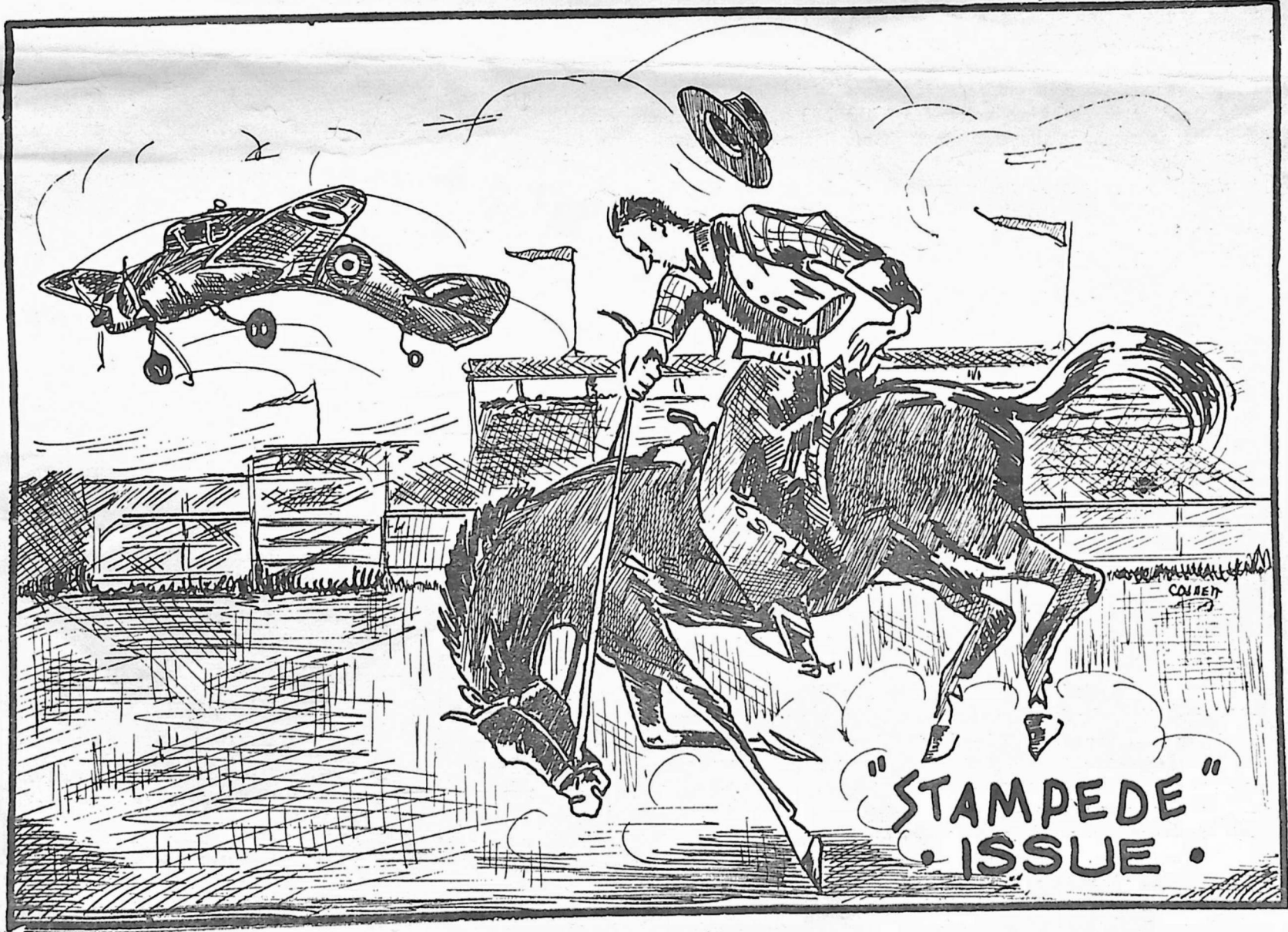


CALGARY, JULY, 1944.

Vol. 1, No. 9.

RAMBLER



2016.0044-05



ONE OF No. 4 CMU'S JUNE WEDDINGS

Standing left to right—F/S Ramsay, Sgt. Milne, Sgt. Miller, the groom, F/S Giffin, his bride, F/S Dance, Sgt. Prittie. Kneeling—F/L James, F/S Huber, F/O Pratt (one of the flower girls) and F/S Matheson.

Entertainment

By Sgt. Don Menzies

Very little of interest to report from this corner during the past month. What with the Stampede holding the spotlight here in Calgary, Unit entertainment hit a new low.

However, plans are under way to insure a little relaxation in the coming months. Number one on the list is that much publicized and more kicked around picnic. Those of us who have any hair left from previous ordeals in his connection are preparing to finish the job with renewed plotting. Arrangements, as far as can be determined, are briefly thus: approximate date first week in August; to be held on a week-day, in all probability Wednesday afternoon; the location has been changed to "Sandy Beach" out past No. 10 R. D.; and transportation will be arranged from the loop of No. 7 street car. A gala sports program is expected, with a fast ball game—Headquarters vs. Shop and Crew Personnel. Races will be held for the children, and a big tug-of-war tournament with teams entered from C1, C2 and Headquarters. With Sgt. Ruller, F/L Swanston and Cpl. Mappin anchor men for the several sections, and such heavyweights as F/L McDonald, Cpl. McDonald, Cpl. Juyn, and Cpl. Hartnell slated for starting positions it would appear that a conflict of major proportions may be expected. The arrangements as to the liquid refreshments, which have been well publicized, still prevail.

Watch D. R. O.'s and the Bulletin Boards for complete and final details, and, if you have any pull (which we doubt) say a few earnest words to the Weather Man.

—4 CMU—4 CMU—4 CMU—

WELL - NO!

The story comes in that our LAW Dot Huntley met a group of F/O's on the sidewalk and passed without saluting. An observant S.P. stopped her and asked why she had permitted herself this glaring discourtesy.

And Dot, reportedly, looked him over loftily and said: "Would you have saluted them if they had called you 'Toots'?"

Go Fly A Bronk!

To ride a bronc is very tough—
And yet, the horse does all the stuff!
For instance, all the stunts and gliding
Are done without the rider guiding,
And we've not heard of any broncs
That crash because their motor conks;
And though he's bucking hell for leather
A bronc can land in any weather;
And, granting he's a flying heller
He's never hampered by propeller;
At times he'd surely bounce a snake off,
But's never wrecked by bumpy take-off;
He disregards the wind's direction
And cares no whit for drift correction,
With all his heaving fore and aft
He never heeds up- or down-draft,
His course may be as wild as rocket's
Yet not because of bad air pockets;
He puts on all this flying rumpus
Devoid of instruments or compass;
His riders, leaving him en route,
Bail out, unirked by parachute;
No automatic gyro fails in
Retrieving him from dreaded tailspin,
No flying gadgets his to fail—
Not even aeronautic tail!
His stunts are done sans navigator,
No rudder, brakes or elevator;
His take-offs awful heights presage
With most unstreamlined fuselage;
He banks and loops and spins and rolls
And zooms and dives—without controls!
And yet, in major crashes dire
He's never known to catch on fire!
So we admit, as he sails by
A bronc's a wicked kite to fly.
We honor each brave buckaroo—
But pilots have more work to do!!

