



RAMBLER

Vol. 1, No. 5.

CALGARY, ALBERTA

March, 1944

SIXTH VICTORY LOAN

For the benefit of all personnel on the strength of No. 4 C. & M. Unit, the editorial staff would like to take up a little space in this edition of The Rambler to say something with regard to the Sixth Victory Loan.

This new loan will start on April 24th next, and will continue for approximately three weeks. The conditions of purchase will be the same as heretofore, both as regards cash and installment purchases. The quota for the Dominion will be the same as the last loan drive, namely, \$1,200,000,000 dollars, but it is quite likely, in view of the excellent return from this unit last time, that our own quota will be raised from \$10,000.00 dollars allotted to us at that time. For this reason, it is essential that all bond applications from Unit personnel be credited to this Unit. In other words, do NOT purchase your bonds through any other station that you might happen to be on at that time. Arrangements will be made to contact all personnel by members of this Unit's War Loan Committee.

It should not be necessary to reiterate the benefits of purchasing these war bonds, but in view of the differences of opinion that may arise the following points are noted:

(a) War bonds are one of the safest investments that can be made at the present time, and under existing conditions.

(b) Money saved by installment purchases is not missed as it is deductible at the source, and is far superior to trying to save by bank deposits.

(c) Bonds are negotiable at any time, at any chartered bank, and can be cashed very easily in the event of an emergency.

(d) All money saved paves the way for your post-war rehabilitation. The money thus put away may pay tuition in courses at trade schools, or the completion of educational courses in high schools and univer-

sities. Also it may be used to start up new businesses or anything of a like nature.

Many other benefits might be enumerated, but the above should be sufficient to cause the subject to be given serious thought.

Finally, may we ask the co-operation of all personnel in making our Sixth Victory Loan

drive go over the top with a bang, as it has in the two previous drives since the inception of this station. The final returns on the Fourth Victory Loan showed 184%, and the Fifth Victory Loan 208% of the allotted quotas. Make this one even higher.

A. P. Forster F/O.



No. 4 C. & M. UNIT ELECTRICIAN PERSONNEL

Back Row—LAC. Edwards, LAC. Ferris, LAC. Comer, Cpl. Allbutt, LAC. Claus.

Second Row—LAC. Casavant, Cpl. Hixt, LAC. Armstrong, LAC. Czier.

Third Row—LAC. Pratt, LAC. LeBlanc, LAC. Woodward, LAC. Flynn, LAC. Colquhoun, LAC. Cummings.

Front Row—F./Sgt. Hoover, Sgt. Silliphant, S/L. Manning, F/L. James, Sgt. Allen, F/S. Matheson.

Kneeling—Sgt. Stark, Sgt. Rash, Sgt. Buker.

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RAMBLER

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PRACTICAL ADJUSTMENT—FROM WHERE?

It has been stated previously in this publication that, second only to the actual winning of the war, the consideration of major importance among military personnel must be the planning now under way for the peace to come, and the nature or trend of that planning. At present the main points extended for the service man's contemplation—in connection with life after demobilization—seem to be those which stress the enormous rise in Canada's relative industrial and manufacturing position in the world of today, and which assume the continuation of this enhanced position into peace times, with resulting general employment and the ability to find and hold jobs which would enable the purchasing of all the necessities and some of the luxuries abounding in an industrially prosperous country. On first glance these points, and their inferred results, appear feasible. It will do no harm to examine them, however, keeping in mind that policy, NOT politics, is the object of our scrutiny.

Canada is, relatively, a country of extremely small population. At their present stepped-up rate of production, our factories, re-tooled for peace time manufacture, would probably supply internal needs (as represented by buying power) in an alarmingly short space of time, thus becoming dependent to a large extent on outside markets. While undoubtedly there will be great demands for our exports, by and large, for a limited length of time after the victory, two controlling factors must be kept before us—first, that the war-torn countries will gradually regain their old power to supply many of their own needs; and, second, that there are many other nations now also geared to an all-high peak of production (as we are) who will urgently require outside markets to maintain their industrial level and living conditions. It is readily apparent that employment without remuneration is of no value; that industry without profit cannot continue; and that without markets for products all profits must be non-existent and wages and salaries therefore impossible. It would appear, then, that there is a grave possibility that the whole problem as it affects general employment after the war is being studied, and solutions proposed, from an entirely wrong angle. It is interesting to note, in this regard, the statements of Lord Semphill, member of the British House of Lords, as addressed to the Ottawa Board of Trade, and quoted here from "Liberty," March 18th issue:

"Unemployment is in fact a by-product of underconsumption, a shortage of effective demand for the goods which the nation is capable of producing." And, "It is clearly absurd that men in need of the necessities of life should be denied the money with which to buy them because there is a superabundance of these necessities, and therefore their services are not required to produce more."

Canada need not worry about production, but decidedly must examine the faults of distribution. It would seem increasingly apparent that not only the working man is becoming aware of the need for providing, in some form or another, extra purchasing or distributing facilities before, or during, the high employment period anticipated after the war, so that a necessary and needed internal consumption may perpetuate the proposed continued activity of production, and so that the vicious world verdict of "No external market, less internal industry, fewer jobs, hence still further reduced internal markets"—will not be returned sooner or later to peoples anxious to work and in urgent need of the product of their own labours. Service personnel, seemingly, would have the right to expect that post-war economic planning be investigated from this angle; or alternatively, to expect having the right to ask: "Are we going to end this war of guns, tanks, ships and planes only to enter upon another of trade bickerings, struggles, barriers and treaties, of national isolation and selfish international thinking, which may well soon prove futile and merely the wretched forerunner of new belligerencies?"

A. W.

EQUIPMENT QUIPS

By Sgt. Bob Prittie

If, by chance, you should see an individual at Unit Headquarters sneaking around with a furtive, hunted look on his (or her) face, you can be almost certain that it will be a member of the equipment or accounts staff with an auditor in hot pursuit.

F/O's Pratt and Forster, we hear, have left orders with the S.P.'s at the gate to shoot all auditors on sight in the future.

Oh, well, it was a great excuse for a while. We could always say: "Sorry, no issues today—the auditors, you know."

Our rotund N.C.O. from Clothing Stores, Bill Mappin, is now enjoying his leave in Winnipeg. Why he journeyed to cold, windy Peg rather than here in Sunny Alberta (plug—S/L Manning please note—see last month's article on the Vulcan rail job) is more than we know.

