

PROP WASH

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

Vol. 1, No. 2. • NORTH BATTLEFORD, SASK. JUNE 27th, 1944 • Price: Co-operation.

THE Y.M.C.A. ENTERS SECOND CENTURY THE "RED TRIANGLE" CARRIES ON . . .

With "D" Day coinciding with the 100th birthday of the Y.M.C.A. and Y Supervisors now serving in Normandy, perhaps our most suitable tribute to this world-wide association comes from Air Marshall L. S. Broadner, in command of R.C.A.F. Headquarters Overseas.

"Never in a century of service, has the Y.M.C.A. made so praiseworthy a contribution as during this Second World War. It is a pleasure on this occasion to formalize the unofficial expressions of gratitude which have come constantly from Airman stationed throughout the 'Y' territory that ranges from Reykjavik to Cairo.

"Determined from the very outset to do whatever could be done, regardless of difficulty, you have steadily expanded your efforts in the intervening years. Our rapid overseas growth has forced upon you a number of new but welcomed responsibilities. After you had accepted charge of a certain territory in the United Kingdom, we established there a Royal Canadian Air Force Bomber Group that swelled the Canadian population by many thousands. The 'Y' has taken in its effective stride the major task of supplying tangible comforts and intangible but vitally important words to the men and women of that Group.

"New fields like this will continue to be entrusted to your capable hands. The 'Y' was first into North Africa and has now accompanied our forces into Italy. You are serving Gibraltar, where so many of our airmen are stationed, and are caring for their comrades in Iceland. By the time the anniversary is celebrated, a supervisor will be in another outpost—the Azores. The advancing tide of Canada's contribution to the air war will, I am sure, necessitate further expansion of your services in the months to come.

"And so, for existent and future assistance I give you the thanks of the R.C.A.F. Overseas; for your leadership in major ports, for your assumption of responsibility

for auxiliary services here and in more distant theatres; for your "Canada Houses" that bring the homeland so close to our airmen. Accept our service's heartfelt congratulations on your birthday; may you continue to flourish and win our gratitude."

OUR C.O. SAYS: THANKS . . . TO EVERYBODY

"Rather belatedly perhaps, but as the opportunity presents itself and certainly most wholeheartedly, I would like to thank all personnel, who by their industry and unflagging efforts even in this very short period of time, have made this Station one of which we all may well be proud."

"A Station's appearance, cleanliness and efficient operation depends upon the industry and co-operative spirit of the personnel in each section and the whole hearted co-operation between Sections. That such spirit and co-operation exists on this Station, is manifest."

"Again thanking you for your past support and efforts, hoping that by the continuance of same we may reach for, and attain still higher aims."

'Per Ardua Ad Astra'

OFFICIAL OPENING OF THE SERGEANTS' MESS

A special entry can be made in the Station Log Book for Saturday, June 27th, 1944, as the official and actual opening of the SGTs' MESS.

After nearly two months of hard work by a few or more laborious members, assisted and generously so, by an L.A.C. the rest of us can now spend our evenings in a mess which may have its equal, but certainly not its better, anywhere in Canada or elsewhere.

The interior is of an ultra-modern design and the colour scheme is of contrasting tones of blue-grey, set off with white furnishings. Blue and white leatherette easy chairs and Chesterfields put the finishing touch to the Lounge room, giving it almost a "Country Club" appearance. One of our points of pride is the lighting system which gives glow without glare. The other is the folding bar, which disappears very neatly and completely into the wall.

The gala evening opened at 18:00 hours with Cocktails and Hors d'Oeuvres and followed with an official Banquet, which was attended by the Commanding Officer as Guest of Honour, and the Senior Officers of the Station. The Chairmanship of the Banquet and Master of Ceremonies for the evening was very ably handled by the Mess President, who really kept everything moving with clock-like precision.

The Commanding Officer congratulated the Senior N.C.O.'s on their new home and stated that he believed it to be one of the finest in Canada. Prizes were very generously handed out to the hard-working individuals by the Mess President, WO2 Corcoran, who forgot to say that he had spent most of his nights there himself, working.

Following the Banquet came the main event of the evening: the Dance. In attendance for the occasion was a nine-piece Orchestra, which really set a steady pace for the dancers. The highlight of the Dance was the fact that the Commanding Officer had graciously granted the W.D.'s the permission to attend the Dance upon invitation, in civilian clothes.

As midnight was gradually drawing close, the kitchen staff again displayed their much appreciated efforts and grand showing by serving a delightful Buffet Supper.

The only quiet event of the whole evening was when the Orchestra brought the celebration to an end with the playing of the "King."

Everyone had had a strenuous evening and it was agreed next afternoon, that it was really a "HI Party!"

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF NO. 12
S.F.T.A. NORTH BATTLEFORD,
SASKATCHEWAN

MONTHLY

"PROP WASH"

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Published monthly by station personnel, with the kind
permission of the Commanding Officer, Wing Commander
Sarkatchewan, S. S. A.F.C.



By JaMCie

Hello Pats! This is your old friend ... and with a salute ... I don't think we've met yet, so I think this is just about one that I really expect to see all. Well, so long with. I've been most people call a "PROBIE" ... received with around the station, so I'm led to believe. And no matter what other people call me, I have a sense of self. I guess your confidence is probably getting around and before it gets the better of you, let me say that my name is "JaMCie" ...

