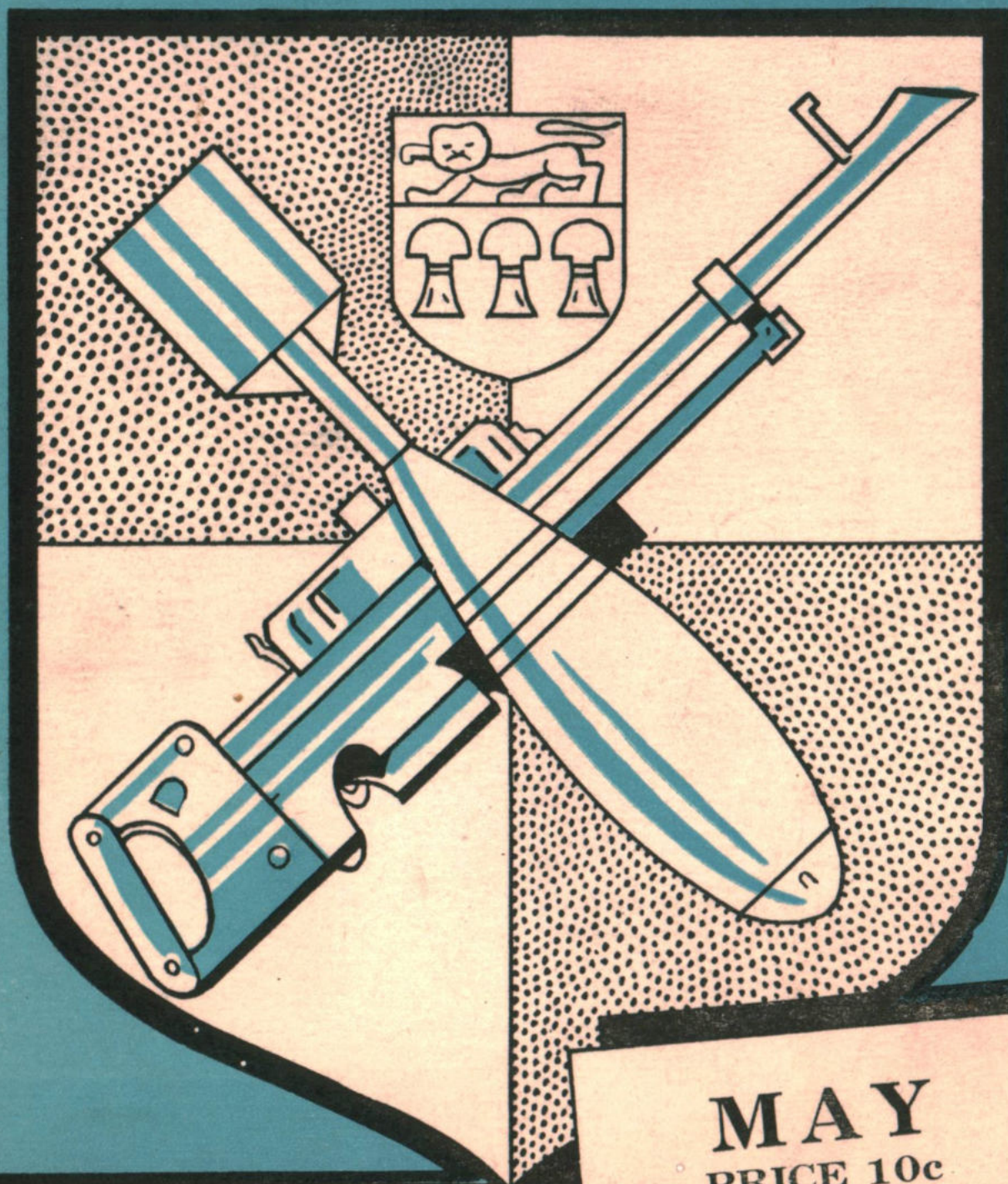
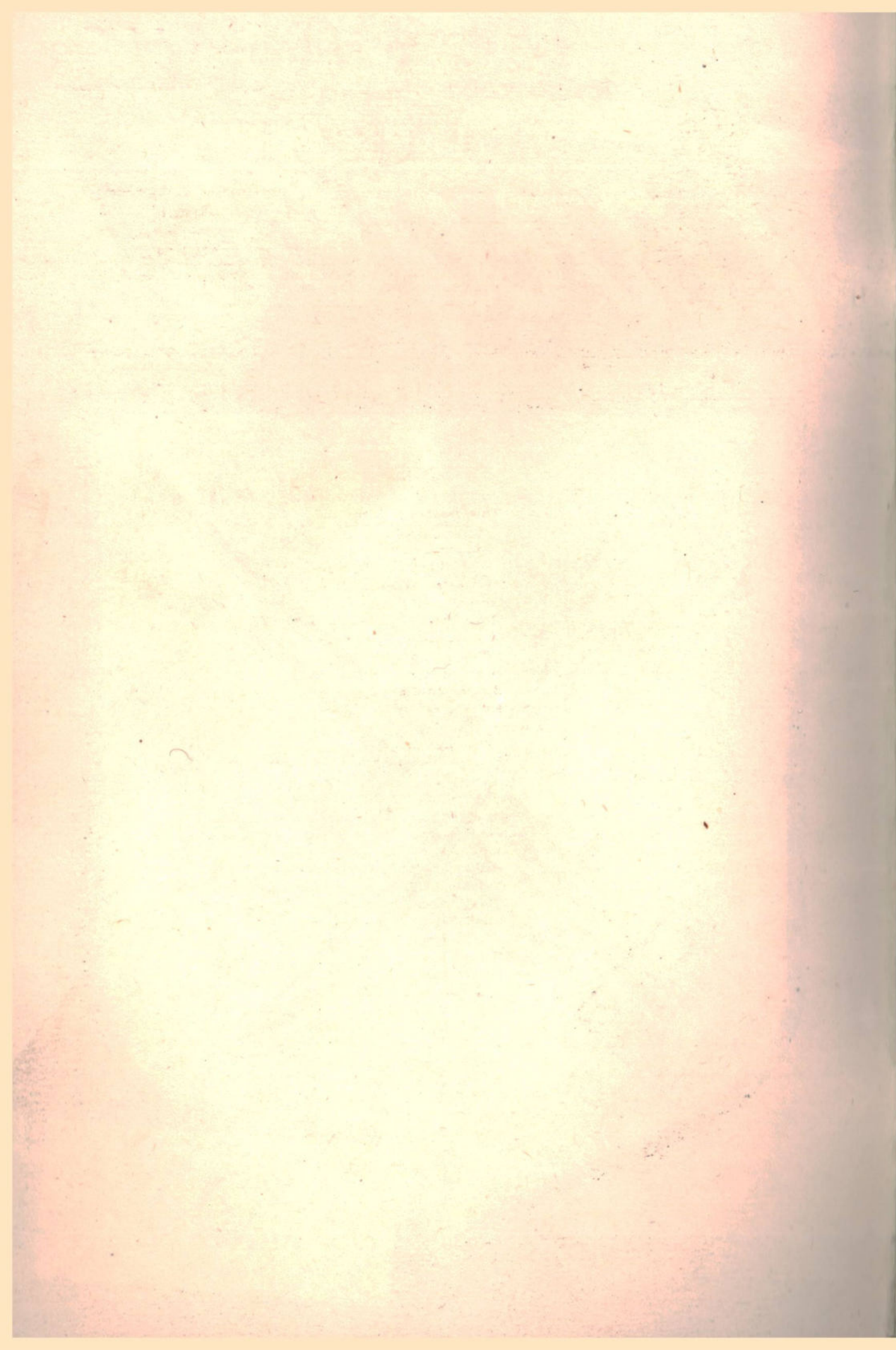


THE MOSSBANK

# Target!



**MAY**  
PRICE 10c





# TARGET

Vol. 4

MAY, 1944

No. 1

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

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

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## Contents

	Page
Sixth Victory Loan .....	2
Editorial .....	3
This Issue .....	4
Congratulations .....	4
C.O.'s Message .....	5
S/O. P. McPherson's Message .....	5
History of the Women's Division .....	6
Features .....	7
Back-Tracking with the W.D.'s .....	8
W.D. a Trades Woman .....	10
Officers of the Women's Division .....	12
W.D. Sports .....	14
Beauty Culture .....	14
Sisters, We Salute You .....	16
News .....	17
"Zekeing" Around .....	18
Former Mossbank Officer Commanding Station Overseas .....	20
Personalities No. 5, Cpl. A. B. Mitchell .....	21
Wedding Bells .....	24
Flash—Mossbank Over the Top .....	24
Section News .....	25
Headquarters—Ether Drippings .....	26
Thumbnail Sketches of Magazine Committee .....	30
Three Years of Publication .....	32
Chaff From Ye Editors .....	33
Echoes from the Service Police .....	35
Dental Doin's .....	35
Postal Notes .....	36
Watch Your Figures .....	36
Training Wing .....	37
We Who Work in the Dark .....	38
Drogue Operators .....	38
Plotting Office Patter .....	39
Bombing Teacher .....	39
Control Tower Capers .....	40
Number, Please .....	40
Inter-Com. ....	41
Maintenance "5" .....	42
Sports .....	44
With Our Poets .....	46
Quiz .....	47
Crossword Puzzle .....	48
Humor .....	49
Army Girls .....	52



## SIXTH VICTORY LOAN

# The Commanding Officer's Message to the Station

The Sixth Victory Loan will be launched on April 24, 1944. In order to ensure maximum success and participation by this station our all-out effort will commence at an earlier date. Details of the activities of the station drive are now being worked out and will be announced shortly. Let us immediately get into the spirit of the campaign by adopting its slogan "*Victory First.*" The modern word "total war" has not yet struck home with its full meaning in Canadian minds. Our thinking and our war effort are dangerously exposed to being misled and weakened by popular hopes that the war is as good as won. Victory is not just around the corner and we must gird ourselves for greater sacrifices than we dare think about; victory, which can be achieved only by invasion, will have to be paid for by casualty lists, the length of which will be frightening. This is a "total war." Our brother fighters on the Italian front know what that means. They have no illusions about a speedy and easy victory. Their contribution will be in blood, the price of total victory.

We, in Canada, are once again called upon to contribute money . . . . the sinews of total war. Any weakening in our enthusiasm and support of this Sixth Victory Loan is not only unpatriotic and unfair . . . . it is direct sabotage of Canadian War Morale, for reasons that are well known to you.

One reason, that urges us to do our share generously, could be couched in the following words: we back the War Loan to give an example of true Canadian leadership to the civilian population. Can you imagine the effect of the following news item when read to the public: "Mossbank station, notwithstanding announcement of its closing, oversubscribes its quota by a greater percentage than ever before . . . . breaking its own record of support in all Victory Loan Drives"?

My confidence in the wonderful spirit of service on this station gives me the assurance that once again we will meet and beat the high quota—\$80,000.00—which has been set for us. It is a challenge. Your past record in everything makes record-breaking an every day occurrence on this station. So let's get going. There is no good reason not to buy bonds this time. . . . there are a thousand more reasons why we should buy more than ever.

E. C. TENNANT, G.C.,  
Commanding Officer,  
No. 2 B. & G.,  
Mossbank, Sask.

**Editorial!** 

**Opinions Fashion  
the Future**

## THIS ISSUE

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... comes to you in the form of an anniversary number, both for the Women's Division, who have been here two years in May; and our Station Magazine, which celebrates its third year of publication this month.

Personal messages of congratulation from the Commanding Officer, Write-ups of the Women's Division also of the Magazine Committee, Features, Pictures, Cartoons, Section News—all go to make this issue a bang-up Anniversary Number.

Read about the "First Arrivals" of the Women's Division on the station. Their first impressions, experiences, work—all to be found in the article "Back-Tracking".

Scan through "Three Years of Publication"—a review of the growth of the Station Magazine from a 12-page newspaper to a 60-page magazine.

Read and digest the humorous article "Zeeking Around". You'll enjoy it!

It is planned to make the June issue a "Where to Spend a 48" or "Vacational Number"—so if you readers have any good ideas, let's have 'em.

**Don't forget the deadline for the next issue!**

**WEDNESDAY, MAY 10TH.**

**Get your copy in early! June is the "Month of Brides"!**

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## CONGRATULATIONS

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To the Editor, "Target":

Please accept my appreciation for the contribution the Station publication "Target" is making toward the maintenance of high morale.

It is a service magazine second to none. I, for one, look forward with eagerness to each new addition, and have derived much pleasure from reading copies issued before my arrival on the Station. You, your associate editors, and production staff can be justly proud; for, be sure, all other personnel of No. 2 Bombing & Gunnery School are proud of their magazine.

On this your 3rd anniversary, I do congratulate you.

(Sgd.) E. C. TENNANT, G/C.

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## C. O.'s MESSAGE

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The record of enlisted women has long ago broken down the opposition to women in uniform, an opposition which at the outset was sometimes voiced very strongly. After all, how could anybody judge the wisdom of the endeavor before giving it a chance to work? Here, at No. 2 B. & G., we can say without any mental reservation that the arrival of our sisters in uniform, to share our work and do their bit in all station activities, has meant a boost in efficiency, spirit and morale.

The main reason for the enlistment of women in the armed services is well known to you. You took over jobs that you can very well do and the men who did those jobs before you were thus released and remustered to other heavier duties which, in this country at least, are reserved for men.

But that is only one of the reasons that fully justified the creation of the Women's Division. There are other benefits that came to all stations with the arrivals of the ladies in blue. The station's personnel and social life was made normal and enjoyable by the presence and companionship of women. Now, it is impossible to conceive a good training centre without you, just as it seems foolish to imagine a normal town the population of which would be men only.

So, it is with satisfaction and pleasure, and with a great deal of pride, that I congratulate you on the second anniversary of your arrival on this station. I know that you will continue to do your job in a cheerful and devoted manner, giving to our station that happy spirit which is practically impossible without you.

Your Commanding Officer is pleased with your service. It will be marked up on the credit side of our Canadian women's contribution to the winning of the war, right next to the sacrifice of mothers and wives who give their sons and husbands to the fighting fronts.

E.C. TENNANT, G.C.,  
Commanding Officer.

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## A Message to the W.D.'s

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When members of the R.C.A.F. (W.D.) took the Oath of Allegiance on entry into the service it was with the feeling of excitement and wonder at the life ahead. After a few months service an airwoman has fitted into the routine of air force life. The "rookie" feeling is gone and she takes her place doing a job beside an airman.

The many months of service which is credited to some airwomen at Mossbank made them veterans of station life and work. The days go by quickly with the regular routine and leave little time to contemplate the accomplishments of our service life. The routine job which we have performed each day during our air force career seems unimportant. Nevertheless, if it is a job well done it is adding to the efficiency of our service as a whole.

The month of May will mark the anniversary of two years service of airwomen at Mossbank station. The first airwomen to arrive at Mossbank set a standard of happy efficiency, and that friendly spirit is still evident.

There is less than a year left for the airwomen now on the strength of this station to live up to the past record. The best you can give to your work and to station activity is what we want to finish the last months of your service at No. 2 B. & G.

S/O. P. McPHERSON.

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# HISTORY

## of The Women's Division

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In October, 1941, 150 hand picked girls from all parts of Canada reported to Old Haverhill College in Toronto to commence their training as airwomen.