LAC. George (he with the gigantic guffaw) Hill has been in the hospital for the past week, having his tonsils extracted, so George says.

Norine (Blondie, Topsy, Moonbeam and other aliases) Church, who used to be one of our feminine brigade, writes to say that she is stationed at No. 1 B. & G. S., Jervis, Ontario, and that she is now a Corporal.

All and sundry were noted tripping the light fantastic at the Second Unit Dance at St. Mark's Hall. All those concerned with making the arrangements for the dance are to be congratulated on a great success.

NEVER SATISFIED

There was a kicking Airman,
 Who kicked the whole year long—
 What wasn't—always ought to be;
 What was—was always wrong!

He didn't like his sergeants,
 He cussed his C.O. too,
 (He saw no basic reason
 For the work they made him do!)

They sent him o'er the ocean
 With his rifle and his pack,
 But no sooner had he landed
 Than he wished that he was back!

At last death's final transfer
 Took him to realms afar—
 He drew a post in Heaven
 Where the perfect quarters are!

No sooner was he seated
 Than he passed around the word
 If St. Peter could arrange it
 He would like to be transferred!
 (W. & B. No. 19 S.F.T.S.)

Item on invoice received by Accounts Section recently:

"1 only 20 rod roll Hog Fence—for use on W.D. Quarters, North Battleford."
 Sort of "Conswined to Barracks", maybe?

PROPHET, TOO?

Our C. O., S/L Manning, has chosen the one period of the winter during which Alberta has bowed a frosty, snowy head to take his furlough at Vancouver. We extend our best wishes for a happy leave, and would appreciate someone "in the know" to give us a tip about the weather before we take our furlough the next time.

* * *

LAC. O. Travers has been informed that his brother, F/O. Chas. Travers, who had been previously reported missing, is a prisoner of war.

PITY THE POOR AIRMAN

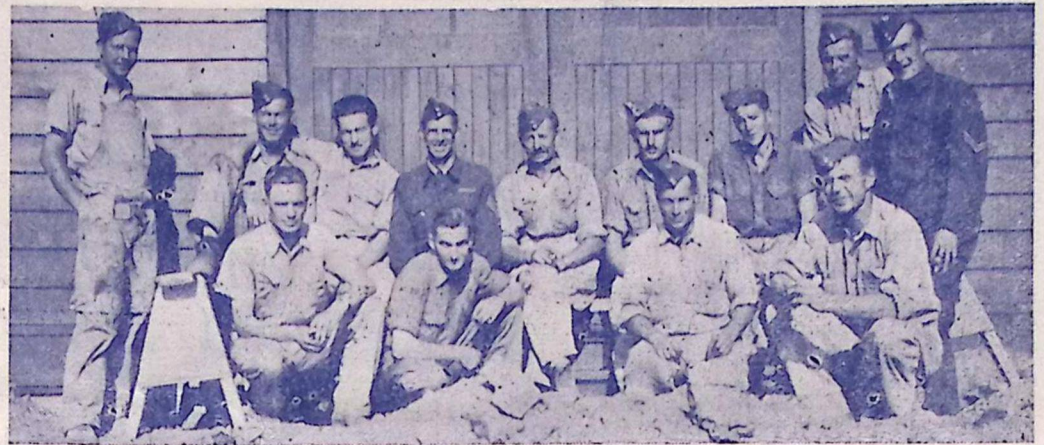
The other night, after getting paralyzed on the bottle of beer now so generously allowed as our daily ration, we fell to pondering on the grievous life of an airman. So that we might discourse concerning our afflictions, we heaved up the bulk and went in search of a soldier friend of ours who enjoys life no little in the palatial army quarters across Currie Field, and discussed with him the brow-beating an airman gets, in contrast with the mollicoddling experienced by soldiers. It is amazing! Note the unfortunate discrepancies between the two military organizations!

First, it seems that we are forced to sleep much of our valuable lives away, nobody doing us even the kindness of gently turning on the lights until 0630 hours each morning. But is the soldier similarly neglected? Decidedly not! At 0545 hours every morn he is lustily aroused from wasting his time in idle slumber, thus presenting him with three-quarters of an hour daily (which we lose) so that he may further devote himself to his interesting tasks. Deducting forty days for leaves and passes and multiplying the remainder in each year by three-quarters of an hour, what do you get? Well, the soldier figured it out for me. Two hundred and forty-four hours; more than ten days; or nearly two working weeks! Boy, what a period of extra time, which we waste lying abed rotting our brains in surplus slumber! And the amount that can be accomplished in ten days! I remember, on furlough—but that really doesn't concern this argument. What we mean is, surely all ambitious airmen will join in a movement for earlier rising hours!

Then there is the personal element regarding, for instance, appetite. Do we, as airmen, have any official attention paid to whether or not we relish breakfast? Waste no time on the question—we drag ourselves from bed, wash and shave, and have to present ourselves at the mess; sleepy, unexercised and unable to cope successfully with more than two well-chilled fried eggs! But the soldier's appetite is not so impersonally ignored—don't think it! After his early departure from his cot, he is considerably and peremptorily ordered away from it (all temptation to return to its treacherous depths being thus removed, you see) and out to the parade square, where a rigorous and jovial workout is administered by those drill instructors whose voices we often hear during our sluggish awakening hours. Following this enjoyable morning shift, can these soldier lads eat breakfast? Our soldier stated that they often went so far as to wish they could get a second helping!

And so it goes through the day. We waste our small stock of vitality slaving away at routine duties for a mere eight hours, with a little drill as variation. But the army? Thoughtful administrative souls must slave day and night scheming up new things for soldiers to climb over, crawl under, jump down from and clamber back up on! For hours and hours each day they revel in this life of zestful animation and variety, while we are allowed to work only eight hours. Is it not a distressing comparison?

At the close of the day we are again forgotten. No one cares when we retire, as long as it is before, or at, 2300 hours. But the soldier? Such personal interest is taken in his well-being by his superiors that, if his barrack lights are not out by 2215 hours, his NCO's have been known to be quite firm with him!



F/S. SMITTON'S CONSTRUCTION CREW

Fort St. John, B.C.

As we finished gleaning these discouraging points of relative information from our soldier friend, he finished peeling his second tub of potatoes, threw down his knife, and said:

"2200 hours! The hell with them spuds—I gotta hurry over to barracks and crawl in before that blank-dash Corporal turns out them lights!"

