



RAMBLER

Vol. 1, No. 6

CALGARY, ALBERTA

April, 1944

We've Rung The Bell, Let's Keep It Ringing!

Once again the personnel of No. 4 C.M. Un't have demonstrated their faith in the future of Canada by oversubscribing our Sixth Victory Loan quota of Twenty Thousand dollars. In the previous loan our quota was Ten Thousand dollars, which was passed easily, and this might have led one to expect that the new quota could be reached without any trouble, but, since the last loan, we have lost approximately one-quarter of our personnel through posting, which makes our showing really remarkable. I suppose we might be justified in sitting back now, secure in the belief that we had done our part. but the campaign is still going on. The slogan this time is "Put Victory First" and that means more than buying all the bonds that you can afford. It means denying yourself other things that on the surface seem important, and putting every dollar you have into Victory. Surely we, who are so close to the training program, have a greater conception of the cost of total war than any civilian possibly could have. In the last issue of the Rambler the benefits of Victory Bonds were pointed out and it should not be necessary to reiterate them. Sufficient to say that they are still the best and safest investment that it is possible to make, both from the standpoint of returns on your money and also doing a little more to bring this struggle to a successful conclusion.

RING THE BELL

~~20,000~~

19,000.	18,000.
17,000.	16,000.
15,000.	14,000.
13,000.	12,000.
11,000.	10,000.
9,000.	8,000.
7,000.	6,000.
5,000.	4,000.
3,000.	2,000.
1,000.	

LET'S HIT OUR OBJECTIVE!

Buy VICTORY BOND



RAMBLER

Published in the interests of No. 4 Construction and Maintenance Unit, R.C.A.F.
By kind permission of the Commanding Officer, Squadron Leader F. C. Manning.

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Published at the end of each month. Deadline for copy 15th of month.
Distributed free to Unit personnel.

FORD PRINTING CO., 709 FIRST STREET EAST, CALGARY

EDITORIAL CORNER

Personnel of No. 4 C.M.U. have known an unpleasant experience since the last edition of THE RAMBLER—that of saying “Good-bye” to those of our fellows who have recently been posted to other Stations. Fellows with whom we have worked and played; argued and laughed; with whom we have exchanged sympathies for our individual troubles, or congratulations on our respective successes; fellows who were not only our friends—fellows who belonged to our Unit!

It is well known that any Unit, while we are in it, is the most disparaged of all Units; and, conversely, any to which we expect a posting must necessarily be a better one. Those who are posted profess a glowing anticipation; those remaining feel constrained to curse our lack of “luck!” At least, these opinions may be gathered from listening to the usual conversations flowing around our barracks of late. We know it does not even remotely suggest disloyalty—it is, very likely, a combination of the “green distant pastures” adage and every good service man's determination never to admit that he is otherwise than abused. For we further believe that for every displeasing contact each of us may have made in the Unit, most of us may count a hundred pleasing ones; that against every miserable hour spent we may probably balance many enjoyable days. Every one of the fellows posted out from No. 4 C.M.U. may feel assured of leaving at least fifty friends behind who are saying “Good-bye and good luck”—only perhaps phrasing it in more traditional Airforce style.

May The Rambler, on behalf of the Unit, also extend its farewell and blessing, with the hope that every “postee” will enjoy life on his new Station; together with the modest anticipation that each of our departing friends may, at some date not too far distant, raise his first (or tenth) glass and muse dreamily to one of his new comrades “Now, you take when I was at No. 4 C.M.U.—there were some good guys there” . . . Ah, well, c'est la guerre.

In addition to the loss of many friends generally, The Rambler has lost two old and valued ones in particular. If you have looked at the Editorial staff listed above, you will have noticed a new Editor's name. Sgt. McLean is among those missing, and The Rambler has been deprived of its pioneer guide. Our paper was among the earliest of similar publications, and we have no reason to feel other than proud of its initial or succeeding issues. The progress in any publication is practically entirely due to its Editor, hence the success of The Rambler may be largely credited to “Mac”, or “Jack”, or any of those other affectionate but unprintable names which were answered to by the Sarge. The best we might wish any Unit to which he is posted is that it commence a publication and put Sgt. McLean in charge.

In addition to its Editor, The Rambler has lost the creator and producer of “Kartoon Korner”, that page which has, by every critic, been pronounced to be “one of the best.”

This is Cpl. Gilbert; genial, diligent, and possessed of a rare combination of virtues—ability plus active interest. No one ever had to ask “Gil” if his page was ready at press time—it just always was, and this despite his quaint contention that “he wasn't a cartoonist!” Had The Rambler accomplished nothing other than revealing his latent talent, it would not have been in vain. So we say to both Mac and Gil, “Happy landings, and thanks for a swell job!”

On other pages of this issue you will see general information concerning the rehabilitation of returned ex-servicemen. This is presented in question and answer form, and is authoritative. You can neither discuss policy constructively, nor plan your own future intelligently, unless you thoroughly understand the set-up being arranged for you. **YOU ARE VITALLY CONCERNED—READ THIS INFORMATION.**

Lastly, ye new Ed. would like to confide that he feels like an AC2 suddenly being called to take over for a WO1, with regard to his new job. He earnestly solicits the co-operation of each and every one in the Unit to help in keeping The Rambler progressive, original, and distinctive.

THANKS.

Entertainment

By Cpl. Don Menzies

Once again a No. 4 C.M.U. dance holds the spotlight for this month in this Department. We seem to have gotten in sort of a rut as the dance this time, as always, proceedings took place at the same place, same time, on the night of April 14th.

This month's dance was held by the Bowling League of the Unit and ably assisted (financially) by the Recreation Committee. The Bowling League completed their activities for the season with a fairly good bank balance and instead of holding a banquet for the bowlers decided to sponsor a dance for all members of the Unit. A very fine gesture and one which was well appreciated.

