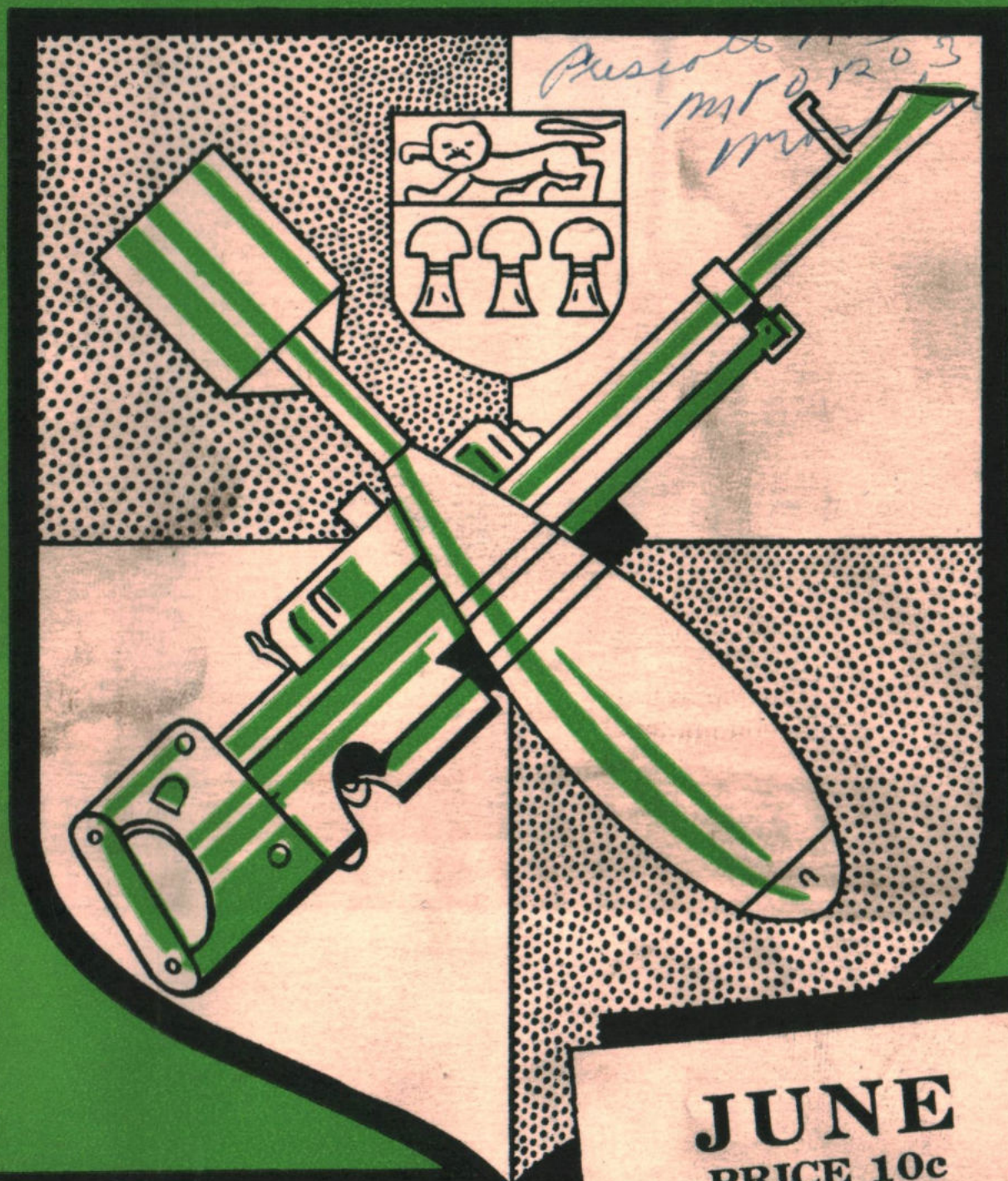
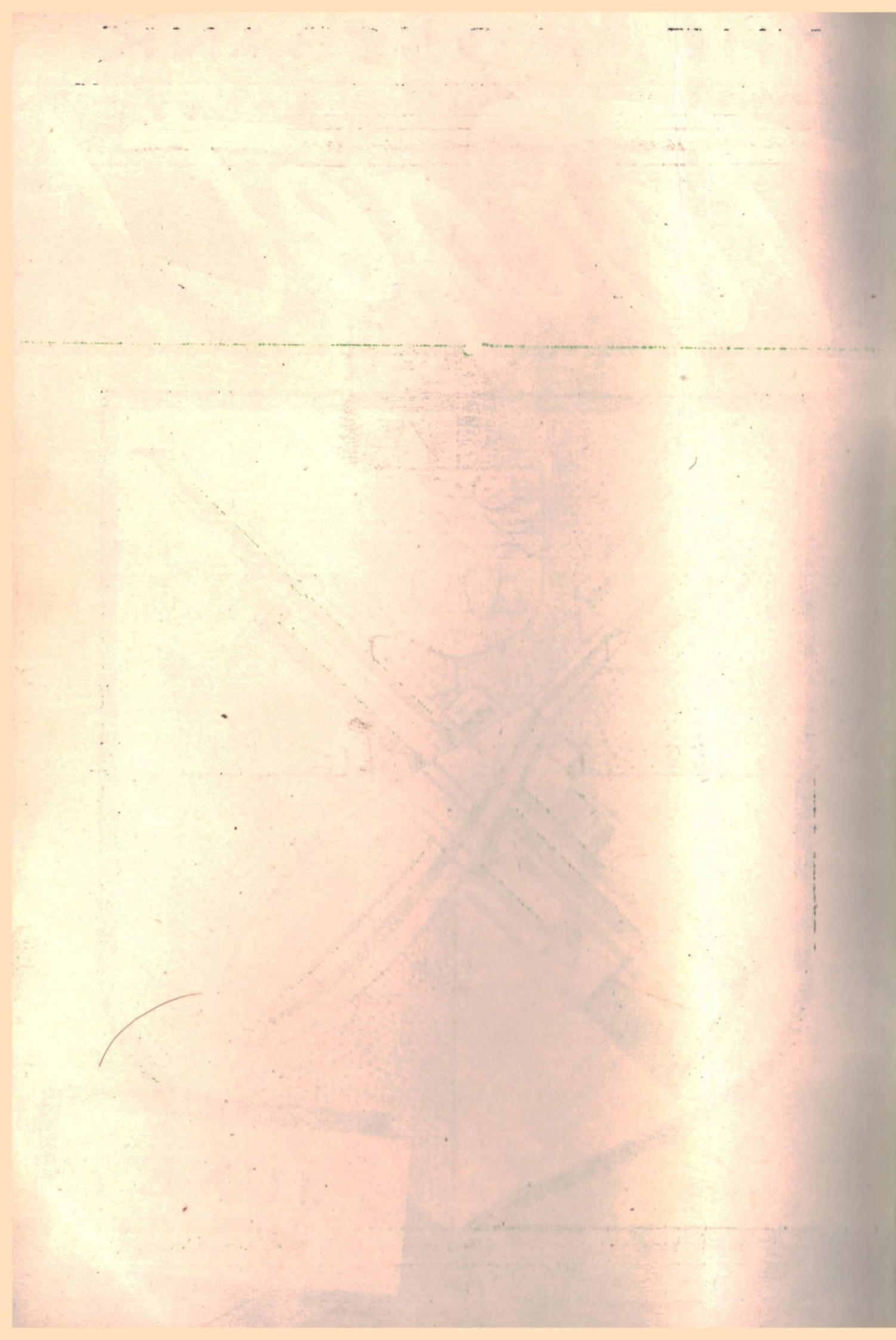


THE MOSSBANK

Target!



JUNE
PRICE 10c





TO ONE AND ALL

Happy Furloughs

—THE TARGET STAFF





TARGET

Vol. 4

June, 1944

No. 2

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

No. 2 BOMBING & GUNNERY
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Contents

	Page
Editorial	4-5-6
The Padre's Page	7
British Hospitality	8
Invitation from the Friendly City	8
Features	9
West of the Rockies	11
Lovely Alberta	16
Saskatchewan	17
Manitoba	21
A Personal Message	24
News	25
Sixth Victory Loan	26
Personality	28
Station Library	29
News from the Bahamas	29
The Combines of 1944	30
Tobruk—I Was There	32
Senior Administrative Officer Posted	33
Canadian Legion Educational Services	34
What Are You Doing After the War?	36
Sports	37
Section News	39
An Afternoon at Tieville	41
Range Celebration	42
Glimpse of Range Personnel	43
Introducing Navigation Flight/	45
Fire Hall Sparks	47
Workshops	48
Service Police	49
Postal Service	49
Control Tower	50
Maintenance "B"	53
Corridor Conversations	55
Headquarters	57
Literature	59
Swing or Classics	60
Poetry	61-64
Humor	67-76



Editorial! 

**Opinions Fashion
the Future**

This Issue

... comes to you in the form of a holiday or vacation number. Over seventy pages of interesting reading—a record for our magazine.

If you are planning on a vacation, read the interesting illustrated articles on the western provinces and Roseer's "Goin' A-Holidaying?" Your vacation troubles may be solved.

If you are planning on getting married, read and digest "Tips for the Bride of the Month." Some good ideas.

If you want something warlike, "Tobruk: I Was There" will fill the bill. You'll enjoy reading this article.

If you want something to read on your holiday, invest in a "Target." Cheap at double the price,

To All Station Personnel

The voluntary objective of \$100,000 aimed at by No. 2 Bombing and Gunnery School in the Sixth Victory Loan has been reached and passed. This fine accomplishment once more demonstrates that the personnel of this Station are of one mind—not to be content with actively serving their country in its Armed Forces, but are also prepared to go the limit in their effort to speed the victory.

No other Station Commander is prouder today than

Yours gratefully,

E. C. TENNANT, G/C.

Message of Congratulations

The following message was received from the Air Officer Commanding No. 4 Training Command:

"Heartiest congratulations on retention of Minister's Efficiency Pennant by your station for quarter 1st January to 31st March, 1944."



GOING A-HOLIDAYING?

By ROSEER

Can you realize yourself in the proud and humble manifestations of Nature? If so, you are made of the right stuff for holidaying. Unfortunately, everyone is not so built and, consequently, cannot really holiday. For instance, you are beaten from the drop of the hat if you happen to be one of those unfortunate people who carry around with them that cold look of acquisition in their faces. You cannot thaw out at a moment's notice into a human being. When you look at the bold, barren mountain tops, instead of allowing them to possess you, you busy yourself figuring out how you can best possess them.

On the other hand, if you are one of those favored wise men who have not troubled to possess the world, the probability is that the mountains will take time out to confide in you their story of, and their place in, the plan of the Universe. You will find yourself lost in, and possessed by, the high perilous staircases mounting before you and carrying you up, up and up to the rich light of a new morning.

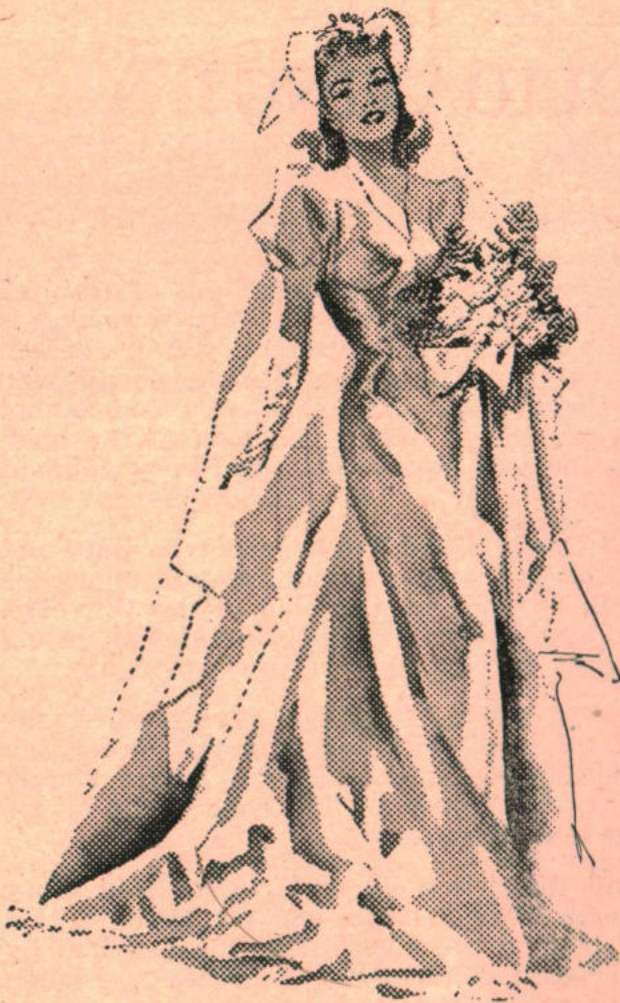
Can you revel in the magic of the common-place? If so, you have acquired the holiday spirit. The rock by the side of the road will be no longer merely an obstacle to progress. Rather will it become the symbol of yet "more stately mansions" of the mind. You will feel yourself gripped by its magic story of the vast past and by its confident hopes for the boundless future.

The true vacationist will leave behind the prison bars of routine and carry with him that precious gift from Wordsworth, "The Wonder and the Dream". By the camp fire of an evening he will peer beyond the edge of darkness etched by the fire's light and hear the voice of silence calling him away from the care-laden darkness of day into the mystic light of a free-soul's night.

In a word: If you want a damn good holiday, try living with yourself among the mighty and the lowly things of nature. You will be surprised to find what a jolly good fellow you are.

Incidentally, you will be giving the other fellow a holiday, too.





Tips for The Bride of the Month

Big engagement parties are at this time of world mix-up very bad taste; instead, an announcement inserted by the bride-to-be's parents is sufficient to do the "trick".

No member of either family should ever give a shower for the bride. That's where the friends and bridesmaids do the entertaining.

The most popular wedding formulae, whether the wedding is at a camp or at your own home town, is a church ceremony followed by a reception.

The groom always supplies the ring, the licence and the best-man; four things you can proceed to forget about.

If you wear white, no jewellery, please. A string of pearls is permissible. All brides carry flowers. It is traditional. The formal bride will have a bouquet. The informal bride usually chooses a corsage, or a small dainty bouquet from which she chooses a flower to wear as a corsage when travelling.

In this day of "Never know when he can get his leave," it is quite correct for mother to phone her invitations at the last minute. If you have plenty of time before the "Big Day", do send either formal or informal invitations by mail.

A tip to your friends. Do send gifts for the "love-nest", at the same time remembering what kind of a room, flat or house the bride will be living in. Don't forget that the Service-bride may have a great deal of travelling and packing to do.

To the bride, "Don't forget the Thank-you notes".

Mother and Dad will appreciate a wire or phone call the day after the wedding.

You may have a wedding breakfast, a buffet luncheon or a cocktail reception. The latter requires: little sandwiches, wedding cake and punch.



THE PADRE'S PAGE

Many and varied are the emotions and reactions of two hearts in love, especially as Cupid's month—June—approaches. I was made vividly aware of this the other afternoon in my office when I held no less than three successive, unrelated interviews with youthful applicants for marriage. The usual gamut of questions ensued. "Are either of you Minors? If so, in the case of your Bride? will she have been earning her own living for three months prior to the marriage? Is there any affinity or consanguinity (a tongue-twister merely denoting blood-relationship) between you? Are you both baptised? Are you familiar with the civil marriage laws as they pertain to your particular Province? Are you acquainted with the officiating clergyman and with the Church requirements of your denomination?" The long questionnaire ended, the necessary forms and information supplied, the prospective bridegroom then goes on his way rejoicing, anticipating the final hurdle—the ceremony itself—which will set kindred spirits free.

One of these days (when Committees of Adjustments are liquidated!) I am going to produce a circular list of the pros and cons of marriage requirements for the convenience of our personnel and their guidance. Such a circular might well begin in stentorian tones:—"All ye who desire to go the way of most flesh, who seriously contemplate the matrimonial plunge, take heed how ye tread and be hereby advised how much greater shall be your responsibilities compared with heretofore!" In serious vein, though, one of the happiest duties of a Padre is to administer counsel and godly advice in respect to the Sacrament of Holy Matrimony and the inviolability of the married state.

The Editorial Staff has reminded me (suggestively enough to a hard-working Pastor) that this issue of "Target" is to be a Vacation number, with the added rejoinder that I offer (from my wide experience!) suggestions of honeymooners' favorite holiday resorts. In this connection I can legitimately lay claim to having once unwittingly chosen the honeymoon location of a couple I married. This couple, long cherished friends of mine, telephoned long distance to my erstwhile home at Whitewood, Sask., stating that they were just leaving to drive the 120 miles which separated us, and would it be convenient for me to marry them on the morrow? As it chanced, I had arranged to leave the same day for Regina and Saskatchewan Beaches, to take vacation duties at our seasonal Church there—an assignment which required my arrival there by the morrow, a trip of some miles. The couple pounced upon this circumstance with rapture, stating that I had solved their problem as to where to spend their honeymoon—these beaches being unknown to them. Suffice to say, that although Regina Beach would not be my personal first choice for a vacation—yet it is a very delightful rendezvous and I would certainly recommend its dignified restful setting in very attractive surroundings.

Banff and Lake Louise, as the Holiday Meccas of the West, of course, need no introduction. As Niagara is to Eastern Canada—so, Banff, etc., is the honeymooners' Paradise of the West. Its unique beauty, among the Rockies' splendors, is to me unmatched. Then, too, there are all the beauteous glories of the Garden of Canada—Vancouver Island. You haven't begun to see the Dominion until you visit the many holiday resorts of this healthy little Isle! But to you honeymooners and vacationists, who seek for an economical and more local resort, Carlyle Lake and Kenosee, Sask., leave little to be desired, especially if you enjoy a camping holiday under fairly ideal conditions. The usual facilities in the way of recreational provision are all there. Certainly, there is one group of people who link their happiest memories with Carlyle Lake—they are the Boy Scouts and Girl Guides of South Saskatchewan. But here I must stop in case there should be a suspicion of my being in the secret commercial employ of some tourist agency or lest it is thought that I may have some tourist cabins lacking Summer tenants. "Happiness is where you find it!" and honeymooner or humble vacationist, take it from me, pure, unalloyed lovers of Nature and its scenic beauties will not have far to seek within the confines of this adopted provincial home of Saskatchewan itself!

—CHAS. A. SUTTON.

British Hospitality

Very contrary to the general public opinion is the fact that British people **are** hospitable. This war has made Britain the meeting place of people from all Nations, from the Dominions, from the United States and the Oppressed Countries. Free governments in exile have made England their home while preparing for the liberation of their peoples.

A warm welcome has been extended to these people, especially the military personnel. Numerous Clubs and Hostess Houses have been set up, both for the Armed Forces and the Refugees. Here they are able to meet with their own countrymen.

All services and organizations blend together, and in this way there is great provision for all forms of entertainment. An abundance of invitations to private homes are given to the Services, both for forty-eights and furloughs.

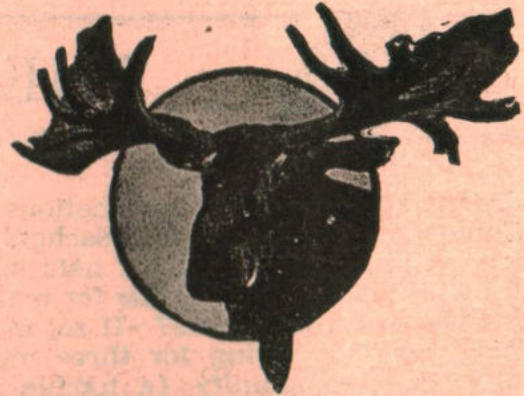
This is what a country at war is doing.

Although the British have been reputed to be insular, we can disclaim the statement, for in all there is the greatest evidence of progress, international understanding and co-operation.

—YOUR ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

England Forever

Rumor has it that a certain honorary Flight Louie, who hails from fair England's pleasant shores, recently put up his Great Britain shoulder badges in utter defiance of previous threats of reprisal, mostly from brother-officers from away down under. After one brief skirmish the proud badges were seen to disappear—as also the victim-wearer. But sure enough, to the consternation of several, a brand new set, scintillating and bristling, appeared on the mutilated spot the very next day. Every hope of concealing the true source from whence this supernumerary sprang has now been abandoned, and at last report he is still remaining faithful to the spirit of good old St. George!



An Invitation From The Friendly City

In Moose Jaw, on the corner of Fairford and Main Streets, three minutes walk from the C.P.R. Station, we have the War Services Club.

Early in the spring of 1940, the citizens of Moose Jaw decided we needed a recreation centre and home for the boys and girls in all branches of His Majesty's service. This club was opened in October, 1940, and is operated under the auspices of The Moose Jaw Co-ordinating War Services Council.

The club is equipped with comfortable lounge rooms, writing rooms with stationery, reading room and library, games room, piano, radio, pressing room, cloak room and canteen.

The office is manned by voluntary hostesses appointed from thirteen organizations engaged in active war work. The hostess in charge does everything in her power to be of assistance to the boys and girls in the services, such as free checking of parcels, skates, swim suits, etc. At all times she helps them with their problems and arranges adopted homes for week-ends and holidays. Thousands of boys have enjoyed Canadian hospitality over the festive seasons.

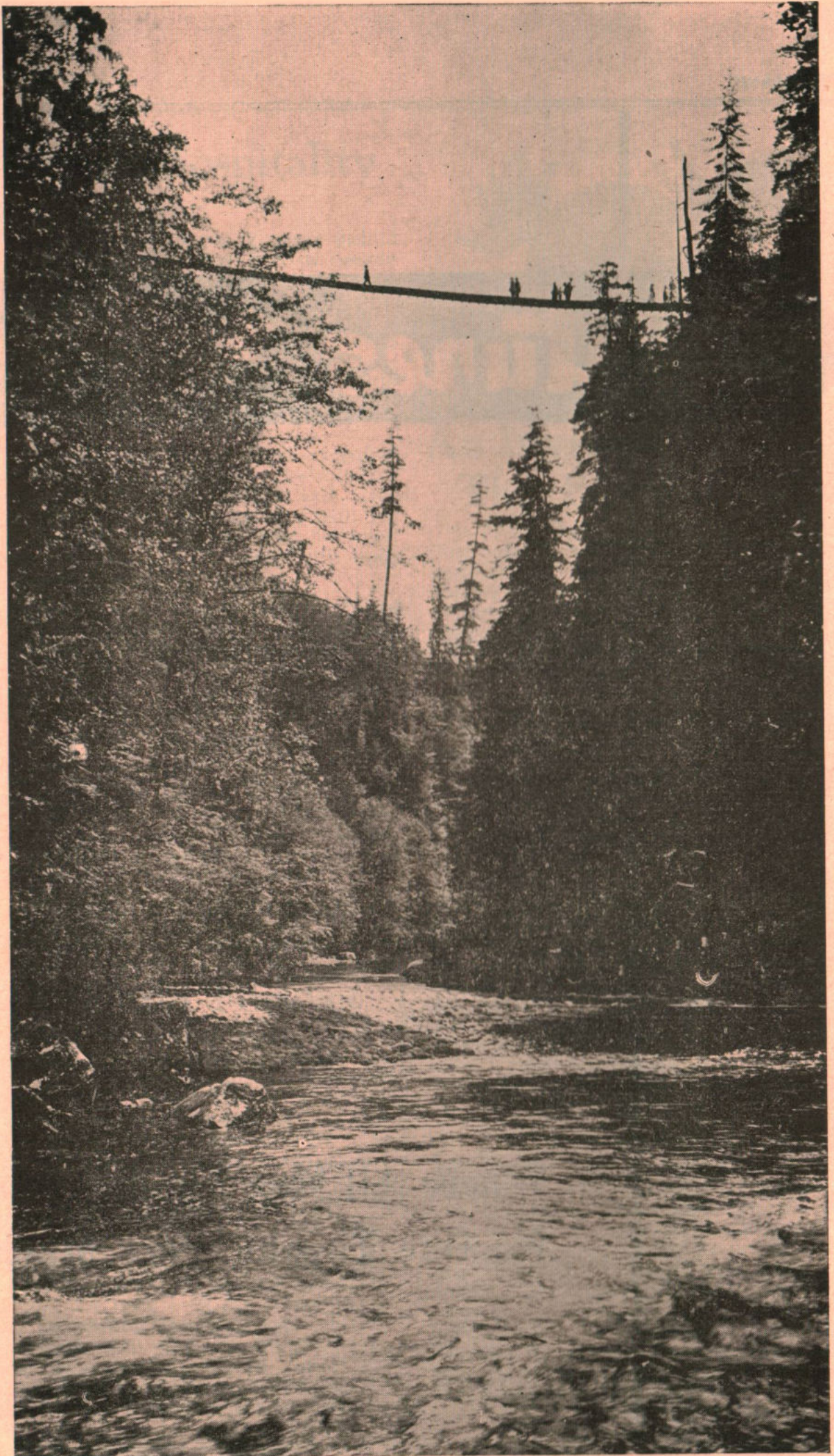
Facilities do not exist for elaborate meals in the canteen, but excellent home-made pies, tea, cakes and sandwiches are available at all times at a very nominal price, and are always served with a cheery word and a smile.

