Our best wishes, Ted.

**Cpl. Goodwin** used to be the "sweet-heart of the section until she became a reporter for the station magazine. The "A" Group Wolf would be willing to act as **body guard**, "Goody"!

### PERSONALITIES

**LAW. McBride** takes it into her own hands to alter the manufacturer's construction of station wagons.

**LAW. Moore** is thinking of remustering. At least we hear she's getting some coaching on fire-fighting.

**LAC. Lehane** is the skip of our curling team. He's a very busy little man that always has time to spend a few minutes each afternoon shopping in the store down town. How's Winnipeg, Freddie?

**LAC. Hiller**—Our C.O. of the gas tenders. This is quite a responsibility, but he sure doesn't lose any sleep over it.

**LAC. Fontaine**, alias the weasel, whose eyes have been smiling ever since he stuck the government for another \$12.00. Congratulations, Tony.

**LAC. Ford**, better known as "Chuck", really knows how to chuck them when it comes to bombing.

**LAC's. Lewis, Lambie and Whiting** are noted for their sense of humor, even when they do have to push a vehicle a few hundred yards.

**LAC. Dolman**, our singing cowboy, has taken to acting. We're waiting to see it, Slim. He also enjoys a good route march now and then.

### THINGS WE'D LIKE TO KNOW

Did Abray, better known as Blondie, behave herself when down east on her M.T. course? Also La Riviere, who was on the same course?

Why did Dunmuir and McGillorsy have to walk back from a 48?

How much more leave would Brander like to build his home in Mossbank?

Why does Ireland go to Expanse so often? We didn't know there were any skunks over there, **Leo**.

Is it Hanson's eyes or just his ways that appeal so much to the W.D. drivers?

Why does a cute little W.D. from I.T.S. spent her 48's at Mossbank? Maybe Evans could enlighten us about it.

What kept Gilles from playing at the W.D. dance? We missed you, Lloyd.

Has Red-dog Howard managed to run over his own gas tank on the way to town?

Why Pop Wilkinson remustered from punching punks to wrestling bombs?

Will "C" Group Wylie be able to drive now that he has had his course at Trenton?

Will Lewis want to take any more of those 6000 trips to Regina?

Why Paratrooper Blakely made such a hit at the W.D. dance? Is it information about Gander you're looking for, Earl?

Where Brown learned to jitterbug so well?

Why does Whiting have to take a pal along with him to go skating in Mossbank? Dates mixed up again, Tony?

Why Red Haberlin, our tall chap from the east, is always running down the west?

What time did the dance end at Crane Valley? Or was there one? For what airman is the shotgun kept behind the door?

Why do people ask us what time the 14.30 duty run leaves?

We would like to know more about Le Foy, Knight, Knox and Mason, newcomers to the section, before asking any outright questions.

### OUR MOTTO:

"Service for a smile, whether it's a block or whether it's a mile."

That's all, folks. See you next month, we hope.

## Plotting Office Patter

Departed from our midst are **Cpl. Blanchard** and **Cpl. Skinner**. Ed has gone to his old stamping grounds in New Brunswick, and "Stinky" has left for "Y" depot. After a tedious session with dentist, this column was granted an exclusive interview by Mr. Skinner. To wit—quote, "Ug, Ug." Unquote.

Our "**Annie**" **Bow**, chief of the Records staff, sports a pair of corporal hooks these days. Congratulations, Ann!

Rumor has it that our efficient Camera Obscura operator, **Betty Masson**, prefers to find winds from passing clouds rather than from smoke puffs. And we try to keep the students happy!

The Plotting Office entry in the Novelty Curling Bonspiel, skipped by **Cpl. David Faibish**, comprising **F/O. James Gilmour**, **P/O. Ronald Hink** and "**Whitey**", has made a very creditable showing thus far, and expect to finish on top in the second event.

With this issue we give you the Plotting Office "man of the month", **Pilot Officer Jerome McConnell**, who hails from Prince Albert, Sask., where he has made his home for the past five years. Born and educated at Shaunavon, Sask., Jerry left there ten years ago at the tender age of 18 to seek his fortune. After varying periods at Regina, Swift Current, and Saskatoon, he took up residence at Prince Albert. On April 27, 1942, he enlisted in the R.C.A.F. and went to No. 2 M.D., Brandon. Since then the following stations have been honored by his services: No. 7 I.T.S., Saskatoon; No. 6 E.F.T.S., Prince Albert; No. 4 S.F.T.S., Saskatoon; No. 2 M.D., Brandon; No. 5 B. & G., Dafoe; No. 9 A.O.S., St. Johns; A.A.S., Mt. View, and finally, No. 2 B. & G.

Mr. McConnell is an Air Bomber Instructor and has spent seven months with us, which makes him one of the veterans in this section.

Jerry has just returned from a two-week sojourn on the West Coast. "Wrong Way" McConnell set out for Prince Albert, but was detoured at Regina by a fair lassie (he says it was his sister) and ended up in Vancouver. His ambition after the war—(1) search for the shortest bread line, (2) look for a job. Mr. McConnell attributes his success to virtuous living habits, plus one quart of "screech" a week.

**Ernie Kemp's** entertaining antics at Mossbank's skating rink and cafe are a source of amusement and bewilderment to the over-bored populace. Incidentally, we can think of easier methods of destroying property and rationed food than our friend Ernest has devised.

We welcome to our happy midst **P/O. Shuttleworth**, latest Air Bomber Instructor. Hope you enjoy your stay with us.

## Fire Hall Sparks

We were sorry to see three good fire-fighters leave here—Cpl. Terry, LAC. Dumias and Tony Marchand. They were posted to 14 "X" Regina. In exchange, we got three fire-fighters from 14 "X"—Cpl. Smith; LAC. Graham, a shark at rummy, and LAC. Oldham, a whizz at cribbage. Ask the boys just before pay day!

Major Rousby and his men were discussing women during a short lull of the heavy fire-fighting routine. Cpl. Graves said he loved Brunettes, Harry Kindred said he liked Blondes, but the Major said he liked Blackheads best. You could squeeze 'em and they always come back for more.

We notice (Frank Sinatra) Morris singing more and more these nights. Yes, sir! they tell me love is sure grand; but then, who's in love? You would like to know, wouldn't you?

### Things We Would Like to Know:—

Why is it LAC. Remple and LAC. Shawcross are always so tired when they come off a 48? They both blame it on skating, but the ice seems mighty thin. Just what is there in Regina? Stop blushing, boys!

Sgt. Huston and LAC. "Shorty" Dawes were discussing the American Neutrality Bill. Shorty says: "If they owe the damn bill, why don't they pay it!"

Incidentally "Shorty" has been slicking his hair back lately. Is it the new dog house, Shorty? Or would that be telling.

LAC. Remple has decided to write a book on why the Air Force has "Fire-fighters". A certain blonde we know will find it very interesting.

LAC. Shawcross has finally persuaded two of our old smokers to quit smoking. We really think he should have gone in for the Ministry instead of fire-fighting.

Our motto: "Nothing too hot to handle."

## Bowling

To become a bowler is one of the qualifications of a good citizen on No. 2 B. & G. Station.

It keeps F/S. Mahoney and Sgt. Daze busy looking after the stream of players who invade the alley from noon-hour until 11.00 at night.

Many of the players make it a daily routine to bowl a couple of strings, for recreation, and to keep their hand in until the Bowling League is run off.

## Dental Doin's

Headlines are funny, even when you expect them for a month. So I am caught shore again, with no news, no scandal and, no nuthin!