During the evening the Bowling Trophy donated by Manning-Egleston Lumber Company Ltd. was presented to the winners, namely, the “Goons.” In the absence of the team captain, Cpl. “Dick” Ireland, the presentation was made to Sgt. Hrudey. (Dick's absence has thus far gone unanswered, but there have been rumors). Also presented were the cash prizes for individual and team competitions. For full information I refer you to the Sports Column.

Those responsible for the fine food included Mrs. “Jock” Hogarth, Mrs. “Mae” Bullard, Mrs. “Lil” De Grood, Mrs. Walker and Mrs. Day. Also seen around the kitchen all afternoon (don't become alarmed, he wasn't working) was Mrs. Davidson's little boy “Ray.” Anyway, girls, with the handicap of the aforementioned young man it was a good job well done and many thanks.

The usual Jitterbug and Waltz competitions all added to the fun, with a couple of spot dances thrown in for good measure. Those emerging as the winners included “Lil” and “Dutch” De Grood (Jitterbug contest). F/L “Sid” Elmer and “Phil” Brotherton (Waltz competition). “Winnie” Lowe and Cpl. “Chet” Wright, LAW “Marion” Mitchell and LAC “Lorne” Marks were the big winners in the spot dances.

All in all it was a great night and a good time was had by all, for which our many thanks go out to the Bowling League and its committee.

A little advance information goes out in the form of a tip to mark your calendar well for May 26th, and keep that date open, as the Dance Committee is now planning a gala affair to close off our dances for the season. This dance to be open to all personnel and their friends.

THE PLACE—The Al Azhar Temple.

THE BAND—Jerry Fuller.

THE DATE—May 26th, 1944.

DON'T MISS IT!

Editor, the Rambler:

My family and I wish to extend, through the Rambler, our heartiest thanks to the Commanding Officer, Officers and Airmen of No. 4 C.M.U. for their kind co-operation and assistance during Mrs. Morash's illness last month.

Cpl. MORASH.

It is in troublesome times that we have the opportunity to prove our interest in our fellow Airman. We are sure the entire Unit joins us in being glad that Mrs. (and brand-new) Morash are now in good health again.—Ed.



ORIGINAL RAMBLER EDITORIAL STAFF

Back (left to right)—Sgt. Prittie, Cpl. Findlay, F/O Forster, Cpl. Menzies.
 Front (left to right)—Cpl. Wright, Sgt. McLean, Cpl. Gilbert.

Our W-Dees

Since the arrival of a tall, "handsome" F/Sgt. Foreman of Works, a certain W.D. Corporal has left the rest of No. 4 C.M.U. out in the cold. Oh, well, with summer approaching her coolness will probably be to our advantage, and who knows, maybe he'll be posted out by next winter.

We really miss the drill lectures given by Charlie and Davy since they were posted out. Why a person can almost hear themselves think in the Costing Department nowadays. We thought the last of the wolves had left when Cpl. Davidson was posted, but we are beginning to worry about this AC that issues passes. You fellows had better watch your step when you apply for 48's—they say he issues a pass for a girl's phone number (how else could he bring six girls to a dance at No. 3 S.F.T.S.?)

We hear that Lee was trying to play cupid between one of our W.D.'s and her friend from No. 3. Trust her—she probably wanted to see them with a happy little home so she would have a place to spend her 48's.

What W.D. is always grumbling about the short men in the Unit and was heard to remark when a new AC went through the Equipment Section. "Gosh the more they come, the shorter they are!"

There's supposed to be quite a heavy fine for blackmail these days, so one of the sergeants from the Costing Department better refrain from taking girls from the office out to dinner.

If you know of anyone who wants to learn how to ride horseback, Lee and Marion are going one of these days and would be very willing to give them an exhibition.

RANKS—DEFINITIONS AND DUTIES (C.M. Units Only)

A Flight Sergeant's rank has comparative swank—
 The Officers his sole superior,
 From whom he gets directions re work and inspections.
 To push them down to his inferior:

The Sergeant, whose state carries not so much weight—
 He must the Flight's wishes attend to,
 He (in secret) makes light of both orders and Flight
 But commands he is certain to send to:

The Corporal, whose showing is not very glowing—
 Both Sergeants and Flights he gives heed to,
 He deplores they're unlearned (while his knowledge is spurned)
 Yet passes their orders, at need, to:

The LAC's; these are of lesser degree
 Since Corporals they must take commands of—
 They cuss all N.C.O.'s for atrocious poor shows
 And pass most of the word to the hands of:

The AC1's; who listen (while inwardly hissing)
 To all—LAC's up to Flights,
 And they bless 'em all out, yet they turn 'round to shout
 To the only ones left with no rights:

The AC2's; here are the Joes without peers,
 Getting orders until each is dizzy—
 Each cusses and glowers at all of the Powers,
 But he leads a clean life, for he's busy!
 N.B.—'Tis said Adolph's tears have a copious flow
 As he ponders work done by Construction Hand Joe!

A. W.

Truss Tidings

It is high time the rest of the boys at No. 4 C.M.U. heard something from the truss gangs—hitherto, no doubt, too modest to force themselves to the front, or, maybe, too tired! Our work is so monotonous that nothing further need be said about it, but usually there are interesting "goings-on" in the stations where we are attached for temporary duty.

For instance, how many of the C. & M.'ers know that No. 37 S.F.T.S. is no more? We ask again, how many? We are now attached, not to No. 37 S.F.T.S., but to No. 2 A.G.T.S.—Aircrew Graduate Training School, to you. When we first came here we had much difficulty to understand the language of the R.A.F. boys and then, just when we were able to grasp a word here and there, they departed for parts unknown. Blimey! Now, since the new staff has arrived from the "East", we are all considering taking six easy lessons in French—we all praise their art of the "cuisine" (slinging hash, in Canadian) as compared with the lesser knowledge as exhibited by the R.A.F. Yes, even though we of the truss gang are, in majority, true Westerners!