They had as Instructors four W.A.A.F. Officers who came to Canada from England, and two who came up from Washington during the summer of 1941, to organize the "Canadian Women's Auxiliary Air Force", as we were called during the first few months. These W.A.A.F. officers did a wonderful job under the most trying conditions. In the first place, the building authorized for the housing and training of the airwomen was in the throes of renovation. Painters and carpenters were still at work during that first month, and our original officers from that first Squadron have many amusing tales to relate. Then, of course, there were no N.C.O.'s to ease their work. They were to be chosen on completion of the first course. We can't even imagine now how those officers managed; all we know is that they did it somehow.

At the end of that month those 150 girls emerged as our first officers and N.C.O.'s and immediately took over their new duties. New squadrons were coming in each month and leaving the following month for stations. It was a great change for all those girls and really exciting in the beginning. Life on a station was something to look forward to. The feeling regarding girls in uniform was strong. No one knew just how they would be received at their stations, and there were a great many doubts lurking around. The first few squadrons who went out to stations were actually received very well, although for the first few days, boys and girls alike looked neither to the left nor right as they proceeded on their respective duties. Then gradually the newness was wiped away, and the boys hunted up ways of meeting the girls, and as time went on they were just AIRWOMEN and not a novelty.

In 1942, an order was passed changing the name C.W.A.A.F. to that of R.C.A.F. (W.D.). We had been a component part of the Air Force from the beginning, but now we actually shared their name. This was a proud day for all of us. We joined up to release men for flying duties, and we are now definitely on the way to achieving our goal.

In the beginning there were very few trades open to airwomen, but gradually more and more trades appeared on the list and now the airwomen are doing jobs which up until a year or so ago were considered as "men's jobs" only, and they're doing them as efficiently as the men did.

Three years ago it was hard to imagine an Air Force with women doing an active part. Now it would be just as hard to picture the station without airwomen working along with the men.



# Features



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

# Back-Tracking With the W.D.'s

Remember! Oh, gee, I'll never forget that first W.D. parade. No blinds! Well, what did you expect? Mossbank was a man's camp until the girls invaded it.

I wonder what some of the airmen might have said, had I asked them questions regarding "those first arrivals"? Perhaps it would be more to the point to tell you what the girls had to say.

To quote the May issue of "Contact": "About 60 W.A.A.F.'s. arrived Sunday evening, May 17, from stations in the East, where they have been receiving trade training." This group was composed of cooks and general duties. Some of the girls have remustered. They travelled west in two coaches, and, believe me, these poor N.C.O.'s. in charge were given a merry chase. Arriving in Moose Jaw they gladly turned their charges over to A/S/O. Rooke and F/O. Allingham.

Midnight on a Sunday! Mud puddles, cool breezes and a bright moon. Hot coffee and doughnuts awaited the hungry mob in the airmen's mess—and what a MESS! In very short order several of the girls found that the kitchens required "the touch of a woman's hand".

Then to bed—what! Did you say we crawled into bed? The blankets and sheets were there, but each girl made her own bed. Becky laughingly passed the remark that "the blinds weren't up yet". I glanced at Lupton and she grinned. "The only difference about my arrival and that of the other girls was that I arrived by ambulance with AW. Webb, so was here at least half an hour before the rest. Furthermore, I didn't need to make my bed. One of the male orderlies did that. No, the Hospital assistants (W.D.'s, I mean) came later. Of course, we had two nursing sisters." The girls still raze "Lup", but she grins and says, "What an experience". This gives our Lupton the claim of first W.D. patient.

Much to their disgust, "Mam" Rooke ordered a 6.30 reveille. The weary girls climber out to "I wonder where they will put me to work?" Thirteen unlucky "in contact with" girls were immediately removed from Barrack Block A to B. The reason? Thanks to Lupie and the mumps. For two weeks they were ostracized by the others, but during that time they were welded in a firm friendship. Six months later, at a banquet in

the Avenue Inn, the lucky thirteen were still intact.

Yes, someone mentioned a parade. The first W.D. parade. Then the storm broke. Dear me! I thought the station wolves were bad enough today, but "just think of that Monday morning!"

The girls were paraded around the station on a "get acquainted tour". (Pardon me, I should have said, "they were paraded for the station to see".) Curious males with curious stares had their heads poked out of windows and doorways. Cat-calls and boos followed the girls. Perhaps the girls were peevd. They took it as a matter of fact, and have never held "that welcome" against the boys. Why? The second Saturday night that the girls were on the camp, the personnel had their first Station Dance. The boys gave the W.D.'s. a royal welcome, and the W.D.'s. found they had acquired a corner in the heart of the camp.

The barracks, formerly occupied by the civilian help, were freshly painted, but the floors were "just about impossible". Many "scrubbing hours" were spent in the present W.D. Canteen before the girls actually claimed the canteen for their own. The first canteen was in the room now being used by the station barber. Women's accessories were "an unheard of quantity". Yes, we had to go into Mossbank to buy our "special" soaps and starch.

Osterhout elbowed into the conversation and demanded the first place on the list of A.W.L.'s. Yes ———? Thirteen hours late on her first 48. I asked her if she had been C.B'd. for that act. Her eyes sparkled, "Nope, they couldn't do anything to me. I had a perfectly legitimate excuse — the train just wouldn't wait on the bus." Dell, Marj., we have solved your problem. If you would speak very nicely to Mr. Sargent, ne might let you keep bed No. 40. You see, this air woman says she has slept in the same bed ever since she arrived on the station. We do excuse her for not sleeping in its comfortable hollow when she had her appendix out recently.

Naturally, a flip was a forthcoming adventure. Down in Bombing Flight an officer and a senior N.C.O. insisted that the girls have a lung test before they could go up in a plane. The airwomen



### SURVIVALS OF THE FIRST ARRIVALS

Reading from left to right: Cpl. "Irene" Cronk, Exshaw, Alta.; Cpl. "Susie" Walker, Big River, Sask.; LAW. "Georgie" George, Leslie, Sask.; Cpl. "Bea" Heath, Canmore, Alta.; LAW. "Lup" Lupton, Vancouver; Cpl. "Betty" Hockin, Innisfail, Alta.; LAW. "Becky" Beck, Islay, Alta.; LAW. "Candy" Candlish, Shamrock, Sask.; LAW. "Betty" Masson, Ochre River, Man.; LAW. "Marion" Glavin, Limerick, Sask.; LAW. "Marj" Osterhout, Saskatoon, Sask.

admitted "they didn't know but what it was the correct procedure". However, Marion Glavin and Peggy Paige (now overseas) had to use considerable soap and cold cream to clean their faces. The lung-tester worked wonders in black soot.

Down in Drogue Flight the airmen welcomed an airwoman. "What is your name?" "AW.2 Walker, Sergeant," she replied. "Well, we are not going to call you Walker, and," with a shrug, "we can't call you Miss Walker, so—what's your first name?" "My initial is 'E'," she answered, and refused to give further information. The boys dubbed her "Susie". Although we know her name is Evelyn, she is still our "Cpl. Susie."

Those first few months before the girls actually got settled found them with **only one radio** to listen to. At the Legion Hut, Jock Tyson welcomed them, and there they found the lone radio, bingo, games, free pictures, **coffee and sandwiches**. Many a sandwich was made in the tiny coffee bar by their willing hands.

The girls laughingly recall the fantastic tales told to them down East, such

as "If you're posted to Mossbank, you will have to carry water for miles in a bucket for drinking and washing."

Nowadays, with a gravelled highway to town and Moose Jaw, we don't worry about getting off station for a 48, but back in those days—well, we had plenty of rain and lots of mud. It wasn't an uncommon occurrence to walk back to camp plastered with mud. Harold and his bus would be somewhere between Mossbank and the Airport.

With station and Greyhound buses for 48's and no worry about the roads, the new girls of today have definitely missed the thrill of a ride on the "Mossbank Milk Train." The personnel left camp in time to catch the 3.15 p.m. train on Friday. The 48 over you climbed into the 10.30 Sunday evening train. You were lucky if you found an empty seat, or even someone's knee to sit on. With everyone asleep or half steeped in smoke, the train left Moose Jaw and pulled into Mossbank about midnight. The chap who had the lightest suitcase, sharpest elbows or fastest legs, was the chap who got a seat in the bus.

# W.D. A TRADES WOMAN

Your great-great grandmother might well have taken a fit had she suddenly had an opportunity to see her daughter in coveralls repairing and doping fabric on the wing of a mysterious bird called an aeroplane. She would have certainly disowned her other daughter as some type of a devil, had she caught her driving a contraption known as the automobile. Well, today it is just one of the jobs, or trades, at which our W.D.'s are doing so well.

There are actually 52 trades in the R.C.A.F. open to W.D.'s, and on our Station our girls have to date invaded 22 of them. As a matter of fact, in the Parachute Section and in the Photographic Section and Headquarters' Orderly Room they are operating on the last male. Maybe he's lucky, but in a few words brief mention will be made of the 22 trades on this Station.

Clerking is naturally popular with the girls, be it administrative, library, accounting, stenographic, medical, postal or just general clerking. Naturally, the girls traditionally are right at home as chefs. Then, again, it wouldn't quite do to have an airman for the canteen steward in the W.D. lounge, not that customers could not be found, but—well, you know boys.

Girls very often are capable leaders—ask the henpecked husband. But they also make excellent assistants, such as dental assistants, equipment assistants and hospital assistants. They're all in action on this Station.

Girls have always thrived on photographic work and as telephone operators. We naturally look to the woman for a hairdresser; since if they don't know how best to dress their hair, well then, who in the heck does?

Parachute rigging is certainly "up the alley" of the fairer sex—they like the feel of the silk. Then, to get rid of dangerous surplus energy, someone must give the girls P.T. so that P.T. & D. Instructors are selected for the girls from among the W.D. They have the feminine touch.

Women are born teachers—or, at least, preachers—and, therefore, it is no wonder that female a/c. Rec. Instructors teach the boys how to identify planes. And last, but not least, the Service requires girls for general duties, and on

this Station we have just as fine a group of girls in this trade as on any other Station in Canada.

This chatter would be incomplete if mention was not made of the fact that the girls on this Station have efficient W.D. officers as overseers. No doubt, woman understand other women best, though some men get pretty proficient at that, too.

The pressing question then is: What will these girls try next? I guess the answer is probably contained in the words — what won't they try next? We've had them playing billiards, and why not? Good work, gals! We like you here.

## Last Night It Rained

Last night as I tried to slumber in vain,  
I relived my youthful years;  
The reminiscently soothing patter of rain  
Made me moisten my pillow with tears.

(To some the rain was a lullaby,  
Pleasant music to the ear;  
To me 'twas a token of days gone by,  
A memory of yesteryear.)

A reminder of the days when I was a  
boy  
And she was a country maid;  
When life was one long game of joy,  
Unrestricted to those who played.

I hadn't kissed a girl then—  
I had only turned eighteen—  
How I prayed 'twould rain again  
And I'd walk that road with Jean.

I felt so strong, she seemed so meek,  
As I held her close to me;  
And I kissed her dimpled, rosy cheek,  
While we stood beneath the tree.

(To me the rain is a sympathy,  
A song of my first romance;  
To me the rain will always be  
An invitation to dance.)

Last night as I tried to slumber in vain,  
I relived my youthful years;  
The reminiscently exciting patter of rain  
Made me moisten my pillow with tears.

"HUTCH"



1. Some of the Account Section girls.
2. LAW. Wilfong, fabric worker, pauses as she checks an order with LAW. Strange, steno.
3. Girls receiving rations books previous to leaving on pass.
4. M.T. girls have a laugh.
5. LAW. "Betty" Juneau, photographer.
6. Parachute Riggers at work.
7. LAW. Olson, checking the drier in the photography section.

# Officers of The Women's Division

## S/O. P. McPHERSON

The Senior Officer of the Women's Division at Mossbank is a Saskatchewan girl, her home being in Regina. S/O. P. McPherson was a member of the "Saskatchewan Auxiliary Territorial Service" for a year before enlisting in the C.W.A.F. in January, 1942.

Down in Toronto she trained as an equipment assistant. Upon completion of her course she was posted to No. 4 S.F.T.S., Saskatoon. However, came a chance to remuster to a clerk medical and shortly after April, 1942, she returned to her home city. No. 5 Recruiting Centre, Regina, soon lost her, as she again remustered and went back to Toronto on an N.C.O. and O.T. course. As a Junior Officer on Training, she was posted to No. 7 "M" Depot. We next find her as a Recruiting Officer working at London, Ont., Saskatoon and Regina. Prior to her arrival at No. 2 B. & G. School, Miss "Pat" McPherson had been on a six weeks' Administration course at Trenton, Ont.

## S/O. E. J. CAMPBELL

Just a newcomer to the station is our dietitian, S/O. E. J. Campbell. Already we feel as though she were a veteran of our kitchens.

Upon completion of her high school days, Miss Campbell attended the University of Manitoba and graduated in Home Economics. A post graduate course took her to the Vancouver General Hospital. Back in Manitoba she worked in various hospitals as a dietitian. Before her enlistment in the 3rd course of "Messing Officer", in July, 1942, she was working at the Deer Lodge Hospital (D.P. & N.H.), Winnipeg.

Being a westerner (Manitoba is her home province), S/O. Campbell considers skating her favorite sport, with tennis a close second.

Incidentally, when the war is over, she hopes to "own a nice little fruit farm in the Okanagan Valley, and never think of food again."

## A/S/O. B. C. GALASHAN

Second in Command of the Women's Division is A/S/O. B. C. Galashan of Hamilton, Ont.

Back in civilian life, Miss Galashan was a stenographer. She belonged to the "Women's Volunteer Reserve Corp" for a year before her enlistment, in November, 1941, as a clerk steno. Her first station was No. 5 S.F.T.S., Brantford. In September, 1943, a posting came through for No. 7 "M" Depot and a month later we find her as a Commissioned Officer. Late in December of last year, A/S/O. "Betty" Galashan assumed duties at Mossbank.

## A W.D.'s Letter to Santa Claus

(Postmarked Mossbank)

Dear Santa, it's me, AW.1 McGurk,

Hoping you have a trick that'll work;  
I've tried every trick on the market today,

But they only help to drive them away—

I guess it's no use, tricks just won't do,  
So once again, Santa, I'm appealing to you.

Santa—Lena McGurk wants a man,

So send one as fast as you can;

I don't care if he's bald or lacking an eye,

Send anything that resembles a guy.

You could send one that's lacking a limb—

Send anything as long as it's a him.

I've passed the stage of being choosy,

At a time like this I'm not snooty;

If you must, pop him on the head,

If you can't get a live one, send one dead.

Wow! A man! If I can't revive him,

I can still tell the girls I survived him.



1. The Postal Staff of M.P.O. 1203.
2. Hospital Assistants LAW. Hamilton and Corporal White after duty.
3. Clothing parade for W.D.'s.
4. Officers of the Women's Division, Mossbank (left to right): A/S/O. Galashan, S/O. Campbell, S/O. McPherson
5. "Ready, for lights out."
6. "Leone" Wisser working on enlargements in photography section.
7. In the bake shop, LAW. Murphy keeps a close eye on LAW. Farmer and the "Airmen's Cookies".

## W.D. Sports

Since the winter season is gradually giving way to the "spring feeling" for baseball and all out-door sports, we can take a bird's eye view of the part W.D.'s have taken in the winter activities on the station.

Badminton and bowling seem to run neck and neck for head place on the list of favorite sports. The badminton tournaments have been very popular, and F/O. O'Mara more than hints that there will be one more of them before the racquets are hung up for the summer. Among our keenest enthusiasts are Cpl. Schwandt (Swannie to us), the Strange sisters, LAW. Marion Burns and LAW. Brough (Betty). If you visit the Drill Hall in the afternoon you may see LAW. Walmsley, LAW. Davignon or LAW. Young hard at it with bird and bat. During the season many new players developed the art, and will be the champions here or elsewhere next season.

