



A Very MERRY CHRISTMAS



Vol. 1. No. 6

NORTH BATTLEFORD, SASK. NOV. & DEC. EDITION

Price: Co-operation



**NEW PEAK!
HAMS AND LEGS
SMASH HIT!**

ENTERTAINMENT CARNIVAL BREAKS RECORD

During the past months a great deal of thought and effort has been directed in planning the First Annual Mammoth Carnival and Dance. When the big day came on Wednesday, November 29th, everyone was wondering whether it could possibly live up to the buildup which it had received. To answer that, best it was only necessary to look at the crowded Drill Hall at any time during the evening. Right from the moment the doors opened at 1800 hours the crowd started pouring into the station and at one o'clock there were still quite a few taking a last look around. Just exactly what the attendance figure was hadn't been calculated at the time of going to press but there seemed to be very few of the station personnel missing and most of North Battleford appeared to have moved in for the night.

Opening the evening off with a bang was the Baby Contest. Open to any child under two years of age it drew the pride of Northwestern Saskatchewan. Just how the judges managed to come to any decision as to the winner can only be marked as a tribute to their ability for anyone of lesser skill would still be deciding. The first prize winner was Bobby Ellison, with Bernice Colley, Noreen Madill and Billy Curry coming up just behind. A consolation prize was awarded to the twins, David and Doreen Reynolds.

Immediately following this the Jitney Dance took the floor and for the rest of the evening the music of Jimmie Barbour and his band could be heard playing above the other sounds of the Carnival. On the floor could be seen followers of every style of dancing, some good and some just fair, but every one of them enjoying themselves. Outstanding exponents of the cheek-to-cheek school of thought were LAC Paul Serene and his partner, Miss Alice Olson. On the other side of the fence were LAC Vince Murray, the station's Fred Astaire, and Miss Betty Rutherford. This couple could be seen giving out with a very artistic brand of jive. When it came to the waltzes, though, none held a candle to LAC Ceal Miller and Miss Joyce Illingworth. It was a treat just to watch them.

Although a large crowd had been provided for in the planning, when the time came the checking room was loaded to capacity and then some most of the evening while the hot-dog and coke stand reached the "no more left" stage shortly before the show broke up.

A perennial favourite in any carnival is the Bingo game and Corpl. "Barney" O'feld up in the callers seat drummed up a roaring business throughout the first part of the evening and Y.M.C.A. supervisor, Art Eiter, kept up the good work until the game closed. Every prize won here was really good and competition was close all the way through. In fact, once or twice it was necessary to pro-

vide as many as three prizes on one game.

Among the fifty odd other games could be found several versions of the old crown-and-anchor game, dice and numbers. At times, one or two of the games came close to running in the red for, for a while, no matter how the layers played it seemed they couldn't lose—something unusual from the mathematics of the game. At least two airmen are richer by several tens as a result.

The penny-toss game came up with a slightly different version. The game was set up so that the penny, when thrown in a winning position completed an electrical circuit and rang a bell. At regular intervals its clang rang out and some lucky person collected odds up to, 50 to one.

For the race-track fans there was the horse-race in the centre of the floor beside the Bingo booth. Sticks sold at a dime each and paid odds at 7 to one. With only ten sold on each race this booth paid back perhaps the highest percentage of its take in winnings of any. For the children there was the fishpond where with a fishing line you attempted to hook the prize and kept on trying until you did. Prizes varied from small souvenirs of the carnival to model aircraft kits and other larger awards. If the number of "children" attending the carnival were to be measured by the attendance to this latter game the figure would be surprisingly high for we noted several people who stood in the neighborhood of six feet fishing quite diligently—and they were wearing Air Force blue, too. It must be that this North Saskatchewan air contains something of the fabled Elixir of Youth.

A great deal of credit for the success of the carnival should go to Gordon and Bob Simmons who came up to help the station in operating it as it should be. To the officers who remained behind the booths all night and shouted themselves hoarse should go a vote of thanks also. To everyone who had even the slightest connection with the carnival there is the feeling of pride in a job well done for in spite of rather serious handicaps the carnival proved itself both plenty of entertainment and a moderate financial success also.

Odds and Ends

Western Farmer: "Of course I want my discharge, but what am I going to live on between seed time and harvest?"

Latest Rumours: That the Establishment for eService Police has been cut down, leaving only Sgt. Trotfman on the gate, and bloodhounds at all the holes in the fence.

Question of the day: Where do G.I.S. personnel get their hair-cuts? And why?

I ESCAPE

By Prince Albert De Ligne

Late one afternoon in October, 1942, I was sitting in the Belgian Ministry of Information in London, when loud voices disturbed me from my work. A few seconds later a very worried secretary came running in. "There are four airmen downstairs," he blurted out, "They wish . . ." He did not get any further, the door burst open and I rushed the four in question.

Two wore Air Force blue, one was a Pilot Officer in Australian uniform and the fourth was a member of the U.S.A.A.F.

We had parted several weeks before in Gibraltar, after a hazardous journey through Belgium, France and Spain. I certainly was glad to see them, yet, fearing a further outburst in this sedate building, I led them rapidly to the nearest public house, where over a glass of beer we swapped stories.

