

PROP WASH

NO 13 S.F.T.S.
ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE

Vol. 1, No. 1.

● NORTH BATTLEFORD, SASK., MAY 20th, 1944 ●

Price: Co-operation.

OUR COMMANDING OFFICER . . . WING COMMANDER SEARLE, A. B., A.F.C.

"Good Morning, Sir", says the Batman.
"Good Morning, Sir," says the S.W.O., the N.C.O. 1/4 Station Orderly Room, the S.A.O. and the Station Adjutant.

Everyone is now on his best behaviour. Some might say that it is because that certain Black Staff Car is parked in front of the building, meaning headquarters of course, while others have different ideas.

A few minutes pass by. This Staff Car is now leaving the "Admin" area for the once over of the Station.

Several Almon, strolling toward the Drill Hall with hands "sunk" deep into their pockets, non-chalantly smoking cigarettes, suddenly notice the above-mentioned Car, heading in their direction.

Instantly, hands are out of the pockets, cigarettes are out, and now it's "Left, Right, Left, Right," since all know that it is the Commanding Officer that is approaching, and that their bearing wasn't exactly according to C.A.P. 30.

The Commanding Officer was approaching in his Black Car. Who is the Commanding Officer? What is he like? What does he do? What has he done?

Well, here it is!!!!

A Native of the Province of Saskatchewan, having been born in Lashburn, Sask., on the 12th day of September, 1916.

Nothing is known of his childhood days, but — ten chances to one — like ourselves, he must have had a yen for playing "Cowboys and Indians", made sling-shots, went fishing down by the old Creek and possibly had a weakness or found pleasure in Model aircraft building.

In 1936 having reached the age of seventeen, he enrolled at the University of Saskatchewan where he commenced a course in Civil Engineering. Having successfully completed his Course in 1937, he then joined the Permanent Air Force.

The following year saw him graduate "Cum Laude" (which by the way, is the highest award that can be achieved by any one) and, as yet, has only been obtained by



the odd few) when he received his Pilot Wings in the R.C.A.F. He was then posted to an Army Co-operation Squadron (No. 2), having first successfully completed a Course at the School of Army Co-Op.

Remaining with his Squadron he was variously posted to Ottawa, then to Petawawa and later to Trenton.

At the outbreak of war, he followed the Squadron to Halifax and then to St. John, N.B.

Xmas Day, 1939, saw him posted back to Ottawa, from whence he was reposted as an Instructor at the School of Army Co-Op. When the School disbanded, No. 2 S.F.T.S., Uplands, was his next Unit where he was posted as an Instructor. There he remained until his arrival at No. 13 S.F.T.S., St. Hubert, Que., in March, 1942.

In August of the same year he attended the R.C.F.S. Course No. 6 in England and returned to St. Hubert in January of the present year.

February of 1944 saw him return to his old stamping grounds when he was posted to North Battleford on the transfer of No. 13

Sixth Victory Loan

A quota of \$55,000 was set for the unit by command, which in view of our reorganization seemed somewhat high. However it was felt that if complete coverage were obtained by canvassing every person on strength the quota would look after itself. This view is more than justified, as notwithstanding the fact that in Training wing we are several officers under strength, and other departments are also under staffed, we have, even before the close of the campaign, gone "over the top" and still have hopes of passing our objective by a considerable margin.

S.F.T.S. from St. Hubert, Que.

Upon arrival here, due to the unavoidable absence of Group Captain Duboc, the Commanding Officer at St. Hubert, Wing Commander Searle was appointed C.O. (pro-tem) of the Unit.

Since his appointment to the Office, his chief aim and ambition is to have a Station that the Personnel of No. 13 can be proud of; a Station that will be a Home away from Home; a Station that goes all-out for the comfort and pleasure of all stationed here.

An all-round athlete and keenly interested in all types of organized sports, our Commanding Officer is very anxious to have a sports organization and participation to same, "second-to-none" in Canada.

Realising that this year is 1944, and a Leap Year at that, an extra bit of information might, at this point, be very APPROPRIATE; and that is, on November the 14th, 1942, he was married to Aileen Atken of Newcastle, N.B., while he was stationed at No. 2 S.F.T.S., Uplands.