Just doesn't know how lucky he is, you see!

So we bade him good-night and weaved reflectively back to our own barracks, bitterly rebellious at the joys of his vigorous and progressive military career as compared with the terrific strain of our uneventful life in the Airforce.

MORAL—We all have to beef—let's support the kicks with proof and statistics!

PENHOLD PALAVER

F/S. Smitton, on his fifth fire-repair job for the R.C.A.F., reporting for his gang, now at No. 36 S.F.T.S., Penhold:

The fire here was of unregistered temperature, but unquestionably hot. The weather (temperature recorded) was equally unquestionably cold. Working conditions (for Eskimos) ideal. Erection of trusses progressing during 23° below zero, over a bed of ice on the floors eighteen inches deep, with snow for five days.

Distinguished visitors—G/C. Davidson and S/L. Manning. The object of the visit, no doubt, inspection. Possible points of inspection twofold—first, extent of fire damage and repairs necessary; second, casualty list (no apparent action possible.) The casualty list is the saddest: Cochroaches (male and/or female sex) estimated ninety billions; cats (believed to have been vagrant males enjoying a free night's lodging under the mess-hall the night of the conflagration) actual count, three. Suitable action in latter case by providing informal burial parties.

Further distinguished visitor—F/L James. The time of his visit was not conducive toward furthering the deep religious inclinations of F/S. Smitton and crew, since—it being the Sabbath—a much-regretted church parade was missed. Also a few hours of quiet meditation, usually spent in bed.

Local breakfast recipe NOT recommended for Headquarters Mess: Good eatable toast rendered entirely unpalatable by submersion in bacon-fat.

Local mess custom HIGHLY recommended to Headquarters Unit: Hot coffee (served

free, of course) at 1000 hours and 1500 hours to work personnel, during break period.

W. & B. Officer F/O. Riddell, in usual good form. Very commendable paint job on the ceiling in his office, else it would never stand being hit so often without showing some signs of wear and tear. Seriously, this Officer's co-operation is greatly appreciated, for without it such progress could not have been made under adverse conditions.

Anyone heard of another fire anywhere yet?

"But, Officer, I didn't see that fire plug. When I parked there it was hidden behind an airedale."

She (cooly): "You may take me to the dance unless you meet someone more attractive."

He: "Swell! We'll leave it like that."

1943: "Hey! Mom! Here comes company for supper."

Mom: "Quick, everybody! Run out on the verandah with a toothpick in your mouth."

1943 Wife: "My husband is so careless with his clothes. Half the buttons are off his coat."

2nd Ditto (cattily): "Perhaps they are not—uh—sewed no properly."

1943 Wife: "Maybe you are right. He's terribly careless with his sewing."

Worried Lady: "Can you fix this bent fender so my husband won't know how it was bent?"

Mechanic: "No, lady, I can't. But I'll tell you what I can do. I can fix it up so that in a few days you can ask your husband how he bent it."

The parish rector was questioning one of his elderly lady parishioners as to her compliance with blackout regulations during a recent air raid on London. "No indeed, your reverence," she replied, "I get all the shelter I need by reading the Bible. Then I have a glass of whiskey and go off to bed and say 'To hell with 'em.'"

Voice on phone: "Are your father and mother at home?"

Little Johnny: "They was, but they isn't now."

Voice: "They was, but they isn't!—Where's your grammar?"

Johnny: "She went out too."

W—DEES

Trade Test, Trade Test, Trade Test, Oh! Yes, we have living proof that W.D.'s are human and take trade tests as well as you fellows do. We have two very worried girls around here—they shudder every time they hear the word trade test or see a trade test officer. Well, I guess we've all gone through the same thing at one time or another and know what it's like. Here's the best of luck to Lee and Dot with their trade tests.

If you've been in the Engineering Department lately, you'll have noticed that we've moved around again—whenever Lee gets restless and wants to move like you fellows do, she appeases the urge by mixing up our whole office and moving the furniture from one end of the room to the other. (But the C.O.'s been away for a week and she hasn't tried to put curtains up again. P.S.—She learned her lesson.)

We don't know whether this Unit had anything to do with it or not, but both our former W.D.'s are engaged now and strangely enough, both to Corporals from Equipment Sections. Congratulations, Norman and Ethel!

We have heard rumors that Bill Colnett from the Equipment Section has got that certain "spring feeling" again, so look out Marion—or are you still interested in basketball coaches?

Speaking of basketball, Dot and Marion are still keeping their team going. They beat the Army girls last night in a tough game of rugby (at least that's the word Marion used to describe it). Dot is limping and Marion's got a stiff neck, so the C.W.A.C.'s must have given them some real competition.

FIVE FOOT - TOO?

All Airmen whom Nature has left short of stature

This station is not meant for you—
If morale you value, avoid—let us tell you—
A posting to 4 C.M.U.!

You'll find the effect bad, in fact, to a short lad

It's something that never should happen—
Our girls—simply paragons—creatures par excellence—

But also—outstandingly strappin'!

We've had all our vanity smashed to inanity

Peering up at these damsels' fair faces—
So, if you're too a runt, sure you'd much better hunt

For a station with less lofty graces!

Stay far off, we beg, only thus will your ego
Preserve its superior ease,
Or come here, Tiny Tim, and look up to our women—

Our Glamazon W.D.'s!

A. W.

Barmaid: "Oh, yes, I married a man in the village fire department."

Sailor: "Volunteer?"

Barmaid: "No, Pa made him."

THE OLD SWEATS

By Sgt. Bob Prittie

(Continued from February edition)

In our last edition we mentioned that Sgt. Silliphant was the only member of the Unit with the Air Force in the First World War. However, we have since received a letter from F/S. R. R. Campbell informing us that he, too, was with the R.F.C. and R.A.F. So we'll go out on the well-known limb again and state that, to our knowledge, F/S. Campbell is the only last war pilot in the Unit.

Below are some more of the "Old Sweats":

F/S. R. R. Campbell—Enlisted as a flying cadet in the R.F.C. in January, 1918; later transferred to R.A.F. when that service was organized. Completed over 65 hours of flying, both dual and solo. Received a commission as "Honorary Temporary 2nd Lieut." effective time of discharge. Discharged December 26th, 1918. Holds private pilot's license.