I reproduce here part of Ronny's story; he was the Australian P/O we had found in Belgium. Here is his description of his crossing of the Pyrenees: "The day was warm and the white house on the outskirts of that little French town would have been ever so much nicer if we had been allowed out on the porch or in the garden; but that, unfortunately, was not allowed, we had to remain hidden; not only our safety depended on this, but the lives of our hosts were at stake. Vichy police and German Gestapo were swarming all over the town as we were only 10 miles from the Spanish border, and the slightest mistake would endanger the safety of many airmen who would follow through the same route.

"Everyone was nervous; even our guides, who had seemed so calm up till now, were jumpy. We had been very lucky so far, our journey through Belgium and France had been so well organized that it had run as smoothly as a pre-war Cook's Tour. Only this morning we had seen the best piece of organization of the whole trip. As I got off the train a girl took me by the arm and led me towards the exit, I looked at my companions and saw that each one had been taken care of.

"We shuffled our way towards the street and as I came abreast of the German sentry, guarding the door my companion started talking to me at full speed in French. When, later we expressed our surprise at the small number of Germans guarding the station, our host smilingly told us that other members of the gang were drinking wine with the German guard in order to keep them occupied.

"The whole of that day was one of rest, as we would have to cross the mountains at night. At 5 o'clock our host and Henri, our guide, fitted us out with blue shirts and trousers, black 'berets' and 'espadrilles.'

"At 7 we started out on the hardest lap of our journey; each of us left separately with our 'girl friend.' We walked through the town and took the main road towards the Spanish frontier. A two-hour walk would take us



On Wednesday, November 22nd, F/S Singer and personnel of 13 SFTS created history. The last known occasion of such an event in this neck of the woods was the battle of . . .? Anyhow women wore bustles and Indians collected them to play hoop-la.

Able assisted by Denny Shea, who played anything from a chorus "girl," to a wolf (the latter part required little acting), F/S Singer produced a show that had the audience chewing the rugs in the aisles. Even Augustus Highbrow, teetothed on Wagnerian opera, ate a couple of square feet.

The distinguishing features, contributing to the success of the show were the ability of the producer, who cracked the whip hard and often; the co-operation of the personnel engaged in the show; their confidence in F/S Singer; and the work carried out behind the curtain by F/S Cosy Hyndman, Sergt. McKay, and F/O Mead. Results of above: good continuity, little nervousness, high morale, and

A DAMN GOOD SHOW!

"Ham & Legs" opened with Pete Haley and Henry (producer) Singer playing a swing version on two key-boards. Pete, an Aussie newcomer, is a fine pianist. Apart from the duets with Henry, he played "hot" backgrounds for the musical parts of the show.

As the last rhythm beat died away a terrific fanfare of brasses and what-have-you blared forth from offstage left. This scared the wits out of two drunks in the back row.

The show was then introduced by Denny Shea, who, in the middle of his introduction, absentmindedly fingered the mike. Postponing his purpose, Denny wiped the dust from his hand, eyed the dirt on the stage, and, with a malevolent gleam in his eye, let out a lusty yell for "Bud." However, "Bud" was not forthcoming, and the M/C gave forth a cry of rage that caused two small children in Old Battleford to have hysterics on the spot. After an odd shuffling from offstage right a trembling figure appeared in overalls and equipped with a broom it swept and dusted with great zest, all the while keeping an apprehensive eye upon the irate M/C who was laying down a long and horrible list of further jobs to be completed. Amid much mirth from the audience the

Commanding Officer, W/C Anderson ("Bud" to you, Joe) took his exit, halting to receive last minute instructions, " . . . If there's anything else you want to know, ask AC2 McGill-cuddy."

Having disposed of "Bud," Denny took us back through the years to a scene in A.F.H.Q.

The curtain rose upon an Air-Vice-Marshal (Captain Ross) and his two Wing Commanders (George Seymour and LAC Haid), in conference to decide the position of a new aerodrome.

What with maps, "half-Canada size," from the Orderly room, LAC Gordan responsible, and sundry other diversions (one can't expect perfect peace in Kelly's poolroom) the sketch came to a most satisfactory conclusion. Might have seemed a bit harsh to the oldest inhabitant, though.

Without any pause the show went on with Vince Murray tapping his way across the stage to some fast rhythm from the two pianos. Vince showed us some stylish and intricate steps. We hoped he caged his gyros before starting!

As the curtain rose for the next sketch, a tender domestic scene was revealed. "Our Connie" was petulantly reclining (in something blue) upon a divan while "Denny" waited for his cue offstage left. From Connie's shrill, "Is that you, dear?" as "Denny" entered, to the last inquisitive, "Was it loaded, dear?" this sketch had the audience in tears, contributing much to the general chuffed appearance of the rug in the aisle.

Two Englishmen, Capt. Ross and Lieut. Grey followed with a silent demonstration of how to manipulate an umbrella and retain one's dignity at the same time. Made one think of the "Englishman's castle," poachers, "1066 and all that."

Hillbilly band, comprised of LAC's Coleman, VanCourte, Hammond, and Janzen took the floor to give us some real old mountain swing. They played the part well. Anyone who has spent any time at Hamlin should!