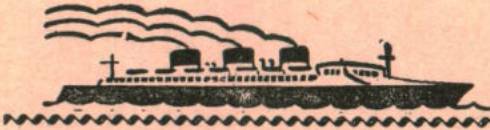
The club is open daily, including Sunday, from 10 a.m. to 11 p.m., and the ladies responsible for this voluntary service desire no other reward than to foster a pleasant home atmosphere for all branches of the armed services. Any time you visit the Friendly City a warm welcome awaits you here.

ARLYN MONSON,
Chairman of Hostess Committee.

Features

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





West of the Rockies

By JEAN BURNS

Cuts by courtesy of Vancouver Tourist Association.

Vancouver, better known as "Canada's Evergreen Playground," is a city of endless beauty. You will live longer and enjoy life more in this beautiful city by the sea. Never cold—never hot. Pure, sparkling, mountain water, sufficient for a city of several millions.

Only fourteen miles from Vancouver—through the First Narrows, along West Vancouver's "Riviere", 'round rocky Point Atkinson, into Howe Sound and then lovely Snug Cove—is Bowen Island, reached by palatial excursion ships.

Many are lured out into the fjord-like Sound in boats available at the Island—their surrender to the call of the fighting salmon. Others take rod and reel to the Island headland lakes and streams, returning to the lovely Lodge. Picnic grounds skirt Snug Cove. Wooded trails lead from the Cove to the untrammelled heart of the Island. . . . Mount Gardner and its unsurpassed view of Howe Sound, its snow-capped mountain shores and the open Pacific. . . . falls, lakes and streams in an island area man has not marred.

Facilities for every sport grace the Island. Tennis courts rival lawn bowling greens. Swimming is ideal in the warm, crystal-clear water of its beaches. Dancing is a pleasure in the fine old rustic and spacious pavilion.

Or, if you wish to go further, there are the Gulf Islands. These islands, three of the main ones being Pender, Galiano and Salt Springs, are situated about toria. Here also you may enjoy fishing, taria. Here also you may enjoy fishing, swimming, boating, etc. There are special week-end boats for those who wish to stay only a day or two.

Victoria is situated at the northern tip of Vancouver Island, and can be reached by steamer any day of the week. The trip, which lasts about five hours, takes you through Active Pass, passing the Gulf Islands mentioned above.

One of the outstanding features at Victoria, British Columbia's capital city, is Pemberton Park. Here you will see hedges cut out to resemble every kind of animal you can imagine. Butchart's Gardens, a privately owned garden, just outside the city limits, is another place you should not miss seeing.



FISHING FLEET


There are a number of fine beaches, where you may enjoy swimming, boating, or just sunning. For those who do not like salt water swimming, there is the Crystal Gardens, an indoor, fresh water pool, which is very nice. The pool is just behind the Empress Hotel, and is within easy walking distance from the boat.

Further north on the Island is Cowichan Bay; Qualicum, Alberni, Comox, Campbell River, etc., all offer excellent scenery, fishing and relaxation. Reached by train and bus from Victoria or Nanaimo.

But should you wish to stay in Vancouver city there is no end of entertainment and places to see.

Stanley Park stretches over an area of 1,000 acres. World-famous for its primitive beauty, wealth of foliage and giant trees, encircled by a nine-mile paved road. Situated near the entrance is the Malcolm Memorial Bowl, where music-lovers may hear symphony orchestra concerts during the summer months, free of charge.

Other scenic spots are the Zoo, Lumberman's Arch, Harding Memorial, the giant fir trees, Model Indian Village and Totem Poles, Brockton Point, Prospect

 **Capilano Canyon Suspension Bridge, Vancouver, B.C.**

Point and "Lion's Gate" bridge, Siwash Rock, four bathing beaches, picnic grounds, bowling greens, tennis courts, pitch and putt golf course, putting greens and tea houses

The world-famous Rose Gardens in the park, located near the park entrance, include nearly every variety of roses, flowering shrubs and trees in profusion.

One of British Columbia's best salmon fishing spots is only 15 miles by auto or bus from the city centre. Salmon, grilse and cod can be taken on a line. Boats and fishing tackle for hire. The scenic trip will well repay you.

Canyons, over which suspension bridges leap in breath-taking fashion, are in North Vancouver. Most widely-known is the swaying cable-supported bridge 210 feet high, pictured on page 10. Up the glacial, foam-flecked river is the Grand Canyon . . . rival and superior in sheer beauty to the first Canyon. And here the bridge is even higher. Winding trails lead far down through the trees agleam with sunlit spray to the water's edge—a favorite spot for picnickers—a Mecca for those who hunt with film and shutter.

Also situated in North Vancouver is Grouse Mountain Chalet, elevation 3,800 feet, reached by Grouse Mountain—a 45-minute trip by car from the city centre, or if you prefer, you can "hoof" it (takes longer though). Here are picnic grounds, ski jumps, riding trails, and a never-to-be-forgotten view of the city and surrounding country. Nanaimo, Blaine, Bellingham, Point Roberts are all spread out before you. At night the lights of the city make it look like a fairyland.

Citizens of Vancouver are fortunate in having several excellent ski-ing mountains practically at their doorstep. Two fine courses can be reached by street car and a short climb; and a third by a 25-minute ferry ride and a short climb. In fact, in May, one can ski on the mountains in the morning and swim at English Bay or Kitsilano Beach in the afternoon, without using an automobile or a train.

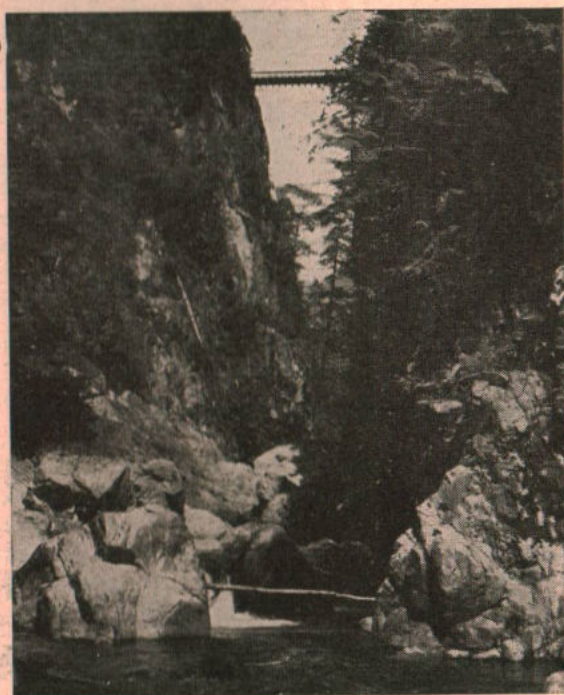
There are seven fine sandy, supervised beaches right in the city; three outdoor swimming pools, and Crystal Pool, which is an indoor pool under glass with heated salt water.

The manifold activities of ships and

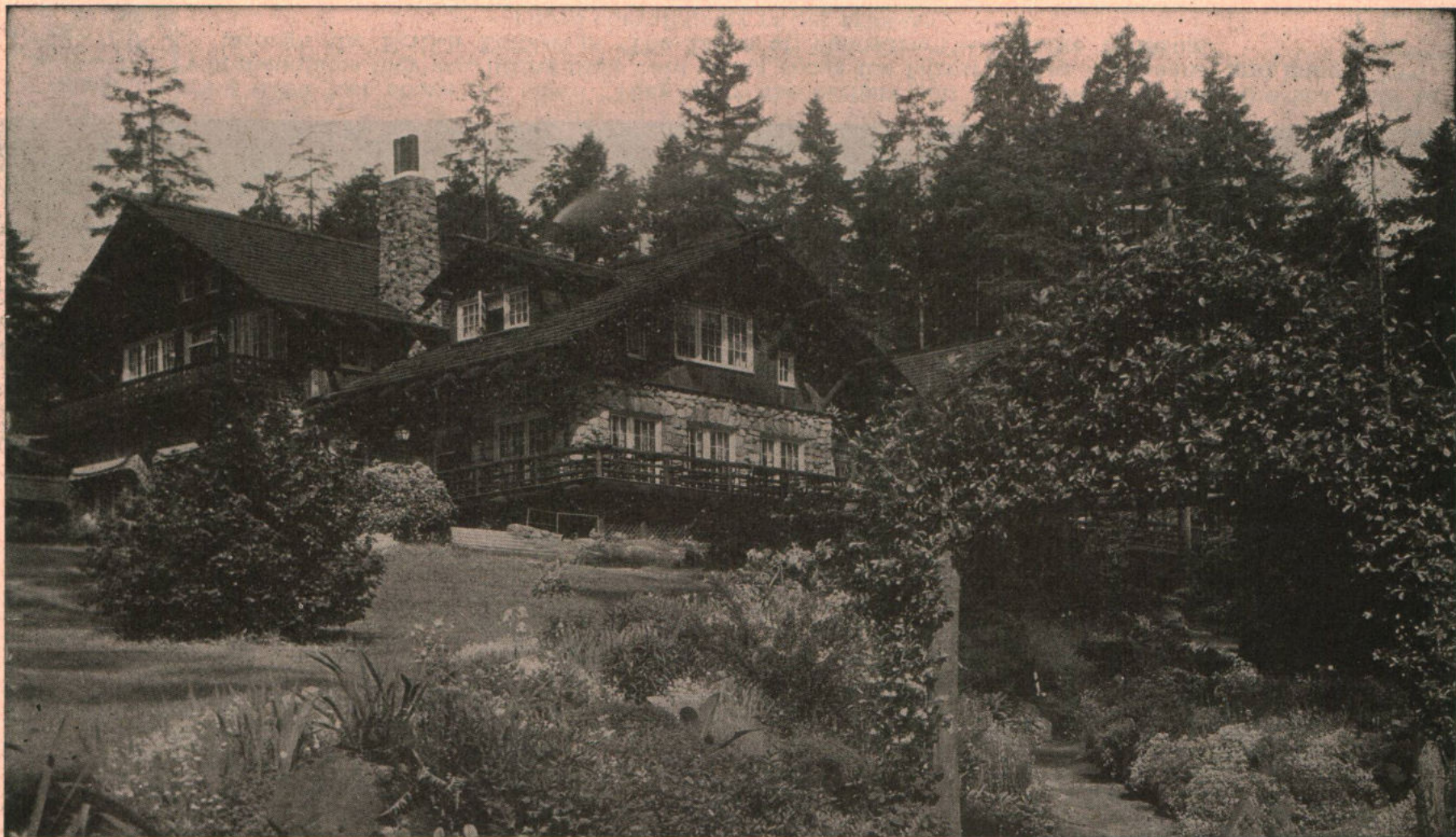
men that go down to the sea . . . the romance, the vigor, the pulsation of a world trade centre cram the hours in Vancouver. Maybe a vessel lying in at one of the many docks in Vancouver harbor, as pictured on page will be loading the last word in automobiles . . . for where? Great cylindrical rolls of newprint will be noted swinging into the hold . . . to carry what headlines? Look well at the sturdy salmon and halibut craft and pilchard seine boats anchored in Coal Harbor; small, but well found and manned by hard-bitten crews. It is easy to voyage the world on the Vancouver waterfront. An observing eye, a listening ear and a sensitive nose . . . and it is not difficult to conjure vivid mental pictures of the peoples and the places who contribute to the color and atmosphere of just that small portion of the waterside of Vancouver.

Some people seem to be under the impression that Vancouver is about a week's journey. But they are wrong. The actual travelling time is two nights and a day from Moose Jaw and that day is filled with the beauty of the Rockies—a scene that you never tire of.

Many more things could be told about Vancouver and its many activities, but unfortunately space will not permit. However, it is hoped that the information given throughout this article will be of some assistance to you in planning your next vacation.



GRAND CANYON BRIDGE, B.C.



One of the hundreds of enchanting beauty spots that await the visitors' pleasure in Stanley Park. "There are parks and parks, but there is no park in all the world that will exhaust your stock of adjectives and subdue into silence like Stanley Park," declared Elbert Hubbard after a walk through Vancouver's premier playground.

PHOTO BY FRANK LEONARD



The Lions, towering 6,000 feet above the city. "They catch the earliest hint of sunrise, they hold the last color of sunset. Twin mountains they are, lifting their twin peaks above the fairest city in all Canada, and known through the British Empire as 'The Lions of Vancouver'."—PAULINE JOHNSON.

PHOTO COPYRIGHT BY FRANK LEONARD

United Services Centre

636 Burrard Street

(Between Georgia and Dunsmuir Sts.)
Vancouver, B.C.

The United Services Centre has been opened under the sponsorship of the Vancouver Co-ordinating Council and the following are some of the services which are offered to men and women of all services:

General

Dancing—Every night (with orchestra Wednesday and Saturday nights). Floor Show Saturday nights.

Canteen service with light meals—9 a.m. to 10 p.m. daily; 11 p.m. Wednesday and Saturday.

Refreshment Canteen.

Games and Pool Room.

Checking Room—Equipment may be checked during leave.

Emergency mending.

Library and Reading Room—for men.

Laundry Room—for men.

Showers—for men.

Information

Amusements.

Recreation.

Places of interest in the city.

Personal problems.

Shopping.

Tickets, when available, for concerts, shows, etc.

Hospitality

Dinners — Parties.

Week-end and longer leaves.

Junior Hostesses available for shows and parties.

Dances at Barracks

Arrangements can be made for parties of Junior Hostesses to attend. This service for small and large groups.

Everything free except:

Meals and refreshments;

Small charge for use of towel;

Small charge for checking Wednesday and Saturday nights.

Attendance is confined strictly to service personnel and registered Junior Hostesses. No civilian men and women admitted.



Lovely Alberta

PRAIRIE AND MOUNTAIN

The very first place I remember is Waterton Lakes Park, located in the very south-western part of the province. Many delightful years were spent in that vicinity. There are so many beautiful lakes there. Waterton Lake itself is perfect. On calm days the beauty of the mountains is reflected in it. Cameron Falls, in the township, is a marvelous sight. The fishing, hiking and riding couldn't be better. No matter where one looks, there is beauty unsurpassed. My home is actually on the outskirts of the park, so in the hunting season one has the pleasure of very good deer, elk and bear hunting. This helps fill the larder for winter.

Later, I moved on to Calgary. A small city, but clean, tidy and friendly. Since Banff was so near at hand, it was often visited, especially in winter. Skiing is perfect there, if one knows how to handle skis. Even so, what matters a broken crown or barked shins. More grand scenery, and the hot springs are a bather's dream.

Later on I went into the north country, down into the Peace River Block near Dawson Creek, B.C. What an experience! One never forgets. At that time car roads didn't exist and a car was a sight to behold—most of them were. This country was heavily treed and sparsely settled, but the people had such spirit and a grand sense of humor, nothing got them down. The diet was very plain and simple — moose meat (frozen in winter, salted in summer), potatoes and wild blueberries three times a day, the year round.

The insect life was indeed interesting. The moths and butterflies were of many varieties, and beautifully colored. The bears were so numerous you never knew when you'd come face to face with one. On the whole, they seemed harmless; in fact, if met, they hastily retreated. Somehow, the north country is magnetic, with its beauty and newness. Perhaps it's the long summer days—when the sun sets at 10.30 at night, leaving a red reflection in the sky all night, and appears again at two in the morning.

Then out to the prairies. A great contrast, but they are fascinating, too. Those peculiarly shaped hills around Drumheller, where skeletons of Dinosaur have been found — likely many more prehistoric animals are hidden there. Again one meets people with immeasurable patience, generosity, and kindness. Spring and early summer are the most interesting seasons of the year. To see mile upon mile of wheat fields, knowing that every farmer depends upon these crops. If they are destroyed he never gives up, but will try again the following season.

In 1942, my wanderings took me out of Alberta, but it still greatly appeals to me with its varieties of weather, scenery and air.

—PHYLLIS H. R. WILLIAMS.

Ed. Note: Target regrets that illustrations requested from the Government of Alberta were not available at the time of going to press.

MONEY IN ADVANCE

London.—Large sums of money were printed on notes of two shillings and sixpence (60 cents) and five shillings early in the war and dispersed through the country in case the mint was destroyed or communication between London and the provinces disrupted, it has been disclosed. It is unlikely they will ever be used now.

The first photograph in color was printed in 1862.

BATTLE OF BRITAIN

A sentence in a speech by Flight Lieut. Teeling, in the recent foreign affairs debate in the House of Commons, provokes reflection. "People do not realize that only 700 people took part in the Battle of Britain, which was as important in many ways as Trafalgar and Waterloo."—London Spectator.

Saskatchewan



PRAIRIE LAND OF THE WEST

By **BETTY BROUGH**

Cuts by courtesy of Saskatchewan Bureau of Publication.

Within our gates we have, as it were, the melting pot for the Dominions and the Provinces. We won't say anything about nationalities. Yes, we have personnel from as far east as the British Isles and Newfoundland; as far west as the myriad of western coast islands. Nor should we forget our friends from "Down Under"—New Zealand and the Far East.

You are here! In the middle of the isolated prairies! Not a tree to be seen! No wild animals (of course, gophers are exceptional)! What did you do to deserve a Mossbank posting?

We of the open spaces love our homeland. We have a kindred spirit for

them just as you who were born near the sea love the waves and the tide-swept sands, or you of the higher altitudes boast of your majestic mountains with their coats of spruce and pine. Have you ever stopped to consider that Saskatchewan has much to offer you—for it is a land of "infinite variety"?

You, who are from densely populated areas cannot understand our miles upon miles of waving grain and rolling pasture lands in the southern part of the province.

Many of you weary of the forty-eight spent on the station and wish to see something new. Let's see what we can find, right on your own doorstep, as it were.

Our province receives its name from the great Saskatchewan river. The name



Canoe Trip—Prince Albert National Park, Sask.

is derived from an Indian expression meaning "swift running water."

A Saskatchewan summer — warm, sunny, clear high blue skies. Regardless of a warm day, the evening is always cool. This is one of the main life saving factors for the farmers' crops, especially during a rainless period.

Evening—Right here on the camp many of you can, with very little effort, see a sunset—a sunset which is unsurpassed and beyond description.

What do we do with our off hours? Ask any Saskatchewan resident. Practically every town and village has its own tennis court, golf course and ball diamond for summer use. Winter sees the sportsman skating, skiing, playing hockey, basketball, badminton and other indoor games. Many children learn to skate soon after they learn to walk. Don't forget our adults and their bonspiels.

Off for a holiday, and we find these same people enjoying picnics, bathing, boating and fishing. In winter and late fall the untracked Northland, with its mysterious lakes and rivers, lures the big-game hunter. Numerous feathered game abound in all parts of the province. Saskatchewan, by the way is the

home of the greatest field trial ground for game bird dogs on the continent.

When you look at a map of Saskatchewan you will notice that the whole area is dotted with lakes. As we are far from the seashore, we must find our beaches and resorts along the shores of these lakes. Many areas with suitable qualities have been set aside and transformed into parks. In addition to the Prince Albert National Park, Saskatchewan has seven provincial parks. The Prince Albert National Park, near the city of the same name, was once the hunting ground of the Cree Indians. A band of Crees still live on their reserve at Montreal Lake. Their influence is still found in the names of various lakes and rivers, such as Lake Waskesiu, meaning "Red Deer."

Close to the town of Watrous is a provincial and national health resort, "Little Manitou," which, due to its beneficial healing waters, is visited by thousands yearly.

Madge Lake, one of the most beautiful in the province, with its sandy beaches and densely wooded shore-line, is found in Duck Mountain Park, north of Kamsack.

Katepwe Park. Katepwe Lake is one of the four long, narrow bodies of water



River Park—Moose Jaw



Typical Saskatchewan Bathing Beach

known as the Qu'Appelle Lakes extending for a number of miles along the picturesque Qu'Appelle valley—a valley made famous by poets and artists, and of historic interest by reason of its association with our many tribes of western Indians.

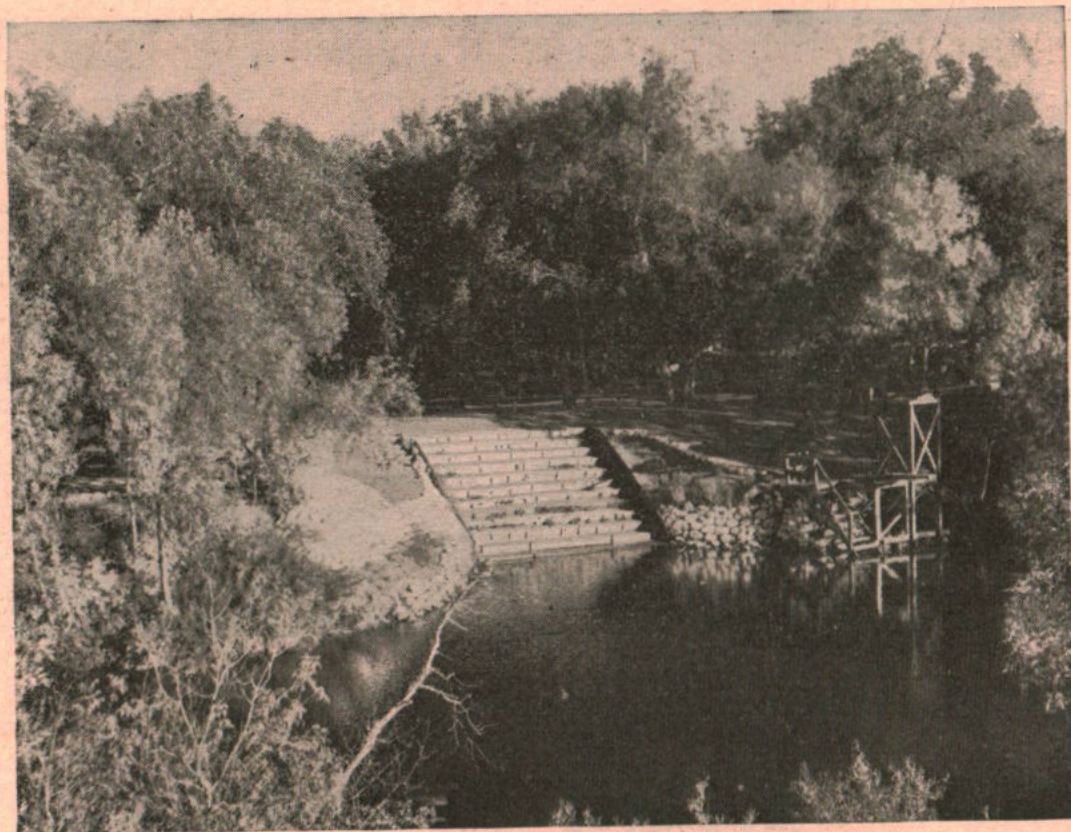
The most natural and undisturbed part of Saskatchewan is found in the

neighborhood of Green Water and Moreen Lakes. The virgin forest abounds with wild life in this northern "Greenwater Lake Park."

In the southern part of Saskatchewan is the peace of the Cypress Hills, south of Maple Creek. Loch Leven, bringing a touch of Scotland, if only in name, is set among stately pine, spruce and aspen.



A Bit of Regina Beach—Long Lake



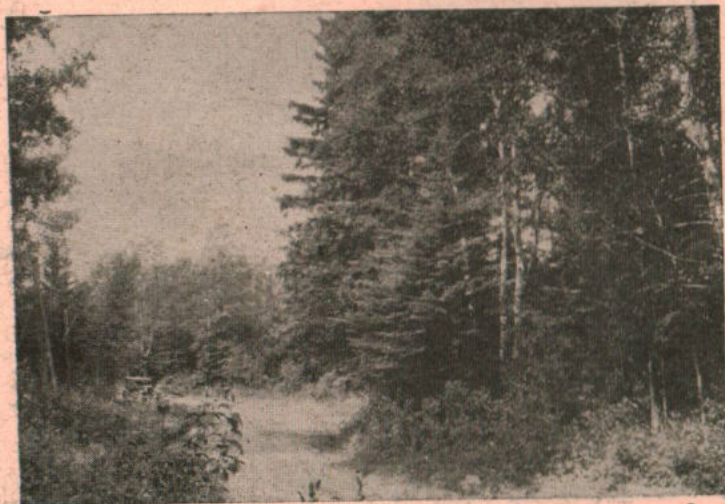
River Park—Estevan

North and west of Yorkton is a lovely spot, the dream of an angler in a canoe, or roasting wieners at one of the many outdoor fireplaces. If you feel like a more historical setting, the beautiful flower gardens and spacious grounds around the Legislative building in Regina will prove to you the possibilities of the prairies.