This section of the "Prop-Wash" is supposed to be known as the Editorial Department, but JaMCie would much rather call it the "Dignified" Department. It is intended to give a voice to the Loft's activities. Every month, JaMCie's name shows what is coming to you. You have paid it a visit, JaMCie's one word of advice or warning is this: "In every language you'll find 'Gee'—read he say more? ? ? ?

Now, let's get going with this visit to the "Loft." First of all, we learn from the Prop-Wash and from round-table comments that the first edition of the "Prop Wash" was well received by all who read it. In fact, we too, are really beginning to believe it must be an above an below of criticism were sent or forwarded to the Editor. JaMCie has been informed by the Staff of the Paper, that we can expect to see a slow but gradual improvement over the first Publication. So, here's hoping ... and looking forward to lots of cooperation from our Pals and Gals on the station. What about forwarding some (ORIGINAL) articles, humorous or satirical, poems, stories or otherwise ... thanks to your Anti-Isis-happy tail to keep it short! ! !

By the way, JaMCie was seriously wondering what was wrong with everyone. Wondering whether a Hippo Needle would do any good ... Wondering, too, whether it is that everyone is walking—or just standing around in a sort of dead or semi-dead

... Wondering whether we could all wake up to the fact that we have one eye that's blind and apparently can't see out of the other. What's JaMCie doing all the wondering about? ? ? ? Well ... Let's put it this way.

Overplay D.R.O.'s are published. Once in a while, had not, very often at that, a short notice calling for submission for something or other, is entered therein. What's the Response? ? ? ? Maybe a few turns out and usually that few shows up to less than 1% of the Station strength.

Then again, we're asked to cooperate and help keep the Station Grounds neat and tidy. But what happens? ? ? Well, we go to our respective Commands, purchase Rovers, Grasshopper Bars, and so on, with salute and treat the wrappers and packages on the lawns and roadways.

We've been repeatedly told that we can't really write anything around the machinery on the Camp. We've also been told why we can't do so. ... When do we do it? ? ? We all know the answer. We look around to see if anyone is watching us, and if not ... we go ahead and submit or perhaps due to our present state of mind ... that involved being-forgotten article ... we just FORGOT.

These and many more are the reasons why JaMCie is doing so much wondering ... and suggests that we give ourselves mental HYPO, and see what a great deal of mental and physical satisfaction there is in doing what we're supposed to do, when we're supposed to do it. What about it? ! !

Thinking of George Washington and his Cherry Tree, JaMCie has just been informed that the Court Martial of the Gophers vs. Ravens is somewhat stalemate, more both sides are still playing — "We didn't find it!" JaMCie says: "Could be Wood-Pickers."

Sometime ago JaMCie, in his rights around the station, got on three dark feathers, entered the Sergeant's Mess, and was greeted by the President. After looking over the Lounge Room, the Bar and the Dining Room (take it from JaMCie it sure is quite the place, now) and passing a few complimentary remarks to the President, JaMCie was asked to give along the following to take this opportunity to thank the members of all Sections, and all those who in any way assisted directly or indirectly towards the maintenance of the Mess. Though the results of the undertaking speak for the ability and spirit-of-service of the members, it is also a tribute and monument to the outstanding cooperation that can be and has been displayed by the personnel of No. 12 S.F.T.A.

Notes From JaMCie's Notebook

•Congress to the Sports Committee—Mighty fine starting on our Sports Day. Let's have more and more of them.

•Some Sections really take a great deal of pride in their Landscaping efforts—What's wrong with the Sections that don't?

•A goodly number of the personnel are wondering why our own station Band is not hired for the Station Dinners — Really folks they deserve a big hand — What about giving them your support?

•Thinking this month's visit to the Loft reminds JaMCie of what the Address said to the Commanding Officer when introducing the N.C.A. by M.T. Section to him: ... "That's ALL."

-- SOCIAL DOINS --

Y.M.C.A. BIRTHDAY DANCE

A crowd of over 125 jammed the newly decorated Y.M.C.A. on Tuesday evening, June 23, to celebrate the 1963 Birthday of the Young Men's Christian Association.

A brief centennial commemorative program marked the period following lunch. A group of 9 girls from the W.D. section gave the guests a display of printed material. The Commanding Officer, W/C A. B. Searle, A.F.C., expressed his appreciation of the manner in which the YMCA's centennial was being celebrated on the 20th, and of specially opened the Y Lounge for the use of all stations personnel. "While our association with the YMCA War Services has been of only four months' duration, we are deeply grateful for the efforts of the YMCA representative on this station, Mr. Kier—or 'Archie' as we all know him—to provide recreation and entertainment facilities for the unit. The opening of this fine YMCA building is a great step in the right direction," W/C Searle added.

Any "Y" program being incomplete without a stag-ween, the crowd entered most heartily into happy singing of several old favorite songs. LAW-LANNA Foster then checked for the guests a brief picture of the work of the YMCA as she had seen it from Kingston, Ontario, to Paris, France, and on into Kulu, Japan.