As no variety show can survive a performance without a wolf appearing, either in the caste or audience, we appreciated "Victory Garden" with S/O Salome and Lieut. Gray as the

SPORTS

BOXING

No. 13 S.F.T.S. made its debut in the realm of fistiana on the 2nd of November with an Inter-Service Boxing Tournament. An exceptionally fine performance was turned in by the exponents of the noble art of self-defense, and each bout was enthusiastically received by the 1,500 Service and civilian supporters.

The show opened at 2000 hours with M.C. Denny Shea calling on W/C Anderson for a few words. The C.O. expressed his appreciation of the excellent turnout and thanked F/O Bowker, F/S Murdoch and WO2 Hutchison for the fine bit of organization they had accomplished in spite of many handicaps.

Opening the show was the bout between LAC Tull of the station, a novice in the 125 lb. class, and Pte Ingtheron of Regina. LAC Tull lost a close decision in this three-rounder.

The second bout saw Sgt. Jones of Regina deliver a second-round K.O. to Cpl. Kelly of No. 12 V.T.S.

One of the highlights of the evening was a battle royal organized by WO2 Borrie. This brought together ten students of various nationalities in a blind-folded elimination contest. The efforts of F/O Bowker with a boxing glove on the end of a long pole added to the amusement as he poked the contestants into action from safety outside the ring. WO2 Hutchison absorbed considerable punishment while aiding and abetting F/O Bowker for he was mistaken for one of the contestants.

Cpl. Richard of No. 13 lost a close decision to LAC Pearce of No. 2 F.I.S. in his first appearance in the ring. With more experience Richard should prove an asset to future shows.

Cpl. Beaudry of Regina, a forty-three year old veteran, proved too experienced and too hard a hitter for his opponent, Cpl. Tumback of Prince Albert and took an easy decision.

Displaying the effect of a lethal right LAC Dave Aronovitch of the station placed his opponent, Pte. Monaghan of P.A. hors-de-combat in the first round.

At this point Vern Pettigrew, six times Canadian Champ, put on an exhibition of wrestling with LAC Hamilton of Currie Barracks, Calgary, which more than satisfied the exponents of the moan-and-groan racket.

The seventh bout saw LAC Blanchette of North Battleford lose a close decision to LAC Thompson, formerly of No. 2 F.I.S. but now stationed here.

One of the classiest artists of the evening, LAC Tony Marchand, won a technical knockout over LAC Chapman of this station.

Bout nine saw Pte. Unser of Prince Albert meet LAC Cy Walliser of No. 2 F.I.S. Unser proved his superiority in flooring Walliser several times and took the decision.

A semi-final four rounds brought together two outstanding boxers: Pte. Simon (Honey) Waithe, former Canadian Army Champ, and LAC Viv Florence of No. 2 F.I.S. (presently stationed here). This was the outstanding bout of the evening and kept the crowd on their toes. Florence earned the decision and it is felt that a return match would really prove an outstanding attraction.

The final bout, between our own Sgt. Gaston Deschamps and F/O Bill Currie of No. 2 F.I.S., Pearce, was another outstanding exhibition with F/O Currie getting the decision. This was really a tough one for the judges to decide.

Refereeing the bouts were WO2 Hutchison and F/S Billy Evans.

This brand of entertainment has shown itself to be very popular with everybody and another such evening is planned for the latter part of January. Four of our representatives went to Vulcan to represent this station in the boxing tournament there. They were Sgt. Deschamps, LAC Blanchette, Cpl. Richard and LAC Aronovitch.

HOCKEY

A four-team league has been formed in Saskatoon and No. 13 was asked to submit an entry. Three teams are from Saskatoon and North Battleford will round out the league.

Every Saturday evening there will be a game scheduled in the North Battleford arena; while Monday sees one in Saskatoon.

As this is written the league opening is one week off—Monday in Saskatoon. The quality of play is still unknown but those that want to see a good game of hockey say that they'll be out every Saturday evening. Let's all turn out and support our team!

In town a commercial league has been formed with a game scheduled every Friday evening. The station representatives will be formed separate from the former league's team. There, fellows and gals, are two evenings of hockey. Let's see some support for our mighty gladiators!

BOWLING

At the time of this writing two bowling leagues are in operation on the station and both are enjoying wonderful success. On Monday night the so-called Station League is out to make a 450. The degree to which the teams have attained this ideal can be seen from the standing at the time of going to press: Repair, Link Trainer, Service Police, Headquarters, Equipment, Motor Transport, G.I.S., Servicing, Airmen's Mess, and Accounts.

The first half of the schedule winds up on the 11th of December, with a free-for-all evening planned for the 18th. Lucky prizes, low scores, etc., will be the vogue so all who participated in the first half of the schedule are sure of a good evening.

If any of the married personnel have trouble getting to sleep on Friday due to what appears to be a minor earthquake, don't be alarmed—it's just the Maintenance boys and gals having their evening bowling spree. Noise, cheering, razzing and heckling seems to be the predominating feature. If this is the sign of a good time then everybody had one. The standing at present finds the teams pretty evenly matched: F/S Short's team, F/S Anderson's, LAC Metz, LAC Durocher's, LAC Fisher's, Cpl. Cranston's, LAC Hou's, LAC Bertrand's, F/S McKinley's, Cpl. Perry's. Any Monday or Friday evening which finds you with a few hours to spare why not come and watch either of these leagues perform. We promise a good evening's entertainment.