"Another day, another dollar," is one of **Captain Cooper's** favorite phrases. Would that I could say truthfully, "another day, another dollar saved".

Rumors float around the station at present about a great number of things, but life goes on much the same here. Our Commanding Officer, **Lt.-Col. Drewry**, paid us a visit last Friday and made one lad (by name, Stinky) very happy. Now it's up to **Lt. Craegie** to work like everything and get Stinky ready for "Y" depot.

This stuff is so bad it nearly puts me to sleep, so perhaps it would be best to call a halt.

**Mary** and **Darl** are still trying to cut each other's throat, but it may not be for much longer.

"G" BYE.

## Electrical Section

With the departure of Sgt. Stewart to Macleod a new senior N.C.O. has been created, namely, Sgt. Dennison. He was wished the best of luck at a little get-together the other night, and we hope that he retains his cheerful disposition in the ranks of the Senior N.C.O's.

Sgt. Kray redeemed himself on a recent 48 to Moose Jaw by proving to himself and us that he is not as old as was feared on a previous escapade. He will have to continue eating his Grape-Nuts in order to keep in shape for a duel with Sgt. LeFave which, it is rumored, will have to come off one of these days. Maybe if one of the above changed 48s they would not experience these difficulties with the same fair damsels.

We have lost three of our men in the past month—Witzaney and Bujacyek have departed for overseas, while Bill Harrison was posted to Saskatoon. However, we have acquired another

man, from St. Thomas—George Austin, whose home is Prince Albert.

Our star hockey players, Bornes and Noble, although friendly in competition on the ice do not consider each other when it comes to telephone operators. Especially blonde ones.

We have noticed a big smile on the face of Stelfox with the reappearance of a certain girl handing out the victuals in the Airmen's Mess.

The curling team, under skip Dennison, did not do particularly well in the bonspiel. Their efforts, however, were not in vain as they each received a wallet. (A wallet—that's a folder used to carry your money from pay parade to your wife.)

## Engine Shop

Our contributions to "Contact" are small—and why not? Our Section is almost as small as our vocabulary. We have been known to have used our whole nine words trying to get an idea across, especially when we are after a half-day off.

Our genial **Cpl. Burns** seems to have hit his stride in double harness. When questioned on the merits of married life, he merely grins and makes himself very clear by saying: "It could be better and it could be worse, but not much"—which just about concludes Burns as an news item. However, we think he will bear watching for a while at least.

It is amazing how hard a sergeant will work when he has a W.D. Corporal helping him (sort aircraft covers)—on the preceding day he insisted on at least three LAC's. as helpers to do the same job. When the subject was mentioned at smoke period, the sergeant blandly remarked, "I was tired of hearing you guys beef every time I Joe you." O.K., **Sarge F.**, we'll believe you (?), where those who know you better wouldn't, I betcha.

Then we have the brilliant LAC. who thinks a Jacobs' engine-bearer is not modified just because it isn't painted green.

That's all we can dig up for the present, so here's to seeing you on pay parade.

THE ENGINE SHOPPERS.

# MAINTENANCE "5"

## BETWEEN FOUR LANES

### Love or Worry?

In barrack block 14-A the boys have taken Art Swatsky's interests in hand. Art got out of hand one night and stayed up until midnight. Maurice Le Duc believes Art is losing his hair. Could be a "Strange" love or just worry? In any case, Art, you better read "Peggys Beauty Column" in "Contact"—it gives all the answers.

### A Hard Head

Someone has found a soft spot in Art Swatsky's head. In the smoke room, in No. 5 Hangar, LAC. Bryce tried a coke bottle on it, and as a result Art has black eye. Don't worry, Art, steaks should be easy to get—now that the meat ration has been lifted.

P.S.—The bottle didn't even crack.

### A Real "Washerman"

Art Whiskin's theme song these days is the "Irish Washerwoman". Ever since Art washed the workshop office he has been whistling it.

### Hospital List

Everybody has noticed the absence of Marg Osterhaut. On Monday, March 6th, Marge had an operation for appendicitis. George Anderson has been very anxious to know whether he will get his 48 or not.

"Shorty" Hawkins has been in the hospital for a short stay. He had infection in his little finger, but we are glad to see his stay was not long.

LAC. Peterman has also been in the hospital as a result of a piece of wire entering his right eye.

### What We Would Like to See:—

A good door knob on the Post Office door.

A shelf under the bowling alley score boards for incidentals..

### Could It Be Love?

What made Cpl. Doins give such a long sigh of relief when he attended the "Madame Currie" feature on March 10th and Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon were in their love scene? Could it be caused by the company you were with, Doin's?

### Catch the Ketchup

On a recent serviceability meeting held in the Sergeants' Mess it was

noticed that several Senior N.C.O's., namely from No. 5 Hangar and Service Flight, strayed from the subject. Guess liquor must be rationed as a bottle of Ketchup, on the bus, was in full swing. (No cokes either.)

LAC. "Dusty" Miller is upholding Maintenance in bowling by topping off with the grand score of 340.

"Attend C" Heatley is swinging the lead instead of the puck these last few days. Sorry you got cut in the face at the hockey game at Assiniboia.

### A New Arrival

Congratulations are in order for LAC. and Mrs. Bruce on the recent arrival of a baby.

### Married

On Tuesday, March 7, 1944, LAC. Reichert was married to Miss Hazel Pearson of Ardil. Best wishes and good luck to you both.

### Plugs, Plugs and More Plugs.

Recently, LAC. Marley was seen rushing across the hangar carrying 150 Anson plugs. On arrival at his destination, Marley's face hit the floor. The plugs turned out to be plus, automobile for the use of.

## Spring

I must neglect my army sock  
To wander on the Mendip Hills;  
For Spring has come to Somerset,  
With cuckoos song and daffodils.  
Gay celandines and primroses  
Have starred with gold the little lanes.  
And but for that nightly lullaby  
Of droning Northern questing planes,  
I might for, I only came from Somerset  
To teach the young evacuees;  
And but for these, I should be walled in  
Canning town;  
Where grimey babes in gutters play.  
And from my classroom window see  
Tall tenements and houses gray;  
I hear the children mock the cuckoo  
Calling from the distant town;  
And dread the day that takes us all,  
Well labeled, back to Canning Town.  
Oh God! Forgive me, if I pray  
Less earnestly for peace today.

## Echoes from S. P.

Once again we start off our little contribution with a sad beginning. Something like a bombshell struck our section within the past few weeks, and when the smoke had finally cleared several of our old reliables had cleared out for new surroundings. However, we extend a warm welcome to those who have come to carry on in their place and hope their stay with us will be well spent.

We welcome back to our midst again **Cpl. Wilson**, who spent quite a time nursing those horrible things they call "mumps". Never mind, Wilson, old sock; be it mumps, bumps, rumps, or whatever it was, we hope you will be able to settle down from now on and keep yourself under control.

**Down went the gate barrier again**—but not without a prayer. Did anyone hear just what words one of our Station Padres used when "Leaping Lena" forgot to leap? All is forgiven, though, as it happened on a Sabbath morn, when the said person probably wanted to at least make the Service before the collection would be taken up. (Unquote—no offence meant.)

### Rumblings and Ramblings

O.K., **McCartney**, we can let you go anytime now as we seem to have a surplus of Macs in our throng now. Try and clear up all little details before taking off, though (48? or 72?).

How do like **Monty's** new brush cut, girls? All right, never mind the wise-cracks Editor, your first base has been moved long ago.

