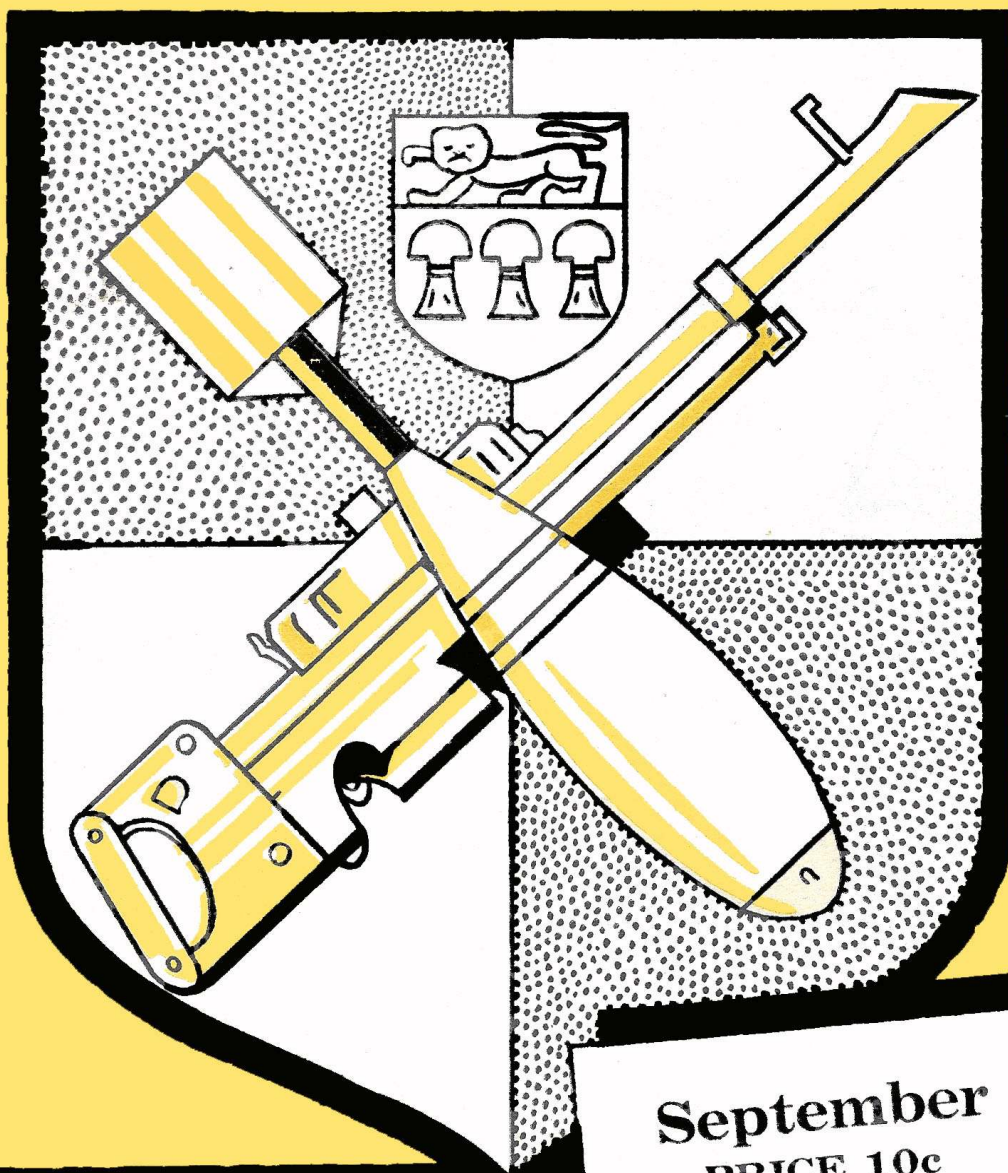


THE MOSSBANK

Target!



September
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TARGET

Vol. 4

SEPTEMBER, 1944

No. 4

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Group Captain E. C. Tennant,
Commanding Officer.

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

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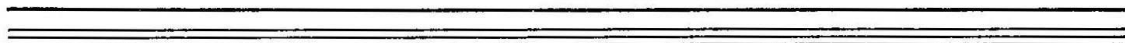
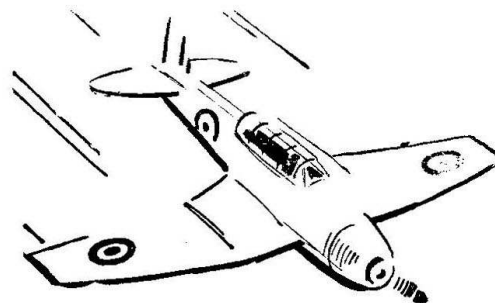


The Target *Salutes*

THE Air Cadets of Canada *The Flyers of the Future*

GRAND BOYS
GRAND INSTRUCTORS
A GRAND ORGANIZATION

*Good Luck to
You All*





**Opinions Fashion
the Future**

Ye Editor



This Issue

Comes to you in the form of a salute to the air cadets of Canada. The flyers of the future.

Excellent training is being given these lads, preparing them for the day when they will subsequently volunteer for service with the R.C.A.F.

Their officers and instructors are to be congratulated on the wonderful job they are doing.

Pictures of the cadets and their officers can be found on inside pages.

No. 2 B. & G. came through again to win the Air Minister's Efficiency Pennant for the best B. & G. School in Canada for the second time in a row. Pictures of the presentation ceremony and the march past can be found in the news section.

Sports, entertainment and weddings are all featured in their respective sections.

Next month the Station celebrates the completion of its 4th year of successful operation. Let's make the next issue a real bang-up anniversary number.

Your Ed. needs lots of pictures, cartoons, stories, section and station news; in fact, any old news. Every section is expected to do their duty, and contribute.

Copy will be accepted now. Deadline Thursday, Sept. 7th.

YE ED. "OSCAR".



The "Target" Congratulates

GROUP CAPTAIN E. C. TENNANT,
 the Commanding Officer,
 THE OFFICERS, N.C.O.'s, AIRWOMEN, AIRMEN
 AND CIVILIANS

for

Winning Twice in Succession

The Air Minister's Efficiency Pennant

FOR THE BEST B. & G. SCHOOL IN CANADA

Mossbank's Proud Pennant Record

July to Sept., 1943 . . .	Honorable Mention
Oct. to Dec., 1943 . . .	Runners-up Pennant
Jan. to March, 1944 . . .	Air Minister's Efficiency Pennant
April to June, 1944 . . .	Air Minister's Efficiency Pennant



Message from the Commanding Officer

Always it is the right spirit that counts: "Esprit do Corps", it is called in the Service. It is no secret that the Spirit of Mossbank is the right spirit and that which has made it possible for you to retain first place in the awarding of the Minister for Air's Efficiency Pennant. You, each one of you—Officer, N.C.O., airman, airwoman and civilian alike—are the components of the Spirit of Mossbank. Your efficiency and cheerfulness in work, your good sportsmanship in play and recreation, your pride in No. 2 B. & G., and your devotion to the R.C.A.F. are reflected in the top position you hold amongst Bombing and Gunnery Schools in Canada.

In all of my twenty-plus years of service, I have never before had the pleasure of associating with men and women of your type: men and women who work so well together and whose interests in work and recreation are centred on the Unit in which you serve—No. 2 B. & G. School. You can be justly proud every time you look at that weather-worn "E" Flag flying at the flag-staff on the parade square. To say the very least, I am proud to be one of you.

For the past three-quarters of the year you have earned the right to fly that pennant. By your continued loyalty and co-operation in the effort being made to turn out the best trained bombers and gunners from Canada, you can retain it for the next quarter. Should you succeed in doing just that, we will have the honor of closing the doors of this Station to bombing and gunnery training at the end of this year with that fine old wind-torn flag still flying.

I sincerely thank you for what you have already done and pledge my help in your further effort.

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





Au Revoir to the Air Cadets

During the month of July it was my privilege, as Commanding Officer of No. 2 Bombing and Gunnery School, Mossbank, to welcome and act as host to the Air Cadets of Assiniboia, Gravelbourg, Wilcox, Tugaske and Calgary (52nd Sqdn.).

May I say to you fellow members of the Royal Canadian Air Force, that you acquitted yourselves as true airmen. Your deportment brought much credit to your Squadrons. The high standard of good order displayed in your barracks was something of which you may well be proud.

On behalf of the Officers and Instructors who had charge of your work I can only say that we hope you derived as much pleasure from your duties and your flying as we did in administering and supervising it.

Although this training bears directly on our national war effort at the present time, you should also bear in mind its immense peace-time value. By your Cadet activities you are preparing yourselves to fill a worthy place in a great and vigorous country.

As you complete your tour of duty on this Station, may I remind you that the Service to which you belong has a proud record that is continually being enhanced by the boys Overseas, many of whom were recruited from your own ranks. The work you are now doing is an excellent preparation for the greater work for which many of you may subsequently volunteer. Striking evidence of this was displayed on the last course of Wireless Air Gunners graduating from this school. The leading graduate was enlisted from the Air Cadets, and received the King's Commission.

May you also go and do likewise. Au revoir, and good luck.

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





THE PADRE'S PAGE

It was on a Tuesday evening, July 4, 1944, to be precise, when the local invasion began! From four adjacent points some sixty-four live-wire Air Cadets made their peaceful penetration of No 2 B. & G. School, and forthwith pitched camp for a ten-day residence among us. That they seized the hearts of many and sundry would be an understatement. Representing Squadrons No. 343 (Tugaske), No. 140 (Notre Dame), No. 20 (Assiniboia) and No. 109 (Gravelbourg), they were under the able supervision of P/O. Molder, R/O. Lewis and Mr. Davis as Group Leaders, with F/O. C. J. Quinn, D.F.M., as liason officer in charge. The program of activities laid down for them was full and varied, including the usual incoming taliks by the Commanding Officer and other Staff Officers, drill, physical training, instructions, recreation, parades (including a special church parade) and, of course, the climactic eagerly-awaited familiarization flight. They were loathe indeed to leave the Station when the time came for their departure.

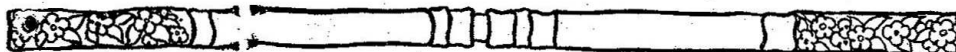
Close on the heels of this first vanguard of young airmen came seventy-six lads from No. 52 Air Cadets of Canada, Calgary, who were under the official guardianship of F/O. P. E. Heather, P/O. D. Duchack, P/O. W. Hunt and P/O. H. Harvey.

Unfortunately, these boys from the wild-west city did not fare so well as their forerunners, for shortly after arrival a case of scarlet fever was discovered, and in short order they found themselves duly impounded, to wit, quarantined! That they chanced to be assigned Barrack Block 13B was unintentional with no malice aforethought and purely coincidental. Even though their movements and activities were necessarily restricted they nevertheless assured us of having spent as happy and profitable a time as was possible under the circumstances.

One lesson these boys taught us from their stay in our midst is that it behooves each one of us to promote and co-operate with such youth organizations in peace, equally as in war, for they will have an invaluable part to play in shaping the future destiny of Canada, and, indirectly, the world at large. Our Air Cadets are just as surely "on active service" as are their older comrades in arms who are in training centres in Canada and elsewhere. Their contribution to the winning of the war is equally real and serviceable. We salute these junior brothers of ours and wish them "Good Hunting" and every success and joy in all their undertakings!

* * * *

No. 2 B. & G. welcomed an initial visit of an outstanding R.A.F. Staff Chaplain (O.D.) in the person of the popular W/C. Rossie Brown, who came to us from 4 T.C.H.Q., Calgary, on Thursday, July 20. Primary purpose of his visit was to maintain liaison with R.A.F. personnel on our strength. In this the Staff Padre certainly succeeded when a large number of his boys assembled in the Recreation Hall to hear an informal talk, followed by a question period. The talk was interspersed by torrents of laughter as W/C. Brown, in his own inimitable way, humorously related some of his coast-to-coast and U.S.A. experiences. The following evening this qualified speaker delivered an highly informative lecturer on the Progress of the War, showing a masterly knowledge of his subject. During his three-day stay, W/C. Rossie-Brown held fort in the Station Chaplain's office, conducting personal interviews with men seeking his experienced counsel and advice. Since the R.A.F. Staff Officer's visit many have been the enquiries speculating on the hope of an early return visit. W/C. Brown's invitation to our R.A.F. personnel to write him whenever his personal services are required fell upon very appreciative ears.



Features

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

The Goal—Operations

By F/LT. G. C. PEEK



You will probably agree that the goal of every right-minded member of the Air Force—aircrew or ground crew, airman or W.D.—is to go overseas and take part in operations against the enemy.

I am one of the lucky ones who has had the change to do this. You may be interested in some of the impressions which I gained while in Great Britain.

First of all, I arrived in Scotland by air one morning in November, 1941. It wasn't actually raining, but this so-called Scotch mist was drifting down. As a sprog navigator, it is a wonder I didn't miss the field and end up in one of the Scotch hills. However, the pilot had been there before and, together, we managed to get down all intact.

We spent a day in Scotland—during which it rained almost continuously. Then we were given a lift to London in a Flamingo. That night we reported at the reception centre in Bournemouth on the south coast.

I won't forget the arrival at Bournemouth—my first real experience of the black-out. And was it black! We stepped off the train and there wasn't a light to be seen. Finally, we spied a sign (consisting of a lighter patch in the blackout curtains) which said "Bar Open". We were quite comfortable by the time the bus arrived to take us to the quarters.

The next two weeks passed pleasantly enough. We were mainly occupied in sightseeing. Finally, two other Canadians and myself were posted to a training unit at Blackpool. Here we had our first taste of the famous English winter. I still argue that the fault lies, not in the weather, but in the antiquated heating systems provided at a lot of the camps. We sat in the classrooms with our greatcoats on and shivered.

Finally, we were posted to a squadron—the far-famed Canadian Demon Squadron. Needless to say, we immediately set out to become good demons and to live up to the reputation of the squadron.

STATION MAGAZINE GETS OVER TO FRANCE

The Station magazine "Target" really gets places. It has now been reported popping up with the invasion troops in France.

Cpl. A. E. Sadler of Maintenance 5 reports that his brother, L/Cpl. Lawrence Sadler, at present in France with a Canadian Signal unit, came across a Mossbank "Target" being eagerly read by some Canadian airmen and soldiers. He says in his letter that they really appreciated reading the "Target" and got a great kick out of reading about the boys at home.

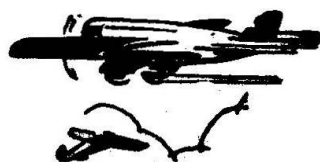
Where will the "Target" pop up next? Perhaps Berlin. Who knows!

The Goal—Operations

At that time the squadron was engaged in strikes against the German convoys in the North Sea. This was a very diverting pastime—both for ourselves and for the German sailors. In fact, the Germans took our small efforts so seriously that they formed the nasty habit of arranging receptions for us. They would send a couple of merchant ships down the coast and surround them three deep with flak (anti-aircraft) ships. At least that is the impression we gained. They go in for colored tracer—red, green and yellow. It is really a very pretty sight—after the attack, if not before. Afterwards we would stand off a few miles and watch the rest of the boys go in.

That, of course, was only the beginning. During eighteen months of operations I managed to have a lot of fun and a little excitement (mainly while on leave).

Finally, they decided that I had outlived my usefulness and kicked me out of the squadron. After six months of instructional duties at an O.T.U., I was sent back to Canada and to Mossbank.