Bowling has been right down many W.D.'s alleys, too. They are so keen that the airmen have to be right on the bit to get in a game. Cpl. Penfold still holds the lead. Penny's trying to beat her own score of 280, as no one else has been able to. On March 3rd. Peggy Wilfong nosed into second place with 262 and Cpl. Fisher (Fishy) moved down to 3rd place—which she really wanted, anyway. Her score is still 244. On April 7th, Cpl. Andrews (Andy) hit 241—so, Fishy, look out! We, the public, will go out and throw a party the day we see 200.

FLASH! New High! 282 April 12th—Peggy Wilfong.

### Volleyball

Co-operation and teamwork brought the combined photographic and M.T. team to the top in the volleyball round-robin played off recently.

Out-door volleyball leagues are being planned for the near future.

### Softball

There promises to be a W.D. station softball team this year. Anticipation to get out there and swing a mean bat is running high among the girls, and a meeting will soon be called to launch a league.

### Other Activities

Swimming, tap-dancing and social dancing are among other activities which take the interest of the W.D.'s on this station. If all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, there is not a dull W.D. among us.

## Beauty Culture

By PEGGY

In the study of Beauty Culture another feature is the skin. "Beauty is skin deep, so let us have a beautiful skin."



The skin is composed of three layers, the third contains the oil glands. When these glands become dry the subcutaneous tissue disappears, causing wrinkles. . . . If nature does not supply a lubricator we must use artificial means, namely,

good tissue cream. As in the scalp when these glands are overworking, the skin is very oily. There are good astringents for this type of skin.

Soap and water is very essential, but a plain facial is very refreshing and cleansing. For a normal skin, apply a cleansing cream, massage, then remove with Kleenex (or skin tissue) using upward strokes. The skin overlaps like shingles on a roof so we must use upward strokes and get under each particle to remove all stale make-up and dirt. When thoroughly clean apply warm towels (not hot); this opens the pores. Now massage a good tissue cream well into the skin, leave on a few moments, again remove with tissue and warm towels. Finish with cold towels and an astringent to close the pores. For a dry skin there are special lubricating tissue creams which can be applied when giving a facial and each night.

Comedones or blackheads, milia or whiteheads are injurious to the skin. These can be removed by means of clay packs and good astringents. An egg pack is good for an oily skin as well as for blackheads. Beat the white of the egg until stiff, apply to the face and lie down until fairly dry. Remove with lukewarm water.

Any skin disease such as eczema, pimples, etc., should be treated by a physician.

When applying make-up experiment for a "natural look". Darker make-up is better for evenings for most girls. Eyebrows should be natural and neat.



#### FIRST ANNIVERSARY DINNER FOR W.D.'s

Top left: S/L. B. M. Laubach, senior administrative officer, delivering an after-dinner speech to the girls. On his left is S/O. Reid, O.C. of the W.D.'s at Mossbank, and on his right is shown LAW. Glavin. Top right-hand picture shows the girls in a cracker-eating contest. Right to left: LAW. MacDonald (contest winner), AW. Wright, LAW. Fletcher, Cpl. Owen and LAW. Lupton. Other pictures shows the girls enjoying supper.

(Taken from June, 1943, issue of Contact.)

# Sisters . . . .

## WE SALUTE YOU !

We boast of our aircraft, our troops so trim,  
Of their valor and bravery when the battle is grim.  
But little is said of the troops in the rear,  
All battered and war-torn, yet showing no fear.  
They are willing to give up the little they possess,  
In order to clear up all this bloody mess.  
They serve here at home, they serve overseas.  
Who? No one else but our W.D's.

Who stepped up, when Canada gave the call?  
And who gave it, when Canada asked for them all?  
Who in our great and foremost call for aid,  
No matter the danger would not be delayed.  
And even under fire stands her ground with ease.  
Who? But, of course, our W.D's.

Who helps us over the rough and bumpy road?  
Who helps us to carry that sharp and heavy load?  
Who even on the steps of war's mighty hell  
Our security, even to death, would never sell?  
And who prays for our welfare on bended knees?  
Canada is proud of her W.D's.

They ask no favors nor credit they deserve.  
They ask one thing only, a chance to serve.  
They boast nothing great, they boast nothing small;  
As a matter of fact, they don't boast at all.  
They entered this war, beside us to stand.  
Come on, boys, altogether! Let's give them a hand.  
A toast to our sisters, to our hearts here's the key.  
Girls, we salute you—our W.D's.

H. COULSON, R.C.A.F.

News 

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

# “Zeke-ing Around”

## Calling Kaiser!

A few days after the April 1st (fools) issue of D.R.O.'s, Sgt. Daze met some of the boys in the barracks and proudly recalled that famous issue. Beamed Sgt. Daze, and I quote, “Why, it was issued by Air Commodore Daze, that's me; Group Captain Tenant, he was just an Orderly Officer; Flight Lieutenant Lancaster, he was just a Joe, and Section Officer McPherson, she was Orderly Officer under Construction.

## Ow—oo—oo

One of the highlights of our fast stepping station show, Horace McHefey's Bombette Revue, was the lyrical warblings of that curvaceous brunette bombshell, glamorous Joyce Roderick, star of stage and screen. The local wolves in the audience drooled so much that the new hardwood floor in our recreational hall showed signs of warping. Ruled Works and Buildings chief, Major Botherson, “Drool buckets must be provided at all of Joyce's concerts.”

## Any Complaints?

Our new station dietitian, calm, cool, efficient Miss Campbell, was making a tour of inspection in our mess hall, when she came upon Sgt. Lorne, the chef. He was adding the finishing touches to some soup he had just dreamed up. “So you were in the army, were you, Sgt.?” queried Miss Campbell. “Oh yes,” replied Sgt. Lorne, sticking out his chest. “Before I transferred to the R.C.A.F. I was in the army for two years; wounded twice.” “Well,” answered Miss Campbell, sampling the soup, “It's a darned wonder they didn't kill you.”

## Breathless!

That famous fire-fighter, six-foot, two-inch LAC. Shawcross, who is so thin he could squeeze through a bugle without blowing a note, was making the rounds of the hangars one afternoon, when he heard “Fire! Fire! This aircraft is on fire!”

Shawcross grabbed a fire hose, and galloped towards the plane as fast as those spindly legs could carry him. The fire took one look at him, and—laughed itself to death.

## Good (scrambled) Egg!

After putting on the show “Bombette Revue” the entire cast had a little celebration in the Legion Hut. Everyone began feeling happy, especially our good friend and comedian, Sandy Mc-

Dougall, who is so short you'd think he's always shooting dice. On the station at the time, and among the guests, was a New Zealand Group Captain, “Tiny” White, who was no taller than Sandy.

Sandy, slightly inebriated and momentarily blinded by the scrambled eggs, jovially slapped our “Newsie” Group Captain on the shoulder and said, “It takes us little guys to really do a job.” Smilingly, Newsie stuck out his hand and replied, “Put 'er there, Shorty, you said it.”

## On the Job!

The music was blaring forth loud and furious. Yours truly was at the station dance on a Saturday of last month, and managed to get a dance with one of our little angels of mercy, namely—one of the hospital gals. Breaking into conversation, she asked, “How are you?” Misunderstanding her, I answered, “I'm Zeke”. Whereupon she looked up at me, her forehead wrinkled, and exclaimed, “And you don't at all look well, either.”

## Politeness!

Seven forty-five in the drill hall, all the fire piquet waiting impatiently—and still no Orderly Officer.

He finally arrived, well over twenty minutes late, but by this time quite a number had already wandered off.

Good naturedly, he excused himself and said, “Pardon me, fellahs, and say, Sgt., don't embarrass the boys by calling the role.”

## Don't Trouble!!

One of our fined Squadron Leaders, no names mentioned, of course (no sense, it'd be censored anyway), recently visited Regina. He registered at the finest hotel there, and late that night had just entered his room when he saw two luscious blondes reclining in his bed.

He was shocked, speechless. Beads of perspiration broke out on his forehead. He finally blurted out, “I'm a married man, well respected in my community and have my good name to live up to. I also love my wife and children and never want a breath of scandal to touch me. So ——— one of you will have to leave.”

## Faux Pas!

Having scanned D.R.O.'s for some time now, I might point out this omis-



**REX**  
The Station  
Mascot  
has visit from  
Sgt. "Finnie"  
Wiebe  
of Headquarters.

sion to our never-failing records department. Rex, our 213-pound mascot, full blooded, majestic Newfoundland canine, left on Temporary Duty on or about the 5th of April. At first we thought he had fled. However, on questioning his keeper, Shorty, at the Fire Hall, we received the following statement, "I took 'im down to da C.P.R. station yestaday. It took tree o' us guys to git do mutt on da train. All I c'n tell youse guys is dat he left dis here station on compassionate grounds, and will be comin' back soon."

#### What! No Cigars?

It happened in our bowling alley. One of our pin-up boys complained to Sgt. Daze, N.C.O. in charge. "Sarge," he said, "since I was hit in the belly with that

ball by P/O. Markell last week, I've been havin' awful stomach pains every night."

Replied hard, cold, cynical, unscrupulous Sgt. Daze, "You're dreamin'; quit swingin' the lead and bet back to work."

This continued for three weeks; every day he complained of the same trouble.

Finally, one morning, this champion airman confronted tall, good-looking F/O. O'Mara, officer in charge of sports and related the entire story.

In conclusion, he cried, "Last night was the pay-off. I had the most violent pains ,accompanied with a gruesome nightmare. I dreamt I'd given birth—to a beautiful set of five bouncing bowling pins."

# Former Mossbank Officer Commands Overseas Station

Mossbank is a long way from a Canadian bomber group station in England, but not far enough distant to prevent



news reaching here that a former Mossbank Officer is at present the Commanding Officer of a Canadian Bomber Group Station somewhere in England, from which the Thunderbird and Goose Squadrons operate. He is Group Captain W. A. Jones, Chief Instructor here at Mossbank away back in 1941. After leaving Moss-

bank, Group Captain Jones went to Lethbridge, where he served as C.O. until January of 1943, when he was transferred to the Western Air Command as senior Air Staff Officer, and last November was posted overseas, where he assumed the command of a Canadian Bomber Group Station.

Group Captain Jones enjoys the same popularity with his men overseas as he did with Mossbank personnel back in 1941. He does everything he can to keep the boys happy and comfortable. During the moon-lit periods, when the airmen usually don't operate as much as on the moonless nights, he organizes dances. Instead of organizing them on the spot, he arranges the date well in advance so the men on the station can write friends from farther away than the next village and be reasonably sure that they'll be on hand to receive them.

On one occasion an appeal for blood donors in a neighboring community wasn't as successful as the organizers anticipated, so Group Captain Jones, who had given blood in Canada, offered another pint. On arriving back at the station, he addressed the men after a pay parade, explained how easy it was and how valuable their contribution could be. When he called for volunteers there was almost a universal show of hands.

Group Captain Jones was schooled in Regina and is an engineering graduate

of the University of Saskatchewan. He was taught to fly in 1928 and has about 1,700 hours on numerous types of aircraft. Although the authorities frown on operational flights by senior administrative officers, Group Captain Jones managed to squeeze one in over Leipzig, flying as second pilot.

## My Stroll Through the Past

I took a stroll one summer day  
Amid favorite haunts of childhood.  
Dreamily did I wend my way  
To a cool, secluded shaded wood.

Herein I found my lost pirate days  
And stayed a spell in my robber's cave,  
And clearly did I recall the days  
I was leader of a band of knaves.

Herein, too, I found a little boy  
Who spoke each day with angels—  
I'm told;  
Who resembled me when I was a boy,  
Years before I grew clever and old.

Oh, why did that little boy leave me  
To wander afar and grow worldly  
wise!

For wher'e my journey's brought me  
I found sorrow a part of my prize.

And try as I would to return once again,  
There was ever one man to stalk me;  
To tell me I lived in a world of men  
And left only troubles to haunt me.

The sun set and I left my wood  
And returned to the world of men,  
To live as a grown citizen should  
To fight, and love, and hope again.

Tonight, before I ask for sleep,  
I shall pray long and sincere,  
And perhaps He'll grant me a boy to keep  
To love me, as I'll cherish him dear.

And if his head is filled with visions  
Of Injuns, and a booming pirateship,  
He will more than fulfil his mission,  
And prepare me for my inevitable trip.

"HUTCH".

## PERSONALITIES No. 5

### Corporal A. B. Mitchell



Looking around our Station and realizing that No. 2 B. & G. has been in a state of activity since the fall of 1940, we found several airmen and civilians who have been employed here since "the beginning".

At Works and Buildings your reporter cornered Corporal "Bruce" Mitchell. He arrived here in November, 1940, as a civilian. He describes that period as "the mud days". The system of hot air heating was put in his charge, and today he has the same responsibility. However, in August, 1941, Bruce Mitchell enlisted in the R.C.A.F. as "fireman" and returned to No. 2 B. & G., to his old job.

In civilian life Bruce lived on a farm at Tyvan, Saskatchewan. Intermediate hockey was his chief interest, and during the hockey seasons of 1930-34, inclusive, he played with a Weyburn team. Corporal Mitchell married a local girl, Viola Crosby, and they reside in the village of Mossbank. Bruce hopes to return to Tyvan, shortly, and resume

farming on his parents' 800-acre farm. No doubt, his parents will be delighted to have "one" son at home, as the other "six" are at present in His Majesty's Services. That means, at the present date, there are seven Mitchell sons serving their country.

The first brother to join the services was already in the Permanent Forces. He is F/Sgt. "Rex" Mitchell, navigator with the R.C.A.F. overseas. Pte. Claire Mitchell, youngest brother, enlisted in January of this year and is now at a training base in Ontario.

Pte. Ormond Mitchell, Overseas with the R.C.A.S.C.; Sgt. "Don" Mitchell, also overseas as an observer with the R.C.A.F.; Cpl. James Mitchell, somewhere in England with the 8th Field Dressing Station; LAC. Grant Mitchell, at present training at a pilot at No. 37 E.F.T.S., Davidson.

Just a note on the life of a fireman. It really is a thankless job, and reminds me of—

As a rule a man's a fool,  
When it's hot he wants it cool;  
When it's cool he wants it hot,  
Always wanting "What is Not"!