So the D.A.P.M. says to the Flight, after the hope had finally smouldered out: "Did you pay for that cigar, or is that the one I threw away yesterday?"

If you S.P.'s from the West can't keep track of some of the movements of the boys who are with us from the East (Malton) don't let it get you down, because we have their numbers before they leave here. Might not be able to take care of the dates and pairs and tel. ops. as efficiently as they have been doing, but give us time. Everything comes to him who waits, like postings, and sick leaves, and what have you.

### Flash—Hot Off the Wire

It just happened. Two of our loyal S.P.'s just this minute offered their services and volunteered to go Overseas. We wish them the best of luck and hope they will keep the English Broads under better control than they have done with the ones here. **Good luck to you, fellas.**

## Sports

### Badminton

Another American Mixed Doubles Tournament took place on Thursday, March 2nd, in the Drill Hall, with 20 teams taking part.

The tournament started at 7.30, and very soon results of games were coming in thick and fast.

Winners of the first bracket (9 games) were Cpl. Green (W.D.) and Sgt. Templeton, with a score of 98 out of a possible 99 points. S/O. Maycock and Sgt. Roach won the second bracket with 99 points, winning all their games.

These two teams came together for the finals to play best out of three games. The rest of the players rooted from the mazzanine floor, where they could get a good view of the play. The teams were well matched, the honors going to Cpl. Green and Sgt. Templeton, 15-9 and 11-10.

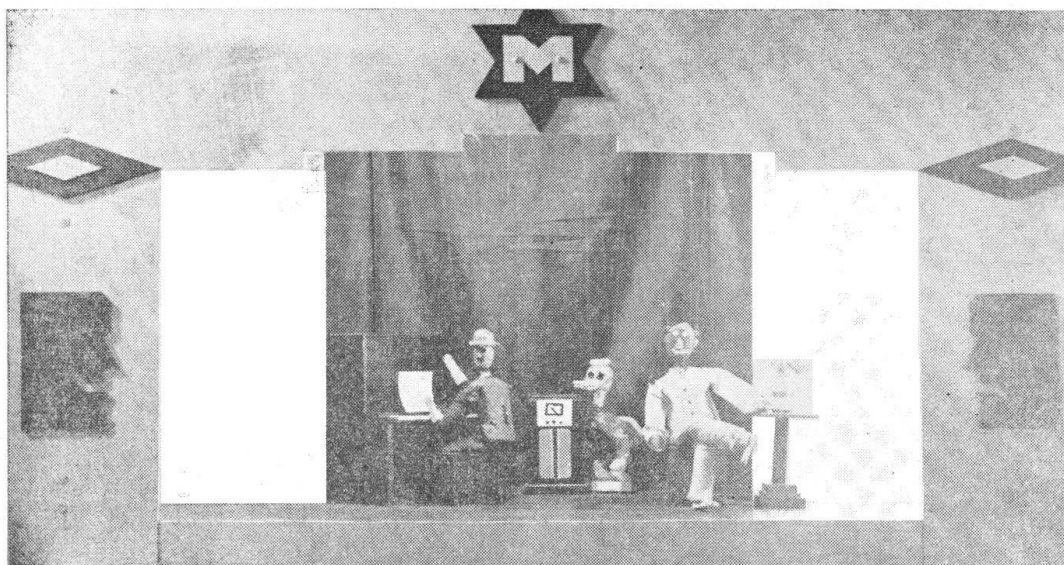
The players enjoyed coffee and sandwiches in the mezzanine lounge at the end of the tournament.

Other high scores were:

LAW. Burns, M. J. and G/C. Tennant, 94; Sgt. Brett and LAC. McGough, 92; Cpl. Walker and Sgt. Skeats, 92; Cpl. Rose and LAC. Birmingham, 91. Low score honors went to Sgt. Wiebe (W.D.) and F/O. Keegan.

### Volleyball

There was such an interest taken in Volleyball that we have drawn up another schedule. The games are played at the Drill Hall every Monday and Thursday. The league up to date is very close. The league is made up of eight teams, as follows: P.T. & D., G.I.S., Fire Department, A.T.S., Headquarters, Armourers, M.T. Section and Service Flight. The G.I.S. team and P.T. & D. teams are the only undefeated teams to date. When these two teams meet a great battle is expected. Sgt. Glen Roach is doing a great job of coaching the G.I.S. team during the absence of coach F/Sgt. Bill Probert. It was a pleasure to admit the M.T. Section to the station Volleyball League. They are showing a great interest in the game. A lot of credit goes to F/Sgt. Robertson and Sgt. Burton for turning out the M.T. team, which is improving every game in which they play. Well, boys, let us keep this interesting sport going. There is a lot of good exercise and good fun in this game.



## McHeffey's Magical Marionettes

**ONE OF THE GRAND NEW FEATURE ATTRACTIONS TO BE SEEN AT THE FORTHCOMING STATION SHOW**

With two successful Station Stage Shows already chalked up to his credit, A.C.1 McHeffey now promises an even finer combination of Vaudeville acts in third Station Stage Show to be presented some time next month. It is rather difficult to imagine a stage show that can top the versatile array of acts already seen at our Rec. Hall, at either the initial Stage Show or the colorful Bombette Revue. At these two shows eager audiences were treated to tap dancing of practically every type ranging from chorus girl displays by the lovely "Bombettes" to fast stair-dancing by the matter of ceremonies himself; highrating vocal and instrumental renditions as well as novelty turns in the way of chalk-talk, eccentric hoofing and impersonations; also slap-stick acts by the comedy trio of Dolman, Shawcross and McDougall.

And now comes this "all-new", all different", "more spectacular" night of fun. Featured as one of the novelty attractions of the evening will be the presentation of McHeffey's Magical Marionettes. Known throughout the Dominion as "Canada's Finest Vaudeville Puppet Show," these almost-human little wooden performers (the tallest only fifteen inches) each controlled from nimble fingers by nine strings, will entertain you in a royal manner you will long remember. They sing! They cross-talk! They dance! They play their own miniature piano!

Although puppetry is not so well known on this continent as in other parts of the world, it is rather remarkable to consider that marionettes were in existence more than five thousand years ago. Introduced originally in the Orient, the art spread westward through India to Egypt, then into Europe, and it was during the middle ages in Europe that this art was at its highest development. At that time there were thousands engaged in the production of puppet plays, and it was not regarded just as a hobby—indeed not; but a noble profession that was often handed down from father to son. Many great marionette theatres were operated and controlled by one family for generations. Marionettes were enjoyed by everyone and were as important to the people in those days as talking motion pictures are to us now.

A world-famous stage artist once said: "If you've never seen a marionette show you've missed one of the greatest thrills the entertainment world can offer."

McHeffey's Magical Marionettes will be here soon to prove this statement.

And what else will be seen on the bill? Well, to be brief, there will be new chorus girl dance routines, bigger novelty turn and surprise acts, side-splitting slap-stick numbers, vocal renditions by new artists whom you have not yet heard on this station, and, as usual, tap dancing by your master of ceremonies—but this time on roller-skates.



The above pictures were taken at the Officers' Mess dinner held on March 3 in honor of F/Lt. E. S. Light, the station Padre, who has been posted to Claresholm, Alta.

## Officers' Mess Dinner

On Friday evening, March 3rd, the members of the Officers' Mess held a farewell dinner in honor of F/Lt. Light, our departing Protestant Padre.

F/Lt. Venables spoke on behalf of the mess members, wishing Padre Light the best of good fortune at his new station. In replying, the Padre thanked the Mess members for their co-operation during his stay here. He then explained to the new Mess members the trouble he had in converting the Mess from an Indian Reservation to its present condition, and sincerely hoped it would not revert back to an Indian Reservation. The Commanding Officer then said a few words of farewell to F/Lt. Light.