No matter where you roam in this province you will meet with our scarlet-coated Guardians. Regina, our provincial capital, is the home of the world-

famous Royal Canadian Mounted Police. Their barracks, nineteenth century buildings, are picturesquely set among green lawns and tall trees in the heart of the city.

Saskatchewan is not all open treeless prairie. As one of the youngest provinces in the Dominion she has innumerable undiscovered possibilities. In years to come who knows what changes there may be? But one thing will not change. There can be no greater kindness and welcomes anywhere in the world than right here on the prairies.



Saskatchewan—Not All Open Treeless Prairie

Manitoba, Vacation Land Deluxe

By "BILL" GEE

Cuts by courtesy of Manitoba Travel and Publicity Bureau, Winnipeg.

The Province of Manitoba is the geographical heart of the North American Continent. Today, Manitoba is a well-developed, populous Province, but only seventy-five years ago it was on the very rim of civilization. Strange as it may seem, exploration in Manitoba began in the age of Shakespeare—Sir Thomas Button, in 1612, was the first white man to set foot on Manitoba's black, fruitful soil. When the magic word "furs" and a route to the fabled east lured early traders to the northwest, Manitoba became the gateway to the vast fur empire. In the south, the intrepid La Verendrye, seeking to span the continent in 1838, blazed a route to the present site of Winnipeg and became the first white man to explore the prairies of the Province. The days of the voyageurs' canoes, of the ox-drawn Red River carts and of the festive nights of Red River jigging in the manors—these days are gone. But these rough-hewn men of pioneer days have left their forts, and their names still adorn busy Winnipeg streets. Today, Manitoba ranks foremost in the realms of industry, mining, agriculture (No. 1 Manitoba Hard wheat is the world's standard). A railroad centre,

an airline hub, Manitoba's strategic location augurs well for its limitless future. Its chief city is Winnipeg, with a population of 300,000, known as "The Gateway to the West"; Brandon, the "Wheat City", houses 18,000 persons, and next in size is northern Flin Flon, a modern mining and smelting community of some 10,000 people.

Besides its many opportunities for those interested in business and financial matters, Manitoba offers an abundance of scenic, sport and recreational areas among the finest in Canada. The Keystone Province contains within its wide boundaries two of the nation's best national parks: the Whiteshell Provincial Park and Riding Mountain National Park. In the former, the vacation-seeker will find virgin territory that is an invigorating refuge from the hue and cry of the city. It is the fisherman's dreamland, for in its island-studded lakes have been released millions of fish-fry and now excellent catches of pickerel (walleyes), northern pike, bass, perch and lake trout are there for the angler's rod and reel to pursue. Of the many lakes in the park, West Hawk Lake is the most sought-after, for its size and spring-fed clarity and beauty. It provides the camper with amenities, such as docks, stores, bungalow camps



"Where the air is sweet with the mingled scents of spruce, pine and balsam."

and hotels, tennis courts and restaurants. This ideal vacation-land is but two hours' drive east of Winnipeg, along the beautiful and, more important, the hard-surfaced Trans-Canada Highway. In the Whiteshell you will find something entirely different from the ordinary vacation resort. You will see great volcanic cliffs, overhung with moss, pine trees and small brush, rising steeply from the water. Much of the land is rough and hilly and thickly forested with the contrasting green of poplar, birch and tamarac. Often a heavy stand of spruce will rise like a black wall eighty feet from the padded forest floor. Just beyond this may be delightful open country almost free of brush with single pines interspersed . . . an ideal picnic ground. Clear-water lakes and streams add a charm to The Whiteshell—a park that fascinates every visitor.

Riding Mountain National Park, located sixty miles due north of Brandon, is a scenic jewel of many facets set in the rich pastoral setting that is central Manitoba. To the visitor, unaware of its real geographical formation, it must appear that here is a miracle of nature, by means of which an escarpment 2,200 feet above sea level has been raised up from the gently rolling prairies. Under government control, this tourists' playground is clothed in natural beauty and its community buildings are specially built to harmonize with their surroundings. All animal and bird life is pro-

tected in the park over its entire area of 1,148 square miles. Easily accessible, the park is visited annually by thousands from the urban centres of both Manitoba and Saskatchewan. At Wasagaming, better known as "Clear Lake", is a com-



Just a morning's catch



One of Manitoba's numerous vacation resorts where a carefree holiday may be enjoyed.

plete modern little town devoted exclusively to the happiness and well-being of its visitors. Facilities for camping, boating, swimming, riding, dancing and hiking are there for the asking. Well-stocked restaurants and stores provide for the needs of campers, while up-to-date cottages and hotels are available.

Resorts of Lake Winnipeg, such as Victoria Beach and Sandy Hook, offer myriad diversions for the pleasure-seeker who doesn't wish to stray too far from Winnipeg.

Those whose fancies run to big-game hunting may be well taken care of in Manitoba, for its licences are reasonable and its season a liberal one. Duck hunters find Manitoba a paradise of wild-fowl with a multitude of excellent shooting grounds abounding.

—P/O. A. K. GEE.

BRITAIN'S AIRFIELDS

The total area of Britain's airfields today is greater than the combined area of the counties of London and Middlesex. Flying from London to Liverpool, a distance of some 200 miles, one is never out of sight of an airfield.

NO ARMISTICE

There's a bit of an air force story going the rounds in town this week and we'd like to share it with the congregation.

It seems that a group captain, a wing commander and a flight lieutenant were enjoying a few drinks. Suddenly the wing commander up and smacked the group captain on the jaw, knocking him flat.

Almost immediately, the flight lieutenant smacked the wing commander, flattening him out.

When the two officers had picked themselves off the floor, the wing commander, a bit shamefacedly, apologized to the group captain.

"You stepped on my corn," he explained. "It's a very sensitive corn, and whenever it's touched I lose control of myself. I'm sorry I hit you."

Then the wing commander, remembering that he, too, had been assaulted, turned to the flight lieutenant and asked why.

"I'm sorry, too, sir," replied the F/L., but when I saw you swing at the group, I thought the war was over!"



LEGISLATIVE BUILDING, WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

A Personal Message

Our present-day existence, in contrast with normal life in Civvy Street, involves many personal problems which one cannot cope with alone. That is why the "Personal Services" Department of the Canadian Legion War Services was inaugurated.

Little is known publicly of this work by reason of its confidential nature, but a brief glimpse of the Legion files and records would convince anyone of the magnitude and extreme importance of this work.

Whether it is a legal matter, a domestic affair or financial difficulty, or whether it concerns your family or friends—however great or small the problem may be—do not hesitate to see your Legion Supervisor at the Legion Hut. This is a definite part of my work: to help to eliminate needless worry, heartaches and anxiety—with a friendly, confidential and comrade-like understanding that is second to none.

—From "DUKE" BEVAN.



Ed. Note: See "Duke" about train timetables, reservations, hotels and all travel information when planning your furlough.

News 

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



The station mascots, garbed in their "\$100,000 or Bust" coats, and the Commanding Officer and the Station Adjutant, pause for a breather during the recent War Bond Drive.

Canada's Sixth Victory Loan

WE DID IT!

No. 2 B. & G. Subscribed Over \$106,700
1101 of the Personnel Bought Bonds

What a Station! What a Rally!

PLEDGE KEPT



With the Station quota of \$80,000 sold in 26 hours' selling time, the Victory Loan Committee pledged to the Commanding Officer that \$100,000 would be raised.

Above (left to right) S/L. Gregson, and S/L. Allison, Chairman of Committee, presenting the bond, which marked sales of \$100,000, to Group Captain Tennant, and F/L. Calderwood, Publicity Chairman.

NOTE.—At time of going to press, \$105,000 to 1,076 individuals had been sold.

COMMITTEES

Central

G/C. Tennant, Honorary Chairman
S/L. Allison, Chairman
S/O. Galashan, Secretary.
S/L. Gregson
F/L. Nicholls

S/L. Coates
F/L. Smith

Publicity

F/L. Calderwood, Chairman
F/L. Branch
P/O. Scott
P/O. Gee

TEAMS

No. 1—

F/L. Lamb
F/S. Dun
F/S. LaBelle
F/S. Mason

No. 2—

S/L. Head
F/L. Francis
WO.2 Rousby
F/S. Campbell

No. 3—

S/O. McPherson
Sgt. Roderick
Cpl. Schwandt
LAW. G. J. Burns

No. 4—

F/L. Calderwood
F/O. Lake
F/O. Roberts
P/O. Leinbach

No. 5—

F/L. Lane
F/O. Byron
F/O. Henderson
P/O. Randles

No. 6—

F/L. Smith
F/O. Wheeler
P/O. Truckenbrodt

No. 7—

P/O. Goodchild
F/S. Ramage
Class Seniors for each
Course

No. 8—

F/O. Lawson
F/S. Crowson
Class Seniors for each
Course

No. 9—

F/L. Hanson
WO.2 Fraser
F/S. Deer
F/S. McMillan

No. 10—

F/O. Jessop
WO.2 Gosby
F/S. Letreilie
F/S. Newton

No. 11

Mr. Harry Sargeant
Mr. Ed. Boyle

No. 12

F/L. Sutton
Cpl. Freele

Note: First named team member is chairman of each team.

PERSONALITY



LAC. J. C. BRISTOL

Born September 8th, 1912, in Montreal—a son—to Mr. Hon. Edmund and Dorothy Bristol.

Johnny says that his parents travelled to and from Montreal, New York and Europe so much before he was three years old that he figures they just put luggage labels on him and called him the original paper doll.

Eventually he settled down in New York, where, at the age of three, he took a few haphazard passes at the piano, but nothing serious came of this except the complaints made by the manager of the hotel in regards to the noise.

At the age of seven we find him at Ottawa, attending Ashbury College. Three years later he moved to Toronto, where he was packed off to the Upper Canada College. Around the age of fourteen he started to take a large interest in music being played by the Dorsey Brothers, who were then in Detroit with Jean Goldkette and also an unknown clarinet player named Benny Goodman, who was then laying it in the groove with Ben Pollack in Chicago sixteen years ago.

So Johnny's school work suffered, but his sax and clarinet playing came along nicely with lots of practice.

Percy Faith, who is going great guns around Chicago these days, says Johnny is one of the best jazz clarinet players in the business.

Be that as it may, he left school at 17 to join the Casa Loma Orchestra, then playing in Toronto.

He was with them six months, when they moved to the States—then, owing to immigration troubles, Johnny came marching home.

He returned to the States in 1931 and played with Ted Fiorito at the Village Barn in New York. Left Fiorito and joined Will Osborne. Again more immigration trouble—so back to Canada again. Deciding then that a prophet has little honor in his own country, Johnny then headed for England in the fall of 1933.

The bands he now mentions have interest for Canadian listeners as they are all top-line English orchestras: Jack Hylton, Jack Harvis, Gerald's, Billy Cotton, Teddy Joyce. Johnny starred as sax and clarinet soloist with all of these outfits—not to mention a good deal of composing and orchestrating for recording.

He spent a great deal of his time with Jack Hylton's Stage Band as 1st Saxophone and arranger.

Johnny says he had a good time with Hylton's Band, as they were on the road a good part of the time—from annual jaunts on the continent to Milan, Berlin, Paris, Nice, Amsterdam, etc.

He says he hears there are some large scale alterations going on in those parts these days.

Then the War. Johnny was by this time in a swing quartette, a light symphony orchestra, dance band, and on the arranging staff of the British Broadcasting Company.

After doing a fair amount of work in the Blitzes, he was able to get permission to return to Canada to join the R.C.A.F.

He can now be found at No. 2 B. & G. School on Air Bombers' Course, giving frantic corrections down the pear switch and releasing the intercom with gusto.

LOADS OF LUCK

The Line Is Busy—A woman visited a medium to talk with her husband. The following conversation is said to have taken place:

Medium: "A lady here on earth would like to talk to you."

Voice: "Who is the lady?"

Medium: "Your wife."

Voice: "Tell her I'm in Conference."

—Kirkland Lake News.



Station Library

Library Hours:
1200 Hrs.-1600 Hrs.
1700 Hrs.-2000 Hrs.
Daily

Are you interested in Canada's beauty spots? Then read these:

A Commercial and Economic Geography, Morrison. This book was written to meet the needs of secondary schools in Canada. The four main topics discussed are: (1) How climate, topography and natural resources influence man's activities. (2) Chief commodities of the world. (3) Resources and Industries of Canada. (4) The British Empire.

Beautiful Canada, Vernon Quinn. In this volume, covering the entire Dominion, from coast to coast, not only are the popular resorts, the most frequently visited cities or mountains or lake described, with touches of their history and lore, but all the lesser-known places that are outstanding because of extraordinary beauty or unusual interest.

Beginning with paradoxical Nova Scotia—rugged and stormy, peaceful with idyllic beauty—it covers each province; the forests and salmon streams and ghost-haunted bays of New Brunswick; gay Prince Edward Island; quaint Quebec, and its habitant life; lake-sprinkled and mineral-rich Ontario; the prairies of Manitoba and its little-known northern forests, peopled by Indians; colorful Saskatchewan; lovely Alberta; British Columbia's mountain grandeur, and the wild beauty of golden Yukon.

Chapter seven, under the heading of "Colorful Saskatchewan, thrills the reader with such subjects as: Prairie Gold—The Legend of Qu'Appelle—Lovely Regina; Medicine Water at Little Manitou—Moose Jaw's name—At Swift Current—The Loon Legend of Cypress Hills—The Wonder City of Saskatoon—On Big Manitou Lake—Treaty Money at Ile a la Crosse—The Mighty Churchill River—Reindeer Lake—An Indian Fishing Secret—Lake Athabasca—The Legend of Cree Lake—Indian Children.

This well-illustrated book should be a "must on your list of books to read.

News from Nassau In the Bahamas

The following is a letter received from Sgt. McLaughlin, an R.A.A.F. lad, formerly of Course 73, posted to No. 111 O.T.U.:

Dear :

Haven't forgotten the promise I made, but have only been here a few days. Got to Lachine on the 28t, and I didn't leave until the 16th of next month. Rest of the time was filled in getting needles for tropical diseases, and clothing parade. You get there and they give you a couple more days 'leave; three needles and then four more days' leave; two more needles and more leave. Get issued with a lot of Yank tropical gear. Down to Miami by train with no stop-offs on the way; get into Grand Central in New York and a bus takes you straight over to Penn Station. Only takes two nights and one day from New York to Miami. Had a few hours off in Miami; so went to see THE beach. The hotels are great but the beach is a hell of a flop, all cut up for private beaches and as flat as the pool at Mossbank! It was snowing when we left Montreal, spring in Virginia, and summer here. They give you a couple of days to get used to the place, because after Canada it is b—— hot, but b—— good. The camp is only about half an hour walk out of the town, to which you have to walk for a swim. This should interest you: the most expensive drink in camp is beer, which is tenpence a small bottle; rum and coke sevenpence, whiskey fivepence, etc. All liquor is very cheap.

All the new arrivals went out to one of the beaches for the day yesterday, and, hell, am I burnt red raw on all exposed parts! The water seems warm to swim in after that at home, no surf here either. Plenty of sharks, baracuda and "blacks"—quite a novelty to see a white woman. Great names for some of the bars in town: "The Spider's Web," "Sloppy Joe's," "Dirty Dick's"—all more or less respectable, unfortunately. Don't know what the work is like yet. A good place to come to if you like hot weather. Hope Mossbank is a bit warmer than when we left.

—ALLAN.

THE COMBINES OF 1944

Mats by Courtesy of Regina Leader-Post

The station personnel, wives and friends witnessed recently one of the best variety shows ever to visit Mossbank when "The Combines of 1944," a variety show composed of war workers of the Massey-Harris Company of Canada, played before a capacity crowd in the Drill Hall.

The cast—dancers, singers, an instrumentalist and a comedian—were all discovered and trained while carrying on essential war work at the Massey-Harris plant in Toronto.

Quite popular with the enthusiastic audience were the versatile musicianship of Beth Watson and the dancing of the chorus, the Combinettes. In one number, the chorus wore uniforms of the various forces. Betty Robinson expertly carried out the duties of mistress of ceremonies, and Pat McIntosh kept the large audience howling with his jokes and imitations. A highlight of the program was the dancing of Meta and St. John.

At the conclusion of the entertaining show, the Commanding Officer, Group Captain E. C. Tennant, on behalf of the station personnel and himself, thanked the visiting artists for coming to Mossbank and providing such fine entertainment and hoped that they would pay the station another visit in the very near future.



NORMA LAWRIE
Rhythm in Motion



BETH WATSON
Musical Varieties



PAT. McINTOSH
Show Manager and Singing
Character Comedian



META AND ST. JOHN



THE STARDUST CHORUS

TOBRUK—I Was There

Start a conversation and anything is liable to happen. That's how this month's story got its start. A room corner debate on the war, a remark concerning the experience of one of our trainees, and your reporter withdrew quickly to get a story. Here it is:

War is a funny thing and it certainly brings out many instances in our lives, whereas otherwise the average chap would never dream of such things.

I, like many other chaps, joined the A.I.F. (Australian Imperial Force) in the early stages of the war, not with the full intention of being patriotic. I was out to get surprises and out seeking for adventure. This is only natural for the young chap of today, but when Japan entered hostilities in 1941 a different viewpoint was taken, and "fighting for one's own country" was the attitude shown by most men.

We went through the usual routine of things, such as enlistment, etc. Then it wasn't long before Lend Lease was sprung upon us. Well, we didn't take this very seriously and in due time we found ourselves in the click of a troop transport, sailing for the "unknown". As usual, rumors started, and the Middle East was the most popular of all. At last we arrived, still very excited; but, on the other hand, we had realized that we were near the enemy and we would have to be on the "lookout". Settling down was a problem as very few of us had ever seen a desert, let alone sleep in one. Temperatures rose up around the 110 degree mark, and in general it was hard to get used to. It wasn't very long before we were greeted with a sandstorm. I, myself, happened to be travelling in a Staff Car when this happened, so the only thing to do was to stop and close all windows and seal up as many air inlets as possible. You cannot see a foot in front of yourself during a storm, so the general idea is to "take cover" until it's all over. As it happened, I just went to sleep, thinking I was quite safe from all this sand. I was very much surprised on awakening in the morning to find that we were covered with from one and a half to two inches of sand. As to where it came from, I'm still puzzled—but it did. The sand was banked up against the back of the car, and it really took some shifting. Sandstorms like

this are fairly frequent and actually they turn out to be a matter of routine. At this particular time roads were just tracks and driving was very hard. As time went on things improved and it really wasn't very long before the roads were improved.

The A1 roads in the Middle East could be compared with the trip from Mossbank railway station to No. 2 B. & G. School. Of course, one can expect that roads in cities such as Bengasi, Alexandria and Cairo are good and would equal the roads in any city in the western part of this country.

The usual objective in any attack is to get to some particular town or city which the enemy is using for a base for supplies and such like. Naturally many towns have to be captured en route to your destination, and here I must add that the M.P. deserve a word of praise. They are the first into any place and the last out, and more often than not they get a hot reception, but they come back for more and, so far as they are concerned, it's just a day's work. (Note: Never despise M.P.'s.) If the attack is going to be moderately quick, sleep is at very irregular times, and it's a case of get what you can when you can. Naturally, hardships in living are to be expected and this is considered as a matter of course. Iron rations are used, and then, whenever possible (I might mention that the A.S.C. do everything in their power to get good supplies to you), your units gets a good wholesome meal—well, beef does take getting used to. During an advance plenty of fire is going on, and this is where a chap "picks 'em". Speaking for myself—"Well, I was as scared as you can make them." Like all things, it takes getting used to, and after a while this also becomes a matter of course. Actually, a chap is dead scared the whole time and his nerves are at a high pitch from start to finish, and the only reason he carries on is because his "Cobbers" are there doing the same thing. Yes, it's funny, but it all boils down to comrade-

ship and team spirit. Perhaps the strangest thing of all is when your cobber, who may be only three feet away from you, is killed. "Quitting never enters your head" as you are out to get the machine-gun post or whatever it may be before he gets you, and besides that, "He was your cobber and they can't do that to him and get away with it." Incidents such as this are everyday occurrences and the gruesome side of it never enters your head until later, and if the other lads see that you are a bit down in the dumps they cheer you up and make you forget your troubles—yes, another case of comradeship when a "blue" is over; excitement is the main thing and cheers and what-have-you come from everywhere. Yes, it's a great feeling, and it's something to look forward to. If the "show" doesn't turn out in your favor altogether, determination is showing on all faces and they are all anxious to get in and finish it up. One doesn't realize a victory until he knows he was part of it—truly a great feeling.

I was one of the unlucky ones to get injured and repatriated home. After spending six and a half months in a cast and learning to walk again, I was given a discharge. Yes, I know you're saying, "Gosh, you're lucky. How I'd like to have one." Well, you can see what I've done. I was given a Permanently Medically Unfit certificate, so I need not have served again; but this didn't suit me and I went to the A.M.F., (Home Forces) where I was given a job in the Base Pay Office. This was hard to take, as my boy friends were away and life wasn't worth living knowing that they were "over there". After six months I felt that I was fairly fit, so the R.A.A.F. was the shot. The first time I was rejected, but I got in in the end (don't ask how). It wasn't long before I was transferred and became a Blue Orchid and I.T.S. was started. Strange as it may seem, my order of preference in A/C. was W.A.G., observer, pilot, and, of course, you can see the result. Luck, travel and experience came my way again and I was picked to train in Canada. My stay of eleven months in Canada has been wonderful and I have enjoyed every minute of it. Canadian people are very much like Aussies, so I guess this makes everything that much better. The hospitality shown when going into Canadian homes is second to none, and I say this from the bottom of my heart. You Canadians should

feel very proud of your country. I think you'd feel at home if you came to Australia—we fight together and live alike; what more do we want? This is what our aim is:

Good luck to you all, thanks for my enjoyable time and grand and interesting training. Chins up.

Senior Administrative Officer is Posted

The station lost a valuable and popular member of its administrative staff recently when the senior administrative officer, S/L. T. F. Allison, left on posting to No. 2 F.I.S., Pierce, Alberta.

Squadron Leader Allison first came to Mossbank on September 15, 1943, and took over the duties of S.A.O. During his eight months' sojourn at Mossbank he proved himself to be a very popular, efficient and capable officer. His personal interest in station activities was greatly appreciated by the station personnel. He was president of the Officers' Mess Committee, the Station Fund, Entertainment Committee and chairman of the War Bond Drive Committee.

Previous to coming to Mossbank, S/L. Allison was stationed at Trenton, Yorkton, Penhold, Edmonton and Calgary.

In civilian life he was employed for nineteen years as an inspector for the United Grain Growers at Winnipeg, and later at Calgary, where his family is at present residing. He is quite a sportsman, having played senior lacrosse for Calgary and Winnipeg. Shooting, tennis and swimming are also some of his favorite sports.

S/L. Allison originally came from the famous football town of Sunderland, Durham, England.

SUPER MIDNIGHT VAUDEVILLE SHOW ON JUNE 2nd

On Friday, June 2nd, a super 2-hour midnight Vaudeville Show is being presented by the personnel of No. 32 S.F.T.S., in conjunction with the Saskatchewan Veterans' Security Corps, in the Capitol Theatre, Moose Jaw.

The show, which starts at 11.30 p.m., consists of musical acts, comedians, vocalists, a two-piano team, xylophone and instrumental numbers. Most of the artists are dyed-in-the-wool professionals of considerable fame.

The entire proceeds are being donated to War Charities.

Canadian Legion Educational Services

By Sgt. W. S. Nimrod

The interest taken in the C.L.E.S. correspondence courses by personnel of the R.C.A.F. and other services, has been steadily increasing. This increase has been especially marked during recent months. Personnel on our Station have responded in a manner similar to that of other stations in Canada and overseas. It was, therefore, considered advisable to set out here some interesting facts about the nature and scope of the work of the C.L.E.S. in the services.