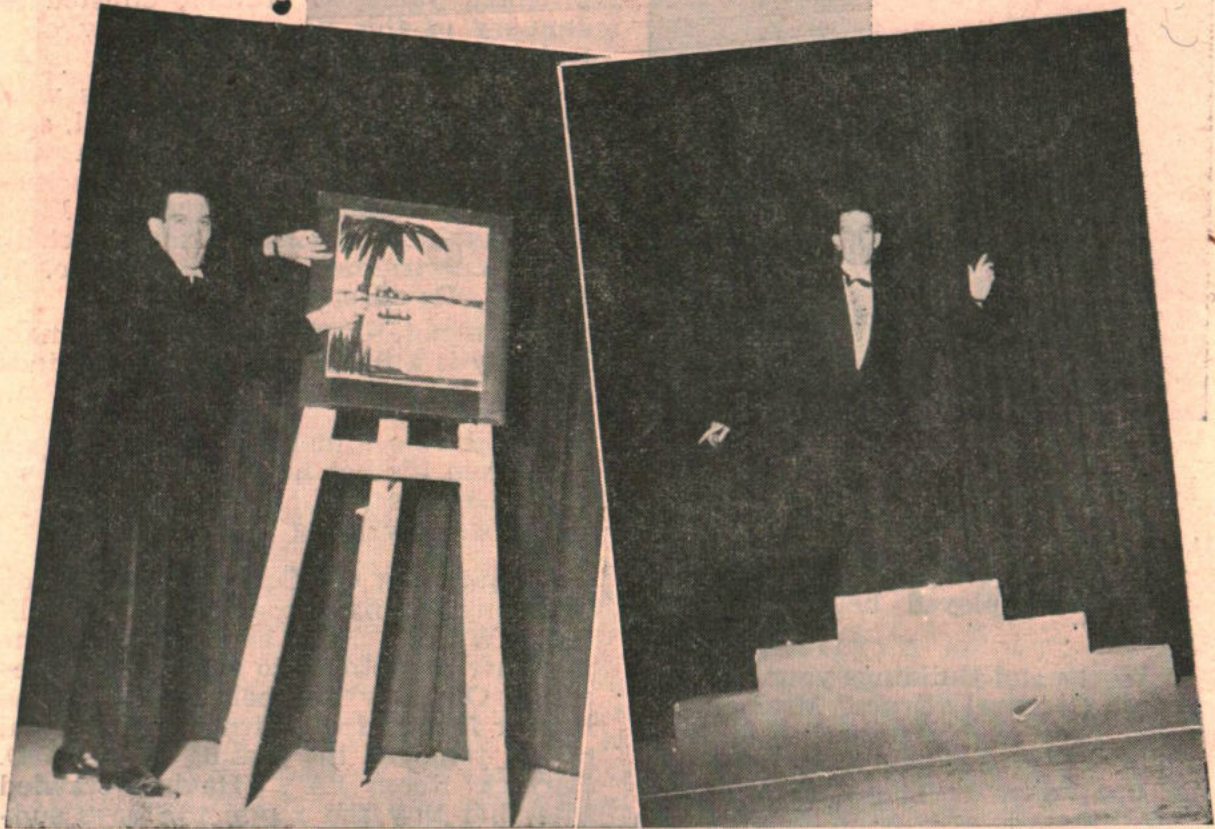
I inquired of the Corporal, "Have you had any funny experiences?" Well! those W.D.'s! First arrivals, eh! The girls are a problem to the "male" firemen. One day the belt broke on the blower fan, and our airman, with a pal of his, removed the grating in the W.D. Barrack Room "A". Having crawled into that tiny fan room, the boys suddenly found themselves shut in. Two certain W.D.'s were heard calling to the other occupants of the barrack room, "Hurry up, girls! Make it snappy. We've got the two men caged up!"

W.O.: "So you're complaining of finding sand in your soup?"

AC. "Yes, sir."

W.O.: "Did you join the air force to serve your country or complain about the food?"

AC. "I joined the air force to serve my country, sir, but not to eat it."



### BOMBETTE REVUE

Above three photos show AC.1 McHeffey in three of his acts that make up part of his M.C. repertoire. Top centre shows him as "Professor Goosenhooper in a slapstick act, teaming with Bombette Cpl. Todd. In left picture he draws a free-hand colored scene in his Chalk Talk act. Right picture is an action show of McHeffey dancing his way upstairs in "Eight Steps of Rhythm" stair dance.

"Bombette Revue" played two nights at the Station Recreation Hall, also at Legion Theatre in the nearby town of Gravelbourg. Twenty-five piece military band, under F/Sgt. Probert, opened the show, while the new station dance band accompanied the acts. Back stage artists include S/O. McPherson, costuming; F/S. Crowson, make-up; Sgt. Galbraith, lighting; AC.1 Longden, advertising; LAW. Olson, photography; LAC. MacAllister, stage carpentry.



### BOMBETTE REVUE

Growing increasingly popular are No. 2 B. & G. Station Stage Shows, made up entirely of station talent and under the direction and production of AC.1 Horace McHeffey. Top photo (reading left to right) are AC.1 McHeffey, Master of Ceremonies; E. Boyle, Violinist; Sgt. Roderick, LAW. Burns and LAW. Simons, Vocalists; LAC. Shawcross, LAC. Dolman and LAC. McDougall, Comedians.

(Bottom row) The "Bombette" dancers: Cpl. Binkley, AW. 1 Hanson, Cpl. Todd, Sgt. Wiebe, Cpl. Penfold, AW.1 Bounds. ... (Absent from picture are dancers LAW. Archer and Cpl. Munro.)

Centre and bottom pictures are shots from comedy skit, "Der Fuehrer's Face", by Dolman (Hitler), Shawcross and McDougall (storm troopers). In centre photo they "Heil der third Reich". Bottom photo shows them after bombing of Berlin. Hitler, clad in red underwear and tie says: "Der British bomb Berlin, Vell, der iss a possibility!"



—Photo courtesy Leader-Post

### WEARERS OF THE SILVER MAPLE LEAF

The girls pictured above are eligible to wear the Silver Leaf on their Service Ribbon, denoting that they have served outside Canada during this "World War."

These members of the Women's Division arrived on the station last fall from "Gander". Eight of them are from Saskatchewan and the ninth from Alberta.

Reading from left to right: Our W.D. from Champion, Alberta, Cpl. "Fishy" Fisher; the remaining girls are from Saskatchewan: LAW. Rene Law, Ketchen; LAW. Evelyn Mahoney, Regina; LAW. Queenie Rebbeck, South Fork; LAW. "Tiny" Hamilton, Limerick; LAW. Vivian Abray, Norquay; LAW. Leone Wisser, Humboldt; LAW. Ann Bow, Stewart Valley; LAW. "Lofty" Davignon, Unity.

## Wedding Bells

### Newland—Hanson

A quiet wedding was solemnized on Saturday, March 4th, at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, in the chapel of St. John's Anglican Church, Moose Jaw, when Pearl Irene, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Hanson of Theodore, became the bride of Pilot Officer Robert Bard, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. F. Newland, Adelaide, South Australia.

Rev. S. Williams of Moose Jaw, and formerly of Yorkton, performed the ceremony.

The bride and groom were married in uniform, Miss Hanson being in the R.C.A.F. and P/O. Newland in the R.A.A.F.

The bride was given in marriage by Mr. E. R. Slessor of Regina. The attendants were Mr. and Mrs. Art Gellbert of Yorkton, sister and brother-in-law of the bride.

She: "I shall love to share all your troubles."

He: "But, darling, I have no troubles."

She: "Silly, I mean when we are married."

In mid-Atlantic, when an American merchantman was torpedoed, the German submarine captain demanded of a lifeboat crew. "What's the name of your ship?" Quick as a flash, a sailor shouted back: "She's the S.S. Bunchabananas"

\* \* \* \*

There are so many women in the army now that when a soldier sees a uniform coming down the street he has to wait till it gets within 20 feet before he knows whether to salute or whistle.

—Bob Hope (NBC).

## FLASH

### MOSSBANK OVER THE TOP

In less time than it takes to wink an eyelash, No. 2 B. & G. School, Mossbank, went over its quota on the opening day of Canada's Sixth Victory Loan, thus living up to its past record.

The quota allotted to the station was \$80,000, and up to going to press on Monday, April 24, the personnel had bought nearly \$100,000 worth of bonds.



# Section News

**Believe It or Not!**



1. F/O. J. Shaw, Managing Editor, checking proofs in his office. 2. Cpl. H. Wilde, Editor-in-Chief, scanning back numbers of "Contact". 3. LAW. E. Brough, Associate Editor, looking for Anniversary News. 4. LAW. J. Burns, Associate Editor, correcting galley proofs. F/Sgt. J. Hodges, Associate Editor, working in his office at G.I.S. 6. Sgt. M. A. Daze, Circulation Manager, answers a call for "Targets". 7. Cpl. S. Green, our Photographer, gets a call for another "shot". 8. LAC. J. Longden, Staff Artist, hard a work in the drafting room. 9. AW1 D.

Hanson, Staff Typist, typing coopy for "Target".

Insert—Back numbers of "Contact" and the April issue of the magazine with its new name and cover. Centre paper with picture of first C.O., Group Captain A. J. Ashton, is the first issue of the station paper. To the left and right are smaller editions of the paper. Upper left hand corner is the first edition in magazine form. In lower right hand corner is shown the April issue of the Magazine with its new name and cover.

# HEADQUARTERS

## ... Ether Drippings ...

Have you met **Jim McMullin**, the latest member of our staff? Blonde, blue eyes, receives his love in heaps. Did that letter really and truly come from your mother, Jim, or is that just your natural complexion?

Speaking of picturesque speech and patter, recently while in the operating room under an anaesthetic, having his finger incised, a certain patient suddenly popped up from the operating table, looked at the surgeon and said, "Ha—ha—ha, wrong one".

**N/S. Fisher** is afraid of high altitudes now; the law of gravity is a bit too great for her. Billy Wee Lee, her Sugar Daddy, may have something to say about that.

We think our Ann will make a good player when we get our softball team in swing. All hits and runs with no errors for Ann, but plenty of misses for the other side.

We think **S/L. Jay** should take time off to give some P.T. He's really a wow when it comes to doing the splits.

No sulphur and molasses needed for **Dottie Dawson's** spring tonic. Wolfing with a little opposition has its good points!

**Rosy** has forsaken us for two weeks' leave to his native haunt in the heart of Canada. The hospital corridors are mighty quiet these days without our favorite crooner.

Commando training isn't compulsory, but **Dot** and **Irish** have just returned from taking a brief one in Winnipeg. It must have been quite strenuous, considering the condition they came back in.

Moonlight waltzes have their advantages, we'll admit, but gee **Whittaker!** one must watch out for those posts.

**Andy** would like some new records for the victrola. It gets rather tiresome playing the same ones over and over—or were you listening to the music, Andy?

**F/L. Francis** reports having had an exceptional good time at the Sergeants' Mess Dance, and there are rumors that the good time didn't end at the dance. Of course, we wouldn't know because we couldn't all get on the bus.

**LAC. Speed** has acquired the faculty for mysteriously disappearing after duty

hours (sometimes during duty hours). Where was he last pay night?

**F/S. Smith**, Hospital Supervisor, Bandmaster and Blower of Horns, Scrounger "A" group, spent his last 48 in Regina. We don't know what he did, but the girl's father stood outside the guard house with a shotgun for a few days, looking for him.

There have been reports that **LAW. Christy** has recently taken up wolfing! We don't know who is to blame; maybe it's the spring air.

We understand that **Dr. Garrison** is going to take up light housekeeping in Mossbank. It is also understood that in his spare time and while he is resting, he will do market gardening.

Have you ever met **Anton**, the Baby Wolf? He took the April fool D.R.O.'s seriously and tried hard to get into the W.D. barracks. Better luck next time, Anton.

**Sgt Wilson** is losing weight lately. Could it be that race to catch the bus every day, now that his wife resides in Mossbank?

We wonder if a new standing order for pharmacists, "A" group, could be instituted so that **F/S. Forsythe** could arrive at the hospital and remove all his amber colored bottles from his window before the staff arrives.

It is rumored that **Nettie** recently spent (unauthorized) a quiet (?) half hour with a well known wolf dressed in sheep's clothing. And where did that Easter gift of a cute little Bambi come from?

We noticed **Babs** hasn't been so lonesome of late. Could it be the company she has been with the last few days.

### Promotions

**LAC. Larose** recently promoted to Rear Armiral. He takes care of all the vessels.

### Wanted

A mouse trap for Irene. Must be in good condition.

An obliging gopher to sit still while Betty takes aim.

A pussy for Major, to keep the mice out of his bed.

A bib for Mac, the drooler.

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SEND

An Anniversary Number

OF THE

“TARGET”

To Your Pals, Relatives  
and Friends

THEY'LL APPRECIATE A “TARGET”

Get Your Extra Copies at the Canteens  
TODAY !

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# Thumbnail Sketches of Your Magazine Committee

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## F/O. J. SHAW

Flying Officer J. Shaw, Managing Editor, hails from Regina. He first became connected with the magazine last May, performing duties of Business Manager, and last November he took over as Managing Editor.

He is a graduate of both the University of Manitoba and the University of Saskatchewan, from which he obtained the following degrees: B.A., B.Ed., and M.Ed. He has studied at Queen University in the Department of Commerce and Administration, and at the University of Minnesota in Psychology and Guidance. Fourteen years of teaching experience lie behind him. At the time of enlistment with the R.C.A.F., Mr. Shaw was a member of the teaching staff of the Technical School in Regina.

F/O. Shaw is the Educational Officer on this unit.

## CPL. H. WILDE

Our Editor-in-Chief, **Cpl. H. Wilde**, is a native of Regina. Upon leaving school he was employed with the "Leader-Post" for eight years. In 1934 the dust storms blew him to England, where he did considerable newspaper work for a Provincial paper. He has travelled widely throughout England, Scotland and Wales.

Harold met and married his wife in England, bringing her to Canada in the spring of 1940. Back in Canada, he joined the R.C.A.F. at Regina, and eventually arrived at Mossbank in May, 1941.

Just like the station magazine, which he has coached since infancy, he decided to change his name. Last month "Contact" became "Target" and LAC. Wilde became Corporal Wilde. Congratulations, "Oscar".

## LAW. "BETTY" BROUGH

Associate Editor **LAW. "Betty" Brough** joined the Women's Division over two years ago. Her home town is Tugaska, Saskatchewan. On the station we find her in the parachute section. Work on the "Target" is just a "side line" to her. This is her first real experience with the press.

When asked about civilian life vs. service life, her only comment was, "I can't read in bed and put out the light when I please". Apparently, on Civvy street there's a thoroughbred fox terrier whom she misses very much. (P.S.—Correct. He answers to the name of "Vic", Betty.)

## LAW. JEAN BURNS

**LAW. Jean Burns**, associate editor, hails from Vancouver. She has been with the Women's Division 17 months as a clerk stenographer. "Jean" takes an active part in station entertainments as a vocalist. She also plays the organ at church services.

This is her first venture into the field of journalism. However, she reports that "I enjoy it very much".



## F/SGT. J. V. HODGES

**Flight Sergeant J. V. Hodges:** "Reporting for "Contact", and now "Target", is enjoyable work, but when the reporter becomes the reported —? !!!

"I was born in Belfast. Shortly after the family moved to England. Canada was the land of opportunity, and a few years after the last war Dad brought the family to Regina. Scott Collegiate Institute completed my academic education and so on to Balfour Technical School and the required introduction of a trade. I picked machinist. War made it necessary to leave the Northwest Iron Works to do another job.

"Like everyone else in the R.C.A.F., I have been asked, 'Why did you join up?' At the outbreak of war, I was in the 12th Divisional Signals, so the uniform wasn't strange. 'Distant fields looked greener,' and as soon as possible a transfer was arranged into the R.C.A.F. as an armourer. After the Instructor's Course at Trenton, Macleod (Alta.) was pulled out of the hat. A year and a half later the population of Lethbridge B. & G. School increased by one, followed by Mossbank six months later.

"Hobbies: Astronomy has an ardent fan here (often erroneously referred to as Astrology, which causes a slight tendency towards profanity among the devotees of the science). For the "duration", astronomy is out, so at present photography is my forte.

"After the war, what then? Back to night school and, if possible, university to study Astronomy or an allied science. It will depend on how much rehabilitation will solve the problems we all have."

## CPL. SHIRLEY GREEN

**Corporal "Shirley" Green** is in charge of the Photography for the magazine. Her home address is Victoria. Being a member of the "Married W.D.'s", she is waiting for her husband's return from overseas. When "Shirley" first enlisted, nearly two years ago, she was an Administrative Corporal, and was stationed at Rockcliffe, Brantford and Aylmer. When this trade was washed out, she remustered to Photography. At the time of this article going to press, Cpl. Green is taking a course down East.