—4 CMU—4 CMU—4 CMU—

Our W-DEFS

By M. T.

Marion and Lee have recently taken up archery. It seems the enthusiasm ran high until the gals discovered the chore of running after their arrows transformed the sport into at least half P.T. Rumored result—they are taking up swimming. Well, we suppose if they learn to float... Whether or not the archery is responsible, a plague of white rabbits has been individually noticed in the vicinity of the Station lately. Should these pests get more plentiful, and be noticed by more people, a bounty seems to be the only way to exterminate them.

Dot's usual hearty appetite seems to have forsaken her—it has not in any way affected her cheerful smile—her sailor is getting a discharge to enter the Army—make something of it if you can. We can't, the appetite, anyway.

Prevalent among the W.D.'s is information that may prove generally valuable, so we pass it on. Anyway, young and old, or regardless of circumstances, who wishes matrimonial advice, is requested to see Pop (sometimes know as Corporal) Rockcliff. Now you're on your own.

LAW Ethel Schmaus, late of this Unit, and now at No. 11 E. D., got married this month. All who know her join in extending best wishes.

And your reporter wishes to state that she is glad to be back at the old grind after a spell in hospital curing up from an over-affectionate shoe. Sincerely advise all to get all foot-covering large enough to stay on agreeable terms with the feet—and we learned the hard way. And that's that.

Did You Know That

By Sgt. Bob Prittle

Travelling time is now permitted on annual leaves? This announcement was received with much enthusiasm by all Unit personnel, particularly those from the Maritime Provinces. . .

F/L G. J. Hodgkinson, our former "adj.," is now W. & B. Admin. at North West Air Command in Edmonton. . .

LAC Ken Bell is now disporting a fine new set of molars and is passing on to Cpl. Ed. Dawson some of the ribbing he took while awaiting his store teeth. . .

The Provinces of Alberta and Quebec will both be holding Provincial elections on August 8th. Watch D. R. O.'s for announcements regarding voting regulations for Service personnel. . .

F/S Ted Smitton and Mrs. Smitton celebrated their silver wedding anniversary on July 12th last. . .

F/O W. M. Brooks, that genial and well-liked engineer officer, formerly with this Unit, was recently in the 10 R.D. hospital. Since leaving here F/O Brooks has done some extensive travelling, first to No. 2 B. & G. School at Mossbank, and then to No. 9 C.M.U. at Vancouver. While at the Coast, he reports that he met a number of former No. 4 C.M.U. boys. We are glad to report that F/O Brooks was expecting an early recovery when we saw him in the first part of the month. . .

LAW Dot Huntley is walking on air these days—it seems that the Navy is in town again. . .

S/L Manning was one of the directors (or is it marshalls) for the big Stampede parade. . .

Cpl. Dick Ireland, the silent wolf from the orderly room, spent a couple of weeks in his home town of Winnipeg recently. However, he arrived back in Calgary in time to throw a few sous on the ponies at Victoria Park—and the ponies for once reciprocated, tossing back a bale of hay when Dick's nags romped home for a daily double. . .

LAC Bruce McDonald arrived back from his leave in Vancouver full of vim, vigor and stuff, including a healthy tan. When questioned on the subject of matrimony he was non-committal. . .

Our popular civie steno, Margaret Tidball, was welcomed back to her key-pounding after a sojourn in the hospital. . .

The R.C.A.F. is anxious to hear from you if you have any inventions, ideas or suggestion that would be of value to the Service or War Effort generally. Full information regarding this can be obtained by reading A.F.R.O. No. 1345. . .

—4 CMU—4 CMU—4 CMU—

RELATIVELY UNRELIABLE!

This tale concerns a colored lad who came to Canada from the deep South to enlist. He was asked if he had any dependents and answered "No."

"Not married, eh?" inquired the Corporal.

"Yessir," the new Joe replied, "but she ain't dependable!"

Equipment Quips

By LAC Geo Hill

When the great discoverer, Sir Walter Raleigh, introduced to his fellow English courtiers the pipe and tobacco that he had brought from the New World, legend tells us that those of his household presumed him to be one fire and, forthwith, rushed for a pail of water to quench it. The other day a thick cloud of billowy smoke drifted from Mr. Turner's office. In near panic, my first thoughts were to yell "Fire! Fire!" and simultaneously reach for an extinguisher. Sensing, however, that had there been a real fire those in the outer office would in all probability have discovered it long before I did, I refrained. But my curiosity—like Sgt. Prittie, I'm cursed with too much of it—made me look into Mr. Turner's office to investigate.

The sight I beheld was Mr. Turner nonchalantly puff, puff, puffing away contentedly, though what perplexed me was: why the dense smoke his pipe was emitting? From Marty Fine I got my answer. Apparently Mr. Turner had used up all he had on hand of his English Wakefield Mixture and in his dire need for a "drag" solicited a pipeful of Sgt. Prittie's "sweepings"—hence the smudge.

Both Mr. Turner and Sgt. Prittie are inveterate pipe smokers. In this they have a lot in common, but for their tastes in pipes they are poles apart. Mr. Turner fancies a thick, solid looking pipe with a similar bowl and stem; while Sgt. Prittie has a flair for the streamline, and seems to feel, as he toys the narrow stem between his teeth, that it gives him the sophisticated, man-about-town appearance.

Recently tragedy befell both their pipes. Somehow or other Mr. Turner misplaced the vulcanite stem of his inseparable companion, but the taste of the Wakefield Mixture he could not do without. Pipe with stem or without, he was bound he would have his smoke—and he did. So jubilant was he when at last the stem was found that he went out to celebrate by drinking a "pint"! I don't know the story behind the Sarge's pipe except, I think, it's safe to presume the stem became a casualty when he took it apart for its periodical cleaning. He still smokes and enjoys it, though it is bound up in a splint. We all wish it a speedy recovery and at the same time offer the suggestion to Mrs. "Grace" Prittie and Mrs. D. Turner that, when next their husbands celebrate an anniversary, a most acceptable present, we're sure, would be a handsome briar, replacing their once good-looking, but now disreputable, pipes.

—4 CMU—4 CMU—4 CMU—

FLASH: Born, to Sgt. Myer Kurnarsky, a niece, in Winnipeg on July 6th. We are pleased to report that Auntie Myer came through the ordeal with great courage. Oh, yes, his brother-in-law and sister, LAC and Mrs. Don Mendelsohn, also had something to do with it.

—4 CMU—4 CMU—4 CMU—

UGH!

LAC Hallgrimson: "I hafta be down in Indian Town at the Stampede at 2000 hours tonight—but I gotta drink 12 more beers first."

Sarge Jock: "Why, what are you doing there?"

LAC Hally: "They're going to crown me White Chief Big Drip!"