Sgt. Werry, J. E.—Enlisted in 1916, went overseas with 56th Batt. Injured in England and rendered unable for service in France. Discharged in 1917; re-enlisted 1918; served at No. 13 District Depot, Calgary.

F/S. Elmer, S. G.—Enlisted in February, 1916; went to England with 209th Batt. Band; transferred to 9th Reserve Batt. band. Returned to Canada and was discharged in March, 1917, when it was discovered that he was under age (17 years old).

F/S. Smitton, E. O.—Enlisted in February, 1915. Overseas with 6th Batt. Western Cavalry (but there were no horses). Transferred to 1st Division Machine Gun Corps, 3rd Brigade. Was with the Army of Occupation. Discharged at Toronto May 5th, 1919.

LAC. Dagenais, J. E.—Enlisted in December, 1916; served overseas as a saddlemaker with 3rd and 4th Divisions. Discharged in 1919.

(To be continued in April edition)

The British barmaid was quite a flirt, and when the sergeant left the bar for a minute to buy a newspaper she leaned across to the shy young private, pursed her lips invitingly and whispered "Now's yer chance, darling."

The private looked anxiously around the empty room and then murmured: "Not me, Miss. If I drank the sergeant's beer he'd skin me alive."

Father: "I don't like to see that soldier kissing you like that."

Daughter: "Give him a chance, father. He's just a beginner."

Doctor: "I'm sorry, madam, but I can't cure your husband of talking in his sleep."

Wife: "Well, then, can you make him talk more distinctly?"

"What's the matter, don't you love me any more?"

"Sure. I'm just resting."

DID YOU KNOW THAT—

"Available Jones" has a rival outside the scope of the Lil' Abner column. Right here we have "Available" Hodgkinson—Babies minded, rates 50c per night. See F/O. and Mrs. Pratt for references. (Advt.)

The C. & M.-ers of the U.S. Navy are known as "Seebees" (Construction Battalions). Their duties are similar to C. & M. Units of the R.C.A.F., excepting that their work often takes them very near, or to, various theatres of operations, especially in the South Pacific.

Sgt. Jim Peach of the Accounts Section is quite a tap dancer—proving that hilarious feet may carry around a mournful countenance.

The Sixth Victory Loan Drive will commence on April 24th?

A new international language has been devised? It is known as basic English and contains 850 words. Premier Churchill of Great Britain is one of its leading boosters.

The duties of Orderly Sergeant are so strenuous that some of these gentlemen wind up doing business while sleeping soundly? For details and particulars consult Cpl. Thorsell, who can snore right through a telephone conversation in a most efficient manner.

OVERLOADS

By Short Circuit

"Genius is the capacity for taking infinite pains."

It sounds very simple, yet it is the gift of very few to show ability to take real pains with their work. Every day there are costly results of carelessness—of the half-done work of men who "didn't have time," and who use this phrase to "pass the buck".

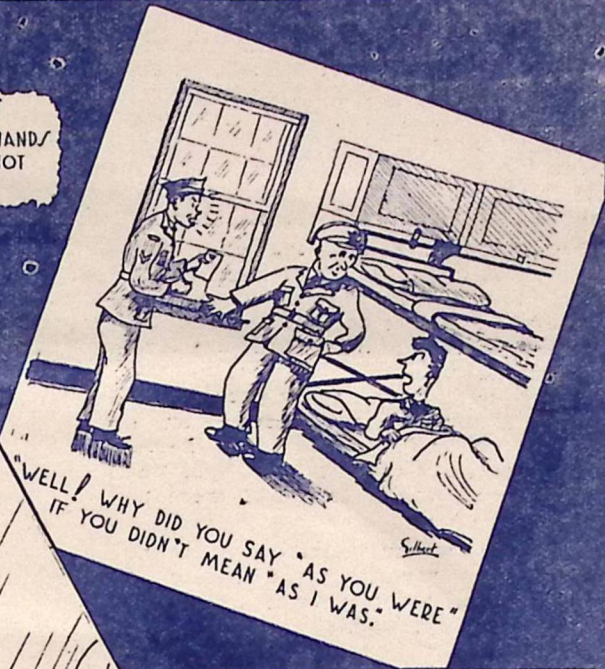
It is the duty of every Airman given a job to perform it to the BEST of his ability. The manner in which his work is done is reflected upon every man in the Tradesman's Unit—upon his Officer, who has expressed confidence in him by awarding responsibility—upon the N.C.O. who has issued instructions for the work—and, finally, but most important, upon himself, for he and none other is responsible for the attention and care—the PAINS—which will produce either good or bad work.

Personal feelings of any kind should not affect the work of any tradesman. Every member of an aircrew, regardless of personal attitude otherwise, knows that the team results of his crew can be no better than his individual efforts as part of that team, hence he must carry out his duties with extreme care to accomplish the collective mission, no matter how hazardous.

Remote as we are from the field of combat, we are still members of a similar team effort, and our careless attitude toward our work may reflect dangerously upon others of our team who are offering nothing but their very best.

No. 4's KARTOON KORNER

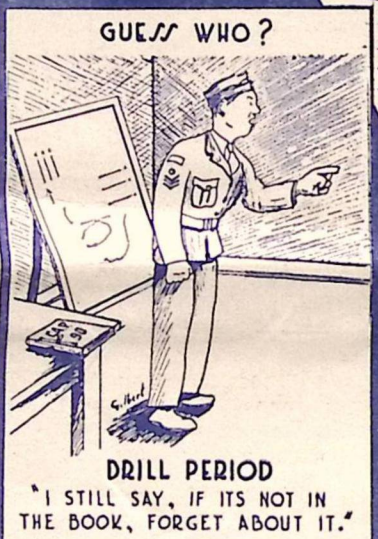
BLACKOUT
"HEY, TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF MY KNEE! NO, NOT YOU. YOU."



"WELL! WHY DID YOU SAY 'AS YOU WERE' IF YOU DIDN'T MEAN 'AS I WAS.'"

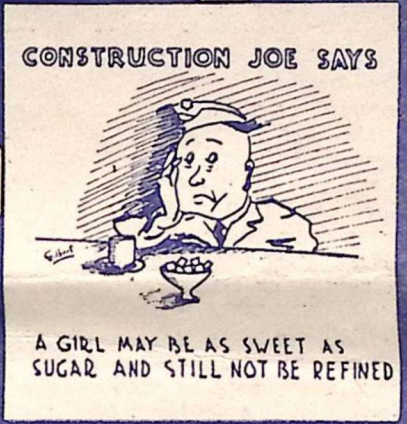


"BUT DADLING! ITS THE 'NEW' EDITION OF THE 'RAMBLER'."