Through the Canadian Legion Educational Services, 67 specially prepared courses are now available to members of the armed forces. Legion textbooks for oral and correspondence courses, university, library and reference books are available to Canadian service personnel in all theatres of the war.

Registration for correspondence courses at March 31, 1944, stood at 129,361 persons, of whom 58 per cent. were classified as active students working to complete their regular school courses. In the last two years a total of 210,197 papers have been corrected. Courses most in demand are mathematics and specially-designed army and air force courses.

To the end of last year, 33,739 persons overseas registered for correspondence courses. In one month, 3,106 classes were conducted with an approximate attendance of 71,059.

Many of the students are not interested in academic credits, but take courses for special promotion within the services. To date, 12,603 students have taken advantage of the course in Pre-aircrew English, 21,428 have studied Pre-aircrew Mathematics, and 15,439 pre-aircrew Science.

About 7,670 classes, representing an enrolment of 196,849 men and women, have been conducted in "in-service" training. Instruction in these classes is in the hands of service authorities, but in many cases textbooks are supplied by the Legion. More than 275,000 textbooks have been supplied at the request of the three services.

All Canadian Legion Educational Services courses as well as Canadian university courses are available to Canadian prisoners of war in Germany; 67,787 text-booklets, 662 university texts, and 400 Canadian university correspondence courses have been dispatched by way of the International Red Cross Society at Geneva; 35,981 textbooks and 527 library books for special reference have been sent on individual request. Of a total of 4,686 men in one camp in October, 1943, 2,373 attended school classes.

The wide variety of extra-service courses offered by the Legion services now provides a bi-lingual teaching system, identical in the nine provinces, for which regular school credits are obtained. Courses and textbooks have been prepared with the help of provincial departments of education, university extension departments and educational authorities across Canada.

Library facilities are available to armed forces personnel wherever they may be serving. The library service includes more than 300 different textbooks and 71,324 reference books in French and English.

The staff required to administer these educational services as of March 31, 1944, numbered 136 full-time employees and 906 others, both service and civilian, including persons giving their services voluntarily. Total expenditures from October, 1939, to December 31, 1943, were:

In Canada.....	\$1,267,021.74
Overseas	637,677.04
	<u>\$1,904,698.78</u>

The budget for the present fiscal year is \$1,162,000.00.

It might be profitable to indicate that only 7 per cent. of the staff personnel on the Station are enrolled in some correspondence course. It is true that many more attend organized classes, but this percentage is entirely too low. Our service is certainly by and large composed of young personnel. Surely, then, more than one out of fourteen of our young people are interested in capitalizing on



One of the many display boards and magazine racks in the Information Room, housed in the commodiously furnished Legion Hut, which hundreds of personnel visit daily to read the up-to-the-minute news of war, of industry and of home affairs.

INFORMATION ROOM

Various surveys of R.C.A.F. personnel conducted during recent months have shown that airmen and airwomen are losing contact with the outside world. This condition has been found to be so pronounced that because of it, difficulty in re-establishment may be increased. To overcome this problem, the idea of an Information Room has been developed in our Service.

On our Station a start has been made in the Information Room by the Education Section. The main bulletin board displays are located at the rear of the main hall in the Legion Hut. There are

the marvellous opportunity to improve their most important asset—that of educational qualifications. Might it be suggested that you and you think it over if some of those spare hours could be profitably applied to good studying. If anything, acquired knowledge will remain unharmed by the weather, old age, depression, war, etc.

in all, four bulletin board displays in the Legion Hut, with up-to-the-minute news and views from the various war fronts and home fronts.

As shown in the accompanying photograph, the magazine rack below one of the bulletin boards, displays some 50 different magazines and over 20 different newspapers.

The idea of the Information Room is extended to the Station Library. On the large table in the Library will be found 28 neatly bound periodicals, pamphlets, current events magazines, etc. These are of a more serious nature, but very informative.

The Legion Hut is constantly visited by Station personnel, who are urged to take advantage of the facilities the Information Room provides for them. Let's not "live the Service" too much—keep contact with the outside world and civilian life. The Information Room is yours—use it.

What Are You Doing After the War?

By NIMROD

Increasing attention is being given by Parliament, by the Dominion Government, by the Provincial Legislatures and Governments, and by business, professional and other groups to problems of post-war rehabilitation, reconstruction and social security. Widespread public discussions are especially increasing in the Service, where, obviously, personnel are interested in just what they are going to do after the war. The problem is especially serious to personnel who have no definite work to return to, not having worked prior to enlistment, or where their industry will not be ready to employ them.

A Wartime Information Board Bulletin issued from Ottawa, dated April 21, 1944, sets out in considerable detail Rehabilitation plans for our country. Therefore, the information for this article is drawn heavily from this source.

The whole Canadian post-war program, part of which is already in force and part of which is still under discussion, is intended to **provide three main things.**

First, assistance to the individual veteran to re-establish himself or herself in peace-time Canada and to help make up for the time spent away from civilian life and for any physical disability. In short, Rehabilitation.

Second, a plan of reconstruction of the economic system to provide full opportunities for productive employment and for the development of Canadian resources.

Third, a program of **Social Security** providing insurance against the risks of unemployment, sickness, old age, and special family burdens.

The first of these three—Rehabilitation—is one of the earliest importance to the man or women in uniform. Provisions for it are the further advanced of any of the post-war plans.

While provisions under the Canadian Rehabilitation Plan are being modified, mostly broadened, these main provisions will likely remain fundamentally as they now are. It might be wise to go through these provisions briefly, since every reader will have to come in contact with them sooner or later.

1. Immediate Discharge Grants

- (1) One month's pay and allowance paid everyone who has served more than 183 days.
- (2) A \$65.00 clothing allowance.
- (3) Transportation to place of residence or enlistment.

2. Re-establishments Grants

This is a maintenance allowance to defray living expenses while ex-service personnel are "getting on their own feet". These grants are six in number, differing only in length through which allowances are paid. These living allowances are: Monthly, \$44.20 to a single person; \$62.40 to married men, with \$12.00 each for first two children, \$10.00 monthly for the third child, and \$8.00 monthly for each of three additional children. For a married ex-serviceman with four children, his monthly living allowance would be at least \$104.40. A dependent parent would get up to \$15.00 monthly living allowance.

Here are the six types of maintenance grants:

- (1) **Out of Work Benefit:** Can be paid for 12 months during the first 18 months immediately after discharge. This grant has in mind to maintain the discharged person till suitable work is found or while undergoing training for some work.
- (2) **Temporary Incapacitation Grant:** Payable for 12 months to those whose disability temporarily prevents them from earning their living.
- (3) **Awaiting Return Grants:** Payable for 12 months after discharge to a farmer or business man awaiting returns from enterprise.
- (4) **Vocational Training Grant:** Payable for a maximum period equal to length of service. Under this grant the discharged person trains for a vocation and may not need the maximum grant.
- (5) **University Training Grant:** Maintenance for those who had their university training interrupted by enlistment or who can qualify for university entrance within 15 month of discharge. Payable, if student is recommended, for length

of service and longer if a degree can be completed. In addition to this maintenance grant, tuition fees and other necessary fees are payable.

- (6) **Veterans' Land Act:** Veterans can get assistance up to \$6,000 for the purchase of a farm, and repay only \$3,200 at 3½ interest during 25 years.

Brief comment should be made on **Employment Provisions.** 1942 Reinstatement under the Civil Employment Act, a discharged person can apply within three months of discharge for reinstatement to his former employment. This employment is to be on as favorable terms, seniority and pension rights as if his employment had not been interrupted by war service. This is an important privilege.

Naturally, of course, the Civil Service Act provides employment preference to ex-servicemen with Overseas Active Service. This preference exists where the government has contracted with private industry.

Pensions are payable for disabilities, depending on the nature of incapacitation. For complete disability all ranks up to and including Lieutenant in Army or equivalent ranks in other services, the annual pension is \$900 for the man or woman, \$300 for wife, \$180 for first child, \$144 for second and \$120 for each subsequent child. Widows for same rank get \$720 annually and allowances as usual for children. Orphan children get double the child rates. In the case of higher ranks, the man or woman discharged receives a higher grant, but wife and children allowances remain the same.

Each member of this Station should acquaint himself or herself with Rehabilitation Plans, so that some idea and plan may be drawn up by each member for himself or herself long before the period of discharge comes. It may be that your education needs to be brought up to qualify for university. Best of all—start planning today.

SPITFIRE HAS NEW ENGINE

The Spitfire fighter plane has a new engine, the Rolls-Royce Griffin, which has a 23% greater capacity than its predecessor, the Rolls-Royce Merlin. The Griffin has a two-speed, mechanically-driven supercharger and performs equally as well at low levels as at a height of 25,000 feet, the height at which most air battles take place.

SPORTS

Badminton

Badminton has held its popularity through the season on this station, and enthusiasts are reluctant to quit. The American Mixed Doubles Tournament, held in the Drill Hall on May 5, provided a grand finale to the season. Twenty-two teams took part, eleven teams competing in each bracket. The tournament commenced at 1930 hours, and the finals were played off at 2200 hours. Competition was keen and it wasn't until the last game that a decision could be made as to what teams would play off.

Corporal Green (W.D.) and Sgt. Templeton and Cpl. Fisher and Sgt. Roach reached the final by winning all games in their own brackets. In a set of best out of three games, Corporal Green and Sgt. Templeton won 11-5, 4-11, 11-7.

Runners-up in their own brackets were Sgt. Brett (W.D.) and Sgt. Huston, winning 8 out of ten games, and S/O. McPherson and Sgt. MacRae, winning 9 out of 10 games.

Through the co-operation of the Airmen's Mess, the players were able to enjoy a well-earned cup of coffee at the close of the tournament.

Players were:

1st Bracket—Cpl. Foster and G/C. Tennant; LAW. Jankola and P/O. Truckenbrodt; Sgt. Brett and Sgt. Huston; Cpl. Walker and F/S. Mason; Cpl. Fisher and Sgt. Roach; LAW. Strange, G. M. and Cpl. Busch; LAW. Johnstone and F/O. Lake; LAW. Eckold and P/O. Millar; LAW. Webster and Sgt. McIntyre; Cpl. Tyson and F/S. Latrielle; Cpl. Cronk and Sgt. McBean; Cpl. Green and Sgt. Templeton.

2nd Bracket—LAW. Burns, M. G. and P/O. Lane, E. K.; S/O. McPherson and Sgt. McRae; Cpl. Gentleman and Sgt. McPhee; Cpl. Goodwin and WO.2 Rousby; Cpl. Schwandt and F/L. Howard; LAW. Brough and F/S. Crowson; Cpl. Colwell and AC.1 Arnold; Cpl. Rose and F/L. Mortimer-Lamb; LAW. Wilfong and Cpl. Jean; F/S. Laing and WO.2 Leggett.

The first diadems, worn by the ancients instead of crowns, were made of silk or wool and set with precious stones.

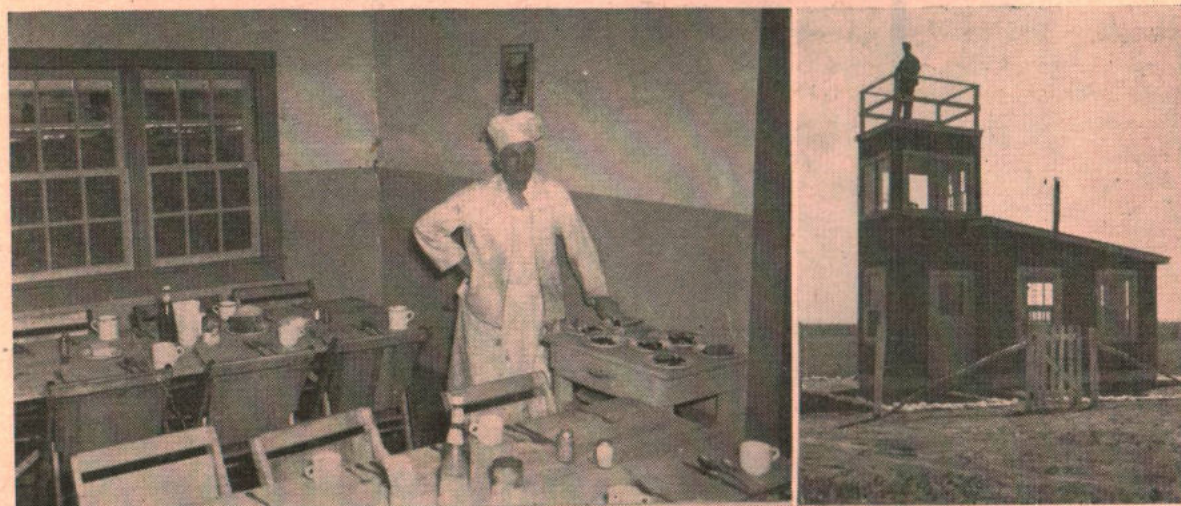
Everything Here But a Juke Box



"Komplete and Kompact" is the Coast Guard's description of its new 20-man "lift kraft," latest answer to the terrors of torpedoed seamen. This new all-meal raft is a virtual ship in itself with cooking facilities, sails, food supplies and even a "morale kit" which includes a Bible, playing cards, tobacco and chewing gum.

Section News

Believe It or Not!



HOME ON THE RANGE

The above shots were taken at the Range, or "Ticville", as it is popularly known. Top left, Bomb Spotter; top right, Meal Time—Come and get it; centre, Dining Hall; bottom left, Cookie; bottom right, Control Tower.

An Afternoon at Ticville

"1410; 44-15, leaders bomb."

"1410; 44-15, leaders bomb," repeat the spotter in the master quadrant. THUMP! The explosion of the bomb, already plotted by the range crew, shakes the shelter.

Newcomers and visitors to the range suddenly realize that the bombs, though small, pack quite a punch. Furtive glances, as our present visitor is doing, are cast towards the target after every THUMP.

"It's all right, they are more than 1,000 yards away; besides, it's safe enough now you've heard the bombs explode; sound is slower than light—it's the ones you don't hear that you have to worry about."

"Aren't you afraid of stray bombs?"

"They always ask that question. There is always the danger of someone being careless. The shelters have been bombed instead of the target and stray bombs often fall quite close to the quadrant shelter, 150 to 200 yards off."

THUMP! Another bomb, and another furtive glance towards the target. "150 to 200 yards; not while I'm here, I hope," our visitor thinks, almost out aloud.

Brrrrr. "Don't jump so, my friend. That is only the students firing from the 300 yard range. There is no danger—all safety precautions, as laid down in regulations, have been taken. Of course, some students may fire in the wrong direction and something could cause a ricochet. You want to duck then, for those bullets are dangerous for three miles."

Brrrrr again, only more muffled this time. "Yes, you're right, that's a machine-gun, but not from the same place as before. That was from the air—from that Boly cruising above the lake. Oh yes, it's quite safe—all precautions taken—there is only the human element that is not entirely trustworthy. There are members of the range crew keeping "tag" on those planes all the time. If anything went wrong during the day they would be spotted immediately, and if there was something wrong on the ground and it was dangerous for exercises to be continued, the N.C.O. detailed as safety officer for the day would send all the planes back to the airport by firing signal rockets."

Our visitor soon becomes accustomed

to the racket and show interest in the planes overhead, trying to watch the bombs from the time they leave the aircraft until they explode near (?) the target, or vainly trying to follow the tracer bullets as they glide past their targets out into the beyond.

Visitors are always welcome at the range, and after a superficial look around on the outside of things we usually take them along to our Mess Hall for a cup of tea and to sample the delicious sandwiches that our cook can produce from nowhere in a flash.

"Mess Hall! Out here?"

"Don't be surprised, my friend. We have our own Mess Hall, which has lately undergone a remodelling and enlarging process, and we have excellent meals made by that genial Scotchman, the Range Cook. By the way, his talents are not restricted to the culinary arts, as he ably displayed when he was the "life of the party" the other night, keeping the ball rolling with his impersonations and his skill on the piano.

We leave the jovial and pleasant surroundings of the Mess to take our visitor on a more detailed tour of the range. "I'm sorry that we can't cover the whole range in one afternoon—that is a very long trip—but we can show you the lads working in the quadrant shelters and Control Tower and give you some idea of the daily routine of a B. & G. range. No, I can't take you out to the target, either. The long trip through mud, slime, and water to the target is treacherous, and it would take you a whole afternoon to reach the target and return, not forgetting the fact that probably you would be covered with "gumbo", and weary from dragging your legs through the sticky, clinging slime of Lake Johnstone."

"Yes, the boys go out to the targets regularly to repair the lights and the wires taking the power to the target lights, but they do that as a part of their job. Training must go on."

"Here we are at the quadrant shelter. That big checker board arrow and squares are signals to the aircraft. By the setting of these signals the crews in the planes are told to 'Go ahead and bomb' or 'Cease bombing and wait' or 'Cease bombing and go home'. The boys in this shelter and the others you can see over there take readings with

a 'quadrant sight' on each bomb as it explodes—those two readings give the exact position of the bomb relative to the target when plotted on the correct chart in the Plotting Office. The quadrant readings of each bomb, together with the exact time of release, are phoned direct to the Plotting Office. Those lads are on duty all day, sometimes from 10 to 11 hours. A new crew will take over for night bombing."

"We must hurry. The next place we visit is the Turrett Building, housing the turrets which the trainees use when firing on the 200 yard range. In front of this building we find the sleeping quarters of the range crew and also the telephone switch board connecting the various quadrants, Control Tower and Plotting Office. A member of the range crew is on duty at the switchboard night and day, also."

"What, you must go! Next time you write us I hope we can get further afield and show you the other targets, and the Control Tower, where the safety officer is stationed during the day, controlling the planes doing the gunnery exercises."

Ticville 1944

Out on the range, the good old standbys blister their hands and strain their weary eyes plotting the bombs and phoning them in. Why, the way they slave is an absolute sin.

As Sarge of the joint, **Reg. Harris** presides. While at work, **Austin** gives all the boys merry rides. **Cote**, always on time, is a capable guy; little goes on that escapes his keen eye.

To rid out "Skunks' Hollow", **Kahler's** the guy to wisecrack and smile slyly, closing one eye. And when **Brick** from his quadrant at night doth leave, sees a weasel and says, "A field mouse, I believe."

For music, here's **Inollerson**, guitar and banjo, with **Harnden** to sing soprano or alto. **Leo Ireland** for lanky, from **Haus** a big smile. It takes Gordon five minutes to bike it a mile.

Faithful Alex makes meals appetizing and hot. He's up early and late—"Johnny on the spot." We wonder how **Ed Crowe** could possibly survive the work he goes through—it's hard to realize.

All kidding aside, they're a grand bunch to know. Their duty they do, seeds of progress they sow. When the war is all over, it'll be a big stake to go mining bombs out in old Johnston Lake.

Range Celebration

"O give he a home where the buffalo roam . . . Home, home on the range . . ." From melodious voices, discordant voices, raucous voices, some masculine, some otherwise, some hesitant, some vibrant with emotion, yet strident with a martyr's devotion, the medley of musical strains issued forth on the still night air. It was a certain Friday evening in the merry month of May. **The Place**—the Mess Hall of the Range at Tickville, 12 miles northwest of the Airport. **The Occasion**, the grand opening of the Rangers' new Mess Hall (it's a peach! some would say a lulu!). **The Guests**, well, many and various; everything from an S.M.O. (any suggestive implication that it was S/L. Jay is purely incidental but perfectly true!); our S. A. D. (and he didn't look at all "SAD"); a certain gentleman of the cloth (except not as gentle as usual); one, the mainspring and author of the party who masqueraded that night as F/O. Bill Lake (good old Bill!) to that item of feminine charm, the reconnaissance Cpl. who recorded on film anything and everything (her name could be "Shirley"), and a gay young sprite who is known to his intimate pals as "Kahler" (was he romantic that night!) In case of any dislocation of a jaw, or tearing of the vocal cords, the S.M.O. was there to provide relief. "J." is convinced that he did some relieving. Or was he relieved?

S/O. Jean Campbell's services, other than professional, of course (were greatly in demand, both vocally and dance-ally. S/O. Betty Galashan made her delightful presence felt. We must not forget a certain armament officer, better known as "Kill", who was in very good voice.

Our thanks to Mrs. Simmonds for her generous assistance in preparing the buffet supper; also to Ed. Boyle, who so ably assisted Alex (Scotty) Paton with the entertainment side of the party.

The wolves at Ticville run more for cigarettes than for girls. At the Wings Ballroom, LAC's. Austin and Harnden noticed LAC. Ireland passing out cigarettes, and they gave us a wonderful exhibition of a race for the treasured article. Austin, however, decided running was too slow, so, in order to win the race, he slid half the length of the ballroom. For those who don't believe this, the dent in the barrel in the ballroom will tell the tale.

Glimpse of the Range Personnel

F/O. W. B. Lake, O/C. Ranges, was born in 1915 on the North Coast of New South Wales, Australia. Spent most of his life in the table lands. Attended public and high school, also university. Bill, as he is known to his friends, was married in 1941 to Miss Daphne James, a pianist and composer of considerable fame. In October, 1941, W. B. Lake became a member of the Australian Air Force. After this preliminary training in Australia, he was posted to Canada in October, 1942. He trained at Lethbridge and Edmonton, where he gained his commission.

During the early part of March, 1943, our O/C. was posted to Mossbank, where he was employed as O/C Bombing Teacher. In the early part of 1944 Mr. Lake was given the position of O/C of the Bombing and Gunnery Ranges. His favorite sport was football, in which he gained a "blue" and captained his team. He says he is too old now for such sport, and prefers golf.

Sgt. E. A. Simmonds, second in command of the Ranges, was born in Amherst, Nova Scotia. At an early age he went with his parents to Boston, Mass., where he obtained his early education. During 1916 the Simmonds moved to Watrous, Sask., which the Sergeant still calls home. There he completed his public and high school education. After attending University of Saskatchewan and Normal School, he embarked on his teaching career in 1928. After teaching for 12 years he joined the R.C.A.F. in 1941 to become a "Joe" armourer. After serving four months detting bombs at No. 3 A.O.S., he returned to Mt. View to become a member of Bombing Instruction Course No. 1. Two months later found Corpl. Simmonds back at A.O.S., Regina, dishing out Bombing Theory to Observers' Courses. During July and August he was at No. 37 S.F.T.S., teaching Air Cadets in the mysteries of Armament. When No. 3 A.O.S. moved to Pearce, Alta., Sgt. Simmonds found himself one of the members of the advance party. When the station disbanded, he was posted to Mossbank. During the first six months at Mossbank he was N.C.O. i/c Plotting Office. He was then transferred to the Range, where he is at present. Sgt. Simmonds is married and lives in Mossbank. As this goes to press

we are informed that he is on his way to Mt. View on another course.

Cpl. E. Berg was born in 1914 at Hollonquist, Sask. Left school in 1929 and engaged in farming until he joined the R.C.A.F. in July, 1941, at Regina. Served at Brandon and Mossbank. Cpl. Berg is very partial to softball, skating, skiing and bowling. He intends to settle in B.C. and start fruit farming. Cpl. Berg is married, his wife living in Moose Jaw.

Cpl. C. Cote was born in 1904 at St. George, Quebec. After obtaining public school education, he went to work in a textile mill, and later on the railroad. On reaching the age of 18, he responded to the call of the west and homesteaded at Chauvin, Alta., where he resided until October, 1941, when he answered the call to arms. He has been on the Range at Mossbank since arriving on the station in November, 1941. Cpl. Cote's main hobby is swimming. His main ambition, as soon as hostilities are over, is to return to his wife and children at Chauvin.

Cpl. R. Luker was born in 1921 at Mascouche, P.Q. He moved to Montreal, where he completed his schooling. After two years in high school and one year in accounting at St. George Williams College, he worked for the next two and one-half years with the Northern Electric Company, in the accounting department. Enlisted in July, 1942, and came to Mossbank in June, 1943. Has been employed on the Range ever since. Ray is married, and hopes that his remuster to aircrew comes through real soon. Interested in sports, especially hockey and basketball.

LAC. G. Gordon was born in 1904 at Belfast, Ireland. He came to Canada with his mother and brother when he was 15, settling in Swift Current. Since his arrival, he has worked at various jobs in that city. He was married in 1934. At the commencement of hostilities, he joined the South Saskatchewan Regiment, but was discharged, due to health, in January, 1940. Undaunted by this, he joined the R.C.A.M.C. in June of the same year, but was declared unfit in November of the same year. Being of good Irish stock, Gordon joined the R.C.A.F. in August, 1941. He served at St. Johns, Quebec, Edmonton, and finally came to Mossbank in May, 1942,

being employed on the Range ever since. He is an ardent soccer fan, and used to take an active part in the game, representing Swift Current. LAC. Gordon plans to return to Swift Current after the war and take up his peace-time job.

