

PROP WASH

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

Vol. I. No. 4.

• NORTH BATTLEFORD, SASK., AUGUST 30th. 1944 •

Price: "Dirt" Cheap

101 TO GRADUATE

□
**FIRST COURSE HERE
GRADUATES SEPTEMBER
8th, 1944**

□
First Course Here Graduates September 8

A milestone in the history of this station will have been reached when, on September 8 Course 101 will graduate and leave to reach farther afield in the realm of flying. Perhaps the few weeks they will spend at A.C.T.S.'s will make them wish that once more they could be back here; gophers, ground loops, weeds and all but right now all thoughts are turned to Wings. And parties.

Arriving at St. Hubert's last January they came out here in the advance party and aside from actually learning the fly Harvard and master Ground School have done much towards the establishment of this station. As part of the advance party they indulged in a little gardening (I use the word loosely), a few of the boys snowed coal, others messed up the mess (which may account for a lot) and all were the personification of Joe. However, March arrived and with long pent fervor flying was begun with a relish. It will be notable that although they started with relish most of them will be pickled the night of the Graduation Party.

Seriously, though, this must be a great day coming for these fellows who have undergone many setbacks and undoubtedly they will be relieved as well as happy to get their Wings. During their prolonged stay the course was lengthened, more weeds grew and it was this course that first endured the great northern spaces to open the RI at Hamlin.

To those left behind, the one who have kept them flying, there should be some little pride to know that we are organized, that we have been successful and that the first course is well on it's way. So, to Course 101, congratulations. You have overcome greater handicaps, and endured what must have seemed endless setbacks, and we wish you Success and Good Luck. You, above all deserve it. ! ! ! !

C.O. POSTED

It is with regret that the personnel of this station receive the news of the forth-coming departure of G/C Searle, the C.O. of the unit since it became known as No. 13 S.F.T.S., early this year.

As the whole station has been actively aware of, and participated in, the O.C.'s wholehearted efforts to make this a unit that we can be proud of, we feel that is unfortunate he has to go when things have at last begun to move smoothly.

G/C Searle is due to leave us on September 1st for his new station—No. 10 S.F.T.S., Dauphin, in Manitoba. The new C.O. is W/C N. S. Anderson, an old schoolmate of our present C.O. We expect to greet him sometime next month.

PEOPLE YOU KNOW

—“Stand up straight there. Try and look like an airman at least.”—a raucous voice on that one and only day each so often when there is a little sunshine and one has a slight semblance of happiness. Stillness prevails, a murmur comes from the Australian column lined up by the table that holds that elusive lucre—“Who is he—Himmier?” someone remarks. Then again the VOICE: “If there is any more talking the privilege (the privilege mind you) of being paid will be withheld till next payday.” Well, we know it's a privilege to be in the Service but we don't care to be reminded of it so often and that we might feel that we are doing something for our various countries.

An enlightening interlude to these momentous occasions is offered by our M.O. who really makes his 'point' in a manner which does please the boys.—One and all we thank him. Another personality known from the Guardhouse to Latrine is that “happy” person that serves us so delicately in the mess—Hey, you, can't you read—no seconds today. Put that second dish of prunes down or I'll clout you with this mug.”

Thus we go our weary way. These people are really a household word on this station, and part of the institution. Lovable Characters all!

Personality Of The Month

□
LAC RAJAHUNAR BAHADUR SINGH

□
Many of us who joined up to see the world, found that the world, as seen from the Airforce, consisted of (a) Manning Depot, (b) Trade School and (c) No. 13 S.F.T.S.

But now we are getting a bit of compensation. Since we cannot go to see it, the world is coming bit to bit, to us. Course 101 has brought us members of 5 different Services, and members of many more nationalities.

One of the most interesting of these “strangers” is Rajahunar Bahadur Singh. Born in the city of Bikanar, capital of the State of Bikanar, in North-western India, on January 31st, 1921, he is the second son of Colonel Naharajah Narayan Singh, present Army and Finance Minister of that State. His grand uncle, is the present ruler of the state. His eldest brother is a Captain in an Indian Cavalry Regiment.

He joined the Indian Air Force and had begun his E.F.T.S. there when he decided to join a group of volunteers to finish training in Canada. This meant reverting from Cadet Officer to LAC, but it also offered an opportunity to travel, and by February he was in Canada.

He is interested in Sports generally, and ground hockey in particular. He had some journalistic experience in India.

He finds the business and entertainment centres of the large Canadian and American cities are quite similar to those found in the larger cities of his native land, where American films are the most popular of foreign movies. Only in the residential districts, and in the country has he found great differences of apparel, architecture and customs. The great climatic difference is the absence here of the yearly monsoon. Young men and women meet more freely here.

He is very pleased with this opportunity to see the rest of the world, and considers travel a valuable part of a sound education.

□
A sweet young thing: “I'm very discouraged. Everything I do seems to be wrong.”
Any Airman: “Is that right? What are you doing Saturday?”



R. C. A. F.

PROP WASH

NO. 13 S.F.T.A. NORTH BATTLEFORD

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EDITORIALS

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Report On Suggestions

There have been so many suggestions received that it is impossible for us to give you a full and accurate summary of all that has happened. Perhaps many of you will have already noticed that prompt action has been taken on the suggestions submitted by various persons whose possible other action will be taken as soon as time will allow. It is presumed that everyone is familiar with K.K. and therefore can readily realize that the committee has been forced to turn down several suggestions because certain rules, far out of our reach have interfered.