And, brothers, if you think you are hard done by with your drill periods, just slip over here and spell us off at saluting several hundred Pilot Officers who have just invaded this camp to finish their training!

Cpl. Travers and the Nut Gang.

What's In A Name?

The other DAY, since none had thought to WARNER, I took HANNA strolling WOODWARD in 4 C.M.U. She is a PEACH, PRITTIE as the DICKENS. I think she's from IRELAND, or WALES, maybe she's a SCOTT. I'm not LYON when I say I thought 'twas FINE she accented me as her SPOONER, since I'm no LAMB. I'm a poor WALKER, and more of a CROSSMAN than a GOODMAN, and she is no YOUNG TROLLOPE—in fact, she is a CHRISTIAN of NOBLE WIRTH, while I DRINKALL I can get my CLAUS on. So we went FRISKEN over the HILL, first NORTHEAST, then DOWNWARD to the DANCE HALL at the TOWNSEND. Here I got a raw DIEHL, the exSPENCE was half a BUCK! Some PRICE! However, it was a good GAMBLE, they were GIFFIN out with the ELMER song, and to tell a SECRET, I almost got RASH! But I'd sooner be WRIGHT than President, so, after MILNE around and admiring the MAPPIN her, I took her OLIVE the way down by the BROOKS, resolved not to KIDD any MOORE. With me MANNING a canoe in the rushing WATERS, trying not to CLYDE with another craft, she said, "This is a GRANDE DODGE, let's do it again to-MORROW!" I became badly SMITTON, and promised to HUNTER a BEAR the first day the weather wasn't too COLE. I tried to NEALE in the canoe, and soon LAY in the FLOOD! She said, "Your ARMSTRONG method BURNS me up—Home, JAMES! So, after BEECHING the craft, I undertook to SHEPARD her home, only pausing for some HAMMOND eggs. I tried to STEEL a kiss, but she said, "You'll have to HOOPER up with someone else!" BROWN as I am, I turned WHITE, and said, "Can't we make HAY while the sun shines? Don't POTTER around so!" But she answered, "Go ring a BELL or shoot a CANNON, HAGGART, SHORTEN unhandsome!"

A. W.

SPORTS

By "Chet"

The No. 4 C. & M. Bowling League wound up for the year with the playoffs for team prize money taking place on April 12th. The first four teams played off for the first prize money of \$10.00 and the other four teams competed for the Consolation prize of \$5.00. In the first event of the night Cpl. "Dick" Ireland's "Goons" defeated the Runways to win the bowling trophy donated by S/L Manning. Cpl. "Jock" Hogarth's "Chumps", however, were too much for the "Goons" in the playoff for the prize money and they went home feeling very happy with themselves. Besides defeating the league leaders they had that cheque for \$10.00. Winners of the Consolation prize were F/Sgt. Barclays "Alley Cats." At the Station dance sponsored by the Bowling League in conjunction with the Recreation Committee prizes were presented to the following lucky winners.

Other Team Awards

High Three Games of Season (\$10.00)—Alley Cats (Capt., F/Sgt. Barclay).
High Single Game of Season (\$5.00)—Goose Eggs (Capt., Cpl. Davidson).

Ladies' Awards

High Average—Mrs. "Lil" DeGroot, 75 games of 84. Average 171.
High Three Games (\$3.00)—Mrs. "May" Bullard. Total 668.
High Single Game (\$1.00)—Miss "Marg" Tidball, 246.

Men's Awards

High Average (\$5.00)—Cpl. "Charlie" Ball, 81 games of 84. Average 200.
High Three Games \$3.00)—LAC Kirkpatrick, 856.
High Single Game (\$1.00)—Cpl. A. S. James, 337.

In awarding the prizes, no individual was given more than one prize, and to be eligible for high average the players had to have bowled in at least 60% of the games.

The following is a list of the final averages of those who bowled in at least fifteen games during the season.

Final Averages

Player	No. of Games	Average
Davidson	33	222
Kirkpatrick	30	218
Ball, C. A.	81	200
James	51	189
Pratt, L.	42	189
Bullard, Len	74	184
Madge	30	182
Gardiner	75	181
Drinkall	15	180
Allen, B.	30	178
Bullard, Mrs.	45	178
Ireland	81	177
Forster, A. P.	63	177
Wright, C.	57	177
Hallgrimson, B.	69	175
Elmer, S.	63	175
Spencer	18	175
Dickens	57	173
Hogarth, J.	78	172
De Groot, Lil.	75	171
Barclay	75	170
Day, J. S.	27	165
Creighton	18	164
Friskin	39	158
Stolash	36	157
Menzies	56	156
Hooper	45	156

Laing	18	156
De Groot, B.	63	154
Thorsell	69	150
Gell	39	149
Peach, J.	45	148
Rash	24	148
Hrudey, N.	63	147
Hollis, Mrs.	60	140
Hollis, F.	54	139
Milne	15	138
Matheson, A.	21	136
Lyons, J.	27	134
Tidball, Miss	72	132
Walker, J.	24	131
Gilbert	51	127
Hogarth, Mrs.	60	119
Day, Mrs.	18	105
Mitchell, Miss	44	104
Walker, Mrs.	24	104

Taking everything into consideration the Bowling League was a definite success and no other sport can quite take its place as it was enjoyed by such a large number of the unit personnel throughout the season. Wednesday night at bowling was an evening that most of us looked forward to and we will certainly miss it.

"Fast-Ball" is the sport we will be watching from now on and there is every indication that No. 4 C. & M. will be able to field a good team to represent them in any league.

Two tournaments, one in Table Tennis and the other in Cribbage, are now in progress in the Recreation Room, and one has just been completed in Table Football. Winners of this event were Sgts. Pritt'e and McLean. These two took every match in two games straight and came through the tournament without losing a match. Rumour has it that these two are great "money players" but that is where their greatness ends. Since the tournament they have been unable to turn in a single win.