LINK TRAINER SECTION

The Link Section is sorry to report that our F/L Myers has been notified of his discharge. We will be very sorry to lose our O.C.

We notice that our brand new Sgt. Majors have red noses. Can it be from the cold? Congratulations, boys.

Then we have the Sgt. Instructor who wondered why the crank on a Harvard is away out on the Starboard wing instead of nearer the engine! And also one who keeps moth balls in his purse, but just in case the odd one does live, on the rare occasion when he opens said piece of equipment, the lads always have their fly spray handy.

F/S Lorne Mann is still spending his leisure hours winding up the piano in the Recreation centre, accompanied as usual by his dog Sandy. It is rumored that Sandy's name is to be changed to Heinz—we wonder why.

Link's bowling team is still in second place, under the capable leadership of F/S Duncan. Keep it up, boys. Well, so long for now. In spite of the bad weather, the Links keep flying, and we do not anticipate hanging up the wash out flag at all this winter.

Guard House

We have always believed, in our own modest way, that the Guard House is definitely the Social Centre of the station, for where else do more people congregate oftener? But this cold weather seems to have brought our popularity to a new all-time high. The crowds of LAC's fumbling for their I Cards are now dotted with shivering Sergeants and the occasional P/O and F/O who come in to be defrosted. These new additions to our circle of friends improved the quantity, if not the quality, of rumours, which we collect avidly. The best one this week is that all W.D.'s will be handed their discharge on next Pay Parade.

May we extend a warm welcome to Cpls. Sehlín, Thompson and Grady. We hope that they will enjoy their stay at No. 13.

We are glad to have F/S Cochrane back, and trust he enjoyed his leave the past few weeks.

Since the last edition of Prop Wash there has been the addition of two new Sgts., replacing Gus Hanarahan and Jimmie Rundell. We feel that due to the length of time which has elapsed since the last issue it is quite unnecessary to introduce Sgt. Clay and Sgt. Trotman, who are both quite well known already.

We regret the loss of Cpl. Vic Lang, but feel sure that he is much happier in his present state of mind and occupation than he was previously.

We have been told that the reason Sgt. Sexsmith always looks the W.D. "I" Cards over so closely is because he is looking for a little girl who would be suitable to settle down and raise chickens. The field seems to have narrowed down to just red-heads lately.

Hospital Hot Bed

We are all sorry to say goodbye to F/L Wilson and F/L Blahay, who were well liked by staff and patients alike. Good luck to both of them on their travels.

We have a great many new additions to our establishment this month. F/L Goluboff, our new S.M.O., and F/L Benson, our new surgeon, are both right in the swing of things, and we hope they like No. 13. F/S James from Vulcan gets no end of "fan call" complimenting him on his type of daily hospital reports. The gals think he's quite a lad. New arrivals in the Wards are Cpl. Edwards (Wow, another red-headed W.D.), Cpl. Thorpe, LAW Stadel, and LAW Adamek, Cpl. Haury's new assistant.

LAW Barch, our glamour girl, has added a new Aussie to her collection—we hear that there may be wedding bells come Christmas. Oh, Marjie, how can you make so many unhappy by setting down to just one?

Cpl. Doris Knox has been seen stepping out with a certain Sports minded F/S—we wonder if he bowled her over? And who was the W.D. Cpl. Bellamy stepped out with while Jeanne Galvin was on nite duty?

Life's like that—now that Cpl. Handy is supplying a bit of toast to the staff, LAW Jean Murray has decided that toast and jam are on the mustn't list of her diet. The self control of that girl!

A BEEF FROM RELIEF

Here we are on the wind-swept shores of Hamlin waiting—for? Well, to name a few, we might include: the ration run, the mail, and the ambulance. The more work we get the happier we are providing we have the tools to work with. The technicians, apart from looking after our trades, have made this "Our Little Grey Home in the West," a Utopia to live in. Now that our interior decorating is finished, the boys have

OUR NEW P.T.I. Officer M.P.O.

Introducing our new P.T.I. officer, F/O Omara. On meeting him you would find a very easy-going person who extends both hands to help you, the airwomen and airmen, in putting in your leisure hours.

The Drill Hall, instead of being merely a place to take P.T., has become a centre in which you can while away some of those many long winter evenings coming up.

F/O Omara has set new plans for the floor hockey and basketball leagues. Both have shown a decreased interest value but under the rejuvenation planned that will soon be remedied. Just to show you that we mean it why not come out and see for yourself.

A goodly supply of badminton birds have been obtained and are on sale at all canteens. If enough interest in this sport is shown a ladder tournament could be arranged.

Come on, fellows and gals, let's visit the Drill Hall and enjoy a couple of evenings this next week. We promise that if you try it once you'll come back again and again. That's the best way to express your appreciation to F/O Omara and his staff for their work and organization.

G.I.S.

FLASH!!! G.I.S. Staff take day off to paint premises! Under the direction of paint chief Sgt. Cote, the whole staff from C.G.I. "Beaver" Edwards down, mobilized for action. The chief sport of the day seemed to consist of massing an attack on some unsuspecting victim and painting him off onto a little island all by himself. Great fun was had by all, and the results are terrific.