LAC. G. Kahler was born in Toronto in 1924. After completing Grade 8 he was employed as a jockey for five years. At the outbreak of war he became a machinist and worked at this trade until his enlistment in September, 1943. After the war he plans to visit Africa. Interested in sports, especially baseball and riding.

AC.1 Richard Shepherd was born in 1925 in Winnipeg, where he completed his Grade XI. Moved to Regina in 1943. Attended Balfour Technical School, studying draughting. Joined the Service in June, 1943. Hobbies are music and drawing; plays a saxophone. Hopes to be able to attend University. Interested in sports, particularly rugby and basketball.

LAC. A. Hawes was born in Toronto in 1925. Completing his Grade VIII, he left school to enter the Lincoln Electric, doing war work. Enlisted in September, 1943. Mechanically minded; likes building model aircraft; wants to be an electrician.

AC.1 J. Fallowfield was born in 1926 at Brampton, Ont. Obtained his Grade X and left school to take a war job. Later was employed at the Malton Airport. Enlisted in August, 1943. Hobbies are stamp collecting, and model aircraft. Interested in baseball and skating. After the war he wants to return to aircraft work.

AC.1 J. Mollerson was born in 1924 at Mulvihill, Man. Obtained his Grade XI, and went to work on his father's farm until he joined the R.C.A.F. in October 1943. Has a desire to travel and see the world. Likes music, skiing, model aircraft building, and motor-cycling.

Watch for next issue of "Target" when more personal glimpses of the remainder will appear.

A group of girls were discussing getting married, after reading the long list of marriages appearing in the papers each day. One of the girls said she did not mean to get married until after the war, and her reason is: "I want to help win this war before I get into another one."

New Trade

In the last issue of "Target" it was reported that the W.D.'s had invaded 22 trades here at Mossbank. Since that issue, however, we find that 23 is now the correct number, as on May 2nd three Radio Telephone Operators made their appearance on our Station. The three — Wanda Ferrier of Regina, Sask., Doran Bryant of Kamsack, Sask., and Mary Smythe of Powell River, B.C. — just recently graduated from No. 1 Wireless in Montreal. The first named two are working in the Control Tower in the Wireless Room, while the other is now attached to the Wireless Section.

R.T.O. is a course that was just recently opened to W.D.'s, and the three entered the course directly upon completion of their basic training. They were taught how to take bearings on aircraft, how to give a homing bearing to a pilot, and they learned to operate all the equipment necessary to keep in touch with the aircraft from the time it takes off until it lands again. The course also included Morse and Aldis Lamp, which is used extensively on operational stations.

They all like No. 2 B. & G. very much, and hope that their postings, which are really only temporary, will not be too temporary, so that they can be with us for a while.

SIMPLE THINGS

I wonder if the tides of spring
Will always bring me back again
Mute rapture at the simple thing
Of lilacs blooming in the rain.

—Thomas S. Jones, Jr.

* * *

In eastern lands they talk in flowers,
and tell in a garland their loves and cares.—Percival.

* * *

What is true, simple and sincere is
most congenial to man's nature.—Cicero.

* * *

When the heart speaks, however
simple the words, its language is always
acceptable to those who have hearts.—
Mary Baker Eddy.

* * *

In character, in manners, in style, in
all things, the supreme excellence is
simplicity.—Longfellow.

Introducing Navigation Flight

F/O. Maybin—Our new O/C., taking over from F/O. Roberts, who is now in Gunnery Flight. Right now, F/O. Maybin is on the Parachute Section's black list as he sends the students down in the morning to get 'chutes, and back in the late afternoon to return them, causing great headlock to the section. He is also having his troubles keeping track of the pilots, but after a heart to heart talk with the boys things should run a little smoother.

Putting everything aside, we still think we have a very fair and capable flight commander, who is well liked by all.

F/O. Yule (Tied)—Absolutely no relation to Father Christmas (meaning good cheer). As a Borden Ball player, he would do very well at marbles, but we hear he is a whiz at Compass swinging (so he says).

P/O. Prior—An old hand on the station, is very quiet but enthusiastic about the whole thing. He seemed a little sceptical as to the skill of the new pilots at first, but seems to be gaining more confidence in their ability.

P/O. Walker—Commonly known as "Mr. 5 by 5 from Down Under". Dickie, being very keen, should have a special log for his tarmac check hours. He is also a great hand at cranking Ansons.

Sgt. Crosson—The W.D. pin-up Sergeant, particularly one called "Happy"—or is it the read-headed telephone operator? Say, how about the last station dance, eh, Slim? Tsk! Tsk! could it be love—what say, Happy?

Sgt. Love—nicknamed "Lovey-Dovey"—also has quite a few tarmac check hours to his credit, plus many taxiing hours. We think he firmly believes the old story his grandmother told him about flying low and slow to be on the safe side, as in reference to his speedy cross-country trips.

Sgt. Harris—"Flukey" to you—We have often wondered as to the origin of his nickname. Could it be referred to his flying ability or his size. S'truth, Command has been sleuthing, trying to discover why our old MK. 1's are becoming sway backed! A diet may help, eh, Flukey?

Sgt. P. C. Playford—An amazing creature who never has breakfast, yet finishes up eating six meals a day. It is quite obvious, though, to impartial observers just where he stores all his grub.

Sergeants McCaig and Ackerman—I think we are quite justified in putting those two chaps together, because where you find "Maggie" you are sure to find "Ackie". By the way, fellows, watcha got up there in Moose Jaw—must be something pretty lush, eh? After all, one doesn't lengthen one's 48 for nothing. By the way, our O/C took a rather dim view of it.

Sgt. Bill Watkins—The guy with the door mat beneath his nose. Don't ever mention fishing in his presence unless you have at least an hour to kill. His room looks like a fishing cabin at mid-season. If anyone wants an argument on any subject, Bill will be only too willing to oblige. That is, if reading books mean anything.

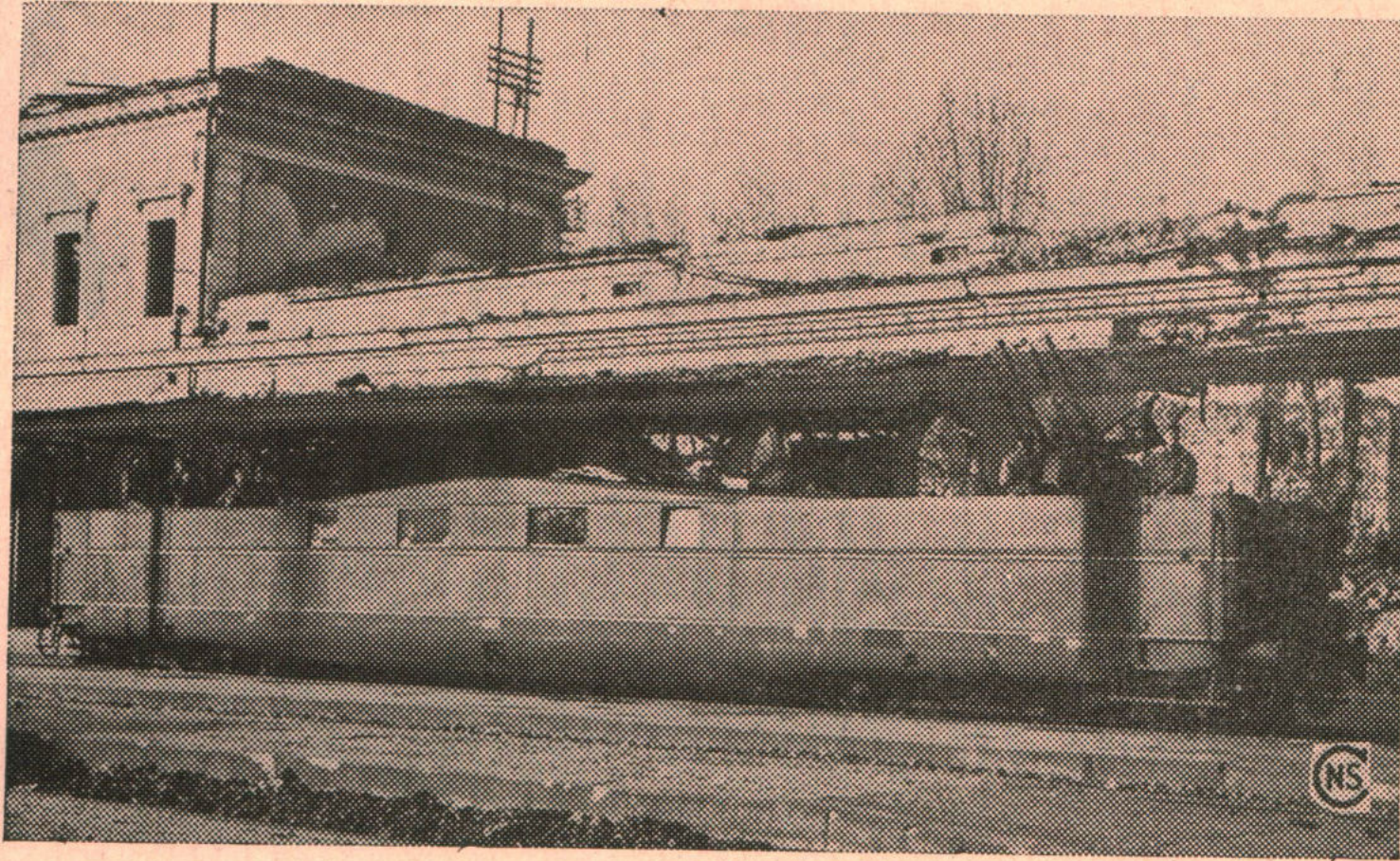
Sgt. Doug Browning—Another Aussie of the Navigation Flight team, better known as "Meggsie". It's a funny thing his watch seems to stop every morning just about reveille time. It worked once, anyway. The Browning-Yule feud is almost history now. Incidentally, these are the two who have gained fame by their cross-country circuits.

Extra

It has been said that the Navigation training that the bombardiers receive here has helped considerably in aiding the pilots of Bombing Flight to find their way home.



Bennie Doesn't Live Here Any More



Once a gift from Adolf Hitler to his friend Benito Mussolino, this deluxe armored railway car now is fighting on the side of the Allies in Italy. The elaborate car, bristling with guns fore and aft, was captured by advance units of the Fifth Army in the Naples area. Now, manned by an American crew of 10 men and an officer, it is being used to provide anti-aircraft defence for Allied military trains operating northwards Naples to the front.

Fire Hall Sparks

LAC. Remple started a new fad by going on a 72 completely broke. He took in four towns during his travels, had a whale of a time (Regina, eh. Remp?) and returned home with over a dollar, which proves—"money isn't everything."

"Shorty" Dawes took in Regina on a recent "72" and came home wearing a big grin, clutching a girl's address in his hand and shouting "What a dame! What a dame!" Motto: "Love conquers all."

AC.1 Campbell, our genial barber is sure a good business man. He charged LAC. Graham 25c for a haircut and then another half-dollar to repair the mistakes.

Frank ("Sinatra") Morris sure gives out on his own rendition of the "Shower Room Blues." Is it because it's spring again, Frank?

After seeing Cpl. Smith in action we know why there is a liquor shortage in Saskatchewan.

Sergeant Huston keeps trimming his moustache every time he see Shawcross. Poor "Slim" has been trying to grow one for eight months, and is he ever jealous! "Ross" helps things along by saying that you have to be a man to grow one. Your time will come, Reg (in about 20 years).

Harry Kindred and George Oldham were playing a game of cards (the fire-fighters' pastime, oh yeah!) when Harry suggested that Georgie cut the cards. You didn't have to use a fire-axe, though, Georgie!

If you don't believe in drooling, you should see LAC. Remple with that picture in his locker-top. Gosh, now you've got me doing it.

Welcome back to ye old Fire Hall, "Vic" Engberg. We're sure glad to see you back.

Shorty Dawes, one of our old stand-bys, has taught Rex, our station mascot, how to punch liquor permits. Now, all that he has to do is to train him to swipe some and we'll be all set. I don't thing the Adjutant would mind, would you sir?

AC. Solmi (the handsomest guy in camp) and Harry Kindred were playing LAC. Shawcross a game of horseshoes next to the fire hall. Shawcross forgot to let go of the shoe and ended up on top of No. 6 hangar. Incidentally Shaw-

cross is seen sneaking over to the hospital each night for a cup of blood.

Maj. Rousby: "If you were shipwrecked on an island with your mother, sister and girl-friend, and had a boat that would only rescue two, what would you do?"

"Vic" Engberg: I'd give my mother and sister the boat.

Medical Officer: How often do you get this pain?

Wes Graves (feebly): Every five minutes.

Medical Officer: And how long does it last?

West Graves (more feebly): About two hours.

Medical Officer: Humm! A case of insanity.

What certain fire-fighter shaves on the instalment plan? A little down every two weeks. You guess.

Cpl. Smith and LAC. Graham were at the show one night when Graham fainted. Cpl. Smith shouted: "Is there a doctor in the house?" No answer.

Cpl. Smith again: "Is there a doctor in the house?"

Voice from back of hall: "Yes, I'm a doctor."

Cpl. Smith: "How do you like the show, doc?"

Yours in tears,

Reg Shawcross.

Officer (on leave)—What is this on the register?

Hotel Clerk—A bug, sir.

Officer (laying down the pen) — I don't mind if you have bugs in this hotel, but when they come out to see what room you take—that's too much.

W.D.: "This letter says my dachshund died."

Airman: "What happened?"

W.D.: "He met his end going around a tree."

Muscular tension is believed to be one of the major causes of light sleeping.

WORKSHOPS

Having missed the last two issues of "Target" we decided to get down to the business of writing up propaganda on our men. In the last two months we've had quite a change over in the shop, consisting of: The increase of new men; the change over of the Compressor Room to the Spark Plug Dept.; but, so far, we haven't been able to decide which is the worst, the boys or the Spark Plug boys. We also lost a couple of our boys on an overseas draft—Addy, the welder, and Plastic Wood Slim (Sokratiese). We hope both of them enjoy there stay over there and wish them the best of luck.

Now, our Sparky Plug kids—**Marley** and **O'Byrne**. They were our two shyest chaps in the shop till they went to Gravelbourg one night — whow! and now we've got to put them on a leash. We are beginning to wonder what the attraction is for Marley down there. Is it a girl down there, or the thrill of your company on the way down and back?

We can't say much about **F/Sgt. Mac-Millan**, as he is a foreigner here. He is always kicking about the west, but something must be agreeing with him, because he is gaining weight. Maybe the good beer.

Sgt. Stewart is quite a good looking young chap, with nice wavy grey hair, is a home man, and also has no use for anyone who drinks. We think Sandy is taking his leave in June with serious intentions of doing some harvesting—or?

We wonder why **Cpl. Whiskin** went his car back last 48—is it because his W.D. has flat feet, or is walking crowded?

Our boy, **Saunders**, (Peanuts) is really taking a great interest in the office lately. Wonder if he intends remustering to a clerk, or is it the W.D. attraction in the office?

We wonder why **R. H. Russell** is spending his after duty hours in his bed? Is he still tired from the last leave, or is he resting up for the next? "Ha, Ha".

We haven't anything on **LAC. Berard** yet, as he is a new-comer from Calgary.

LAC. Pederson is quite the wolf. He says he is going home to sell Victory Bonds. Maybe, but when are you going

to set that happy day, Pete? Let us in on it, eh?

Why is it that **AC.1 Pengelly** has such an interest in Maintenance Control Room?

Cheer up, **AC.1 Bentley**, you'll be able to see the little girl for a while longer, seeing that the overseas draft is cancelled. Thanks for the cokes.

AC.1 Short is Sandy's left-hand man, and comes from Swift Current. He is also a new-comer to the shop.

AC.1 Russell is a carpenter, and has just arrived. He is a Winnipegger.

Now to another lad that missed the overseas draft. He hails from Toronto—none other than **AC.1 Speigel A-Louie**.

AC.4 Stubbs is the boy that sure is in with the women. He met so many on leave that he was slightly late getting back.

Cpl. Wilson is a very happy man since his wife started working on the station. Is it because of the extra money for beer, or is it a way to pass the noon hours.

AW.1 Smart sure has a lovely voice. We wonder if it is the change of bird seed, or the new boy friend known as Peanuts?

Now to **LAC. Urschel**, our Gravelbourg lad, the most well-known chap of the French town. We wonder why he goes down there so often? He says business, but we don't.

We wonder why **Cpl. Ruskin** went north of Regina last 72? Was it on business—or what? We hear lots about him, but we can't say much.

We don't know whether **Cpl. Sadler** (Doins) is sick in the hospital or not, but he spends the most of his time there. **The Cupar Special . . . or**

A Long 72

All of Cpl. Art Whiskin's 72 certainly was not spent in Cupar, as the original plan called for. After a "hard" night in Regina, at the Trianon, Art hitchhiked into Cupar—on a 101 Massey-Harris tractor—and stayed for the dance that night in Cupar. The following morning Art crated his Mother's sewing machine and went to another dance in Dysart. Talk about a "hard" 72—that sure was one. Did that truck wake you up, Art? Or were you sleeping in the ditch?

Echoes From the Service Police

Once again we come forth with our modest contribution, which we trust will help to fill one small corner in your up and coming monthly Target. And speaking about your, or should I say our, worthy Station Magazine, might I say that after reading last month's Anniversary number and digesting quite a few incidents that took place since the opening edition, I can't help but pass along a few words for continued success to your future editions and trust that our paper will continue to keep up its good work of passing along interesting happenings and doings of our Station personnel.

Ramblings and Rumbblings

Glad to see Sgt. Perrie's smiling countenance back with us again after a "De-freshing Refresher" trip to Trenton.

Sorry to see another one of our efficient S.P.'s leave us for the wide open spaces overseas. Congratulations and good luck to Cpl. J. H. McDonald, and even though he hasn't been with us very long, we wish him continued success in his line of duty. Good luck also goes to our quiet but demonstrative McMillan, who recently classed himself among the retired lucky ones and hangs up his uniform for the duration. And the same goes for Cpl. Montague, who also did the disappearing act, or should I say vanishing retreat?

We also lost our faithful leader a short time ago, whom every one knew as "Ally." He was well liked by every one, and even though his position called for strict rulings at times he always handled his end in a quiet and efficient sort of a manner. Good luck and a happy landing is extended to you, F/O. Allingham from all your obedient and co-operating S.P.'s in your future civilian adventures.

Here and There

It seems we are having quite a time of late trying to keep up with "Bubbles" McDonald and his movements. Keep up the good work, old timer, this is still Leap Year as yet, and there's nothing like making hay while the Sun shines.

Spring must really be in the air lately, or is Stratton just feeling his way along slowly until something is supposed to happen—no offence, old sock; and we sincerely hope every little thing turns out the way it is supposed to.

Quite a time recuperating after that "Annual", eh, Andy? Glad to see you back with us again and the very best of luck to you.

Canadian Postal Corps

So you're going to mail a letter. Sure, you've done that numerous times before. In a few days it is delivered to its destination. Simple, isn't it—or is it?

The men overseas know what a job is being done, but we all like to receive mail. What goes on behind the scenes is a big story.

Base Post Office, Ottawa, is the heart of the huge machine handling the services' mail. From here are promulgated the orders to keep it running smoothly.

To Ottawa, Mossbank B. & G. is just another number, 1203, but to us here in Mossbank, it's a Godsend linking us to the world between 48's. Sgt. "Ronny" Collette (hails from The Pas) has on his staff Cpl. "Ted" Weir (Calgary is home) and Pte. "Bud" Nelson of Miskanaw, Sask. The W.D.'s are familiar faces to everyone, but here are their names: Cpl. Chamberlain, Cpl. "Evelyn" Stevenson, LAW. Thelma Conway and Eunice Kollin are the clerks who greet you at the wickets when you call for mail.

Mail comes in twice a day, but the large load comes on the 1300 train—2,000 letters a day for the past three years, 100 parcels a day, not counting newspapers, magazines, everything imaginable, and from all parts of the world—**your mail**. It's exacting work sorting, getting ready for the impatient barrage of airwomen and airmen which comes at 1700 hours every afternoon, but it's done, and every day except Sunday, rain or shine.

M.P.O. 1203 transacts the same business as the post offices at Regina, Halifax or Vancouver—airmail, special delivery, airgraphs, money orders, postal notes, war savings stamps and certificates and postage stamps and the post office savings account fill the daily routine of the staff from 0800 hours until 1900 hours. That's a long day, usually still going on after they close at 1900 hours in the evening filing and indexing and straightening up accounts.

By the way, figure out how much mail has been handled since the station opened, not counting the overflow at Christmas, etc.

Oh, yes, we have the only post office in Canada which has been scarred by bomb damage—one window and the staff shaken up. Believe it or not.

Control Tower Capers

As another issue of "Target" rolls off the press "Ye Olde Control Tower" has marked up another "millstone" in their daily grind towards victory.

In the absence of our regular reporter, **Toddie**, who has been a patient in the hospital, a couple of unknowns have undertaken the job of digging up a little news for the loyal readers of this column.

Our O.C., **F/Lt. Nicholls**, is a very busy man. At the present time he is carrying out both the duties of O.C. of A.T.S. and Chief Instructor. In spite of all his worries and responsibilities, **F/Lt. Nicholl** is still able to retain his sunny disposition.

We are glad to report that **F/Lt. Reesor**, formerly of the Airdrome Control Staff, is with us again for a short time. His pleasing personality and helpful suggestions are always welcomed by the Tower Personnel. We hope that he will be able to stay with us for some time to come.

The Control Tower staff takes this opportunity of offering **Lou Burns**, Records Clerk, their deepest sympathy in her recent sad bereavement. **Lou's** father passed away suddenly at the end of April.

Our key-thumping stenog., **Gladys Archer**, has been doing double duties during the absence of **Cpl. Todd**. Nice work, **Gladys**. We all like your new "hair do", even though one officer passed the remark that she resembled **Mary Queen of Scots**. Cheer up, **Gladys**, a certain person adores that kiss curl.

We hope that **Cpl. "Toddie" Todd** will be with us again by the time this epistle rolls off the press. We miss those brown eyes and humorous sayings of yours.

Uncle Willie, our miscellaneous special, has been very busy of late. We mean busy getting the Tower ready for inspection. "He handles the whitewash brush with the touch of an artist," said one fair **W.D.**, who happened to be passing at the time.

The **Precis** room staff, under the able "guidance" of **Cpl. "Oscar" Wilde**, keeps the Tower alive with the rumble of the printing presses. "**Oscar**" the Editor of "Target", is a real hound, we mean newshound, of course, so govern yourselves accordingly if you want to keep out of the magazine.

Terry Bounds, the **Precis** room stenog, has migrated to headquarters. We were

sorry to see you go, **Terry**. However, we hope that you will like your new job. Taking over **Terry's** job is **LAW. Patterson**, or **Pat** to us. We hope you will like it here, **Pat**. We will likely have more news about you next time.

The draughtsmen keep pretty quiet and so our news about them is rather short. The staff, **Eric Fairhurst** and **Jack Longden**, both nice young men, confine their time strictly to figures and drawings. Ahem!

Last, but not least, is our pet gopher. He still manages to keep clear of **Uncle Willie's** club. We have come to the conclusion that this gopher bears a charmed life, for **Uncle Willie** is dynamite with a club.

Well, that's about all the Tower news for now, so we will leave you with the latest idea for **Mossbank W.D.'s** to try out.

Grasshopper green is to be the fashionable color in wool this spring.

The very thing for jumpers. (Pretty corny, eh, what?)

Overheard in the Tower Garden

Uncle Willie: "This, **Oscar**, is a tobacco plant."

Oscar: "Good show. How long will it be before the cigars are ripe? The **W.D.'s** are getting inquisitive."

Airmanship Control Tower

Q.—What is the procedure after a forced landing?

A.—The pilot, after extricating himself from the wreckage, should summon the nearest onlooker, borrow a cigarette and inquire his whereabouts. If he has landed in an onion field he should fill his pockets with the rare exotic fruit, and explain that the **AIR MINISTRY** will pay for everything. He should then asked to be directed to the nearest house containing a telephone, a well stocked cellar, and a beautiful daughter who has not yet met the **AIR FORCE**. It would be well also, the next morning, to ring up the **C.O.** and have him send a car around.

