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DEPARTMENT OF NATIONAL DEFENSE

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Gen!

August, 1942

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JOURNAL
of the
Royal Air Force, Carberry
by kind permission of
Group Captain C. H. Brill

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Monthly

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Located in the Heart of the City

220 BEAUTIFUL ROOMS — COMPLETELY FIREPROOF

Whether Luncheon, Dinner or Banquet you will enjoy
the quiet refreshing atmosphere of the Marlborough

"THE AIRMEN'S RENDEZVOUS"

THE

MARLBOROUGH

F. J. FALL, Manager — Smith Street — WINNIPEG

EDITORIAL :

THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH . . .

With the departure of one who in his time played many parts, (Prairie Oyster, Buffalo, Gopher and Aunt Angela) it falls to my lot, my little chickadees, to attempt to follow in his footsteps.

To many of you this will be the first time you have bought a copy of the Mag (unless even now you are looking over someone's shoulder) and perhaps you will fail to make very much sense of it. We, who have weathered the storm for nearly two years, get quite a kick out of it. For station Mag and its predecessor have taught us to laugh at ourselves and our cares; has given us that chance to grouse that is the right of every serviceman, and has in all, helped to pass the many long months that we have spent on the wide open spaces.

Many of you, especially those from home, will feel that you are part of the legion of the lost and are completely out of things. A little thought will show that you, yes YOU, are the root of the whole tree, without your efforts the Royal Air Force would be unable to stretch its branches all over the world. So be prepared to settle down and join in the activities of the camp; if you fancy yourself as an actor or singer, the "RipChords" or the station band or the "RipChords" dance orchestra are looking for you. Tennis, soccer, rugger, cricket, badminton, table tennis, if any of these are your game, you can play it here, and last but not least, if you can write or draw, the station magazine is waiting for your first contribution.

You will hear tales of how cold it is in the winter, of the bitter winds and blizzards. Admittedly it is cold, but the snow and ice provide opportunities for skiing and skating, who knows you might become an ice hockey champ, or at least you can laugh at all the other people falling over. Then there is basketball, you will laugh when you see it first and say "that sissy stuff is not for me." We thought that, until we played a game. About an hour after it was over we were able to think clearly enough to decide that it was not so sissy after all.

So join with the gang, make up your mind to have a good time and very soon you will say, as all the old timers say, "No. 33 S.F.T.S., Carberry is the best station in Canada."

I'll be popping up again.

—THE GEN MAN

Aunt Flossie's Comfort Page

Whatho! my dear little aviators! My mail is mixed this month but as usual your doting old Aunt Flossie can handle all comers. There aint no flies on me—only mosquitoes at this time of the year. But—to business:

Smudge (12B): A trip to Chicago or a weekend at the Nelson? My dear, you play with words. Knowing you, toots—a week end at the Nelson!

Cordell (Servicing Station): Don't be discouraged if Jack appears to prefer Eddie to you. He doesn't yet appreciate your devilish charm. And—if you want to slay him with an exotic coiffure, take my tip and start using the new wonder-working shampoo "Victory Through 'Air Power. It's a wow!

Stage-Struck (Workshops): Yes, I believe the Rip Chords are seeking a new leading man. If he can bring along some new ideas he will, I am told, be doubly welcome.

Sam (Wing Stores): No, the F.B.I. has no direct power of action in Canada. They must operate through the Canadian police. You will have time, therefore, for a quick getaway after the Chicago job.

Oswald (Sick Quarters): The outlook in quack medicine was never brighter, dear. All you require is sufficient bottles of colored water,

a learned line of gab and the determination of a door-to-door salesman.

Frank (12B): I'd plump for the Louisiana lassie, dear, if I were you. Oklahoma dames are rough, tough and won't stand for guff. Whereas down in the Land o' Dreams they go for an Englishman at the drop of an 'H.'

Eileen (Manitoba): Love or a career? The old question. Follow the heart my pet, even tho' he is only a farmer. Wheat will boom after the war.

Margie (Winnipeg): Relatives can be a trial dear. Your uncle Fred and I were pestered by them. That was of course, before poor Fred fell down a manhole and (sob) kept going! But why not farm them out among the gang? If a club for the Disposal of Unexpected Relatives were formed among you, you could easily return the favour later.

Swing Fan (Main Stores): Arthur Murray may have taught some folks dancing in a hurry but, believe me, you can learn to rug-cut in one night at the Old Fort. Fred and I used to shake a wicked hoof there in the old days. Ah me! I'll bet he's shaking another kind of hoof now!

And so—toodleoo, my angels.