With postings in still continuing, 'tis said they ship armament personnel out to Hamlin by the carload lot, Hamlin, by the way, is said to be the most popular Winter Resort around these parts, and reserved specially for R.C.A.F. Personnel.

Then there is the sad plight of Sgt. Perkins, who wanders around room 1 wondering what kind of a kite has been installed. Contrary to popular belief it is not a badly shot-up Spitfire, but an instructional Harvard.

Speaking of Aircraft Rec., we welcome Sgt. Jeannie MacMullan, one of the first W.D.'s to instruct in this subject at an S.F.T.S.

Cpl. Frizzle has joined the ranks of the matrimonially inclined. Since her return from leave, complete with diamond, the broken hearts are piled deep in G.I.S. corridors, and the looks of hope that once adorned the faces of those who called at the orderly room have turned to gentle resignation.

Cpl. "Cuddles" White has gone to work in the Drill Hall, being replaced by Cpl. Dohoney, also P.T.I.

Congratulations to F/O "Papa" Smith, who inadvertently donated a button off his tunic to Cpl. Frizzle's collection, when telling her about the addition to the Smith family.

Time Office

For brevity's sake, the author would like to copy the Time's method of abbreviated description of our happy inmates.

Noranda Lou Beauchamp—fery bilingualist, claims "Back to the bin movement" great, to the astonishment of a certain forecaster. "Lemon Extract" Smith, begoggled manipulator of flying time records, says, "My second name is . . . and I'm proud of it!!" Winnifred Bomhower, slim danseuse from Eastern Ontario—"My, some people have funny names." Edna "It's the Truth" Logue; mania, blowing up balloons for the Met Section. Iris Jackson, quiet, dark-eyed, teetotaling former resident of Bermuda; commonest expression, "Oh, dear." Martha "I'll Mow 'Em Down" Thrasher; sophisticated, temperamental; confines most of her conversation to repeating, "Isn't he a handsome brute?"

A visit to the post-office staff.

We want to extend a warm welcome to a new member of our staff, AWI Betty Gray. She says she's happy to be here but, "Who knows?"

Our "F to N" Sally is waiting patiently on pins and needles for a mysterious something she calls a "Discharge" so that she can join her Kiwi husband way over in New Zealand. Good luck, Sal, we're all pulling for you even if we hate to see you go.

Glenna recently took a trip home to Prince Albert. There's a mystery about who she could have met on the way back for she's certainly happy enough about the whole thing. Come, 'fess up!

Doreen, the section problem child, thought she needed a rest. The simplest way seemed to be to get herself into the hospital for a week. Just the same we're mighty glad to hear that, "I hate you!" again!

The other half of our male family, LAC Patterson, arrived back on the job a few days ago so that Cpl. Gordon, better known as "George," will now have a little aid in defending himself.

Mrs. Young, "Cpl. Sue" to the unformed, at last decided to come home. The happy couple spent their honeymoon in Vancouver and from all we hear had a really wonderful time. One of her first questions upon return was in the direction of that unknown business of a "discharge". That word seems to be the vogue in the R.C.A.F. these days—perhaps somebody will take time to explain it more clearly soon. / /

Every section has a "Joe". In the post-office it's Ina who can adopt "Why Am I Always Joe?" for a theme. It doesn't seem to bother her very much as long as word comes for her from the third division overseas.

For keeping secrets the Postal Corps have as good training as any. That recent trip to Edmonton on "Christmas shopping" which Laura Hatley made has many wondering but that's as far as she'll commit herself.

A 96 and an Army Captain have "A to E" Mac going around in the clouds these days. So much so that the rest of the gang are getting curious just what he really is like.

Two Sergeants, recently returned from leave, have taken a strong dislike for the N.C.O.'s wicket. It wouldn't be that yellow bathing suits had anything to do with it—or would it. In any case poor Ervie is beginning to think that, with all the talk of discharges going on around her, she'll be the one closing the gates of No. 13 behind her. As long as the right P.O. is nearby it shouldn't be too hard.

Before we go back to sorting the mail may we take a moment to ask that when you come in or out of our office would you pull-eeese consider closing the door. It helps a lot to make the temperature closer to livable.

SADIE HAWKINS DANCE

At last the girls had an official chance to howl. That was at the Sadie Hawkins Dance and Birthday Party held in the Rec. Hall on Wednesday, November 15th.

The walls were decorated with posters showing what can happen to the boys on Leap Year, Robbie Robinson and his Orchestra provided the music and it didn't take the girls long to pick their partners and fill up the floor.

Birthday presents were presented by S/L Card to Helen McManus, Millie Viennau, Joan Hudson, Ruth Bengry, Evelyn Knowles, whose birthdays were in November, after which a lunch was served. Dancing continued until midnight.

A lot of credit is due to our W.D. Entertainment Committee for the grand time enjoyed by everyone.

Hams and Legs

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happily married couple, and "Denny" as the wolf. Lieut. Gray missed his cue by a couple of seconds for the "unexpected arrival of husband" act. Perhaps this explains the apprehension shown by S/O Salome, as the "wolf" was perforce to carry on, for a few seconds, beyond the script.