Finally, in winding up this bit — or something, of our Commanding Officer:

Though it be not wise to "Blotch" around
And Drag your feet upon the Ground
'Cause you may see that Black Staff Car
Coming at you, from afar . . .
Remember this, when you remember that
It's K.R.Air that swings the "Bat"
We're the Team and He's the Boss
Let's play the "Game" without a "Loss".

"THE PROP-WASH"

"The Prop-Wash" is the official Unit paper for No. 12 S.F.T.S. (N.C.A.F.) North Battleford base. It is published by the Station personnel with the kind permission of the Commanding Officer, Wing Commander Beare, A. R., A.F.C.

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ASSOCIATE EDITORS:

Cpl. George and LAD Laron, P/S Wynan and LAW Holden,
Cpl. Rutledge and Cpl. Steer; Cpl. Hartman.

NOTE—It is with much loss to the "Prop-Wash" that, even before the first edition was published, two very capable and popular members of the Staff, namely W.O.J. Leitch (Editor-in-Chief) and Cpl. Terrance, (W.J.) (Station Mixer) were posted to another base. Our loss is someone else's gain.

NOTE—The following editorial article was submitted by our former Editor-in-Chief (W.O.J. Leitch) before his posting to No. 12 S.F.T.S.

EDITORIAL

This is your Mixer calling from North Battleford. No, not St. Hubert, North Battleford. This is your first issue from the wild and woolly west, and we hope you'll enjoy reading it, as we have enjoyed writing it. I am not going into a discussion on the contents of your paper, as this an Editorial Section and should contain a frank and open discussion of the personnel of this Station and their activities.

What a m.m. opening for what is yet to come, but all things must have a beginning. Right now I feel like a hunter stalking his prey with both barrels loaded and the trigger cocked, ready for instant action.

You have left behind you memories not to be forgotten. Montreal, and peering the town red. You had the time of your life then. There, in homes, most of us, bright lights, a great variety of social activity from which you could pick and choose. Night after night you could go out and never meet the same person twice. But all that is behind you and left for your Annual Logs.

When you change in location comes a change in Station. St. Hubert might have been blessed to a huge factory where people come and go, day in and day out, never really knowing the persons with whom they were associating. Today you no longer have the factory, but a small crew. The office—the workshop—your social activities—your home, all are within the boundaries of this Station. The people you work with are the people you play with.

You might say, "I know all this, why tell me something I already know?" Because although most people know the facts, they refuse to accept them. To be happy in your social activities you must be content in your work. Section heads are striving for co-operation within their Sections. N.C.O.'s are striving for the proper understanding with their men. Along with this goes the heat of the day's work, with everybody striving towards a common goal.

Sections do not run themselves—none is independent. Each and every one depends on the cooperation of at least one other section. The success of Training Wing depends largely on the co-operation it receives from Maintenance Wing, and vice versa. The success of Works and Buildings relies on the cooperation it receives from the whole Station. The success of a Station depends on the amount of co-operation between sections.



The responsibility of this success does not rest on the responsibility of Section Heads. It rests primarily with you and with us. Spirit de Corps, Good Fellowship—is the keystone of success. It is not just an ideal, it is a MUST for everybody. No business ever succeeded without one group continually backing another. Remember that even if the other man isn't as intelligent as you he is at least a normal human being, or he wouldn't be here. No one is setting up an obstacle course for you to run. He or she is doing his job as Regulations call for. Most obstacles are really not obstacles at all, but lack of proper understanding or knowledge of the other man's job. Nobody expects you to know a half dozen trades so you can work in your own successfully, but try to get to know the other man you come in contact with. You will probably find out that he isn't a bad sort after all, that at the job he isn't just a stubborn mule, but a man with a job to do just like you.

What better place is there to gain this association than right here on the Station. Take an active interest in some one Station activity. There should be some organization in which everybody is interested. If something is lacking get the talk rolling, spread your idea through the organizing and if you can get enough support to start the ball rolling approach somebody who is in a position to do something for you. The St. N.C.O. is your section in the highest sense. If you are approached, don't say no, and then forget it. Take action. This is the way you can get to know the other fellow—a common interest. From this common interest you will learn many of the problems that confront him in his daily work and he will learn yours.

Many large projects are under way on the Station. Most of them require the active participation of each and everyone of us. Perfection comes only from effort. The effort is not so great if everybody participates willingly, co-operating in the fullest extent. The greater the co-operation the less time it will take us to reach our goal.