The quantity and quality of suggestions have both been a heavy par but one or two individuals have done their best to spell the whole idea. (That of course is as usual) One party in particular, signing themselves "Six Torontoians" were doing some briefing about winning the war and all that. They mentioned bewildering rules, but, again, as usual didn't care to elaborate. We'll admit that some of the regulations do a bit of overlapping and rapid changing, but our friends from Toronto didn't see their way clear to mention any in particular so our hands were tied. Of course, as an after thought they mentioned that they had opened the station and cleaned it up which we must admit is a pretty good job for six people at any time.

At the last meeting G/C Searle expressed his thanks to the committee for their assistance and mentioned that he thought the idea had been very successful. It had, he said, brought many difficulties to the fore, which, he would otherwise have never known. The very fact that so much has been accomplished in one month is proof that the cause is a good one and we hope G/C Searle's successor will see fit to carry it on.

Snack Bar

We are having a snack bar. Some was not built in a day, remember and until the tent on the Drill Hall is completed a tentative arrangement is being set up in the Alouette's Dry Clean.

feen. Girls will be admitted and such delicious morsels as coffee, sandwiches, and cake will be available there until better arrangements can be made in the Drill Hall. This is a welcome addition to No. 13 and will, or should be a great saving of money to the personnel. It will undoubtedly sell at very low prices which is something we haven't been accustomed to here at least.

Civilians

Many W.D.'s have been wondering why civilian girls are admitted free with stream while they are not. First we would like to point out that the W.D.'s may bring civilians to the station the same as the men if they so desire. If the civilians were to pay admission prices it would mean charging them the plus tax, which would of course mean keeping a record, accounting and submitting the taxes collected to the Dominion Government. It's easier to let them in free.

Dress

Dress regulations have been laid down by rules and regulations some time before most of us existed. On this station we are privileged to wear sports clothes in various types of entertainment and of course are allowed to wear civvies on 42's. As far as dress goes we have as many advantages as some stations, more than others, and as long as they remain sports clothes we can have our fun. Let's hang on to what we have now!

Mess

The mess took a beating, and although the meals and cleanliness have improved considerably we still receive complaints which are well founded. The C.O. has given assurance that everything possible will be done to get the "iron" and china cleaner and get rid of that steel that gave itself up here six months ago. Apparently the beef ration is not being exceeded but the suggestions we have submitted have done a great deal towards keeping the mess in shape.

Cleaning and Pressing

Several people have noticed and mentioned that the quality of cleaning done here is very inferior, and prices very high. Negotiations are under way to secure a steam presser for this unit and while it will not clean clothes still it will press them for about one-fourth the time and money. Some arrangements may be made in the near future for better service and better cleaning throughout but as yet we have received no definite word.

Others

Too numerous to mention are other suggestions concerning everything from a door between the W.D. barracks (prohibited by Fire Regulations) to suggestions for insurance of tools in Maintenance. Incidentally Maintenance submitted several constructive ideas to help the general organization of the station. Upon request investigations were made into the slip and beer supply in the canteen, chicken wire was placed around the tennis courts; an electric floor polisher to be secured; that a golf tournament be organized; voluntary donations once a month to hospital patients; that a mail box be placed in the Y.M.C.A.; that the streets be named; that other arrangements be made for trade improvement classes; that a sports day be held one afternoon a week. Ad infinitum. Action has been taken on all these suggestions and many others as well.

We are getting results. How about more suggestions?

MORE, MORE, MORE!

AIR SCOOP

Another successful dance was held in the "Y" Lounge on the 26th July. About 200 personnel attending which goes to show that the boys and girls really appreciate our "Y".

Four Australians were entertained for dinner by Dr. Crozier on August 16th.

What has F/O Perreault got away that W.D.'s follow him in truck loads and howl when they see him with another lady friend?

On August 6th Dr. Bruce spoke to a number of personnel in the Rec. Hall regarding his life and work in China, which was very much enjoyed by all who heard him.

What could be more like home than someone to do your darning and mend for you? And that is just what the Wives Club do, when they meet the second and last Wednesday of every month in the W.D. canteen.

Cpl. Carmichael is back from leave, all the way from P.E.I. We wonder if that "gungoes knock of Joe" on her left hand is slowing down her work?

Who wouldn't want to be sick with beautiful hospital assistants to attend you by day and a free show to see in the evening. Yeah! that is the latest amusement in cheer the sick.

If you want to know what is going on around here, watch for the No. 11 R.F.T.S. Sports and Entertainment Sheet published weekly by Art Eiter and F/S Irving.

An exhibit of photographs was shown in the Y.M.C.A. from July 20th to July 26th. It was agreed that they were one of the finest exhibits ever shown at the "Y".

F/O Milne and bride returned from their honeymoon a short time ago.

Cpl. Frisbie apparently enjoyed her T.D. in Banff. More particularly canoeing on Echo River by moonlight.

Terry Gee and his Piratez (11boys) have been Joe in every section waiting for anything to happen.

And India Too!

Party—Mess Personnel

A very successful party was held in the airman's mess, Tuesday, August 22. Mess personnel and their guests enjoyed a very pleasant evening of dancing, to the P.A. System. Refreshments were served, which seems to ensure the success of any RCAF gathering. It is rumored that this affair was so popular, a similar evening will be planned for next week. We hope so.

WEDDING BELLS RING ONCE AGAIN.

Once again—No. 15 R.F.T.S. heard those wedding bells ring as a climax to a romance of two of the sweet kids around these parts, that is, of course Sally Robinson, postal clerk here, and Ted Giffney of Course 161. On 26th August at 7.30 in the evening they were married at St. Paul's Anglican Church in North Battleford by Canon Willis. Sally looked lovely in a turquoise suit with white accessories and a corsage of orchids. The bride and groom were attended by LAC Blackwood and AWI Valentyne. The station joins in wishing them every happiness in the years to come.