Skippy, Bachelor Deluxe

Skippy is the C.O.'s brown and white cocker spaniel pup, and a very good pup, too. When the C.O. and family entered the church for the Keen-George nuptials, he was ordered to stay outside. So he lay down on the road, looking rather put-out at being excluded. Presently, he sauntered over to the chapel steps and laid his head on the door-sill. However, when he found out there was a wedding in progress he beat a hasty retreat, deciding, in his doggy mind, that this was no place for a confirmed bachelor.

P.S.—He had his share of the refreshments at the reception later on. A very bachelor-like tactic, isn't it?

Beauty Culture

By PEGGY

Beauty treatment in the summer months are now more necessary than ever, for the hot sun and dry winds are very hard on skin and hair. Time indoors is shorter, so we must make the most of every spare moment.



Hair should be brushed now more than ever to bring out the natural oil to the dry ends. If it is overly dry hot oil treatments should be taken either at the hairdressers or at home. Here is a simple home treatment. Brush hair thoroughly, part in narrow sections and apply a good oil with cotton batten, making sure that the ends are well saturated. Steam with hot towels and, if possible, leave on overnight. Shampoo thoroughly and set. If the ends have become very dry and split, have them cut or singed. Care must be taken when choosing a permanent.

Wash the hair with a good oil shampoo after the swim as the water has a drying effect, especially salt water.

The skin needs a great deal of care these windy, dry months. The atmosphere in the prairies is one of the hardest. Use a good cream every night, applying little more around the eyes when the sun leaves its mark. Before applying powder, an oil base is advisable for an extra dry skin. I have found rain water and soap the best remedy for blackheads, but as soft water is scarce here, creams and astringents have to be applied more often. If suffering from an over-dose of freckles, try a good bleaching cream or lotion. Use a darker shade of powder.

During this season, too, eyes become tired, sore and sometimes eyelids granulate. For this irritating condition use "Yellow Oxide of Mercury, 1%".

Nails, too, need that extra care to pre-

Welcome, Aussies

What a day in the history of No. 2 B. & G. School when a party of Blue Orchids arrived straight from the little island just north of Tasmania. Hearts were a-flutter and whispered words were flying in all directions, "How long will they be here?" (This was the sixty-four dollar question.) "What are they going to do?"

I interviewed one of the lads and asked him what he wanted to do, and he announced, "I want to be alone". Another merely wanted to be "pied" (payed) and granted leave. Very sketchy notes, aren't they?

I assured these lads that everybody on the Station extends a warm welcome to them on their arrival here, and we all hope that they may start their training in the very near future. This is the best we can wish them, as they are a very keen lot and all very anxious to get on.

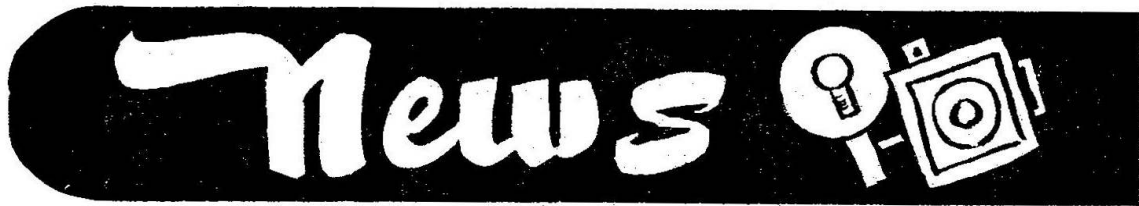
Many of the lads are remusters, from ground trades and some from the Army. Quite a few of them have given a good account of themselves in different theatres of war. Some in Africa, and some in the picnic grounds of New Guinea, being the honored foe of the honorable and highly respected gentlemen of the Land of the Rising Sun. As a matter of interest, in the group there is a remustered professional Bludger, Group II, of four years standing. What I want to know is "Who chased the Pigmy", and also, "Why did he?"

Why does "Shorty" visit the tailor shop four times daily. It is just to check up on the date as shown on that particular calendar?

vent splitting and breaking. A little oil at night is a great help.

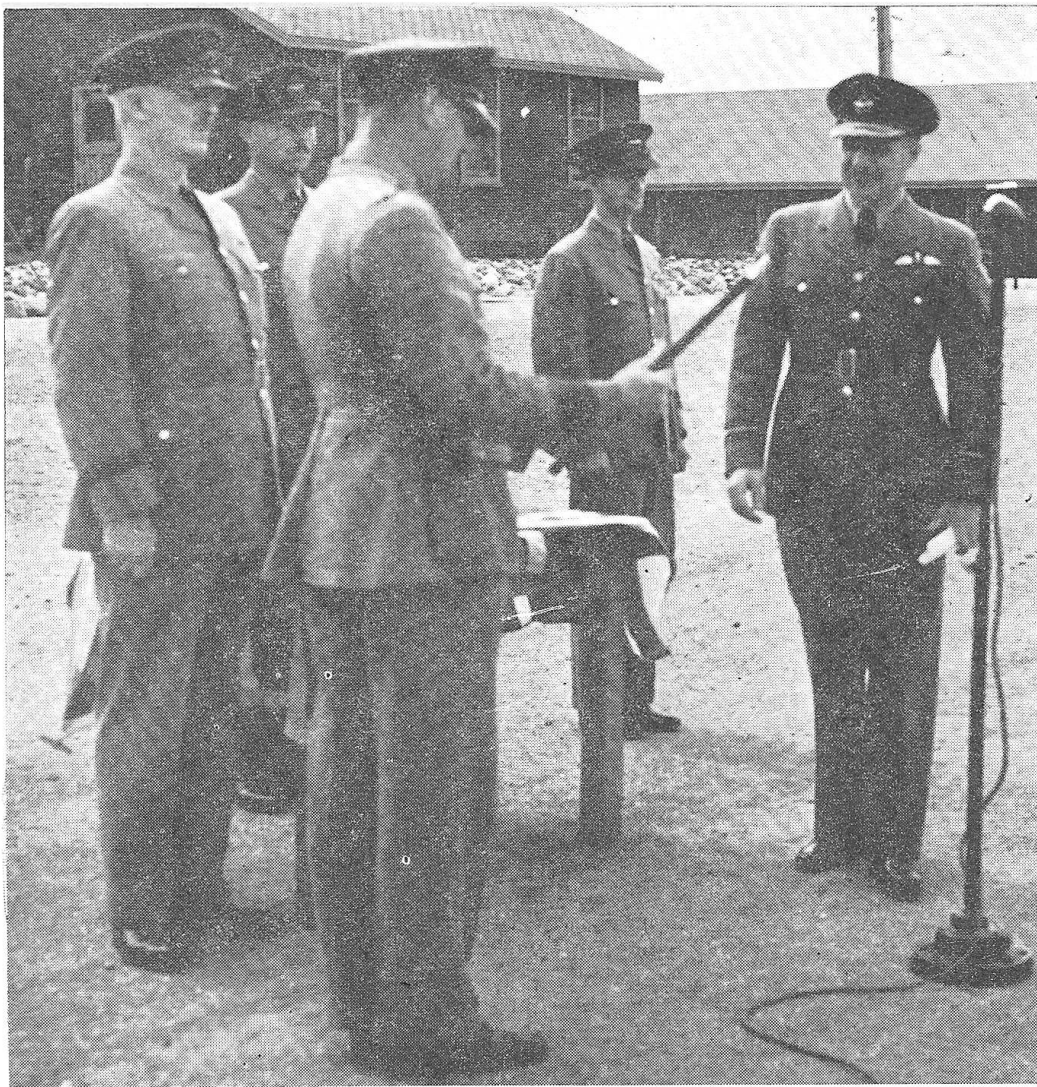
I have not mentioned the oily conditions, for the person with oily conditions at this time of the year is fortunate.

A few minutes spent now save hours at the end of the summer, also prevent that "be-draggled" look.



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

Mossbank Still the Best B. & G. School in Canada



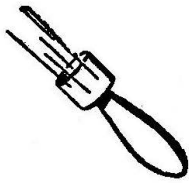
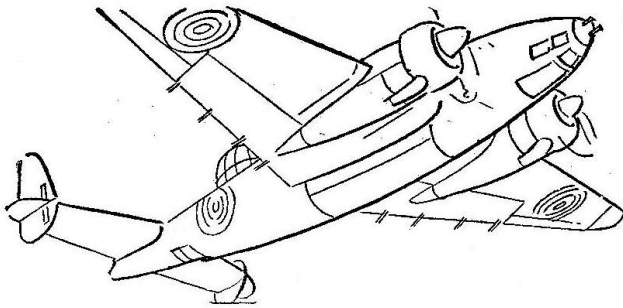
A picture of the Efficiency Pennant, awarded to indicate that Mossbank received premier honors again amongst B. & G. Schools in Canada for the quarter April to June, is presented to Group Captain E. C. Tennant, Commanding Officer, No. 2 Bombing and Gunnery School, by Air Commodore B. F. Johnston of No. 4 Training Command, Calgary.

The Salute at the March Past



Air Commodore Johnston takes the salute at the march past following the Efficiency Pennant presentation ceremony. This is the second time in succession that No. 2 B. & G. School has won this premier award. Previous to that, Mossbank won honorable mention, and then the runners-up pennant.





On June 21 and 22, "Bombs Away," the Station's comedy musicale, made its debut at No. 2 B. & G. School, and with every encouragement

from the C.O. and Station personnel, F/Lt. Howarth and LAC. McHeffey took it out to greener pastures.

July 5th, the cast and crew of our third Station show wended their way to the Queen City of Regina—and before a packed house in the Darke Hall, "Bombs Away's" popularity rose sky high.

The Technical School in Moose Jaw was the next stopping place. After a hectic bus trip, our troupers again went through their paces. That was July 21st—and it was rumored that that would be the show's last appearance for a while.

But a special invitation loomed up—No. 32 S.F.T.S. (R.A.F.), Moose Jaw, wished to see No. 2 B. & G.'s now noted musicale—so off it went again—and it was a bang-up conclusion.

Here is a shortened excerpt from the Moose Jaw Times-Herald:

"An entertainment block-buster dropped on the Technical School on Friday night, explosions lasting for two hours as more than 800 laugh-hungry spectators became slap-happy.

"'Bombs Away', presented by the personnel of No. 2 B. & G. School, Mossbank, under the sponsorship of the Y.W.C.A., was primarily a comedy show. It was a razzle-dazzle affair, and the performance sparkled with entertainment. Delays were unknown, and the intermissions were made popular by the smooth orchestra from the Mossbank School.

"About 30 airmen and airwomen from the Southern Saskatchewan air station formed the cast of the illustrious stage show, while another score were responsible for outstanding feats behind the scenes.

Bombs Away!

"Vocals, tap routines, skits, instrumentals and added features made the show versatile, and the quality of each number made it interesting.

"Four comedy skits—strictly 'corny' in format—were most popular with the young people, who outnumbered other ages in the audience 10-1. The skits, entitled: 'Unexpected', 'Weird Circle', 'Der Fuehrer's Face', and 'Barrack Room', featured LAC. Dolman, Regina; LAC. Shawcross, Hamilton, Ont.; LAC. McDougall, Hamilton; LAW. Campbell, Edmonton, and LAC. Henderson, Toronto. The short scenes were not intended as dramatic presentations, and were generally accepted as giggle-mongers.

"Jitterbugs and Jive hounds thought the Boogie-Woogie piano playing of an anonymous airman was 'solid'.

"In a different vein and definitely a highlight of 'Bombs Away' was 'Chalk Talk' by LAC. McHeffey, master of ceremonies.

"From behind the brown barrack walls of No. 2 Bombing and Gunnery School came talent that had never before played a prominent part in the entertainment world.

"That could hardly be said of LAC. Mel Oatridge, London, Ont., youth, who composed the words and music to 'The Victory Song', used as the finale to the big show. Oatridge, former guitar player with Mart Kenney and his Western Gentlemen, played guitar solos and took part in instrumental and vocal combinations to make a prominent contribution to the listening pleasure of the audience.

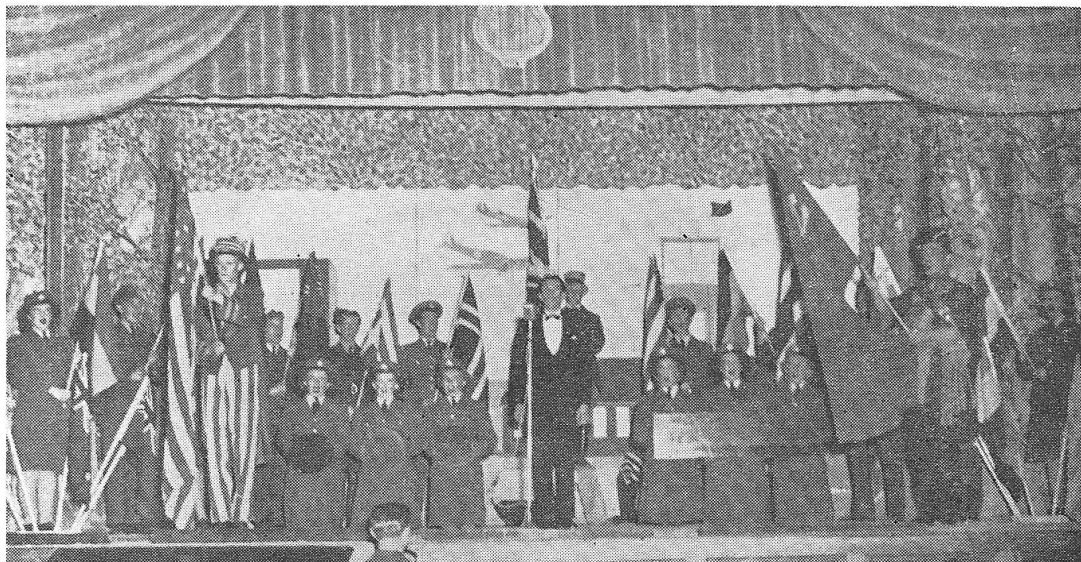
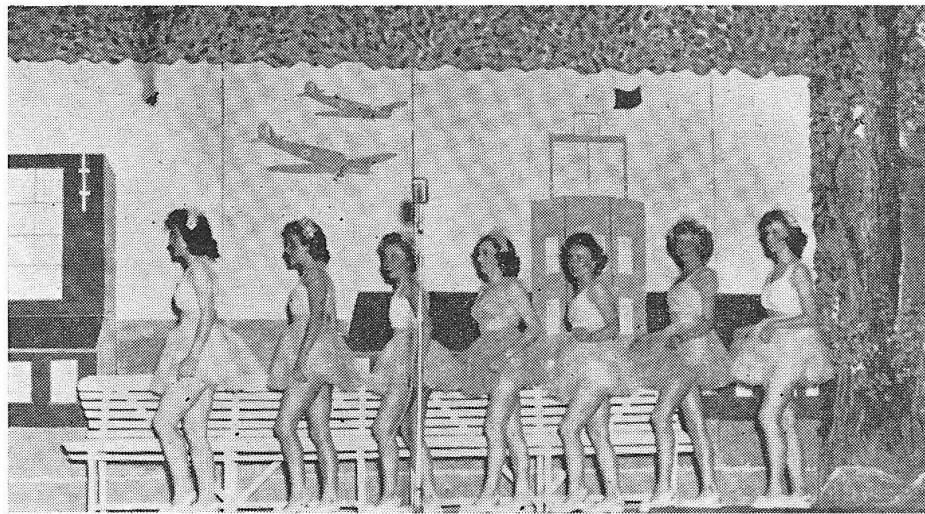
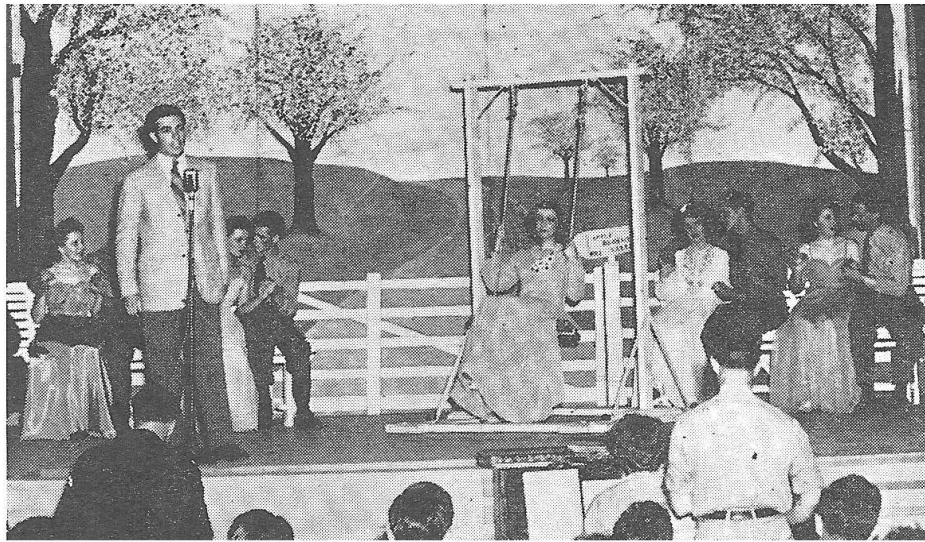
(Continued on Page 18)

The scenes depicted on the opposite page were taken from the Station show "Bombs Away," which was well received on this Station, at Regina and Moose Jaw.