Painter's Points

By LAC Authier

There are many possibilities regarding the postwar developments in the painting field. We are on the eve of a period which might well be called the Light Alloy and Plastic Age, and the paint industry will not be wanting when the demands come for the desired protective and beautifying types of coatings. However, in order to insure the readiness of the industry in general, being able to meet these requirements, we must now consider seriously the necessity of changing and adapting ourselves to the new conditions.

We must keep abreast of the advances in nearly every other industry, also with the possibilities of new developments. For instance, we know there will be tremendous amounts of butadiene and other synthetic rubber materials, and we must ask ourselves how we can use them in coatings, and how to apply them. There are many other questions which we may consider. Here is one, for example. It is called Electronic Painting, employing an electron tube, known as a kenotron, which is one of the latest developments making the application of paint through electricity possible. This tube is the means of changing one type of electricity to another up to thousands or millions of time per second, applying the principle that opposites attract (positive to negative) and similar kinds of electricity repel—negative to negative, or positive to positive. Hence it is possible to paint any metal object with the aid of electricity. A kenotron is switched on giving the paint a negative charge. The paint then flies to the positive charged metal surface and adheres there. It is claimed that by this method paint may be directed to the sides and rear of the object receiving a frontally applied spray, completing practically the whole job without turning. One great advantage claimed for this method is that the metal surface attracting the paint eliminates a considerable portion of the waste in mist which is common in air-pressure spray painting.

—4 CMU—4 CMU—4 CMU—

THE PRIZE WINNING CONTRIBUTIONS

After considerable of a huddle, the Editors have awarded the prizes for July contributions as follows:

First Prize—\$5.00 cash—To LAC Geo. Hill for his amusing account of the respective pipes of F/L Turner and Sgt. Prittie, under the heading "Equipment Quips."

Second Prize—\$2.00 cash—To LAC Authier for his instructive and interesting notes on his work, painting, and its future, entitled "Painters' Points."

Now you see that it can be done, and without intending any malice, much, we would like to ask for a few efforts from Corporals or better for the August issue. Otherwise we might have a few dirty cracks to make about the Rank, I.Q., etc. Let's hear from all or any of you on your favorite sport, hobby, woman (?), work, or grouch. Jot down a few notes about what's bothering or pleasing you most, send it in to the RAMBLER before August 15th, and you can do what you like with the five spot.—Ye Eds.

Cee Too - Eastern Division

By LAC Hicking

So that the rest of No. 4 CMU won't forget that we are still in the field, doing the runway repair work assigned to us, we will endeavor to give a brief report on local happenings.

Business must be picking up for Brown, Brown & Co., for we hear they have invested in a new truck for their cartage business. Although we have been hampered by only having a skeleton crew and being opposed by the weatherman, we will never say die, and the work is continually going ahead. One of our Corporals was partially disabled for a few days, but carried on with his duties nobly. He claims to have hurt his back while lifting a heavy loading plank. Oh brother!

Who was first affected with the trouble of draining the transmission instead of the crank case? We had better check with the M.O. and ask if he thinks it is contagious. We were informed recently that the axles are bent on our pneumatic-tired roller, and we would have to straighten them before it could be used!

We were fortunate in having a very proficient tradesman returned to our staff recently, in the person of Cpl. Linstrom. Although he may be leaving us again soon, we appreciate his help—also the information he gives us about Hamilton, Ontario. And our clerk was injured: dropped a pipe on his toe. Now, really, he was working outside at the time, and it was an iron water pipe. And did he ever hate to miss that draft going North! Cheer up, chum, the North is young yet.

How about a column in our paper for submitting ideas, suggestions and helpful hints? In case you approve, here is a starter. The writer on a recent visit to Headquarters, saw a notice requesting personnel to wipe razor blades dry before depositing them in the receptacles—because the Victory Blade Co. will not receive rusty blades. Could we have the tinsmith make a tin container to fit in side the box and fill this with used oil? The blades could all be dumped on a screen to dry before shipping. Because, after all, when you get up at the last minute and are having that crowded shave, you can't take time to fuss around drying blades.

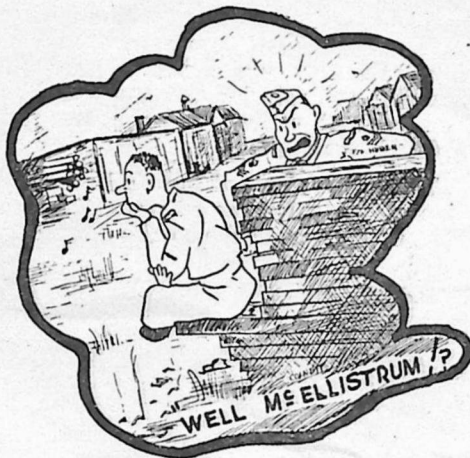
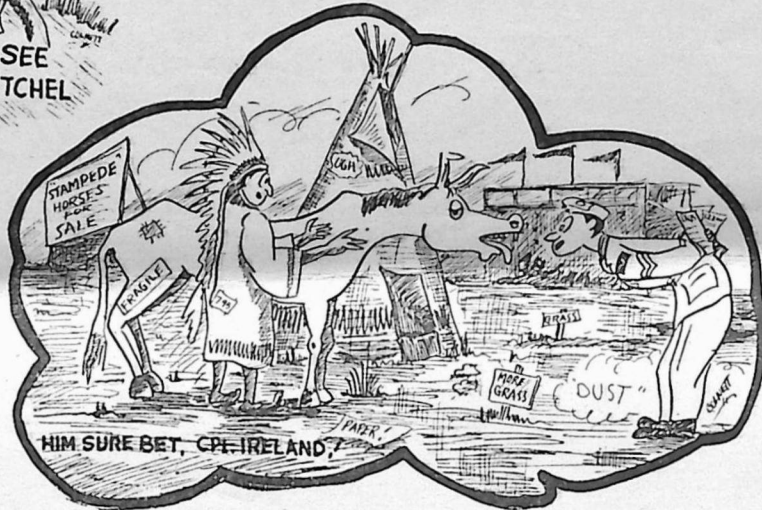
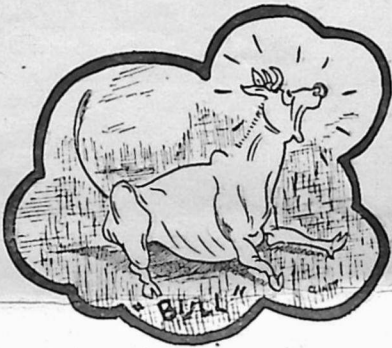
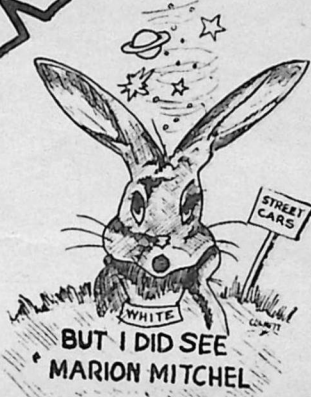
Ed. Note—During the first two issues of the RAMBLER, it was hopefully requested that a column might be devoted to questions, etc., as mentioned by LAC Hicking in his column above. His is the first of any such offering we have had, and we hope that anyone else who has such an idea, or wishes information, will forward it to the Editor.