Despite the excellent dancing music and the superb dancing floor, the evening's highlight came when a "Candle-light" ceremony was presented. With the Lounge in darkness, Cpl. Bob Curtis of Calgary stood before an altar and recited the origins of the YMCA in London, England, on June 23, 1844. He lit a candle to signify the birth of the "Y". Then, to mark the spread of the Y to other countries, he lit candles for the Y in Australia, New Zealand, Canada. After the impressive service was emphasized with prayer for the invasion forces by the Station Padre, P/L Burchill, LAC Bill Gault of London, Ontario, remarked that it had been intended to call the names of each Y member in attendance and have them come before the altar, but that the number who had turned out—over 75 in all—made that impossible. A singer, Sgt. Tom MacKay, bow 1928, and the ceremony was concluded.

Thanks for the day, comrades!

LUCKLESS 13

Roundabout that time

Hello Joe:

How's stuff and things in the grand and glorious West?

D'ya know Joe, there are a few nice things about this corner of the world. About the best thing I've struck so far is a dame or so W.D.'s who have sort of a smoking club in N.S. Collegiate—very exclusive and swanky. A few of us fellows were favoured with an invite to their banquet the other night, and Joe, I think those W.D.'s will make swell cooks if the War lasts long enough. There were nice leaves on the plate that looked so appetizing—can I help it if I had to lay off for a week because the M.O. thought I had been poisoned?

We danced too, Joe. But what sticks with me, even more than the Bear leaves, is the thought of the ride back to camp. There was a moon and stars and it looked like a pleasant ending to a pleasant evening, but stage trucks!!!—When you have to walk all the way back to North Battleford, or almost, to pick up your hat, so banquet's worth it, Pal, even that one.

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Joe.

SPORTS DAY DANCE

In spite of many guests, messes, scattered doors, and some mess-ups, our Station Field Day Dance on June 23 was a great success. It was a perfect ending to a perfect day.

Sgt. Art, whose bright idea was it to have the orchestra at the other end of the Drill Hall? Not a bad idea at that. In fact boys and girls really welcomed the change and I'm sure the orchestra did too, for the music was really on the beam!!!

Not to be outdone by the Kelly-Lewis team, another steady twosome were there, yes, I mean Kay and Ken. Do you know them too?

Then off in a corner we noticed another congenial couple Irene and Bob Somelov, I think they like each other.

The highlight of the evening was the presentation of caps by Mrs. A. B. Searle.

Judging only from the healthy tans that appeared so prominently, and those W.D.'s dressed in—well, in all sorts of things, it is safe to say this dance was probably the most colorful event of the season.

Air Scoop . . .

We are sorry to see Sgt. Mousha leave our happy throng. Our loss is someone else's gain. Good luck Al.

Course 161 enjoyed the hospitality of North Battleford when they were entertained at the Teachers' Convention dance at the Collegiate on May 20th.

It's a RUMOUR!!! Kill it!!! There will be no "Black" Casino for W.D.'s.

Why not come over and try your luck at the Rifle Club. Of course you'll find a few veterans like P/O Martel and WO2 Dykstra who can cut the line as accurately, hard to beat, but a lot of fun is guaranteed.

Come to the W.D. drill sessions and watch Cpls. Harrison and Platoon swing and sway the Traction way.

Who is the Sergeant who honorably donated his blood, and after being drained for 7½ hours, produced nothing but air bubbles. Those in Maintenance who are alleged to have blood are requested to give some.

The weather was against No. 22 for the Sports Day on the 26th of May, but it couldn't dampen the dance. Jimmy DaFong was there to serve scintillating swing, and to quote an old saying "a good time was had by all."

Did you know there is a certain Major in Maintenance who has to A.I.D. every innocent girl who enters his office.

Congratulations LAC Palfetto—An all round athlete who obtained the highest points for the Sports Day and made an excellent showing for Maintenance Wing.

What W.D.'s practiced for the Sport's Event for weeks in advance, then complained to the M.O. of bumps on their legs only to find that they were measles.

The W.D. Casino dealers are not the success they could be. Come on out boys and girls, it is an opportunity to have a good time.

Those Annetts sure got around. This time they were entertained by the Battleford High School at a Graduation programme and dance in the Town Hall.

Get, Abolished!!!

A WEEKEND AT THE MILLS

W.D.—What is this on the Register? Hotel Clerk—A bug, ma'am. W.D.—(sinking down the pen) I don't mind if you have bugs in this Hotel, but when they come out to see what room you take, that's too much.

SECTION DOINGS AND UNDOINGS

STATION HEADQUARTERS

What could be more disorderly than the Station Orderly Room! What, indeed, could be more unaccountable than the Accounts Section? Nor have I seen an S.O.S. despatched from the Signals Department—and if that is the kind of Records you find in the Air Force give me Tommy Dorsey any day. Then there are the S.W.O.'s and the D.A.P.M.'s offices, but I guess we'll let them speak for themselves. These Sections, bounded by Air Force Green walls, make up the Quarters—there are a lot of heads. There's the C.O.'s down the hall (by the way, he has a brand new carpet for us to be called up on). The main hallway is really a blind alley, leading directly into the S. and O.'s office—but it's not so bad—be leasue meal tickets! There is our Adj. who has had footsteps in the dust of his office obliterated by a fresh coat of paint, and our new Assistant Adj., S/O Summers, and woe unto the Section Head who doesn't submit those Daily Diary entries on time. Our N.C.O.'s are a good lot (bless 'em all), but do you think the airwomen and airmen are worth mentioning? When the Price has risen to Corporal it's really valuable, if you ask me—if you don't believe me, ask the Sergeant (Pilot). Of course trains eastbound from Vancouver sometimes don't wait for even good (looking) airwomen, and plane trips aren't always as fast as they're cracked up to be. But there is one blonde gal in C.R. who is really going places in a hurry. On his recent inspection, the A.O.C. caught her with an Air Mail stamp on her tongue. When he asked her what she was doing she liped, "Oh, I'm going Airmail. Go'bye."