TOP—The "Apple Blossom" number, which featured Sgt. Roderick and P/O. Kirkwood, ably supported by the chorus.

CENTRE—McHeffey's Dancing Girls, who provided the "kick" for the show.

LOWER—The entire ensemble combined in the brilliant and colorful finale, which portrayed Great Britain, America and Russia working together towards the final victory.



Concert Party From 32 S.F.T.S.

On July 29th, No. 32 S.F.T.S., Moose Jaw, presented their musical show "Rafaudeville" to the personnel of No. 2 B. & G. School. The concert, with F/L Daniels as master of ceremonies, was heartily enjoyed by everyone and lasted approximately two hours. The band, with LAC. Logan as vocalist, was excellent. Some of the most outstanding features of the program were LAC. Stewart's rendition of "The Holy City", with LAC. Coleman at the piano. LAC. Miles gained a rousing applause with his xylophone and saxophone solos. "Accordiana", with LAC. Shield and LAC. Martin, also took the attention of the crowd, and the boys received a big hand. Following the program, a Station Dance was held in the Recreation Hall, with No. 32 supplying the music. Everyone reported a good time, and so we say "Thanks, 32 R.A.F., for a swell performance."

Following was the program:

Blue and Sentimental	Band
Johnson Rag	Band
How Blue the Night.....	Logan and Band
Ay! Ay!	George
Riot of River Street	Peter Polhill
Swinging the Blues	Band
Forget-Me-Nots in Your Eyes—	
	Logan and Band
Skit: "In Town Tonight"—	
	Daniels and Logan
John's Idea	Band
Indian Love Call	Band
Piano Concerto (Grieg);	
Baby Trouble—	
	Ray Gould (soloist) with Band
St. Louis Blues	Band
Smoke Gets in Your Eyes	Band
Tried It Once	
Song, "Holy City".....	Alex. Stewart
	(Accompanist, Reg. Coleman)
Accordiana ..G. Martin and Ivor Shield	
In the Mood	Band
I'll Be Seeing You	Logan and Band
Sketch: "In Town Tonight" — Daniels,	
	Martin, Logan, Newell.
Xylophone Solo	Teddy Miles
	(Reg. Coleman at the piano)
Caravan	Band
Bugle Call Rag	Band
Finale: Blue and Sentimental.....	Band

State Manager, Kenneth M. Ashley; Lighting, Sgt. Grantham, LAC. Scrase; Make Up, Kenneth M. Ashley; Stage Hands, LAC's. Long and Higgs.

Bombs Away

(Continued from Page 16)

"The M.C., 'Mac' McHeffey, thrilled the audience with a clever roller-skating tap. The other dance during the show was a chorus, composed of LAW. Walmsley, AW. 1 Bounds, Cpl. Todd, AW.1 Reid, Sgt. Weibe and AW.1 Ferrer, all of Regina; LAW. Horrobin, Montreal, and AW.1 Bryant of Kam-sask, Sask.

"P/O. Bob Kirkwood, Newark, N.J., led the male vocalists with two songs. 'Apple Blossom Time', in which the American teamed up with the lovely Sgt. (Miss) Roderick, of Camrose, Alta., was especially enjoyed.

"An impressive opening chorus, 'Stout Hearted Men', was led by Sgt. McGregor, Kitchener, Ont., bolstered by a dozen airmen and airwomen. Sgt. McGregor also sang 'The Dessert Song' and 'One Alone' during the show.

"The ivory artist of outstanding ability' billed on the program was LAC. Levis of Regina. He played melodies of another day in a manner that made easy listening.

"Ed. Boyle, 'Canada's original soldier-violinist of World War 1', was welcomed with his violin arrangements of 'Ave Maria', and other well-known musical selections. Vocal solos, of a modern style, were given by the charming and talented AW. 1 Reid, of Regina, and by the Ontario singer, LAC. Lemaire. LAC. Horrobin rejoined the show with an enjoyable accordion medley of popular songs from the day's 'Hit Parade'.

"The vocal quartet heard singing the once popular 'Sweet Sue', consisted of LAC. Oatridge, LAW. Campbell, Cpl. Shea of Montreal, and Cpl. Pugsley of Regina. LAW. Campbell dropped out and left the instrumental trio that was so popular, near the end of the performance.

Presented through kind permission of G/C. E. C. Tennant, Officer Commanding No. 2 Bombing and Gunnery School, Mossbank, 'Bombs Away' was produced by Flt. Lt. Howarth and LAC. McHeffey, who were manager and director, respectively. Musical director was Cpl. Pugsley, while the costumes were designed and made by Mesdames Francis, Wilson, Garrison, Leinback, Maybin, Wilkinson, Calderwood and Tasker. F/Sgt. Crowson had charge of make-up, and the costume attendants were LAW's. Wilfong and Davignon. P.A. technician was Sgt. Minard.



During a recent visit to the Station the Command Photographer snapped the above pictures of three sets of sisters and the Station majorettes.

TOP LEFT—LAW's Peggy and Mary Chase of Regina.

TOP RIGHT—LAW's. Thelma and Pamela Bounds, Rose Valley, Sask.

LOWER LEFT—Majorettes Cpl. Thelma Todd and Sgt. Finnie Wiebe of Regina.

LOWER RIGHT—LAW's. Mona and Jene Strange of Brandon, Manitoba.

Short Notes on Pin-Ups

One of the show places of Barrack Block 5, is F/Sgt. Keen's room. Reason—pin-ups, of course. Every lad in camp has his share, but the Flight has collected the prettiest for twelve months now, as his room is well papered with delectable eye-fuls. F/Sgt. Keen arrived in Canada, from Australia, as an LAC. in September, 1942, and went to Brandon for S.F.T.S. training. He came to Mossbank in April, 1943, and has been here since then. It was a good posting for him, as it was here that he met his charming wife. She was Olive George, of Leslie, Sask., and has been here for two years. "What happened to the pin-ups?" you ask. Well, most of them were left in his room to cheer up the next occupant, but some of the best he passed on to F/Sgt. Hodges, who uses them as examples to make his own pin-ups with his own camera.

Au Revoir to Padre Sutton

The Station lost another of its Officers recently when the Protestant Padre, F/Lt. C. Sutton, was posted to Western Air Command. Padre Sutton spent several months on this Station, during which time he became popular with all Station personnel. We wish him the best of luck in his new Station.

F/Lt. Hepburn, a native of Scotland, has taken over the duties of Station Padre. Welcome to Mossbank, Sir.

It was June in the park. The moon shone on the bench nestled among the rose bushes. The fragrance of the flowers filled the air. Music drifted across the small lake from the casino. On the bench sat a couple entwined in tight embrace : "Corporal," she sighed, "where did you learn to kiss like that?"

"Siphoning Gas."

New Managing Editor

The Station Magazine, "Target", had a new addition to its staff recently when F/O. E. Schonning, the Station's new Educational Officer, took over the duties of Managing Editor. Previous to coming to Mossbank, F/O. Schonning was stationed at Edmonton.



The sweet young thing had broken her glasses. She carefully picked up the pieces, placed them in an envelope and took it to her optometrist.

"Will I have to be examined all over," she asked, as she handed him the envelope.

"No," he replied, "just your eyes."

* * *

IT'S THE WEATHER

Doggone he, me hate he,
Me wish him were died.
Him told I, him loved I,
But darn he him lied.
Ah, me, it cannot was.

ATTENTION, DUDES!

We have organized a Riding Club for the personnel and friends of this Station.

Our president, WO.1 McKenzie, has donated a lot of time and worry and most of the credit is definitely due to his efforts.

Some of the members have volunteered to instruct anyone desiring to become an old cowhand.

Bookings for horses can be made at the Drill Hall, so come on out and do your P.T. the horsey way.

"A DUDE".



Wedding Bells



WEDDING BELLS

WALKER—LAING

The Station Chapel at No. 2 Bombing and Gunnery School at Mossbank, Sask., was filled to capacity when Nursing Sister Olive Iris Laing, R.C.A.F., and F/O. Kenneth Frederick Walker, R.C.A.F., were united in marriage on Monday, August 7, 1944, at 7.30 p.m. F/Lt. Chas. A. Sutton was the officiating padre. The bride, dressed in a white net dress with a floor length veil caught at head by a coronet, and carrying a bouquet of red roses, was given in marriage by Group Captain E. C. Tennant, Commanding Officer. N/S. Blake, wearing a rose brocade taffeta dress with a shoulder length halo veil caught in place by mauve gladiolas, and carrying a bouquet of mauve gladiolas, was the bride's only attendant. F/O. A. C. Keegan, R.N.Z.A.F., was best man. The groom and best man were in uniform.

LAW. Jean Burns presided at the organ, and during the signing of the register P/O. Robert Kirkwood sang "Through the Years".

Following the ceremony a reception was held in the Officers' Mess, where a triple tier wedding cake centred the table. Group Captain Tennant proposed the toast to the bride.

F/O. and Mrs. Walker left by motor for Moose Jaw. A few days were spent in Calgary, visiting the bride's parents, before they proceeded East.

F/O. and Mrs. Walker returned to Mossbank, where they are presently stationed.

KEEN—GEORGE

A pretty wedding took place at No. 2 Bombing and Gunnery School Chapel on July 3, 1944, when LAW. Olive Agnes George, of Leslie, Sask., was married to Flight Sergeant Lionel Norman Keen, of Brisbane, Australia. The bride, given in marriage by her father, Mr. W. George, was charming in a white embossed sheer gown with embroidered net veil caught in place by a floral head-dress. Her bouquet was of red roses and she wore her mother's gold pendant as her only ornament. Mrs. Russell Sanderson, once a W.D. in the Accounts Section, was matron-of-honor,

and wore turquoise sheer. Sgt. Joyce Roderick, in heaven blue taffeta, was the charming bridesmaid. The bridal attendants wore similar white Dutch hats and carried bouquets of white roses and shasta daisies. WO.2 Russell Sanderson was groomsman, and F/Sgt. Kenneth Playford, of Australia, ushered. Flight Lieutenant Sutton, padre at No. 2 Bombing and Gunnery School, performed the ceremony.

LAC. Kenneth Lemaire sang as a solo "O Perfect Love", while LAC. Richard Levis presided at the organ.

A reception in honor of the couple was held in the Sergeants' Mess, where the bride's parents received the guests with the newlyweds. The candle-lighted table was centred by a tiered wedding cake, baked by the bride's mother. Guests included Group Captain E. C. Tennant and Mrs. Tennant, with their two children. Many of the groom's fellow-countrymen, as well as new found Canadian friends, also attended. The happy couple will spend a few days with the bride's parents before proceeding East.

ARMOUR—WALBAUM

The Station Chapel, No. 2 Bombing and Gunnery School, Mossbank, Sask., was the setting July 13, 1944, for the marriage of Patricia Walbaum, R.C.A.F. (W.D.), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walbaum, Vibank, Sask., and Cpl. William Armour, (R.C.O.C.), son of Mr. and Mrs. Armour, of Toronto, Ont. F/Lt. Chas. A. Sutton officiated. The bride, wearing her uniform, was given in marriage by Group Captain E. C. Tennant, Commanding Officer.

LAW. O. J. Kolesar, R.C.A.F. (W.D.), was bridesmaid, and LAC. K. Shuttleworth was best man.

LAC. Jack Levis presided at the organ, and during the signing of the register, LAC. Lemaire sang "O Perfect Love" and "Ave Maria".

After the ceremony, a reception was held in the W.D. Canteen. Shortly after, the bride and groom left for Regina, where they spent their honeymoon.



Here

June Hall

The Station Chapel was the scene of many pretty weddings this summer. Reading from left to right in the TOP picture can be seen Group Captain E. C. Tennant, N/S. Brake; the bride and groom, N/S. O. I. Laing and F/O. K. Walker; F/O. A. C. Keegan and F/Lt. C. A. Sutton.

The CENTRE LEFT picture shows F/Sgt. and Mrs. L. Keen cutting their cake. CENTRE RIGHT—Sgt. and Mrs. W. Huston pause in front of the chapel altar. LOWER LEFT—LAC. and Mrs. J. Morris. LOWER RIGHT—Cpl. and Mrs. W. Armour and Padre Sutton.

24 *Fire Hall Staff*

HUSTON—COLWELL

Fire Hall

MORRIS—MOORE

TARGET

On Thursday, August 3, 1944, at 7.30 p.m., in the Station Chapel of No. 2 Bombing and Gunnery School, Mossbank, Sask., Cpl. Georgina Colwell, R.C.A.F. (W.D.), daughter of Mrs. Sarah Colwell, Ogema, Sask., and Sgt. William Leonard Ross Huston, R.C.A.F., elder son of the late Mrs. Emma Huston, Willmar, Sask., were united in marriage by F/Lt. Chas. A. Sutton, Station Chaplain.

The bride wore her uniform and was given in marriage by Group Captain E. C. Tennant, Commanding Officer. Her bridesmaid was Cpl. D. I. Rose, R.C.A.F. (W.D.), and the best man was Cpl. W. M. Graves.

LAW. Lois Beedy presided at the organ, and during the signing of the register, LAW. Jean Burns sang "I Love You Truly".

After the ceremony, a reception was held in the W.D. Canteen, where the newlyweds received their guests. Shortly after the reception the bride and groom left, by motor, for a brief honeymoon in Moose Jaw.

Mrs. Huston returned to Mossbank, where she is presently stationed, while Sgt. Huston, formerly of Mossbank, left for the East.

The Station Chapel at No. 2 Bombing and Gunnery School, Mossbank, Sask., was the setting for a very interesting wedding which took place on Tuesday, June 27, 1944, at 7.30 p.m., when LAW. Phyllis Isobel Moore, daughter of Mrs. R. F. Moore, Galt, Ontario, and LAC. Frank Robert Morris were united in marriage by F/Lt. Chas. A. Sutton. The bride, wearing her uniform, was given in marriage by Group Captain E. C. Tennant, Commanding Officer. LAW. Elsie M. McBride, R.C.A.F. (W.D.), was the only bridesmaid, and LAC. R. Morris, brother of the groom, was best man.

Mrs. J. Hurlbert presided at the organ, and during the signing of the register Mrs. Irene Botkin sang "O Promise Me".