LAC Hamilton has turned in another win for No. 4 C. & M. at the wrestling card held April 13th at No. 8 B. & G., Lethbridge. In the bout, which was a 20-minute limit affair, with professional rules governing, Hamilton took two falls out of three to emerge the winner. Mould won the first fall, but after LAC Hamilton got used to the idea of wrestling with a sergeant he came through to take the next two. He says there was a certain satisfaction to putting the sergeant in his place. Hamilton will probably be having a return match with Sgt. Mould in Calgary on May 20th, and we hope to see him in action then. There has been some controversy over whether an apology is due Hamilton or not. In the last issue of the "Rambler" we stated Hamilton had wrestled in Manitoba. The truth is that he is a "Bluenose." He wrestled for six years in Nova Scotia and six years in Ontario. You can judge whether an apology is due to Hamilton or whether we were doing him a favor.

LAC Morrison went into the barber shop after a heavy day wielding a kalsomine brush and slumped down into the chair. "Gimme a shave," he said. The barber told him he was too far down in the chair for a shave. "All right, all right," said Jim wearily, "Gimme a haircut!"

One of those life-of-the-party boys was becoming a bore when the lights suddenly went out. He cracked: "How do you like the blackout?" From somewhere out of the inky stillness came a voice: "On you, it's becoming!"

Buy War Savings Certificates regularly—and save them.



The Unit lost one of the old stalwarts recently with the death of LAC Earl, N. R., who passed away after a short illness. Nile was a conscientious worker and very popular with his fellow airmen. His passing is deeply regretted and our sympathy goes to his family in their bereavement.

Did You Know That-

A letter has been received from No. 8 B. & G. School, Lethbridge, extolling the sportsmanship of all who took part in the recent Station tournaments. Our LAC Hamilton was one of the contestants who came out on top after a hard wrestling match.

LAC "Mac" McAlpine spent an evening in Whitehorse with Jean Parker, the glamorous moving picture star. We don't think that Miss Parker offered Mac a screen test, but could be.

The former Cpl. Miller, one of the originals in the Estimating Department, graduated recently as a commissioned Air Gunner. Nice going, Roy, or should I say P/O Miller.

Eighty of our personnel were recently posted to No. 9 C. & M. Unit for urgent work on the N.W.S.R. We were sorry to see them go, but "C'est la guerre."

We started a question box in the paper some time ago for the benefit of those who sought information on service matters. Let's have some more questions and we'll answer them.

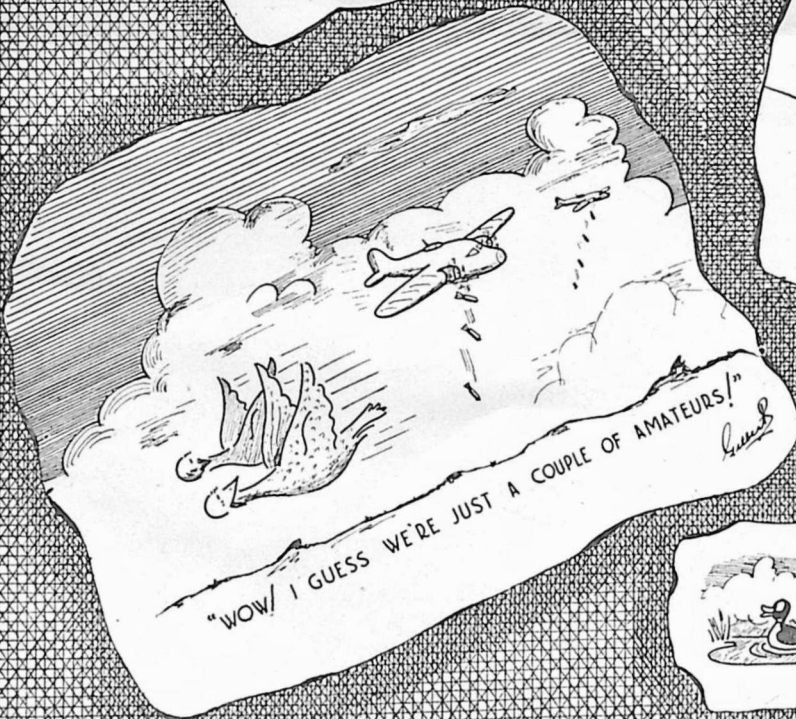
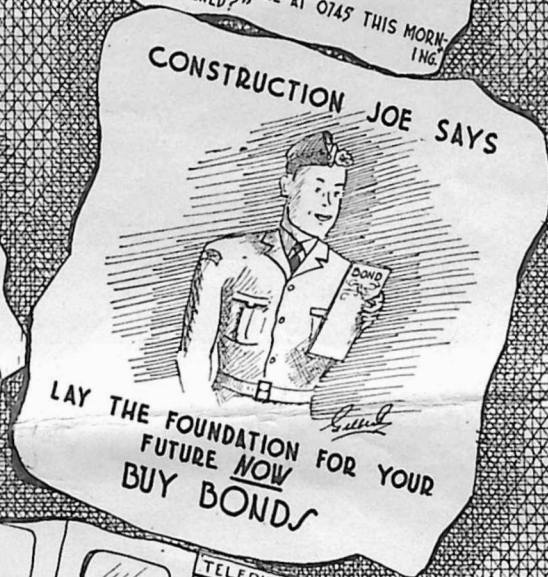
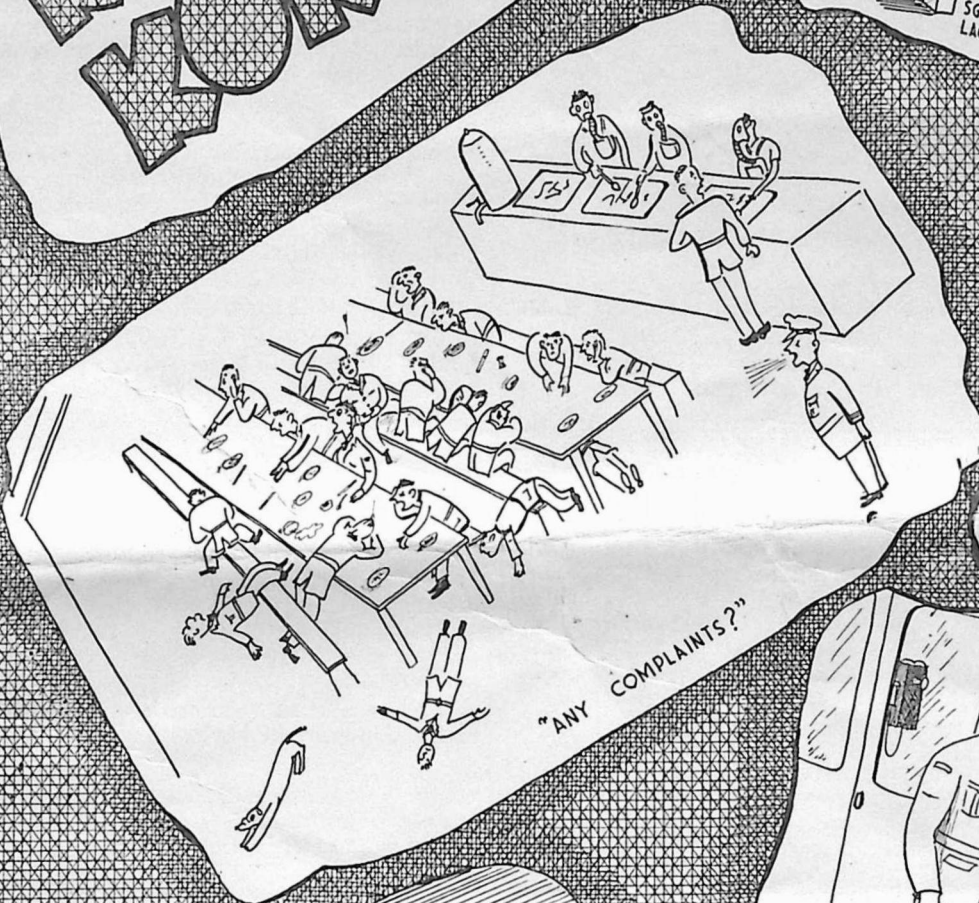
The American Congress has a bill before it providing bonuses up to \$5,000.00 for returning service men. It seems that those of our Yank brethren who are fortunate enough to return are in danger of being killed with kindness. Guess we're lucky, after all.