Your doddering old Aunt Flossie.



Been through a wringer?

Don't go about feeling like the man in the picture . . . order a Guinness and you'll find this famous Old Country brew helps you face the world with a smile! Guinness' hearty, robust, racy flavour is just the thing when you're tired. So, after work or exercise, with meals and at bedtime—have a Guinness.

Back in Britain they all agree GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR YOU!

Never pasteurized, never filtered . . . brewed exclusively from barley malt, hops, special Guinness yeast and pure spring water . . . mellowed for a year or more in oak vats and bottle . . . no wonder in the Old Country people all agree Guinness is good AND good for you.

Try this racy, tangy, Old Country brew as a tonic, when you're tired, or just as a delicious appetizer before or with meals. Get a Guinness on your way home tonight!



TRADE MARK

Literally thousands of people take Guinness as a prescribed tonic, digestive or sedative. Thousands more drink Guinness because they enjoy its racy tang. Order Guinness from any legal outlet today!

Have a GUINNESS today!

A. Guinness Son & Co. Ltd., Dublin and London

S-364

This publication has satisfied itself that this advertisement has received the prior approval of the Government Liquor Control Commission as required by the Statutes.

The Climax

"We must face it like Romanoffs!"

The Grand Duke Boris turned from the window and glanced serenely at the Grand Duchess Sophia. She looked at him in terror. The turmoil from the courtyard was deafening. The sky was red from the flames of the burning stables and outhouses. She shuddered and called her three children to her side. Ivan, so like our Little Father the Czar. Natasha who was due soon for presentation at Court. Any boyishly handsome Konrad. She clasped them to her in a frenzy of affection.

The tramp of heavy peasant feet sounded in the corridor. Involuntarily the occupants of the Blue Room drew together and stared towards the door. The door leading to horror. But in each aristocratic heart was a firm resolve an iron determination not to disgrace the ancient House of Romanoff by last-minute cowardice ere the blow fell—the blow so long feared—and expected

The tramp of feet came nearer—nearer. And then a hoarse voice

roared "halt!" A massive fist beat a devilish tattoo on the oaken door. A babel of voices shrill with passion followed

Suddenly the door burst open. A motley stream flowed into the room. A revolution-mad stream of peasants and workers and the scourings of the countryside. All were armed. Some had clubs. Others rifles. Others sabres taken by force from the loyal soldiery . .

The leader of the mob paused and grinned savagely at the silent group. He raised a jagged club and howled:

"I, Stefan Kuminski, sentence you to be beaten to death—and I, Stefan Kuminski, will execute proletarian justice!"

He aimed the jagged club at the pale, delicately beautiful face of Natasha and

"Gee whiz!" said the Grand Duke Boris later. "The director said 'cut' just in time! That ham 'extra' was living his part. One more second, Natty' and even la Rubinstein couldn't have repaired your pan!"

**SOUVENIR OF CARBERRY
BOOKLET WILL BE ON
SALE SEPTEMBER 15**

Owing to difficulties encountered in engraving, due to enlistments by members of the staff, Wartime Souvenir of Carberry's publication

date will be delayed until September 15.

The Souvenir Booklet will be on sale at next pay parade. The News-Express very much regrets this unavoidable delay and trusts you will find the booklet has been well worth waiting for.

Maintenance Wing Gen

Flash! Wing Commander Moore enjoyed a joke about mallets with his typist the morning after the Mess Dance.

Flying Officer Bath (officer i/c old razor blades, used cigarette cartons and old newspapers) took time off from Patriotic Salvage last week to compere successfully the Officers' Mess Dance.

LAC. "Smudge" Smith formally opened the new Smith Extension Wing to the Nelson Bier-garten. A good time was had by all.

LAC. "Eddie" Barber went to Clear Lake on 20 cents. He returned with a dollar and reports a swell time.

LAC. Gerry Death, the Mad Musician of Maintenance Wing, had a heated argument about "artistic love" last week.

Flight Sergeant ('Flat-out-for Erks') Gash protested frequently against the loud and continuous bellows of coarse laughter emanating from the Wing Orderly room.

"Long John" Miller bade a tearful farewell to his beloved Forms 281 and 295.

Jackson Spender Stancer was 'cheesed off' about 20 times last month.

Corporal "Jock" Elliott, refugee from Scotland, shot a crafty line about a top-flight swing quartette he was importing from England.

Flash! Flying Officer Bath, ever popular adjutant, lit a fire in his office to test his extinguisher. It works!

Corporal "Jock" Elliott discovered two saxophonists among the reliefs from Moncton. He feels

more of an impressario than ever.