Following a brief walkon, "Two pant suits" with Sid Taylor and Joe Aspery (very much in the rear except that we couldn't see it) we were entertained by Jean Volckaert, Belgian violinist, who played a Minuet and a section from "Thais." Accompanied by Gerry Walker at the piano, Jean held the audience rapt. However, a raucous voice, proclaiming popcorn chocolate bare, and everything down to a Sergeant's stripes soon interrupted. Who was it? "Denny," of course. After much whispering and sharp intakes of breath at the mention of the sum, 50c., the "pitch" changed hands and we were left with Jean selling popcorn, etc., and "Denny" about to pluck out a feeble tune on the violin.

The following sketch featured Lieut. Gray, Lieut. Robson, and LAW McManus. I seem to have forgotten what it was all about, but Lieut. Robson was most obstinate about a bucket and LAW McManus screamed quite nicely. Lieut. Gray was far more mundane—he forgot to wear his pants.

We were next entertained by Ed. Innacone who gave forth, with the old vocal chords nicely harmonized, two numbers—"Basin Street Blues" and "Darktown Strutter's Ball." Ella Amero ("Topsy") broke in with a "tap" number that was good. Perhaps in the next show "Topsy" and Vince Murray will give up a number together.

Once again, Lieut. Gray, inane this time, confused the audience, "Denny," and Lieut. Sylvester with absurd riddles about some obscure family relative who finally ended up to be "you, me, or he" or someone! We never found out.

After the bottles, cabbages, and over-ripe tomatoes were removed, a delicate trembling of the curtain (following several crashing introductions from pianos), heralded the presence of Sgt. Joe Aspery, who, it seems, was "used to it" long, long ago. All we can say about Joe's act is that "it's (to pardon the tense) wonderful."

Rumours that Sgt. Aspery is performing the Indian Roe trick in the next concert are entirely unfounded. Joe said he was "born that way." Thirty degrees to the horizontal? Send it to Ripley!

After the original member had wandered off to write a "letter home to ma" (we don't believe it) the curtain rose on what is commonly known as a menace to society—a brand new shiny sergeant!

Lieut. Gray was the miserable offender, and, surrounded by daughters beautiful, he immediately brought up the age-old question—can beauty be related to ugliness? However, the sergeant was very nastily laying down the law as to who was to read "Superman" first, when S/O Salome interrupted with a rolling pin. Although the time had come to "roll 'er over and drop out" our Lieut. Gray (he certainly wore the pants this time) was not dismayed. Scattering his daughters to the winds, he "up and at 'er" in the best traditions of the "Gallant Six Hundred."

Result: Most unconvincing demonstration of who is "the better half."

Moral: Never promote a man to a sergeant. It only lays open the opportunity to prove conclusively, "Who's who," in the model household.

Daughters were Corpl. Bengry, LAW'S Viennau and Miller.

Next on the bill was Corpl. Bengry with a couple of songs, "Shine on Harvest Moon," and "My Gal Sal." Benny put over her numbers with an attractive husky voice whilst Joe Aspery feverishly drew an elaborate representation of his own thumb. He was awarded the M.H.D.O.I.F. for not being able to see further than a thumb.

Capt. Ross and Lieut. Gray then reappeared in another of those very English scenes—a bus scene. Much mirth was aroused over their antics with a scrap of paper and most of the audience had that "strap-hanging" arm" when all was done.

From the "very English" we moved, very abruptly, to the "very American" and found ourselves in the middle of an exciting drama all about soap. With a caste as large as the "Sign on the Cross" Sinko Soap with a silent T, was a howling success.

Stars—P/O "Suds" Sutherland, Capt. Ross, Lieut. Gray, LAC'S Haid and Taylor, LAW'S Laing, Hudson, Miller, MacKenzie and Amero, AND Corpl. Bengry.

In pleasant contrast to the "finest that radio can offer" we next heard F/O Hebert sing an aria of Carmen—"Chauson des Fleurs," followed by F/S Mann and Sgt. Gadbols in a two-piano duet of Keel Row, arranged by Tom Austin. This part of the show was introduced very aptly into the program. F/O Hebert possesses a pleasing tenor voice which was given full scope in his song. Lorne Mann and "Gabby" played well together despite the handicap of the pianos, one of which tended to overshadow the other.

The next offering might have come direct from a slave market in Morocco—four little dancing girls. Dressed in shirts and not much else they performed some very becoming kicks. LAW'S McManus, Laing, Viennau and Corpl. Bengry were the charmers in question, if there was any question about it.

Following the girls we were entertained by seven inverted mops, or, if you prefer it, inebriated judges. Clad in feminine garb they "hitched 'em up" and gave frequent displays of leg and whatnot in a most professional manner. Responsibility for all this all allure rests with F/O "Denny" Shea, P/O "Suds" Sutherland, LAC'S Haid, Spears, Taylor, Silverhart and Seymour.

After the "leg art" act, F/O Turner came forth, complete with a couple of distractions to deal a few cards off the bottom of the deck and so forth. He did all sorts of weird things very cunningly, but, the general opinion of the audience was that he could have (and probably can) produced a large, white, shaggy dog out of a beer mug for all they cared. The click of eyeballs, as they passed from one distraction to the other, showed no audible pause in the general direction of the magician. LAW'S Knowles and Hudson were responsible for this appalling situation.