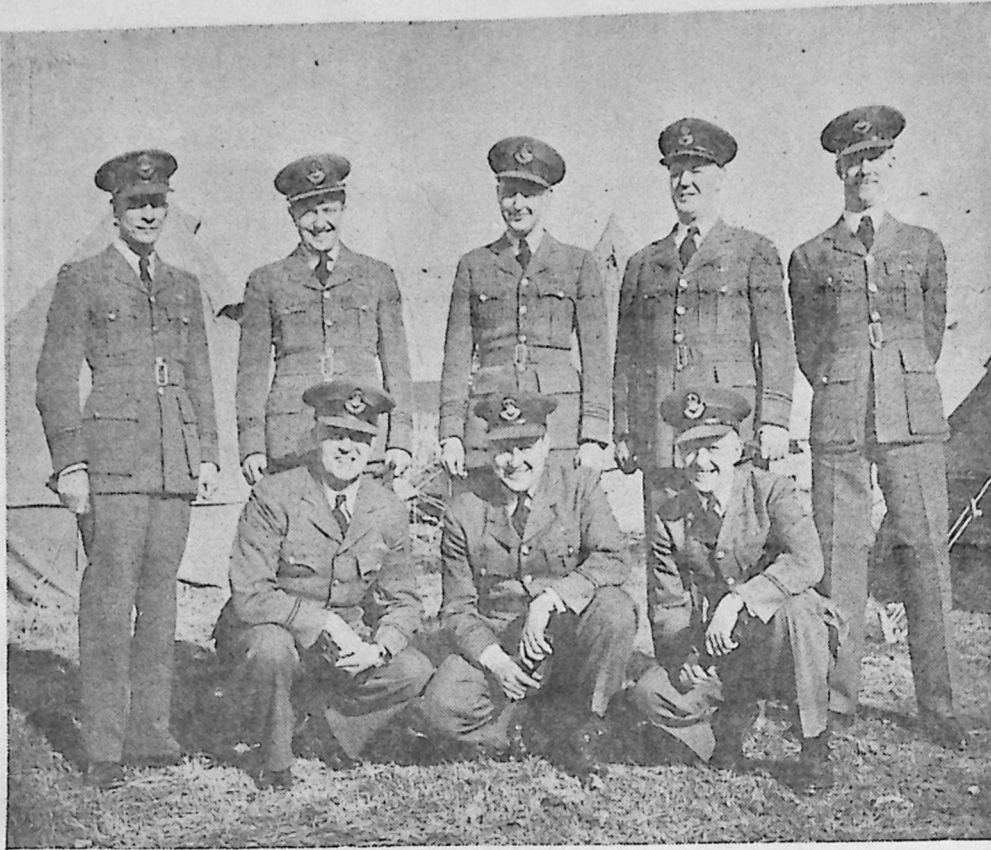
LAC D'llman: "Do you know that a cat has nine lives?"

LAC Franssen: "Yes. But do you know that a frog croaks every minute?"

Be careful about that face you see in the mirror each morning. You may not see it again all day; but others will.