Following the ceremony a reception was held in the W.D. Canteen, where the bride and groom received their guests. A wedding cake, prepared by LAW. Heath, bedecked the centre of the table.

Shortly after, LAC. and Mrs. Morris left by motor for Moose Jaw, where they left by train to spend their honeymoon in Vancouver.

LAC. and Mrs. Morris returned to Mossbank, where they are presently stationed.





KEEP FIT!

Station Track and Field Meet

The last Track and Field meet was very successful and brought to light a very fair amount of talent. No outside units were invited, but Station personnel had a busy and interesting afternoon. The next meet is scheduled for August 23rd, and personnel who can run or jump faster and further may have an opportunity of taking part in the Command meet at Calgary on September 2nd. An Eastern Zone Team is to be chosen to include the best athletes in the Eastern Sports Zone of No. 4 T.C. Your next "Target" will bring results of both meets.

Track and Field Results, July 5th

Horseshoe Tournament — 1st, Cpl. Bleakley and LAC. Collison; 2nd, LAC. Hankin and LAC. Workman.

Men's 100-yard Dash—1st, LAC. Fairhurst; 2nd, LAC. Sandberg; 3rd, LAC. Pugh.

W.D.'s 50-yard Dash—1st, Cpl. Fisher; 2nd, Cpl. Howle; 3rd, Sgt. Ker.

Men's Standing Jump — 1st, LAC. Brown; 2nd, LAW. Wright; 3rd, LAC. Lyon.

W.D.'s Standing Broad — 1st, Cpl. Howle; 2nd, Cpl. Fisher; 3rd, LAW. Archer.

Men's Running Broad — 1st, LAC. Sandberg; 2nd, LAC. Wright; 3rd, LAC. Brown.

W.D.'s Running Broad — 1st, Cpl. Howle; 2nd, LAW. Black; 3rd, LAW. Archer.

Men's High Jump—1st, LAC. Scholten; 2nd, H. Davis; 3rd, LAC. Brown.

Tug-of-War—Moose's Mighty Men. (case of beer).

Men's 220 Yards—1st, LAC. Fairhurst; 2nd, LAC. Sandberg; 3rd, LAC. Pugh.

W.D.'s 100 Yards—1st, Cpl. Howle; 2nd, Cpl. Fisher; 3rd, Cpl. Ker.

Men's 440 Yards—1st, LAC. Wright; 2nd, LAC. Lyons; 3rd LAC. McIntosh.

Men's Relay—1st, LAC. Pugh, LAC.

Fairhurst, LAC. Sandberg, LAC. Turner.

Mile Event—1st, P/O. Noel and LAC. Francis (equal), 3rd, LAC. Gill.

Shot Putt (Men)—1st F/Sgt. Mason; 2nd, F/O. Yule; 3rd, Stretchuk.

Discuss Throw (Men)—1st, H. Davis; 2nd, F/O. Yule; 3rd, Stretchuk.

Discus Throw (W.D.'s) — 1st, Cpl. Fisher; 2nd, LAW. Smith; 3rd, LAW. Archer.

Cadets 50-yard Dash — 1st, Crosby; 2nd, Holmes; 3rd, French.

Men's Grand Aggregate—LAC. Sandberg.

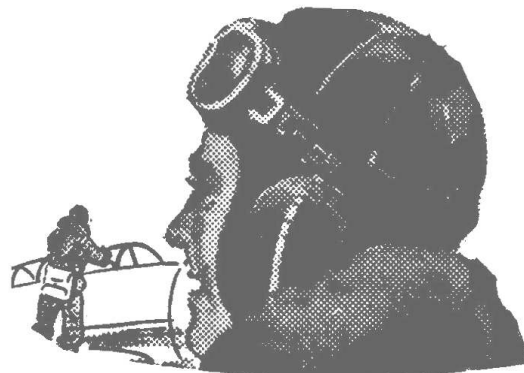
W.D.'s Grand Aggregate—Cpl. Howle.

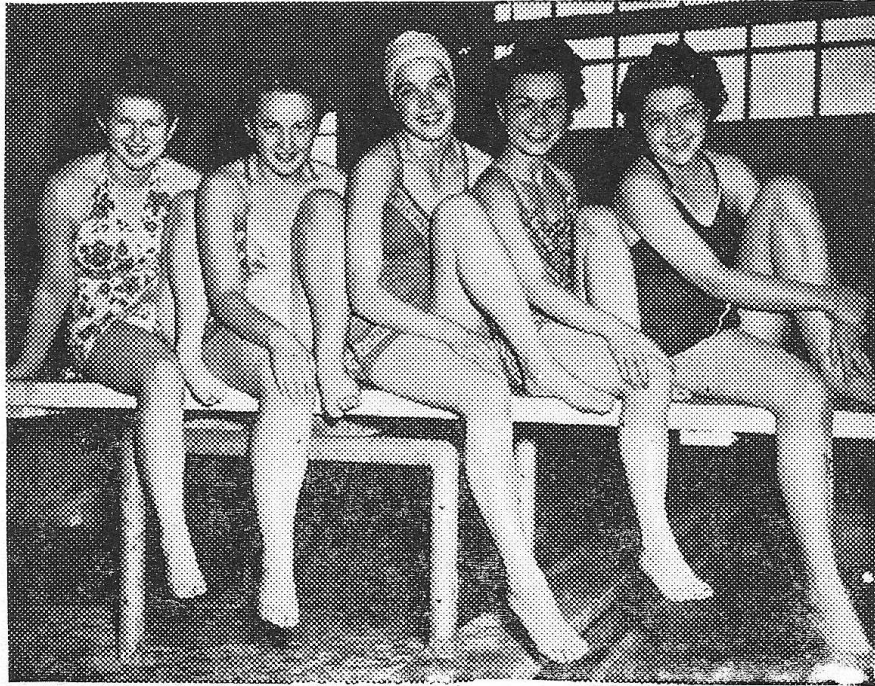
Chaplain: "Son, are you following the Ten Commandments?"

AC.2: "I don't know, Sir. It's all I can do to keep up with the Station notices and memos."

* * *

There was a hot pilot named Bright,
Whose speed was much faster than light.
He took off one day,
Indulged in a fray,
And returned on the previous night.





This quintet of W.D. mermaids pause for a moment on the swimming pool diving board as the photographer snaps a picture.

Reading from left to right, they are: LAW. C. V. Byrnes, Maidstone, Sask.; LAW. Gladys Archer, Ettington, Sask.; AW. 1 Sylvia Westwood, Vancouver, B.C.; Cpl. Jean Munro, Regina, Sask., and LAW. Val Bouvier, Gravelbourg, Sask.

Photo by Courtesy of The Leader-Post

SWIMMING

As may be expected, swimming has been extremely popular during the warm weather. If you would like to get an idea of what a swimming pool on the prairies can mean, just come around any Saturday afternoon from 1400 hours to 1600 hours and watch the kiddies having fun—but don't forget your ear-plugs.

It has been almost impossible to maintain a regular swimming team, what

with postings, but the swimming meet is going forward and next month's "Target" will carry the story.

More and more trainees, as well as staff personnel are learning to swim. It is the aim of the P.T. & D. section that no trainee will leave this Unit without being able to swim and, in addition to this, instruction is gladly given to anyone desiring to learn.



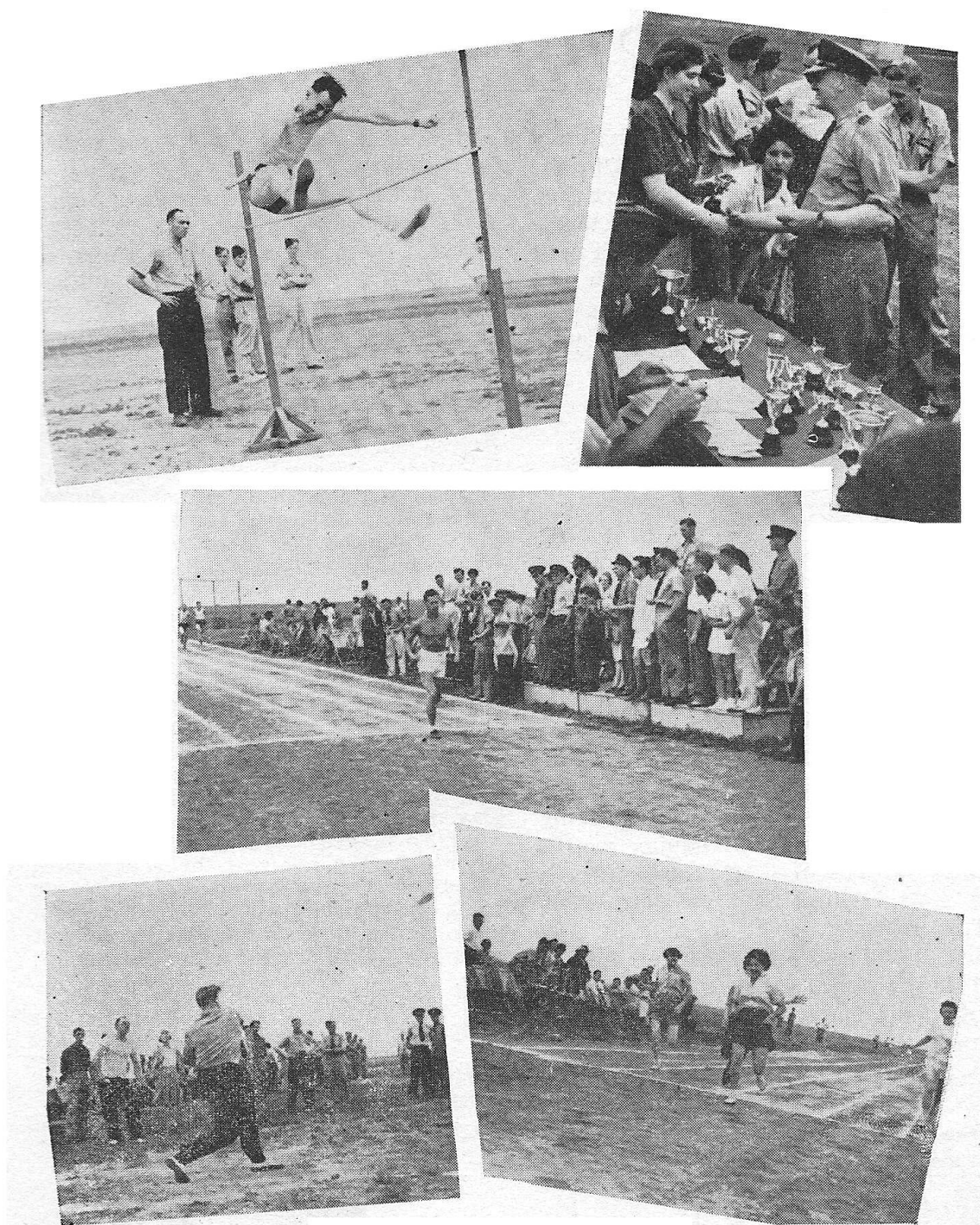
The above shots were taken during a sports day held on the Station during the month of July.

TOP LEFT picture shows P/O. "Moose" Douglas' team pulling their way to victory in the tug-of-war event.

CENTRE LEFT—The Commanding Officer, Group Captain E. C. Tennant, presents LAC. Eric Fairhurst with a cup.

CENTRE RIGHT—LAW. Black competing in the running broad jump.

BOTTOM—P/O. Noel and LAC. Francis tied for first place in the mile event.



Good weather prevailed for the contestants during the sports day held on the Station. Many exciting events were run off before a large and enthusiastic audience. The TOP LEFT picture shows P/O. Harry Leggett judging the high jump. TOP RIGHT—The Commanding Officer presents a cup to Cpl. Fisher. CENTRE—LAC. Fairhurst leading his team to victory in the mile relay.

MEN'S FASTBALL

The Fastball season is drawing to a close and the play-offs will start in the next few days from the time of writing. The men's Station League of eight teams had a very good season, and after a very close race the Living Out N.C.O.'s and



Service Flight finished on top, both teams having won 6 and lost 1. The second position in the league also finished in a tie between G.I.S. and Living Out Officers, each team having won 5 and lost 2. The play-offs between these four teams should be very close. The A.T.S. finished next, winning 3 and losing 4. Repair was sixth, winning 2 and losing 5. The Headquarters and Equipment teams finished last, each winning only 1 game and losing 6.

The final league standing is as follows:

	W.	L.	Pts.
Living Out N.C.O.'s	6	1	12
Service Flight	6	1	12
G.I.S.	5	2	10
Living Out Officers	5	2	10
A.T.S.	3	4	6
Repair	2	5	4
Headquartersr	1	6	2
Equipment	1	6	2

The play-offs in the league will start Wednesday, August 9th, with Living Out N.C.O.'s playing G.I.S. and Service Flight playing Living Out Officers, in a best 2 out of 3 series. The second game

of this series will be played on Friday, August 11th. If a third game is necessary, it will be played Monday, August 14th. The winners will start a best 3 out of 5 game series, starting Thursday, August 17th, for the Station championship. The winner will receive the Station Fastball Trophy.

The Station team is very strong this year and they are about to begin the play-offs for the Command championship. The Mossbank Gunners will play Regina No. 2 I.T.S. This should be a very close series. These two clubs played 3-game exhibition series during the summer. The first game was played in Regina, and the score of this game No. 2 I.T.S., 2; Mossbank Gunners, 0. The next two games were played in Moose Jaw. The second game ended Mossbank 0, Regina 0 in a ten-inning game which sent the Moose Jaw fans home saying to one another that it was the best Fastball game seen in Moose Jaw for 15 years. The game featured pitching, with Mossbank's Glen Roach and Regina's Jack Sinclair putting on a real show. The third and last game played between these two great teams was also played at Moose Jaw, and another dream game was the result with Mossbank Gunners nosing out No. 2 I.T.S. by the score of 2 to 1. So, from these games, these two teams should put on a real good show for the Command title.



Air Cadets Visit No. 2 B. & G. School

By F/O. C. J. QUINN (D.F.M.)

This year No. 2 B. & G. School once more became the host of Cadets from the surrounding district, and Calgary.

There were two camps held, the first from July 4th to July 14th. It was comprised of squadrons from Assiniboia, Tugaske, Wilcox and Gravelbourg. The second camp was from July 18th to July 28th, and was made up of only one squadron from Calgary.

The boys were a bit green on barrack life and customs, but under the direction of Cpl. W. D. Hoskinson, a P.T. and D. Instructor from No. 4 T.C., the boys had everything shipshape and their beds were made up as well, if not better, than the regular airmen's beds. The C.O. highly commended the Cadets on his inspection.

After the Cadets had more or less become settled, they were welcomed by the Commanding Officer, Group Captain E. C. Tennant, who wished the boys every success in their camp and told the Cadets that everything in the way of training facilities would be at their disposal, and that when they left they would carry with them some useful and practical information so as to make them good airmen of the future.

The Padre and Senior Medical Officer also addressed the boys as if they were incoming trainees, which put them on an equal basis with the airmen.

The first camp came through very well, medically, but the second camp had one case of Scarlet Fever, which kept the other boys in quarantine for a week. However, outdoor classes were arranged and the syllabus was fully covered.