Moans From Maintenance

The chief floorwalkers in No. 6 Hangar have of late had their frenzied left hand circuits around Myrt's penthouse frequently interrupted by rather bewildered tradesmen enquiring what lies behind the mysterious references to the library. Complete information concerning these mystic references is fully explained in a C.A.P. not as yet printed. However to avoid confusion this C.A.P. will be quite unique as it will be composed entirely of blank sheets of paper. This will give at least three out of five tradesmen as much information as they normally get from a publication anyway. The remaining two will be peered at what is written here and will ignore the publication so why waste ink

The purpose of this room will be trade improvement only. Sleepwalking and its accompanying vices must be carried on elsewhere. Publications of a Technical nature only will be kept there consisting of current magazines containing sufficient technical data to warrant their inclusion.

The room will be one place in the hangar that a crew chief or N.C.O. may take a body of men and give an impromptu lecture on his own initiative, if any, or at the request of the trade-slaves. It is hoped that this will take the place of the 'off' periods previously spent in the smoke-room and put the off time to good use. If it does nothing else at least the N.C.O.'s will not be able to climb your frame for doing nothing. Smoking will be permitted for those lucky fellows who are fortunate enough to have smoking material, but this does not mean that our new found fount of knowledge will in any way take the place of the regular smoke-room. Anyone found on the premises doing nothing and doing it in a thorough manner will be promptly ejected into the hangar with nothing but a broom to lean on.

Trade improvement lectures are now being inflicted upon us once again and it is hoped that those concerned will take more advantage of them than they have done in the past. The recent trade tests will no doubt convince tradesmen what they know. In fact the sum and total of technical information absorbed by those who failed the last trade test is being engraved on gold plated gin heads and is being presented to those who failed in lieu of groupings as consolation prizes.

The technical knowledge of tradesmen must and will be increased, this we hope will be accomplished by increased and improved lectures, this is one reason for the creation of a hangar library. In a civilian establishment the disposal action on tradesmen who won't or can't learn is taken care of by the latter part of the Hire and Fire Department. In the service we are not so fortunate in as much as we are forced to put up with deadheads. At one time remembering to Aircrew or Commissions took care of a lot of people we couldn't do anything with but now even that avenue of escape is closed to us as we are forced to take drastic measures. Those who are willing to learn will receive every bit of help we can give him, those who refuse to take advantage of opportunities offered will find themselves engaged in tasks requiring a minimum amount of brains and a maximum amount of brawn.

EQUIPMENT SECTION

BARRACK STORES—The little corporal who handed out the sheets and blankets at St. Hubert is still on the job out here—in the daytime, but broncopaging, as usual at night. Pete and her staff (LAW Gossett and LAC Kats) look rather haggard these days—not satisfied with moving the station, they have been moving their section around from hangar to hangar.

CLOTHING STORES—The most haunted section and yet the most unpopular on the station. Maybe the boys come in to see Cpl. Cox because it's always "No, nothing today, not even a posting, Skanes". Never mind Smithy, maybe you'll be painting a circle on your own kit bag some day.

TECHNICAL STORES—Efficiently run by Sgt. Cappel our business man of the hour and our walking A.F.R.O., assisted by Kelly, Walters and Collins. Cappy actually took one hour of a 45 on Saturday June 3, and showed great confidence in his staff, by entrusting them with the section from 1600 to 1700 hours on that memorable day. We wonder if he will quit working every night now that he has found an attractive blonde corporal to keep him occupied.

PUBLICATIONS—We were all rather surprised last week to find we had a marthon runner in this section, thanks to the S.W.O. Most of us welcome the arrival of our publication standby, LAW Michael.

I. & R. SECTION—Fellow members of the equipment staff wish to extend their sympathy to Cpl. Darche in his bereavement. We have one member in our section who is happy in the service—LAW Holden who is back in the I. & R. again.

EQUIPMENT OFFICERS—The backbone of the Equipment Section, the busiest little set of offices on the station. We put a lock on our door thinking we might have peace but our fans still scream at us through the wicket. Our Flight is back with us again—he must be in good shape the way he swings the old bat—how about using some of that strength on the old mop?

COTTAGES AT MEOTA

For just \$1.00 you can spend a weekend, and that means all week-end, for the bus leaves the gate at 1600 hours on Friday, swimming, fishing, or just loafing around at Meota Beach. As long as Air Force personnel fill the Northbound bus, this service will be continued, but if it is not well patronized, civilians will be given the opportunity to use the same bus and it will leave little room for the weary airman.

All those who have been to Meota bring back very good reports, and as the days get hotter, and those fiery sunburns become a bit "scorched off", we expect to see full use of excellent accommodation. Just make your reservation with Art Ester before noon on Thursday, and have a grand weekend.