## SGT. M. A. DAZE

**Sgt. M. A. Daze**, circulation manager, hails from Fort Qu'Appelle, Sask. He enlisted in the R.C.A.F. at Regina in May, 1941, and has since been stationed at Penhold, Alta.; Rivers, Man.; Trenton, Moose Jaw, and finally came to Mossbank in November, 1941.

Sgt. Daze was born and educated in Medicine Hat, Alta. On leaving school he farmed for four years at Fort Qu'Appelle, and later was employed as a fireman for five years, and with a construction firm of Winnipeg for one year. This is our circulation manager's first experience in the realms of the news world, and he is going a fine job. Sgt. Daze's wife and family are living at Fort Qu'Appelle, Sask.

## LAC. J. A. LONGDEN

**LAC. J. A. Longden**, staff artist, was born in Toronto. On leaving school he took an Art course at Toronto's Central Technical School. After graduation he was employed by Dominion Stores. His goal was reached when he obtained employment with 20th Century Theatres, with whom he worked for six months. He later left to work for Famous Players' Art Dept. In Sept., 1943, Longden enlisted in R.C.A.F. and was stationed at No. 1 Manning Depot. After 14 days he received a posting to No. 2 B. & G., where he has been able to carry on with his original trade.

After the war, LAC. Longden hopes to return to civilian life as an artist with Famous Players of Toronto.

## AW.1 I. HANSON

**AW.1 I. Hanson**, typist for "Target", a Winnipeg girl. She joined the Air Force in December, 1942. Previous to that "Dot" was in training as a nurse. Her first six months in the Service were spent in Winnipeg on course, studying to be a steno. The latter part of June found "Dot" at Rockcliffe. (She didn't like it there very well.) After three weeks of intensive drilling, Toronto was her next stop to finish up her steno course. That, too, was three weeks, but "they were wonderful weeks," says Dot. Her story ends now—from there she was posted to Mossbank.

# Three Years of Publication

May 15th will mark the 3rd Anniversary of the Station paper. Three years of service, both useful and entertaining (some say otherwise), to the personnel stationed here at Mossbank during that time. A lot of water has passed under the bridge since the first edition appeared on the camp.

Commanding Officers have come and gone, most of the original personnel have left and many important events have taken place during those three years, all of which are recorded in the files of the paper.

The editorial staff during those three years has also changed completely. The only remaining member of the original "Contact" committee is its editor-in-chief, Cpl. H. Wilde.

Few of the personnel of No. 2 B. & G. as they read their copy of the magazine realize that they are reading perhaps the only contemporary history of the more personal activities of the school it is possible to read. It is doubtful, too, if they realize that as each issue gets old the more valuable it becomes and that the old files of a paper are, from an historical standpoint, of incalculable value. The paper files are the most authentic history of a community available. They tell the story of the community's life as it happens. Past history is important to those who live in the present, and so, after three years of publication, our paper has stored up in its pages the history of our station.

A station paper was first thought of in the spring of 1941, when a number of newspapermen stationed at Mossbank decided the camp could do with a paper. Under the guidance of LAC. Frank Avery, now F/O. Avery, a committee was formed and permission obtained from the C.O., Group Captain A. J. Ashton, to go ahead with the idea. The object of the paper was to create **esprit de corps** in this unit and help make life under what are sometimes adverse conditions, a little more cheerful for all concerned.

So on May 15, 1941, the first issue rolled off the press under the name of "Contact", the Voice of the "Dust Bowl" airport.

It was a five-column, 12-page paper printed on pages 18 inches deep by 13 inches wide, printed at the Model Print

Shop, Gravelbourg, and distributed free of charge to the station personnel. Considerable advertising was scattered throughout, with station activities, section news and features making up the reading material.

As the months slid by "Contact" popularity continued to grow. In April, 1942, LAC. Avery was posted and LAC. Wilde took over as editor-in-chief, with Flying Officer Murphy as Managing Editor.

In June, 1942, the page size was reduced to 10 inches wide by 12 inches deep for the purpose of making it easier for mailing and handling. The change in size, however, didn't affect the popularity of the paper; in fact, the demand seemed to grow each month. In November, 1942, it was decided to cease publication, but not for long. The station personnel soon called for the return of the paper and in May, 1943, plans were laid to put out the "Contact" again in the form of a magazine.

So, with F/O. A. M. MacMillan as Managing Editor and LAC. Wilde as editor-in-chief, "Contact" took life again and reappeared on May 15th as a 14-page magazine, published monthly and minus any advertising. The following month a photographic cover, made up from a splendid close-up shot of a Harvard (by Cpl. W. Guy, station photographer at that time) was used with considerable success. During the following months the size and popularity of the magazine continued to grow.

In October, Flying Officer J. Shaw took over the position of Managing Editor, following the posting of F/O. MacMillan. In November the magazine appeared with an attractive new cover drawn up by our staff artist, AC. J. A. Longden.

As the months slipped by each issue continued to grow in size and finally the peak was reached with a 70page edition in February. This number, which covered the Christmas and New Year's activities on the station, was sold out in one day. In February a suggestion was made to change the name of the magazine. So a contest was organized and a prize offered for the most suitable name submitted. From the numerous suggestions received, the committee in charge decided on the name "Target" and an

## Chaff From Ye Editors

The W.D.'s are here! Fergy covered all windows, doors and keyholes "that" Monday morning.

—Acct. Sect., June/42.

\* \* \* \*

A hearty Drogue welcome was given to W.A.A.F., excuse me, I mean AW. Walker, when she took over the duties of Orderly Room Clerk.

—Drogue Flight, June/42.

\* \* \* \*

"Oscar" is thinking of trading his uniform in for a W.A.A.F.'s as the senior N.C.O.'s only buy "free" cokes for anyone in a W.A.A.F.'s uniform, now.

—Drogue Flight, June/42.

\* \* \* \*

From now on the "Scissor-Lils" (W.D.'s) will have to make the breaks—if any are to be made—for the boys are using their Sunday best language (and D—— sparingly at that!).

—Equip. Quips, June/42.

appropriate cover design was drawn up by the staff artist.

So in April the magazine blossomed forth with a new name and cover. The change over in name was quite confusing at first, and numerous people still ask for a "Contact".

The station magazine is known far and wide and during the last three years has really travelled. Copies have been reported popping up in England, Scotland, U.S.A., Newfoundland and all parts of Canada. It wouldn't surprise the editorial staff if a "Contact" hadn't found its way into the office of Lord Haw Haw of Nazi Germany broadcasting fame. For it was he who broadcast to the world the fable that an airport at Mossbank, Sask., hadn't any water to drink. He didn't think at the time that we could get something stronger as a substitute if need be.

The editorial staff often gets requests from former "Mossbankers" in Canada and abroad to "Please Send Us a Copy".

Many compliments have been received by the editorial staff, and last November the magazine was mentioned over the CBS, on Nabob's "Harmony Hour" from Vancouver, as being "a very breezy magazine—one of the best".

The first dance, 30th May (Saturday night).

—Who Remembers It?

\* \* \* \*

Boner of the Week—Who was the noble mind who said: "Do the ranks of the W.A.A.F. start AW.1, AW.2, A.W.L.?"

—Tower Tid Bits, July/42.

\* \* \* \*

During stock-taking in Barrack Stores AW. Manson calling to Emery Allard, "How many forks agriculture are there in stock?"

"Here," replied Emery, "count 'em yourself (and hands her a box of dinner forks).

—Equip. Quips, July/42.

\* \* \* \*

Will the airmen who take our W.D.'s out in the evenings, PLEASE be sure to have them home on time? No more of this A.W.L. stuff.

—Petticoat Prattle, Aug./42.

(Did they do that back in 1942?)

\* \* \* \*

"It's all in the way you blink your eyes," says Leggett, sitting by a camp fire at a wiener roast with a "blind date."

Petticoat Prattle, Sept./42.

\* \* \* \*

We notice our W.D.'s like to dance cheek to cheek. Our Sgt. has been wondering what it would be like!

Postal Office, Oct./42

\* \* \* \*

Out in the kitchen we see a new face, AW.2 Ganser, who looks as if she can do more than boil water (and she has proven that statement. Ye Editors).

—Moans and Groans, Oct. /42.

\* \* \* \*

We wonder if some of the wives of the S.P.'s are not a wee bit worried since the W.D.'s arrived in camp? Some of them are getting daily letters all of a sudden. No doubt trying to "hold their man."

—Guard House Mutterings, July/42.

\* \* \* \*

FLASH! Was it an accident or just practice when AW.2 McAdam clipped AW.2 Finlayson one hot afternoon at coke drinking time? Well, the score stands: McAdam one tooth; Finlayson, one front tooth missing.

—Headquarters O.R. July/42.

## More Chaff

There seems to be a new club forming on the station called the "Gopher Club." Fees are only half a buck. The reason for the fees seems to be for the gophers (we understand), to help them maintain the gopher's tail light, thus enabling night hunters to shoot in the dark (or do they?)

—Camp Chatter, Aug./42.

\* \* \* \*

If our pal "Margie" Osterhout did not sleep so much during the day, we wouldn't have to force her to take a cold bath in the evenings to keep her awake. . . . Fond of her bed, eh?

Aug./42.

\* \* \* \*

Sorry, but this is all the "dirt" we can dig for this time, on account of all the rain we've had we're afraid the rest might be mud.

—"Golly" and "Woodsy", Sept./42.

Son: "What is executive ability, father?"

Sgt. (home on leave): "Executive ability, my boy, is the art of getting the credit for all the hard work somebody else does."

## Consecration

My heart and soul  
I consecrate,  
My life to him  
I dedicate.  
I fight for him,  
I fight that he  
May be what I  
Had hoped to be.

I fight and pray  
That wars shall cease;  
Then his shall be  
A world at peace;  
His dreams, my dreams  
And all his plans.  
His name—my son,  
And every man's.

By Cpl. Vin Cassidy, USMC

## My Daily Vigil

In the quiet of the evening when the  
winter snow is deep,  
From this world I take my leave and visit  
friends long since asleep;  
With old faithful Chip beside me, I settle  
in my chair,  
Then old faces pass before me as I sit  
back and stare.

The maple log burns crisply, the magic  
smoke ascends,  
And curled up in the smoke are the faces  
of dear friends;  
Like a parade they pass before me, down  
through the years,  
And each face brings a memory and  
loosens heartfelt tears.

I see the little town again and newly  
painted hall,  
And rolling hills for miles around,  
colored red by fall;  
I see the little wagon track that led  
down to the sea,  
The narrow road to the outer world that  
fascinated me.

In dreams I sail the seas again, from  
Tokyo to Rome,  
And, with the fortunes of a king, my  
final journey home;  
Oh, I was sure I'd see her there, waiting  
down at the sea,  
But I saw only strangers, who had never  
heard of me.

It's true I have riches from all corners  
of the earth,  
But the brief majestic power of wine  
far exceeds their worth,  
For what joy does gold bring, when one  
is all alone,  
'Tis like a beautiful symphony with a  
dulled faded tone.

In the quiet of the evening, when the  
winter snow is deep,  
From this world I take my leave, and  
my daily vigil keep;  
'Till the moon rises high, the magic  
smoke ascends  
And with the final dawn of day, my  
daily vigil ends.

"HUTCH".

First LAC.: "I wonder why so many  
widows succeed in marrying a second  
time."

Second LAC.: "I suggest that the an-  
swer is—'because dead men tell no  
tales'."

# Echoes from the Service Police

The echoes of the Service Police have been very faint the past few weeks because we have quite a few new faces amongst our unit now, and we have to admit they are all a nice bunch of fellows, very modest and quiet in their manner, so what can you say against fellows like that—nothing. So, therefore, it is very hard to put a column together about a bunch of fellows you know nothing about. Even our ever efficient **Flt. Mason** doesn't seem to make one false move to enable us to pin something on him.

Anyway we will say this much, that each and every one that either comes or goes speak very highly of the efficiency of our station and how well it is run, and sixty per cent.—yes, I might even go so far as to say ninety per cent.—of the credit due to the efficiency of the running of the Station must go to the personnel themselves, because, after all, the behavior and manner in which they themselves conduct themselves while on the Station speaks in itself for the discipline of the School. It appears that an S.P.'s job on this station is similar to that of a Discip., and as the S.P.'s have very little trouble with disciplining of the personnel, goes to show that we have a fair quality of stuff at good old 2 B. & G.

## Rumblings and Ramblings

A warm welcome goes to Sgt. Sexsmith, who recently came upon us. Hope he hasn't brought along his woman troubles, like most of them do.

Glad to have our jovial Sgt. McPherson back with us again after a short P.T. Course, or Refresher Course of some kind at Trenton.

## Things We Would Like to Know

Wonder when Herr Upsahl is going to start his P.T. classes. Keep right in there pitching, old timer. Don't let us down, let somebody else do that.

Must have a lot of home-work to catch up on, Youdell, or why the extension to that 48?

Spring must surely be in the air, or is Cpl. Mooney just getting kind of 'Moon-ee'? It was a nice waltz while it lasted, anyway. Stay with it you "sheikish Wolf".

I see there was no room for Turner and Neal in the same Barracks, so one had to go. Good luck to you, Turner, in your new posting.

We seem to have a pretty fair bunch of Bridge players amongst our S.P.'s. Nice going, McNiel, keep up the enthusiasm.

Never mind, Monty, Wilson and I are right behind you and will back you up if they start shoving you around. Keep up Red's moral, that's all we ask you to do.

O.K., Brown, give us our 48 now and let's beat it before they start reading this and catch up with us. We didn't mean anything offensive, and hope you all take it in good spirits or sump'n.

That's all, folks, and Good Luck to Your Anniversary Magazine.

## Dental Doin's

Goodness gracious me! After the interesting article Capt. Cooper wrote for the last issue of "Target", I hardly dare take pen in hand. But a few things have happened that should interest you. Dr Craigie is no longer a lieutenant. We are now surrounded by two Captains. Congratulations, Sir! Any resemblance to one of three lads who can really run must surely be co-incidental. Or is it?

Mary seems especially happy these days. Is it spring or what, I wonder? We enjoyed the presentation of your play, Sgt. Brett.

If practice has anything to do with it, Darl Fournier should be the best dancer on the station. How that boy does cover the country dance spots.

Perhaps my appearance doesn't scare the boys enough.

Must wear my "specs" more often. How about this? Today we examined a course of W.A.G.'s for Dental Requirements. One Australian lad had discovered that he had a few minutes to wait, so he just walked out. Upon his return, Mary asked him where he had gone. In no quiet voice came his answer: "Oh, I just went and had a haircut!" "Grimm," I sez!

Well, there is no reason why I should pass along any dirt about myself, so that will be all for this time.

'Bye for now.

## Postal Notes

The W.D. members of this section insist that something be put in the next issue of "Target" about the hardships of working with the army (C.P.C.). Now, we don't believe they are kicking very much about working, especially with the summer months just ahead when people have other things to do that seem more important than writing letters.

However, we have a few new members of the staff to introduce. **Cpl. Ted Weir**, who was an exchange posting for Pete. Ted comes originally from Nanton, Alta., and seems to have an endless number of girl friends who write to him at least twice a week. Ted was posted here from Dundurn, but has had experience handling mail for the R.C.A.F., as he was once at No. 8 S.F.T.S., Monton. He seems to have a few friends there, and is very pleased that that station is now within striking distance on a 48, having been moved to Weyburn.