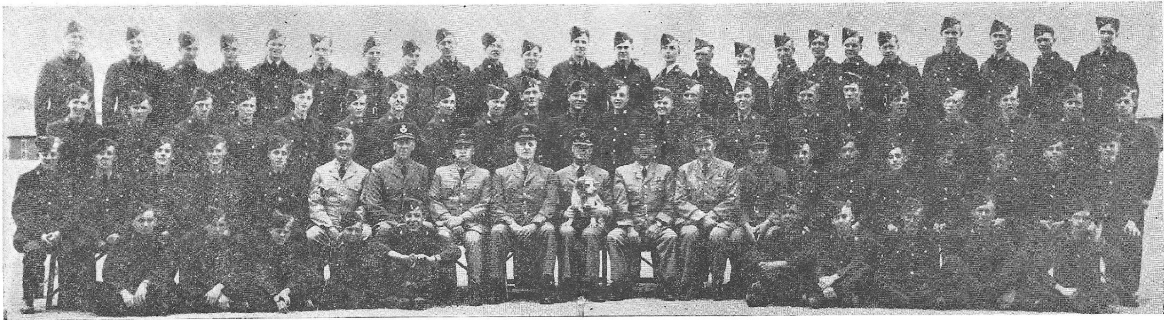
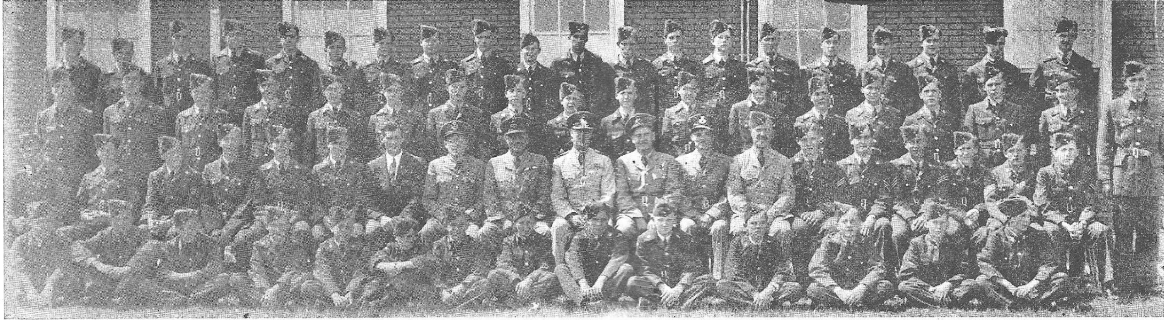
The Cadets had regular classes in all Bombing and Gunnery subjects. The time was evenly distributed so as to make the camp as interesting as possible. They saw every section on the Station, toured the Bombing Ranges, did firing with the Browning Gun on the

25-yard Range and heard ex-operational aircrew give accounts of their experiences.

The highlights of the camps came with the familiarization flights. These were made from Navigation Flight, four Cadets going up at a time and lasting from twenty to thirty minutes. Before any of the Cadets could go flying they had to produce a waiver signed by their parents. Out of one hundred and forty Cadets, which comprised the two camps, there were only five who didn't have signed waivers. The boys' only disappointment was the fact that there wasn't more of it, and continually kept asking for more flips. This was the first year that Cadets had been allowed to fly, and it is believed that more flying will be done in the future.

Both camps got away quite satisfactorily. The boys left with regret, all wishing that they could have stayed longer, but were grateful for the fine treatment and attention accorded them while at No. 2 Bombing and Gunnery School.





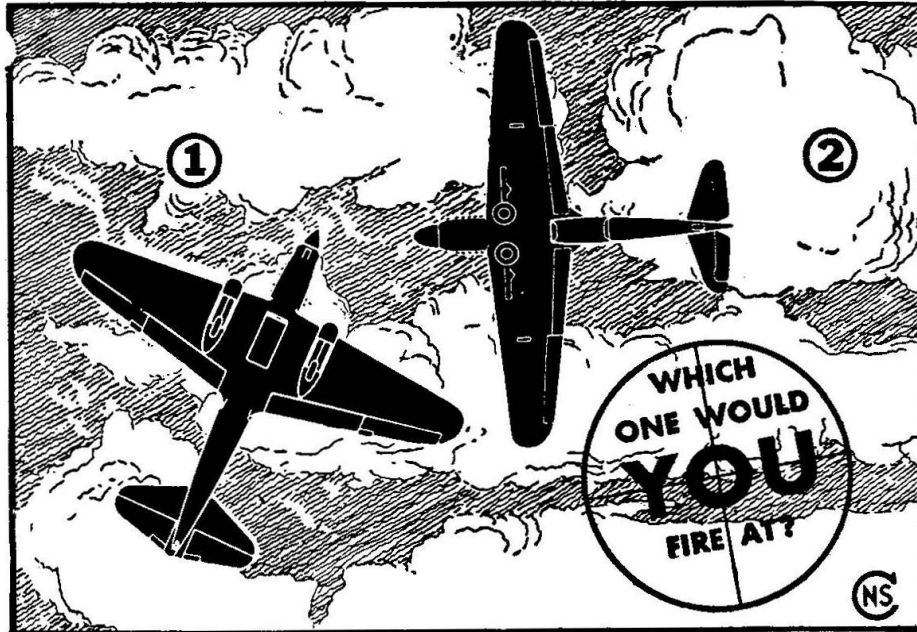
During the month of July two squadrons of Air Cadets visited No. 2 B. & G. for a ten-day stay. The first group of cadets, composed of squadrons from Gravelbourg, Tugaske, Notre Dame and Assiniboia, arrived on July 4th and left on July 14th. The second group arrived on July 18th and left on July 28th.

The top picture shows No. 343 Squadron from Tugaske, Sask.; No. 140 from Notre Dame of Wilcox, Sask.; No. 20 from Assiniboia, Sask., and No. 109 Squadron from Gravelbourg, Sask.



Seated in the second row, seventh from the left, can be seen Mr. H. Davis, Group Leader. On his right are F/O Lewis, Group Leader; S/L. R. Key, Station S.A.O.; Group Captain E. C. Tennant, Commanding Officer of No. 2 B. & G.; F/O. C. J. Quinn, D.F.M., Liason Officer in charge of Cadets; P/O. W. Molder, Group Leader, and Cpl. W. D. Hoskinson, P.T., and D. instructor from No. 4 T.C.

The lower picture shows No. 52 Squadron from Calgary. Sixth from the left can be seen Cpl. W. D. Hoskinson, and on his right, P/O. H. Harvey, P/O. W. Hunt, F/O. P. E. Heather (Group Leaders), Group Captain E. C. Tennant, S/L. R. Key, F/O. C. J. Quinn, D.F.M., and P/O. D. Duchack (Group Leader).



NOT AT No. 1! It's the Russian 1I-2 "Stormovik", a low-wing, single seat fighter, powered with a single inline engine. It has a long, thin fuselage with a pointed nose. The trailing edge of the tapered wing flares into the fuselage. The tailplane is diamond shaped with rounded tips.

FIRE AT No. 2! It's the Japs' "Tony", a single seat fighter equipped with an inline engine. Both edges of the low set wings taper almost equally to rounded tips. The leading edge of the tailplane is swept sharply back and the trailing edge is swept forward slightly to rounded tips.



This bulbous-nosed, big-bellied "Flying Catfish" is the United States Navy's newest and biggest cargo carrying plane. Built of stainless steel, it has a 100-foot wingspread, two 1,000 horse power air-cooled motors, and cruises at 165 miles an hour. It can carry 10,000 pounds of freight 600 miles, and has a maximum range, with a smaller load and auxiliary gas tank, of 2,500 miles.

Men's Station Fastball Team



Above can be seen a picture of the men's Station fastball team. Reading from left to right:

FRONT ROW—F/O. O'Mara, Sports Officer; F/Sgt. Forsythe, 2nd base; Sgt. Smale, centre field; F/O. Cahoon, short field; F/Sgt. Carter, short stop; P/O. Carr, left field; LAC. Noble, 3rd base.

BACK ROW—Sgt. Johnston, right field; Sgt. Roach, pitcher; Cpl. Whitaker, third base; Group Captain E. C. Tennant; F/Sgt. Hooker, catcher; LAW. Richardson, first base; F/Sgt. MacDonald, manager.

W.D.'s Fastball

Knock! Knock! Who's there? "Why, it's the Lizzies; come on in". Hope you can spare a page for the smiling Lizzies in the "Target" this month. Yes, we win, we lose, but always on the sunny side, so here goes for a bit of W.D. Fastball news.

Although we have been very unfortunate, as far as travelling to district stations is concerned, we have been very lucky in being able to go to Assiniboia and Gravelbourg a few times. We have F/O. O'Mara and P/O. Leggett to thank for making those arrangements for our team, also the "Gunners" and the "Cricket Team".

The first trip of the season was to Assiniboia, early in July, where the girls played a very good game, with a tie at the end of the ninth inning, then playing another inning. The Lizzies lost to Assiniboia by a score of 10 to 8.

The talk of the season of Fastball was a game played between the Lizzies and a combination of Aussies and Newsies. We hate to admit that they beat the Lizzies; however, don't anyone ask for the results as it is a "Military Secret". Had it not been for a certain "first class" first baseman on the men's team, known as "Sonny Keegan" to all the girls, we would have had a winning chance. How about some special coaching, "Son"?

Must mention a few other stars from Australia and New Zealand, as the fans have been asking for names. Well, here they are, folks:

F/O. "Leo" Scofield and P/O. "Joe" Lyons, with splendid support from some of the Trainees.

The Lizzies have the great pleasure of announcing **Victory** over the "Old Crocks". Whenever a game is played between these teams, mark my word, fans, do not miss it. It's worth watching. The stars in the "Old Crocks" are Group Captain Tennant and F/Lt. Lancaster. They do not get much support. Come on, fellows, remember a younger man would have had that! Not mentioning any names, but the second baseman and the back catcher could do with a bit of practice.

The Lizzies travelled to Assiniboia to play the girls' team. They played a very good game and at the end of the ninth inning the score was tied eleven all. Because darkness was closing in quickly, another inning could not be played.

Archie and Fishy worked very well together, with very good support both from the infield and outfield. Speed and Murphy were the home run kings for the evening.

Remember to watch the short stop at the next game. She's really a whiz.

A large crowd witnessed a return game from Assiniboia girls. We were sorry to put on such a poor show, but here is the reason why:

Swanny had the misfortune to cut her finger the day of the game, making it impossible for her to play that evening and for some time to come. And then, there's "dear little Luppy". Why does everything happen to me, eh, Luppy? You have our sympathies, but it was very funny at the time. Do wear your skirt from now on, please! We cannot afford to play without an excellent left fielder like you. All joking aside, though, we are looking forward to having you play again, and we do hope your wrist will not keep you away too long.

Now to go on with the game with Assiniboia. The Lizzies took the beating on the sunny side, even if it was an awful score, such as 10-3. After the game the Lizzies treated the girls to a delicious lunch, for which our thanks go forth to S/O. Campbell, who made this lunch possible. After lunch the girls and boys went to the W.D. Canteen, where dancing was enjoyed by all. The Lizzies wish to thank Flight Officer McPherson for her kindness in permitting us to use the Canteen for the evening.

We regret to announce the loss of our wonderful coach, known to everyone on this Station as Harry Leggett. Harry spent many of his spare evenings, and hours, coaching the girls into the good team they now are.

W.D.'s Station Fastball Team



Shown above is a picture of the W.D.'s Station fastball team. Reading from left to right:

FRONT ROW—AW. Zaroney, LAW. Duckmanton, LAW. Hammett, AW. Wood, LAW. Archer.

BACK ROW—F/O. O'Mara, Sports Officer; Cpl. Houle, LAW. Kulchysky, AW. Armour, Flight Officer McPherson, LAW. Lupton, Cpl. Fisher, LAW. Murphy, AW. Cox, Cpl. Schwandt and P/O. Leggett.



Tennis

The Tennis Courts are in excellent condition and are much in use. There's no better way to combine healthful exercise with fresh air and sunshine. There will be a Tennis Tournament in September, so better get in practice.

Then there's the one about the fellow who had to go to a masquerade ball and didn't know what to wear. He finally put on one of Lana Turner's sweaters and went as a camel.

We were sorry to see you go, Harry, but we have the satisfaction of knowing that you were a happy man when the good news of an Overseas posting came in for you. We all join in wishing you all the luck in the world and God Speed wherever you are "Harry".

Well, Fastball Fans, this is all the sports news for now. Don't forget we are still playing ball. PLACE, No. 1 Diamond. Come and support the Lizzies.

Cricket

The No. 2 B. & G. Cricken Eleven (Yes, Egbert! there are eleven men in the team) have had several matches against 32 S.F.T.S. at Moose Jaw and 25 E.F.T.S. at Assiniboia, and their fame has spread so far that challenges come in from further afield. They have not been too successful in outscoring the opposition, but they have become famous in some degree for the application of Canadian Fastball tactics to Ye Olde and very dignified game of cricket. It seems that in cricket you are expected to merely clap lightly and gently whisper "Bravo! Well played, old chap". Sonny says they'll have to return to "down under" to become re-civilized. Leo thinks it might be better to revise the game.

Quips and Quapper

A WAVE—that's a Grable-bodied seaman. . . . I like the negative type of girl, you never know what they will develop. . . . Dungarees for the lady Marines are like communique—they cover the situation without revealing any interesting information. . . . Into every woman's life a little rayon must fall. . . . Praise the lord—the ammunition has passed me. . . . It is too hot even to wear an expression.





Section News

Believe It or Not!

MAINTENANCE "5" BETWEEN FOUR LANES

Since last going to press a lot of changes have taken place in No. 5 Hangar. It almost looks as though we are preparing for the final day of judgement when Mossbank is no more. Among our recent postings were Corporals Reich, Ireland and Mattice to No. 10 R.D., Calgary; Cpl. Hawken to No. 3 S.F.T.S.; George Anderson, of our central Maint. stores to Greenwood; our one and only Cpl. "Doins" Sadler over the pond. We might add here that Cpl. Doins got "spliced" before going over. Cpl. Ellard arrived safe and sound at Vulcan, Alta. Even Sgt. Dockstader got a long-prayer for posting to Saskatoon, where his wife and family are. Cpl. Gale arrived at Alymer rather late, but it is rumored he is to be instructing there at the Flight Engineers' School. We have also bid adieu to LAC's. Robb, Hebner, Miller, Powell, Stefan, Lukiewich, and several others. We regretted seeing these lads leave as the old hangar just isn't the same without their cheerful smiles, but we trust they are happy at their new jobs. At the same time, we welcome a few newcomers (don't know their names yet, but give me time) and hope their stay at Mossbank will be a happy one.

* * *

Congratulations to **LAC and Mrs. Reichert** on the arrival of a daughter on August 1st. What are you going to name her, Herbie?

Congratulations also to **LAC. L. Westrum**, who was married about the middle of June.

We wondered why **F/Lt. Hanson** came breezing in to work one morning all dressed up and carrying a kit bag and raincoat. Everything was under control when we discovered he was flying to Calgary. Mr. Hanson has had a far away look in his eye since his wife returned to Calgary after a two weeks' stay at Mossbank.

Why does **J. R. Naylor** like Mossbank better than Calgary? That's the \$64 question.

Why does "**Machine Gun**" want a posting to Tofino, B.C.? Hasn't 27 months at Mossbank been enough isolation for her, or could it be because a certain "Sergeant" is at Tofino? It just couldn't be her friend, Lois, "The Rouleau Gal", has been sent there.

Will **Marg. Osterhout** ever be the same after two weeks in New York? "These Americans slay you so," so says Marg., on her return to "Gopher Land".

We don't see much of our new addition to Maint. Stores, **LAW. Duckman-ton**. She is either on a 48 or away playing ball.

Why did **Waslen** buy a new car? Could it be to attract the W.D.'s? Waslen tells us a car can get you lots of places. Maybe there's a method in his madness.

Was **Rae Heatley's** 48 too much for him that he was admitted to the hospital?

Harvest Leave — Harvest Leave — **F/Lt. Hanson's** biggest worry other than how to work Temporary Duty to Calgary.