After a brief recess, S/L. Allison, the P.M.C., introduced the new members of the Mess, and asked if two of these new members would give some outstanding experience in their lives, service or civilian. W/C. Ross, the first speaker, told of his recent tour of England. The specific experience he described was his stay at a Bomber Com-

mand Squadron. His story unfolded the plans, preparations and briefing necessary prior to a Bombing trip over Germany. To his great disappointment, red tape and certain A.F.R.O. forbade his participation in the actual raid. At this point W/C. Ross introduced to the Mess F/O. George Zalischuck, who served on a Lancaster Pathfinder squadron. F/O. Zalischuck took up the trail of W/C. Ross' story from the time subsequent to briefing. A brief description of the Lancaster Bomber was given; and an actual trip over Germany, in this instance a raid over Cologne. F/O. Zalischuck briefly covered the manner in which the German defences attempted to intercept the raiders with searchlights and the personal feelings of the crew when caught in a cone of searchlights, the manner in which to free oneself. Then came the actual bombing run and the return to base, and a good solid meal.

The evening was closed off by a slide presentation of Fire Fighting Equipment by WO.2 Rousby.



RED CROSS PRISONER-OF-WAR PARCEL  
EXHIBITED BY LAW. D. SIMONS, SGT. J. RODERICK  
AND CPL. T. TODD

## Red Cross Drive

An intensive drive for funds for the Red Cross was carried on in this camp from March 1st to March 15th. Posters were made and placed about the camp, and an illustrated flyer was distributed daily throughout all sections.

A display was built featuring the contents of a prisoner-of-war parcel as sent to our comrades by the Red Cross. This was displayed prominently in the Legion Hut, the Airmen's Mess and the Sports Hall.

Suitable booths were set up at pay parades on March 15, attended by W.D.'s and members of the Red Cross Society of Mossbank. All personnel were solicited at these booths for contributions, and response was generous.

## Wedding Bells



### CROWE—CAMPBELL

The station chapel was the scene of another service personnel wedding on March 1, when AW.1 Janet Bruce Campbell, R.C.A.F., Vancouver, B.C., and F/Lt. J. W. L. Crowe, R.A.F., Dunham, England, were married by F/Lt. E. S. Light.

The lower picture shows the groom placing the ring on the bride's finger as F/Lt. Light and LAW. Jean Burns look on.

The upper picture shows the wedding party in the chapel after the ceremony. Reading from left to right are: S/L. R. H. Gregson, F/L. J. W. L. Crowe, the groom, Group Captain E. C. Tennant, AW.1 J. Crowe, the bride, and LAW. Jean Burns, bridesmaid.

A quiet medding was solemnized by F/Lt. E. S. Light, R.C.A.F., in the Chapel of No. 2 Bombing and Gunery School, Mossbank, Saskatchewan, on March 1, 1944, at 6.30 p.m., when AW.1 Janet Bruce, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur B. Campbell, of Sierra Madre, California, was united in marriage to F/Lt. John Lawrence Wilkinson Crowe (R.A.F.), only son of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Crowe, of West Auckland, Durham, England. The bride, who was given in marriage by Group Captain E. C. Tennant, Commanding Officer, was

attended by LAW. Jean Burns, while the groom was supported by S/Lt. R. H. Gregson.

AW.1 Lois Beedy presided at the organ, and during the signing of the register LAW. Dorothy Simmons sang "I Love Thee".

Immediately after the ceremony the couple left, by motor, to spend a brief honeymoon in Regina.

Mrs. Crowe returned to Mossbank, where she is presently stationed, while F/Lt. Crowe, formerly stationed at Penhold, Alberta, left for the East.

### GRAVES—MOONEY

St. Andrews United Church Manse was the setting on February 16th for the marriage of Florence Gertrude Mooney, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Mooney, and Cpl. Wesley Myron Graves, R.C.A.F., Mossbank, son of Mr. and Mrs. M. T. Graves, Regina. Rev. Harry Joyce officiated. Given in marriage by her father, the bride wore a white triple

sheer gown with embroidered silk veil, held in place by a heart-shaped coronet. She carried red roses and her only ornament was a necklace, gift of the groom. Miss Ethel Graves, sister of the groom, was bridesmaid, and Clarence Mooney, the bride's brother, was the groomsman. George Hayne played the wedding music.

# THE BATTLE of MOSSBANK

## *or, From Jerk to Soda Jerk*

The place, Toronto. The time, July 9, 1943, about 8 p.m. The scene, Manning Pool—and some cheap Corporal (unpaid, I bet) bleats out: "You fifty G.D.'s are all here I hope? The train is waiting outside, and now I'll tell you where you're being shipped. To Mossbank!" And we were on our way.

I had a swell time coming here, though. I got here in two nights flat; flat on the top of a box car. The train shook so much I practically lived on jelly for the next month.

On arriving at Mossbank, we were met by two station wagons and the C.O.'s automobile. But we were thrown out of them, as they were meant for the officers. I finally managed to squeeze in between two milk cans on Freddie's truck.

Immediately upon our arrival at the station, they gave us a twenty-one gun salute. I couldn't believe it until I saw four holes in my kit bag.

That night in barracks they gave me some nice hands, but I never won a game—damn that poker, anyway! Boy, there was a damn good crap game on at the same time. In the midst of it an S.P. (Service Police) walked in and—after seven straight passes—broke the game. He certainly showed a fine sense of duty, and a fine knowledge of dice. We all went to bed early that morning. Parade at eight tomorrow.

Head held high, and chin so low ahah you thought he wore a skin windbreaker, "Corporal, I can Jo 'em better'n anyone else, Newcomb" belched forth with, "You fifty G.D.'s, attach yourselves to the W.D.'s". A most sad and dejected lot we were. We felt so low, earth-worms were passing us at 4,000 feet. But this was the last straw. Like a flock of sheep, we fell in on the W.D.'s—and ended up on the parade square. In a short time, we were alone on the grounds. Immediately, "I can Jo 'em" assumed command, and to our utter dismay and disgust we had it given to us—two hours' drill and some P.T. Two weeks and seventeen pounds later, "I can Joe 'em", well brushed up on his drill, informed us that we were to be

assigned to our respective positions. About this time the bags under our eyes hung so low they were seriously considering our transfer to the paratroopers. Next afternoon, we were paraded into the Drill Hall.

There were eight volunteers wanted for a posting back to Toronto. Shorty, better known as Sandy, McDougal, who is so short, if he pulled his stockings any higher, he'd be blindfolded, was trampled in the stampede. I tripped over him, spraining my ankle — and that's how I met this little bit of heaven in our Station Hospital. Oh! Oh! Pardon me, that's another story.

Well, that left forty-two of us, and from what I understood, each section put in a bid for so many (men?) of we G.D.'s. Incidentally, the Station Hospital got six and the morgue got two. By the time they reached the letter "Z", my initial, all positions, hospital cots, and slabs were filled, and only I was left—lying out in the sun. "I can Jo 'em" finally found me and, with sincere pity in his eyes, said, "Nobody wants you now; but don't go away, we'll find something for you to do."

At that time our coffee bar was in its infancy. In fact, it was so young they used cows right in the bar for milkshakes. They still do. They didn't even know what sort of work it called for. They didn't know whether they needed an airman, W.D., a youngster to work after school, or a dog. (They finally got me!)