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BASIC ENGLISH—SOMEWHAT BASE?

We read that Basic English has a word "sticky" but no "want"; that "blood, sweat and tears" would be "blood, face-water and eye-water"; and that the only way you could refer to your wife is as "the woman I live with" . . . We dunno, but we'd like to ask if any provision has been made for any satisfying words to say when, for instance, you stub your toe, or spill your beer, or get stood up by the little woman for an hour? The old style English has advantages, as well as drawbacks you know.

NO. 4 KARTON KORNER



Aerodrome and Ground Services Retrospection

By F/L M. M. Swanston



C2 in Conference—F/L Swanston with key N.C.O.'s.

The inauspicious beginning of 'C2'—No. 4 Construction & Maintenance Unit's Aerodrome & Ground Services—with equipment consisting of one lone Motor Patrol Grader making a prairie trail, is a far cry from the greatly increased operations of that section today. Now a justifiable pride is felt in the many pieces of varied runway- and road-making machinery, with conforming maintenance equipment, which are maneuvering the territory to satisfy the demands of heavy and rapid transportation requirements on main and side roads; and to keep serviceable the runways, taxi-strips and aprons on the many Station of No. 4 Training Command. The expansion is typical of general progress during the war, and it is reasonably assumed that there will be sufficient continuation in the several phases of flying after the war is won to emphasize the wisdom of carrying out this necessary work.

A.V.M. Collard, C.B.E., Air Member for Construction Engineering and G/C C. A. Davidson, Chief Works & Buildings Officer at Command, with their staffs, effectively powered 4 CMU; and S/L F. C. Manning has held the reins with sure and efficient grip since the Unit's formation.

Honorable mention must certainly be made of F/L James for his organization of Job records and costing, not forgetting the indispensable assistance of the Adjutants, Accounts and Equipment Officers. There is, too, the world of detail handled by the Orderly Room and Equipment Section Staffs; the thousands of entries in the Accounts section; the "Big Business" recorded in the Costing Office; and the dizzy headaches acquired by dispatchers and drivers of the Motor Transport Section in the dispatching of vehicles all over the southwestern prairies. In civilian life, a trip to Saskatchewan is educational and likely a pleasure—with only one vehicle to worry about; but the handling and keeping records on the many and varied types of transportation and equipment of "C2" represents much less joy, although the education is undoubtedly

there. Not to mention the stiff necks of disciplinarian N.C.O.'s, kinked from looking and peering this way and that because of the many comings and goings, making sure that the right men are in the right place—or at least present and ready to go there. This is only touching briefly on the multiple and conglomerate affairs of a CMU, many of which were more intriguingly described by F/L James in the last issue of the Rambler in his account of "CI" accomplishments in the Northwest. Incidentally, to personned of this Unit now engaged on a very large project in the North go our very best wishes for an enjoyable experience during the performance of their important work, and the hope that they may return before the snows of winter. N.C.O.'s and Airmen of this Unit cannot be too highly acclaimed for their efficiency, initiative and eager, untiring efforts in carrying out work, for the most part interesting, but often difficult and tedious as well, on the the various projects in No. 4 Training Command, whose F/L Campbell must be congratulated for unflinching congeniality in all his dealings. Surprising, indeed, was the achievement of men employed in the construction of the railway spur line at Vulcan—work which they had never before attempted. For many, "Sunny" took on a new meaning with regard to Alberta weather, for as usual the weather was unusual for that time of year—indeed, it was too "fine and dandy."

F/S Campbell, i/c of heavy runway repairs, not only makes a splendid showing with his crew, but has his wings up as an R.A.F. Pilot in the last war. In addition, he is no stranger to the French tongue, and on those Stations being partially manned by French Airmen, he is an unqualified success. Sgt. Hanna, who gets production from the Asphalt Plant with a hard working crew, supplies the material for the finishing of runways. Sgt. Secret—a "native" of Eastern Division—and his gang are responsible for carrying out the good work in the Saskatchewan area of the territory.

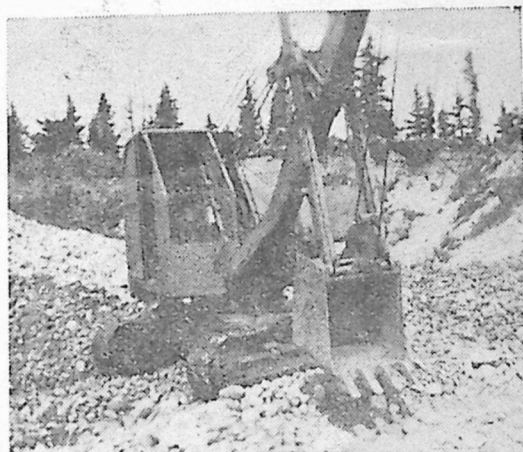
Those men that have the job of operating the 5 ton F.W.D.'s, with 20 tons semi-trailers, are to be credited with the moving of enormous loads of equipment and supplies to the spot where they are needed. The sludge removal crews deserve high praise, since their work on occasion is unpleasant, but at the same time imperative. At Headquarters, Sgt. Butler ("Logger" to "Asphalt") is the "Man Friday", which means that both the trust placed in him and his efficiency in response are great; while Sgt. Jeffries is "Chief Custodian of the Lock-up", handling all manner of equipment supplies and repairs from cotter-pins to dragline teeth. His experience in civilian life is invaluable in connection with various pieces of heavy equipment used on runways and roads. Under them are the Tractor Operators and Drivers Transport who so creditably discharge their duties in driving and operating the vehicles and machines. And when the blizzards of winter strike, it is these same men who operate and service the snow-handling equipment which 4 CMU keeps on hand for emergencies. Thus the work varies from driving a "pick-up" to operating huge rollers and road-making machinery, and from digging a ditch to building river dams and railways.

Much credit is due N.C.O.'s and Airmen on asphalt jobs, as practically all had to study in conjunction with the work, gaining knowledge of methods of handling and applying the various types of bitumen. The re-sealing, last year, of the runways on two aerodromes would equal in extent similar work on a great stretch of asphalt highway. Many miles of roads were repaired on the majority of Stations in the Command, and the grading and gravelling of still more miles of connecting roads to main and relief aerodromes was carried out.

Watch next month for an article by F/L J. O. Turner on the headaches connected with an Equipment Section—from the inside of the counter.

Generally, works maintenance equipment and motor vehicles have been well cared for by their operators and special recognition is due to those who have, by special and almost proprietary interest, avoided accidents and damage and maintained equipment in excellent appearance and condition. Painters are doing a good job in "dolling up" vehicles and equipment in the new coat of yellow with the conventional 4 CMU markings.