The newest amusement in No. 5 Hangar — flipping for coke bottles. Heads, I win; Tails, you lose. But, as the Scotchman would say, "Two cents is two cents".

Why does Regina appeal to **Bob Prescott** when it comes time for a 48? Is it because the Regina girls whistle at you, Bob?

Les Vitter's favorite saying, "I wonder if it's my turn for the ladder tonight?"

Sgt. Steel—The little man who isn't there. He's either away with the band, out clearing N.I.V. no's, or over in Tech. Stores to A.I.D. equipment. We are planning a "Welcome home" party for Jimmy when he returns to our hangar.

F/Sgt. Doerr — Our pin-up man. If only he weren't married. But then, all the nice ones are—what?—why married, of course.

INSTRUMENT SECTION

F/Sgt. Buchan-Terrell is looking forward hourly to his leave. "Machine Gun" Kelly will have peace for a while then, as it keeps her busy keeping "Buck" in his place, as Kelly says.

Major Fraser says his annual leave is about due. He returned from a trip to Vancouver about three weeks ago, so it is now time for another holiday.

Scott Heagy looked kind of sleepy when he returned from his last pass. Claims he wasn't tired, but we found out later he only had two hours' sleep. We don't know if it was two hours' sleep during the whole pass or if it means the last night of his pass. Which was it, Scott?

Pfc. McJohnstone, R. E., of the American Air Corps, dropped in to pay us a short visit. McJohnstone was on his way to Texas, where he is to be an instructor in celestial navigation. "Mac" formerly was an electrician at Mossbank before being discharged to the American forces.

Is it possible to fall in love at first sight? Anyone knowing the correct answer please get in touch with **Art Sawatsky** and give him the cure.

Tony Zabielski lost all his shyness during a recent furlough spent in Edmonton. Why and how?

Cpl. and Mrs. E. J. Robinson are the proud parents of a baby girl. Congrats., folks.

"Crime doesn't pay". More and more people find this to be true every day. How about it, **Sgt. Tyler**? Guess the rest of the boys had a good time, though. We hear the Sergeant turned all the furniture upside down in his search, but all to no avail. Better luck next time, Sergeant.

Syd Henden has been looking very "down at the mouth" recently. Could he be lonely for a certain little girl? Don't let love get you down, Syd. These things always work out.

George Wilton has lost his smile for the time being. Workshop Mary is away and George has to go for cokes alone.

The Instrument Section, better known around Maint. as the Tweezer Mechs., can boast of 17 cheery and smiling characters—and we do mean characters! The first on our list is:

F/S. Romanski—Our genial Flight in charge of the section. A mastercraftsman in watches, and jewelry.

Next in command is:

Sgt. Lafave—He hails from Brockville, and makes Moose Jaw his second home when on pass. Comes back with that satisfied love gleam in his eyes. Recently feels proud, since he was complimented by a W.D. as being the perfect gentleman. We think he must have been under a spell at that time.

Cpl. Martin — Does not talk much about his personnel life but, as rumor has it, he is intending to start on the royal road to matrimony, so the best wishes from the boys.

Cpl. Mattice—Hails from Winnipeg, and has been posted to Calgary. It seems No. 4 Command doesn't want to lose a good man when they have one. We will certainly miss that jovial personality of Dave's.

Cpl. Simpson—Mad man with a sense of humor. Score on Barnett is one tie and one sock cut off. He is always looking out the section window in hope of seeing the girl of his dreams go by. We won't mention her name until he gets up enough nerve to tell her how madly in love he is with her.

Cpl. Baldoch—Our newest asset in our group. He was posted from Swift Current and calls Vernon, B.C., his home. baldy's pre-war profession was an insurance broker. His newest and latest war casualty clause is an insurance for being mauled by the 212-lb. puppy at the Fire Hall.

LAC. Orvinve—On night work. Carmen is full of fun and a Casonova with the women, but is it not a little tiresome having phone calls from Moose Jaw all the time?

LAC. Bouchard—Another night crew man, real good worker, but has a queer idea that the day gang lets work slide for the night men. One of the latest theories is that there is 26 hours in a day. He lays claim to the fact that day

crew works 8 hours a day and night crew works 18. You figure it out, we can't.

LAC. Gunn—Known in section as Pop Gunn, and is also on night crew. Was really anxious to get on nights. We still think it was to miss parades in the morning.

LAC. Leash—Works in flights. Recently had a pass to Prince Albert. Married life certainly must be grand.

LAC. McDonald—Assiniboia Dynamo, section's reformed angel. On Sunday, Mam plays the padre's organ. Mac has just been posted to Rivers, Man. Now the section at Rivers will be brought to life by Mac's dynamic personality and characterizations.

LAC. Milner—The silent man of the section, too busy at work to talk much. We wonder if he really works that hard on his 48 in Moose Jaw, or goes to sleep? By the way, Lorne brought his wife to the city a few months ago.

LAC. Kealy—His sympathetic nature allows him to take a different girl out every night. He claims they are lonely. Dave is still walking around in a daze since he got back from his furlough in Toronto. Of course, his girl is like the pictures he flashes around her—small wonder.

LAC. Barnett — The Calgary Kir. Main ambition, besides instruments, is to cut Cpl. Simpson's tie off. After every pass Barney comes back with the love gleam in his eyes—could there be a girl in Calgary?

LAC. Walters—Comes from Toronto and is another good watchmaker. By Air Force selection is an A.E.M., but has seen the light and is remustering to Instruments. He is spending a lot of time in Regina (???). He is really looking forward to his leave. Probably a girl at the bottom of it all.

LAC. Miller—Another new man in the section who was posted here from Swift Current. Ken is married and we are sorry to say we can't get any dirt on Ken.

LAC. Jacklin—The last of our new members; comes from Calgary. When not dreaming of his girl friend in Macleod, he spends his time taking out beautiful and vivacious W.D.'s to keep him from being too lonely. Sorry, girls, but he loves his girl friend too much and is planning on getting married.

Control Tower Flashes

Cpl. Laporte is living in another world these days, and there isn't a happier two-striper alive. That's right—since his brand new wife, LAW. Laporte, has just been posted here from Uplands.

AW.1 Bryant is sure jolly these last few days since she was told she may be posted to India. And you may guess why—that's where the B.F. is.

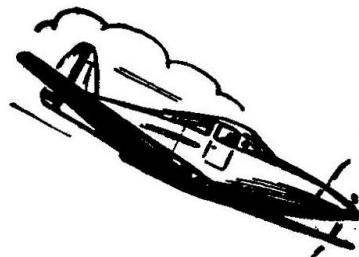
F/Lt. Howarth has been kept very busy these last few months, as organiser of our Station show and leader in entertainment. He has also organized a new system to the advantage of Tower & Drome operations. Much credit is due him for his fine work, and he is well liked by all his staff.

Sgt. "Mickey" Walker will be leaving us soon, as he is posted to Pearce, Alta.—and seems quite happy about the whole thing. Only Calgary would have been "Home, Sweet Home" to him.

Sgt. Beamish is, as always, his merry little self. He can't quite figure out telephone operators—or R.T.O.'s either for that matter. But he is keeping himself busy preparing for his "Dream" posting to Pat Bay. Good luck, Tommy.

F/O. Steward, who is back from overseas, is a newcomer to our little Tower Home. He craves excitement in the sky. But just ask him how goes the battle when the ceiling closes in very suddenly—of an early morning! Red flares and single engine landings keep him on the HOP!

F/O. Lamb, R.A.F., is another newcomer to the Tower. Although he has been in Canada only a few months, he seems to be acclimatizing himself very well. Just watch him on the diving board—our lovely pool is a haven to his aquatic whims.



WORKSHOP SHAVINGS

Sgt. Stewart—It makes you think when people call up Sandy and ask why he was not in the beer parlor on his pass. Could it be that he doesn't like beer any more?

LAC. Hrabria — Since the 48's have been changed to train time, our boy, Tony, has been thinking of hitching his car behind the train trying to save gas and tires.

LAC. Dunders—We are wondering if Peanuts has something to do with Dundy not going to the beer parlor since the time Peanuts ended under the table. Maybe Sandy is scared the same will happen to him. Never mind, Charlie, you'll be going on leave soon.

LAC. Berard, LAC. Russell, AC.1 Korolik and LAC. Short — Our carpenters, known as Sandy's buck-shee boys. Other than that we can't tell an awful lot about them, except for the ever annoying noise morning till night. Cheer up, there are rumors that your boss is trying to get a permit to build a refreshment booth at the end of the shop.

LAC. Penzelly and AC.1 Speigel—Just think how peaceful the shop would be if we could keep them two on a Boly down in the hangar. As long as they don't forget to start from the inside out instead of the outside first, and then not being able to get at the inside rivets. Don't worry, you'll live and learn.

Cpl. Wilson—We are sure glad to see your wife is back, and we hope you can relax now. We are sorry that you did not get your travelling time—maybe on your next pass.

AC.1 Pederson — Well, Otis, if you come back looking more respectable we'll have to cut down on your passes to one day. Maybe this new 48 system will do the trick, because we are getting fed up with you hiding behind that tool box waiting for your next 48.

LAC. Marley — Was it worth while coming back early from your 48 so you could go on that big reveille at Gravelbourg? What happened that you left one of your partners in crime at home, that night, trying to cut in on him? Next time check the labels on your bottles—it pays in the end. Better wipe those

grease spots off your face before coming back, the guys get ideas.

LAC. Bentley—Our boy, Bentley, sure must have it hard, that it can't leave his girl to get back in time from pass. Don't worry, you'll get another before too long.

AC.1 Stubbs — Gosh, Bill, the girls must be used to that old line you have been handing them. You had better change it when you are going home as someone is liable to catch up with you. Bet that poor girl must be heartbroken after what happened on your last 48, especially when someone said, "Daddy, give me more of that candy."

AC.1 Russell — None other than our shoemaker, since he remastered to his new trade. He is on leave now, but the boys would like to know why you took your blanket over to the Sergeants' barracks. You can take that brown one now, the trade board is all over for a while.

LAC. O'Bryne — Our sparkplug kid. Guess they named him wrong, for when he comes back from a 48 at home there isn't an awful lot of spark in him. He says it is the trip that makes him tired, but that story is getting old, eh, Ernie.

AW.1 Smart—Our girl in the office, who tries to keep the boys on the Straight and Narrow path with her lectures on good behavior. She is on leave now, so we all hope she has a good time.

F/Sgt. MacMillan—He just came back from a very enjoyable leave at home. Guess the food down East must be awful poor, seeing that you're so pale and skinny looking. Don't worry, the western climate will put that all back again—we mean the color in your cheeks.

Cpl. Urschel—Last, but not least, our Johnny. There isn't an awful lot we can say about him, seeing that he stays in camp except when he goes home on a 48.

Sgt. Whiskin—Oh, yes! we can't forget our Arthur, the slave driver. Say, Art, what is wrong you are not going to Regina on your pass any more? Are you scared of someone catching up with you? Never mind, you'll get you're long-hoped-for posting before long and you then will be able to stop worrying.

Flying Control Capers

By **JOKER KIMELMAN**

As twilight softly fades over the peaceful Control Tower, the inmates of Flying Control are released to wend their joyful way to their nearest billet.

The warden of our happy throng is **"Pop" Howarth**, the man of many talents, whose greatest talent lies not in Flying Control, but in arranging passes for his stooges twice a month. His mastery of the galloping dominoes has yet to be surpassed.

One of the jailers is **"Baby-Face" Mickey Walker**, whose sole work at the Tower consists of trying to make schedules where the men don't have to work more than one hour a day. He has been posted to Pearce, Alta., to obtain his "C" Group in an Advanced Golf Course.

General Floor Sweeper and Washed-out Wolf Deluxe is **Sgt. Thomas J. Beamish**. The "J" stands for "Joke", of course. Our beloved Sgt. Thomas is a capable man of many talents. His latest masterpiece is feeding the Control Tender boys garlic so he can find them in the dark.

Each morning the "Brow" waddles up to the Tower and begins his duties for the day. We call him **Cpl. Laporte**. The men of the Tower call him a taxi so he can perform his duties more efficiently, said duties being, polishing the dice and trying to discover why the waters of Lake Johnston are found so near the shore.

Another one of our inmates is **"Fritzie"**, who has put forth a brilliant idea for the Mossbank to Moose Jaw train. He intends to put the cow-catcher on the back of the train to prevent any critters from ambling into the train and biting the passengers.

One of our latest additions is **Cpl. Ed. Noyes**. Although Ed. is always walking around in a daze we love him because of his new idea of painting the Lysanders yellow so the Air Force can sell them in bunches, like bananas, after the war.

Two of the Control Tender lunatics are **"China" Green** and **"Wistful" Docker**. "China" has travelled all over the world and has a world-wide knowledge of political affairs. One of his sage remarks is, "If you can't make both ends meet, eat vegetables". Docker is

the best dressed man in the Tower. He changes his shirts once a month and is a Lux daily dipper. Sometimes he can't find anybody to change shirts with, consequently, the world now knows that "Wistful" now finger-waves the hair on his chest. His favorite saying is, "The food isn't bad here but the meals are horrible".

Two new victims have been sentenced for life to the Control Tender. One is **"Slim" Dorchak**, whose main ambition is to get 60 days' harvest leave, 14 days furlough, 11 days' travelling time, two weeks compassionate leave and a 48, so he can harvest his crop of salted string beans. **Chesterfield Davenport** has just been shipped to us from Trenton. After uncrating and sawing off the handcuffs, he was heard to remark, "The women here aren't bad, but the females are horrible".

Speaking of horrible subjects, let us glimpse (with darkglasses, of course) at our three Radio Operators. **"Wannee"** wants to pet with all the boys that she's met, but apparently the men on this Station have been warned against these gum-chewing gals. **"Safety-pin" Bryant** is quite a beauty; in fact, one of the Duty Pilots was heard to remark, "Gad, is it alive or does it sleep on a washboard". Last, but by all means not least, we have **"Mike" Smythe**, the mad ghoul, whose claim to fame is that she resembles a walking Ad for "I Curem" Painless Pain Killer and Paint Remover.

Two floors below us are the four Weepy Joes of the Met. Section. Presiding over these characters is **Bruce Walliser**, who is mostly seen walking around camp trying to find out who is preventing the rain when he says we're all set for a heavy dew. His right-hand man is **"Milk-Shake" Matheson**, who is always trying to find out why the "pubs" aren't a 24-hour affair. Two new characters have been shanghied for the Met. Section. They are **Verne Salvig** and **George Hierlihy**, whose main duties are trying to find out why the teletype operators can't send their messages in English.

As we leave the pleasant surrounding of the Control Tower and as the screams die out in the distance, **Kimelman**, the Control Tower lover, is heard to remark, "They're driving me sane".

Control Tower Capers

A new addition to the Control Tower Staff is **Squadron Leader Morrella**, from Lethbridge. He has taken over **F/Lt. Nicholls'** office as Officer Commanding A.T.S. We can't say much about him, but we think by the next edition of "Target" we will have more to say. We do know that he makes a good first baseman on the "Old Crocks" team. Anyway, here's hoping he likes it at Mossbank.

Our "Miscellaneous Special", **Cpl. Marriott**, is away on annual leave. We will be glad to see him back as that coke room runs pretty dry—of cokes!

Lou Burns has been all in a dither for the last week or so, as she is going on leave this month. Wonder why she is going to the Coast—could it be a?

The Range has taken over one of the offices in the Tower, but who would know anybody was there half the time. They must have other things to do.

Wing Commander Birchall, Chief Instructor, has his office in G.I.S. now. The Navigators have taken over his old office in the Tower. **Cpl. Todd**, "Toddie" to us, has also gone to G.I.S. Orderly Room. We wish she would take time off and call in to see us once in a while. How about that, Toddie?