Nevertheless, they called the S.W.O. (Air Force Selective Service) and informed him of their difficulty.

Ah! here was a solution to his biggest problem. "My hair can grow again," he thought. That fellow, or whatever it is, whose last name begins with the letter "Z". Immediately they began a systematic search of the camp for me. Three days and six hours later, "I can Jo 'em" found me—with the aid of two camp bloodhounds, Stumpy and Smoky. I still maintain he never coulda' done it himself. There they found me in the camp dump—snaring gophers. Lots of fun it is, too, although there's a slight

odor there. Why, it smells so bad there that even the local skunks are taking gas drill.

With the help of three S.P.'s to drag me along, he finally got me into our Coffee Bar . . . and now my story begins.

"Gosh, you'll love it here," she kept repeating, (a W.D. called McDonald) not very convincingly. "Right now, there's not a darn thing to do; just sit down and have a bite to eat. No charge for the staff," she whispered in my ear. Seven hot dogs, nine hamburgs, four cherry sundaes and an unknown number of milkshakes later, I again found myself in our hospital. Oh, I can just vision her again in my mind. My dream girl, in an immaculate white smock, with long hair swept back, skin white as milk, and that naughty pug nose that wrinkles up so cute when she smiles—gently working on my stomach with a pump. O! I still say it was worth it. Oh! Oh! there I go again; darn that dream! (girl). The next day, the M.O. finally had me thrown out of his domain. After three hours of arguments he still wasn't convinced that I required two weeks' sick leave to recuperate.

That night I again found myself in the kitchen of our Coffee Bar. However, this time, there were a few minor details to attend to—I was told—no, informed—no, told! There was the matter of a few empty pop bottles, milkshake and sundae containers to pick up from the tables. I was no sooner finished with that, when I was informally introduced to the kitchen sink, which is so deep that a diving suit is required to get the plug out. "No! No! No! anything but that," I cried, faking hysterics. "I'm certainly not going to lower myself to dishwashing." (Ah! how little did I know then, that this was only the beginning of my degradation.)

One thing I've really gotta give Mac credit for, though. She was a sticker for accuracy, and was always giving me Hell for putting the wrong pop bottles in the wrong cases. This resulted in one of the highlights of my Air Force career. She immediately made the necessary arrangements with the Educational Officer and I was shipped off to Trenton for a three weeks' course on P.B.R. (Pop Bottle Recognition). I did pretty good, too, although I always mistook a Mission Orange Bottle for an ordinary National Orange Bottle Mk. II. They have identical centre sections and both

have an equal amount of taper. The only difference is in the nose, one being a bit more rounded than the other. Nearly everyone there made the same mistake, though. The next night, nearly half the station out in the bar waiting for coffee—and no clean coffee cups (I was a bottleneck that night). I said, "Mac", (we called her Mac) "give me a hand, and I'll do 'em. She did. Both of them—right across the mouth. Captain Cooper, our dentist, still has two teeth to replace in my left jaw. Boy, does she pack a wallop! Incidentally, that's why I lisp a little.

After that display of authority, I knew what was good for me. I also knew how a dictatorship was operated. Her slightest wish was my command. Sometimes I wonder if she wasn't a direct descendant of that Amazon tribe of women we read about. She was so tough, she had her nails manicured at Works and Buildings. After working for 17½ hours without let up, one day, I said to Mac, "Mac, haven't you ever heard of Abe Lincoln, and the abolition of slaves in America?" That did it. She blew up, and with one hefty uppercut sent me so high I was getting spirit messages. That night, after that episode, my new motto was put into practice: "Suffer in Silence." That night she said, and I quote, "You come in, in the morning, and clean up the joint." Little did I realize then what an important sentence that would be in my life in Mossbank.

A few weeks went by. Up until now I had no formal name for my job—and then—that fateful night! I reported to work forty minutes later than usual, and I, for the first time in my life, saw "IT". There was a complete list of the staff of the bar and opposite each name was the work one did. Opposite my name was that most humiliating word of all—CLEANER. My God! that's an awful name; what a horrible way of degrading a person, calling him a Cleaner. From then on, life took on a different form in the Coffee Bar. I was known as "the Cleaner". It was Cleaner this and Cleaner that. Everything was placed on the sagging shoulders of the lowly miserable Cleaner. And still they made sport of me—poking fun at the Cleaner. My real name was entirely forgotten and the word Cleaner replaced it. (They should have put me in the "C's" on Pay Parade.) I can still remember many a night waking up, screaming, "Why was the word Cleaner

ever thought of—and why me? Oh, what did I ever do to deserve this living death?”

To ease my aching heart, one morning, I decided that I must catch a glimpse of my pug-nosed dream girl. So I went to the Station Hospital and, as an excuse, offered a pint of blood for Russia. Two hours later, our M.O. had already wired Russia to send it back. But—I did see her. Ah! she sent the blood surgeon through my veins!

One of my minor duties, during the day, was waxing and polishing the Coffee Bar floors, this subject adding a beautiful chapter to my story.

About this time, another fellow was “sent up” to the Coffee Bar. It happened like this. He reported to the station about nine days A.W.O.L. and, instead of 28 days in the “digger”, he was sentenced—to the Coffee Bar. Incidentally, they now follow this method of punishment regularly at No. 2 B. & G.

One afternoon, “Stun”, as he was known, did the floors. Reason: that same afternoon I accidentally cut my finger on purpose, hoping that it would be treated by a certain somebody at the hospital. But alas, she was on a “48”. Ah! the sacrifices one makes for love!

Well, forgetting for a moment my secret passion, and along with my story, “Stun” waxed the floors that day. What a wonderful job he did. It was indeed a masterpiece, a work of art. I asked him how come the floor looked so good. No answer! Seventeen beers later, that evening, in the wet canteen, I finally found out the secret. He was, no less, a graduate of No. 4 Waxing and Polishing School, class of '41, with an “A” group in waxing and an honorary “P.O.” in polishing. He was indeed a veteran of this war, having seen action on the Polish Corridor. I was amazed; who would ever have imagined that this shy youngster with the jet black hair, and teeth to match, was such an authority on this subject. Secretly, I envied his knowledge and beautiful work, and worshipped the very floors he waxed.

Many's the time I asked him for some lessons on waxing and polishing, but to no avail, until one night—in the wet canteen again (nice place, they say!)—he again confided in me.

He owed it all to that supreme effort, “the weaving-in-stroke”. It is the

master stroke! with knees on the floor and toes dug deep, you weave a circular stroke, at the same time keeping in rhythm with your entire body and with every weave, your nose should just barely touch the floor you've just done, just to make sure. Now, there I go again, giving out “Stun's” secrets, although I vowed never to mention it to a living soul. But then again, if you've read this far—you can't be!

Really, I'm not very stupid and I learn quickly. Why, only after eight and one-half hours dual instruction, I was permitted to solo the electric floor polisher. One of the happiest days of my life! At the present time, I have logged 8602¼ hours solo on this machine in all kinds of weather.

My story wouldn't be complete without mentioning our cook, “Willy”. One afternoon I got a call from the guard room that they were carrying someone over. It turned out to be Willy. He was brought over (carried, I should say) rather weak after doing 14 days. He came in swoon crooning that latest song hit, “I came here to be a Jo”, a la Frank's style. Three of our W.D. personnel fainted on the spot and have never been the same since. They never were. We needed a cook badly, and asked him what qualifications he had. He told us that it was he who roasted the potatoes when he went on a hike with the Boy Scouts last summer. That was good enough for us. Since that time he's acquired a mania for frying hamburgers. He seems to have an unending supply of meat whether we get any or not. In the past three months, two dogs and five cats have mysteriously vanished from the camp. Or should I have mentioned this fact now! Seriously, though, no small share of our Efficiency Flag was earned by Willy.