MODEL AIRCRAFT CLUB

Flash! The attention of all personnel interested in the noble hobby of making Model Air Craft is drawn to the splendid facilities now offered by the Y.M.C.A. Model Aero Club.

To those who may be intrigued by the fascinating prospect of seeing their brain-child flutter pathetically in the breeze and swoosh gracefully into the dock, we extend the offer of our fullest co-operation in the realization of their dreams. We have on hand in the Y.M.C.A. models of Balsa and Glas, also the complete aero kits. We also have a newly decorated room at the rear of the Y.M.C.A. building, which has been fitted with benches and shelves, and which will be eventually equipped with gauges and whistles to aid enthusiasts in the HOBBY.

To help this club really get into its stride we need members by the score, so roll up ladies and lasses and win the war by speeding up plane production.

Rawest beginners trained from the first cut to the final launch. See Art Eiter and get the latest dope.

SWINGTIME REVUE

IF THE SPRINGTIME REVUE ! ! ! and toes began to tap as those boys beat out that rhythm for which they are so famous. The programme consisted of some very good acts as well as the usual. Namely, the magician, that boy could do more with eggs than the cooks in our mess hall. But there was a serious side to the Revue, and a pit dropping could have been heard when F/O Ashdown sang "Old Man River" and the "Lord's Prayer". This subdued silence did not last, however, for when he sang his next selection of opera arias complete with sound effects on and off the stage, it is doubtful if the audience could have heard the roof drop. Many thanks are due to F/L Edwards and his assistants who transformed the drill hall into a theatre in less than two hours for this surprise programme.

Y.M. ACTIVITIES

For a start this paragraph should be headed "Activities in the Y.M." because not by any stretch of the beer-soaked imagination could "Activites" (Mark I—of the building) be compared with "Activites" (Mark II—in the building). These (Mark II) activities are of a great and different variety, everything from shooting a line to writing one.

Firstly we must mention our "chokers" addicts. These oblivions of all else but the game in sight, hold each others' hands, hoping that the emotional turmoil ensuing within the opponent will produce a serious lack of judgment, and thus eventually gain them the game. At this point I am interrupted—it is the Crabs. "They'll still have to cheat", he sneers as he fades back into the shadows.

Secondly we have the radio fiends, it goes something like this—

Twiddle-twiddle, and the debut tones of Tommy Dorsey's orchestra bring a satisfied beam to the Twiddler. One minute later—

Twiddle-twiddle, and the New York Symphony Orchestra give forth the opening bars of the Beethoven Piano Concerto No. 1, and another twiddler beams, in a more dignified manner, of course.

One second later—

"Hey, you", comes the enraged roar of Twiddler No. 1. "Shove that back!". A cutting remark runs to the lips of Twiddler No. 2, but controlling himself, he successfully increases the volume, bring forth a rising fortissimo at the point where the harassed conductor was hopefully approaching a dismiling Pianissimo. Both get entangled. The Orchestra panics and swings into the final bars of Wagner's "Overture to the Flying Dutchman." The conductor shouts himself. Twiddler No. 1 hits Twiddler No. 2 over the head with a chair, people scream and wolves howl, the whole business becomes very disconcerting. Art Eiter replaces the furniture.

Dance—August 16th

The Rec. Hall was being painted on Wednesday 16th August, and so no dance this week. Inspiration ! ! Why not have it in the Mess Hall? Anything can happen there, and so happened one of the best dances we have had for a long time. Don Blackford and G. I. Five supplied the music, and under the soft light of those colored bulbs, couples swayed in rhythm. Looks like that boy from Guinea sure knows how to dance, and those French boys were doing alright too, to say nothing of how to sway the Indian way. Too bad no refreshments were served, for at intermission, a lot of people left for want of something better to go, such as eat. Maybe that "Rauc Bar" will be no longer, a dream sometime soon, which will solve all such problems.

ACCOUNTS

Our little Dagnie is back after two weeks at Bank, where she reports she had a very good time. Attending the School of Fine Arts, she will now be able to pass this knowledge along to others at the Sewing Club. So far about all we have heard her say is, "Ah, so very beautiful!"

Tender farewells were said to P/O "Georgie" Hollingshead at a super-duper witness stand. Affairs of this kind are an Accounts Section specialty, and an invitation to one is worth fighting for. Alas, it is rumored that they do accomplish a little work the best day.

STATION O. R.

Come what may, we still manage to keep happy. We wonder what we will all do next to the when holidays are over and all their old names are in the proverbial grab-bag. Our own Bill Perry blew in yesterday, reporting a good time.

We had several farmers in our midst who have managed to keep their identity hidden so far. It couldn't be Harvest Leave help overcome their shyness.

I ask you, is Headquarters the place to get crippled? I've seen no less than two in the past week. You had they don't leave wood strips, but I imagine they would be rather hard to account for. Why doesn't somebody break a leg getting to breakfast. Instead of waiting until after breakfast?



WHAT'S COOKIN'—DOC

Just now the Mess Personnel are busting with plans for a super oven roast. With all the oven ripening in the local farms, plus a bit of our own variety, it should be quite a success.

Fruiting in of a few more cooks has improved conditions a great deal. That is why we could hand out some real fried eggs for breakfast lately. However, they are merely here on T.D. and it is feared we will soon be back to our usual short-handed condition.