Flight Sergeant ("Flat-out-for-the-Erks") Gash retired to his boudoir for another meditative '48.' He prefers it that way.

LAC. "Nim" Walter spent an afternoon sun-worshipping on the "Y" roof at Winnipeg. Egypt still looms apparently

Sergeant Fynamore returned from leave at Kenora complete with mosquito bites and romantic memories.

LAC. "Smudge" Smith is keeping a watchful eye on the new Smith Extension Wing at the Nelson.

Wing Commander Moore entertained dignitaries from Command in his office. They say our tea is excellent. (advt.)

LAC Eddie Barber collected some debts, borrowed a little, and blew the proceeds in a 'back-to-Britain binge' in Winnipeg.

Gerry Death baptised Sergeant Fynamore in after-shave lotion to ease Joe's mosquito bites.

Wing Detail is short of copy these days. I. T. Is swallows most of what there is—not to mention Patriotic Salvage.

LAC Stan Levison took up his new duties in Maintenance Wing. His homesickness for S.H.Q. is gradually wearing off. The first hundred years are the worst, Stan.

Ted Groves looked in last week. He still likes a job where you can smoke!

Something nude has been added to the walls of Maintenance Wing Orderly Room.

NOSTALGIA

Marble Arch on a Sunday afternoon . . . free speech in action . . .
 . . . Guardsmen flirting on the Monkey Run . . . heavy competition from
 the R.A.F. . . . the ordered bedlam of traffic at Hyde Park corner
 a gaudy bus crested with a picture of Stephen King-Hall careening down
 Picadilly . . . the tree-flanked road from Slough to Beaconsfield
 Market Square Aylesbury on a Saturday afternoon . . . Vera dishing
 out the eats in Hammerton's Cafe . . . a jug of old and mild in the
 "Green Man" a rowdy sing-song in the "Barleycorn" the
 prom at Blackpool eating waffles in the Pleasure Beach
 wondering what Polish airmen have that we haven't in the Winter
 Gardens ballroom whooping it down in the Manchester Hotel on
 the Front the zoo at Hazelwood . . . picking up girls on Royal
 Avenue cheering during an "intermission" at Windsor Park . . .
 being nabbed speeding by the cops on the road to Bangor the
 beach at Killiney the Mardyke relaxing with a fag near
 Nelson's Anchor on Southsea Common . . . a midnight game of cards
 in Bungalowtown, Shoreham watching a fight among matelots
 down Queen Street the pigeons in Trafalgar Square the
 gargoyles near Scotland Yard the Cenotaph on the 11th November

But what's the use Nim. We've put in to stop out here

RALPH McDONALD

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STATION ORCHESTRA

Are YOU A Musician ?

Just after our arrival at Carberry in December 1940, there grew a general feeling amongst the airmen that a station dance orchestra was necessary and with this in mind, a meeting was held the following month. At this meeting, which was well attended, a committee was formed and on account of the talent present and the enthusiasm shown it was decided to obtain music and instruments as early as possible.

The generosity of the citizens of the surrounding districts should not be forgotten, as it was not long before we had scores of music and musical instruments sent to us to help us form our orchestra.

Our so-called band made its first debut in the Orange Hall, Carberry on the 24th of January, 1941. It was only a four-piece line-up, comprising Ted Milsom (saxophone), Ted Laraway (drums), George Wiseman (violin) and myself, Gerry Death (piano).

From then on new members joined the orchestra, in the names of Geoff Clarkson (trumpet), Pete Wilmott (bass), Lofty Pateman (saxophone), Tom Pirie (drummer) and not forgetting my co-pianist Bobbie Darroch.

The station dance orchestra was in full swing by the end of February, 1941, and was kept very busy playing at local dances and providing entertainment on the camp. Our first big show however, was on March 11, 1941, in the form of

a camp concert. This was broadcast and was also relayed to England. Perhaps the general public remembers this broadcast better as "Stan McCabe with the Troops at Carberry." Then there followed several broadcasts from CKX Brandon, with members of a concert party, later to be called the "Ripchords" Concert party under the direction of F/Lt. Sexton. For this concert party we were converted into a pit orchestra, but still kept the style of a dance orchestra.

Tom Pirie and Ted Laraway were posted, then along came one of the best drummers we have had so far—Kenny Elliott.