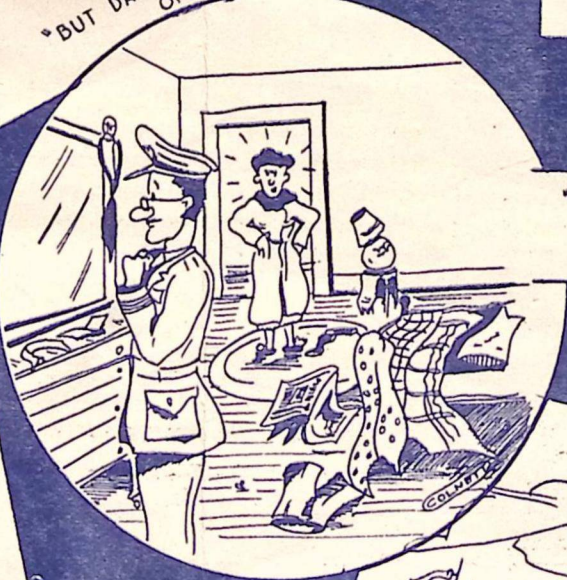
GUESS WHO?

DRILL PERIOD
"I STILL SAY, IF ITS NOT IN THE BOOK, FORGET ABOUT IT."

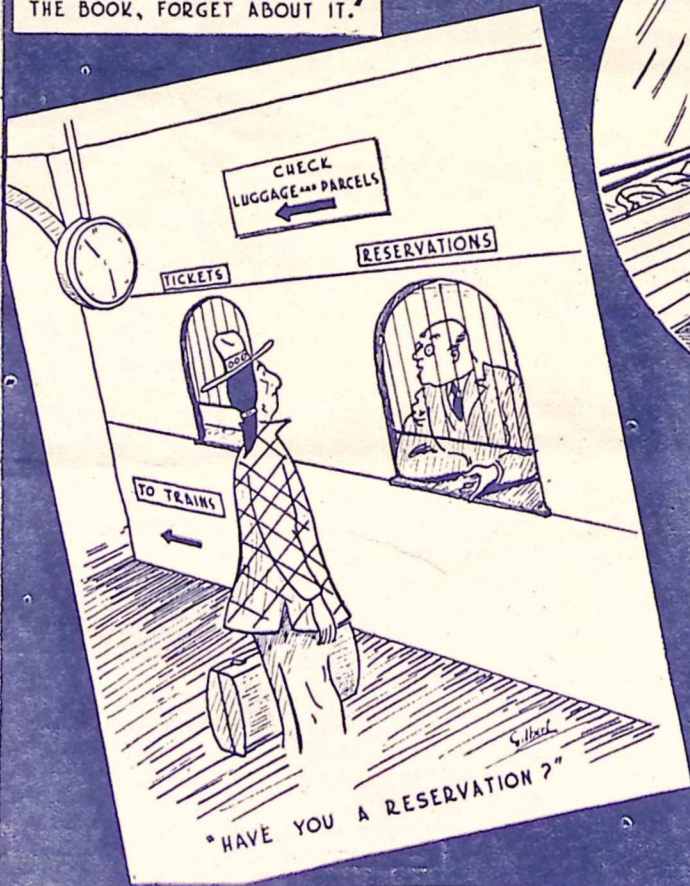


CONSTRUCTION JOE SAYS

A GIRL MAY BE AS SWEET AS SUGAR AND STILL NOT BE REFINED



WIFE:
"YOU'RE NOT GOING TO GO INSPECTING BARRACKS UNTIL YOU TIDY UP THIS ROOM!"



"HAVE YOU A RESERVATION?"



"YOU KNOW THAT PUTTING YOU ON KITCHEN FATIGUE DOES NOT REFLECT ON YOUR ABILITY AS A PILOT!"

COMMAND NOTES

By Cpl. B. Dickens

No doubt everyone noticed our column's conspicuous absence in the February issue of The Rambler. We realize that this unfortunate state of affairs must have had a very sad effect on the morale of our many readers, but we wish to point out that the whole thing was due to circumstances over which we had no control—and still haven't.

Those responsible are the ones who brought about this present scarcity of liquor, for after several attempts at piecing a few notes together it was decided that not one of the C.M.U. boys at Command (the term "boys" is used here very loosely) was capable of composing anything unless he was in a somewhat elevated state—or, in the words of one of Command's better known Corporals, "had a skinful." It was indeed a sorry plight, for there were no skinfuls to be had.

Incidentally, we trust there will be no ribald remarks regarding our method of gaining inspiration for previous articles. A horrible thought presents itself that you will conjure up visions of Murphy, Grant and yours truly taking a long pull at the bottle, then staggering over to our desk glassy-eyed and pale, to feverishly dash off another two or three lines for the column. This would be pure slander and a slight to our intelligence. Who would waste time staggering hither and yon when the bottle may be kept right at hand? So, hampered by the absence of a bottle, and the absence of news (our Command personnel are unaccommodating that way) we would explain, with particular reference to the first lack, our non-appearance in February.

Cpl. Bill Grant, as an instance, is one on whom we should be able to rely, but he is, unfortunately, happily married. Otherwise he should kick over the traces regularly—once a month, let us say—and provide us with some—er—interesting paragraphs. For months now this blissful condition of Grant's marital affairs has puzzled us at Command. It just wasn't standard practice among all our other acquaintances, many of whom seemed to be equally well endowed with those little grey cells as Bill—some, even, appearing to use theirs on the odd occasion. Recently, however, we had supper at Bill's place (no meal ticket, either and discovered the truth of the well-worn old saw about the short cut to a man's heart being through a detour by way of the stomach. Mrs. Grant is a very fine cook, Bill—and if anyone here thinks that we are throwing out hints, they're certainly on the right track!

W.O. 2 Murphy, respectfully called (censored), is also married. His news category, therefore, is almost as low as Grant's, although we feel that he could provide us with a lot of material if he could only be persuaded to talk. For instance, a rumor circulates about his being trapped for hours in the revolving door of the "Bay", in company with a lady shopper. Another thing—we hear that on evenings following "nights before", Cpl. Grant assists in the putting on of his coat, hat and rubbers and charts up a mean compass bearing for the exit door for him. No doubt idle rumors—but they should be refuted.