Q.—What is the procedure when landing at a strange aerodrome?

A.—Dive to within 20 feet of the Control Tower to wake up the duty pilot, and pull out in a climbing roll.

(Note—Twin engine pilots may do a stall turn instead; it will have the same effect.) Then carry out an opposite circuit to let them know you're a visitor, and try to land as near the mess as possible. Just try it sometime, it's fun.

Q.—What is the best way to descend through a cloud?

A.—In an aeroplane or attached to a parachute.

Q.—You are flying above the sea at an altitude of 25 feet; visibility, nil; the nearest land is 300 miles to starboard. You're suffering from cramps. Suddenly both engines fail and the port wing falls off. What is the immediate action?

A.—Make out, in triplicate, a request for seven weeks' compassionate leave.

Q.—Why should extra care be taken when taxiing?

A.—Because if you are involved in an accident or collision the other participant is bound to be a Senior Officer, so you will be in the wrong.

Q.—What is the action to be taken by the pilot prior to take-off?

A.—First, you must ask yourself if you wish to fly that day or not. On deciding to do so, or having it decided for you, choose your A/C and find an Airman to wind it up for you, while you sit in the cockpit. By the time you have your parachute harness adjusted, the Airman should have the engine primed, and be winding like a madman, casting occasional reproachful glances at the cockpit. Then choose a moment when he is not looking to turn on the switch. When the engine starts, throttle back to keep from running into the hangar. Tie a knot in your rip cord to remind you the next time to use Chocks. Do your cockpit check by casting a rapid glance around your instrument panel to make sure they are all there, and wave the Airman away. (You do not know that he fell when the engine started, and is now struggling under the tail-wheel.) Having surmounted the obstruction offered by his writhing legs, you taxi smartly into the wind and take-off.
THE SKY IS YOURS.

So long for now.

CPL. LAPORTE, B. D.,
Flying Control.

NOTE FOR TODAY

Their gift is not in golden coin:
In higher values must we measure
Lives offered up in Freedom's cause
While we but lend an earthly treasure.

Drogue Flight

Here we are once more from Drogue Flight and, as was the cast last time, our "dirt" is being censored. So remember, anything written here could be ten times worse.

Back Again

F/Lt. Calderwood is now back with us, after vigorous bond campaigning.

Ladies' Man?

WO.2 White (Sweet Face) is trying to become the ladies' man of the station. What did he do in the bowling alley to make an impression on the rest of the fellows?

Moose Jaw—Here I Come

Sgt. Whittaker is going on leave this week-end, and has his zoot-suit and long chain all ready to go. Says to tell all his gal friends to meet him at the "greasy spoon" (Temple Gardens).

Family Man

F/O. Henderson is quite a quiet fellow these days—after celebrating an addition to the family. A boy, too! He's still trying to catch up on lost sleep since floor pacing.

P.T.—W.D. Style

We have been wondering why F!Sgt. Grant doesn't take P.T. with the rest of the pilots. We've found out, though—he takes it with the W.D.'s.

Mystery in the Flight

Who is the C.W.A.C. who is continually making eyes at a certain Flight Sergeant, even when his "better half" is around, too?

"Sculptor or Scalptor"?

Ossie Mang should tell you about his putty busts he has in his room. After every date he rushes into his room and whips up a life-like likeness.

One Dollar Allowance—"Pin Money"

F/O. Minton is back with us—in a way. Seems to be too tired, though, to do much work in the flight. He was very happy today because his wife gave him a dollar to spend.

Nothing but the truth has very little to add to Drogue Flight's column this month as the columnists are a bit worried—about their own conduct.

Said Adolf, "I'm bound to relate
Why those British inspire me to hate,
They're so frightfully dumb,
How they'll stick up a thumb,
And Heil! to the Goddess of Fate."

—G. M. Davis.

NAVIGATION FLIGHT

Readers will take note that something new has been added to our station as well as to this issue of "Target."

Navigation Flight was organized and started operating about the first day of Spring. The scribe has just been informed that more news of said Flight is required.

This new Flight has its headquarters in Drogue (N.3) hangar, and so far things have been operating very smoothly. Sometimes things get rather congested, but there always seems to be ways to iron them out.

There have been some changes in our maintenance crew, which has increased our personnel over our original staff. These changes have fortified us with personnel of the night crew. They were not getting enough sunlight, so it was thought a little daylight would do them good. We haven't heard many complaints to date.

With the new changes that were made our N.C.O. strength has been increased by the addition of **Sgt. Danforth**, formerly of Bombing Flight. He has just finished his leave, so whether it will do him good or harm, remains to be seen.

Cpl. Hindley of Gunnery was received in exchange for Cpl. Housden. Tommy says the scarcity of "B" group riggers has its effects upon "A" group Corporals. It seems all A/C have to be D.I.'s whether it has to be done by a "B" group or not.

Cpl. Crowder, the original N.C.O., remains with the flight. He has completed three years of service at No. 2 B. & G., and will probably help close the place—if it is closed.

Some of our personnel have various experiences at their homes. This comes from Rocky Mountain House, Alta.:

The Pioneer Spirit

Grandpappy Major, an Alberta hill-billy, had wandered off into the hills. When supertime came and he failed to return, your Don was sent out to search for him and bring him in. Don located Grandpappy standing quietly in a clump of bushes.

"Gittin' dark, Grandpap," said Don.

"Yep," said Grandpappy.

"Supper's ready."

"Yep."

"Ain't ye hungry, Grandpap?"

"Yep."

"Well, ain't ye comin' home?"

"Nope."

"Why not?"

"Can't."

"Why can't ye?"

"Standin' in a b'ar trap."

Photo Corners

Excitement here since the last issue of "Target".

Corporal Green is back from the East and, would you believe it, she has picked up the biggest words such as "and, and such, or because". Oh, well, Shirley, sooner or later we will understand you and your new language.

Elsie is having a wonderful time, tho' the Hospital has called to its quarters **Pte. Fournier**. In the meantime, Elsie sits on her bunk, trying her darnedest to chew the wrinkles out of her gum.

Betty is at present forty-eighting, and why, Betty, is it that you spend, not one, not two—but, all your 48's on camp?

Knitting has become a real pastime, **Leone** tells us, and since her last trip to Moose Jaw she and her blonde pal, **Viv**, are working like Amazons with air force blue wool. Incidentally, Leone is a swell knitter—and a fast one, too. In fact, I know no one could **Peter** if they wanted too.

Greeted by a T.A.B.T., **Olsen** arrived in camp quite tired after being home on leave in Vancouver. Quotes Olie, when asked the very usual question, "Did you have a nice time?": "I sure did; weather was swell; Stanley Park's still there; the parades — the parades are over."

As for **Frenchy**, no one knows yet where she'll settle, so we'll let it stand. "No noose is good noose"—and you still form a limb in the Photo Section.

THE PHOTO NEWSY.

The pupil was asked to paraphrase the sentence: "He was bent on seeing her."

He wrote: "The sight of her doubled him up."

LAC.: "I know a good joke about crude oil."

AC.: "Well, spring it."

LAC.: "It ain't refined."

MAINTENANCE "5"

BETWEEN FOUR LANES

In the April issue of "Wings" it has been noted that our station magazine is not the only one with the name of "Target." The Mont Joli's station paper is also called "Target." Is another name contest the next step?

On the night of April 5th, LAC. Art Sawatsky was going around 14 barracks trying to sell a pair of used rubbers (Air Force issue at that). Gosh, Art, you ought to know that we are all issued rubbers, or overshoes.

Our original station mascot, Smokey, who puts in most of his time chasing .303 machine-gun belt links and coke bottle caps in Maint. 5, was confronted with a new problem. Smokey has become quite deft at catching coke bottle caps thrown in the air in the smoke room. However, when one of the boys put a coke bottle cap under an empty milk bottle, upside down, Smokey just couldn't figure it out. He could see it but could not get at it to pick it up. But with a good left paw he soon knocked the bottle over and retrieved the coke cap and was as happy as ever.

Many of the W.D.'s, much to their annoyance, are challenged by Smokey's loud barking while passing through Maint. 5 Hangar—unless they work in stores (either Clothing or our own Tool stores). Even the W.D.'s who work in the Control Room and Orderly Room come under this stiff, loud and persistent barking.

Saturday Night in Mossbank and Early Sunday Morning

LAC. "Pete" Peterman went into Mossbank on Saturday night (May 6th), but he can't remember much about it. We noticed that he managed to find a butler somewhere in Mossbank—in the form of LAC. Norm Berner. I wonder if all butlers have to put the boss to bed at night. It does make it late getting to bed though, doesn't it Norm?

After the dance at Mossbank, LAC. Tony Zabielski came back to camp and "dropped" into bed. Those "four-point-string-suspended" beds are not very reliable, are they, Tony? Nothing like sleeping on the floor, anyway, is there, Tony?—that is, if you don't get cold

feet trying to get to sleep. These "water-bottles" we have in barracks produce the opposite results.

We welcome to our hangar (if we don't get P.T.) our new Sgt. Chapman, who is a P.T. and Drill Instructor. He arrived here from No. 2 Manning Pool, where he has been for the past two and a half years. It looks as though we are going to see a lot of you, Sarg, so it looks as though you will have to toot your own horn (well, whistle, then) till we get to know you better.

Things We are Wondering:

When will Cpl. Ellard get that third he is dreaming of?

If a certain F/Sgt. is going to take up house-cleaning as a profession after the war?

If the oil room will ever be tidy two days in a row, and when will the Anson line learn to put the lids back on the dope cans?

If Hendin really believes he is officer material?

If "Windy" wolf is as brave as he claims?

Why does "Machine-Gun" come back limping after every 48; could that door step on the liquor store have anything to do with it, or was it the S.P.'s?

What Doc did with the drum he used to beat?

If some of the S.O.P.'s from Expanse ever think about doing a little work?

If Berner is going to be a tool-maker or a jeweller after peace comes?

When will the "higher-ups" get wise to a certain senior N.C.O. who used to be on the night crew? He might try holding his teeth with "Bostich" cement.

If Bradley will ever get water-soaked and when will he quit acting like a school kid?

If Al Bock will ever get the credit which is due him for some of his ideas on repairing the Boly's, and not a so-called A.F.M. Corporal, who tries to convince his Sergeant they are his?

Is it true that the oil and varsol tanks are to be nickel-plated, so they can be polished with "Silvo"?

The question is, who is having the troubles in the "Crow's Nest" (the pent-house) in No. 5 Hangar, over 48's. Is it

Cpl. "Machine-Gun" Kelly trying to get her 48, or is it F/Sgt. Buchan-Terrell trying to prevent her from getting one?

Who is our newly-appointed "Public Health Inspector of Mossbank? Well, Peterman?

LAC. Norm Berner has found that such a little town as Mitchellton can be pretty exciting and strenuous, at least he came back from his 48 all tired out. How about that school ma'm, Norm? Guess your attention will be directed towards Mitchellton on your 48's from now on. Is your "butler's" job just for in between 48's?

What We Would Like to Know:

How AC.1 Groff checked the clearance on the brake of the M.K.I. Anson. How about it, Groff?

If Cpl. Kelly found the vacuum pump on the M.K.I. Anson, and we're not kidding.

Travis playing an accordion solo at a dance in Mossbank and then later playing drums.

"Pop" Wiskar has another car; wonder if he has the back seat fixed up for sleeping in it yet?

Travis getting 30 days' leave to finish the work on the farm.

Sgts. Duperon (Kid) and Bill (Lefave) have new quarters and they say it is fixed up nice. We wonder if Kid has found out what the drying room is like after one of his nights out.

Who does Ione come to see in Maintenance 5? (Is it for cokes or to see Doins?)

Kelly asking Doins and Ione to sit in front of her at a show so she (Kelly) could see something interesting.

Henderson winning twice in a week? (Will he give out samples?)

Westrum investing 2c and getting a big return for his money?

Who was the LAC. in M.5 that wanted to know what the Stores staff had done with his two pair of overalls? When asked if he had turned them into Stores, he said, "Oh, no, I left them in my locker."

The other day the Navy invaded M.5 in the person of Sgt. Barragar's son. The W.D.'s in the hangar said, "That is what we need out here—the Navy: . . . and have been talking about them ever since."

In future, Sgt. Kray wants his rank to be respected. No more of this "Speed" for him, 'cause he is a Sergeant . . . and such a quiet lad. Now, whose kidding?

Gunnery Flight

Ground Crew in Gunnery has been reorganized with Sgt. Fredrickson at the helm, seconded by Cpls. Morris, Housden, Evoy and Hanson. The rest of the crew is made up of men from almost every part of Servicing Squadron.

The new system got under way Sunday noon, the 7th, with the usual cries and wails, but its now seems to be smoothing out to a well organized flight, and certainly a nice change for most of the personnel involved.

We are wondering where a certain LAC. gets all the drag to have an officer wake him in the morning for work, after a late show, and also, who's the short fellow in Gunnery Flight who fails to realize whether or not he is sleeping in a French bed?

We have noticed, on looking around, that LAC. Jaster has joined the ranks with "Curly" Barmby, with a brush cut. On the side, they say there's a reason, after his last 48 at home.

A G.I.S. Smile

One of the trainees, a native of Aberdeen, Scotland, was anxious to do a little horseback riding through the beautiful countryside around Mossbank. So he proceeded to make inquiries around G.I.S. as to how he could secure a good saddle horse. The smiling, ever-obliging discip., Andrew by name, and a Scot, by the way, came to the lad's rescue, and directed him to a nearby farm.

Upon making enquiries at the farm he was met with the usual western hospitality. The farmer was only too glad to lend the trainee a horse, but there was one question which had to be answered.

"What kind of a saddle do you want—one with or without a horn?" asked the farmer.

The young Aberdonian thought for a minute in the regular air force manner and then replied:

"Without a horn, I guess. There doesn't seem to be much traffic on these prairies."

Corridor Conversations

Break period again. And all G.I.S. converges in the coke-room. After the struggle to get a coke, then it "shoots the breeze" for ten minutes. "How would you like to spend a 48 in London, Lads?" I asked several R.A.F. trainees. Everyone in England has not been to London, and we thought it very interesting the way they talked about famous spots we read about. Here's what they did:

A 48 in London, England: The Southern Electric Railway draws into Victoria Station at 0807 a.m. ("on time", of course) and we step off to start our peregrinations of the city. A room is the first importance and, catching a tube-train, we proceed to Marble Arch, where, nearby, we succeed in obtaining a room in the Cumberland Hotel. The journey having edged our appetites, we satisfy the "inner man" in spite of the rationing.

Feeling pleasantly comfortable, a stroll in nearby "Hyde Park" appeals to us as a fine way to spend the remainder of the morning. The unusual and amusing sight of Young America indulging in the national game of baseball arouses interest (and sympathy). Later, relaxed in a boat on the Serpentine, we indulge in the beauty of the Park, the fresh green of the trees laden with pink and white blossoms of apple and almond, in contrast to the grim symbols of the time, the sandbagged shelter, A.A. batteries and balloon barrage stations.

In a "help yourself" Lyons' Comer House, a late lunch. From thence a walk, green park and Piccadilly to the Circus, where we assuage our thirst in regal manner with a pint at the Orange Tree Inn. The Windmill Theatre is now open and, drawn by the magnetism of George Black's chorus, speed our willing legs there! Well satisfied with our first day in the City, bed in the Cumberland is welcome.

A very late breakfast, and then, desirous of seeing once historic London, a tube-train to Charing Cross and thence, via Mark Lane, to the Tower, grants our wish. Guided by a Beef Eater (now reduced to Spam eating), our morning is leisurely spent and the visit ended by lunch at the Tower Cafeteria.

A symphony concert, under that grand old man of music, Sir Henry Wood, draws us to Albert Hall to relax the

afternoon in the realms of symphony. Hungry once more — to the world's famous store, Harrod's, for tea, where we decide to have a night's revelry at the Hammersmith Palais de Dance.

Arriving, we again do homage to Bacchus; in company, this time. They dance into the early hours of the morning to Oscar Robins' music. By this time a taxi—the only transportation available—takes us through the sombre black of the City. Passing through the West End, the enjoyable journey and the hushed silence is rudely shattered by the wail of the air-raid siren. Inwardly jubilant, despite conditions prevailing, we are led to the pleasant darkness of the shelter, out of the sudden noise and the glare of A.A. and bombs. Very tired but content with our two days' leave, unmarred at present by the thought of our early return to routine on the morn, we again welcome our bed.

Such is life. Course 101.

LAW. "Si" Simons

On the 21st of June, 1942, a Regina lass came through the portals of No. 2 B. & G. as a W.D. (then known as the CWAAF's). Shortly afterwards the 135th Fighter Squadron claimed "Si" for five months. Then G.I.S. hallways echoed her singing and we were justly proud. Not long ago I met "Si", but there was something unusual—she was very excited!

"To what do you owe this state of nerves?" I inquired.

"I've - been - posted-overseas-and-I'll-be-able-to-see-my-brother-for-the-first-time-in-two-years," she exclaimed in one breath. So it was a very rosy morning for LAW. Simons.

Si Simons is well known on this station. Her hobby was singing and it was enjoyed by all. About her other hobby—men, or a reasonable facsimile (photographs)—we will say very little. However, Si took with her a collection of autographs on her wigwam. I can see that needs explaining. P/O. Crawford, who has since left this station, gave her a novelty birch-bark wigwam, on which she has collected everyone's autograph.

So we say goodbye to LAW. Si Simons. We wish you luck.

Bombing Teacher Watch Your Figures

Well, here we are again, ladies and gentlemen, bringing you a bomb by bomb description from our little booth 10,000 feet above the Ruhr Valley. The flak hasn't been too bad lately, but the heat is terrific, or shall we say, the heat's on—and us without oxygen, too!

No. 1 bomb has been selected and fused, and we're ready for the first round. "Take it away, bomb aimer." "Steady, steady, steady, steady, woops, dummy run!" Oh, well, such is life. I wonder where Dummy went when he started running?

No. 1 bomb is still fresh as a daisy and appears quite confident that he will win out in the end. There goes the bell for the second round. Those who have been around the B.T. will readily understand our love for those ————bells!

I know you're all dying to hear just how No. 1 makes out, so tune in next month and we'll let you know.

All foling aside, the students do very well here, and we are proud of their achievements.

Two of our assistants, **Cpls. Jean and Fish**, put up a marvelous defence for Montreal in the never-ending saga of East vs. West. However, they are somewhat outnumbered by those rootin', tootin' western men, namely, **Cpls. Tuck, Cassan and Busch**, and **P/O's. Lane, Burton and Duncan**. The public will be mighty surprised when they hear that the second front opened up in the A.M.B.T. at Mossbank.

We welcome to our fold the newest member, **P/O. Forrester**, from 'way down East. Oh, well, they're still outnumbered.

That's all for now, folks. See you next month.

The apex in canine cosmetics is to have a dog's claws tinted the same color as his owner's fingernails.

* * *

Before marriage, this question should be put to the groom: "Will you be satisfied to listen to this women's conversations until old-age?"

* * *

After being used to the doorstep variety of sliced bread, an Airwoman went to a pink tea. . . . "Gee," she whispered to her friend, "whoever cut this bread almost missed the loaf."

Here we are once again with not much from this section.

AW.1 Jan Crowe has been posted Overseas—and is she excited? Good luck to you, Jan, and happy landing. We are going to miss you, but don't forget to drop us a line or two.

Taking Jan's place is **LAW. Joan Harbord**, who came to us from the Orderly Room. Hope you like it down here, Joan. We're a pretty good bunch, you know, even if we do queer things and say something queerer.

DAPS finally took pity on us and sent us another Clerk Accountant. Her name? **AW.2 Babs Huff** . . . and she's a blonde, too. Hey, wait a minute, fellas, she's only been here a day or so. Give the poor girl a chance.

The Auditors were here and brought their usual amount of confusion, but they are gone for another three months. (We hope.)

Trade Tests are over, and now we just sit and wait. Poor **Bill Galbraith**, he chewed all his fingernails off before the Trade Test, and now he's chewing his fingers. Never mind, Bill, they only come around once every three months.

Olive Kolesar is going on leave this week. Guess that is why she has that sparkle in her eye. Seems to me there is a man in the picture somewhere, too.

S/L. Gregson has given up winking, **F/L. Mortimer-Lamb** hasn't had anything more to do with breadcutters, and **F/O. Watt** never says very much. Just you wait, we'll get something on him one of these days.

Things We'd Like to Know:

Why Thelma Vogt comes back off a 48 in Swift Current "Wacked Out"?

Why Marion Burns puts her hand down her bed before climbing in? Could it be because she had it "frenched" one night?

That's all folks. See you next issue.

It's a funny thing about life—if you refuse to accept anything but the best, you very often get the best.

* * *

Did you hear about the dentist who married a manicurist?

They fought tooth and nail.

Noises from Headquarters

Being as Headquarters didn't get their noises submitted in time for last month, we decided to start a few days early for this issue.

F/Sgt. Marier

Our little Flit has really been Flitting around this past month—favorite haunts being Moose Jaw and Regina. How he gets there and back is better left unsaid, but we're still wondering why a certain Wing Commander had him standing out in the hall with his hat off. His favorite melody these days seems to be "She'll be wearing pink pyjamas when she comes."

Sgt. Leggett

Haven't been able to see much of Battling Barbara, or still better known as Washerwoman Winnie, this month. You see, she decided to take a holiday with pay. Of course, she had to go through the "mill" first by having her appendix out. Sure hope she had a nice stay at home, and we're looking forward to seeing her back.

Sgt. Wiebe

Well, Finnie, what does it feel like to be back in "Canada" again? We know you had a tough course in Trenton, but we're sure those 72's in New York must have made it well worth while. Time now to congratulate our favorite blonde Sarge on her first Wedding Anniversary. The first hundred years are always the worst—from then on it's a cinch.

Sgt. Goulet

Recently taken on strength of Headquarters' Orderly Room Staff, we would like to take this opportunity of introducing you all to Heck — woops, we mean "Hec". Don't know very much about him yet, but he promises to supply us with some good material for the next issue.

Cpl. Fisher

You know, Hattie, there is one thing we'd like to know, and think this is as good a time as any to ask you. Just where do you hear all those "stories"? If you'd let us in on the answer to that one, we wouldn't be troubling you every day with "Tell us a story, Fish?"

Cpl. Binkley

"Assiniboia, here I come," says Gracie every Saturday night. Now, we don't have to ask what Assiniboia has that

Mossbank hasn't—it's obvious, isn't it? Gracie has been very busy this last month since Winnie decided to take a holiday, but we hear she's got a "Hec" of a helper.

Cpl. Munro

Say, Jeannie, that was some dance, wasn't it? Of course, we means the Victory Loan Dance. Says Jeannie, "I'd sure like to know the certain party who was asking another party, 'Who is that little W.D. Corporal whose stockings always appear to be falling down—more noticeable in a high wind?'" We'd also like to know why Jeannie takes along a pair of scissors on her 48's.

Now that we have the N.C.O.'s out of the way, we'll talk a bit about those who really do the work around here.

LAW. Wright

The "Wonder Girl of Mossbank" is our Ruthie, who, it seems, has legs like a rainy day. For further information on this subject, get in touch with F/Sgt. Forsythe of the Hospital Staff. We're sorry you had to leave us for a few days, Ruth, but we know you'll appreciate coming back all the more.

LAW. Patterson

Too bad there are so many Pats on the station, isn't it Pat? Since when haven't you been know as "Pat" around here, Pat? Sort of confusing in the phone call business, don't you think?

LAW. Harbord

It is rather difficult to get anything on quiet Joan — but we do see her around, and we'll catch up with her some of these days.

LAW. Mentis and AW.1 Woolley.

Two latest additions to the Orderly Room. More about them in a later issue. Come on, girls, give us something to write about.

AW.1 Mahoney

This month we bade farewell to Ev. She decided to remuster to a civilian, and we presume she will really set up housekeeping in earnest.

AW.1 Hatley

Another very quiet type, but, after much coaxing, we managed to get her out to one station dance. We're hoping it becomes a weekly habit, Joan. A daily argument between Ruth and Joan is, "My little brother did this—what did

your little brother do?" Score up to the present is five-five.

Trust the kids who composed this masterpiece not wanting to write anything about themselves. Well, I'll try to take over from here.