All this time, in my letter from home, they kept asking me what type of work I was doing. However, I always managed to forget to mention it. On my last leave, I was finally cornered. Well, I couldn't say that I was—a Cleaner, so I told them I was a —Sanitary Expert. They looked at me in awe and admiration, and thought I was a gosh darn genius.

Well, to get on with my story. After five months of cleaning, I was finally promoted to the rank of Soda Jerk. Oh, joy! Oh, happy day! I was no longer a Cleaner; I was no longer called Cleaner;

People began calling me by name once again—"Jerk".

Now, I am a full-fledged soda jerk, A group . I can proudly stick out my chest, or where it should be, and exclaim to the world that I am a qualified man for this work in post-war employment.

I hereby challenge anyone on this continent to whip up a soda, smack off a sundae or throw together a milk-shake with more efficiency, grace and poise. Really, I doubt if there'll ever be another (soda) jerk like me!!!

After all this remarkable display of devotion to duty, I was recently promoted to the rank (it does) of Corporal—unpaid, of course, acting, whilst so employed, and have become captain of our crew. I rule with an iron fist, namely, a club, and the Lord help those lowly miserable Cleaners working in our bar. We now proudly maintain two, one isn't enough for the job.

Seriously, though, I truly think that I'm doing a fine job here in the "Battle of Mossbank". I picture myself as a morale builder of the highest category, giving service to all, from the stately Group Captain to the disgraced G.D. Corporal (unpaid, of course). And I hereby pledge myself to serve you to the best of my ability, until the powers-that-be see fit to put me once again on my course.

By Cpl. "Zeke" Zucker.

## The Adjutant

Who sneaks in every morning late,  
And at the door will hesitate;  
Who must have had the C.O.'s date—  
THE ADJUTANT.

Who writes the notes to 4 T.C.  
And signs them all "In haste—it's  
me",  
Then runs out for his pot of tea—  
THE ADJUTANT.

Who's always wanted on the phone,  
Who hollers in a basso tone—  
"What!?!—leave the W.D.'s alone?"  
THE ADJUTANT.

From whom are applications sent  
With "Sir, I would be quite content .  
If you were here and I were went"—  
THE ADJUTANT.

Who wakes each morn with visage  
sunny,  
Who greets th' accused with words  
of honey;  
And says: "Your wish is granted,  
Sonny"?  
THE ADJUTANT.

## Ye Yukon Hat

Ye Yukon hat, ye chic attire!  
For winter wear we so admire.  
Ye do so much more for manly face  
Than feathers could, or frills or lace.  
Oh, had I but the space to tell  
Why we like these chapeaus so well!  
Let me declare, as one who knows,  
Had we not read in D.R.O.'s  
That such and such and such be worn,  
Ye Yukon hat would still adorn  
Some locker shelf; or, deeper still,  
A duffle bag would help to fill.  
Ye Yukon hat; if wear we must  
Your thick and sloppy shape, I trust  
The power that be will fail to see  
How thou art styled to suit just me!

CPL. CASSAN.

## Bombing Flight

You've heard a lot about Bombing Flight,  
Of bombing by day and bombing by night;  
Nervous moments of anxious preparation  
Spent preparing for the flying sensation;  
The briefing officer finally does brief you,  
And you cross the tarmac—proud aircrew.

You climb aboard your designated ship,  
Supposedly checked and rechecked for the  
flip;  
Though the kite may not be pleasing to  
the eye,  
You really believe the thing will fly.  
So you check your intercom and your sight  
And sit back ready for the awaited flight.

Bordeaux flashes the go-ahead light,  
And you take off to climb to height;  
This is where your worries really begin,  
Mid coughs and sputters you fear a spin,  
If there's an up current strong enough  
You'll climb to height, but very rough.

The pilot signals you to look below,  
The clouds look like fields of snow,  
And with a supposedly disappointed frown  
He motions that he'll have to go down,  
And soon you're back on the ground  
To spend your day lounging around.

Plotting Office is where you wait,  
In case you go up at a later date;  
You try to sleep in the Analysis Room,  
'Till a two-striped biped hands you a  
broom,  
Because you looked happy instead of  
nervous—  
You mustn't enjoy yourself in the service.

For a change of scenery you take a walk  
To the ante room to smoke and talk;  
But you must stand the glares of a WO.2,  
Who stands and silently gawks at you,  
Hoping you'll drop your ashes on the floor  
And he'll have you clean the place once  
more.

This isn't bad, you could stand this,  
If it wasn't for the loud feminine bliss,

Loud and clear are the cackling wails  
Of Plotting Office's prattling females;  
But these charming dears are so under-  
rated  
That one fears their presence is not  
appreciated.

Then the boys come in to plot their bombs,  
Looking like a bunch of disappointed Johns.  
They spread their charts before genial Gil,  
And the way he looks is enough to kill.  
And when he reads aloud the scores they  
get,  
Dear, or dear! Can that man fret!

The next day you draw the early detail,  
So you sit up all night, you wait and wail;  
And at 0720 your bed-ridden carcass you  
move,  
Trying to convince yourself, "Boy. I'm in  
the groove."  
Thus the fruitless rush starts all over again  
When you find you are up first at 08.10.

You run like mad for your flying suit,  
Then dash right back for your parachute;  
And with the harness breaking your neck  
You stand stooped waiting for the weather  
check;  
Then the report comes that ice and sleet  
Bring the ceiling down to three hundred  
feet.

And thus it goes on day after day,  
Bombing high and low level the Mossbank  
way;  
Then comes the odd day you do get a flip,  
And you don't get a chance to park on  
your hip,  
But what really does bring a loud wail  
Is your luncheon, your food you inhale.

So here's a hearty welcome to all you  
newcomers,  
You probably dream some day you'll be  
bombers;  
After all these long days spent in G.I.S.  
You think yourself a master of the C.S.B.S.,  
And you'll find your first days with Bomb-  
ing Flight  
I must confess are quite all right.



# JERUSALEM

(ANONYMOUS)

EDITOR'S NOTE.—*The author has seen Jerusalem while on service in this war, and also many parts of the Mediterranean battlefields.*

The Army or the Air Force gives us the opportunity of seeing parts of the world which otherwise we may never have visited. In seeing many parts of the world, I found Jerusalem to be the most interesting and impressive, even if not the most likeable.

In Jerusalem can be seen peoples of practically every nationality. Even Chinese are present, although it will be noticed that Japanese are absent. Even children, whose ages range from 6 to 10 years, can speak as many as eight languages.

The city is divided into two distinct parts, the ancient and the modern. The new portion of the city is well laid out, and many modern buildings may be seen there. There are many financial organizations whose buildings are prominent, including Barclay's Bank and Cooks Travel Service. However, perhaps the most prominent of all the buildings is the Y.M.C.A., it being 10 or 11 stories high. The interior of the building is modern in every respect, and although it is primarily meant for use of members of the Y.M.C.A. its facilities, including a beautiful swimming pool and dining room, are made available as a rest centre for service personnel.

The old City of Jerusalem is that of which we have read in the bible. It is built on a site lower than the modern city, and is surrounded by a high wall, which was used for the city's defence in days of old. There are twelve gates leading into old Jerusalem, those most used being the Damascus and Allenby gates, the latter being named after General Allenby of World War I fame.