The trouble with the world today is that people refuse to forget themselves in the interests of the majority. Self interest is the root of all evil. Quit grinding your axe and get on with the job. Don't think that you are the only one that was ever handed a Joe job. What matters if the other man has a larger slice of pudding, as long as you have sufficient for your needs.

A Station is measured by the morale of its troops. But no one man controls that morale. The extent to which good fellowship exists depends on the individual. Quit your moaning, groaning, and back biting. Break up your little cliques. Get up off your butt and quit talking about what should be done, and do a little of it yourself. Take an interest in what's going on around you and your morale will look after itself.

My gun was loaded, the trigger was cocked. The object was sighted and the trigger pulled. Let's hope the next issue will show that a direct hit was scored.

Social Doins

WEINER ROAST . . .

For something a little different in the way of entertainment let's turn back the page of a week or so ago and view the Wiener Roast that was held down by the river and now nicknamed the "Little Sahara." The Sahara sure has nothing on this place for sand or at least so we thought.

There was lots of big, gooey, mustardy wiener rolls for everyone, but should we mention the other evil that was consumed?

Could anyone tell us who that talented Sergeant is that led us in a sing-song accompanied by the guitar? That man is wasting his time in this outfit.

Also what did a certain little girl from the Post Office do to her favorite Sergeant, that he should land in the hospital the next day?

We all had a lot of fun and feel that more of these roasts could help fill in a dull evening.

"BOUPIE"

FLASH! FLASH!

April the 25th was the deadline for Marc Overstad and Hal Plante. They stood at the altar of the S.C. Rectory and solemnly took their vows—their single blessedness at stake.

But can we blame this certain Anasafe for taking such a sweet gal by storm? No. Decked out in a teal-blue suit, corsage of white carnations and red roses, she attracted many an approving eye—especially the W.Ds.

We mustn't forget the Matron of Honor, one Klity Vevers by name, who bowed over a certain P/O — Smith at the reception. For a Matron of Honor she sure had what it takes.

Under the auspices of Mrs. K. F. McNair (President of the Service Club) and our very own Art Eiter (Y.M.C.A. Representative) a reception was given at the Odd Fellows' Hall by the groom's friends from down under, after which our hero and heroine left for parts unknown.

"BOUPIE"

MORE WEDDING BELLS

The Station was buzzing—How could she make so many unhappy by getting married! Yes, we mean that certain steno that adds something to G.I.E.—Trudy Tecker, who was married to AC1 Sjoquist on April 25 at Christ Church Cathedral in Vancouver by P/L F. Cooper, RCAP Chaplain at No.

1 R.D.

Trudy did us proud as she stood at the altar dressed in her RCAP uniform among close friends and relatives.

After the wedding, a reception was held at the home of Captain and Mrs. Sjoquist and the brand new "Mr. and Mrs." left for their honeymoon on Vancouver Island.

BLITZIN' DE BLUES

Mother: "What are the young man's intentions?"

Daughter: "Well, he's keeping me pretty much in the dark lately."

Some Magnet!

Customer: "I believe you stock mascots. I want a little devil for my car."

Shopwalker: "Yes, sir, Miss Walker, step this way, please."

VICTORY LOAN DANCE

Amid confusion, upheaval, hard labor and the "Victory Loan Campaign" it was found possible to hold a dance in the Drill Hall, Wednesday the 3rd May.

Jimmie Barbour and his orchestra, as well as two of our station famed players, led off a little steam with comical taking their cue and getting hep to the step.

Everyone had a good time and when dancing became a little boring there was always the refreshment bar where thirst could be quenched and hunger satisfied.

There was one airman though who longed for a "T" bone steak and kept tantalizing a certain little W.D. to go with him until she finally consented.

On arriving at the gate, it was found that it was too late to go to town so back to the dance they went and tried to fill that longing with peanuts and cokes.

And then there was that charming two some, Pat and Ken. Pat seems to enjoy waltzes now. Could it be the dance or the partner she prefers?

The Blonde Bomber or the Campbell Soup Kid in C.R. seems to prefer man growing mustaches now instead of growing men.

Our Jitterbug specials, Tibby and Marcotte, were really in the groove and gave out with the jive.

Art Eiter gave a speech over the mike. Too bad we couldn't understand it but the tone was good.

Danny Boy favored us with a few short ones on the sax—a few more like him and the Station Orchestra would be no problem for Sgt. McKay.