Up to a few weeks ago the orchestra comprised the following:

Ted Milsom (saxophonist), Lofty Pateman (saxophonist), Geoff Clarkson (trumpet), Ted Butt (trumpet), Alan Edwards (trumpet, doubling on tenor saxophone), Stan Goodman (Trombonist), Len Rees (violinist), George Wiseman (violinist), Pete Wilmot (bass), Kenny Elliott (drummer), Bobbie Darroch (pianist), Gerry Death (pianist).

Unfortunately Ted Milsom and Geoff Clarkson have gone on the "boat" and Lofty Pateman has gone on a pilot's course, so we are in need of a reed section such as an alto and tenor saxophonist. Anyone interested and willing to assist in the station orchestra is requested to hand in his name either to F/Lt. Sexton (Equipment officer) or LAC Death, Maintenance Wing orderly room (No. 2 hangar).

For Britain? Ah!

- "Hey, are yer goin' 'arvesting Bill?"
- "Am I what?"
- "Goin' 'arvesting!"
- "Ay?"
- "No. Wheat an' Oats."
- "What about it?"
- "I say are yer goin' "
- "When?"
- "Aint yer heard about it.—The farmers want us to go."
- "For nothing?"
- "Naw, for money"
- "Where?"
- "Oh. Anywhere."
- "Any farm?"
- "Yeah. Take your choice."
- "I know one in Devonshire."
- "Na' then, keep your feet off the boat. They want us bad. Get the crops in 'afore the bleedin' snow. They come to the gate an' get us."
- "Who, the farmers?"
- "Yeah."
- "Get more if they sent their dawters."
- "You would think o' that."
- "Can't help it."
- "The Group Captain is goin'."
- "Is 'e!"
- "Do they give us pitchforks."
- "Yeah."
- "What are we supposed to do?"
- "Lot of 'ard work."
- "Doin' what?"
- "Pilin' the corn into little 'eaps and linin' 'em up."
- "What! All of 'em. What's that bleedin' great machine for?"
- "That throws 'em out for us to pick up."
- "Joe, eh?"
- "Ay, like bloomin' Air Force."
- "Thought they 'ad 'orses?"
- "They do!"
- "Ah!"
- "Whats' ah"
- "It are goin' to be easier."
- "You pile sheaves on wagon for 'em."
- "What then?"
- "You take sheaves off wagon for them."
- "What do 'orses do?"
- "Pull wagon."
- "That all?"
- "Ah. Not you got me sayin' it."
- "Where do you put sheaves?"
- "In thrasher."
- "Who turns 'andle?"
- "Ther' ain't no 'andle."
- "What, no 'andle. Everythin' 'as a 'andle. Work's nowt but 'andles."
- "This ain't. Tractor turns it — belt and flywheel."
- "What's flywheels?"
- "Thing that goes round."
- "Then there is 'andle!"
- "I say there ain't! Aw you're dumb."
- "Wish you were."
- "That so."
- "Ay, I could go to sleep."
- "Always sleepin'."
- "Hey Alf—'bin thinkin'. Who gets wheat an' oats?"
- "Britain."
- "Now you're talkin'."

Try Your Hand at Squash

Now that Constructor Wells' squash court is completed, it might be of interest to some to have a rough idea of what goes on in a squash court. Even if the game is watched from the gallery at the back, the spectacle of two very hot men whizzing around the court at high speed, slamming away at a little black rubber ball will not convey very much to on-lookers not already familiar with the game.

The racket (a plenty good enough one can be bought for about \$5) is similar in appearance to, but heavier and sturdier than a badminton racket. The ball (50c each if you can get one at all—and will last several games) is about an inch and a half in diameter, soft, and rather dead. In England girls play the game with a faster ball than men use, for paradoxically a fast ball slows up the game. It comes to meet you, whereas with a slow ball you have to go and get it. Speaking roughly the court is like one half of

a tennis court, both players standing on the same side of the net. As a matter of fact there isn't a net at all, but a strip of metal about 15 inches high along the bottom of the end wall. A player has to get the ball onto the wall above the "tin", and below a line way up at the top of the wall, and he may play the ball onto any of the other walls to achieve this object. Though it must not, of course, touch the ground.

In English scoring you can add to your score only when you are serving. If the other chap wins a point when you are serving, he serves until you win another point. The first man to get nine wins the game. It's not an expensive game to play once you have got a racket. In half an hour most people get enough exercise to have them gasping, whilst a beginner, who is apt to run about four as far as necessary, is liable to explode in ten minutes. It's an exciting game to watch once you have got the hang of it.

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YOU are NEWS

Your exploits, your successes, your jublations, are news to those back home. Have you visited Reno? Won a Golf Championship? Shot a bear? Married the fairest girl in Canada? Give us the 'gen' and crash the headlines.