NO. 4 KARTOON KORNER





BACK ROW, left to right—F/L J. D. Turner, S.E.L.; F/L J. P. James, Buildings Engineer; S/L F. C. Manning, Comm. Officer; F/L M. M. Swanston, Roads & Runways Engineer; F/L G. J. Hodgkinson, Adjutant.

FRONT ROW, left to right—F/O W. M. Brooks, now W. & B. Officer No. 2, B. & G.; F/O H. G. Pratt, now No. 11 E. D., Calgary; F/O A. P. Forster, S.A.O.

Equipment Quips

By LAC George Hill

We cordially greet F/L Turner who comes to us via Gander Bay, Moncton, and Command Headquarters. Our sad adieus have been bidden to F/O Pratt, who has left us for No. 10 Repair Depot. Since being attached to the Unit from its inception, Cpl. Jim Clarke, too, has made his departure to be received by No. 3 "M" Depot: there to renew those friendly feuds with "discip" Sergeant Service. The L.P.O. mantle now rests on a local "cow-towner" LAC Bruce. Yet another has made his exit, LAC Phillon.

In our midst, on T.D., we have some newcomers. There's Sgt. Smith, a likeable sort of chap, except he has too much in common with Sgt. Prittie, for they both hail from fog-bound, rain-soaked Vancouver. Sgt. Vang, alas, domiciled all his life on the prairies, now has become just as bald. LAC Haverstock, though reared in the West, forsook it, now considers Ontario his home. His all consuming passion is to get back to Canada and attempt to slake his insatiable thirst on draught after draught of Labatts. Little can be said of "Whitie" White except for his over-indulgence on chawing and smoking a rank cigar as he flops on his bunk after filling his belly at the Mess. From No. 4 I.T.S. is LAC Harris. Talking and working with him prompts us to ask, can any good thing come out of Edmonton? Perhaps "Harry" can get his answer from fellow-townsmen, Sgt. Hrudey.

Via the grapevine, the Unit's gossip is, the Equipment Section has taken on the appearance of a prairie schoolhouse. Take it from me, a "scholar", there's a heap of truth in it. A visit to the Section for your-

self, but it must be made during school hours, will verify it.

At a glance one sees desks neatly arranged, one behind the other, meticulously. On the front wall is a notice-board resembling a blackboard in miniature. Who presides as teacher over this bright-looking class? Only such a one could as "owlish" P.P. Pedant Prettie.

Periodically, as at all schools, a visit is made by the School's Inspector. Here he comes in the person of the C.O. As the door swings open announcing his august presence, P.P. dramatically wrenches his ill-smelling pipe from between clenched teeth and thunderously bellows, "Room, Attention." LAW Mitchell very much startled, with irksome difficulty manages somehow to unwind her shapely "gams" from the chair rungs, while the rest of us quickly extricate ourselves from studious postures, shuffle and scuffle to a rigid attention. Here we stand awaiting our cue, "Carry on," to which we happily resume our work and comparative ease.

None as yet has had to put his hand up and snap his fingers in an urgent endeavor to attract P.P.'s attention and politely ask to leave the room. "Supposing I should," says Marty Fine, "he'd probably ask me, 'For what are recesses?'"

At the rear of the class F/L Turner superbly plays his role of "schoolmaster," isolated though he be from the rest of us by numerous rectangular panes of glass. If we need reprimanding, he does it with severity, and how! In seeking his advice, he imparts it gracefully.

So it is, the Section from day to day carries on, happiest when the hands of the clock read 5 p.m., announcing "school's out." What sweet release!

Do Unto Others

We often wonder where the lad is now who used to remove his shoes at the front door of his home to avoid disturbing the household when he came in late at nights. He didn't join a C.M.U.—or if he did, he's changed, brother, how he has changed!

Maybe it's him, after all, that comes into the barracks now, at or after 0200 hours, stamps through the hut, kicks ashtrays around, drops coat-hangers, bangs his locker door, growls out a few bars of the most popular inane ditty in a futile but resounding imitation of Sunatra, and then announces loudly to all and sundry (who don't care a damn about him except that mostly they are praying silently that he will be immediately stricken by a heart attack) that he thinks he will take a shower.

The wash-room revives his flagging spirits, and he really works out the vocal chords. This is possibly because he feels lonely, what with everyone else sleeping—or trying to! And yet he dislikes too much company, for the same morning when reveille time arrives, he may be seen glowering at all his companions who are rising before breakfast—at times he even gets so disgusted that he covers his head, although this may be consideration of the other fellows' feelings—so that they won't hear him cursing them for disturbing his rest.

We often wonder further if barrack life couldn't be greatly improved for all, at very little individual effort, if we each remembered the consideration for others we used to show at home. And we wonder if it wouldn't be well worth a try. How about it, fellows?

AC1 McDonald says his favorite song is "No love—no nothing", because it's easy to see that it must have been especially written for C.M.U. personnel.

Things are never quite so black as the pessimist pictures them, nor so rosy as the optimist paints them.

And we heard this, with our own ears, in the Canteen last week: "Have one on me!"

LAC B. W.

THE M.T. LAMENT

As I leave my room each morning
I take my pillow from my bed
And I place it on my truck seat—
And it's not to soothe my head!

Oh, these rocky roads of town
Are tearing me apart:
If I don't soon get posted
I'm sure they'll break my — heart!

My M.T. 5 they give me;
"Get these drivers' orders signed—
D'you shine your brass this morning?
You did nothing of the kind!"

The duty run is late again,
The driver's on parade;
The Adjutant is waiting
Oh, can't we get some aid?

The Y-man wants a wagon
To move the picture-show.
There's no one else to take it,
So here comes little Jo!

In spite of all our beefing
We carry right on through—
Remember when you're waiting
We have a lot to do.

By LAC Wearmouth in "SLIPWAY."