But the floor, getting back to the dance, was the best in the circuit; maybe you think it was the last drink that made your partner slip but we think the floor helped a lot.

All good things have to come to an end and so the dance, one of the best good things, came to a close with hopes that there would be another in the near future.

IRISH.

AIR SCOOP . . .

An Art Exhibit was displayed in the Y.M.C.A. Library from April 2nd to 10th, composed of 21 original flower subjects by Canadian Artists.

On the 12th April Course 105 was entertained in the Library Hall by the L.O.S.E. Whist, dancing and lunch were enjoyed by all except five airmen who were attracted to the queen of hearts, spades, diamonds and clubs in a back room instead of the queens of North Battleford.

Are you interested in discussing politics? Why not join F/O Taylor and his co-politicians every Tuesday night in the Y.M.C.A. Lounge.

Sympathy goes to our dear little Ned in C.R. whose best bean is crossing the pond.

The time has come, the walrus said, to talk of—well anyway it's time we said something about the Sergeants' Mess. At this time I might mention that I receive no payment for what I write—but for what I don't write, well—anyhow I'm buying a bond with it so that makes it legal, or honorable, or something.

If you have any objection to placing your full posterior weight on anything as uncomfortable as rusty nails and splinters—well you just stand—preferably in the middle of the floor. But the fellows are digging in every night with great enthusiasm—and it is hoped that May 24th will be the gala opening.

Congratulations, F/S Mann, on the birth of your son the 5th of April. What's the matter with you other guys?

We say good-bye and good luck to WO1 Spax and Sgt. Armstrong and welcome to WO1 Gibson and Sgt. Dreyer—we hope you like the place—after you get to know the gophers by name it's much more homey.

To date the weekly canteen dances have been a success with Art (that man of men) doing his stuff to entertain and staking a little headway. I guess he believes in that old saying: "If you do not succeed the first time, try, try again." Right, Art! Anyway, how about it, A.Cs and W.Ds, how about a good turnout at the dances in future and help the old standbys?

Much talk has been brewing around about the W.D. "Hick" Canteen. Yes, it's true, at least we are having one and before the war ends (we hope).

No, that wasn't a stampede nor was it a thunderstorm; it was just the W.D.'s talking over the Mills Hotel last week-end.

MAW, SOUPIE & IRISH.

TRACK - N - FIELD

No. 45 M.R.T.S.

R.C.A.F.

NORTH BATTLEFORD, SASK.

With the Kind Permission of the Commanding Officer,
Wing Commander Searle, A. R., A.F.C.

DATE 24th MAY, 1944.

PLACE: SPORTS FIELD [by C.P. Airlines]

PROGRAMME

10.35 A.M.

Opening Event to be Started by the Commanding
Officer Firing the Gun.

- | | |
|--|--|
| (1) Parade of Athletes—Squads, W.D.'s, Hdqrs.
Tr/Wing, Maint. | (5) 100 Yard Final (Men) |
| (2) 100 Yard Dash (Men)
1st Heat
2nd Heat | (6) 75 Yard Final (W.D.) |
| (3) 75 Yard Dash (W.D.)
1st Heat
2nd Heat | (7) 440 Yard Run (Men) |
| (4) 220 Yard Dash (Men)
1st Heat
2nd Heat | (8) Discus |
| | (9) Javelin |
| | (10) Shot Putt |
| | (11) 880 Yard Run (Men) |
| | (12) High Jump (W.D.) |
| | (13) Broad Jump (Men) |
| | (14) Broad Jump (W.D.) |
| | (15) High Jump (Men) |
| | (16) One Mile Run (Men) |
| | (17) Pole Vault (Men) |
| | (18) Tug-O-War (Teams from Both W.D. and
Men) |
| | (19) 1/4 Mile Relay (W.D.) |
| | (20) Mile Relay (Men) |

Noon — LUNCH

12.30 P.M.

Resumption of Attractions

End of Track and Field Events

16.45 Hours. (Same Field)

SOFTBALL: Sr. N.C.O.'s vs. OFFICERS

●POINTS (Individual and Team)

●DANCE (Drill Hall)

●PRIZES (For Top Scorers)

N.B.—Entrance to Sports Field, for Civilians, will be by the Entrance to the C. P. Airlines and not through the Station
Guard-House.

●Points for the various Events will be given to the winners and the Top-Scorers will receive Prizes, which will be dis-
tributed at the Dance in the Drill Hall. For further information on the Dance, etc., read next page.