The next sketch was all about recruiting. LAC'S Taylor and Seymour were the much-neglected recruits, and, in the end, departed weeping tears of blood on mutual shoulders.

Capt. Ross and Lieut. Gray illustrated the old axiom—"The less you do, the more you're paid,"—whilst LAC "Jock" Speers gave a fine demonstration of the antithesis.

Sundry other people dashed about including blokes with bottles to be filled, "Suds" and Joe Aspery, a lumberjack who practiced medicine as a side-line, F/O Robson, "Denny" in a fearful hat and yo-yo, Lieut. Sylvester with a couple of "girls," LAC'S Hudson and Amero, stenog, LAW Laing, and an orderly on skates, LAC Gordon.

After a few officer types had been selected (it's not everyone who can neither read or write), the staff departed for beer and skittles, that is all except AC2 McGillicuddy (LAC Speers) who, after a few despairing chords on the typewriter, broke into that pathetic song which aroused an answering echo in many breasts—"Why Am I Always Joe?"

To reiterate the 64 dollar question the whole cast came on and, led by LAC Speers, brought the curtain down on the final scene in the concert.

CELEBRATION DINNER

After the concert was over the whole cast assembled in the Airmen's Mess to chew on a bone and discuss the evening's activities. Everybody was in high spirits at the beginning, and, after a lapse of time, spirits positively soared to celestial heights. In fact, several of the caste enjoyed the

A Beef From Relief

(Continued from Page 3)

started on our "Maple Leaf Gardens" skating arena.

If you want a few instructions on how to make a skating rink just send your applications, together with an A/C Soap wrapper and ten dollars to cover postage, to the company to be formed by F/O Smith, F/O Ken Ellis, F/O Keith Taylor, and F/L Moffatt. Don't ask them how to get their vehicles stuck on the rink, though!

Our medic, Sgt. Hogan, remains ever watchful of his perfectly healthy flock. Thanks to the Physical Fitness programme sponsored and conducted by F/S Ted Irving the standard of fitness is such that sick parade is unheard of out here. Nevertheless, manly hearts beat silently and hopelessly out on the barren wastes of Hamlin for even a glimpse of something feminine—since the departure of our "little Peggy."

Let it not be assumed that morale is low—far from it. The kids in the kitchen are doing a swell job, not only in their work but they are all entertainers who rival the Happy Gang. We wish you could try out Wednesday Noon Special—Ytterbug soup with fired Nuckles.

Orchids to our Hangar Crew, responsible to F/S Land, Are they good—the best! Cpl. Yack seems to have them well in hand; all but Benny, where is he . . . and why?

F/O Hutchinson and F/O Chase deserve credit for their enthusiastic canvassing for the 7th Victory Loan—we went over the top. After exhausting all efforts on the camp they could be seen stopping the lonely motorist on the highway.

When our C.O. gets back from Mountain View he should be well genned up on armament. Good luck on your course, F/L Wozniak.

The boys at Hamlin wish a speedy recovery to F/O Smith who is at present in the Hospital with—is it chicken coup, Smithie?

Welcome to the newcomers at Hamlin: LAC'S Noddin, Gilbert, Wersgerber and Martin (our new cook).

S.W.O.'s REPORT

Why does Sgt. MacGregor think Fort William has something North Battleford hasn't? If you want to see the answer, see the photograph plainly visible in the S.W.O.'s office.

From our grapevine, we hear Cpl. Bellamy is trying to get back in the hospital. I wonder why? Hmmm.

When will the wedding bells ring for Stella Mahar and Art Buckland? That well-known couple are seen together very often these days.

Congratulations are in order for Jackie Lebel and Pat McMullen. Looks as if Cupid made a shot again judging from that lovely ring Jackie is wearing.

What is it that annual leave does to the girls? Col. Olive Frizzle returned from her home wearing a "lovely hunk of ice."

Marie Lukeman and Gordon Klingenberg are looking forward to hearing the tinkle of wedding bells.

Jean Miller is going around with a dreamy look in her eye these days. Can it be that a certain Australian Sgt. is the caused of it.

Another successful party took place in the Sgt.'s Mess on Saturday, November 25, when the Senior N.C.O.'s held "open house" for their friends. There was dancing in the dining hall to the music from the P.A. system. At midnight a lovely lunch was served in the Games Room.

dinner more than the show.

Speeches were made thanking F/S Singer for the enthusiasm which he gave to his job. The Commanding Officer, W/C Anderson, gave a lecture on onions and the following morning off for the east.

Ground Loop Hollow

Foggy weather has given Ground Loop Hollow that gloomy look but actually it is just as exciting and happy as ever.

We regret to announce that our C.F.L. S/L Card, has been posted, and we will certainly miss this member of our happy family. W/C Stratton, of the R.A.F., is replacing him, and we of the Tower welcome him, hoping that he will enjoy his position here.

Our Trainees have been doing exceptionally well, and the ground loops are getting fewer and farther between. The clerks of the orderly room say, "Keep up the good work—and keep us happy!"