Then we have **Cpl. Evelyn Stevenson**, who hails from Holland, Manitoba, but knows someone in Brandon. I know, 'cause I signed her last 72. She arrived here from No. 4 S.F.T.S., Saskatoon, and appears to think that Mossbank has to go some to match No. 4. Eventually, we hope she will change her mind.

We also have **LAW. Eunice Kollin**, who has several places in southern Saskatchewan and North Dakota that she calls home, so is pleased to be this close. She arrived here from No. 10 S.F.T.S., Dauphin, which is a station that the Sergeant of the C.P.C. has tried to be posted to, since it would be closer to home and there are also a few trees there. Eunice seems to like it here, probably the long 48's have something to do with that.

Well, that's the lot of our new members. You know the rest of us, including **Freddy Lehane**, who is our steady mail driver. He has been sworn in as a postal carrier but this doesn't prevent him from stopping in town for a couple of minutes every day at the "ten cent store". He is very happy about the "six every day" that came into effect the first of the month.

One suggestion to close this. We have wrappers for sale at your Station Post Office that come with a one-cent stamp and are sold at 5 for 6 cents. They come in very handy for wrapping up copies of "Targets" for sending to those ex-

Mossbankers. And your copy of "Target" now requires 2c postage because of its extra weight. That's all.

"POSTIE".

## Watch Your Figures

Spring has come, the grass is ris, I wonder where the flowers is? Or do you grow such things in Saskatchewan? Which always reminds me of the story, Mary, Mary, quite contrary, How does your garden grow? With silver bells and cockle shells, and one gol' durn petunia!

But 'nuff of that stuff and down to business. As usual, this has to be written in a hurry as there is about two minutes left before the deadline.

Perhaps you've been wondering who that new man is sitting in Flight Purcell's seat. That, my dear friends, is **F/S. D. E. George**, from Lethbridge, Alta. We sincerely hope that you are becoming used to Mossbank ways, Flight, and that you will enjoy your stay here.

We, the members of the Accounts Section, have been wondering if **Pat Wolbaum** has been able to distinguish the difference between BATHROOM and BATMAN yet? It's a long story, so you had better get Pat to tell it to you.

**Cpl. Hazel Collett** has been visiting the hospital regularly these last few nights. We understand that her friend has a splintered knee. In this case I think actions speak louder than words, so you can come to your own conclusions.

**Sgt. Killop** has left for Vancouver on two weeks' furlough. Vancouver being the kind of country it is, I wouldn't be surprised if Charlie stayed there. There's no place in Canada to beat it. (Whoops, there I go again, sticking my neck out.)

There goes **Thelma Swift Current Vogt** again. As someone put it, she is just like a long drink of water with a whirlpool in the middle.

**S/L. Gregson** has been trying to convince us that his wink is just a nervous twitch, and cannot be helped. Your nerves have perfect timing, Sir.

That's all, folks. Will try and have more news for you next time. Cheerio for now, see you next issue.

# TRAINING WING

## Drogue Flight Nonsense

Well, here we are again with all the latest dope on the Drogue Flight Pilots.

Good news—**Orthman** is posted! No more lost exercises, no more drogue lines flown with hangovers, and no more drogue operators quitting. Good luck, Tommy.

**F/Lt. Calderwood** is back from the Armament Course, also a week's leave at the coast. He brings back glowing reports of the green grass and beautiful flowers found at the coast this time of the year.

**F/Sgt. Wood** has found the easy way of visiting Calgary. He says there is something wrong with his eyes. Come, come, Sergeant, can't you think up a better one than that?

**WO.2 White** wrangled two weeks' leave. Have you heard the nick-name given him by the girls in the Sergeants' Mess? — Sweet Face. Suits him, doesn't it?

**WO.2 Mang** is our newest addition and he and "Swanny" are having quite a time on their ground looping contest. So far "Ossie" has won by six ground loops.

**F/Sgt. Grant** is still recuperating from from the celebration following his recent promotion. Well, Bill, have you and Doug Whittaker (Sgt.) made a truly good story to tell your wife?

**F/O. Minton** came back to Drogue Flight, and the next day his insurance policy was cancelled. Something to do with "Lizzie's activities"?

**F/O. Henderson** and **Cpl. Whitaker** (one te) are taking the boys for a ride in ping pong, especially the new Navigation Flight. It's the old Calgary spirit. They're still at it, and they are the biggest crooks in Mossbank.

### THE TRUTH, THE WHOLE TRUTH and NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH

It seems like the co-editors of the column for Drogue Flight are in for a surprise. They are very cosy about their copy for our station magazine. In fact, it sometimes reaches the stages of

blackmail. So, only to be fair to the rest of the fellows in the Flight, your roving reporter has decided to give you the truth.

F/O. Henderson, one of the authors of the column, is a "very quiet and modest person." So it said in one of our past issues of the "Mag". It should have read, "It is very, very QUIET when Jack ISN'T around."

It seems like F/O. Henderson is looking for "something". The truth is, he is trying to locate some "Stogies". More about his "problem" next month.

Now, a word to the wise. Do not be inveigled into a ping pong game with F/O. Henderson and Cpl. Whitaker. They have rules of their own which are not quite ethical. Anything to make a dime. "Honest John," they call him. The boys have tagged him "Sure Shot".

We hear that Sgt. Grant is going to send away for some muscle builders, so he can do some home work. It seems he is quite interested in physical training now-a-days, ala 48's. Don't laugh, Sarge Whittaker, your turn is coming.

Just can't understand why Cpl. Whitaker has been opening the Flight rooms in the mornings. He never used to. We will have to have a Court of Inquiry with the new timekeeper.

Look for your roving reporter next month, and the get the whole truth and nothing but the truth!

The only other member is Sgt. Doug Whittaker (two teas), who is a clean living, non-smoking, honest, sincere lad —no wonder! It's me, writing this blah! Yes, you've guessed it, none other than yours truly mentioned above. Say, gals, have you ever seen me in "Temples" cutting a rug, complete with "zoot-suit - - - ? Nuff said.

Have you heard Cpl. Whitaker's famous giggle? It's a cross between a hyena on a lonely mountain trail and a sputter of a "lizzie".

On second thought, gals, F/O. Henderson has the **grandest wink**. Years of practice, no doubt. You can take it from me, as heavens knows I've practiced enough.

So long, fellas!

# We Who Work In the Dark

Now that our friend **Corporal Last** has left us, we've decided to try and keep up his good work of "Our Little Bit in the Target".

**Jimmie** was posted in February, and only now have we got the courage to attempt a write-up. First of all—to you, Jimmie, lots of luck and may your stay in the East be a pleasant (yet a short) one. We want to say, in passing, that a certain hospital assistant speaks quite frequently of you, and is even lucky enough to receive the odd letter from you. How about that?

**Cpl. Green**, known to all as "Shirely" (to us as "Maw"), is now our N.C.O. in charge. Though she's small, she's mighty and can keep the section running smoothly. In this day and age, that is an accomplishment.

And **Elsie**, she's—well—uh!—a pall to us all. We seldom can get her into our "catty quarrels" (sure, we have them). I guess she's just one of those persons who loathes arguments. By the way, Elsie, how about some news as to your 72's in Moose Jaw?

**Leone** is one of those quiet, busy individuals who works hard—loves being "alone" in the dark room—and then at night she's nowhere to be seen. Yes, Coiurse 75 has a nice bunch of fellows, Leone, but that's no reason for you being out every night. Or is it?

**Frenchy** comes next. She's one of the two lucky kids in the section whose homes are nearby. If she isn't going home, Elsie is. We do envy both of them, but the roast chicken, cakes and cookies they bring back compensates us.

**Betty**, our pin-up girl—now don't be mistaken. She pins up more film in one day than she can count. Never mind, "Boop", there are better pin-up days ahead.

Last on the list comes "**Oley**". Yep, she loves the Art of Photography—but—not the work. She is a very quiet girl, shy and bashful (says who!). However, she manages to get around, and we needn't worry about her off hours.

Well, guess this is all the nooz' for this month. Until the deadline is sounded for June's "Target", we'll be thinking up something new.

## NEW LEGION SUPERVISOR

Mossbank Airport welcomed to its fold recently Mr. M. Bevans from A34 Advance Training Centre, Maple Creek. He has taken over the duties of Legion Supervisor, replacing "Cliff" Skoberg, who left recently to take up Legion duties in Vancouver.

Mr. Bevans, popularly known to his friends as "Duke", is a veteran of the last war, having served with His Majesty's forces from 1914 to 1919.

"Duke" likes Mossbank and would like to get acquainted with the station personnel, and be of service to them. So, don't forget, pay a visit to the Legion Hut and meet our new supervisor—"you'll like him".

# DROGUE OPERATORS

What is the reason Drogue Operators are coming down half an hour early for their flips? They used to come down half an hour late. Could it be the Spring weather, and could it be "Doris"?

It's been pretty quiet around since Gus Johnson has been on leave. The boys will have to learn Gus's language all over again.

The newest romance in Barrack Block II-A is "Cowboy" Molyneaux and Irish! The boys always manage to break it up. If Doc. Warren goes on sick parade much more he won't have to take his medical course after the war. Warren must have quite a girl friend. He phoned while on his last 48 and said: "I can't make it back, there's been a bad snowstorm". We said to get back as soon as possible, and hung up before realizing it hadn't snowed for at least a month.

We know liquor is hard to get, but that's a poor excuse for using gasoline as a substitute—or would a certain airman rather use it for a shower bath? By the way, what kind of soap would you recommend to use in such a bath?

The newest addition to the family is LAC. Batchelor. The latest posting is LAC. Murray, to aircrew.

That's all for now—but don't forget, "Get Your Ice Cold Coca-Colas from Drogue Flight".

# PLOTTING OFFICE PATTER

Spring is here at last, bringing with it new hope, ambition, ideas and, in many cases, spring fever.

First to be effected—**Johnny Meigher**, comes forth with a new device, unpatented as yet, for drift elimination. Half interest in aforementioned invention was available at 25c, with no takers, but shares are now going at 10c. Further news of this startling new discovery will be made known to our readers in the next issue of "Target".

Congratulations are in order for **Flight Sergeant Noel A. Gillespie**, Air Bomber Instructor for the Bombing Pool Staff, who was the luck prize winner in a recent contest, for a new name for the station magazine. We are eagerly awaiting to see what he will do with the five dollar prize money—when, and if, he ever gets it.

Our good friend and colleague, **Les. Wright**, who has been hugging a hospital cot since last December, is back with us again after a well-earned two weeks' spell of sick leave. Glad to see you back, Les.

One of our oldest members, **Pilot Officer "Archie" Sloan**, has left us upon a posting to Calgary for a Commando course. There he will await reposting to No. - Depot.

**Pilot Officer George Carnie**, from Regina, is the latest addition to our staff, and he seems to be a bit shy, but the W.D.'s hope he will come around soon!

The Plotting Office man of the month, **Flying Officer James Gilmour**, our new Officer Commanding, was born on Dec. 4, 1910, in a big brick house near Griswold, Man. He received his education at Griswold. In 1936, he took a position with the Government as an instructor at an Indian School (Norway House, Man.) 300 miles north of Winnipeg. Later he transferred to Alberni, B.C.

On September 30, 1941, **Jimmy Gilmour** enlisted in the R.C.A.F. and went to No. 3 Manning Depot, Edmonton. Since then his service career has been spent on the following stations: No. 3 S.F.T.S., Calgary; No. 4 E.T.S., Saskatoon; No. 7 B. & G. School, Paulson; No. 7 A.O.S., Portage la Prairie; No. 6 B. & G. School, Mountain View; No. 8 B. & G. School, Lethbridge; and No. 2 B. & G. School, Mossbank.

**Scotty Clarke** has been a grass widow for the past two weeks, while her hubby is down at Trenton on a Refresher

Course. Don't get too lonesome, Scotty, he will be back soon, we hope.

**Betty Grant** has left us for two weeks' leave in the East.

**F/O. Sonny Keegan** spends a great deal of time around here. I wonder why?

"The Blitz tied the record!" was a cry that was passed from mouth to mouth the other night, when **LAC. "Blitz" Blezard** tied the record score for night bombing. The fifty dollar question is, who was the most excited — "Blitz", Sonny Keegan or F/Sgt. Gillespie.

Have you heard what **Pilot Officer Walker** has been doing with his spare time these days? Well, folks, we will tell you next month. Until then, keep smiling.

THE PLOTTER.

## Bombing Teacher

Since last issue of "Target" there have been several changes in the Bombing Teacher staff.

**P/O. Warren** has been posted, leaving **P/O. Lane** in charge. This happy sequence of able men assures us that we'll continue to be one of the best little units on the station.

We welcome the following new members: **P/O. Duncan, P/O. Burton, Cpl. Fish** and **Cpl. Jean**.

"**Pete**" has been quite busy lately creating a new device for map reading. Of course, with one eye on a certain photo and the other on, shall we say, No. 3 Hangar, you can see what I mean by "busy".

You should have seen the glow of pride in a certain Corporal's eyes on Visitors' Day, when he switched on his old favorite, No. 1 Machine. It was pride, wasn't it? In the machine, wasn't it? We, of the Reception Committee, ask you.

Did a certain Sergeant have an especially good time at a dance lately, or would he relate just once more what really caused a two hundred yard error on No. 4? Oh, the wind speed was out? That's what we heard.

You mean I should tell on myself? Come! Come! Why should I deprive someone else of the pleasure of writing up Bombing Teacher next month.

# Control Tower Capers

It seems as if Spring has actually sprung now that "Uncle Willie" has been taking off storm windows and doing a lot of other things as well. The grass is getting green and so are a lot of people, but that's beside the point.

**W/C. Ross**, our genial Chief Instructor, has gone away for a month. I wonder if he will have any new ideas for calendars (Pin-up Type) when he comes back. In his absence, **F/Lt. Nicholls** will keep things rolling.

**F/Lt. Reesor** seems to be on the move quite a bit these days. Sure hope that when he comes back he will get settled down in the Tower again. He has a guiding influence, and that is good.

The W.D.'s who work in the Tower, **LAW. Archer** and **AW.1 Lou Burns**, have been keeping themselves out of trouble lately, except that Lou has started quite a romance over at the Hospital.

The family in the Tower is growing, now that the Precis Room has moved in again. **Cpl. "Oscar" Wilde** and **AW.1 Terry Bounds** help us to make some noise.

Well, 'nuff of this rambling for now, but you'll be hearing from me soon.

'Bye for now, TODDIE.

## EVENING IN OTTAWA

The Capitol's carillon chimes the hour,  
The stately elm rears like a tower,  
Against a clear, cloudless sky;  
Tired little heads go bye-bye,  
This is evening.

The trees whistle a cooling breeze,  
The horizon stretches like an endless frieze,  
And the birds fly in singular crowd,  
And silhouetted seem like a living shroud.

This is evening.

The sun's warm rays have gone,  
The moon reigns supreme till dawn,  
Trees bend low to join one another,  
And with shading boughs invite the lover..

This is evening.

Off in the distance church bells ring,  
Nearer overhead the robins sing,  
Not the full throated musical way,  
For now they herald the end of day.

This is evening.

"HUTCH"

# Number Please

From our O.C.—**S/L. Allison**—to our newest operator—**AW. 2 Kay Simpatt**—we are striving to give you the best service possible.

We know you by your voices, so to be fair, here we are

**Grek Esvick** — The often-joed and only male operator; also has put in the most time on this board.

**LAW. Bette Young**—Close runner-up on Greg for service on this station.

**LAW. Donnie Byrnes**—Has returned at last, but you will not be hearing her for some time yet.

**Helen Hensrud**—The blue-eyed blonde from Mossbank.

**AW. 2 Kay Simpatt**—Latest addition to our staff, and a very welcome one.

Incidentally, we are all from Saskatchewan—so the "East vs. West" argument is very rarely heard here.