Another bright spot in our lives at Command recently was the appearance of two C.M.U. Electricians to alter the lighting in the Drafting Room. We watched hopefully as they swayed on the ladder, removing fixtures and replacing them. "Here," we thought, "is sure material for Command Notes". Something unusual seemed bound to happen—but nothing did! A fine job,

fellows, but you might have considered the news angle, too.

Before closing, we would like to warn anyone who is likely to be visiting the Drafting Room at some future date. Please don't be alarmed at what may appear to be W.D.'s at the drafting table—if you look closely (not too closely, of course) you will be relieved (perhaps) to see that they are the regular draftsmen clad in their new blue drafting smocks. Cute, we think. But wait till you see 'em.

Finally, we would like to bring your attention to a quaint ad, seen recently in the window of a Chinese laundry. A sign hangs there advising all and sundry:

"Don't kill your wife—let us do your dirty work."

COOL BREEZES

By Sgt. J. B. McLean

Last month we were so busy with our social life, and the odd job thrown in to justify our being here, that we found it impossible to dream up any drivel for this column. However, we'll try to make up for that this month by passing along a few of the highlights of our travels, keeping in mind the old saying that "A wise man says much and tells little." (Confucius—or was it Ah Fong?—said that? I dunno—maybe it was Ah Nuts!)

Our meanderings started with a return trip to Assiniboia and Mossbank, a trip in which Cpl. Bill Brooks and yours truly distinguished themselves no end, but I don't think we'll go back there as that country rouses the gypsy in us. The next hop was to Penhold, as you may have read about in last month's issue (incidentally, I deny all the allegations in that article) and I must say that certain phases of rationing have touched Penhold very lightly. After spending four very enjoyable hours in consuming beverage in a real pre-war atmosphere. I was tempted to inquire whether or not this little town really had declared war on the Axis.

In the meantime, Sgt. Vic Perssons had been travelling east as far as North Battleford, but, judging by his dejected appearance on his return, that trip wasn't so hot. Perhaps it was because he was so far East, yet remained in the West! Mind you, I have nothing against the West—as a matter of fact, every time I take a snoot of something for my cold, I raise my glass and say:

"I give you the West!" and I think that Vic and Bill would also give you the West—we'll take the East!

I'll sign off now as this typewriter is starting to smoke—whether in protest or agreement I don't know.

The fat lady had toured the town shopping and stopped in at an auction sale where she purchased a most magnificent vessel. It was the largest she or anyone else had ever seen; its size and the pink flowers around its middle made it fit for a bishop's bedroom. She didn't mind at all carrying it home unwrapped—in fact, she had to stop in at the fish store and it would be useful for carrying the fish home. So she marched in, and, setting it firmly on the counter, she pointed a commanding finger and wheezed: "Fifty cents a fillet." The fish store manager stared with bulging eyes and replied coldly: "Fifty cents ya don't ma'am!"

ENTERTAINMENT

By Cpl. "Don" Menzies

Having done a bit of browsing around over the week-end and listened to the general comments your correspondent comes to the conclusion that without exception one and all seemed to look favorably on our efforts to make our second dance, if not a gala affair, an all-round good time.

The size of our crowd did not come up to expectations and we were in doubt about success when at 9:45 o'clock a mere handful of No. 4 C.M.U. hopefuls had put in an appearance. However, from that time on more and more of our stalwarts arrived in various stages of sobriety. When I say various stages I completely ignore a certain Flight Sergeant and a Corporal most frequently seen in the Equipment Section.

We must certainly express our appreciation to Flight Lieutenant James' good wife who took over the catering duties and who was ably assisted by LAW, "Marion" Mitchell, Cpl. "Lee" Findley, Mrs. Spatari and the pride and joy of the Estimating and Costing Office, Miss Marge Tidball. Thanks a million, girls, for a swell job.

All in all, it was a gay night for our W.D.'s what with hotel rooms, civilian clothes, etc. (That "etc." covers a multitude of unknowns).

A spectacle which will be long remembered by those in attendance was the jitterbug contest, a feature attraction at any 4 C.M.U. brawl. Things really hit a new high Friday night as LAC. Spatari distributed those surplus pounds of his with care-free abandon to the far corners of the hall and came up the winner. The decision, being too tough for the judges who had also lost considerable poundage, was left to those present and LAC. and Mrs. Spatari emerged the victors over LAC. Phillion and Betty Murphy.

In the waltz contest competition was every bit as keen and once again our judges threw in the towel. Finally out of the half dozen couples who were giving their all, Sgt. and Mrs. "Bob" Prittie came through as the popular choice.

To those of you who were not in attendance we can only say that in our opinion a very good time was missed and we hope that you will be in a position to attend our next offering. This presentation will take place on May 5th in the form of a grand finale for our dances this season. It is hoped that we will be able to secure a larger hall and really go all out to make this a memorable occasion. Watch D.R.O.'s and the next issue of The Rambler for further announcements.

He: "Going my way, baby?"

She: "Sir, the public street is no place to accost a girl who lives at 215 Central Park Avenue, Circle 9-0412."

"Is this a good ship, Captain?"

"Why madam, this is her maiden voyage!"

Inebriated Hubby: "I just came straight home as the crow flies."

Wife: "So I see. And you stopped frequently for a little corn."

Sailor: "Do you serve women at the bar?"

Bartender: "Nope. Gotta bring your own."

Yank: "How's your good wife, Sultan?"

Sultan: "She's all right but the other forty-nine are more fun."

SPORTS

By "Chet"

No. 4 Bowlers are not so bad after all. When the pins were all counted after the Annual Calgary Five Pin Bowling Association Tournament, one of our teams had managed to come away with a small portion of the prize money. Captain of the winning team was Charlie Ball. Other team members were F/O. "Art" Forster, Frank Barclay, Les Bullard and Chet Wright. Had all team members been bowling like our top two men we undoubtedly could have walked away with all the silverware. F/O. Forster and Frank Barclay bowled as though inspired and fourth place in the "B" event with a prize of \$17.50 was worth going out after. Four teams were entered in the tournament and though we placed fourth in the "C" event also this place did not entitle us to any of the prize money in that event. Other bowlers in the tournament were Brian Dickens, Dick Ireland, Sid Elmer, Andy Gardiner, and "Holly" Hallgrimson.