Dance



MAY 24th, 1944

No. 13 SFTS, North Battleford, Sask.

With the Kind Permission of the Commanding Officer,
Wing Commander Searle, A. B., A.F.C.

PLACE: Station Drill Hall

TIME: 21.00 Hours Until 01.00 Hours

- SCINTILLATING TUNES
- GINGERVATING JIVE
- ROLICKING RHYTHM
- BY ...



Jimmy Barbour's Orchestra

Prizes — Entertainment — Refreshments

OPEN TO STATION PERSONNEL ONLY — CIVILIANS MAY BE INVITED AS GUESTS

ADMISSION: 25 cents per person. (Civilian Guests same price.)

N.B.—Ceremony for the distribution of the **TRACK AND FIELD PRIZES** to start at 22.30 SHARP

BLITZIN' DE BLUES

Three's a Crowd

Joe: "Where're you been?"

Mae: "I've been in the phone booth talking to my girl, but someone wanted to use the phone so we had to get out."

Three of a Kind

Young and inexperienced father, gazing at triplets the nurse had just brought out: "We'll take that cute little one in the middle."

Leaf 'n Leaf

A businessman thought his staff rather lazy and indifferent, so he planned up the following notice:

"Broad is the staff of life, but that is no reason why the life of our staff should be one continual loaf."

And Then Some

Mae: "Just had a card from Rosie, the riveter."

Fay: "What'd she say?"

Mae: "Having a wonderful time and a half."

Inclined to Hear

"Sit down in front."

"I can't, I don't bend that way."

A Smoke Yaks

Indignant woman (to man smoking in subway): "Sir, smoking always make me ill."

Man: "Yeah? Why don't you give it up?"

The Publications Pigeons

A pigeon on its way to the Middle East was turned down to rest on the crosspiece of a warship's mast in the Mediterranean.

Almost immediately it was joined by another which perched on the other side of the spar.

Said Pigeon No. 2: "Are you by any chance carrying Army Council Instruction 1213 of 1944, para. 2, subsection 1?"

"That's right," said Pigeon 1.

"Fry," said Pigeon 2. "I'm carrying the amendment."

Here We Go Again

An Air Force Officer assigned to a desk job, objected to fliers getting extra pay for flying time.

"Why should you get more?" he barked at an B.B.A. pilot. "We're all in this war together."

"I know," drawled the half-sleepy pilot, "but who ever heard of two desks crashing head-on."

A Chair Works, Too

First Mother: "Has your son learned anything in the Army?"

Second Mother: "Yes, he can now open a beer bottle with a half dollar."

A Runner-Up

An old gentleman approached a nattily attired Negro at an elaborate dark-town wedding.

"Pardon me, sah," said the old papay. "Is you de bridegroom?"

"No, sah," he replied, "Ah was eliminated in de semi-finals."

What, Wages Too?

Oscar came to the city and got a job as janitor in a girls' boarding school, and was entrusted with a pass key to every room in the building.

The following week the Dean ran across him and asked: "Why didn't you come around Friday for your pay, Oscar?"

"Yo, do I get wages, too?!"



Mug Reasoning

A doctor was trying to check an epidemic in a village. Visiting a family, he asked: "Are you taking precautions to prevent the spread of contagion?"

"Yes, Doctor," replied the head of the family. "We even bought a sanitary cup and we all drink from it."

The Patient's Choice

Doctor: "The best thing for you to do is to give up drinking and smoking, get up early every morning and go to bed early every night."

Soldier Patient: "What's second best?"

What a Hand!

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 dear hand I held last night—

Four aces and a king.

First Round Advice

Second (to his boxer between rounds): "Well, pal, you're licked."

Boxer (pacing distally around): "Yeah, I should have got him in the first round when he was alone."

Water Logged

Doctor: "What you need is a nice long rest at the seashore where you can get the ocean breeze."

Patient: "That's funny. The Navy just gave me a medical discharge after being rescued from a raft at sea for thirty days."

Modern Technique

Mother: "I told you if a sailor asked you for a kiss to say 'no.'"

Daughter: "But, Mother, they don't ask. Who knows?"

First Soldier: "Anybody see a necktie around here? I lost mine."

Second Soldier: "What color was it?"

We'll All Do It

A German mother was telling her young son that for the many blessings that life had given him he should thank God and thank Hitler.