Part of the duties of Squadron Leader L. A. Nickolls, the R.A.F. Public Relations Officer at Ottawa, is to ensure the provision of news of the R.A.F. in Canada to Britain. Material is required in the form of photographs, letters and articles for publication in local, country and national newspapers. All sorts of items are required, serious and humorous, two lines and upwards in length, covering life and experiences in Canada; births, marriages, and engagements, etc.

Cpl. Oram, No. 1 Hangar, P.S.I. Store, has been appointed acting Station Press Correspondent, and he will receive all contributions for onward transmission. All contributions must be in writing and it is requested that no telephone enquiries be made in connection with the matter.

Please ensure that name, rank and full home address accompanies all contributions.

ON PARADE

— OR —

ON LEAVE

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FLAT OUT FOR
THE ERKS !!

F: Sgt. Frank Gash

Octavo Bravado

Or Can YOU Make It

Number Eight! The number sounds ominous but we are undaunted and are constrained to hurrah. Yet we ruminate thereon. Eight!—One over and we are reduced to inebriety. Eight!—The ball we are so often behind. Eight!—The number of days in the week the Powers wish we could work. Number Eight!—The Station Journal—Your Journal!—takes it in its stride and looks forward tounbe-whiskered longevity. We no longer look back and sigh for the days of that mighty organ, the RAF RAG of happy memory. Our thoughts are for the future. On, on, ever on!

We went out into the highways and byways and listened to many, saying naught. We heard men talk of our Journal and we were silent for many and contrary were their opinions. Some would have us strive for immortality in Literature, others deemed that every page should be double-loaded with invective. We heard humour, knowledge, rhetoric, verse, satire and exposition all praised and all condemned.

In awe we hearkened to one who spake as with the wisdom of the ages and whose voice enthralled us with the solemnity of the courthouse.

"This Journal should seek to inspire men to a more beautiful life. It's form should be symphonic thus transcending mere prose to

idyllic heights" And warning to his theme he introduced canon and fugue, harmony and counterpoint to his rhapsodic oration.

We were startled and dismayed and crept away, stifling sobs, to converse in hushed voices. Was our task thus? Was our Editorial policy wrong? Great was our apprehension.

Idly and morosely were fingered our copy—contributions to their Journal from a few among those who read it. We read and re-read and found it passing good. Suddenly our task was clear. What of the old man and his diatonic dissertation? The Journal is yours! We take the cream of your efforts and produce your Journal. You dictate our Editorial Policy. You, who both support and read this monthly volume, will ensure the abundance and quality of our material! You will ensure our longevity. Thus we say, "On, on, ever on!"

FACTS OF LIFE DEPT.

* * *

METROPOLITAN CINEMA WINNIPEG

Today: "The Birth of a Baby"
All next week: "Are Husbands Necessary?"

* * *

Are you kidding?

IT'S A PLEASURE

As you look through the beautifully illustrated pages of EATON'S Catalogue, you'll find that every item is presented clearly, attractively and in a manner easily understood. No effort has been spared to make your shopping convenient as well as profitable.

And what a variety of goods to choose from books, shaving supplies, stationery — in fact everything found in big city stores. Truly EATON'S Catalogue makes shopping by Mail Order a real pleasure.

Shop from EATON'S Catalogue
"A STORE BETWEEN COVERS"

THE T. EATON CO. LIMITED
WINNIPEG CANADA

SERGEANTS' MESS

Erudite John Peach, striving to emulate stout Cortez, has embarked upon an expedition to the Pacific. Cortez, however, has no R/F or D/F.

Benedick "Chuck" Faulkes desires enlightenment on the Lease-Lend Act. Are all imports from the U.S.A. governed by this Act?

The Mess Chef was amazed to see his red currant jelly ignored by those eating roast lamb but being much enjoyed by those crunching cheese and biscuits. Too many sprogs in the Mess these days.

From a reliable source we learn that the days are numbered of our rival column "Brevities" in the Carberry News-Express. We shall now be pleased to renew our subscription to the Columnists Trade Union.

Linkist Pettapiece went on a honeymoon — not his own! He claims the bridegroom invited him! ! ! R.O.T.B. and let's get back to the farm.

We regret to report that Amorist Dixon's heart trouble has been pronounced organic and not erotic, as hitherto believed.

Inspector-of-football-pitches Gash is in high spirit these days. Presumably the result of visits to Winnipeg.

Wee Willie Muir (erroneously reported as Sergt. J. Muir by our rival column) enjoyed a night in camp as Orderly Sergeant. He stated it helped to remind him how the other half lived.