Our Bk Baker, Katie Banfield, is still in hospital. We think she is making a life work of it. But the Flight proved the other day that when it comes to light, fluffy cakes, it doesn't need the feminine touch at all. Take a few, Flight, those cakes were dimes.



There has been a good deal of discussion around the Station regarding the sanity of our happy little group of individuals. We are using this publication as a medium of informing the general public that you do not have to be crazy to join the Band. Of course, it helps, and you will feel just a bit more at home if you see. Perhaps the reason we all look so happy is that free pass to all Station Shows. Or could it be that extra \$4 per month? And did you ever see our names on Duty Watch or Fire Picket? No, sir. Who would't be happy!

Then, too, the boys just came back from leave, with their morale higher than ever. It was quite a thrill to be told that the Band was missed on C.O.'s Parade the past two weeks, but when a few brave souls explained just why the Band had been missed—well, it wasn't quite as satisfying as had been expected.

They're lovely! They're engaged! Maybe music hath charms greater than we realized, or maybe men are scarce in Toronto this year; anyway, Syd Taylor, Dave Silverhart and George Seymour all returned in that blissful pre-marital state which prompts them to buy beer for those of us who still have a firm grip on our freedom. Good luck, fellows; we believe in marriage, the home, and frequent invitations out to home-cooked dinners, so don't make them long engagements.

We were all very proud of LAC Dundas' rendition of the Last Post at the recent Decoration Day Parade. Nice going, Bob.

Good luck to Russ Drummer Norm Lefkowitz, who is posted overseas. We are now looking for someone strong enough to support a drum and with a sense of rhythm to take his place. A thorough knowledge of pig latin is not required.

The trouble is most parents don't worry about a daughter until she fails to show up for breakfast and then it's too late.

"Well, I guess I may as well put the nation before the house," said the chorus girl as she danced out onto the stage.

All the things I like to do are either immoral, illegal or fattening.

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

Joe Elk: "I don't know, sir. It's all I can do to keep up with station notices and memos."

"None of the best cooks in the world are in the Air Force."

"What are they doing?"

EQUIPMENT

We're all very sorry to LAW "Johnny" Johnson leave us and hope that she'll like Alford Bay. The place won't be the same without her hearty laugh to keep up our spirits. Best of luck, Johnny.

We'd also like to wish Haultain the very best—back on Circle Street again.

The S.E.O. is beginning to wonder whether F/O Skinner is a baseball player, or an equipment assistant.



"Long distance? Ottawa? D.A.P.S.? I wish to have my boot repaired so could you assure me that I'll not be posted out of here during the next three weeks?"
 Whaaaaa! Of course I'm serious.

FIRE HALL

Didn't you know we have a Fire Hall on the Station? Oh, yes! It's that building nestled down in a hole near the main gate; you pass it every day when you go down for your mail (or female). Of course, you only see the back door, which faces the station; you have to make a detour around the coal bins to find your way in, but it's worth it. There is a beautiful view of the prairie, with the Mental Hospital in the background, from the front windows. This is the home of the forgotten man, who seems to do nothing but stomp around the other fellow's sections, looking into his cupboard, and even invading his sleeping quarters, peering under beds. If you happen to be around about one o'clock in the morning you will see him prowling around the Sergeants' Mess, the Officers' Mess, the canteen, and so on, going from chair to chair, and finally walking out and sitting down. Queer fellows, these fire fighters!

If it wasn't for that small body of hard working chaps, known as the Station Fire Pickets (two of whom come to the Fire Hall daily to keep the driver of the truck from getting too lonesome) this section would have to close down and go out of business. How about some G.D.'s, Major?

Means From Maintenance

No. 6 Factory is overworked. Members of some are looking awful without drinking enough to warrant their appearance. W.D.'s are crawling in bragging about their marvelous leaves and looking as though they are about to break their last. Short's Logging Corporation is once more in an uproar, due to doubt in the return of the Lawson element.

LAW Nevertheless has been posted to the Control Room and things have brightened since. If you look over the control room desk and move the inkwell, you may see her any time you wish. She says that she likes the work. What is there about her that all the minor types go for?

Quite a few of the inmates of No. 6 Factory have been griping about their gardening activities. Just think of the benefits you are about to receive from the experience plus the possibility of a government grant at the expiration of your duties at the end of a rake. Anyway, from the blast you will get if you don't do it, it will be a case of New Year Wild Oats or Leap the Wind Wind.

We overheard a discussion the other day in the messroom on how to avoid sailing on the street. There are many ways of doing this and some of them are quite simple. One of the best methods is to simply run the other way. However, you may continue on your way by merely cutting off your right arm. Lying down in the gutter and pretending to be drunk is very highly recommended also. By disturbing entirely and walking by in the nude you may be mistaken for a Duckfisher. See—it is really simple!

Our summer sport women are rapidly drawing to a close, unfortunately so, because we are discovering hidden talent every time we hit a rock. Our W.D.'s have made a splendid showing, but unfortunately haven't always been able to attend courses in the field of aquatic. Denny Hess and Clark report that the dives are not what they once were, alcohol is so scarce. We may have to come down to luring the ladies with liquor. Candy is dandy, but liquor is spicier.

Remember the good old days when all stockings were within reach of all!

CHUTE SECTION

We are sorry to bid farewell to our friend and Sgt. Charlie Kent, who left for Ft. Thomas on August 16. Best of luck in the Safety Equipment Bureau, Berg.

We have two new riggers now. Yvette Lebel, our petite blonde, and Bill Beila, the only AC in the section. Question of the day—was Bill sent as moral support for Cpl. Lindsay, or to keep us from laughing?