A pathway, ten to twelve feet wide, leads down from any of these gates into the city. These paths are actually in the form of steps approximately 2½ feet wide and six to eight inches high. To walk along this pathway is no easy task as one must wend his way care-

fully between the natives who are sitting there smoking their bubble pipes and lazing about. Another thing that makes a lasting first impression of the city is the odor, due, no doubt, to the poor living conditions there, plus the smell of the various spices and other goods on sale at the bazaars. These bazaars border the pathway, being in the form of open stalls. At one stall may be sold meat which is open to all insects, to the camels and donkeys which brush by, and to all the dirty hands of the children. Next door may be a stall specializing in cheap imitation jewelry, while the odor of spices and nuts indicates still another type of sales stand nearby.

Of course, this old city dates back many thousands of years and the primitiveness of the natives has been retained. Changes due to earthquakes are evident, but in the main the aspect of the place is just the same.

At one end of the city is what was at one time King Solomon's Temple, but which is now known as the Mosque of Omar. At the base of this mosque is the Wailing Wall, which was once the base of King Solomon's Temple. On any day it is not unusual to see anything from 60 to 70 people praying and lamenting at this wall for the souls of departed members of their families. It is also a common sight to see a woman teaching her child of only a couple of years to kiss the wall. It is symbolic of the religion and instilled in the people from birth. Many different types of wearing apparel may be seen, each being symbolic of a different religious sect. The women are veiled. To us this clothing appears rather comical, but not so to the wearers of it.

On the site of the crucifixion has been built a huge Roman Catholic church and convent, in the basement of which is the spot where Christ was bound by his captors awaiting his death. On the stone floor may well be seen the

markings which were used in the gambling games of His guards.

There are many churches built in this old city, including the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Inside this beautiful building, there are actually churches of five different denominations. The representatives of each of these denominations are present and you may attend any one of the five services. The church is built on the site of the burial place of Christ. Inside there are marvellous adornments, one of which is a solid gold frame 4½ feet long and 2½ feet high, containing a bust of the Virgin Mary, decorated with every type of jewel to be found in the world. The value placed on this is approximately \$7,000,000. Hanging inside from a great height, like a chandelier, is a solid gold globular-shaped mass, the value of which is inestimable. Despite the fact that many of our party had not taken any great interest in their religion, the sight of old Jerusalem inspired them beyond description.

It will be seen that despite changes made to other cities due to modernization, Jerusalem still maintains its old historical and biblical association.

## The White Army

(A Tribute to the International Red Cross)

They answer when mercy calls,  
Their courage blazes a trail;  
They linger where diseases fall,  
They are strength when life is frail;  
Respected by the armies of the world,  
Their banner is ever unfurled.

They know but one creed,  
Their home is the earth;  
Millions are the helpless, freed,  
Who daily testify their worth;  
A red cross on pure white  
Their flag, symbolic of quiet night.

Their valor shines in darkest night,  
Who serve in every land;  
Gallant men and women in white,  
Rich and poor served hand in hand;  
True disciples of Hippocrates,  
The root are they of democracies.

“HUTCH”

## Bathtub Manners

'Cause it never hurt—A Guy to Scrub!  
Please remember, don't forget,  
Never leave the Bathroom wet!  
Nor leave the soap still in the water—  
That's a thing you never ought'er.  
And as you've been so often told,  
Never let the hot run cold,  
Nor leave the towel upon the floor—  
Nor keep the bath an hour or more,  
When other folks are wanting one;  
Just don't forget—It isn't done.  
And if you'd really do the thing,  
There's not the slightest need to sing!  
Wash the basin, and the tub,  
'Cause it never hurt “A Guy to Scrub”.

## Lament of a Civilian

I'm just a poor civilian,  
I have no brass to shine;  
No sergeant's stripes or flat hat  
Adorn this frame of mine.

I lack the braid and uniform  
That gives the girls a thrill,  
I have no wings upon my chest  
To make their hearts stand still.

I'm just a washed-up “has been”  
In these civilian clothes—  
When girls will glance at me again  
The Good Lord only knows!

There's not a chance in forty  
Of picking off a girl—  
When the Army and the Air Force  
Have their minds in such a whirl.

I've tried a dozen times or more,  
My conscience to convince  
That uniforms aren't everything—  
But it's useless, that's a cinch.

The girls just never fall no more  
For civvy blokes like me,  
You've got to wear a uniform  
'Tis evident to see.

So if the blooming Army  
Rejects me once again,  
I'll say to heck with women  
And join a club for men!

## The C.D.C. in the Field

Almost everyone, at some time or another, has come in contact with the dentist. However, it is seldom that anyone has any idea of the organization and workings of this pain-giving and pain-relieving branch of our modern life.

Due to a certain amount of compulsion with regard to Dental Services in the armed forces and the great amount of work being done, more interest is taken in Dental organization by the people in the forces than was the case in civil life.

The Canadian Dental Corps came into being due to the genius for organization of Dr. Frank Lott, a dentist — now Brigadier Lott, who is head of all the Dental Services for the armed forces of Canada.

Shortly after the last war, Brigadier Lott visited the United States and many countries in Europe to study Dental equipment and methods used by the armies of these countries. From his observations he developed the equipment now used in all the Dental Clinics of the C.D.C. The equipment was standardized so that Dental personnel are just as familiar with a kit used in Halifax as one used in Vancouver. The kits were designed with the idea of being mobile so that they could be packed and moved from place to place. Some of the station personnel may complain of the hardness of the Dental chair, but it must be realized that all equipment used is of the folding, metal type so that it can be packed and unpacked in a very few minutes. It is also designed to follow troops into trenches, onto deserts, on board ships, into shelled villages or be set up anywhere that troops might require Dental attention.

In order to carry all the equipment necessary to do Dental work, two trunks, about the size of small wardrobe trunks, were designed. These trunks are known, respectively, as "A" kit and "B" kit.

The trunk known as "A" kit is used for operative work. That is, for the usual Dental operations such as fillings, treatments, extractions, etc. This trunk is set on a table and the lid let down, exposing a number of drawers in which are carried the various supplies needed to carry on Dental work. The lid itself

acts as a table, on which the various operative instruments are placed.

The second trunk, known as "B" kit, is used for the carrying of the Dental engine and the rest of the clinic furniture.

Upon orders to pack and move, everything used in the clinic is dismantled and packed in the two trunks.

First, the foot engine is taken apart and placed in the proper recesses in "B" kit and firmly secured. Then the Dental chair is folded compactly and fastened in place. Next, two folding, metal tables and a stool are put in the trunk.

Instruments and supplies are placed in the drawers and held firmly in place by being packed with clean linen towels to prevent the supplies from being dislodged and broken during transit. Dental gowns are then packed in the trunks to take up any waste space, and the operator is then ready to proceed to his next assignment within a few minutes of receiving word to his posting.

So, the next time you visit the Dental Clinic, please do not complain of the hardness of the chair but rather think of the reason for its design and of the poor Dental Assistant who has to dismantle and pack it in just three minutes flat.

F. B. COOPER, Capt.

## Hospital Doin's

We are glad to welcome a new M.O. in the person of **F/Lt. Garrison**, who has recently arrived from No. 2 A.O.S. at Edmonton.

We regret the posting of **F/Lt. Blair**, who has been transferred to Pearce, Alta. Nearly three years, and will certainly be missed by the staff. Our loss is Pearce's gain.

Who is the red-headed Irish girl on the Hospital staff who has found a new use for vacuum cleaners? Sure and be dad and who's mad?