The party engaged last fall on the erection of several miles of protective fencing surrounding one of the bombing ranges were

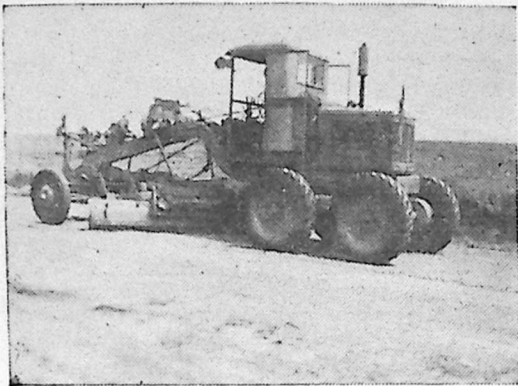


One of C2's rapacious diggers at rest.

probably the happiest of the Unit, what with the keys of the town at night and the sight of thousands of waterfowl—including Canada geese—during the daytime. It appears that they "pulled stakes" a little too soon—but not soon enough to prevent LAC Hills from wooing, winning and wedding one of the local maidens.

That crew on construction and maintenance of water and sewer mains are aware of what the badgers have to contend with at times—in fact, they could teach those famous diggers a thing or two. And no self-respecting badger would persevere in his business if he were to unearth the surprising and outrageous items that are a daily routine with Brown & Brown, Traun and Fransen.

It must be said that Aerodrome and Ground Service men, although not numerous, are mighty; and they are now set to



One variety of C2's road machinery.

give a good account of themselves with the advent of weather suitable for asphalt work. Very fine results have been obtained by the boys in equipping new trucks, trailers, asphalt distributors, etc., received lately, although they are offering a reward to anyone who can explain how the serial numbers on the tires of a wobble wheel roller may be kept on the outside! And to prove finally the versatility of those Airmen nominally employed under "C2"—how many noticed the smooth work of the two lads on the race track Stampede week, during their preparation of the marching area for the R.C.A.F. massed bands?

Last, but by no means least, it is hoped that these men, who are employed for the most part on jobs which seldom allow them to be at Headquarters, realize that they have not been forgotten. We know that they have a good reputation at the Stations, and we know that they intend to keep up the good work.

Editor's Note—F/L Swanston, author of the foregoing article, not only boasts of early days on a farm, but on a GOOD farm. Successively thereafter in garages, electrical and electrical contracting work, he then spent ten years with the Dept. of Highways, Saskatchewan. During the first seven of these years, while doing instrument work and operating all types of road equipment, he qualified in civil and asphalt engineering; then went to inspection of aerodrome construction with the Dept. of Transport. Commissioned in 1941, he was placed i/c of Aerodrome Maintenance in Newfoundland, and posted from there to our Unit in 1943, where our C.O., S/L Manning, allotted him the responsibility of Engineer i/c of Aerodrome and Ground Services, "C2". The Rambler thanks F/L Swanston for the second of a series of articles on work such as is being performed by No. 4 Construction & Maintenance Unit.

IN MEMORIAM

The Unit extends deep sympathy to Sgt. and Mrs. Secret on the death of their son on July 7th last.

The personnel of the Unit also wish to express appreciation of the thoughtful Card of Thanks received.

Our Unique Unit

Two of our usually less reprehensibles, in the persons of Sgts. Persson and Rash, bring in a weird tale. It seems that late one evening during Stampede week they were returning from visiting a sick friend (who had shown no sign of improvement when they left him) and they found themselves on the No. 0 street car at the corner of Centre St. and Eighth Ave. Not wishing to be taken from their dutiful homeward route, one of the boys (pardon us, one of the Sergeants) asked the motorman whether he was bound for the subway under First St. West or that under Second St. East. Whereat the good man replied: "Either way you want, bub, just name it!" Convinced that the motorman also was just fresh from visiting an ailing brother, they nevertheless expressed their wish and sure enough, down went the bar, over went the switch, and No. 0 jolted obligingly in the indicated direction. Now, ask the Sergeants—could this have happened anywhere else in the world but in Calgary?

And LAC (Shorty) Webb recounts a yarn which he states as fact—anyway it makes good reading, we think. He says a lone W.D. was posted to a small Station, and that shortly after her arrival all the personnel was taken out for a three-hour route march. The day being hot, she found the nearby stream irresistible and considering herself alone went in for a swim, sans bathing suit. In the midst of her splashings she became aware of hearty chuckles coming from the bank where she had left her clothes, and looking up was horrified to see the one Airman who had been left on the Station as duty-watch. She begged him to leave so that she might emerge and dress; he vehemently and coarsely refused. What with the low temperature of the water and the threatened return of Station personnel, the virtuous maiden's chill, temper and abuse grew apace, but her audience remained, vulgarly awaiting her enforced exposure. As her despair almost overcame her, she chanced to strike something in the bottom with her toe, and peering down through the clear water she gratefully beheld an old wash tub. Working it loose, she seized it, placed it before her shivering torso as a cover, and with great anger but some satisfaction waded shoreward. The Airman still chuckled. In a rage she shrieked at him: "If you knew what I am thinking, you beast, you certainly wouldn't laugh!" Here the uncouth Airman roared, and replied, "I'm still laughing, Toots, and I know what you think—you think that there is a bottom in that tub!"

Further, we learn that F/S Williams, during the Stampede rush, entered a downtown restaurant to refortify himself. Not being struck by anything on the menu, he asked the waitress for suggestions.

"We have some very nice boiled tongue today, sir," said the overworked girl.

"Pah!" said the Flight. "I couldn't eat something that came out of anything's mouth!"

"Then," said the harassed waitress, "would you care to try our nice fresh eggs?"

Lastly, we feel forced to reveal a jolt which we ourselves got at the Mess, while we were watching with wonder, and hearing with amazement, the antics and howling of half-a-million invading Air Cadets; and marvelling that, many years ago, we had also considered such conduct proper and

natural. We had to wedge our way through a lineup of them, and after crashing the line we heard one of them say in a whisper (which could not have been heard more than two blocks), "Boy, that sure is a tough-looking Corporal!" Knowing the lads were right in from drill, we wondered what Corp. could possibly be so ferocious in appearance as to command such a remark from these roisterers, so we looked all around carefully. There was no other Corporal in the Mess. Our tender feelings have felt wounded ever since.

And Joe C. Hand said the other day that he bets that even after demobilization he'll forget and carry his pint in his side pants pocket.

Sgt. Hammond, late of our Unit, writes in a letter to Sgt. Persson that, among other things, he and Sgt. Wallace have been in Fort St. John for three weeks, with one day during which it did not rain. That the meals are fairly good and that there are five free picture shows a week. AND that there is enough beer. Good old Fort St. John—even last summer we remember—but this is about Sgts. Hammond and Wallace. He says that they get along very well with the Americans: that he wants a copy of the Rambler which he missed: and that he wants, on behalf of them both, to say hello to all the lads. Well, we feel sure we can return the greeting twofold, and say that the Rambler would like to hear more from him any time he may feel in the mood to describe further the genial conditions surrounding Fort St. John.

—4 CMU—

DIBS AND DABS FROM CLARESHOLM

By pl. P. Greenslade

The paint crew are still going strong at Claresholm, though smaller since the Old Gang went on postings recently. Best of luck, boys, at your new Stations.