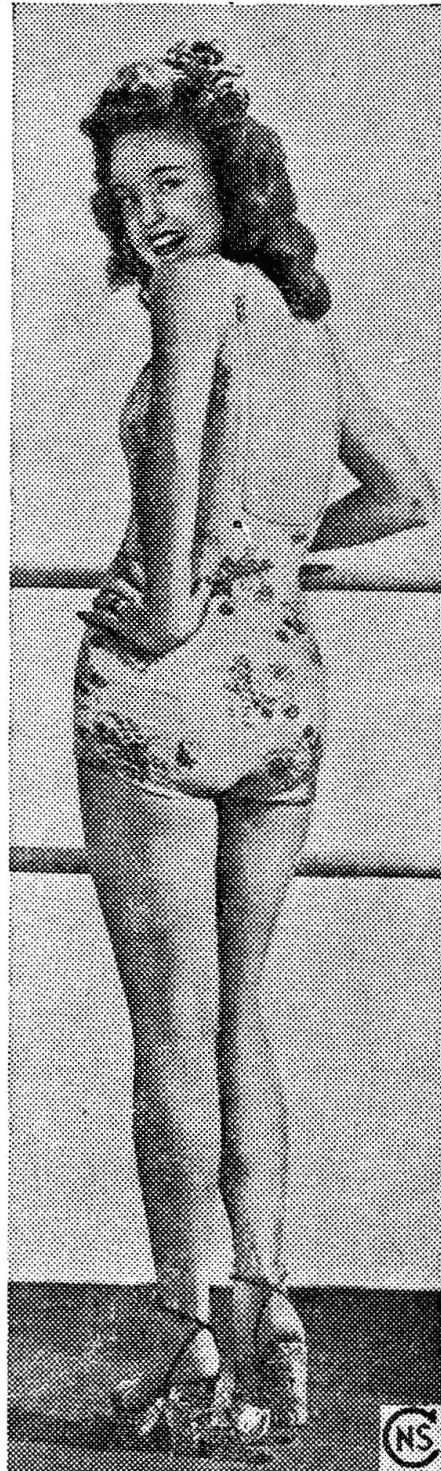
Congratulations go to our favorite draughtsman, **Eris Fairhurst**, who is now a proud father. He is away on leave at present and is missed by all. Let's hope he won't take sick again on the day he is to start back to Mossbank. Good planning there, Eric!

Glad Archer and "**Pat**" **Paterson** have been heard singing that popular western song, "Give Me My Boots and Saddle". Reason? They have joined the Riding Club. If they pound those horses like they pound their typewriters, the horses will be singing "Bury Me Not on the Lone Prairie".

We overheard "**Oscar**" **Wilde**, our editor, making a date over the phone with a certain attractive W.D. in Equipment. At last, we thought, we had something on him. But, alas, he was only making arrangements for a magazine meeting. So he says, anyway.

Who took 18 tablets, and lived?

LAW. Archer, an up and coming member of our Station Swimming Team? By the way, Gladdy, you should know by now that "kiss-proof" lipstick is the kind to use.



This is Janice Hansen, 17, of Union City, N.J., who recently won \$1,000 in War Bonds for having the most beautiful legs in New Jersey.

G. I. S. NOTES

Well, it's time for G.I.S. (in other words, Gremlins' Industrial Society) to come fourth, or fifth, and give you some news on the goings-on, so here goes. There are quite a few people working and loitering around here, so it's pretty hard to remember some of the things they do, but some people are pretty outstanding and they can't cover up things as well as others.

* * *

W/C. Birchall — Our popular Chief Instructor seems to have a very quiet personality, so I guess we'll have to wait and see if we can give you some "gen" on him next time.

* * *

S/L. Whiteley—Is our "Pop" and our Boss at work, but he also keeps a watchful eye out for his staff during some of the after hours. Don't know exactly what he does with his spare time, but even if we did know, I don't think we'd tell.

* * *

F/O. Millar—Sort of confuses us. Your Christmas present this year will probably be a little wire basket, with the words "Just Resting" on it. "Dusty" is quite a character around here. He's a good Adj. and he sure can play ball. (How about that little Eastern kick?)

* * *

F/Sgt. Hodges—The Temporary Duty Kid has been away for a long time. We miss your humor, or is it odor, Jack, but I guess we'll be all pepped-up when you get back.

* * *

F/Lt. Rigg—Bought cokes for the staff the other day on account of him being a new "Poppa". Congrats., Sir, hope you get used to walking the floor.

* * *

F/Lt. Wilson—Just got back from a wonderful leave and is raring to go, but can't go for raring. Too bad things have to come to an end, isn't it, Sir.

P/O. Truckenbrodt — What's the attraction in Regina, or do you just like the city? He doesn't say much, but just gives a slow smile when you ask him if he had a nice forty-eight.

* * *

P/O. Kirkwood—Our crooner is now the Adjutant of Air Bombers, and boss of a few other things. He just celebrated his twenty-first birthday, so guess he'll be keeping later hours.

* * *

F/O. Donnelly—Doesn't like 48's, but he sure has his fun on the Station. Think you'd better get glasses or something, your eyes have been pretty red lately.

* * *

P/O. Goodchild—A "little guy around a big place". At last we've found out that he's still single, because when we asked him what he thought of the wedding the other night, he said: "I couldn't feel worse if I'd got married myself". Wonder why?

* * *

P/O. McDowell—Is quite a riding enthusiast. He likes them wild—horses, I mean. He also likes swimming in the early hours of the morning.

* * *

LAW. Lindgren — Lindy is quite a quiet gal around the School, but how about that sudden trip to Assiniboia last Saturday? Let us in on it, Lin, we're interested.

* * *

LAW. Woolley—Her favorite song to dance to seems to be "I'm Getting Tired So I Can Sleep". Sorry, Joy, but it was fun, wasn't it.

* * *

Cpl. Todd—Since the last edition of "Target", we have now on G.I.S. Staff a new member, but, I understand, an "Old Timer" on the Station. How many

* * *

years, months, days, minutes and seconds is it, Toddie? My memory isn't as

There's No Accounting for It

good as yours seems to be. No, Toddie, some of us may dream, but not many of us talk in our sleep. It's a bad habit. You just might say the wrong thing sometime. These people that sleep with their ears open don't help matters much, do they?

* * *

F/Sgt. "Clark Gable" Ramage—Is still ambling around the School, and now he's got a misplaced eyebrow over his upper-lip. So help me, Flight, I'll bet if you put some cream on it the cat would lick it off.

* * *

Another member of the Discips. Office is Sgt. Woods. When asked if he had any dirt for "Target", he said he didn't do anything after dark. (You'll have to prove that, Sarge.)

* * *

A new member of the A.C.R. Section is Sgt. Mary Mattaini. We hope you'll like it here. There's never a dull moment.

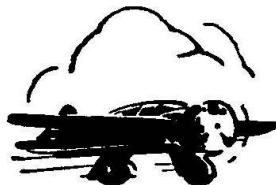
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NO!!!

There is a story being told around G.I.S. about two W.D. Sergeants that wandered one day into a forbidden lair. They knew it was forbidden because the sign said so (they tell you that). Brave girls that they were, they even shouted before entering. Much was their horror to find themselves locked and bolted inside with another person. After a hard struggle, they managed to beat down the door and escape into the safe confines of their own abode. It is a shame that they couldn't have remained sitting in the warm sunshine all day, as they had hoped to when daring the episode in the beginning. Wonder why they are looking around the School looking for a Flt. Looie with small feet?

* * *

Well, I guess that will have to do for now, but we'll deal with the rest of the staff around here in the next issue.



This month's write-up was to have been prepared by S/L. R. H. Gregson but, apparently, after thinking the matter over, he didn't like the idea so well, and left for Calgary. So, if there isn't much news in it, don't blame me, because you see it actually wasn't my job in the beginning.

All kidding aside, we were sorry to see S/L. Gregson posted, but know that our loss is Calgary's gain.

A warm welcome is extended to F/Lt. J. D. Cullingham, the new Senior Accountant Officer, who was posted here from Edmonton, Alberta. Can't tell you much about him this issue because he has only been here a short time. May he by the time the next issue is ready to roll off the press we will have some news and views.

On Thursday, July 13, 1944, AW.1 Pat Walbaum became the bride of Cpl. Bill Armour (R.C.O.C.). Congratulations and best wishes to you both, from all of us, and may you have many happy years together. A reception was held in the W.D. Canteen for the newlyweds, after which they left for a short honeymoon in Regina.

Pat, at the present time, is hospitalized at Calgary, and we are all wondering how she is coming along. How about a line or two, Pat? We miss you something awful (especially me, when it comes to typing Nominal Rolls!).

On July 12, 1944, a banquet was held in the Corporals' Mess in honor of the prospective bride and groom, namely, Pat and Bill. A silver dish, a gift from the section, was presented to the couple by S/L. Gregson. During the course of the dinner someone asked, "Why does a moth fly around a lighted candle?" F/Lt. Mortimer-Lamb replied: "Well, I don't know what the answer is, but I'm going up to the Library and get the book on "What every Moth-er should know". Yes, we thought so, too.

Thursday, August 3, 1944, at 7.30 p.m., was the setting of another "Accounts Section" wedding, when Cpl. Georgie Colwell became the bride of Sgt. Ross Huston, of the Fire Department. Congratulations and best wishes to you both, and our sincerest wish goes forth for Ross' speedy return. A reception was held in the W.D. Canteen prior to the couple leaving for their honeymoon in Moose Jaw.

Headquarters Orderly Room Chatter

Since the last edition of "Target" the Orderly Room Dirt Digger has shovelled up quite a heap of soiled soil on her colleagues, so here it is:

We join with the other Sections in congratulating our Commanding Officer on retaining the "E" Pennant for the last quarter. Regardless of his generous appreciation of our co-operation, we all know it is his leadership which is the main factor in the spirit of Mossbank.

Our amiable Flight has returned from his annual leave, and from all reports he thoroughly enjoyed himself. What about that stop-over in Regina, Flight? Did complications set in or was it your own idea? Nevertheless, he did get home for quite a few days to see his wife and family. That leave certainly did him good, too.

We missed our gallant Adj. while he was away on leave, too. The peace and quiet was acceptable for a while, but we do like a bit of thunder now and then. **Ft. Officer McPherson** looks happy these days, so we gather her odd 48's are keeping her on the beam. **A/S/O. Galashan** is on an Admin. Course at Trenton and, we hope, is enjoying it. **S/L. Key**, the Senior Admin. Officer, is at present on leave in the East. We hope he is enjoying himself.

Our **Cpl. Hattie May** visited Los Angeles and Hollywood on her annual leave and reports the glamour boys and girls and night spots up to expectations. We wonder what she expected, though?

LAW. (congratulation) **Carr** is spending her leave out West also, and will, no doubt, be adding a touch of Mossbank glamour to Vancouver.

Cpl. Penfold is 'way down east, going to school at Trenton for a few weeks, and from all reports it is not a case of all work and no play making her a dull girl. Apparently Trenton has more to offer than some of us might think. What say, Penny? Or could it be that 48 in Toronto? Lucky Penny, having dinner with her favorite padre, Father Branch.

Cpl. Munro, our little steno, has really been on the go of late. Of course, we can't tell you exactly where she has been going, but it has not made her any healthier! She insists you can't beat good, clean Canadian sport, though—guess she means boxing.

Our two latest additions to the staff are really something. It is a pleasure to introduce two such charming airwomen as **LAW. Val Bouvier** and **Cpl. Mary Barrette**, who not only add a touch of scenic beauty to the Orderly Room, but are both efficient and willing workers as well.

This time, what is England's loss is our gain. Although we appreciate Dot Hanson's disappointment at not being able to go overseas, we welcome her back to No. 2 B. & G., and are glad she will be here to help us close up shop.

Our "**Stella**" is still doing her bit in C.R. Most of us think she'll get indigestion one of these days unless she takes a little more time to eat her meals. Come, Stella, he can't mean that much to you!

Cpl. Binkley has also been on leave. She looked pretty wan and worn on her return. Guess it must have been the hot weather, eh, Binkey? We have not heard much gossip from her about Assiniboia lately—how come?

Our newest edition to the Orderly Room is our mascot, "**Solomon**". You have probably seen him perched so haughtily on the shelf here. He may be only a China cat to you, but he certainly means more than that to three of us, namely, one Flight Sergeant and two W.D. Corporals. A very wise cat is Solomon, and could no doubt tell an interesting story about how he came to join our ranks, but we hope he will keep it to himself for the comfort of others concerned.

AW. Bounds, better known as "Terry" has been attending to D.R.O.'s this past while and doing a good job, too. She takes it pretty hard when Flight calls her over and says, "This should be 'entitled' and not 'granted', etc., but that is a stage we all go through.

Sgt. Leggett, N.C.O. i/c of Records, hasn't looked quite so happy as usual lately. We wonder why? Could possibly have something to do with that last overseas draft, maybe!

Miss Muriel Patterson and reliable **Dick Myler** are still kept busy with the graduating courses' records. Muriel spent an enjoyable vacation at home and Dick evidently had Fun in Moose Jaw for a few days not so long ago.

Echoes from the Service Police

A little late, but better late than never, in welcoming newcomers to our Station. Our new D.A.P.M., who sneaked in on us quite unexpectedly recently, is warmly welcomed by his S.P.'s. Glad to have you with us, **F/O. Bayer**, and we trust you will enjoy your work on the Station. We have only known you a short time, Sir, but from all appearances of handling routine duties in general, you can expect full co-operation from any one of us, and we will only be too glad to serve faithfully under your leadership in the handling of any and all assignments detailed to us.

Several other changes have taken place in our personnel since our last appearance in "Target", and one which was quite a surprise and which happened shortly over a month ago was the posting of our well-liked Flight, who had only been with us a short time. Best of luck and continued success, **F/Sgt. Mason**, in your line of duty at your new Station, and it was sure nice knowing and working for you, even if it was just for a short time.

A warm welcome goes to **F/Sgt. Snell**, who descended upon us to carry on from where **Flt. Mason** left off. We sincerely hope you will settle down to the environment of our Station, and that your daily duties will be handled in a quiet and efficient sort of a manner.

Glad to welcome, also, to our fold **Cpl. Gould** from Weyburn. Hope he has left his women troubles at his previous Stations, because if he hasn't, it's just too bad, because we have some super 'Wolves' in our Section who are liable to give him a close run.

Our Noisy, but demonstrative, **Neal** has made Trenton his temporary quarters of late. We sure miss his chatter and sincerely hope he returns to us again after he has digested one of those delicious, take-it-or-leave-it 'Refresher Courses'.

RAMBLINGS AND RUMBLINGS

Glad to see **Cpl. Wilson** has finally found his way around the Station at last, after being with us for so long moving about in his quiet but systematic sort of manner. Sorry he has to give an account to the 'Accounts' for any slight mistake or misjudgment he might have to settle, though. He's a nice boy, **Hazel**, so don't let him wander too far by himself.

Bubbles' **MacDonald** is still a hard one to keep track of. Seems to get around

pretty well, though, on his own power, and with the assistance of others at times.

MacCartney seems to have the situation well in hand at all times. Appears to be still farming though. Understand he received a fair price for those 'Steers'? Or was it just another case of a 'bum' steer'?

Cpl. Checknita, when last heard of, was still on night over-time. Nice going, 'Chec', but try and get in before the sun gets up, at least once in a while, eh?

Romeo Mooney is having a hard time getting used to the Station again, after returning from his annual. Cheer up, old pal, look at all the wild oats you can sow in your spare time when that 'Harvest spell' comes around.