- Section Nu's an' Vu's -

STICKS AND BRICKS

It is 7:30 a.m., a little early to say anything about W. and B. but some of its more conscientious workers arrive at that hour. What they do from 7:30 to 0800 hrs. I'll never know, I never get there that early. I imagine it must be pretty awful to walk into a section where you're the only one there.

Everything is quiet and the lights are out. You cough, and listen to the echo through the empty rooms. Thank goodness this only lasts for half an hour, for around 0800 hrs. the personnel who make up Works and Buildings begin to come in, laughing and looking sour depending upon what happened the previous night.

Gradually each little section is filled with its respective personnel. Work at this hour is supposed to commence. Every one seems to wait around hoping the other guy will start the days work.

The phone rings. We hear two long rings on our buzzer and you know someone is looking for Oie. The office girl will come into the shop and ask if anyone has seen Oie. Of course nobody has, nobody ever does. Some poor soul will come in for paint, we know Oie isn't in but we'll tell them to see Oie just to get rid of the bum.

Around 10:00 o'clock you'll see the electricians sneaking off one by one, it's tea time in the hospital or the O.R. mess. A call will come in for them, it is put on the board and when they come back around 4:30 it's too late to do anything about it then so it goes on the list of tomorrow's work.

Two short rings invariably mean a call for the plumber to go to the W.D. barracks. This as usual is attended to at once.

Once again there are two long rings, which brings F/S McNeil rushing to the back shooting. "Where in h— is Oie."

The day is nearly over, roughly 3.30 o'clock. Everyone is in the long queue waiting to wash their hands in W. and B. single wash basin. Everyone looks tired, from what I'll never know. But amidst the dirt and grime there is a happy look for they'll soon be home where, after a hearty meal they'll sit in their easy chair and read the day's news. Come 7.30 there will be another bus, but that's another day and another story.

"Hole in the Wall"

No. 1 HANGAR

Proudly referred to by the boys who work in it, as No. 1's Armament Section.

The "Hole" has undergone quite a change in the last few months, since the boys arrived in from St. Hubert. A great deal of work has been done to the Section, to keep up with the standard set in other Sections on the station and now is fit to work in.

The 25 yard range too, is having its face lifted, and will shortly look a little less like a section of unclaimed ground.

The boys all seem to be anxiously awaiting the word that the R.I. at Hamlin is ready and then they will move out there at the high port. The full program of bombing and gunnery, with some camera gun work thrown in, will be carried out from there, so the boys will be kept hopping. Something like the "Armourer Joe" overseas, only this will be in connection with the "Invasion of Jack Fish Lake" and the role awakening of a certain Armament Officer at his summer "Villa" on the week-ends. My dear!

This will be all for now, but in the next issue we'll introduce you to the boys of the Armament Section. By then, the switch to Hamlin may be through and there will be some new N.C.O. l/c's.

It is not intended that characters tout about in this section, be associated with any characters either living or dead, that may be found in the G.I.R. Armament Section.

"HOSPITAL HOT-BED"

THE PATIENT WOULD LIKE TO KNOW

Who was the efficient hospital assistant who asked one of the patients which end of the thermometer was in her mouth?

Is it necessary for the patients to learn how to run a dish-washer before being discharged from the hospital?

Has anyone ever seen Sgt. Hoxxan without a rubber tube in his mouth?

Why wasn't Sister Taylor notified when a certain patient's temperature reached the 108 degree mark?

We'd like to know when the Y.M.C.A. are going to get their projector back into working condition in order to see the last reel of Coney Island?

What certain red-headed Cpl. causes Cpl. Olsen's heart to beat in rag time everytime she reads his pulse?

Swing Session...

YES! It's true, so help us—and barring the ever-present rumour of a Station transfer (again?)—your dance band will soon (?) make its debut!

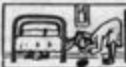
The boys are hard at work practicing like mad on the battered old relics left behind by the RAF lads and endeavoring to give you results which should be on a par with Tommy Dorsey—by the way, what is par with Tommy Dorsey? Well, we should do as well as some of the local units anyway.

All this we are trying to accomplish on off-duty hours so give the fellows credit. Among those present: Maurice Dea Laur-lers (Sax), Trev Allen (Sax), Don Ewing (trumpet and bass), Chuck Marshall (trumpet), Bob Castonguay (trumpet), R. Chitra (trumpet), Eric Arnold (piano), Ted Kinsey (drums), Bill Spark (guitar and bass), Bob Williams (guitar), George Martin (piano etc.), Danny Blackford (sax and clarinet).

Say, did we forget to mention the "Swing Club"? This is a more or less separate aggregation, for Stterbugs only! Joe Heilig Course 161, plays a great piano here with solid backing from the rest of the Rhythm section comprised of Sparky on bass (sings too), Bob Williams never misses on guitar, Denny Wicker beating the Tom, Don Ewing blowing his head off at the business end of a trumpet and yours truly managing to get in a few licks on his rusty old clarinet.

And now folks, we're looking forward to bigger and better things in dance bands. It's the public that counts, bogarrah, and we'll be looking forward to your support, 100 per cent!