Take twenty-one couples, a moon, a river bank, a fire, a cauldron, some buns, marshmallows and corn-on-the-cob and what have you? A corn roast without any butter!

His First Leave

Bedson was on leave, his first vacation since he disembarked only a few weeks previous. The morning was gloriously sunny and bright with a pleasant breeze blowing over the blue waters of the lake. Bedson, however, was in no fit mood to enjoy these things. It seemed that he had only just retired to bed when a loud female voice verging on the raucous, bawled into his ear that everyone was going over to the mainland. Actually that state of affairs would just suit him, he wanted to be alone. So he sleepily agreed with the unrecognized element bearing the news that it was a good idea, and promptly went to sleep again.

Some time later, Bedson awoke more fully, and reached for the morning cup of tea which he felt might be waiting on the bedside table. No cup it seemed, but his fingers groped over something else, which upon investigation appeared to consist of a cold sausage stuck haphazardly into a huge dry dinner roll. On the same plate appeared hundreds of small yellow berries clustered around a green stalk. Not quite knowing what to do with these wierd objects first thing in the morning, he threw them with gusto through the open window, having first made the necessary hole in the birdcage netting with his razor blade. He hoped that it was the correct thing for him to do, not wishing to make a bad faux pas on his first day.

What he did understand, however, was a glass of poisonous brown liquid on the dressing table.

It had been the deuce of a party the previous night. It started at ten o'clock, when they had lighted their first Sweet Caporal cigarettes, and but an hour later had deserted their last ones beside an empty bottle and staggered away.

Downstairs, everyone was coming back from the mainland it seemed. Bedson discovered that in this case it was only a minority of the guests, but by what subtle means one decided who was included under the general title remained a mystery. The rest of the gathering in the chalet appeared to consist of perfectly normal sane people. His musings and the peaceful atmosphere of the place were rent asunder by the shrieking of mixed sexes bursting into the lounge from the dock beyond. In two seconds the building was in an uproar. Bedlam broke loose. The largest and presumably most important feature of the furniture occupied at least half the floor, in a spot where the fireplace would normally be, and was in the process of being kicked and pushed by two long-coated, pale-complexioned members of the latest ?????? Suddenly the huge box glowed with a wonderful variation of coloured lights, but ruined its picturesque appearance immediately afterwards by promoting the terrific din usually associated with iron foundaries at full blast in wartime.

(Contd. from page 19)

The Rex Cafe, Carberry

THE BOYS OF No. 33 S.F.T.S. ARE ALWAYS
WELCOME AT CARBERRY'S FINEST CAFE

● GOOD EATS ●

THE BEST BRANDS OF CHOCOLATES, CIGARS
CIGARETTES and TOBACCOS

LEE LOW, proprietor
BUY VICTORY BONDS, WAR SAVINGS STAMPS
AND CERTIFICATES

HIS FIRST LEAVE—(Contd. from page 18).

Faces twisted into fanatical leers, the two long-haired, bespectacled examples of brutality seized two members of the fair sex and started some very vicious kicking at an imaginary football dangling from the centre of the roof above them. The unfortunate members of the fair sex, urgently gripping a small dark bottle in the one hand and a lighted cigarette in the other, squared their shoulders and bent forward with determination written on their features, the only proof that they were not really in pain.

Now the fantasy reached its climax. The huge box almost left its appointed stand with its excessive vibrations. The other members of the gathering, answering the Call of the Wild, actually deserted their small dark bottles, relaxing their grim hold on each other's waists, and formed a close circle around the perspiring maniacs in the centre, to clap their hands with gusto and a frantic accompaniment of fanatical snarls and tossing heads.

Bedson fled outside. He was

just wiping his brow when the tumult faded mysteriously, leaving only hoarse voices demanding nickels. Three girls, who all looked alike, energetically chewing something rather difficult to masticate, approached him. "Gee kid, don't look so lonesome," shrieked the first, "have a coke," and thrust one of the small dark bottles of fluid into his open mouth, nearly smashing his front teeth. "Like breakfast?" enquired the second girl, using the same intonation of voice, a cigarette, stained for at least half an inch, dangling from her red lips. "Aw" said she, with a dreamy look in her eyes, "nothing like weenies and corn on the cob, kid." The third girl grabbed his lapels, and gazing deeply into his eyes, enquired if he had slept well. "As a matter of fact," he replied, embarrassed, "I slept like a log, but I woke up this morning with quite a jerk." The girl dropped his lapels instantly, stamped her foot and smacked his cheek as only a jitterbug can. "Play ball" she said, and left him standing.