After a moment of meditation the boy asked: "What should I do if Hitler dies?"

The mother answered: "Just thank God. Error in the Dark"

Pvt.: "You've never kissed me like that before, Mary, is it because we're in a blackout?"

Girl: "No, it's because my name isn't Mary."

About Turn

"Did she blush when her shoulder strap broke?"

"I didn't notice."

Leaving No Time

GI: "Darling, I love you."

Sally: "Why, I only met you ten minutes ago."

GI: "Yeah, I know, but I'm here on a 12 hour pass and I gotta work fast."

He Does It

"I'm going to show you," said the flying instructor in midair, "that I've got complete confidence in your flying ability." He threw his stick out of the plane.

"And I've got complete confidence in you, Sir," said the student pilot, and threw his stick out, too.

BLUES-BLITZ READERS

What about forwarding this column some real "COIN"!!! If you are still laughing at some joke that you heard some six months ago... what about sending them to us?!!?

Please forward all "You-der" material to the Arm. Office at G.I.E. (W/O3 Corcoran).

SECTION DOINS AND UNDOINS

MOAN FROM MAINTENANCE

TRADE TEST HOWLERS REVIEWED

Did you know that:

Exhaust valves are hollow to let exhaust gases pass.

An American bolt may be differentiated from an English bolt because it is bigger.

An advantage of a radial engine is the fact that it is built thinner and consequently costs less.

Spark plugs may cause pre-ignition if the spark is left on.

A pilot may maintain his E.P.M. if his automatic boost control fails by using his wits.

An E.A.I. is a form used to make an aircraft serviceable.

In a maintenance schedule the Etor sign column A and the rigger sign column B.

Radial engines do not use reduction gears, they have a planetary gear system instead. An aircraft descends on the application of the angle of glide.

A Pratt Whitney engine has two foot chambers per cylinder.

If the wiring of an aircraft starts to smoke and catches fire a corporal must be notified immediately.

Oil dilution is carried out frequently by means of a button generally found somewhere in the cockpit.

Common faults of wood are pieces cut too short.

The N.C.O.'s who were on the receiving end of these verbal horrors have recently been released from the local Escorteer's Rest Home where they were confined following their collapse. On their first meeting subsequent to their release it was decided that:

Gasoline is the stuff if you don't put good in your plane it doesn't go as well as it.

Dear books are things that revolving doors go around without.

Trade improvement lectures are periods snatched from sleep that airman remain ignorant in spite of.

GROUND-LOOP-HOLLOW

As the confusion and dark clouds roll away to better days, we present a brief resume of our interesting section.

First we wish to welcome the Chief Instructor, S/L M. G. Gagnon, to No. 11 S.F.T.S., North Battleford, Sask. Although the ground loops played a great part in the excitement of last month, we assure you that S/L Gagnon and our Squadron Com-

mander, P/L Molyneux and P/L Charlton, are still able to be as pleasant as in those good old days at St. Hubert.

We are always glad to welcome new members to our staff, that included S/O J. MacMillan, our Flying Wing Adjutant, P/L Ellis and P/L McLeish, who are doing very well in their new positions.

Oh! and pardon me but there is still a newcomer to the Tower who entered the Time Office, then throwing his hands in the air, moaned, "I'm all confused!" Who? None other than P/L Morrison, the Organist Officer.

Sgt. Martel is still with us and although worried last week about a few (should we say missing links) is still the good natured Sgt. and we are all glad of the fact that she came along with us. A few new clerks have been added to our Orderly Room which consists of L/AV Todd, formerly from the Guard House (now don't get me wrong—she just worked there). Then there is AWI Dyck and AWI Gaskell, who is at present home on Spring Leave—what a way to get a break and also learn about land-staying to be able to help your section with the grounds next spring. AWI Wolfe is with us yet and if you want any publications see her—she knows them all and has them all, too. That completes our Orderly Room Staff.

The Time Office still exists, however, with Cpl. Russell punching the time, with the help of certain Officer Material—she does all right and the time rolls on and on. L/AV Thrasher, a capable assistant, is still rumbling, you boys, so better have you too books up to par—and, by the way, don't get in too strong with her as this is still leap year and she is from Windsor.

We are glad to report that L/AV Logan and AWI Bombower are out of the hospital and proceeding on leave. AWI Chasen is an added assistant and, believe me, she is kept busy all day.