League standings have changed somewhat from the previous month. Our new High Men's Single and High Three look pretty hard to beat and it looks as though Kirkpatrick is there for keeps. With only two evenings of bowling left standings are as follows:

Runways	23
Chumps	20
Angels	19
Chisellers	18
Alley Cats	17
Goose Eggs	17
Goons	16
Block Busters	14
High Men's Single: Kirkpatrick	346
High Lady's Single: Mrs. Mav Bullard	286
High Men's Three: Kirkpatrick	805
High Lady's Three: Mrs. Lil DeGrood	696
High Team Single: Chisellers	1104
High Team Three: Alley Cats	2954

One more hockey game has been played between the Officers and N.C.O.'s vs. the Airmen. Players were practically the same and once again the Airmen made a good job of really taking their seniors into camp, this time to the tune of 8 - 0. Once again the Commanding Officer had all the shots against him and turned in again a fine game though the score might indicate otherwise. Rumors have it that the Airmen are planning on picking up two teams between themselves for the next game. They say they are looking for some competition.

Modesty may be a virtue, but when you are trying to write a sports column about a wrestling match you never saw and the only person who can give you information is the winner, who turns out to be a modest fellow, then it is an annoying virtue. LAC. G. L. Hamilton wrestled on a card at Vulcan on March 15th. He committed himself as follows: "I wrestled Mel Stevens from Claresholm last nite. It was a 15-minute bout and I pinned him once in that time. If you want more information for your paper you can make it up yourself." Hamilton tips the scales at about 165 in spite of the fact that he may look like a little fellow. He has had lots of wrestling experience and one thing we do know about him is that he wrestled for about twelve years prior to enlistment at various bouts in northern Manitoba. He says he is a little soft right now but that he is getting into shape gradually. Oh, well! Maybe some day I'll see him wrestle, then I'll tell you how good he really is.

WILL CORRESPONDENTS PLEASE CORRESPOND?

An Editorial Staff is supposedly chosen for its erudition, and ability to rewrite and select materials for a publication. Sad to relate, many of our correspondents harbor the false impression that we are picked for our argumentative qualifications and our prowess in legging it around the Unit on the double during the "early twenties" of each month, trying to talk ourselves into material for an interesting issue that should have gone to press a week before. We'd love to correct this impression—hence this beef!

Our paper was intended to be printed for distribution on final pay parade every month. Only the first edition made the grade. During the production of succeeding publications, many an Editorial hair has acquired a silver tinge, and many more have given up entirely and silently wafted down to the tunic collar. Spare us, we beg, the youthful hue of our locks and the embarrassment of having our misshapen pates exposed to public ridicule! Let us not hear (for the ten-billionth time) that you were "too busy"; or that you "have no material". Anent this latter (we know, of course, about the former) if you don't feel that you can write them up, at least let us have your ideas—we'll arrange 'em!

During our rounds we find that several times each day from every section a real belly laugh threatens to dislodge the fixtures—and this also holds true for each night in barracks for the crews out on T/D. These jokes can't all be secret—make a note and send or hand them in.

Let's hear from you prior to the 15th of next month. We believe the paper is worth the effort. Excuse us now while we brush off several of those white hairs and start galloping for current material.

Ye Ed.

"How kind of you," said the W.D., "to bring me these flowers. They are so beautiful and fresh. I believe there is some dew on them yet!"

"Yes," stammered LAC. McAlpine, quite taken aback, "but I'm going to pay it off tomorrow!"

A true story is being told of a certain minister of the Gospel who is getting along in years, and whose memory is not as good as it used to be. He buried a woman member of his congregation, and some time later, when he met her daughter on the street, he forgot about the funeral and asked:

"And how is your mother standing the heat these days?"

LINE FORMS ON THE RIGHT

All Airmen, chum, are certain
To pass the Pearly Gate—
If this be true, "They also serve
Who only stand and wait!"

—A. W.

Editor, The Rambler:

Once again the gang is happy to send in its contribution to The Rambler; also to say "Hello" to the rest of the lads of No. 4 C.M.U.

The gang has sure been on the move this month—we have been to North Battleford, Swift Current, Claresholm, and Woodhouse, installing automatic heat controls on the hangar doors. We have certainly run into a variety of weather ranging from sub-zero blizzards, winds and snowstorms to almost summer weather.

We have had very good co-operation at all the stations and met some very fine chaps; also we heard quite a few new stories and gags, some of which we would like to pass on through The Rambler. As not quite "world travellers" and slightly over "twenty-one," we submit some of the gags and repartee heard in the Mess Halls:

"Slim" Claus (on his arrival in North Battleford): "You don't have to be crazy to come here, but it sure helps!"

"Stew" Cummings (in despair after tasting his soup): "Waiter, what is this?"

Waiter: "It's bean soup."

"Stew": "I don't care what it's been—what is it now?"

Bill Colquhoun: "Waiter, what the hell is this?"

Waiter: "Rabbit sausage."

Bill: "You got too much horse meat in it!"

Waiter: "No, sir; it's just 50-50."

Bill: "What do you mean—50-50?"

Waiter: "One rabbit—one horse!"

Dining Car Steward: "What would you like to eat?"

Johnny Flynn: "Have you frogs' legs?"

Dining Car Steward: "No, rheumatism makes me walk that way!"

Young W.D. (to garrulous old veteran): "Give the boys back their football—you're too old to make passes!"

Well, cheerio for this time.

Sgt. Hammond and his Gangsters.

MATCHED and HATCHED

MATCHED:

Cpl. Wright, C. J., to Miss Gladys Andersen.

HATCHED:

To LAC. Wotton, E., a son, Lloyd James.

To LAC. McNiell, W. H., a son, Howard Ernest.

To LAC. Chamberlain, H. M., a daughter, Carole Anne.

To LAC. Pederson, H. M., a daughter, Phyllis Gail.

IN MEMORIAM

We extend our sympathies to F/L. G. J. Hodgkinson on the recent death of his mother-in-law.

ACCOUNTS SECTION

By Cpl. Wright

F/O. "Art" Forster. The Officer in charge of the Accounts Section since No. 4 C. & M. Unit began. He comes from that sunburned city to the south-east, Medicine Hat. He is very interested in all sports and is a camera fan. Is also interested in some very beautiful pictures hung around the walls for the sake of "art". He has one fault, however, which everyone in the Unit dislikes—never yet has he overpaid anyone.