Welcome additions to the crew recently were Cpl. Jock McArthur and LAC Bill Townley, whose slogan apparently is "Give us the tools and we will finish the job."

Cpl. Chivers and his gang are here to keep us company, and the Corporal says the Unit would be "Priceless without Price," but we would be "coatless" without LAC Bill Heathcoate, who makes keys in his spare time for the lads who lose theirs for the lockers.

Before signing off, we would like to send our greetings to WO1 Collins, late of W. & B., Claresholm, recently posted to 4 CMU. Are you still umpiring ball games, Major?

—4 CMU—

PUZZLES—NOT BY "SHANE"

Culled by AC1 Shreve, R.C.

1. After a deduction of 10 per cent. for milling charges, a farmer received 100 bushels. How many bushels were taken to the mill?

2. If a horse salesman were to sell a horse for \$90; buy the animal back for \$80; and resell it for \$100; how much would he make on the deal?

3. If a lot of eggs costs 12 cents; and had there been two more they would have cost one cent less per dozen; how many eggs were there in the lot?

(The above are not trick queries, but a straight test of your mathematics. So get out your pencil, if your thinking cap isn't enough, before you look at the answers on Page 10.

SPORTS

By Chet

Doubtless because of their other more urgent duties, for some weeks now the Wednesday afternoon sports period has been carried on without benefit of any of our Officers on the ball diamond. F/L Turner still is the leading exponent of the sport of archery, and each week a few more converts are wending their way past the ball diamond and down to his bows and arrows. Especially missed has been the C.O. as umpire for the ball game and his "hurry it up there" as the players exchanged sides at the end of each inning.

Wednesday, July 19th, was a scorching hot day and LAC Spencer was substituting for the C.O. as umpire of the game between the N.C.O.'s and Airmen. Batteries for the AC's were Fine and Patek to Patterson; for the N.C.O.'s Ireland and Kuzyk to Collier. It was a good ball game and despite a ninth inning rally of three runs for the N.C.O.'s the final score was 15 to 12 for the Airmen. The seventh inning provided the highlight of the game with a short fly just over second base by Frisken of the Airmen. While Rash and Elmer had a little private game of football in centre field, Frisken stretched his single into a home run.

Lineup:

Airmen—Patterson c. (2), Fine p. (1), Stolash & Hooper fb (4), McKay 2b (2), Patek ss (2), Purvis 3b (1), Frisken rov. (1), Hill cf (1), Torra lf, Goulet rf (1). Total runs 15.

N.C.O.'s—Collier c (2), Ireland p (1), Menzies 1b, Guest 2b (1), Matheson 3b (1), Elmer rov. (1), Bell lf (1), Rash cf (1), Bullard lf (1). Total runs 12.

On the next ball diamond two pickup ball teams under Cpl. Clark and Sgt. Hrudey had a thrill-packed seven-inning game. Final adding machine tally showed Cpl. Clark's aggregation on top score 34 to 25. This game had its highlight also. In the fifth Sgt. Hrudey, playing half way between shortstop and left field position, caught a high fly ball, for the final out. In the sixth with Sgt. Hrudey again in the field, his team argued with the score keeper after they had put out two people. Sgt. Hrudey said, "Yes, remember, I caught a fly?" But, it was explained, that was the previous inning. "Gee! It doesn't seem that long ago!" was all that Sgt Hrudey could say.

F/O Strong is our new Sports Officer and he now has a four man committee working under him—Sgt. Collier, Sgt. Menzies, LAC Purvis and LAC Urquhart. Incidentally, if some member of this committee should come around and ask you if you were interested in bowling this winter don't look at him as though you thought he was crazy and preferred not to say so. The committee is interested in finding how many prospective bowlers we have in the Unit so they can immediately make arrangements for the necessary number of alleys.

While that is all the news on the Sports front this month I would like, before saying adieu for another month to quote you a few excerpts from an overseas letter. It was written by an old pal of mine who is in the R.C.A.F. (Radar Branch) and who is stationed in the South of England. While some of these are only amusing, yet—coming from one service man to another—they may prove of interest to all. The letter is dated June 9th, 1944.

"Many months ago I left my favorite station in Cornwall—it was really a super station: three WAAFS to every fellow, a super beach and two pubs in the village. I went on a three-week course on some new equipment and landed in this dump—Isolation at its worst! Isolation and WAAFS is o.k. but when they forget the WAAFS as they did here it's hell! The highlight of my life for May was four days in London. I went for an aircrew interview, but they wouldn't agree with my ideas. After being so long in the sticks the city life of London nearly flooded me. But I soon got my city ways back and could push old ladies in the face and race them for seats in the Underground!"

—4 CMU—

NOTES ON RETURNING (AND LEAVING)

By Cpl. Brian Dickens

If these notes, this month, appear somewhat disjointed and lacking in something, please bear in mind the fact that your reporter also feels rather disjointed and lacking in something—as a direct result of his recent return to No. 4 CMU Headquarters. It all happened very abruptly. The usual contribution to the RAMBLER had been completed and accepted by the Editor, and yours truly was coasting along with smug contentment toward payday when like the proverbial bolt came the order to report back to the Unit. To those fellows who are so very familiar with being moved around, this may seem just another phase of duty, but to me, who had been detained for 14 months at one station, it was a considerable surprise.

This state of feelings deepened much on being informed of the P. T. class at 0815 hours, but, struggling valiantly to adopt a more vigorous mental attitude towards this new life, I turned out for the morning exercises. One thing that stood out on that first morning of P. T. (apart from Cpl. Mappin) was the handsome features of the discip—Sgt. Shard. And were he still with us, that sentence alone should warrant an automatic "Excused P. T." I soon learned that these calisthenics were just a preliminary, and that there was more to come. It came! And after only one week of this life — of drill, P.T. and sports, not to mention a route march on Friday morning, I began to think seriously of sick parade. This idea was soon rejected, as I couldn't possibly hope to define all my symptoms and it is rumoured that the panacea for indefinite symptoms is castor oil, to which I have always been distinctly allergic. After three more weeks, however, I was about ready to take it. Sounds drastic, eh? But if any of you has ever attempted to "go active" after a year or more of very restrained activities, you will appreciate what prompted my feelings.

Fortunately, though, fate intervened and no such extreme action was necessary. Instead, I was once again "Temporarily Detained," and this time at No. 2 A.O.S., Edmonton. It is here, amidst the peace and quiet of a barrack block otherwise filled with Australians, that I compile these notes. And now, may I close by fiendishly wishing all concerned lots of P.T. and Drill!

—4 CMU—

TUT! NO POLITICS, PLEASE

Teacher: "If the Prime Minister of Canada died, who would get the job?"
Little Joe: "Some Liberal undertaker."