T.D. OR NOT T.D.

We, the T.D. boys in No. 7 Hangar, were sent up here in the cold, bitter days of February, saw the station handed over by the R.A.F. to the R.C.A.F. and we must say the station has improved in most respects a great deal. For example, the Mess Hall, even though it is not quite up to par with the other R.C.A.F. stations in command, it has improved and no doubt will continue to improve as time marches on. In fact, we don't think we have ever had measured for dessert since the R.C.A.F. cooks took over; this in itself is a big factor.

The N.C.O. 1/c of our little band of merry men is none other than Sgt. Bob D'Amet. Just recently arrived here to take over the duties previously held by Cpl. Bristol. Sgt. D'Amet is a real scout and handles the crew with great efficiency. For you who have yet to meet our Sgt., you may see him most any night down at the swimming pool, a little fellow, with red wavy hair, plus a few more hairs attached to his upper lip. A real fish in the water, tipping the scales at 220 pounds, dripping wet. We have yet to see any man with plenty of human flesh who is not good natured, and a real man among men.

Then we have Cpl. Bristol, known to all as Eric. Lloyd halls from Barrie, Ontario, but having spent three years in Calgary, the foothill city, does not care if he ever sees the coast again. As Eric puts it, east is east, but west is best. We wonder if he really means it, or if it's the Milk Maid in North Battleford that has charmed his mind. We overheard him telling Cpl. Harrison that he was in love. Eric is also known as Uncle Tom's Cabin as the Bow Boy. So, girls, why invest in a sewing machine? Just get yourself acquainted with this converted outboard and watch these extra pounds of fat disappear.

Cpl. Light, our storekeeper, known to the crew as "Mrs. Light's little boy Ernest," three pounds at birth, but thanks to the Air Force he now tips the scales at 165 pounds. After this remarkable gain, most people would think little Ernest would desire to stay store basher for life, and be buried with full military honors, but not this lad. His ambition is to get out the war over as soon as possible, and back to his civilian job as a commercial traveller. As he puts it, hit the road and hit the dust is the only life.

"Fare the Lord, the Ammunition passed us!!!"

Wabbits are a funny war—
The way they act is a disgrace.
You'd be surprised if you but knew
The awful things that wabbits do—
And often, too.

Definitely NER—what an airman gets to an officer instead of "Hey, you!"

GYRO TOPICS

It is a well-known fact on any Station, be it east coast or west coast, that the Instrument Mechanics are commonly referred to as "Clock Winders," or as the "white collar tradesmen" of the R.C.A.F. Since it is a type of work that requires a minimum of brains and a maximum of logic, we know that whatever is said is only in jest, and so accept it as a compliment.

Admittedly, there are days when we have little or no work to do, but on several on our dignity and diverse (and easy) the war situation, rehabilitation, immigration, not to mention constipation—after the dinner session (Airman's Mess a la mode). Of course, quite often the discussion will gradually drift into one big argument but it is amazing how a few simple, selected phrases from Sgt. Kluey, unit for human ears, will do to quell a near riot.

Too, there is the more serious side of the here in the section. Not only do they know their business as far as instruments are concerned, but also find time for other things after working hours.

For instance, Cpl. Waldron, not only is he a man with domestic responsibilities, the proud daddy of three handsome sons, he also manages to devote time enough to enlarge his most cherished hobby—"miniature railroading." Stewart's ambition is to rent a large garage in the city, set up his working model which is built on a one-quarter inch scale, and exhibit it to the public but mostly for the benefit of all the children.

Glaster is something that evaporates if the weather is too large.

HAMLIN

Here in Hamlin, Armament Flight has just been organized. This has been possible only because everyone has pulled together. In all sections, groundcrew and aircrew alike.

Around the Hangar we hear a familiar voice, "Get crackle!"—the voice of the WHPF. Yes, you're right, P/O John. Denny is tops with the boys, but here's a tip—don't mix pleasure with work or go without a share.

During the past few weeks the boys have been entertained with some fine moving pictures. We wish to thank the "Y" and the girl operators from the Photo Section for making these shows possible. On behalf of the boys, Art, "Thanks a million."

Also we would like to thank those concerned for arranging Motor Transport for the boys to attend moving pictures at the Main Station. The feeling which now exists here will be hard to equal, and the efforts of our O.C., P/L. Wozniak, have made Armament Flight one "Big, Happy Family."

MET. OBSERVATIONS

If, by any chance, in the early hours of the morning, you should hear solitary footsteps echoing around the empty streets of our camp, rest assured that they belong to one of the Met. Staff going for early breakfast, after a long night's work preparing for the morning forecast. Come rain or snow, hot or high water, there is one of these forgotten beings watching the latest developments of the weather.

When the weather is fine, there is a forgotten lot, snubbed by all. Hot, hot, hot the sky darkens to the west. Suddenly the phone begins to ring, and out of somewhere pour anxious faces. The office is jammed to the door. Once more we regain our place in the sun, only to sink into obscurity when the skies are clear.

Among this small but efficient staff we have our Corporal Lucille Knox, who, regrettably, has been confined to the station hospital for some weeks with rheumatic fever. Speedy recovery, Lucille.

Then we have Helen "Kid" McCer, who at the time of writing is just heard of working her charms on some hapless motorist-er at Base.

The pillar of strength in the Met. Office is Doris "H Hour" Vidger. Flirt-baiting in our Cpl's absence, we have "Glamour Gal" Marita Thrasher, formerly of the Time Office. Oh, you kid!