For Corporals Only

Corporals, being as a rule of an ascetic, sensitive disposition, yet so frequently victims of various affronts and indignities, quite often become afflicted with a mental disorder which is scientifically referred to as a "Frustration." The fact need not be discussed here that some of the other ranks employ a lay term of a very fundamental and vulgar nature to describe this malady. However, this psychological disturbance may be controlled by diligent concentration on one great objective. I offer here the cure which has proved effective in my own case.

During the first, distant days at Manning Depot I was paraded to see a movie purporting to show what, and how, members of the R.C.A.F. were fed. Vivid pictures were shown of delicious vegetables and succulent meats, flanked by steaming coffee and thick soups which only partly concealed colorful desserts stacked high behind: each savoury article in its respective delicatessen china container, on beautifully decorated small tables, at which blissful Airmen and Airwomen sat ecstatically wolfing the luring vitamins, minerals, proteins and carbohydrates which I could see coyly peeping out from every portion of the food; these gluttons only pausing occasionally to beckon to the hovering white-coated Joes who leaped like hares to see that each and every diner was given an uninterrupted supply of the banquet.

I sat watching, and congratulating myself on having joined the Airforce. Of course, we weren't getting such fare or service at Manning Depot, but I knew the reason for this! Disciplinary, of course! - What was the purpose of a Manning Depot, anyway? Well (the Corporal himself told us) discipline, naturally! So I happily carted my heavy white plate around (on which the vegetables and meats were of a strangely drab and civilian hue and texture) and burned my fingers on a thick cup which had long since been deprived of its handle in some losing skirmish during pearl diving operations. But I didn't forget that movie! I yearningly anticipated a posting to another station, where I would surely encounter the feasts of the pictures.

Eventually, I was posted. My initial disappointment was great when I eagerly sought the Mess, but again was passed the four-pound plate, in company with the cup—sans handle—and further food that couldn't seem to quite realize it was Airforce, not civilian. But I took myself in hand, reflecting, "Who am I to expect such royal treatment? A mere Acey-Deuce! So I will strive, and slave, and overcome all obstacles—I will become a Corporal! THEN will I be admitted to that Eden of gourmets and gourmands!"

And of course I worked hard. I slaved. I became a Corporal. I went to the Mess with glistening eyes and quivering hand outstretched to receive my reward!

No dice! Not even one cup with a handle! Not even one rugged vitamin beckoning visibly from a surrounding film of protective, appetizing, alluring food! I almost gave up. But courage was strong within me. I conceived a plan. "Who is a Corporal, anyway?" I asked myself. "I must continue with dogged persistence!" I told myself. "I must work harder and harder until I become a Sergeant! Then, if I can get out of work for long enough, I will be made a

Flight Sergeant! And then, of course, nothing whatever to do except wait for further promotion!"

I realize I have set myself an arduous task, but my concentration on it seems to dwarf all the routine worries of a Corporal. And I can't forget that movie. It preys on my memories to the extent that no sacrifice is too great to consider if my reward will be to sit in that beautiful room with its groaning tables of seductive viands, its dainty dishes, and its obliging Joes! My mind is set on it. It must be in the Airforce, somewhere. The movie distinctly showed this to be a fact.

A. W.

Gang Gripes

By Sgt. Hammond and His Gangsters

Bill Colquhoun: "Say, Stew, where did that pretty girl come from?"

Stew Cummings: "Don't know, but Alaska."

Girl in Canteen at No. 25 E.F.T.S.: "Just what do you do? I hear you work on parachutes."

Johnny Flynn: "Yep—I'm the guy that takes you up a parachute if the first one doesn't open!"

AC'S VISION

The siren wail had sounded and the Joe put out the lights,

We crawled into our double-decks—we sure need sleep at nights—

And hardly had we dropped away in blissful dreams to roam—

To see in slumber's fantasy that blissful place called home,

When loud a voice Celestial the evening stillness rent—

'Twas good St. Peter's call for us, so Heavenward we went.

It took us just one hundred years—we didn't travel fast.

More as a freight, or street car (in Calgary) dawdles past.

We wondered why we made no stops 'til we heard Peter say,

"Sidetrack all other ranks and keep these AC's on their way!"

But when we reached the Pearly Gates our morale rose like billows

For there were forty Officers all shining up the pillars!

Outside a weary Sergeant stood, in sad and piteous state,

(He overstayed his leave one day, so couldn't pass the Gate!)

St. Peter quickly lined us up—he held within his hand

Our Airforce Service Records from which he removed the band,

Then looked them over carefully, and ordered "Through the Door—

You've earned your place in Heaven, boys, you've worked in No. 4!"

And, turning in, he shouted, "Every Angel, mark this well—

If I hear one of you say 'Joe' he'll go right straight to Hell!"

WHY NOT ALGERNON?

Poor Airman Smith (despondently)

Says, "Only Heaven knows if

'Twas accident or prophecy

That I was christened 'Joseph'."

A. W.



Left to right—LAC Urquhart, D. G., LAC Allen, E. J., LAC Edwards, E. T.

We wonder if LAC "Eddie" Allen plans on releasing an airman for active service or if he is trying to deter two airmen from any kind of service.

It isn't ice that makes people slip—it's what they mix with it.

A man is never recognized for having brains, but becomes famous for using them.

It's not your position that's so important—it's your disposition.

Canteen Breaks

A few of our bloke's were soaking up coke's
And swinging the lead at the Bar;
Some were telling a joke—some were
choking with smoke,
And the vile stench from Kissick's cigar.

Now, Kissick's a man of the Sudbury Clan,
Who "samples" the Canteen "ales";
In addition to that, he finds himself tacked
To Committees for Victory Loan Sales.

His job is to sell, and he's doing it well,
Regardless of those who sav "Nav".
So if you would Buy—Why, Kissick's the
Guy!

\$8.40 per month from your pay.

Now this little Poem's in the spirit of jest,
We hope it will help you to heed our request,
That you see Willie Kissick and "go your
best!"