HOSPITAL HOT-BED

At the first signal "go," flock after flock of the rare old species, St. Hubert's pigeons quitted their long inhabited nests, and migrated to the wild and woolly west. Some birds, being of an extremely explorative nature, chirped and flapped their wings with joy at the anticipation of finally "flying their coops." Some went to the extent of "squabbling among themselves as to who were leaving with the advance party—silly birds! The others, timid souls! were reluctant to leave their flying grounds, and hung their heads beneath their wings, hoping to be left behind. But being birds of a feather, we've all stuck together. Here we are the same happy family as of St. Hubert. Let's make the best of it, brother pigeons and pigeonettes. We have so much room to spread our wings!

I'd like to take this opportunity of congratulating both Cpl. Knox and Savage on their recent promotions. They both came here on the advance parties and have been doing a wonderful job out here. Keep up the good work kids.

We welcome to our staff L.A.W. Edwards and AW1 Bull. Both are hospital assistants—Lethbridge's loss is our gain—stay awhile, won't you girls!

Lost from the flock, away on temporary duty is our beloved Cpl. Jeanie. We are being assured of her speedy return. Hurry home "Jeanie." We are all sorely in need of your protecting wings.

I hope the following contributions will meet with the readers approval, and if you find any just cause in believing that any of the following bits bear any similarity to YOU it is purely co-incidental.

"Dots And Dashes"

A certain P/S was asked to contribute a small article for the Hospital Hot Bed. He was assured that his contribution, however small, would be greatly appreciated. The P/S, an extremely conscientious man, and a former R.A.P. worker glared over the top of his glasses and said: quote "Women—I hate 'em!" My, my Flight, what sentimentalities!

One good way of seeing the shapely ankles () of the hospital assistant, is to take postural drainage twice daily. Ask LAC Hinton—he knows all about it—evvo

- More Section News -

to the little blue garters. And he's so-o innocent!!

What certain R/L has in his power to make the hospital staff's life happier, by forwarding one of those special letters from across the pond.

Is Mrs. Hemstreet granted two interviews daily, as are the good ladies of the hospital and WHO carries the keys to the linen closet?

A certain R.A.P. patient busies himself of late making little doodads for sister's hope-chest. Anyone contributing bright bits of wool would be greatly appreciated. Never mind grandpa—we'll miss you when you're gone.

It's surprising how quickly the R.A.P. hospital staff changed their minds about "not enjoying the help of the W.D.A." For before leaving the hospital to the capable hands of the present staff they had presented their prized possession, the R.A.P. crest to us. We wonder now if they miss us as we do them!

There's a certain notorious Sgt. around these parts who just loves "ben parties." He's in his element when surrounded by "tommies." He'll go to the extent of personally inviting the fairest sex of his staff to his fair domain, at his wife's expense—and instead of quitting such a gathering as most men are wont to do, he'll sit all among his harem and ghost—a well made stuff—this man!

Are you tired of it all? Looking for a vacation? To all who will submit to the "KNIFE" our surgeon has promised a liberal sick leave. Come early. Book your beds—and avoid the rush!

Anyone interested in learning the finer arts of brewing and bottling beer, please arrange for an appointment with our S.M.O. "Dinty Moors."

COOK'S CORNER

"Frank's Cafe" the hospital kitchen ain't what it used to be since the Aussies and the R.A.P.'ers left. It has been brightened up a little since the warm weather and the Seymore Clan moved in on us.

Jam-sai-ca cake to-day Ossia?
Yes, but it got Bernized.

What would have happened to a certain hospital assistant last Saturday night, if she hadn't had the support of an Aussie—her goose would have been cooked!

Floods And Flashes

Just a few candid shots from dem "Chilton of Hype" while passing through our busy section for it is surely written that we shall not order above our requirements of film and flash bulbs for the shortage thereof, caused by waste, will arise to destroy those who have cast them about too freely. We are happy that we can say we still have a good per cent of our old No. 13 Photo Gang tho' we felt we were being gyped for awhile. Then we had the pleasure of welcoming those two new sweet girls from the foggy coast to our haven of sunshine, namely — LAW's Ms. Fee and Milski.

During the past month, with our old reliable P/S LeBlond in charge of us once more, our staff has shown a very fine spirit of co-operation and although we lived in paint cans for several days, we have shown proof of this in that we have the "nicest looking section on— well, it's the best there is. Here we must make mention of our "one and only" Cpl. Rose, who has ever added to the attraction of our place with his work of art. Not only in the section, has he adorned the walls, but on several other walls about the station. On some days our beloved Corporal wears a look of worry and on other days, we catch that gleam in his eye and slap-happy look. Oh, well, guess he's just getting over anxious. Cheer up, Pop, the happy day will come and we hope it's under the right star.

Life still has its disappointments, the gophers in this area are running around with their tails in the air, because—We know why—Gopher Killer Crook has been posted to an East Coast Herring Cannery. Poor Fish! We're sure going to miss LAC Gill Crook for we've found him to be a real "Lone Pal" and as we bid him "good-bye" we wish him the very best of luck in his new posting.

What's this—who are those kids on the street in khaki trousers and over-sized shirts? Oh! they are part of the glamor section who got our best summer leave from Equip. to run around with a Speed Grabble, Tripod, etc., and muck around in slimy soup all day.

A certain blonde killer has suddenly left poor Australia and taken a pair of wings by storm. Another root-toot short'n' W.D. from our section knows everything about a car and gas rationing from soup to nuts, and for awhile, we were afraid she might remember to an M.T. driver, but no, we still have lots of confidence in that cert-talk photo flasher.