Then we have the W.D. in the Orderly Room who is getting very interested in Accounting—perhaps she thinks that her pay has taken a sudden slump—but then we have our doubts.

FRECKLES & SPECKLES.

(Section) Reporters and Writers

If, perhaps, you do not see your material in this, our first Edition of the "Prop-Wash," kindly forgive us this time... cause... the space for Section News has been somewhat "cut" due to the Track and Field and Dance Pages. Our next issue will consist of three pages allotted to Section Do's and Undo's.

"Tanke fe' Ye' co-op-er-a-chun!!!"

A DAY WITH THE S.W.O.

(67)

NIGHTMARE IN A DISCIP'S OFFICE

Four minutes to Eight—Three minutes to Eight—Two minutes to Eight—One minute to Eight—Eight o'clock—Crash! Up goes the window of the familiar (in all details) little cubbyhole of the Station Warrant Officer—one split second ere Sgt. Clingen manages to hoist open the Orderly Room toll gate! . . .

Indications seem to point that all sections, even the Accounts, are ready to do business with most of the answers for the day's complaints already in their heads. But let's spy for a minute through the window of a certain office, working in which is enough to drive any sane thinking individual to the Nuthouse across the River, that miniature seatheaters labelled by a neat appearing sign, one of our own Sgt. Aspery's masterpiece, which say "Station Warrant Officer" . . .

Being station "Check-up Day" that afternoon, the S.W.O.'s "delight," things have a special air of excitement about them but routine must be carried out nevertheless, in its own unusual way. . . .

Several "Good Mornings, Sir" welcome to our midst our efficient P.T. and Discip. Officer who immediately makes a grab for the clerk's one and only chair (as he is about to sit on it) and dives deep into conference with the S.W.O. as to how to keep it in spite of the R.C.A.F. . . .

Clerk picks himself up off the floor to stave half a dozen or so requests for leaves of one sort or another, at window. He is interrupted, whilst muttering to himself, "And now they won't even let a guy remember!" by three mad alarms on the buzzer, announcing that the C.O. has again had difficulty in locating his hatbox and would like his hatbox done (on both sides). This is eventually accomplished amid intermittent, obstinate clamouring for Spring leaves and, of course, the usual requests for ration allowances which we now pass off on good old Perry in the Orderly Room. People, though, are harder to please than anybody—anyone with a backyard and a bed of asparagus at home seems to think they are entitled to Spring Farm leave! . . .

It is nearly noon and our war office is now overflowing with the Adjutant, Station Warrant Officer, the Orderly Sergeant, Orderly Officer, a couple of roaming Corporals, Sgt. Aspery, Clerk, Typist, Physical Training Officer, and someone or other from Accounts Section. Those who have been lucky enough to find chairs remain glued to same, as to rise is fatal. Then somebody with blood in his eye, casually mentions the hour of twelve and all is lost in a mad rush for the one and only door: no Fire Alarm could produce better results. The Adjutant wins, coming out first, while

Station Sports Activities

SPORTS--ALL SORTS

"The why and wherefore of keeping fit and liking it."

(H. I. WYMAN, F/S)

It is very important to realize that if one is to do any job of work properly, he must be in good physical condition, regardless of the type of work he may be doing. When the body has been required to do a great deal of work, relaxation must be supplied. If it is to continue to do so properly. No one, then, can deny the necessity of every member of the station being in excellent physical condition. In part, this relaxation is provided through the medium of sports and athletics. After duty hours should be occupied in as beneficial a manner as possible, through participation in the games and athletic events provided. Too many of us spend our evenings indoors when we should be out with the boys on the sports field. The excuse of being tired is certainly out of order, because exercise is known to counteract this situation. Any doubts—try it sometime.

For the information of all concerned, allow the writer to suggest and briefly outline some activities which each and every one of us may choose for our relaxation. Remember, first of all, that physical fitness, exercise, recreation, and play, is not merely a form of fun, but can be thought of as a matter of life or death for all of us. Do not chuckle at this statement, because with good physical condition comes that "extra something" which may save your life, when you need it most, either in the case of "Swim or drown," "Getting out of the way of a car," or "Fighting pneumonia."

We are about to start our first chapter of sports on our new station. Already a short but interesting floor hockey schedule has been played. Although the final game was not completed, the officers may be given the benefit of the doubt, and granted the championship. Not having lost a game, they ended on top of the league. The trainees also had a powerful team, and lost their lone game to the officers. The Sr. N.C.O.s and Maintenance merely "held their own" for their scheduled games, but were unable to pull out a win.