Cpl. Penfold

She's sure been working hard since the Sarge went away, but when duty is done Pen's the girl who knows how to have fun, and I ain't kidding. Moose Jaw seems to be her favorite hangout, too, and how she gets there, car, train, plane or hitch-hiking, doesn't matter to Penny as long as she makes it, and she usually does, the lucky girl. Rumors have it the next stop will be Winnipeg; have a good time on that deferred 48, Betty.

AW.1 Chartier

Beef, Beef, Beef. If you come up to the wicket and someone says: "Well, what do you want?" Don't shake in your shoes and then turn and run, because that's Jackie, and her bite isn't half as bad as her bark, take it from me. The place just couldn't run without her. She hasn't been getting herself into any trouble lately, but she finally did get the mumps, but she had to go to Kamloops to get them. What's that place got that this hasn't, Pipsqueak?

The Runners

Runners come and runners go, but we go on forever, seems to be the motto. Slim is our only standby, and can he stand by while the others work, if he wants. You do come in handy, Slim, so stick around. Congratulatin and good luck are extended to Al, our glamor boy, who has decided to go over the waves. Joe is pretty new here, so we don't know much about him. Steve is new, too, and has gone on spring leave, so that's the end of him for a while. Congratulations are extended to Herbert, who is taking himself a wife.

ODDS AND ENDS

Huh?

Uh-huh.

Mnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnn.

* * *

St. Peter: "How did you get up here?"

Applicant: "Flu".

* * *

In the last war there was much discussion about cannon causing rainfall. I have no comment to make on the subject, but I noticed that pop got his shotgun down on Monday and Lulubelle had showers on Tuesday and Thursday.

Mossbank News

Mrs. A. R. Owens, R.N. (nee Loraine Waite), of Regina, is visiting at the home of Mrs. E. A. Bodie. She is leaving shortly for the Pacific coast to live. Mrs. Owens is the wife of Sgt. Pilot A. R. Owens, who went overseas in March. A cable was received by Mrs. Owens on April 11th saying that he had arrived safely. Sgt. Pilot Owens was stationed at Mossbank during the summer of 1942.

Mrs. Jahn and her three children left here a short time ago to make her home in Moose Jaw, after having lived in Mossbank for three years. Sgt. Jahn is attached to the R.C.A.F. repair depot in Moose Jaw.

Mrs. Francis, wife of F/Lt. Francis, has been substituting for Miss Robb at the local school for two weeks. Miss Robb is out with mumps.

Honorary Capt. F. Waite, who was a former United Church minister at Mossbank, has been posted to the Pacific Command. He left for Vancouver on Friday, April 28th.

A very successful Bake Sale was held by the Wives Club of No. 2 B. & G. School in Mr. Doherty's tailor shop. The money was used for sending parcels overseas.

F/O. Max Portz of Vantage, was in town a few days ago, renewing old acquaintances, after being overseas on operational flights for over two years.

Target Overseas

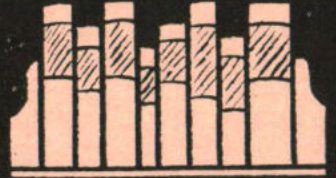
In a recent letter to his sister, Margaret, Sgt. "Bud" Shepherdson of Mossbank village, reports coming across several copies of our magazine in the Sergeants' Mess on the station where he is at present located somewhere in England.

He says that he and his pals think the mag. is tops and that they derive the greatest pleasure and satisfaction reading them. "Send us some more copies immediately," writes Bud. "We sure look forward to receiving them."

Sgt. Shepherdson took his training as an air gunner at No. 7 B. & G., MacDonal. After graduating, he proceeded overseas in November, 1943, and became attached to a bomber squadron in England. Bud has been on several operational flights over Berlin and other large German cities as tail gunner in a Halifax bomber.

Sgt. Shepherdson is the son of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Shepherdson of Mossbank.

Literature



**The Pen is Mightier
Than the Sword**

“Swing or Classics”

One of the most controversial subjects of the present day is that very old topic of “Swing or Classic.” In the ensuing paragraphs I do not intend to dwell on the qualities of both types, but to present views on the “swing” world of music. Yes, I emphasize the word music, although classic fans would have us believe and argue to the bitter end that there is not the least resemblance to music in it. On that point I refuse to argue, leaving it to the intelligence of the ordinary person.

Jazz was the first and greatest style of swing as we know it today, originating in the U.S.A. around New Orleans and Memphis. Unfortunately, its success and popularity was comparatively short lived, and it slowly changed over to the prevailing style which we know so well today. Jazz still has many faithful followers. Wingy Mannone and Muggsy Spaniel, and, in a lesser degree, Bob Crosby and Eddie Miller, who contribute with their brilliant Dixieland orchestrations.

As I mentioned previously, swing and dance music are the prevailing styles today and, judging by the amount of time allotted to them by the films, radio and dance halls, they are immensely popular. Dance music, as the name implies, caters for the entertainment of the millions of dancers throughout the world. Whereas swing is held in favor by the more virile music lover, who likes to give feeling and expression towards his dancing.

Harry James, Glenn Miller, the Dorsey Brothers, Goodman, Barnet, Ellington, and Basic are a few of the famous names who need no introduction to most of us, as the champion of swing. At the same time credit must be given to the many endeavors of some of these personalities to revive Jazz, but with little credit due to the popularity of the other styles.

At this stage I had better mention that, having been in Canada only a few months, I have had no opportunity of seeing or hearing the best musicians of Canada or U.S.A. except on the radio, but to my English colleagues, and I hope to many other readers, such names as Harry Parry, Ambrose, Lass and Gerardo will recall pleasant hours of dancing or radio listening.

In England today there is little or no jazz, and swing, although up and coming, is far behind the standard of this side of the world. I must mention, however, that we have two bands, who in the last two years have attained heights in the world of swing never previously reached by British bands, namely, the R.A.F. Dance Orchestra (“Squadronairs”) and the Nol Balloon Centre Orchestra (“Skyrockets”).

The arrival of the Yanks in 1941 promised to provide a real treat for swing fans, and it certainly did, for within a short while we heard the finest swing played in England. The band in question was the London Base Command Band under Warrant Officer Frank Rosatto, and included in its personnel stars from most of America’s leading bands. They will be remembered long after they’ve left the “White Cliffs of Dover”.

This article would not be complete without a word to the female readers. The all-female bands and girl stars are giving a grand account of themselves both in England and America, and we hope to see many more of them springing up in the future.

In conclusion, on behalf of the millions who rate swing and jazz as the best, one should give thanks to the thousands of fine musicians who entertain us year in and year out in this respect.

There is certainly a big place in the world today for classical music but, as in a hand of cards, Swing is King, and Jazz is the Ace, and will be so for ever.

LAC. P. GRAMSTON.

Nature’s first and last lessons teach man to be kind, and even pride should sanction what our natures need.—Mary Baker Eddy.

Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.—Shakespeare.

Don’t be afraid of opposition. Remember, a kite rises against, not with the wind.

She Lost Her Man

or

SHE BOUGHT HER SOAP AT SALES

Sad, indeed, is the tale I'll tell
Of poor Gert, the girl who fell;
Alas! To hear that poor girl wail—
Poor thing, she bought her soap at
sales.

One night Gert dressed to kill,
To keep "the" date with Bill.
Bill's long and sensitive snout
Was the cause of their falling out.

Though she dressed her best,
She didn't make the armpit test;
The girls all thought her quite a dope
Because she used the wrong soap.

Jack thought her quite a girl
As on skates she would whirl.
One night she didn't Lux her skirt,
And that was the end of Jack and
Gert.

Gertie's blouse of tattle-tale grey
Drove the rest of the men away;
Her clothes were always the proper
shade,
But cheap soaps made them fade.

Gertie's skin was rough as sand.
Rinso, you know, prevents dish-pan
hands;
But Gertie didn't read the ads—
Now, they say, she is raving mad.

So harken, girls, to the story of Gert,
If you would be an A1 flirt,
Gert ended her days as an alcoholic,
Because she didn't use carbolic.

And so if you would keep your charm,
Wear a moth ball under your arm;
Take at least one bath a year
And you'll stay charming and fresh,
my dear.

"HUTCH".

An Honest Man—All the clamor of war had died away and peace was on earth again, so Diogenes lit his lamp and continued his eternal search for an honest man. On approaching a fellow-traveller he asked:

"What were you in the war?"

Former Soldier: "A private."

... and Diogenes blew out his lamp and went home.—Galt Reporter.

Elegy in a Prairie Airport

The siren sounds the knell of parting day,
The staff of H.S.Q. goes home to tea;
The pilot homeward flies his weary way
And leaves the broad prairie to dark-
ness and to me.

Now fades the sickening landscape from
the sight,
And all the camp in solemn stillness
holds,
Save where some Anson wheels its dron-
ing flight
And weary, tired fliers stumble home
like dusty molds.

Meanwhile in yonder many-windowed
tower
The duty pilot doth to the moon com-
plain
That hour by dull, interminable hour
The weather holds, while still he prays
for rain.

Beneath those lonely roofs, now in moon-
light shadowed,
From harmonious to thunderous the
snorers leap;
Each in his bunk, shared with another
"Joe"
The many personnel of the Airport
sleep.

Let not Command dare mock their use-
ful toil,
Their simple joys, their stultified
careers;
Nor Ottawa hear with disdainful smile
The dull and weary tale of our pio-
neers.

Perhaps in this accursed spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with seed
of fame;
Hands that the fate of an Empire might
have swayed
Or waked to ecstasy some far-distant
fair dame.

Full many a bloke who once was young
and keen,
Is hurried, helpless, to this vulture's
lair—
Full many a flower is born and will
blush unseen,
Wasting its sweetness rare on this hot,
dusty prairie air.

Home Made—Hubby: "Are you angry because I came home with this black eye last night?"

Wife: "Not at all. When you came home you didn't have a black eye."—



Keep Him Flying

A short time ago, my little lad and I
 Stood hand in hand and watched the wild geese fly.
 And through the drone of wings, and cry of mating birds
 I heard the eager piping of his words,
 "Look, Daddy, see the sun upon their wings, and how they fly!
 In rows of grey and green against the sky!
 Oh! Sometime, pretty geese I, like you, will fly!"
 Through misting tears I still can see your bright eyes shine,
 And through the chilling fear of war and all it brings,
 I still remember how you wanted wings.
 The years roll quickly by, as all years will.
 Today I stand alone upon another hill,
 And see those shining wings against the sky,
 And, in my year, I hear again the wild geese cry.
 Oh! Son of mine, now grown so tall!
 Still in your Daddy's eyes you're the grandest of them all!
 Beneath your visored helmet your steadfast eyes shine through,
 I thrill with pride to know this lad in uniform is you!
 And yet, tall son of mine, whene'er we part
 The fear of what may come lies in my heart.
 You proudly won your wings; against all obstacles you rose,
 How long and hard the fight too well your Daddy knows.
 With courage, skill and patience, son, you fought your way
 And oh! how right and just it is to wear your wings today!
 But in my heart I can still hear the wild geese crying,
 Oh! God! Place Thy hands above his own—and—
 Keep his flying! Keep him flying!



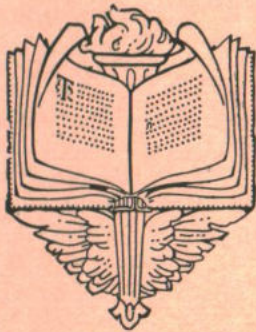
Prayers

The Bomber's Prayer

God of the evening,
 God of dawn,
 Help us to fly till our bombs are gone;
 From high in the heavens let there be
 A trail of fire down to the sea.

God of the darkness,
 God of the night,
 Give us strength that we may fight;
 And if it be Thy wish that we should die
 Let us see flame across the sky.

God of the morning,
 God of the light,
 Keep our engines strong in flight;
 And then, O Lord, if it's Thy will,
 Let us know nights when we need not kill.



(This prayer was copied from the fuselage of a bomber on operations overseas. The poet, W/O. Bruce Lefurgey, R.C.A.F., is a Regina boy.)

The Airman's Prayer

Our father who art in Ottawa,
 Powers be thy name,
 Give us this day our daily ration
 And forgive us our A.W.L.'s,
 As we forgive those who lay charges
 against us;
 And lead us not into C.B..
 But deliver us from detention;
 For this is the Air Force,
 The Air Marshal's power,
 And the Group Captain's glory,
 For ever and ever they can have it.

◆ ◆ ◆ Thoughts ◆ ◆ ◆

HOLIDAY

Make friends awhile with solitude,
Let nature work her will, and then
With body and with soul renewed
Rejoin the march of men.

TREES

There must be trees in Heaven,
Or folks would miss them so
That they would walk, all weary
And pray that trees might grow.

—WAYFARER.

JUST A REMINDER

The sun is as bright as ever,
Gardens are as fragrant;
Moonlight is still as romantic,
Children are just as sweet;
And the folks you meet are as kindly.
Humor is as essential,
Courage is as fine;
Friendship is as dear.
Life is good . . . if only you think so!



No Place to Go

The happiest nights I ever know
Are those when I've no place to go;
And the missus says when the day is
through:
"Tonight we haven't a thing to do!"
Oh, the joy of it, and the peace untold
Of sitting around in my slippers old,
With my pipe and book, in my easy chair,
Knowing that I needn't go anywhere!

Needn't hurry my evening meal,
Nor force the smiles that I do not feel;
But can grab a book fro ma nearby shelf,
And drop all sham—and be myself.
Oh, the charm of it, and the comfort rare!
Nothing on earth with it can compare;
And I'm sorry for him who doesn't know
The joy of having no place to go!

What Are Men?

There are probably many readers of "Target" who have seen this piece, "What Are Men?", at some time or another. Some have used parts of it to write in an autograph book. However, there may be some who have never seen this before. I first read it in the "Jarvis Fly Paper", where their motto was "Stick to Your Job in Jarvis"—you had to, the station was mostly mud when that paper was issued. Here goes:

Men are what women marry, though why they marry them, not even a woman knows.

They have two hands, two feet, two eyes, though they seldom have two dollars.

Like Turkish cigarettes, they are all made of the same material. The only difference is that some have different mouthpieces from others.

Generally speaking, they can be divided into three classes—Bachelors, widowers, and husbands. A bachelor is a man who knows all the questions but is too suspicious to ask them. A widower is one who now sleeps in a cold bed that used to be warm. Husbands are of three varieties — prizes, surprizes, or consolation prizes. Making a husband out of a man is a work of art, making a monkey out of him is just another piece of foolishness. It is considered conclusive proof of miracles that a soft, fluffy, tender, Night-of-Paris scented thing like a woman should enjoy being kissed by a big, awkward, stubby-faced, tobacco-scented think like a man.

Men are paradoxical. If you chatter to him, you will frighten him; if you don't, you bore him. If you permit him to make love to you, he will tire of you in the end; if you don't, he will tire of you in the beginning. If you believe everything he tells you, you are a sap; if you don't, you are a cynic. If you make love like an amateur, he is not satisfied; if you do your best, he is sure you are blase. If you wear gay clothes and rouge a bit and have a startling little hat, he hesitates to take you out. If you wear conservative clothes, he takes you out, and flirts all evening with the young woman who is wearing gay clothes and is rouged a bit and has a startling little hat.

If you join him in gaieties and approve his drinks, he swears you are driving

him to the devil, and if you don't approve and urge him to give up his gaieties, he vows you are snobbish and too damn nice. If you are the clinging vine type, he doubts if you have a brain. If you are a modern, independent and advanced woman, he doubts whether you have a heart. If you are silly, he longs for a bright mate; if you are brilliant, he longs for a playmate.

A man is a worm of the dust. He comes along, wriggles about for a while, and in the end some chicken picks him up.

CPL. DOIN'S.

Alone

Night has fallen, how well I know,
My tired, lonely heart tells me so;
Night has fallen, the day is spent,
Tonight, who knows, I'll know content.
No—I shan't—still I can muse
And hope—no—it isn't mine to choose.
Once I did welcome the end of day,

There were you and I, and we'd play;
But now—no longer is evening a friend.
I'm alone in the world as day's end.
Tonight, from my cell, from my bed,
I see you with a halo 'round your head.

Why, I ask, were you taken away,
Why were less worthy granted a stay?
Why was I left to be alone, here?
Life isn't real if you're not near.
Evening has waxed into dark night—
I'll hope beyond all human right—
Will Nature return that she stole?
My presence now is a pointless goal.

Was it that you dared to love
You were called to account above?
Night has fallen, evening is gone,
Will day break when night passes on?
Tonight, I pray with every breath
E'er daybreak I'll know death.
Death is not the end for me—
It is the beginning of reality.

"HUTCH"

The Awful Tooth—The priest called on an elderly Irish woman: "And how are you today, Bridget?" asked he.

"I'm bad enough, father," she replied. "I've the pain in me arms and the pain in me legs. And I've only two teeth in the whole of me head; but, thanks to God, they're opposite." — Kitchener Record.

Did You Know

In olden days, very few couples took their vows in April. This was a religious idea because Lent, which usually fell in April, is a period of self-denial and sorrow. May is supposed to be a very unlucky month. Ancient sages will tell you that this month is under the influence of unhappy household spirits. June rolls around and the parsons work overtime. So, our traditional June weddings.

* * *

'Way back in days of chivalry, the groom's gift to his bride was 100 heifers and 1,000 goats.

* * *

Your engagement ring is worn on your left hand, 'cause that's the side the heart is on.

* * *

For a formal church wedding the groom's friends sit on the right hand side, the bride's friends on the left hand side.

* * *

When entering a building in China, each and every gentleman removes his shoes and not his hat. He keeps that lid of his intact on his noggin.

* * *

So you think kissing is a sign of true love? Don't be fooled. There are many tribes, such as Eskimos, Mongols and Laplanders, who never heard of such a thing. They rub noses!

* * *

Back in the days of the Roman Empire, a polite dinner guest always, after eating heartily of the food, put the remaining food into a specially prepared napkin and carried it home. You were definitely insulting to your hostess if you did not do so.

(Miss Campbell — Please note: We keep this tradition alive in the Mess Hall.)

* * *

When great grandad travelled he was either of horse-back or hoofing it. All his belongings were stuffed into the huge pockets of his greatcoat, and then the flap was buttoned down. Your pocket flaps are the descendants of granddaddy's miniature trunk covers. How times do change, especially as to the quantity of luggage to be placed in such pockets. (Just ask the Station Sergeant Major.)

Darwin's Mistake

Three monkeys sat in a cocoanut tree,
Discussing things as they're said to be.
Said one to the other: "Now listen, you
two,

There's a certain rumor that can't be
true;

That man descended from our noble race.
The very idea's a disgrace.

No monkey ever deserted his wife,
Starved her babies and ruined her life;
And you've never known a mother monk
To leave her babies with others to bunk,
Or pass them on from one to another,
Till they scarcely know who is their
mother.

And another thing you'll never see—
A monk build a fence 'round a cocoanut
tree,

And let the cocoanuts go to waste,
Forbidding all other monks a taste.

Why, if I'd put a fence 'round the tree
Starvation would force you to steal from
me!

Here's another thing a monk won't do—
Go out at night and get on a stew,

Or use a gun or club or knife
To take some other monkey's life.

Yes, man descended, the ornery cuss,
But brothers, he didn't descend from us."

Never Satisfied

There was a kicking airman

Who kicked the whole year long;
What wasn't, always ought to be,

What was . . . was always wrong.
He didn't like his sergeants,

He cussed his C.O., too;

He saw no basic reason

For the work they made him do.

They sent him o'er the ocean

With his rifle and his pack;

But, no sooner had he landed

Than he wished that he were back.

At last, Death's final transfer

Took him to realm afar;

He drew a post in Heaven,

Where the perfect quarters are.

No sooner was he seated

Than he passed around the word,

If St. Peter could arrange it,

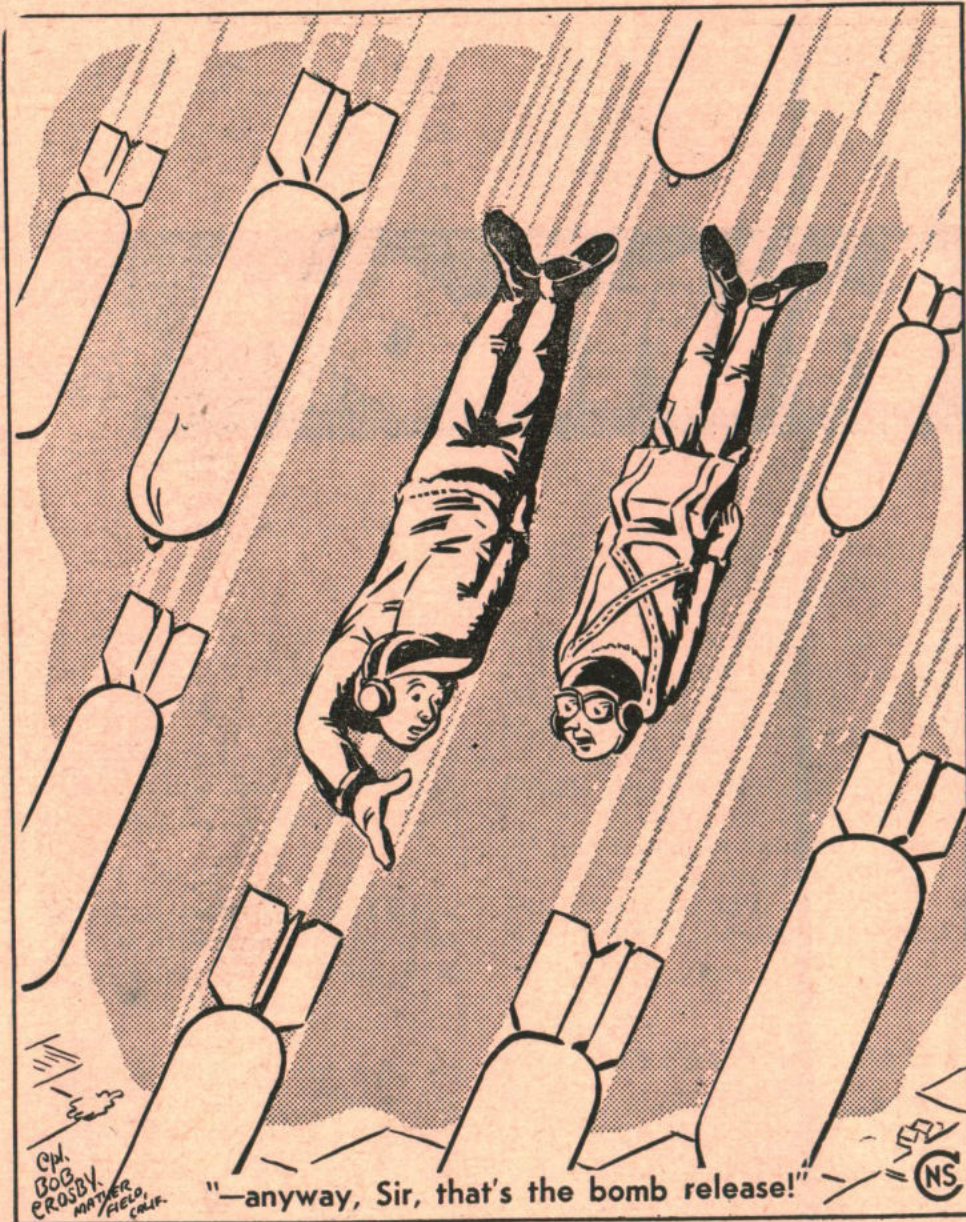
He would like to be transferred.

Something Fishy — Mess Sergeant:
"You're not eating your fish. What's
wrong with it?"

Soldier: "Long time no sea."—Toronto
Telegram.



To Laugh is to Live



Say That Again Dept. — During a question period following a lecture a man arose and put a foolish query to the speaker. The latter replied:

“The logic of your question makes me think of another. Can you tell me why fire engines are always red? You can’t. Well, fire engines have four wheels and eight men. Four and eight are twelve. Twelve inches make a foot. A foot is a ruler. Queen Elizabeth was a ruler. The Queen Elizabeth is the largest ship that sails the seven seas. Seas have fish. Fish have fins. The Finns fought the Russians. The Russians are Red. Fire engines are always rushin’. Therefore, fire engines are always red. I hope this answers your question also.”—Ottawa Journal.

Speedy Justice — Two magistrates were summoned for exceeding the speed limit. When they arrived at court there were no other magistrates present. So they decided to try each other. Number one went on the Bench and the case proceeded.