AWI Sylvia Jagne, called "Muscles" by her admirers, recently returning from Annual Leave, reports a very near escape from drowning. Better luck next time, Sylvia.

Last but not least we have LAC Doug Tomlinson. The boss said about that guy the better.

GROUND LOOP HOLLOW

The Squadron Commanders are really keeping things cooking down here (15 charges in one day are enough for six four men), but they still find time to join in Section activities. Of course, being far from pay day, their wives should feel greatly honoured on being asked to such a function, as an investment such as this really taxes the sources of love. Maybe that was why our Kathie was heard to say, "Boy, will I ever trust my husband!"

F/O Kaye and F/L Morrison are sharing the same office, which does very well until one of them gets the urge to do a little work, and after calling all the flies (with separate girls) they whip up quite a "jam session."

We regret to report that LAW Kennedy is in the hospital, but reports from a slightly vitalist that she'll be back soon.

AWI Gaskell will be donning overalls any day now and hitting the dusty trail to do harvesting for her father.

LINK SECTION

(A STUDENT'S LAMENT)

"Useful employment" is no catch. At ground school subjects I don't think; Flying Aircraft is a thrill. But this contraption makes me ill.

First the needle, then the ball. "Keep them centred," my instructors call. "Check the gyro, watch your heading." Why, oh why, do I keep turning?

Perhaps in time I'll fly the Link. Instruments won't make me shrink—But how I wish a nice big shell! Would you know these pesky things to Hell!

KANGAROO COLUMN

Passer-by at the wet eastern might have observed, during the past two weeks, the longing looks of certain members of Courses 112 and 12-112, who, although not possessing the wherewithal to attempt their parched throats with the golden fluid, nevertheless were irresistibly drawn hence by the old familiar aroma. Since then the drought has broken (to a slight extent) and "Big John" Mallon once more beams contentedly upon the world.

Not being interested in malicious gossip we would like to know more about a certain Irishman who, having looked upon the wise when it was red, calmly signed his name with a cigarette and contemptuously discarded the pen in the direction of the

CONTROL TOWER

With the many and varied nationalities on Course 112, this is rapidly becoming a rival of the Tower of Babel. F/L Round is finding good use for his Spanish. Among those who add a touch of variety to the things heard are P/O Cassin, who speaks English, French, Spanish and German; and F/L Bensonsan, who speaks English, French, Spanish and Arabic.

Visiting aircraft keep the boys busy, a great many reports here each day, and Sgt. MacKenzie can be heard to remark on the congested state of the ether. Of course, we cannot publish his remarks here, due to security regulations.

There have been many queries as to why a bare path is necessary in addition to the electric landing lights. This is due to the more restricted visibility from the rear cockpit of a Harvard, than from an Oxford. Now the instructors can see the flickering flare pots quite clearly.

A snapshot shows my arm around her waist. I can't recall her name but through the

press

I'll always marvel that such a homely face seemed so lovely after only seven hours.



Kind if we take up a little space just now to "fish up the latest dirt" and let you know that all in Red Pan Alley are alive and kicking—Mostly kicking.

This reminds me that we have one very unhappy P.T. Sgt. here who would rather be out in the field sweating the hides off his beloved pupils, than accepting a horizontal position under the heat cradles—This privilage we have generously forced upon him—How much is it worth boys to keep him in here?

By the way kids, we in the hospital know that everyone just loves P.T. and Drill, but go easy on the poor instructors, won't you? They aren't as fit as they used to was—They say that every dog has had his day. By the look of things both Sgt. Sullivan and Cpl. Bellamy have "had it."

Under supervision, and the Watchful eyes of several Hospital assistants, LAC Nelson is attempting to grow a mustache. Safe here from any "slinging off" from his cohorts" he cautiously and tenderly weeds the "fuzz" from his upper lip. His work of art has shown no definite type of taste as yet—our only hope is that he refrains from a handle bar pete mode—We'd like to see him emerge a lady killer—Give him time—Lots of it!

It looks as if wedding bells may toll in the station hospital yet LAW Simmer and Cpl. Lang were admitted to the station hospital within a few days of each other. Little notes of endearment and plans for the future are carried to one another via the carrier pigeon. To all appearances this is a case of true blue love and sympathetic pain!

LAC Joseph has been kept busy of late holding hands with the nurses of the main ward. No he isn't amorous, but he is a "white" at palm reading. His Price? Well we won't talk about that.

There was no horse big enough to hold two women. I for one would like to contradict this age-old proverb. LAW Headfield and Cpl. Beaux have shared the same room now for a few months, and are still able to wake up mornings with an exchange of smiles, pleasant greetings and compliments.

A colored preacher was bearing the confession of a young man. In the middle of it he stopped the young sinner, saying: "Wait a minute, young man, wait a minute. You ain't confessin'—yo's braggin'."

In the station barbershop: "You say I've shaved you before, Corporal? That's funny. I don't remember your face."

"Probably not, it's pretty well healed by now."

No. 13 CLEANS UP

EDMONTON TRAU-K MEET GREAT SUCCESS

It's on to Calgary for Victory as far as No. 13 S.F.T.S. is concerned, says F/O McLaughlin, the coach of our athletes who made such a splendid showing in the district track meet at Edmonton, Saturday, 19th August. The writer feels if they show the same stamina and punch it will be the Command Championship for dear old No. 13 S.F.T.S.

LAC Hamerton showed us again what he could do when he is around water. He had two throws of the discus which were average and just before his final throw the rain came—he picked up the discus and threw it 168 feet 6 inches, to take first place for the R.C.A.F.