Spring is in the air; so we naturally turn to Softball, Track and Field, Soccer (football), Baseball, these for the time being, and more later. The writer views with candid uncertainty, the coming softball season, for it is nearly impossible to foresee the material for the coming games. With the predicted six teams, it is hoped that the program will fare as well as last year's season back East. Officers, Sr. N.C.O.s,

Trainees, Headquarters, Servicing and Repair are supposed to have teams ready to field. After the landscaping, kit inspections, bad weather, and the like, are brushed aside, competition should be of keen interest. Arrangements have been made, now it is up to the personnel in each respective section to see that the best team possible is represented. Plenty of potential ball players are around camp, so the writer hereby suggests that sections draft some material before it is enlisted in some other less-important activity.

Do not forget, the W.D.s will have a team, and we hope teams. If at all possible a four-team W.D. league will be formed. Already many have expressed their desire to play. More are needed, however; so let's get cracking, gals.

On looking over the track situations, your reporter does not seem to be able to dig up too much material at the present time. However, by the time this article appears, we hope the situation will have justified itself. Although the only judge of a runner's ability is a stop watch, we are in hopes that the events will shape up in a different manner this once owing to the fact that time does not permit it differently. The field events also show a gloomy outlook, but perhaps the wounds will heal by the 24th of May. We hope! It is the policy of the Sports Committee to have everybody participate, not merely those who claim to be track stars. Let's have a good time as long as no one drops dead over the strain.

Soccer should not be forgotten. There are a number of R.A.F. lads on the station, and where there's R.A.F., there is bound to be Soccer players. The station should be able to boast of a strong aggregation to represent us. Soon, plans will be under way for such—the more the merrier!

As for Baseball—one cannot predict owing to rumors that softball "Takes the Cake" around these parts. If competition is possible there are good ball players on the Station, and a team is not out of the question altogether. Nothing is impossible, give us the opposition, and we'll produce plenty. Here's hoping something may be possible.

Let's all be on hand for the kick-off, and keep on driving from there on. The possibilities are unlimited, but one or two cannot solve the problem—everybody working together is our only solution. Do you want sports? Even if one does not play on a Station or Section team, do you still want a high rating team to represent the Station? There is one answer to this. It is the man on the sidelines that very often makes a team. All of us can be of help—So Let's Show Them!

SOFTBALL SCHEDULE . . .

Games will be played three nights a week, namely, Monday, Wednesday and Thursday. A game shall consist of seven innings. Games will commence at 1845 hours unless otherwise specified.

May 22nd to 25th—

Monday—Officers vs. Trainees.
Wednesday—Headquarters vs. Sr. N.C.O.'s
Thursday—Repair vs. Servicing.

May 29th to June 1st—

Monday—Officers vs. Sr. N.C.O.'s.
Wednesday—Trainees vs. Servicing.
Thursday—Headquarters vs. Repair.

A Day With The S.W.O.

Continued from Page 7

the Orderly Officer and Orderly Sergeant do a mad double to the Mess to go there before the Airmen and W.D.'s—I wonder why? . . .

All is quiet till 1:15 again, at which time our Major is sitting, watching out of the window, humming to himself, "These Foolish Things," and looking extremely pleased with the spectacle of Senior NCO's and down going around with familiar looking sticks in their hands. These sticks are conspicuous by the presence of a nail in one end and are strangely reminiscent of "days to come." . . .

F/L Burchill strolls by with two sticks, one in each hand, doing two men's work and using one of the nails to bring to life certain airmen and W.D.'s who have mistaken CO's "Clean-up Day" for a day of rest. . . .

The Major still doesn't believe his eyes but by five o'clock is content to let the whole matter rest with a comment that S/L Clibbon has done a darn good job, or at least the idea was tops! . . .

So we must close with a frequently asked question, one to which we will welcome all comers with appropriate answers! The question is, "What keeps the S.W.O.'s office going without a sudden nervous breakdown?" Well, we can't say for sure but our answer is that it must be the cheerful presence of our own Station Orderly Sergeant, whose growing popularity maintains a steady parade of lovely W.D.'s popping in and out all day long! The questions they come to ask (of course) are only an excuse under cover of which they come to see him! . . .

"DANNY."