A tricky problem nowadays is trying to tell who is beating about the bush—or should we say hiding behind the bush. It is true that F/L Molyneux is a bit taller than F/L Smith, but the camouflages are so similar, and both have quite a growth.

Last week our social life picked up (Oh, high up!) when the Officers of the Control Tower gave a banquet and evening's entertainment for the W.D. staff. We W.D.'s wish to thank you all for a very enjoyable time; no guff, it was super!

Our Sgt. Martel is wearing that beaming look these days. Why? Well, hubby got a promotion—that's enough for you, Uncle Louie, we are proud of you.

MET. OBSERVATIONS

Contrary to public opinion, the life of a "Met" observer is not confined solely to the manipulation of the various meteorological instruments and the plotting and analyzing of queer looking charts and maps. In fact, it can truly be stated that we have more than our share of glamour and all the little things that make life so interesting.

For instance, you ought to see the way the "Flying Control" boys go to pieces when our two new Met girls, Barbara Graves and Joan Bailey, bestow that "come hither" look. It can also be said that the Free French Air Force takes an awful beating when "Cleopatra" McCoy hits her stride.

We have been wondering whatever lured Cpl. Rioux out to the coast for her furlough when the weather out there has been worse than in good old Battleford.

With regret we announce the loss of our O.I.C., Mr. Fraser, who has been posted to a new station; also Doris Vidger, who received her discharge. We sure wish them the best of luck.

That guy Tomlinson is still haunting the premises. "You got any smokes, Bud?" A boom has hit the Yorke Cafe in town in the person of Sylvia Roine. How that gal can eat!

Electrical Shorts

"Big" event of the month was the marriage of LAC Jack Lee and Frances Fuller. Just who married who it hasn't been decided by the section but an inspection of the purse and electric iron the boys gave the happy couple in about six months time should help. Also presented to them was a suitably inscribed copy of an L14 in which were entered and initialed as having been carried out all the necessary "checks, inspections, and modifications."

No. 7, MacLeod, is now well represented among the personnel of the section. Since the last issue came out no less than five former residents of that station have arrived—LAC'S Kalkturnyk, Fullerton, Dawson, Wellard, and Murray (D.G. number two).

The event described in the first paragraph seems to have set several other Electricians wondering for rumours are running around that at least two others are debating the "when" question very seriously.

I ESCAPE

Continued from Page 1

to the farm where our Spanish guide was waiting—a very uneventful walk it was, too.

"The dusk was gathering fast. Ahead of us towered the first peaks of the Pyrenees, yet nothing could spoil this beautiful August evening.

"At last we arrived at a small 'Basque' farm house, it was here we were to meet the Spanish red smuggler who was to lead our party.

"When the last light of day had left the summer sky, we set out on the most hazardous part of our journey. There were seven of us; two guides, four airmen and a Frenchman—one guide in front, one behind.

"Our path was not a straight one, we had to skirt round small villages and round isolated farm houses, lest the barking of dogs warn the German patrols of our presence.

"We lost all idea of time, our eyes were glued to the ground and all we could see were the heels of the man in front of us.

"The moon was bright, too bright for my liking, and what was worse our guide seemed to delight in taking us over the most moonlit parts of the landscape. After a time I called to the Frenchman, Henri, and complained of our guide's foolishness, but he only smiled at me and whispered into my ear, that it was known thing that all German patrols always hid in the dark valleys and never seemed to think that anyone would dare to cross those moonlit parts.

"I was too excited to feel tired yet, when Carlos stopped and told us to rest, I sat down and realized that my feet were swollen and sore.

"A lot of whispering went on between our guides and then they told me that we must from now on redouble our caution. We were nearing the frontier which was marked by a swiftly running mountain stream, then a straight white road, and lastly a single-track railway line. We had to cross this in full moonlight and German and Spanish patrols were constantly watching.

"We advanced at a snail's pace, the going was rough and the paths were very steep. At last we slipped down the river bank and stood in shallow water, still in the shadows of the trees.

"Our guide waded out into the water, it rose slowly around him, it reached his waist, then we saw he had passed the deepest part.

"Each in turn crossed the icy mountain water and five minutes later were crouching, shivering under the Spanish bank of the stream.

"One by one we darted first across the road, then the railway. We were very cold and although exhausted our guide would not let us stop.

"We trudged on forgetful of time—would this climb never cease? The bushes were thorny, our hands were scratched, yet on we went. I looked at my watch, we had tramped two hours since the frontier crossing and my clothes had dried on me.

"Hours later, or so it seemed, our guide stopped and for once talked in a loud voice. He told us that the worst was over, from now on, we need only fear small patrols of two or three men, and as we were seven they would not try and stop us.

"The rest of the journey was uneventful, we walked till the first light of dawn streaked across the sky, then laid up for the day in a friendly farm house . . .

Here I must censor the rest of Ronny's story. The whole tale can only be told when peace comes once again to Europe. Yet I would like to say that I am glad that airmen from all over the British Empire and from America were able to see with their own eyes the courage of the men and women of all occupied countries, of young boys and girls who daily risked their lives to help their Allies. If the reader will allow me, I dedicate these few words to my sister, who spent 5½ months in a German jail, in the hands of the Gestapo for helping British airmen in Belgium and who was only released through the heroism of the Belgian underground.