**LAC. Anton**, Hospital Assistant, came to us from Trenton, Ont. Shy and quick, but still waters run deep.

Who is the dapper young airman strutting the Hospital halls these days? Buttons gleaming, chest protruding, it is none other than **WO.2 Fladager**. Congratulations on your promotions, Major.

# Mossbank Village News

An audience of well over two hundred enjoyed an evening of oratory, dances, songs and skits on Thursday night, March 2nd, in the Rose Theatre, sponsored by the local chapter of the I.O.D.E. and the local High School.

The event was the annual oratorical contest of High School students, contesting for the cup donated by the local chapter of the I.O.D.E. Six contestants participated, including: Lois Pound, George Crawford, Rose Tysdal, Howard Crosby, Annie Sapiw and Bill Moore. Choice of topics ranged from "Shakespeare" to "Sacrificing for Victory." The contest was judged by F/Lt. Light, Sgt. W. S. Nimrod and Mrs. Robertson, the decision being announced by F/Lt. Light. The first and seconds awards went to Rose Tysdal and Howard Crosby, respectfully, with honorable mention to Annie Sapiw.

The evening's program was enriched by two well-acted skits—Grade VIII students presented "Homework", while Grade X presented the ever-hilarious "A Young Man's Fancy." Grade IX girls "put on" a beautiful tap-dance routine, while a mixed group of High School boys and girls danced "Bless 'Em All", with Arley Robinson adding a solo tap routine. Bud Willitts contributed a farm boys' item by tapping to a popular melody. In between, Grade XII directed an enjoyable musical item.

One of the highlights of the evening was a monologue very well rendered by elderly Mrs. Stevenson, titled "Hitler's Dream." Mrs. Stevenson virtually brought to life Hitler's predicament. Another highlight was a group of songs by Edwina Foche. Miss Foche handles her voice well and it appears certain that she is a promising young singer.

Chairman for the night was Mr. Pound, the school principal. Mr. McGee taught the tap dancing. There is reason to believe that more programs of this type might well be presented in Mossbank, though the preparation of such programs should not be left to the few. Even a democracy drifts to totalitarianism when we neglect to develop public speaking abilities in the mass of our future citizens, since such an educational program leaves the decision of

national policy to the few who can argue it out, convince and sway audiences from the public platform and soapbox.

## Village Notes

The Rawlinson Hardware, after thirty years in business, sold out the stock and building to Robert Balfour, who took over March 1st.

Mrs. E. A. Lay and Mrs. F. Bates, Provincial Regent and organizing convener respectively, of the I.O.D.E., Regina, were visitors to Mossbank in February to attend the organization meeting of the "Peter Lay" Chapter, I.O.D.E. Mr. and Mrs. Lay's only son, F. O. Peter Lay, lost his life while serving with the R.C.A.F. on the East Coast during the early years of the war, and his memory has been honored by this Junior Chapter.

The ladies were guests of Mrs. J. Garrierson, Regent of the Chapter, and the ladies of the Primary Chapters, when they addressed both meetings in the afternoon and evening.

### Blood Donor Clinic

Mossbank is now co-operating with the Moose Jaw "Blood Donor Clinic" for the purpose of accepting blood donors for the clinic held at No. 2 B. & G. School every month.

Ages are from 18 to 50 for women, and 18 to 60 for men. Send your names to the local Red Cross Officers, Mossbank.

## Red Cross Notes

The Red Cross drive is in full swing; the town has been canvassed, and contributions are rolling in steadily from country points. No. 2 B. & G. School was canvassed on Wednesday, March 15, by ladies of the Mossbank branch.

Twenty-nine Easter parcels have been sent to the local boys serving overseas. Many interesting letters have been received from the boys of the surrounding towns and districts, and friends of Robert Hutchinson of Mossbank are happy to know that he is now recovering from his wound and is well on the road to recovery.

## Two Prominent Mossbank Residents Leave

Two prominent residents of the village left recently to make their home at the Pacific Coast, after residing in Mossbank for a long period. They were Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Rawlinson of the Rawlinson Hardware.

During their residence in Mossbank, both Mr. and Mrs. Rawlinson were prominent in the affairs and activities of the village. They took a keen interest in the welfare of the service personnel stationed at Mossbank airport, and a great deal of credit is due to them for their efforts towards the opening of a Hostess Club in Mossbank Village for the benefit of the service personnel. The station personnel deeply appreciate the untiring efforts of Mr. and Mrs. Rawlinson and wish them much happiness in their new home.

Mrs. Rawlinson has had quite a notable career as a nursing sister. In World War I she joined the Queen Alexandra's Imperial Nursing Service and saw service in Malta and France. She was mentioned twice in despatches.

In 1919 she was demobilized, and the following year came to Canada and took up residence in Mossbank. During her 24 years' residence in Mossbank she has served in all offices of the Women's Auxiliary of St. Luke's Church, Mossbank, performed the duties of secretary-treasurer of the Deanery of Assiniboia, and was superintendent of the Sunday School for 20 years.

Mrs. Rawlinson held the position of president of the local Red Cross for 22 years, and was a chartered member of the Canadian Legion and hon. vice-president of the local branch. She also was the official hostess of the Mossbank Hostess Club; local recruiting representative for the C.W.A.C. and R.C.A.F. (Women's Division), and in 1925 became a member of the I.O.D.E., holding the office of educational secretary for many years.

Mr. Rawlinson has also had a most notable career. He first came to Canada from Guernsey, Channel Islands, in 1907 and settled in Guelph, Ontario. In 1914 he came to Mossbank and joined the staff of the Western Hardware Co. At the outbreak of war he enlisted in the 128 Battalion at Moose Jaw, and later transferred to the 5th Machine Gun Company with which he served in France and Belgium. He was wounded at Paaschendale and later invalided

back to Canada in 1918, where he resumed managership of the Western Hardware at Mossbank. In 1919 he was elected overseer of the village and appointed secretary-treasurer of Mossbank School District, holding that office until 1941, when he assumed the chairmanship.

In 1920 he took over the interests of the Western Hardware Co., along with T. Waddell, and operated under the trade name of Rawlinson Hardware. In the same year he married Miss Edith Maud Williams of South Wales, at St. George's Church in Montreal.

In 1920 he was appointed Lay Reader by the Bishop of Qu'Appelle, and has since officiated at 624 services.

His many other activities included: Scoutmaster of the Mossbank Scouts; served in all offices of the Mossbank Masonic Lodge 129, holding the office of treasurer since 1936, and made a life member in 1944; chairman of all victory loan campaigns for Mossbank and district; president and chartered member of the local branch of the Canadian Legion; recruiting representative for all branches of the armed forces; chairman of the "Hostess Club", Canadian War Services.

Mr. and Mrs. Rawlinson have a son, P/O. John Rawlinson, stationed at No. 11 S.F.T.S., Yorkton. Another son passed away in 1922, whilst just an infant.

Mossbank, Sask., March 11, 1944.  
Group Captain E. C. Tennant,  
Commanding Officer,  
No. 2 B. & G. School,  
Mossbank, Sask.

Dear Sir:—

I would like, through you, to convey a personal message to all Officers and personnel of No. 2 B. & G. School for their kindness to ourselves since the opening of the School in 1940.

It has been a pleasure to serve you all. I will, on leaving and in future years, look back with pleasure to my association with all my friends at No. 2 Bombing and Gunnery School.

I beg to remain, Sir,

Yours very truly,

P. J. RAWLINSON.



# The Wolf

by Sansone

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"Time'll go much faster if you know of any games we two can play."