By the time this gets in print our jovial, but coke-refreshing, **Sergeant** should be back with us again after partaking of his annual. Sure missed seeing those empty, and sometimes full, bottles of coke around the Guard House, **Mac**, but guess you had it, while you were away anyway, eh?

Our efficient and well-liked **Sgt. Perrie**, who recently returned from his annual, says: "You can give me a couple dozen of those a year, and I won't say anything." Never mind, **Perrie**, old sock, we know what you are thinking and we would like to have the chance to do it all over again ourselves.

Weir and **Stratton** are still in business under the name of the "Tool Obstruction Co." Appear to be doing all right. The construction, destruction, and reconstruction of the 'brooch-patent' seems to be paying good dividends. It is rumored that our smooth, dry, and well-contented **McNiel** is dickering for a third interest in the set-up, but until he can arrange a cigar manufacturing implement, to work in conjunction with the other two partners, I'm afraid he will still be left to dicker on his own.

Youdell is still in the '48' buying and trading business, and is doing all right for himself. He seems to be hitting it at such a fast pace that **Cpl. Wills** has given up hope of trying to keep up with him. He was giving him a good run for it for a while, but of late has decided to let him roam as he pleases.

Yarmill is still keeping every little thing under control. He has been getting along very nicely on his own power of late and they even say he is eating

Fire Hall Sparks

Things have really been happening around here in "Ye Olde Fire Hall" since the last issue of "Target". Sgt. Huston was married on August 3rd and is now on the way. Dick Engberg was discharged and D. I. Remple, co-writer of Fire Hall Sparks is now overseas. Good luck to all of them.

Yours truly is now back in the Fire Hall, and I sure miss my co-author, Remp.

* * *

Salesman—This gadget will do half your work.

Sgt. Elliot—Good, give me two of 'em.

* * *

George Oldham (in a Regina street car)—Has anyone lost ten, ten-dollar

well, and that is something worth telling.

Joe Brown, our well-liked 'duty clerk', still can't figure out how McCartney gets by on so many '48's' without his guiding assistance. Never mind, Joe, even the best of us learn slow but sure in the end.

CONCLUSION

In the preceding paragraphs the author of the so-called 'echoes of the Service Police' has tried to give honorable, but not dishonorable, mention to each and everyone of our personnel in our Section. He has tried to dish it out in a whimsical mood, and if there are any who feel that they have been dealt with kind of cruelly, or figure they haven't had enough, I would like to have them take their complaints to the 'little man who wasn't there'. Naturally, the writer has the advantage and won't say anything about himself if he is modest, so consequently there has been one little gentleman who has not been mentioned in the foregoing, and if you can find him or figure just who he is, don't be nervous, but just go up to him and politely tell him to hide for a short time, and keep out of our sight, or better still, give him one of your '48's' to use along with his, and let him disappear for a while until the atmosphere gets a little more healthier for his existence.

That's all, folks. You've had it—hope you liked it.

bills tied together with a string?

Passengers (all together) — I have, mister, I have.

George—Well, I just found the string.

* * *

Nurse—My, my, you have an acute appendicitis.

Frank Morris—Listen, I came here to be examined, not admired.

* * *

ODE TO WES GRAVES

Last night, I held a lovely hand;

A hand so soft and neat.

I thought my heart would burst with joy,
So wildly did it beat.

No other hand unto my heart

Could greater solace bring,

Than the read hand I held last night—

Four aces, and a king.

* * *

Solmi (writing to his father):

Dear Father:

I am in the Air Force at Mossbank, and am broke and have no friends. What shall I do?

Father: Make some friends, quick!

* * *

Campbell—Is my face dirty, or is it my imagination?

(You guess)—Well, your face is clean.

* * *

LAC. Kramer (our new Fire-Fighter) and Shawcross were discussing some femme fatale in Regina.

(We are really blushing, Anne. Honest!)

* * *

Our new Sgt. Elliot is quite a fellow. Got his hair cut from Campbell on the cuff. Pay-day, he refused to pay. Campbell protested, and the Sergeant threatened to put him on charge for insubordination. You can't win, Cam.

* * *

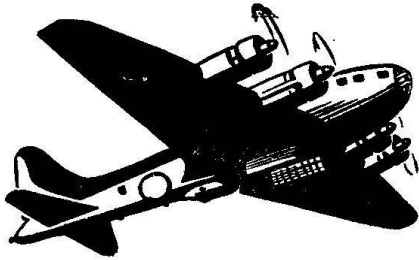
Cpl. Smith, our genial N.C.O., is looking for a nice young girl with 50 million dollars, and her father must own a brewery. Oh, well, you can dream, Smitty.

* * *

OUR MOTTO: Nothing too hot to handle.



**The Pen is Mightier
Than the Sword**



Flying Newsboy

By Edgar A. Guest

You knew him on the corner, and you
 knew him on your street,
 He pattered to your doorway through
 the rain and snow and sleet.
 There were times you called the office
 of his failure to complain,
 Or because he'd left your paper tightly
 folded in the rain.
 Well, he's now delivering papers from
 the reaches of the sky
 To the Nazi-ridden countries—and he's
 really quite the guy!

You wished he wouldn't whistle on his
 early-morning round,
 And you wished he'd leave your paper
 on the porch and not the ground.
 Now, another lad is trudging in his
 place along your street,
 For the other little fellow's taken on
 a tougher beat.
 He is now delivering papers Nazi stories
 to deny,
 And his route lies over Holland and he
 serves it from the sky.

He goes whistling over Brussels, and
 goes whistling over Rome,
 For he still delivers papers as he used
 to do at home.
 There's a high route over Paris, and a
 long one o'er Berlin,
 Where some former bright young news-
 boy with his papers **thunders in**.
 He is early up and at it, as he was in
 days gone by,
 To all freedom-loving people he's the
 newsboy of the sky.

This Couldn't Happen at Mossbank



THE WOLF

If he parked his little flivver
Down beside the moontide river
And you feel him all a-quiver—
Baby, he's a wolf!

If he says you're gorgeous lookin'
And that your blue eyes set him cookin',
But your eyes ain't where he's lookin'—
Baby, he's a wolf!

When he says you are an eye-full,
But his hands begin to arifle
And his heart beats like a rifle—
Baby, he's a wolf!

If by chance when you are kissin'
You can feel his heart a-beatin',
And you talk, but he won't listen—
Baby, he's a wolf!

If his arms are strong as sinew,
And he stirs the gypsy in you
So that you want him close against
you—
Baby, he's a wolf!

SEQUEL TO "THE WOLF"

If she throws her little "quivver"
In the front seat of your flivver
and says, "'Tis pleasant by the river"—
Brother, she's a wolf!

If the get-up she's wearin'
Turns your head and keeps you starin'
'Cause the length's a little daring—
Brother, she's a wolf!

If she really is bewitching,
If she kisses with a twitching
As if her rosy lips were itching—
Brother, she's a wolf!

If she really lets you pet her,
Let's you snuggle in her sweater,
And you really think you'd better—
Brother, be a wolf!



SEQUEL TO "THE SEQUEL"

If she screams and slaps your face,
And seems to put you in your place
With an air of "practiced" grace—
Brother, she's a wolf!

If she swears she's not that kind,
But you know she'll change her mind
Even tho' the date were blind—
Brother, she's a wolf!

If at last you stop persuadin'
'Cause your tactics sure are fadin',
Better watch this schemin' maiden—
Brother, she's a wolf!

If she cuddles closer still
Then she kisses like she will,
Be prepared to foot the bill—
Brother, she's a wolf!

If she makes your faint heart flutter,
Gives you chills and makes you stutter,
And your poor knees turn to butter—
Brother, she's a wolf!

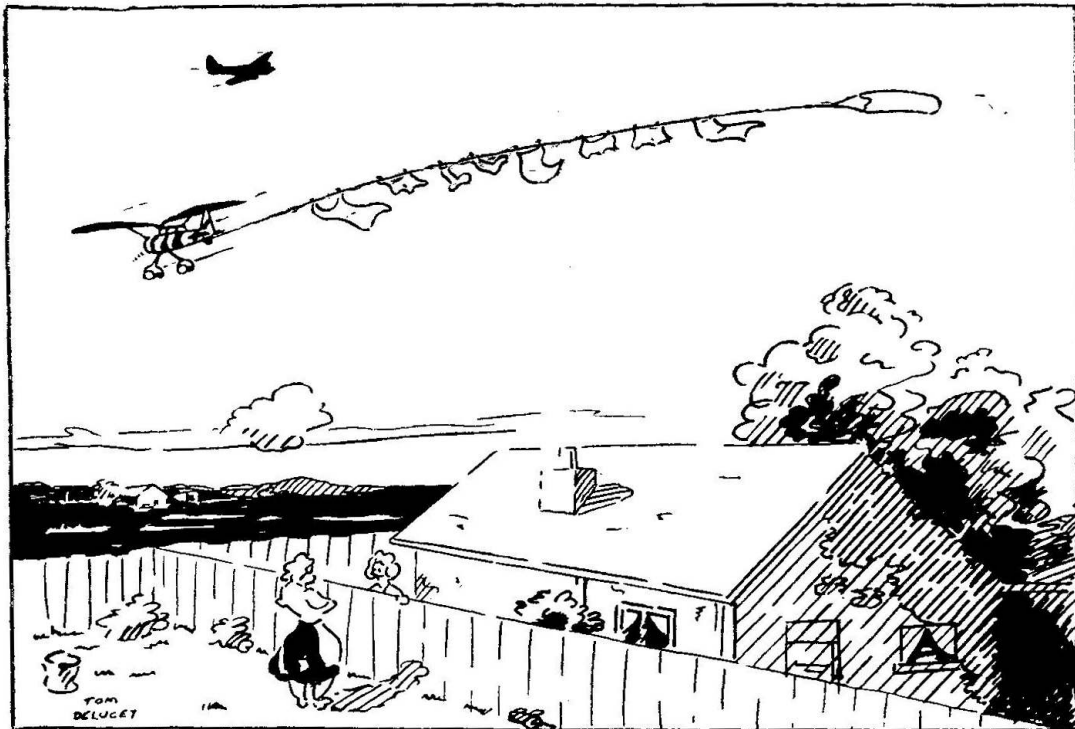
If, by chance, you should propose
While enchanted with her hose,
And your fascination grows—
Brother, she's a wolf!

If her lawyer sues for billions
And she settles then for millions,
Just be glad it isn't trillions—
'Cause, brother, you've been wolfed!

(With apologies to
Rockcliffe "Crosswinds")



To Laugh is to Live



"MRS JONES HAS SUCH A SMART HUSBAND."





The Wolf

by Sansone

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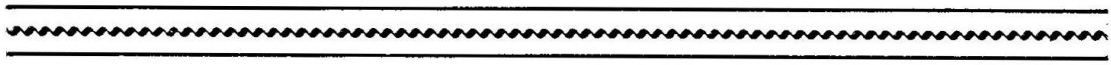
(In Hawaii)





The Wolf

by Sansone



MALE CALL

Things Are Not Always As They Seem

By MILTON CANIFF, Creator of "Terry and the Pirates"



Mossbank Village News

LAC. Donald Love, who was formerly on the staff of the Imperial Bank, along with Mrs. Love, spent his furlough with his parents near Mossbank, and with Mrs. Love's parents at Ardill. He is now stationed out west.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. David Ebbitt (nee Wilma Robb) of Providence, Rhode Island, have been spending a holiday at the home of Mrs. Ebbitt's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Robb.

* * *

Miss Patricia Foote arrived home recently from Aurora, Ont., where she has been teaching in St. Andrew's Boys' School. She will spend the summer here with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Foote.

* * *

Sgt and Mrs. F. Small have returned from a holiday spent at Oungre, Sask.

* * *

A Silver Tea was held in the Hostess Club on Tuesday, June 20th, under the auspices of the Red Cross. The table was covered with a lace cloth and a basket of flowers was in the centre. Fresh garden flowers also decorated the room. Mrs. Geo. Bradley, Sr., and Mrs. Dowson poured tea, and Mrs. Trew and Mrs. Hendron looked after the pleasure of the guests. Although the weather was very bad a fairly large number of ladies attended the function.

* * *

The Misses Irene Sandbeck and Noreen Haroldson have left for Vancouver, B.C., where they intend to enter a nurses' training school.

* * *

A very successful rummage sale was held on June 24th by St. Dunstan's Chapter, I.O.D.E. Tea was served. The sum of over \$25.00 was realized from the sale.

Wedding Bells

SUTOR—CAMPBELL

A pretty wedding took place on Monday, July 3rd, in St. Andrew's Church, Moose Jaw, when Audrey Jean, only daughter of Flt. Sgt. and Mrs. R. S. Campbell, Mossbank, became the bride of Calvin Ross Sutor, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Sutor, also of Mossbank. Rev. Geoffrey Glover officiated. The bride was given in marriage by her father.

The bride was lovely in a gown of white sheer over taffeta. Her veil was held in place by rose buds and she carried a bouquet of American Beauty roses. Her only ornament was a gold locket, the gift of the groom. She was attended by Miss Irene Sandbeck, who wore a pale green net gown, and carried a bouquet of pink and white carnations. The groom was attended by his brother, Steve Sutor.

The wedding dinner was served in the Grant Hall Hotel. The table was centred by a three-tiered wedding cake, banked in pink tulle. Rev. Mr. Glover proposed a toast to the bride.

The couple left on a short honeymoon to Regina and Wolseley, former home of the bride, who wore a robin's egg blue gown, with brown accessories.



SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

Mrs. E. C. Tennant was guest of honor at a tea in the Hostess Club, given by the Hostess Club Committee, on Friday afternoon, July 7th. All wives of the personnel of the Station were invited to meet the wife of the commanding officer. Mrs. Garrison received with Mrs. Tennant, and members of the Red Cross and the I.O.D.E. assisted in looking after the guests. Mrs. E. A. Bodie and Mrs. Scott poured for the first hour and Mrs. Roy Davis and Mrs. Dowson for the second hour.

* * *

Mrs. Garrison held her annual students' recital on the evening of June 30th. The program was composed of solo numbers and duets and the following pupils took part: Betty Schubert, Lucille Schubert, Eileen Bumphrey, Darlene Gretsinger, Richard Crosby, Thelma Hensrud, Valerie Douglas, June Ireland, Dorothy Smith, Roxina Johnston, Connie Archer, Lois Pound and Amy Archer. At the close of the recital Mrs. Garrison was presented with a beautiful chesterfield pillow, Miss Amy Archer making the presentation. Tea was served to the students and their mothers by the hostess, who was assisted by Mrs. Bradley and some of the pupils.

* * *

Flying Officer and Mrs. Bruce Anderson spent their furlough with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Anderson, and Mr. and Mrs. John Moir.

* * *

Mrs. Josiah Ireland, Sr., was at home to her friends on the afternoon of June 7th, when a large number of ladies called to honor her on her ninety-second birthday. Arrangements were in charge of members of the Ladies' Union.

Mr. and Mrs. Garrison, of the Imperial Bank, Mossbank, spent their annual vacation at their cottage at Carlyle Lake Resort, Carlyle, Sask.

* * *

Miss Betty McLaughlin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. D. McLaughlin, has enlisted in the Women's Division of the Canadian Navy. Miss McLaughlin attended public and high school in Mossbank, and for the last two years attended the University of Saskatchewan, at Saskatoon.



SATURDAY night isn't the only "Night of the Bath." When in quiet areas take advantage of all opportunities to protect your health by frequent bathing.



KEEP on the lookout for sources of water along the routes of advance to supplement your normal supply before water dumps are established or in case deliveries are unavoidably delayed.



A Greeting

FROM

.....
.....

PUT
the
STAMP
HERE

To

.....

.....