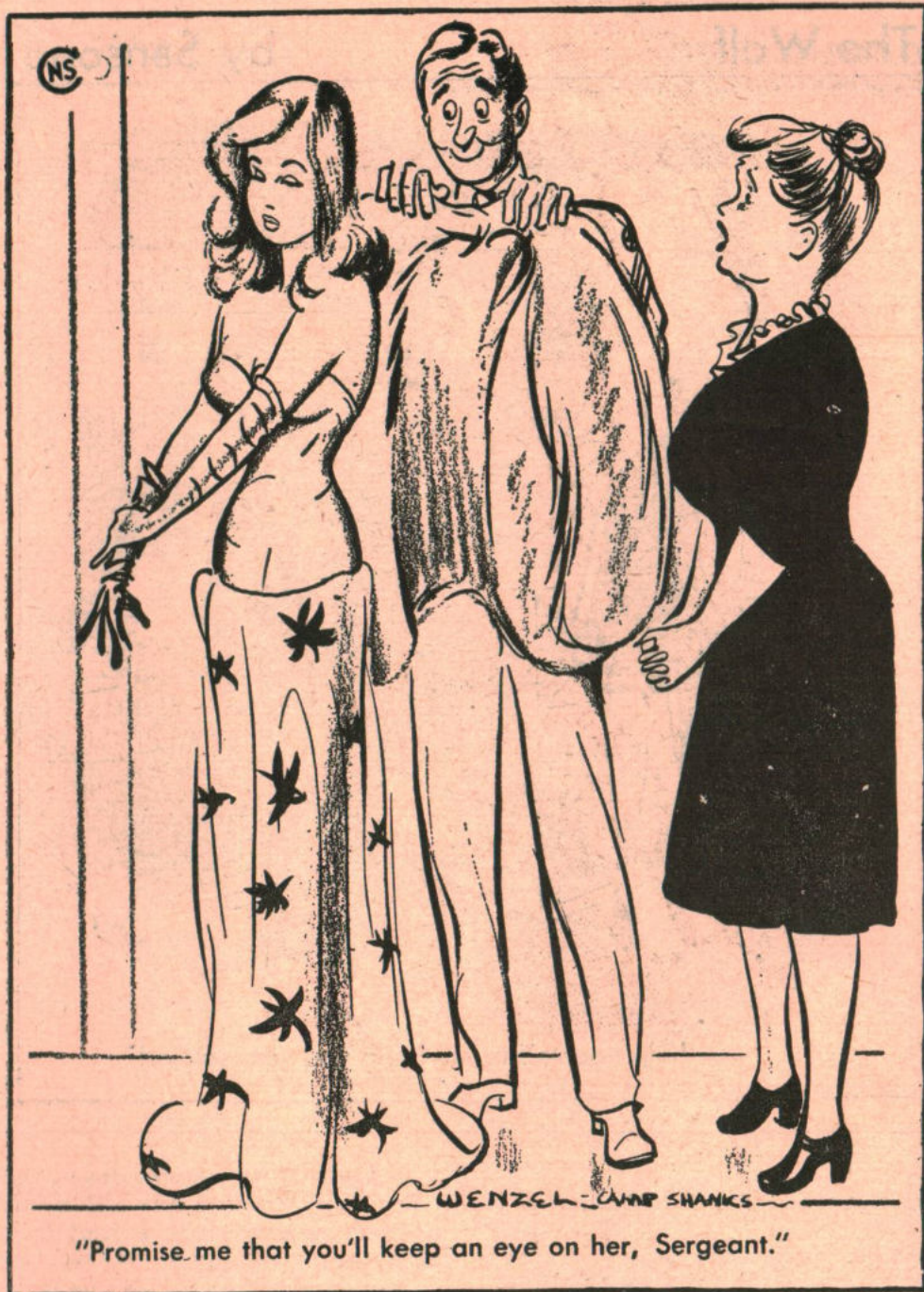
“You are charged with exceeding the speed limit. Do you plead guilty or not guilty?”

“Guilty/”

“You will be fined five dollars.”

They then changed places and again the plea was “guilty”.

“H’m,” was the response. “These cases are becoming far too common. This is the second we have had this morning. You will be fined 20 dollars.”
—Sudbury Star.



"Promise me that you'll keep an eye on her, Sergeant."

Surrounded—A man who had had a few too many was weaving his way homeward one evening. Approaching the house he missed the path and bumped into the only tree in the yard.

Going back to the sidewalk he started over again and bumped into the same tree. Patiently he retraced his steps and began again—only to end up facing the tree.

Removing his coat to use as a pillow, he stretched out at the foot of the tree, murmuring, "Lorsht, lorsht, in an impenetrable foresht."—North Bay Nugget.

Helping Hand — A shabbily dressed man was standing in front of a block of flats, and from her window above an old lady noticed that several people stopped and gave him money. The scene touched her deeply. She wrote on a piece of paper, "Take courage," put it in an envelope with a two-dollar bill, and tossed it to the man.

That evening the man came up to her and whispered:

"Here's your \$40, lady. Take Courage won at 20 to 1."—Timmins Press.

The Wolf

by Sansone

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"... just help yourself to anything you see, soldier!"

March of Time

In days of old, long, long ago,
The ladies were shy, the men were bold;
The gallant knave would ask a fair haid:
"May I have the honor of this dance?"

Now, after days gone by,
We do not wonder why,
When a drupy drapy shape
Slouches up to a young miss or date
To say: "Hello, chick, let's click."

—"KELLY."

Camouflage—Officer: "I don't know why the men grumble. This soup is really excellent."

Sergeant: "They wouldn't grumble, sir, if the cook would admit it was soup. But he insists it's coffee."—Kingston Whig-Standard.

A Slight Difference—Boss: "Joe, you're a liar. You took a day off to bury your mother-in-law, and I met her in the park this morning."

Joe: "Oh, I didn't say she was dead, sir. I just said I would like to go to her funeral."—Sault Ste. Marie Star.

Something to Crow About — The colonel of a battalion billeted in the country was invited to a neighboring farm for lunch. He astonished the farmer by eating two small roast fowls. Later, while walking in the farmyard, he noticed a cock strutting about and remarked:

"By gad, that's a proud bird."

"So he should be," answered the farmer, "he has two sons in the Army."—Fort William Times-Journal.

The Wolf

by Sansone

Copyright 1944 by Leonard Sansone, distributed by Camp Newspaper Service

(In Hawaii)



"If that's basic English he's teaching them, I'm 4-F!"

Hospital Hypos

Popular WO.2 Harry Leggatt is still installed, at time of writing, in room 30, and if you wish to visit him you must get written application form K 778653499 signed in quadruplicate and then get in the line-up at his doorway. It will probably take you a month to obtain audience with this lady-killer, but, believe me, gals, it'll be worth it. Ask to see his bootees and his blue dribble-bib. Also his "baby", he with the long, scrawny neck. His feminine following (he's got millions of 'em) will throb all over to hear that he's coming along fine and will be back in circulation—with circulation—soon.

The W.D.'s celebration caused quite a furore in this establishment, especially when one of the nursing assistants took to rubbing backs with milk of magnesia instead of alcohol. They're great gals,

these, and do a merciful job under hazardous conditions, though some patients are too weak to put up a fight.

What WO.2, who has a fondness for the Irish, dines exclusively in the hospital? Luv!—it's good!

"Around the corner, the W.D.

The Sergeant-Major made love to me."

Quick Change — Two Nazis were standing on a street corner in Berlin. They noticed a man coming down the street.

"Look at that guy," said the first one. "Has he got a dumb look on him! "Just like an idiot. Look at the hair dangling over his eyes like a Shetland pony."

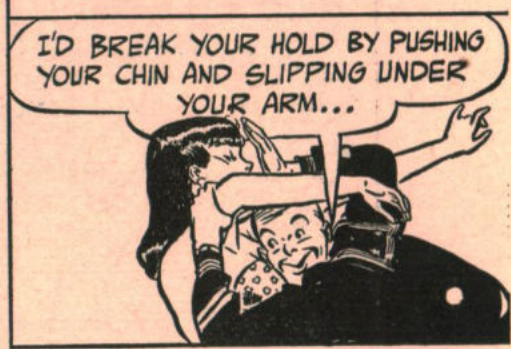
"What are you saying?" snapped his friend. "That's Hitler!"

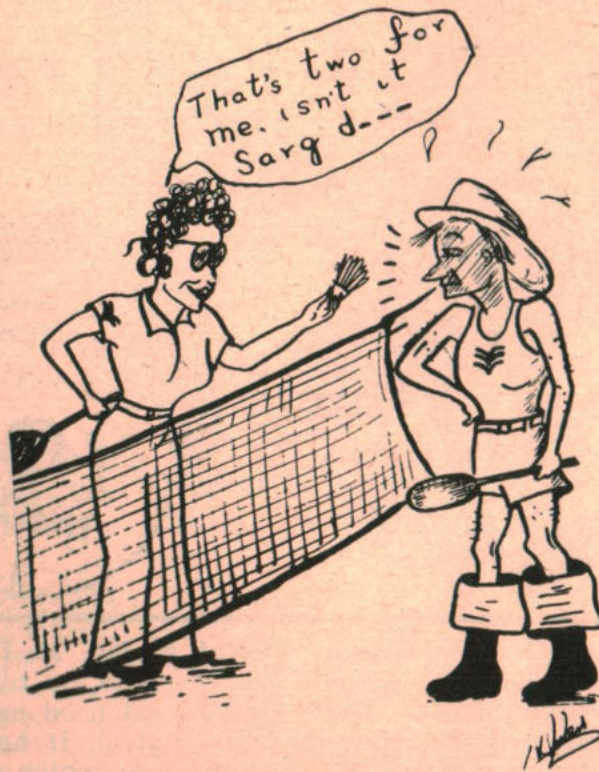
"You know," said the first Nazi, "it's a funny thing—on him it looks good."—*Victoria Daily Colonist.*

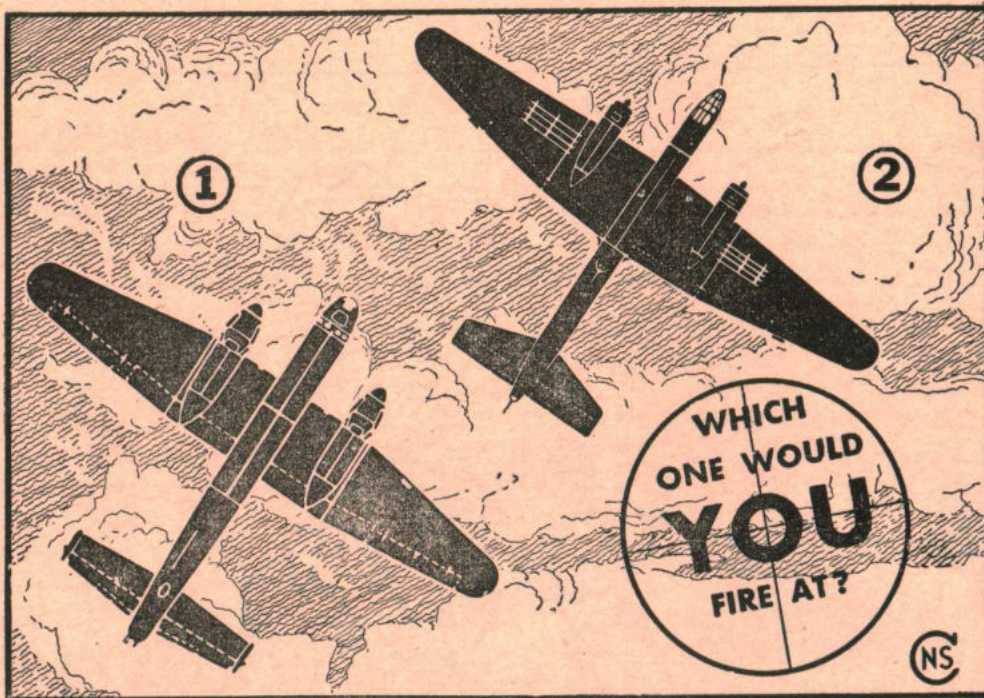
Male Call

Son of the Beach

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

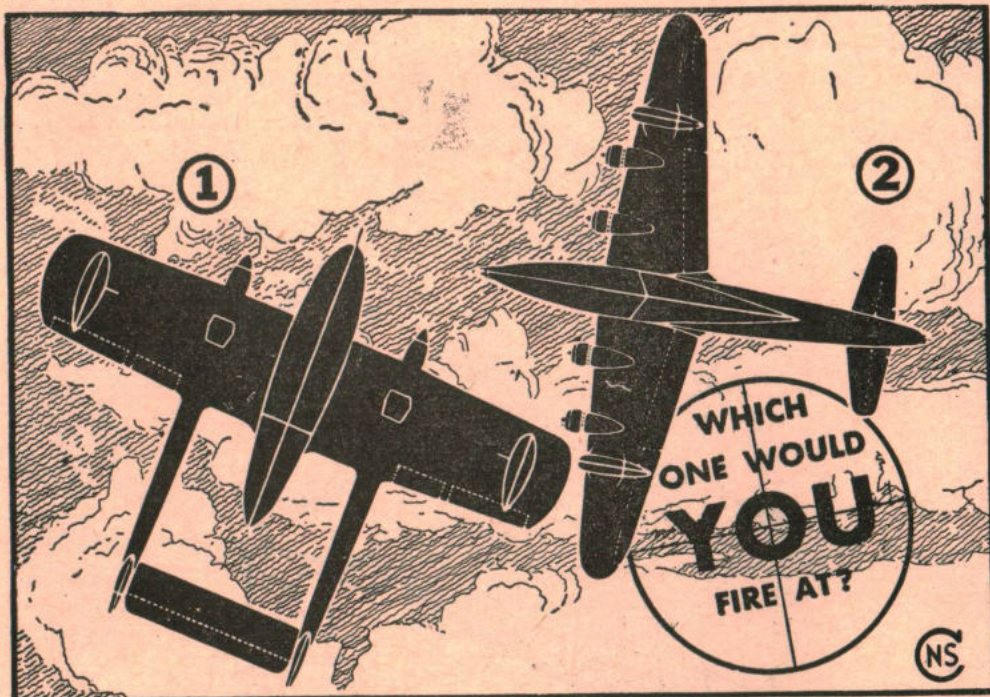






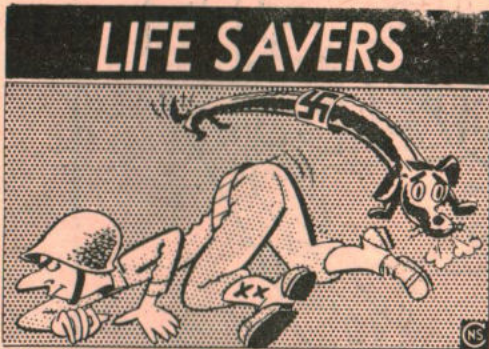
NOT AT No. 1! It's the British Arvo "Manchester," a mid-wing, twin engine medium bomber. It has a long nose extending ahead of the engine nacelles. The centre section of the wings is rectangular and the outer panels taper to equally rounded tips. Both edges of the tailplane taper slightly to square tips and it has twin fins and rudders.

Fire at No. 2! It's the Nazi Heinkel He. 177, a low mid-wing heavy bomber. This plane gives the appearance of being equipped with twin engines, but each nacelle houses two engines. It has a long narrow fuselage. Both edges of the wings taper to rounded tips. The tailplane is swept back on the leading edge to square tips; the trailing edge is straight with single fin, and rudder.



Fire at No. 1! It's the German Blohm and Voss Bv. 138, a high wing, three engine reconnaissance flying boat. The middle engine is mounted in the centre of the wings directly above the hull. Both edges of the wings taper slightly to broad rounded tips. It has a short hull and braced floats near the wing tips. A rectangular tailplane is set between the twin tail booms.

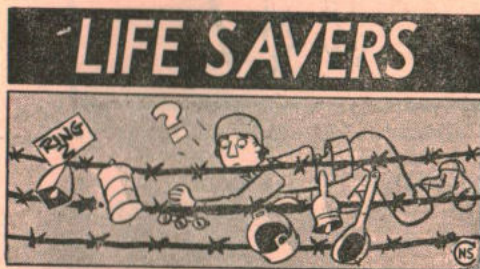
Not at No. 2! It's the British Short "Sunderland," a high wing, four engine flying boat used extensively on the Atlantic patrol. It has a large, deep hull, the nose of which extends well forward of the engines, and fixed wing floats. The edges of the wings taper almost equally to rounded tips. The tailplane is also tapered and it has a single fin and rudder.



WHEN on night patrol always move upwind if it's possible. In addition to other advantages it's good protection in case the enemy has watch-dogs.



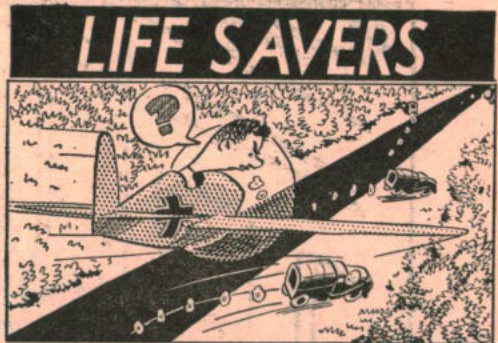
ALWAYS check the position of the moon before leaving on a night patrol and try to keep it behind you. It's as important to avoid skylines at night as it is in the daytime.



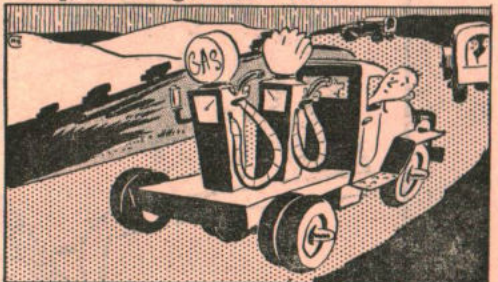
BEFORE CROSSING wire entanglements examine them as closely as possible for anti-personnel mines which would warn the enemy of your approach.



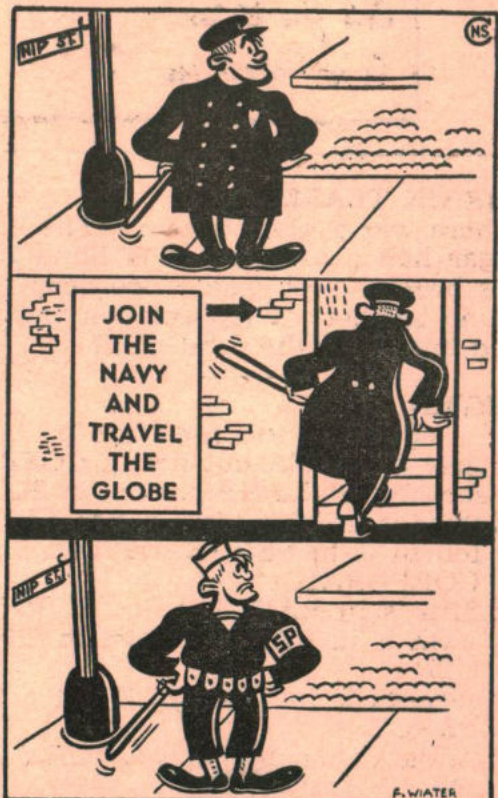
WHEN CRAWLING close to the enemy at night move carefully and cautiously. Feel the ground ahead of you before each movement to be certain you will not hit anything which will reveal your presence.

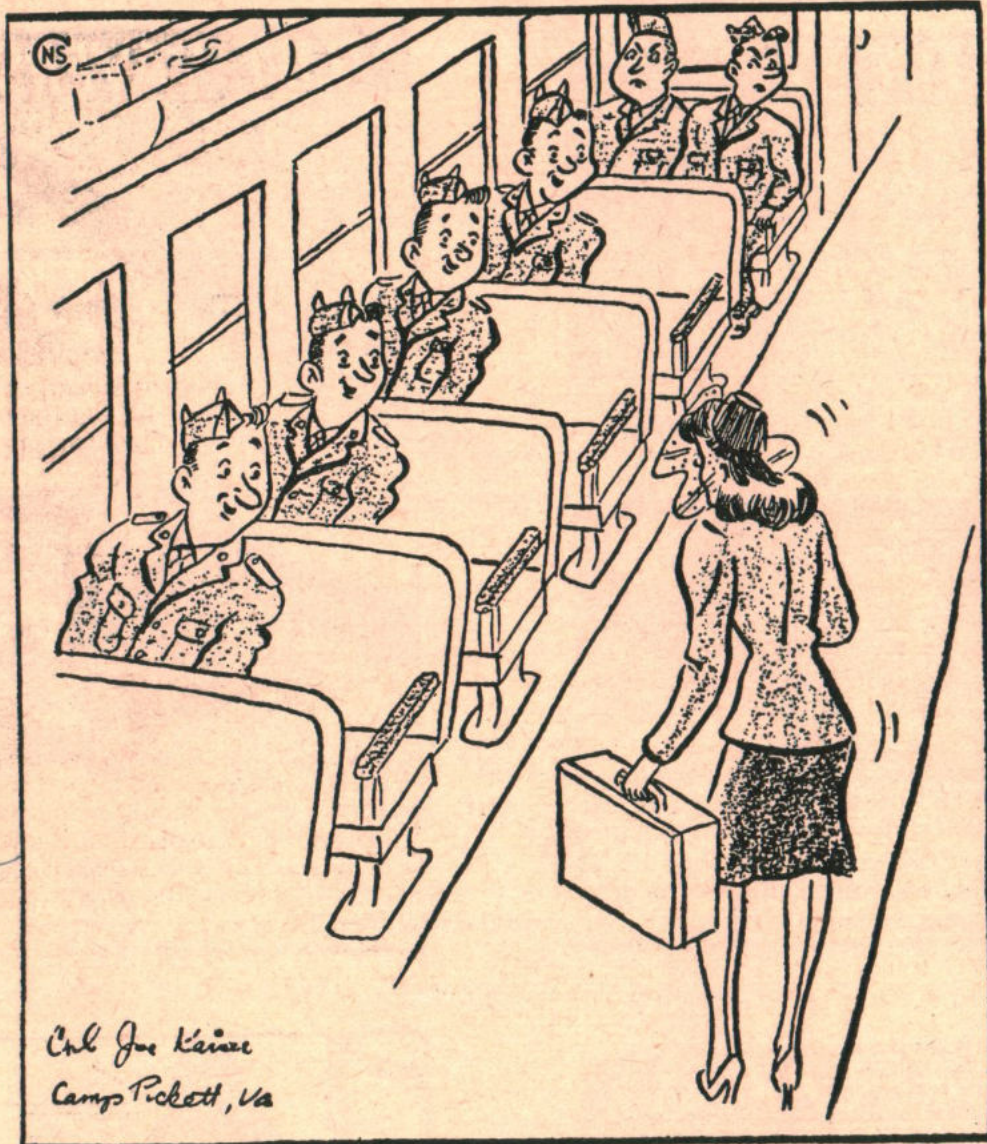


DRIVERS in daylight convoys should zigzag their vehicles off the road alternately when attacked by planes in order to spoil the gunners' aim.



WHENEVER possible, the extra gasoline for a convoy should be put in one vehicle rather than distributed throughout several. This will reduce casualties and the loss of vehicles in case of explosion and fire.





Typical

*Col Joe Kaine
Camp Pickett, Va*

A BRAIN TEASER

There was a blind beggar. The blind beggar had a brother. The blind beggar's brother was dead. The dead man had no brother. What relation was the blind beggar to the dead man?

ENIGMA

(Find the missing word?)

- My first is in TEA but not in COFFEE.
- My second is in LAKE but not in POND.
- My third is in NUTS but not in FRUIT.
- My fourth is in SERGEANT but not in CORPORAL.
- My fifth is in RAIN but not in SNOW.
- My sixth is in RANK but not in OFFICER.
- My seventh is in TROUBLE but not in PEACE.
- My whole, when found, you will easily see
- Is someone we like, just as much as can be!

TWO-MINUTE QUIZ

"A Mossbank Wolf"

- As _____ as an ox.
- As _____ as a fox.
- As _____ as a whip, and
- As _____ as a prairie coyote.

- As _____ as ice ... or ...
- As _____ as fire.
- As _____ as honey ... or ...
- As _____ as a lemon.

Strong; Sly; Smart; Sulky.
Cold; Hot; Sweet; Sour.

TWO-MINUTE QUIZ

Group Captain "TENNANT".

ENIGMA

His Sister.

BRAIN TEASER

Quiz Answers



A Greeting

FROM

.....
.....
.....

To

.....
.....
.....

PUT
1c
STAMP
HERE

4644_044