SAVE NOW! for your "little gray home
in the west."

Please invest all you can,
To the best of your ability;
And help us to Victory,
Peace and Tranquillity!

We have been asked by F/S Hoover to extend sincere thanks to all ranks of the Unit for their wholehearted response to his request for blood donors during the recent illness of his child. We are very glad that the child is now fully recovered.



A.V.M. R. R. Collard, O.B.E., and G/C C. A. Davidson, C.W.O., in "conference" at No. 8 B. & G. School, Lethbridge.

PROCEDURE ON DISCHARGE

Q. What do ex-service personnel get on discharge from the Armed Forces?

A. At present, regulations provide for thirty days' pay and one month's dependents' allowance if service personnel have had 183 days' continuous service. The clothing allowance recently has been raised to \$65.00, not payable, however, to officers. A free railway warrant is given to the man's home community at the time of entering the service, or to any other place providing no extra cost of transportation is involved.

Q. What about furlough pay?

A. This applies to those with overseas service. Depending on the period spent overseas, full pay and allowances may be paid on return from overseas for a period up to thirty days.

Q. Are all ex-service personnel entitled to these discharge allowances?

A. No. If ex-service personnel are discharged for reasons of misconduct, the discharge allowances do not apply. If they are discharged at their own request, or if an officer resigns his commission, they do not apply.

Q. What about medical and dental treatment?

A. As a matter of routine, all service personnel are given a complete medical and dental check before discharge. Necessary treatment is noted and personnel are eligible for that treatment free of charge for one year after discharge. Application for the dental treatment, shown as necessary at the discharge examination, must be made within 90 days of discharge, although there is provision under treatment regulations for dental treatment also during the year following discharge. Pensioners are entitled to treatment for life.

Q. What department takes care of discharge allowances?

A. Discharge procedure and allowances are the responsibility of the Department of National Defence. Once the discharge procedure is complete ex-service personnel come under the programme of the Department of Pensions and National Health.

Q. What information am I given on the rehabilitation programme on discharge?

A. Literature which has been prepared on the programme has been distributed to unit officers. You should receive this directly authority has been granted for your discharge. The services of Veterans' Welfare Officers are available to advise and assist you. They can be found in Employment and Selective Service Offices in key centres across Canada. If there is no Veterans' Welfare Officer in your community, your local branch of the Canadian Legion has the necessary information and its officers will be glad to advise you.

Q. If ex-service personnel wish to return to the position which they held prior to the war, is there any provision insuring their reinstatement?

A. The Reinstatement in Civil Employment Act was one of the first measures passed. Under this Act it is laid down that it is an employer's duty, if application is made, to reinstate ex-service personnel who were bona fide employees for at least three months immediately prior to enlistment.

Q. Is this a blanket ruling or are there any exceptions?

A. Reasonable safeguards, both for the employer and the employee, were made. For instance, if the ex-service personnel was hired in civil employment to replace a man who was already in the Services and the original employee in that position had applied for reinstatement, then the original employee has the preference.

(Continued next issue)

On Rehabilitation

The Department of Pensions and National Health have furnished us with material in question and answer form regarding the rehabilitation programme. Following is the first of several instalments of these, which should be very useful in providing us with information as to plans for shaping our future.—Editor.

Q. Has Canada any concrete plans for the re-establishment in civil life of personnel in the Armed Forces?

A. Canada not only has concrete plans but it also has legislation and orders-in-council in effect and operating. Under the orders-in-council and legislation up until the end of 1943, approximately 6 500 veterans of this war had received cash benefits and grants in addition to mustering-out pay and allowances to assist in their re-establishment. More than 6,000 veterans of this war are in receipt of pensions. Hundreds are receiving vocational training and a number are completing education at Canadian universities. Those in need of medical and dental treatment are receiving that care.

Q. Does the programme apply to men and women alike?

A. Except for a few reasonable modifications with reference to women in the Service, ex-service women and ex-service men benefit equally under the programme set up.

Q. In its broad features what does Canada's rehabilitation policy do?

A. It provides assistance to those ex-service personnel who are prepared to help themselves. It provides, where practicable, for return with seniority, to former civil employment to bona fide employees who wish to return to their former positions. It provides the facilities and finances for acquiring necessary trade skills. It enables those who interrupted their education to enlist to continue that education through grants and payment of fees. It provides financial benefits during the period ex-service personnel, fit and available for work, and for whom no

suitable work is available, are seeking employment. It gives financial assistance while they are awaiting returns to those who embark on private enterprise. For those temporarily incapacitated but whose health is not so badly impaired as to necessitate hospitalization, there is financial assistance while rebuilding health. The pensions plan for those disabled as a result of service is fully operative while free treatment facilities are available for those whom departmental doctors find require treatment and hospitalization.

Q. What is the period during which grants and benefits are operative?

A. In the main these apply for a maximum of twelve months or the period of service, whichever is less.

Q. What is the scale of grants and benefits?

A. Single men receive \$10.20 weekly and married men, with their wives, \$14.40 weekly. In addition there are allowances for children and other dependents on approximately the same scale as paid by the Dependents' Allowance Board.

Q. What about ex-service personnel who wish to establish themselves on the farm?

A. The Veterans' Land Act, passed in 1941, takes care of this. Complete details of this Act will be given in a later issue, but in general it gives the veteran, as a grant from the government, a substantial equity in his farm from the outset, conditional on his fulfilling his obligations for ten years.

Q. If there any similar home-owning benefit for the urban worker?

A. At present there is no such provision for an urban community, but ex-service personnel can receive similar assistance under the Veterans' Land Act if they wish a home with a small land holding within reach of their employment but outside the high taxation area. Similarly, commercial fishermen who return to that occupation after discharge from the Armed Services can receive help in establishing a home on small holdings near their fishing grounds and in purchasing their fishing equipment.