Betty Grable

Reprinted by special request

C. V. M.

. . . Airmen, for the use of . . .

The PALACE THEATRE, Carberry

WED. & THURS. Sept. 2—3
Jack Benny — Kay Francis
"CHARLEY'S AUNT"

FRI. & SAT., Sept. 4—5
Abbott & Costello
"RIO RITA"

MON. & TUES., Sept. 7—8
Humphrey Bogart - Irene Manning
"THE BIG SHOT"

WED. & THURS., Sept. 9—10
Jean Gabin — Ida Lupino
"MOON-TIDE"

FRI. & SAT., Sept. 11—12
Robert Cummings — Priscilla Lane
"SABATEUR"

MON. & TUES., Sept. 14—15
Edw. Robinson — Jane Wyman
"LARCENY, INC."

WED. & THURS., Sept. 16—17
Double Feature
Miriam Hopkins — Brian Donlevy
—in—

"A GENTLEMAN
AFTER DARK"
— AND —
Lionel Atwill — Lon Chaney, jr.
—in—

"MAN-MADE MONSTER"

FRI. & SAT., Sept. 18—19
Marlene Dietrich — John Wayne
—in—
"THE SPOILERS"

CAT CUTS PEACH

Much distress has been caused personnel of the station over the estrangement that has arisen between Radio Expert John Peach and his dusty-blue cat Ackar. "He'll have no truck at all with me now," complained F/Sgt. Peach to our correspondent. "I, who brought him up in the straight and narrow since he was that high," he added, stooping to hold his hand an inch above the floor. It was apparent that the Flight Sergeant was much distressed by the situation. Indeed, it is reported that, blinded by misery, he has at times mistaken the space-heater for his bunk, commenting forcibly on the sudden

increase in the height of his bed.

Our correspondent was fortunate enough to encounter the cat Ackar near the canteen. "I'm really very sorry," he admitted, "But now I'm a cat I must put away kittenish things. I can't remain tied to Mr. Peach's apron strings for ever. I am assisting the war effort, you know, by seeking out and destroying rodents with totalitarion sympathies. Well, you must excuse me now as I have a date with a tabby. Nice girl though, but a bit of a human. Oh yes," he added, looking back, "Girls! If I learnt nothing else from Mr. Peach, I sure . . . but never mind, it would hardly be of interest to you."