UGLY WORD

Al Williamson, in his column in a Vancouver newspaper, heads the following quotation as above:

"We know the word is used with the best of intentions, but Dean Cecil Swanson, of Christ Church Cathedral, points out in an article in The Advocate that "rehabilitation" is a poor word to use in connection with post-war plans for service men and women. The Dean points out that the Century Dictionary gives its meaning as: "Restore, as a delinquent, to a former right, rank or privilege lost or forfeited. To re-establish in the esteem of others or in social position lost by disgrace; restore to public respect; as there is now a tendency to rehabilitate notorious historical personages." The Oxford English Dictionary says: "To restore by formal act or declaration a person degraded or attainted, to former privileges, rank and possessions, etc." The Dean thinks that's a hell of a—pardon us—that's a most opprobrious way to refer to our boys."

Well, Al while we sincerely hope not it may be that at a later date we might be willing to admit that the political linguist who selected the word might have known his stuff, after all.

—4 CMU—

MONKEY OF EVOLUTION

Three monkeys sat in a cocoanut tree
Discussing things as they're said to be;
Said one to the others, "Now listen you two,
There's a certain rumour that can't be true;
That MAN descended from our noble race—
The very idea is a disgrace.

No monkey ever deserted his wife.
Starved her babies, or ruined her life;
And you've never known a mother monk
To leave her babes with another to bunk;
Or pass them on from one to another,
'Til they scarcely know who is their mother:
And another thing you'll never see—
A monk build a fence 'round a cocoanut tree
And let the cocoanuts go to waste,
Forbidding all other monks a taste—
Why, if I'd put a fence around the tree,
Starvation would force you to steal from me;

Here's another thing a monk won't do,
Go out at night and get on a stew,
Or use a gun, or club, or knife.
To take some other monkey's life:
Yes, MAN descended, the ornery cuss—
But, brother, he DIDN'T descend from us!

—4 CMU—

SPEED!

A few years ago the Air Force was rushing men through training. One day in a pre-flight class, a student dropped his pencil. He bent down, groped 'til he found it and picked it up and then turned to the man next to him and whispered: "Hey, what did the Instructor say?"

"Don't bother me!" the other one gasped. "Cripes, man, you just missed a year of solid geometry!"

—4 CMU—

ANCIENT NOVEL

"'Tis said fair ladies long since loved to
Curl up with a good book, in bygone ages;
While others (not so literary) preferred to
Curl up simply with one of the pages.

CHUNKS OF CONCRETE
(Formerly "Drops of Tar")

When a man works hard all day for service pay, to stay sane and maintain his morals makes him inclined to become philosophic. Happy is the man who can forget that which cannot be altered.

THE COMMANDOS

(Formerly "Asphalt Commandos")

They told us we were going "North to Edmonton." Most of us landed at Namao, ten miles—yes, north of Edmonton. We arrived at the Capital City at 0615 hours after a rough night on the "Leaping Lena" C.P.R. coach. Some of the boys had played cards, some tried to sleep, and others just suffered. Cpl. Quinn spent the night taking roll call—somehow there always seemed to be someone missing. Even F/L James finally counted the men to make sure they were all there. We were greeted at the C.P.R. depot by two M.T. drivers who granted us standing room in their stake trucks while they rolled us to No. 2 A.O.S. There we were given parking space on the road behind the Guard House (unpleasant significance) until such time as the Orderly Sergeant recalled that he had left us there. While waiting we were attacked by wave after wave of mosquito divers, and it was quite a battle. Just about the time some of the fellows were ready to surrender we were led in a charge on the mess hall—and Boy! did we enjoy that breakfast?

For six days we didn't do much but eat and sleep—and our own barrack fatigue. Oh, yes, we had roll call twice each day. On the seventh day we were installed in our barracks at Namao, and the following day we launched the invasion. The No. 9 CMU men were first on the job, and naturally did a lot of selecting jobs—the good ones. Our men are scattered all over the place—and the place is big. About 30 of us are working on a railroad line, and this gang includes most of the veterans of Vulcan. Others of us work on the concrete outfits—and we are not doing the bossing, if you understand.

The civilian contractors on the job are the Dufferin Paving Co. The other day an Airman improved the lettering on one truck to read "Sufferin' Slaving Co."—which is slightly more than a joke. We are working 8 to 16 hours a day depending on which job we are on. Our O/C has said that our time would be sent to our Units and he would recommend time off to make up for the extra work. So, being good Airmen we carry on with optimism, but pray each day for faith in the O/C's scheme.

The only good you can get out of life is the good you do.

The good habits you cultivate squeeze out the bad ones which grow wild.

POST-WAR WORLD

After the war, the wise prophets foresee A wonderful change in the world that's to be;

There'll be buildings of metal and houses of glass;

We'll have autos of plastic and high octane gas;

The makers will step up a motor car's power

So we'll speed o'er the highways one hundred per hour;

We'll each have a mosquito to fly to the moon;

The ocean we'll cross betwixt breakfast and noon;

We'll have heating in floors and lights in the wall,

And the housewife will always be out when you call,

For she'll just press a button and make a few wishes

And a magic doohickey will wash up the dishes—

We hope we're around when the change is begun,

For it certainly sounds like it ought to be fun!

Thanks for sending the last issue of the RAMBLER—we'll be looking forward to receiving the next.

—The Commando Reporter.

4 CMU

MATCHED

30th April, 1944—Cpl. Baril L.A. to Elsie Hanlon of Calgary.

17th June, 1944—LAC Zwicker, R.M., to Loraine A. Lamoureux, at Fort Saskatchewan.

17th June, 1944—LAC Decock, A.G., to Dorothy Baver at Winnipeg.

24th June, 1944—Cpl. Feil, E., to Elizabeth Nitz, at Medicine Hat.

6th July, 1944—Sgt. Kusyk, F., to Nellie M. Roberts, at Leacross.

15th July 1944—LAC Cannon, T., to Edith L. Rutherford, at Calgary.

HATCHED

24th May, 1944—To LAC Lamb, H. D., a daughter, Brenda.

4 CMU

SPECIALISTS: KITCHEN EQUIPMENT
or
THE CASE OF THE EMPTY MOUTH

Corp. Dawson had a William Lamb, (LAC Group "B" Joe)

And where the toothless Corporal went The Lamb was sure to go.

Lamb asked him home to dine one day, (Supposedly on gruel)

And local children stopped their play To watch the Corporal drool—

For Lamb and wife (hospitably, To prove they were his chums)

Ate steak, crisp celery, corn on cob— While Dawson gnashed his gums!

Now Dawson swears moist, lispng oath (His vengeance will be ruthless—

Even if he waits for twenty years 'Til Lamb is also toothless!

(May we be gone when that day comes That hears BOTH those guys beat their gums!)

4 CMU

RED, TOO!

And Sgt. Collier's face flushed, but being a good plumber, there was no noise!

On Rehabilitation

(Continued from last issue)

Q. What are the facilities for treatment?

A. Departmental hospitals have been set up at a number of points across the Dominion. In addition, contracts have been entered into with hospitals at a number of other centres. Salaried personnel are maintained at a number of these places. In places where there is no salaried personnel, arrangements have been entered into with doctors and dentists practicing privately.

Q. If, as a result of the war, I require orthopaedic appliances for my pensionable disability, what happens?

A. These are supplied to you for life free of charge. In addition, pension may be granted for extra wear and tear on clothing.