The ward was full of ailing men
The air was full of groaning
The doctor entered full of fun;
"Good morning men, good morning!"

"An optimist is a man who thinks his
wife has stopped smoking cigarettes when
he finds cigar butts around the house.

It was a wonderful party. Everyone was
feeling merry. So Mary went home.

A. F. Doctor—Can you see anything with
out your glasses?

Eyk—With no glasses, I can't even hear.

"Madam, please tell the court how your
husband happened to go crazy."

"Well, your honor, he was a rabbit farmer
and he tried to take inventory."

Due to the shortage of nurses there was
an inexperienced girl on the job. The doc-
tor came rushing into a patient's room.
"Have you kept a chart of his progress?"
"No," she replied with a blush. "But I
can show you my diary."

"Was at one of those servicemen's
dances in New York that the British sailor,
dancing with one of the junior bus-
sesses, finally was moved to remark upon
the darsingly low cut gown worn by his
fair partner. "I svs, Miss, is the 'V' for
Victory?"

The girl nodded. "Uh-hah," she said,
"but the bundles are not for Britain."

A grave digger, absorbed in his thoughts,
dug the grave as deep he couldn't get
out.

Came nightfall and the evening chill, his
predicament became more and more un-
comfortable. He shouted for help and at
last attracted the attention of a drunk.

"Get me out of here," he shouted, "I'm
died."

The drunk looked into the grave and
fiscally distinguished the form of the un-
comfortable grave digger.

"No wonder you're cold," he said, "you
haven't any dirt on you."

A pinch of salt may be improved by
dropping it in a stein of beer.

A musical performance came to the sta-
tion. The billing read: "50 beautiful girls,
45 gorgeous costumes."

Ten airmen were killed and others se-
verely maimed and lacerated in the rush
for tickets.

Hitler was reviewing his troops and
stopped to talk to one private.

"How are things with you?"

"Oh, I can't complain, sir."

"I'll say you can't."

Sgt.—"A girl's greatest attraction are her
teeth."

Cpl.—"No I think it's her hair. What do
you think?"

A.C.—"Same as you fellows only I don't
lie about it."

Rasins' lawyer was informing him about
the legal status of his matrimonial rela-
tionship and his chances of divorce.

"Mistah Johnson, I has discovered I can
get yo' a divorce on the grounds that yo'
marriage ain't legit on account of yer
father, he had no license to carry a gun."

A married couple were sleeping peace-
fully when the wife suddenly shouted out
in her sleep, "Good Lord, my husband."
The husband waking suddenly, jumped out
of the window.

"And they were married," said the local
paper, "and lived happily ever after."

After the recent Sgt.'s mess party one
of the boys was leaning up agin the bar.

"May I fix you a Bromo-Seltzer," sug-
gested the waiter.

"Ye Gods, no!" moaned the Sgt. "I
couldn't stand the noise."

A story of a Nazi soldier talking to his
buddy: "Do you intend to settle down in
Berlin after the war?" The other replied:
"That all depends where Berlin is after the
war."

Man is like a sausage
Fair upon the skin
But you can't tell by the outside
How much hog there is within.

I wish that I were a schizophre-
nic—Just one of me would calisthenic.

SOFTBALL

Servicing, Trainees and Officers Tied For
Top Position — Headquarters and Sr.
N.C.O.'s Two Points Each—Repair
In The Cellar

The first round of the station softball
league has been slow in getting started,
but now is going full speed. Seven more
games will see the beginning of the sec-
ond round. By the time this paper goes
to print, the first of the series should be
complete. A station team, on which no one
has a regular position, "has entered the
city league; thus far won one game and
lost one. Any person wishing to try for
the station team should contact P/S Wy-
man or F/S Duncan.

SENIOR N.C.O.'S WIN OVER OFFICERS

Probably the most spectacular ball
handing was done by the Sr. N.C.O.'s
when this team won over the officers 7-4.
Up until this game the officers had been
undefeated. Officers trimmed Repair by a
score of 12-8. The same team won against
Headquarters 12-9. Too bad the N.C.O.'s
have to always spell the fun for the 'boys'.

SERVICING AND TRAINEES UNDEFEATED

Both Servicing and Trainees have played
two games with two wins each. The
Sr. N.C.O.'s bowed to Servicing by a score
of 10-23; whereas Repair played a close
6-7 loss to the same team. Training Wing
is putting up a good show. Although the
students were late in starting, thus far
no team has been able to over-power them.
Time will tell. Trainees took Headquarters
15-12 and Repair Squadron by a score of
25-12.

HEADQUARTERS WELL ORGANIZED

Headquarters made up of bandmen and
Service Police are putting up a good show.
The gents and buglers trimmed Repair
17-12. This team has had its share of hard
luck and should not be under estimated.
One might predict it a hard team to beat
later on when Headquarters has a few
more games 'under its belt.

STATION TEAM HAS HIGH HOPES

Although the group representing the
station lost its first game to the Kin-
men, there might have been an excuse.
The second game against the Metropolis
team in the city was a different story. All
players were "on the bit" and won an
easy victory 13-4. Support at these games
is all that is lacking. We hope to see more
out in the future.