Sgt. "Jimmy" Peach. N.C.O. in charge of the Accounts Section. "Jimmy" came to No. 4 from 10 R.D. and if you wish to know what is meant by supernumary to W.D. establishment ask Jimmy and then duck. Besides being in charge of the section he looks after all equipment accounting for the Unit.

Sgt. "Fred" Lyons. "Fred" spent many months of his service life at No. 15 S.F.T.S. at Claresholm and for some unknown reason he seemed to like that remote station. He is well-known to all the boys who travel around the country here as he looks after all travelling claims. He has two answers for anyone who comes to the section. The first, the boys hate to hear: "It's not ready yet." The second brings a smile to all faces: "Pay parade at 4.30."

Cpl. "Chet" Wright. A Calgarian and proud of it. If you want to find him look under the nearest pile of invoices. If he's not there try Cpl. Clarke's desk in the equipment section. After that try the Engineering Office—then the workshops—then— If you still can't find him don't enquire any further.

LAC. "Bjorn" Hallgrimson. Holly hails from Winnipeg. At the moment he is recuperating from a trip home to see the wife and family. If you boys on the home units have a mistake in your pay see "Holly". He's the guy what done it.

ACI Bruce McDonald. "Mac" hails from Canada. If you want information about any Canadian city talk to "Mac", or better still, if you want to listen say: "Well, I think—" when Mac is around. He'll argue about anything but religion. He looks after pay accounts of personnel away from the Unit.

LAC. Fred Robinson. "Robie" has been on Temporary Duty from Swift Current for four months but now we are glad to say he has been posted to this Unit. He likes the idea of being on a R.C.A.F. station for a change, even if it does mean work. He got acquainted with many of the personnel from the Eastern Division while he was stationed at Swift Current.

LAC. "Bill" Kissick. "Bill" came to Accounts, a fugitive from the A. & G. S. crew at Airdrie. He decided to give up his tar kettle for an ink pot and his broom for a pen. He's the lad who keeps Canteen Accounts in order.

LAC. "Bob" Johnson. "Bob" is on Temporary Duty from No. 2 Wireless School. With half of our men at Wireless it was nice that they were kind enough to send one of their personnel to help us out in Accounts. "Bob" is seldom seen around the Accounts Office, however. He spends all his time checking vouchers or taking stock in the Equipment Section.

'EAR! 'EAR!

Old bottle of beer—old bottle of beer!
What grateful cheer to have you near;
And though you're dear, you make (I fear)
Me peer and leer, and brunt of jeer,
And shed a tear for yesteryear—
My eyes besmear—complexion blear—
In fact, it's clear you make me queer.
Yet joy is sheer when you are near,
E'en though you'll steer me to my bier—
Old bottle of beer—old bottle of beer!

PAINTERS' POINTS

The influence of color on human beings is instinctively felt, but we have no exact knowledge of the process.

The human eye can distinguish differences between some two million colors and shades, according to recent research work. So far, however, only slightly more than seven thousand colors and their shades have been tabulated, and English dictionaries list only about thirty-four hundred words for these seven thousand odd shades.

Hardly any part of the human language is so inexplicit and undeveloped as that part dealing with the naming of colors.

Of course, the expert painter sees and recognizes many more colors and hues than the layman. Experts in the field will understand each other from a spoken word, whereas others can find no satisfactory way to describe the color to which they wish to refer unless they are shown samples of the hues, covering broad limits, from which they are able to select by sight.

—LAC. Authier, C. E.

A Good Paint Recipe

Boys, if we ever get back to the farm, here's a good paint recipe, dating back to about 1810, which we might try:

"To one gallon of good milk add two dozen eggs and one lb. loaf sugar. Add sifted slaked lime (white) to bring the mixture to the proper consistency. It will be well to then run the whole through a paint mill to be sure that the coarse particles are dissolved."

The paint is to be used the same day as made. Notice the word "Recipe" above. In the light of our present use of the term, it seems very appropriate when associated with the three cake-batter ingredients employed in the making of this paint.

—LAC. Authier, C. E.

OUR HERITAGE

For such as this men lie in Flanders dust
That we might live, to glorify their trust
For love of this our fathers worked and
fought,
Upon these principles our heritage was
wrought.
For such as these we pledge our very all
That they may live, and love at "Freedom"
Call".

SO DO WE!

A Squadron Leader and two newly commissioned Pilot Officers were walking down the street. They met many A.C.'s and each time the senior officer saluted he muttered: "The same to you!"

The young officers' curiosity got the best of them, and one asked: "Why do you always say that?"

The Squadron Leader answered: "I was an A.C. once myself, and I know what they are thinking!"

HONEYES FROM THE HIVE

By Scruball

A certain Sergeant has requested that he be put on hangar trusses—claims qualification on the ground of so much experience at working with nuts.

Our civic steno says she might as well join the W.D.'s—she's beginning to awaken herself at 0300 hours muttering: "Markers Cover" - "Change Direction Left" - "Left Form." From what we hear, others are similarly afflicted.

What Corporal was still "up in the air" on Monday, after taking a familiarization flight on Saturday; and who said HE wasn't scared—Oh, no!

Have you heard that our W.D. Corporal has designs on a certain A.C. in a nearby M. T. Section? Saves walking, anyway, doesn't it, Corporal?

What Flight Sergeant always has to make an inspection trip to Regina every other week? 'Tis rumored there is some attraction other than keen interest in duty. What about it, Flight?

Cpl. Ball wishes to advise all personnel that he is not re-mustering to "Painter". Therefore has no need for Peanut wrappers.

Seen in D.R.O.'s for March 22, 1944:

Daily Fatigue Duties

L.A.C. Clapham, Bear, Rasmussen.

We read 'em out quick-like, and got a dirty look from the steno. Women are hard to understand!

Did you know: Grandma is FOXY because he's too old to be a WOLF?

Certain Flight Sergeant claims to have once won a cribbage tournament. Certain Corporal, now his partner, wants to know how come so many other people could play that badly.

* * *

He: "Let's create a disturbance."

She: "You'll have to marry me first."

Lovely Secretary: "Will you let me have next week's pay in advance?"

Boss: "No, I promised my wife I wouldn't make any advances to you."

* * *

Do you send your RAMBLER home when you've finished reading it? It will probably convey more news to the "home folks" than your letters. If the items concerning you personally are too—well, pertinent—you can always write home and deplore that "there was no issue of The Rambler this month!"