Oh. Oh! Lights are flashing, so back to work once more.

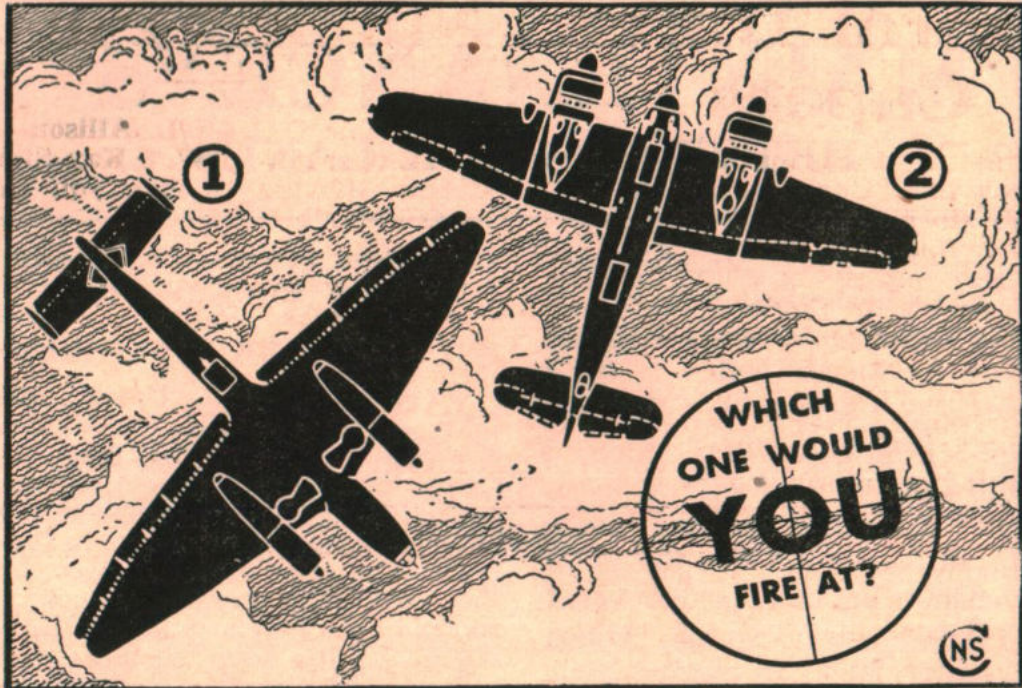
Cheerio.

# Figure It Out For Yourself

I was one day visiting a lunatic asylum and while walking on the grounds I met a patient to whom I said:

"How did you get here?"

The man replied: "Well, sir, you see, I married a widow with a grown-up daughter, and then my father married my wife's daughter. That made my wife the mother-in-law of her father-in-law, and my father became my step-son. Then my step-mother, the daughter of my wife, had a son, and that boy, of course, was my brother, because he was my father's son; but he was also my wife's step-son, and therefore her grandson, and that made me the grandfather of my step-brother. Then my wife had a son, so my step-mother, the step-sister of my son, is also his grandmother, because his step-sister is his wife. I am the brother of my own son, who is also the son of my step-grandmother. I am my mother's brother-in-law, my wife is her own child's aunt, and my son is my father's nephew, and I am my own grandfather. That's one reason I am here, sir."



**Fire at No. 1!** It's the German Junkers Ju. 86K, a low-wing, medium bomber, powered with twin engines. The long, transparent nose of the streamlined fuselage projects well ahead of the underslung engine nacelles. Both edges of wings are uniformly tapered in rounded tips. The tailplane is rectangular and has twin fins and rudders.

(Courtesy Dodd, Mead & Co., publishers Aircraft Spotter by Lester Ott)

**Not at No. 2!** It's the British "Beaufighter," a twin engine, mid-wing and torpedo bomber. The short nose of the fuselage is set behind the line of engines. Both edges of the outer wing panels taper equally to rounded tips. The leading edge of the tailplane is straight and the trailing edge is swept forward to rounded tips.

## Inter-Com.

Ye Old Control Room has been neglected in "Between Four Lanes". Therefore, we have taken it upon ourselves to make amends. In case anyone doesn't know where the Control Room is, it is a little room at the end of M-5 with a round table in it, around which Corporal "Susie" is chased by gophers (and WOLVES?). It is the room where the Officers and Senior N.C.O.'s have their bull sessions. Where at any hour of the day you may hear "Service Flight to Control Room" in the sweet symphonic voice of Lil Webster, better known as "Shanghai".

We are, incidentally, visited several times a day by the same Shanghai—could she have a heart interest here? We'll find out after a certain test-pilot takes his marital vows.

The bright lass, Fern, who is down here every morning at 7.30. How does she do it? Queenie, who comes back

from a seventy-two fresh as a daisy—who could he be that lights up her eyes that-a-way?

Sergeant Beamish, who is trying to master the Morse code, says he has to stop to think. Is that possible? The Sergeant is trying to get into aerodrome control. Good luck, sarge.

Has anyone ever seen an identification bracelet with an air force crest, plus a navy crest? We have—in the control room.

The tax assessor's office had to decide on which side of the United States-Canada border an old lady's newly purchased farm lay. Surveyors finally decided it was just inside the United States border.

The old lady smiled in relief. "I'm so glad to know that," she said. "I've heard that winters in Canada are terribly severe."

# MAINTENANCE "5"

## BETWEEN FOUR LANES

We notice that **Cpl. "Machine-gun" Kelly** and **Sgt. Charlie Killop** from H.Q. were really enjoying themselves in the Pent House on March 20th. It must have been very interesting. Why are you blushing, "Machine-gun".

**LAC. Bill Lutz** is now working on an "inside out" parachute harness. On a recent flip, Bill could not find the snaps to hook the chute on, until he discovered that the harness was on wrong. Guess you had better stick to playing your fiddle, Bill.

On March 20th, **LAC. Hendin** took over the job in the control room. He has apparently taken his new job quite seriously as it has definitely caused a change in him. He is now one of the "early risers" in the morning. His boots and buttons are also feeling the effect of his energies, too. Officer material, no doubt.

One of our new arrivals on this station, one **LAC. Luchkewich**, of the Anson line, is certainly getting to know the station personnel very quickly. At smoke period on March 23rd he went to the rescue of two ladies in distress. Apparently the smoke room was uninviting so Luc. volunteered to take the cokes to them. However, he broke one bottle of coke, and was his face ever red? It should be, as **LAC. Kal Ernie** has been out gunning for Luc. ever since. The ladies in distress were Mrs. Ernie and Mrs. Beamish.

On Thursday, March 30, the "Aylesbury Flash" was seen escorting the "Rouleau Maid" to the feature presentation of "Heavenly Bodies". It looks as though **Cpl. Lois Bodkin** and **Cpl. Val Reich** have taken up star-gazing—at night!

On March 31st, Maint. Squadron had a Wings Parade—from No. 5 Hangar to No. 6 Hangar. **LAC. George Lord-Lewis** was acting as adjutant in the absence of **F/L. Lancaster**, and with the able assistance of **LAC's. MacNaughton, Bradley** and **Waldbauer**, and the tractor, took a Boly wing over to No. 6 Hangar on the trailer.

### A 24-HOUR PASS IN MOOSE JAW ON HOCKEY NIGHT or THE PARK BENCH KIDS

On April 1st, **LAC. "Dusty" Miller** and **LAC. "Copper-knob" Smith** went into Moose Jaw to the hockey game (so they said). However, it is very interesting to note that the over-time at the hockey game lasted till 04.00 hours in the morning. As a result of the hockey game and the overtime there were no vacant rooms in the hotels so it was the railway station for the boys. It must have been rather hard sleeping, judging from the appearance of "Copper-knob" the following morning.

\* \* \*

**LAC. Wes Renney** is the only man to put an Anson in a "9 G" dive and live to tell about it. It happened on April 3rd. No need to become alarm, as it was only Wes hangar flying, while the Anson was put upon jacks. Apparently, the extra weight of Wes in the cockpit of the plane made it nose heavy, and when **Cpl. "Pop" Bleackley** jacked up the tail it nosed over. The only damage done was a broken head and mass balance on the tail.

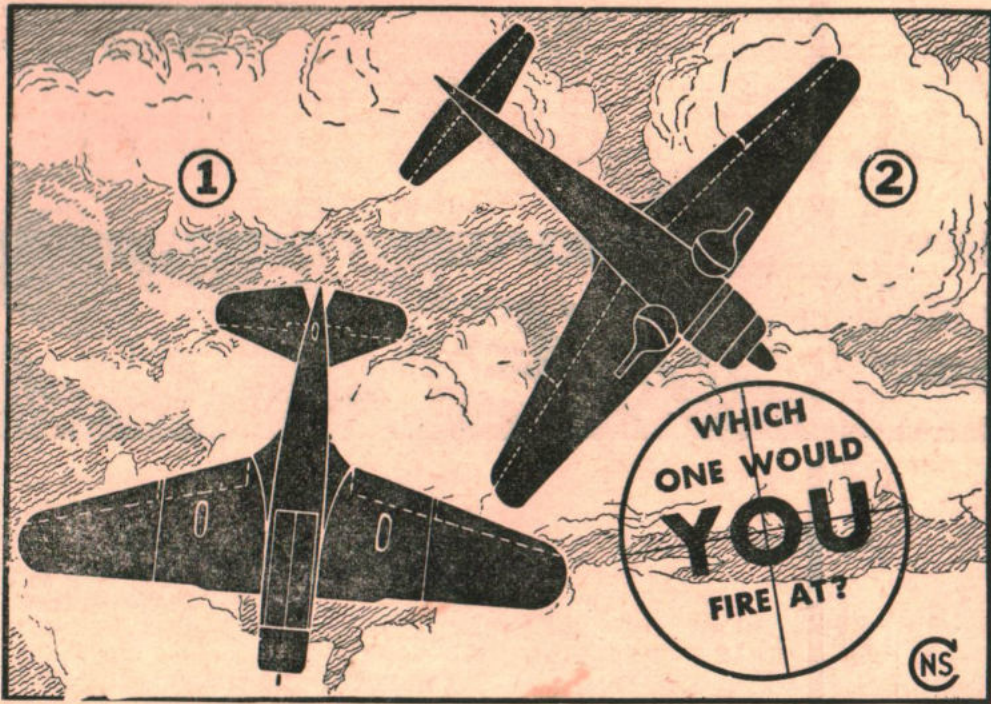
On April 2nd **AW.1 Mary Smart** claimed that she was 21 and had never been kissed. What Sergeant on No. 2 Lane changed all that? Well, Sgt. Baragar?

On April 6th, **LAC. Gave Goth** encountered some difficulty in flushing the fuel filters, on his major inspection on a Boly—especially when the fuel tanks had been removed. It looks very suspicious, Dave.

**LAC. Herb Reichart** seems to be standing up under the strain of married life. At least, that is the opinion of one of our Maintenance Officers.

**LAW. Eve Bileski** is very happy to be posted to Maintenance. Her husband has just been posted here from Saskatoon.

**Attention, Cpl. Machine-gun.**—Pitot head is spelled P-I-T-O-T and not as you said on the bus on the Thursday night before Good Friday, "Doins".



**Not at No. 1!** It's the U.S. Navy's "Devastator," a low-wing, single engine, torpedo bomber. It has a thick streamlined fuselage. The leading edge of the wings is straight and the trailing edge tapers to rounded tips. There is a "V" cut-out on the trailing edge of the tapered tailplane.

(Courtesy Dodd, Mead & Co., publishers Aircraft Spotter by Lester Ott)

**Fire at No. 2!** It's the German Focke-Wulf 190, a low-wing, single sea-fighter. Its fuselage tapers from the blunt radial engine to a thin tail. Both edges of the wings taper to rounded tips. The tailplane is swept back slightly on the leaning edge and the trailing edge is straight. It has a single fin and rudder.

**LAW.** Marg Osterhout has returned from her sick leave. After her 48 with Marion, Marg went into the hospital for an appendix operation. It really must have been some 48, Marg.

**F/S. Doerr** was quite worried whether he would get his 48 on Good Friday, as he was the independent checker for Inventory 50. More worry for nothing, Flight—the 48, we mean.

#### **We Would Liketo Know—**

What happened between Cpl. Val Reich and the W.D. in the show in Moose Jaw on his 48? After fifteen minutes in the theatre the W.D. left. Well, Val?

Why Pat Temple is sleeping on the mattress these days? On a recent Monday morning sheet change, Pat claimed that he was short one sheet. It must have been two days before Pat discovered that his so-called short sheet was under his pillow! Did you encounter that trouble while you were braking on the C.N.R., Pat?

How Corporal "Machine-gun Kelly" knows that F/S. Buchan-Terrell could do with a few lessons in pitchin' woo?

Sgt. Conkey certainly seems to be doing his very best to cut Sgt. Kray out. Has it come to blows yet?

What Sergeant in 14B Barracks prefers the wash-room floor to sleep on in preference to his bed?

Sgt. Bill Lefave went to Moose Jaw to see a hockey game. When he reported to work he complained of a stiff neck. Bill claims he sat on a chesterfield—alone! We wonder?

What is a two-piece night gown, Cpl. Doin's?

Cunningham and Irish having white Cafe Jackets (Assiniboia) with green trimmings.

Aker taking a girl into church and both falling down the steps. No harm done.

Rennie, Davies, Correavou posted to No. 1 "Y" Depot. We wish you luck, boys.

We see that LAC. Hansen has his wife at Mossbank now. Here's hoping that she likes the Dust Bowl.

What became of Slug (Sluchinski) the night of the dance in Mossbank, April 8th? Did he celebrate too much with Davies?



**KEEP FIT!**

# New Sports Office

Incidentally, the improvement in the sports section set-up is something worthy of note. At last there really is a sports office and a sports store room where equipment can be properly stored and displayed. The personnel of the sports section are mighty happy about the change—in fact, the occasion of the destruction of Ye Ole Sportes Shacke was faintly reminiscent of the fall of the Bastille.

Four sports bid fair to predominate in spring and summer activity—softball, baseball, soccer and cricket.

\* \* \*

Right at the moment there seems to be an in between season lull in sports. Winter sports are practically finished and summer sports have not yet begun. Let's look into the future and see what sports are in store.

Volleyball is going to carry on, but outside in the sunshine. There's been so much enthusiasm about it all winter that we just can't let it die out. So we'll play it and get a sun tan at the same time.

The same is true of Borden Ball. This gentle sport (particularly as the A.T.S. boys play it) has been very popular all winter. So its on the continued list and the ideal place for it is the skating rink. So, fellows, chuck off your shirts and get out in the sun, but remember—whatever rules may have gone by the board, brass knuckles are still barred.

There are two dandy tennis courts which require a coat of shale and a bit of work to put them in tip-top shape. All the rest of the tennis equipment is ready for use in the sports section.

\* \* \*

## Softball

Softball practices have started and the general aims are: A championship station team; an active inter-section league, and a progressive league for trainees. The attaining of these aims depends on the interest shown in softball. If last year is any criterion, this year should be tops. That's what we're pulling for.

A letter received from No. 4 T.C. indicates that the Command Zone Sports

League will continue to function during the summer and so we'll come up against our old Eastern Zone opponents again in summer sports.



## Baseball

Baseball enthusiasts are expecting to build up a running station team and challenges are already being thrown around pretty freely.