-- Station Sport Activities --

BOWKER WINS POLE VAULT

The pole vault which drew many spectators, was won by F/O Bowker, organizer and chairman of the meet. A height of 9' 3" was vaulted over, which balked the next two competitors, namely LAC Blackwood and LAC Plante. LAC Hamilton came through with a first in the high jump with a height of 5' 2". Follette trailed in second position with LAC Middleton in third. In the Shot Put, F/O Hazel took first place, to claim the "superman" title. Trailing very close in the Shot Put was Follette once again.

The broad jump was won by WO/II Seagle, LAC Follette second and LAC Dunn third. One of the last events was the Javelin Throw won by F/O Miller, with LAC Follette second, and third taken by Glendening of Training Wing.

COMMANDING OFFICER RUNS SPECIAL RACE

A special 100 yard dash for S/L and above was won by S/L Gagnon, S/L Muir took second and S/L Clibbon and the C.O. battling for third position. Following this was the men's relay, Headquarters finishing in the lead, Trainees a close second, and Maintenance in third position. Owing to lack of time there was no tug-of-war. The Sr. N.C.O.'s trimmed the officers in a close softball game to finish the day. The Australians played a game of football (Australian rules) which proved very interesting. It was the first of its kind to be played on the station. The Aussies are to be congratulated on the turn-out on their part.

W.D. SOFTBALL

So far the girls have played only two games—one at the Mental Hospital and a return engagement here on the station.

Our girls did very well, winning the first game 24 to 23. They showed a slight improvement in the second game winning 19 to 14.

The team is going to miss Rocky, who played a very good centre field, and was a tower of strength when it came to batting. Cpl. Savage does the pitching, and LAW Keeler, a newcomer, promises to be an asset to the team. North, at first base, and Kelly, our short stop, also play very good games.

The girls have several engagements scheduled for the near future. With a little more practise the girls should bring home a good many wins for the station.

TENNIS

The station courts should soon be ready for playing, but in the meantime some of the airmen and W.D.'s have been playing in town. The C.N.R. has two courts, as well as lawn bowling, and are anxious to increase their membership, and start some tournaments. Will anyone who is interested in joining for the season please give their name and the required fee (\$1.00) to LAW Mary Holden?

W.D. Track Meet

W.D. TRACK MEET

Honors in the track meet were divided among comparatively few girls, but competition was keen in all the events. LAW Kelly captained the winning relay team, and also took a first in the broad jump, and second in the 75 yard dash. LAW Rawcliffe brought home a first and a second, and LAW Taylor took two seconds. LAW McLeod displayed very good form in winning the high jump.

Softball League Standing

| Team | Won | Lost | Tied | Pts. |
|--------------|-----|------|------|------|
| Servicing | 2 | 0 | 0 | 4 |
| Trainees | 2 | 0 | 0 | 4 |
| Officers | 2 | 1 | 0 | 4 |
| Headquarters | 1 | 2 | 0 | 2 |
| Sr. N.C.O.'s | 1 | 1 | 0 | 2 |
| Repair | 0 | 4 | 0 | 0 |

— ANOTHER —

Sports Day JULY 5th 1944

Same Place . . . Bigger & Better Events

Get Your Entries In Now!
WILL THE TRAINEES WIN AGAIN??

DON'T FORGET IT'S
Wednesday, 5th July
IN THE DRILL HALL
AT 2100 HRS.

Come One — Come All!

SPORTS

TRAINEES WIN INTER-SQUADRON MEET

McRae, Heathcote, Holyoak, Tauranac, Dixon, Hamilton, Seagle, Bowker, Miller, Hazel, McLeish, Capture Firsts

Follette and Kelly Take Individual Honors
Headquarters Finish Second

The trainees managed to eke out a one point lead over Headquarters to capture the first Track and Field Meet of the season. Trainees compiled 44 points to 43 by Headquarters, the closest competitor. Maintenance finished third with 21 points. W.D.'s had individual competition, Kelly being the winning aggregate with eight points, Rawcliffe trailing with six.

McRAE WINS 100, HEATHCOTE 220

LAC McRae of Maintenance took first place in the hundred yard dash with the time of 11' 1". Schneider of the Training Wing second and Sandberg of Training Wing, third. In the 220 Heathcote took first, time of 1' 2.4", McRae second and Sandberg third.

HOLYOAK, DIXON TAKE 440 and 880

In the 440 LAC Holyoak ran to an undisputed win over F/O Bowker and LAC Wheeler who finished second and third respectively. LAC Dixon, also of Training Wing copped the 880 with a spectacular last minute kick, while Sgt. MacDonald ran a close second pressing Dixon throughout the entire course.

MILE RUN EXCITING

The mile was captured by LAC Tauranac, who was trailed by Sgt. MacDonald. Tauranac passed three men on the third lap with a killing sprint at the finish. In this race MacDonald made a decisive threatening effort at the last, but could not manage to pass Tauranac before hitting the tape. The race was close with LAC Baker taking third position, F/L Molyseux also ran the mile (7).

FIELD EVENTS—OFFICERS EXCEL

Although the AC's garnered more points in the running events, the officers played a small part in the six field events. Probably the outstanding factor here was that first three places in the Discus Throw were set by one F/L and two F/O in order, F/L McLeish took first, F/O Allen and F/O McLuckie tied for second.