LAC Baker and LAC Toureane, the two "Annie's," took first and second in the three-mile race and showed the spectators what condition was.

LAC Heathcote took first in his heat in the 100 yards dash, and went on to win the final with a splendid time of 10 1/5 seconds. Heathcote also took the first heat of the 220 yard dash, but finished a third in the final through no fault of his own, as the 100 and 220 yard dashes were too close together, and we know that the finale at Calgary will really show you all that he will be in with flying colours.

F/O Lanson, our first-tenet Officer—the only thing he could do was show his heels to the rest of the contestants by running the 440 yard dash in the beautiful time of 54 1/2 seconds.

The 880, or half mile, was taken by LAC Dickson, trailing third for three-quarters of the race, but finishing with a burst of speed to take first spot. In the one-mile, LAC Toureane placed third with a time of 5:47.

In the shot-put event, LAC Fiellette, the boy from Maintenance who has taken the aggregate the last two meets at he station, placed second to the Navy lad from 20-man. Fiellette took second in the running broad jump of 21 feet 2 inches, which is a good jump for any athlete.

LAC Hamilton made a very good jump of 5 feet 1 inch in the pole vault and placed second to a chap from the U.S. Army. We were missing our former station champion at the meet in the persons of F/O Bowker and LAC Blackwood, who have cleared 10 feet before, due to leave and training. In the high jump event, LAC Hamilton placed third with a jump of 5 feet 2 inches, which still gives him a chance to do better at the Command meet.

The R.A.F. of Penhold, Alberta, were a little too fast for our boys in the relay and took second in the 440 yard and mile relay events.

The W.D. events were taken by our girls. Cpl. Anne Turner, our athletic type P.T. & D., ran a good race in the 60 yard dash and was just tossed out by the North West Air Command representative, but as the winner from the North West Air Command was out of our district, it gives our Cpl. first place for the Command meet.

Cpl. Turner also jumped well in the high jump, clearing the bar at 4 feet 7 inches to take first honours. LAC Lou McLeod gave Cpl. Turner stiff competition in this event and placed second by one inch with a good jump of 4 feet 6 inches.

In the W.D. standing broad jump, LAC Warren took first place with a jump of 7 feet 2 inches.

The W.D. relay team ran a beautiful race to take first place. The girls that gathered the points for No. 13 S.F.T.S. in this event were Cpl. White, LAC Warren, LAC Holden and Cpl. Turner.

So, folks, let's, in the next sports meet, get out and give the competitors some support. The following is a list, by points, of individuals for the meet, with Fiellette showing he came close to losing his aggregate, but still would never say die.

Heathcote	6	Course 105
Fiellette	6	Maintenance
Baker	5	Course 105
Lanson	5	"W" Flight Instructor
Dickson	5	Course 105
Toureane	4	Course 105
Hamilton	4	Course 105
Hamerton	3	Maintenance
Holyoke	1	Course 105

Total points 29 and relays.

So, if I say, at this time, for the rest of the station, say three cheers for our athletes who showed up so splendidly for us.

SHE WAS THE KIND OF GIRL
 THIS LIKE AT LOOK UP AT YOU

That'll be the day: When the waitress comes up with a flashing smile, puts down exactly what you ordered, and says tenderly: "Haven't you heard there's no war on!"

Here lies Private Grogan—
 He died of heart attack;
 His cleaning was promised for Tuesday
 And on Tuesday he got it back.

"Papa, what do you call person who brings you in contact with the spirit world?"

"A bartender."

THE RAMBLING R.A.F.

Ever since I arrived in Canada last year I have been looking to return to England to see some action. This evening, in surroundings reminiscent of rural England, I saw more action, heard more noise, and experienced more thrills in one hour than I did in a whole week at the Battle of Britain. I refer to the football game between the W.D.'s and the Staff of the Mental Hospital. Let me state that it is the first football game I have ever seen, but it will most certainly not be the last.

It was with some trepidation I clambered aboard a stake truck, for apart from the P/S driving the truck, I was the only male in evidence. But I quickly found myself perfectly at ease, and found the girls to be sports of the first order.

Upon our arrival at the diamond (I think that is what the pitch is called), I joined the girls on the bench near the plate (technical, aren't it?) and watched the P/S referee himself to a mere shadow hitting the ball to members of the W.D. team. During this preliminary warming up, one of the girls attempted to give me a rough idea of the strategy. A period of inactivity by our "Terrible Terry" Gee has resulted in forty-seven and one-quarter additions to the Ten Commandments. His fertile brain, which was interrupted during the conception of the forty-eight, assured us that they were made to break, and he was the man to do it. Flash! Notice to all gold diggers: That big hunched Anzac, Marray Schwarz, from 105, is in the field after an all night session on full hands and five Aces. . . . Good lustin', gals!

A man's imagination is a woman's greatest asset.

THE WINGER

High on the list of people we do not like is the one who sits across from us at meals and invariably, half way through the main course, pushes his plate away, and says in tones of disgust, "That's all I can stand of this stuff!"

He may be accustomed to breast of pigeon, and pate de foie gras, but many people enjoy the Mess hall food, and do not find that remark such as this makes for pleasant meals. Invariably, visitors from other stations, stopping by during cross country trips, remark on the good quality of our meals. Why then, could we not have a few ice grips at the table? If you don't like your dinner, keep the fact to yourself until you leave the table. This will not only indicate that you have some ambivalence of good manners, it will also help those of us who do like the food to continue to enjoy it.