Soccer and cricket will appeal chiefly to the R.A.F. lads and the boys from "Down Under", but a lot of Canadians are wanting to know when we start. We've plenty of equipment for both sports and expect great results in competition with other units and plenty of excitement in intersection games.

Of course, there'll be archery and hores shoes for all interested, and don't forget that the Rifle Club is functioning again.

Last month considerable space was taken up with "Duty Fitness." May we just refer back to that for a moment, since it is a matter of great interest to the P.T. department. The results of the first Physical Fitness Assessment of Staff Aircrew, held on February 15th, were quite disappointing. All Staff Aircrew Personnel were tested again April 1st and the improvement shown was highly gratifying. Out of 94 men tested there were 12 failures, and there is little doubt that the test to be given about June 30th will again show marked improvement. Congratulations to the aircrew for buckling down and co-operating in the Duty Fitness Program.

We shake the hand of F/S. Newcomb on getting that crown up. Nice going, Flight.

It wasn't pleasant saying good-bye to WO.2 Parker. Good luck at your new station, Ernie. In the same breath, we welcome WO.2 Barker, our new Station Warrant Officer. He has landed and, we think, has the situation well in hand.

# WITH OUR POETS

## The Telephone Girl

The girl who sits in her chair  
 And listens to voices from everywhere—  
 She knows who is happy, and who has  
 the blues,  
 She knows all the gossip, she knows all  
 the news,  
 She knows our sorrows, she knows our  
 joys,  
 She knows the girls who are playing  
 with toys;  
 She knows every time we are "out with  
 the boys",  
 And she knows every excuse each fel-  
 low employs.  
 She knows our troubles, she knows our  
 strife,  
 She knows the man who is mean to his  
 wife.  
 If the telephone girl should tell what she  
 knows  
 It would turn our friends into bitterest  
 foes.  
 She could sow a wind that would soon  
 be a gale,  
 Engulf us in trouble and land us in jail,  
 That would start a story which, gaining  
 in force,  
 Would cause many wives to sue for  
 divorce.  
 She could turn our day into sorrowing  
 night;  
 In fact, she could keep our camp in a  
 stew  
 If she told one-tenth of the things that  
 she knew.  
 Gee, doesn't it make your head just  
 whirl,  
 When you think what we owe to the  
 "Telephone Girl".

## The Quest

Upon a common quest we press—  
 We are in search of happiness.  
 We chase it all the world around,  
 Wondering where it can be found.

We travel where it seems to call,  
 And do not find it there at all;  
 Then in some unattractive place  
 We see it shining on a face.

It seems to be a useless thing  
 To search for gladness on the wing.  
 Those who have found it anywhere  
 Are those who took it with them  
 there.

## Let's Try It!

Oh, we walk along our pathways with  
 an independent air,  
 And we unwrap gum and candy, and  
 toss papers everywhere.  
 Yet deep within our hearts we know  
 that there will come a day  
 When we'll all be called to pick them up;  
 in the meantime, they can lay.

Yes, I do that, and you do that, and soon  
 the fact is known  
 That every little corner has a quota of  
 its own.

A Kleenex and an orange peel, an empty  
 paper bag,  
 And finally the humble box that held  
 your last lone fag.

Now multiply that list so small by the  
 number we've got here,  
 And think what camp would look like  
 in the space of one short year;  
 It wouldn't cut much ice with us, we'd  
 see it every day—  
 The shock would come to visitors who  
 come from far away.

So what's thrown down must be picked  
 up, that fact is very plain;  
 But there's a simple measure that would  
 spare us all this pain.  
 On almost every corner stands the noble  
 garbage can,  
 To make use of them occasionally would  
 be an ideal plan.

So until you reach that corner hold tight  
 to what you've got,  
 Then lift the lid and throw it in; quite  
 simple, is it not?  
 The station will look better, and in  
 future you will see,  
 From far and wide, folks point with  
 pride to a tidy B. and G.

By MADGE DAVIS.

Elsie: "What kind of a husband would  
 you advise me to get, grandma?"

Grandma: "You just leave husbands  
 alone and get yourself a single man."

\* \* \* \*

Mess Woman: "Did you say you want-  
 ed your eggs turned over?"

Officer: "Yes, turned over to the mu-  
 seum of natural history."

**QUIZ?**  **?**

**Exercising the Mind**

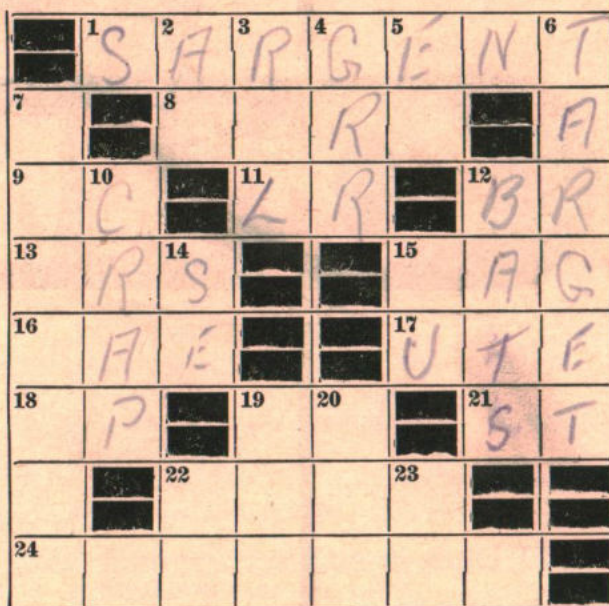
# CROSSWORD PUZZLE

## ACROSS

1. Surname of a Sgt. and WO.2.
8. Test pilot.
9. Type of truck (abbrev.).
11. Live right.
12. British (abbrev.).
13. Part of mouth.
15. The man behind the gun.
16. Water at O°C.
17. An Indian tribe.
18. Direction.
19. Prefix.
21. A thoroughfare (abbrev.).
22. Part of a drogue.
24. Most tidy.

## DOWN

2. Initials of C.O.
3. Slang for W.D.
4. Growl of a dog.
5. Suffix.
6. Rechristened magazine.
7. S.A.O.
10. Seven come eleven.
12. Used in softball (pl.).
14. Add "a" and you have a type of pool.



15. Common Chinese name.
19. Term in Morse.
20. Direction.
22. Musical note.
23. A type of school (abbrev.).

## A Mathematical Problem

Two ladders, one measuring 30 feet and the other 40 feet, are leaned against plumb walls of two nearby buildings. The foot on each ladder touches the foot on one building while the top ladder touches the wall of the opposite building. It is found that the two ladders cross each other at a point 10 feet off the ground. How far apart are the buildings?

### Smile, Darn You, Smile

An attractive girl dressed in the W.D. uniform, and a plain, middle-aged spinster were waiting for a bus.

"Have a cigarette?" asked the girl, opening her case.

"What! smoke in public!" exclaimed the woman, shocked to her depths. "Why I'd sooner kiss the first man who comes down the street."

"So would I," retorted the girl, "but have a cigarette while you are waiting."

## Air Cadets

Mossbank Air Cadets are eighteen in number, under the command of A/C. P/O. G. S. Pound. Each cadet has been furnished with a complete uniform, including a greatcoat. Their liaison officer, P/O. Millar of No. 2 B. & G. School, has arranged three visits to the airport. These visits have been greatly enjoyed and appreciated because there, nothing is lacking in equipment.

The curriculum consists this term of: A.C.R., mathematics, administration, signals, first aid, and drill and P.T.

Mr. Smith, the local C.N.R. agent, is instructor in signals. No. 4 Command at Calgary assists by having some of their personnel visit the flight regularly. During the week of March 3rd to 10th, Cpl. N. LaCree, P.T. and drill instructor; Sgt. J. N. Riecken, Ed. Clerk, and WO.1 F. Bogden, P.T. and drill instructor, visited the cadets and helped in their instruction.

"We have not asked if it is possible to win the war. We say we must and we shall win." Cadets should be encouraged in their efforts by those who are older, for these cadets will fly the planes of tomorrow.



**To Laugh is to Live**

# The Wolf

by Sansone

Copyright 1944 by Leonard Sansone, distributed by Camp Newspaper Service

(South Pacific)



In North Africa, an M.P. stopped a W.A.C. because she failed to salute a group of second lieutenants. "Would you salute," she snapped, "if they called you 'Toots'?"

\* \* \* \*

My wife is asking for pin-money—and the pin she wants has 12 diamonds in it.

\* \* \* \*

From birth to 18 a girl needs good parents.

From 18 to 35 she needs good looks.

From 35 to 55 she needs personality,—but—

From 55 on she needs—the old lady needs cash!

\* \* \* \*

"Bombs," was the answer.

"Thank heaven," said the Canadian, "I thought we were going to have more rain."

Three Canadian soldiers sleeping in an English camp were awakened by a terrific crash near by.

"What was that—thunder or bombs?" asked one.

### Well Answered

Everything about the R.C.A.F. station was interesting to the visitor, and he asked a never-ending stream of questions.

"Say," he exclaimed, "how is it that you have so many Scotsmen among your pilots?"

The guide, a bit fed up, snatched at the opportunity.

"Well, sir," he said, "since the Scots have heard that every cloud has a silver lining, we can't keep them out."

# Here's Mud in Your Eye

Do you want to be a nuisance on camp?

Don't throw waste paper in those cunning little cans that so are plainly marked "WASTE".

Certainly, draw a moustache on that face on the poster. As for service property, that just means "Bang it around". Why should you care?

Scream, howl and laugh uproariously at your own jokes. You'll soon be enjoying them all by yourself. The same goes for your uninvited singing.

Go ahead. Mention the latest gossip in front of strangers. They don't know that particular airman or W.D.

Make fun of others, you'll be so popular (just like a skunk at a garden party).

Make sure the gang at the dance hear

you say, "My, isn't that girl a terrible dancer." Her boy friend may not agree, but then he may be only 5 ft. 1 in.

Elbow, push, shove. Some of those older people aren't very strong. G'wan, shove them a little harder.

Oh, yes. Do put on your make-up and fix your hair in public. Better still, shower powder and get lipstick on someone else's belongings.

Lose your temper frequently. It will help to increase those "barrack room" evenings.

Never say, "Thanks", "Excuse me", or "Your welcome". They are just boys on course and you may never see them again.

Chaw, your gum—crack it—spit on the byways. You'll be just as popular as a fifth columnist.





## Army Girls

### What the C.W.A.C. Idea Is of a Post-War Heaven

Kitchens, recipes, frilly aprons and weddings predominate in the C.W.A.C. idea of a post-war heaven. Answers to a questionnaire submitted to more than 100 Corps members in Ottawa reveal that 60 per cent. of the Army girls favored domesticity as a post-war goal.

Second to the "hearts and flowers" group are those whose blazing individuality has been sublimated to a uniform. To them, peace will present orgies of scarlet nail-polish, high-heel toeless sandals and jade earrings.

Another group includes those who enlisted in the Army straight from high schools and colleges. Many of these

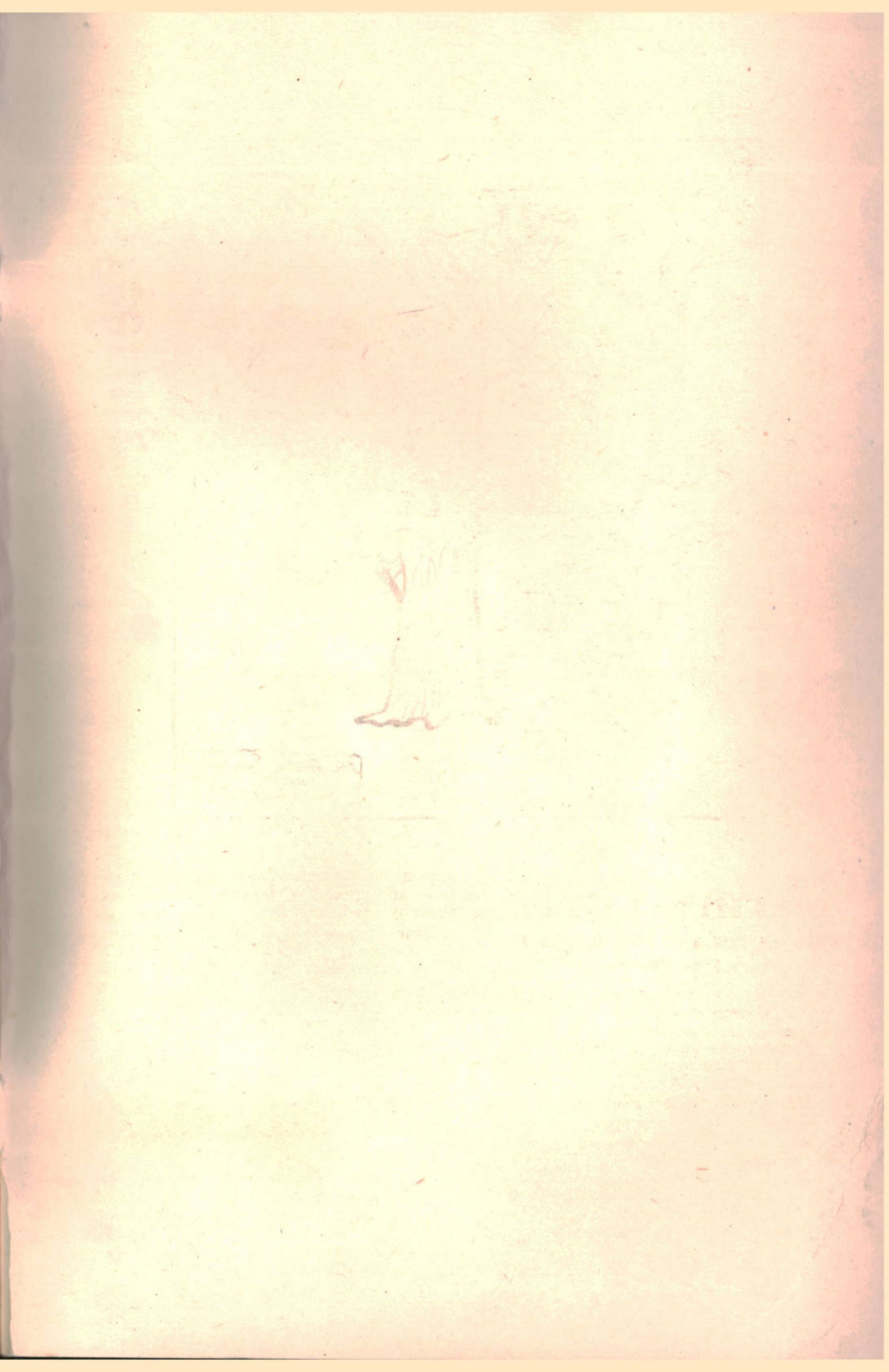
young women have been taught a vocation and plan to replace their khaki shirt by a white collar.

Others merely sigh for lemon meringue pie three times a day, steaks "THAT thick" and caramel nut sundaes. The prize answer, however, came from one sleepy-eyed C.W.A.C. who said bitterly: "I am going to visit all the music stores in Canada and smash every bugle in existence."

After the wedding, the happy couple were photographed as they left the church, and proofs were promised in a few days.

The large envelope duly arrived, and was opened in great excitement.

Inside were several studies of a baby lying on a rug and on the back they read: "Please state clearly which size you want—and how many."



# A Greeting

FROM

*Frank Bennett*  
*Sault Ste Marie*  
*Mich*

To *Frank Bennett*

*Sault Ste Marie Mich*  
*Albert Conradi*

PUT  
1c  
STAMP  
HERE

4644.043