PENSIONS

Q. What is the basis on which pensions are awarded?

A. A pension is paid to provide that portion of maintenance which an ex-serviceman is unable to provide for himself due to service disability. Except where complete disability is a result of military service, the pension is not designed to provide complete maintenance. For this reason pensions are awarded on a percentage scale. For example, a man 5 per cent disabled gets a 5 per cent pension, while a man 75 per cent disabled gets a 75 per cent pension, i.e. 5 per cent or 75 per cent of total disability.

Q. Who are eligible for pensions?

A. All service personnel overseas, who suffer disabilities during service may be awarded pension if the disability is not a result of their own misconduct. Personnel serving in Canada, with no overseas service, may be awarded pensions only if the injury or disease, resulting in disability or death, arose out of, or was directly connected with military service.

Q. Does this mean that, if I were overseas and injured in an accident while on leave, any disability resulting would be pensionable?

A. Yes, provided the accident did not arise as a result of your own misconduct.

Q. What is the scale of pensions?

A. The annual rates for 100 per cent disability for all ranks up to and including that of Sub-Lieutenant (Navy), Lieutenant (Military) and Flying Officer (Air) are:

Man	\$900
Wife	300
First Child	180
Second Child	144
Each subsequent child ...	120

Higher rates are provided for ranks above those stated, but the additional pension for wives and children remains the same.

Q. If I am totally disabled and need to secure an attendant, is any provision made for me?

A. An additional allowance for helplessness, not exceeding \$750 per annum, may be paid in the case of total disability when the services of an attendant are required.

Q. If I am killed on military service, what pension will my widow get?

A. Up to and including the ranks quoted before, a widow's pension is \$720 per annum. Pensions for children remain the same. Higher pensions are provided for widows of officers above those ranks.

Q. If I were killed on military service and left orphan children, what provision is made for them?

A. The rates for orphaned children are double those for children with a parent or parents.

Q. If I am killed and have dependent parents, is there any provision for them?

A. Dependent parents may be pensioned at the rate for a widow, or such lesser rate as may be deemed necessary to provide maintenance.

Q. What is the procedure in granting pensions?

A. In every case where a member of the forces is discharged for medical reasons, his documents are sent to the Department of Pensions and National Health, and they are examined by the Canadian Pension Commission. If the Commission is satisfied from the evidence available that a pension should be awarded, it is granted automatically following medical examination for assessment purposes.

Q. If pension is not granted automatically, or I am dissatisfied with the award what procedure is followed?

A. Briefly, it consists of three steps: on first application the evidence presented is considered at what is known as "first hearing". If the decision is adverse to the applicant, he is entitled to a second hearing, provided he applies within 90 days. When presenting his claim for second hearing, he is required to include all disabilities which he claims to be due to military service. He is furnished with a complete and detailed summary of all evidence pertaining to his case available in the departmental records. He is given every opportunity to review this evidence, to include any additional evidence he can secure, and is allowed six months to prepare his claim. If the second decision is adverse, the applicant has the right to appear before an appeal board sitting in his district and to call witnesses. The judgment of an appeal board is final, unless special permission to re-open a claim is secured, based on an error having been made, or by reason of evidence not having been presented, or otherwise.

Q. Am I given assistance in preparing my claim?

A. Pensions' Advocates, attached to Veterans' Bureau throughout Canada, are available to give impartial unbiased advice and assistance at no charge to you. These men are fully experienced in pension procedure.

Q. If I am not granted a pension, will I be told the reason why?

A. Yes. You are made fully aware of the reasons for the decision.

Q. Do I receive pension in all cases of injury or illness?

A. No. The injury or illness must result in some definite disablement before a pension can be awarded. It must also come under the classifications set out previously as pensionable.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES ON PAGE 7:

1. 111 and 1/9 bushels.
2. \$20.00.
3. 16 eggs.

4 CMU

SO WATT?

F/S Matheson: "Have we any two watt bulbs?"

LAC Hill: "For what?"

F/S Arch: "No, two."

LAC Geo.: "Two what?"

F/S Arch: "Yes."

4 CMU

UPSURGE

"My heart is in the air!" cried the enthusiastic new pilot, diving his plane. "You've gone me one better!" said his friend, airsick Joe, as he reached for the funnel again.

4 CMU

MOUTHS OF BABES!

New neighbor: (To Airman's k'd) "Little boy, I need a loaf of bread from the store; do you think you could go for me?"

Joe Jr.: "No, but I heard Pop say he could!"

4 CMU

EDUCATIONAL NOTE

Virtue is learned at mother's knee, and vice at some other joint.

4 CMU

AND RISE, TOO!

"Tis Love that makes the world go 'round!"

And for such work Love has no excuse—

The same results are always found

In one swallow of tobacco juice!

4 CMU

TOUCH OVER!

And we hear about Cpl. "Chet" Quinn, who went into a down-town restaurant one night during Stampede week. The waitress asked him for his order.

"I feel like a sandwich," said the Corp.

"Just gimme your order," snapped the hasher. "I ain't to blame if this joint is crowded!"

?

*Wouldn't You Have
Felt Better
IF
Your Section Had
Been Reported
IN THIS SPACE?*

Construction Unit Serves No. 4 Command

Have Completed Nearly 1,000 Jobs But Men Want to Go Overseas

(Calgary Albertan)

Squeezed between No. 3 S.F.T.S. and the Army at Currie is a tiny R.C.A.F. unit that is doing a far from tiny job.

It is No. 4 Construction and Maintenance Unit and its motto is, "We Build for Victory."

Two or three buildings, "yard" and a few hundred personnel make up No. 4 C.M.U. part of the directorate of the chief works officer, G/C C. A. Davidson, at No. 4 Training Command headquarters. The tiny unit serves all stations of the command and its efforts run into millions of dollars in materials and equipment.

"It's like a circus," says the commanding officer, S/L F. C. Manning, who operated a lumber business in Calgary. "Our personnel," he explains, "are scattered all over the place and keeping track of them is a large task in itself."

Any day in the week and on Sundays, No. 4 C.M.U. tradesmen can be found on stations far from Calgary, working on assignments that range from installing plumbing to building hangars. They often are handling as many as 50 jobs at one time.

In the small "yard" of No. 4 C.M.U. and on duty in the remotest corners of Alberta and Saskatchewan are giant bulldozers and numerous other pieces of machinery used in construction and maintenance.

Born in December, 1942, as the only unit of its kind in No. 4 Command, No. 4 C.M.U. was baptized on the Alaska Highway. One hundred and thirty-five men of the unit completed scores of construction projects along the route from Edmonton to Whitehorse. Electricians, concrete finishers, engineers, construction tradesmen hacked through forest, laid roadbed, built bridges and constructed logging camps along the Alcan highway route, their first major project.

To date, nearly 1,000 completed jobs are on No. 4 C.M.U.'s books.

Despite this imposing record "our main regret is that as a unit we have not been awarded a chance to get overseas and make a name for ourselves, as the Army Engineers are doing in the invasion of Europe," say the men of the unit.

Buy War Savings Certificates—and try saving them.