AQUATIC MEET

ACQUATIC MEET R.C.A.F. TAKE SENIOR EVENTS

This meet was held in North Battleford Swimming Pool. Sanction Meet by the Canadian Amateur Swimming Association sponsored by the Kinmen Club. Competition between Saskatoon, North Battleford, No. 13 S.F.T.S. Result of meet was, points, North Battleford 61, Saskatoon 58, R.C.A.F. 26. The R.C.A.F. showing was a very creditable performance as it was only competing in senior events while the other two clubs were competing in junior, intermediate, as well as senior events. The individual star of the meet was Mike Cooney of Saskatoon, who is one of the Dominion's outstanding divers. ACI Samuelsen was outstanding in the men's events while LAW Holden outclassed the women. The winners for the R.C.A.F. were:

25 yd. back stroke (ladies)—LAW Holden.
50 yd. breast stroke (men)—ACI Samuelsen.

50 yd. breast stroke (men)—F/L Wilson.

50 yd. free style (ladies)—LAW Holden.

50 yd. free style (men)—ACI Samuelsen.

50 yd. free style (men)—F/O Shea.

50 yd. free style (men)—Cpl. Potts.

50 yd. back stroke (men)—F/L Wilson.

50 yd. back stroke (men)—ACI Samuelsen.

50 yd. back stroke (men)—Cpl. Potts.
Service Relay—R.C.A.F. (Airmen).

Diving Competition—F/O Clark, ACI Samuelsen.

F/O Clark and Gunner Samuelsen, ably assisted by F/O Shea, gave the crowd a very neat exhibition of diving. F/O Shea, while giving a flawless performance of perfect diving form, missed his timing on one dive and fell with quite a splash. Result states Photographic Section has not yet received from the effects.

A little information below will give you the whereabouts our swimmers hail from and a few records they have achieved. It will also show the talent we have on No. 13 S.F.T.S.

LAW Holden has an interesting record; started with the M.A.A.A. Won the City and District Championships and set a new provincial record for the 40 yard free style. She was the McGill University open champion in 1940-41-42, winning the Collegiate Telegraphic Championship. Later on taking the No. 1 T.C. aggregate championship. This was followed by exhibitions for War Service Benefits.

ACI Samuelsen, the swimming Swede, qualified as a Master Swimmer in Gøteborg, Sweden; came to Canada by boat, being unable to swim due to climatic conditions. While a member of the YMCA Tank-

GOLF

The Maahle Welders began play in the station Golf Tournament which seems to be showing a lot of enthusiasm, with F/L Round and his committee, working along with a number of keen golfers, securing 13 entries which was pleasing to their effort. The games will be played at the Men's Hospital or Country Club, which ever is agreeable to the opponents. There has been quite a controversy of who would be the winners in the three divisions, so it was decided to give a prize to the one who could guess the winners. Your guess is as good as mine. There will be plenty of, "Gosh, I should have beaten Roundso if I had played by shot that way," so watch for the next issue for the leaders.



"The one on the left was taken before he joined up—the other on his furlough from a western station—he changed a little I think."

ers in Winnipeg, he won both the junior outdoor and indoor 100 yard crawl, the Wrigley half mile and the Manitoba Provincial 50 yard breast stroke championship. He was a member of a team that won the Dominion Relay and aggregate championship.

F/O Shea and F/L Wilson, both excellent swimmers, gave exceptionally fine performances. Data on their previous records was not available before this column went to the press. F/O Shea, as usual, gave his unusual version of diving and how not to do it. He is in popular demand by the crowd at all meets.

F/O Clark started diving in 1928, winning the city and district school championship, and did exhibition diving until 1933. This year he tested his bones for fragility and notwithstanding his age once more took to the three metre board. Not only will he live, but his condition is said to be favorable.

SOFTBALL

NO. 13—20—DENHOLM—2

This game was an easy victory for the Station team, as there was little or no opposition given by the opponents, the score being 20-2. Nothing outstanding happened throughout the game, and only this can be said: The game was enjoyed by all, and the team were glad to bring home another victory, by the stellar pitching of Joe Farrell. The boys really had a field day with the hickory, getting 28 hits in all.

FASTBALL

The Men's Station Fastball Team, gunning for the North Battleford Championship, defeated the Kinmen Club of North Battleford to the tune of 18-0 in the first game of the semi-final playoffs, behind the station hospital, with F/O Larioux hurling a beautiful game and striking out nine players, one player for Kinmen reached their base during the entire game. All players for No. 13 S.F.T.S. played a steady and tight game. The score of the game did not indicate the play, as our team got the hits at the opportune time to chase the runners across the plate for a victory.

In the second game of the semi-finals against the same club, we eliminated the Kinmen Club and advanced our team to the finals against the Mental Hospital, by winning with a score of 6-6 which was nip and tuck, till the last man was out. F/O Parsnell pitched a steady game and was given splendid support by his teammates to take the victory. Our team will play Edmonton I.T.S. behind the hospital, Saturday and Sunday, August 26 and 27, for the right to travel to Calgary for the Command Championship.

BOXING

With command interest so high in boxing at the present time, an attempt is being made to organize a boxing class on this station. The idea is not to train everyone to beat the devil out of his class, but merely to interest individuals in this popular sport. The personnel volunteering to handle the classes are indeed well equipped to do so and will give you every possible help without beating you to a pulp. This suggestion should have a hearty response because aside from the benefit physically (about which we never speak) it will offer an excellent pastime in what would be an otherwise boring fall and winter. The equipment is the best and instruction at a high standard. Don't be afraid, fellows—see Cpl. Bellamy and Dave Aronovich.