CARBERRY BOWLING ALLEY

NOW OPEN

OPEN 1 P.M. UNTIL MIDNIGHT

★ ★ ★

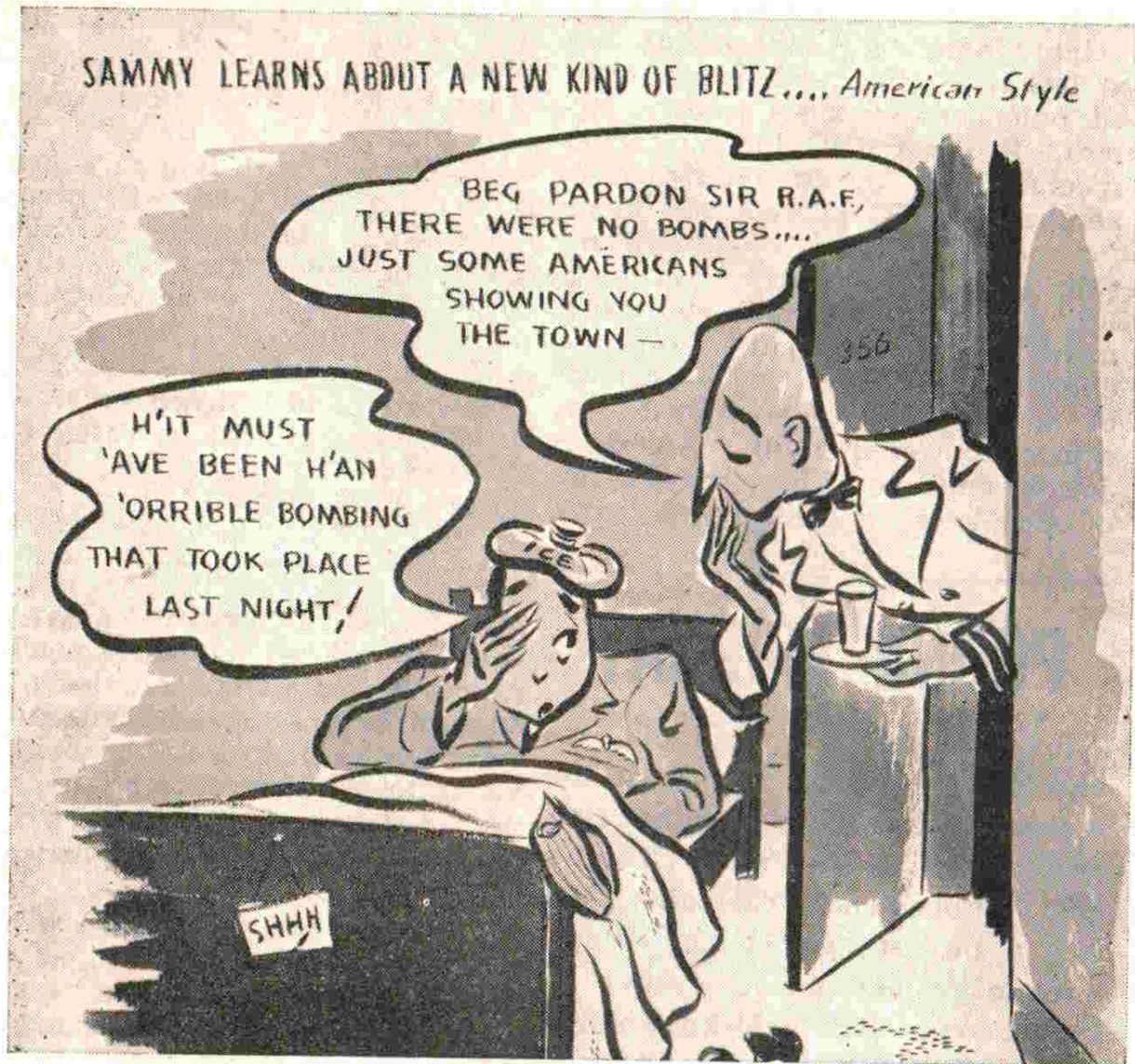
15 cents a game

★ ★ ★

WHY NOT START A LEAGUE IN THE CAMP?

M. McLEAN, proprietor

CARBERRY



*Cpl Sam Berry
On Leave
In Minneapolis*

LUXURY FLYING AT CARBERRY

The phenomenon of Anson aircraft seen perceptibly gaining height following the take-off has at last been witnessed by astonished onlookers at the Carberry airport. This, coupled with an earlier spectacle of Ansons indulging in aerobatics, has proved too much for many observers who, as a result, have sworn themselves to a life of stern self-denial and early nights. The explanation of the climbing Anson lies in the arrival of some Canadian-assembled machines powered with American Jacobs engines. They have many of the latest gadgets, such as a

knob to yank up the wheels automatically, another knob to start the engines, and various other labour-saving devices. Consequently the back-breaking efforts usually associated with the flying of Ansons, classed with mothers-in-law as a music hall joke, will become a bit fewer and farther between.

We understand that a Mark III Anson will shortly appear which thinks nothing of exceeding 100 miles an hour, hovering, flying backwards, and a dozen other cute little tricks. It will be fitted with a bedroom, a bathroom, and a beautiful blonde.

POONA MURRAY

Reports from Poona, India, reveal the sensational news that the recent rioting there had no connection with Mahatma Ghandi's civil disobedience campaign, but was a protest against the acceptance of a certain adventurer as Lord Poona. It is well known that the real Lord Poona is a member of the personnel of this station, where he adopts a working incognito. His disciples, we are glad to say, have put to flight the impudent psuedo-Poona who attempted to usurp his seat.

A distinguished member of the Sergeants Mess, bronzed, handsome Lord Poona is a keen patron of the sports, and an ardent radio

operator, but otherwise leads a retired life. When our correspondent called at his bunk, the door was opened by his Greek manservant. "His Lordship does not give interviews to the newspapers," he said.

WHICH STATION DIJA HEAR?

19 August, 1942.

KFYR, Bismark. "Hard-boiled American commando troops, accompanied by British, Canadian and Free French forces have made a strong raid upon"

CJRC, Winnipeg. "Tough Canadian commandos, aided by British, American and Free French contingents"

London, BBC. "British commandos tonight made a successful assault aided by American, Canadian and Free French"

What! Has General de Gaulle no official organ?

'A' SQUADRON NEWS

Just recently the Squadron has lost some of its older and better known members, giving us just cause to raise that lugubrious, but apparently unheard, squeal for bigger and better staffs! But this time we cannot altogether blame "Higher Authority," as we are rather inclined to do, because the boat has claimed quite a percentage, under the high sounding title of repatriation. And judging by the 'noises off' at the Camp Cinema on the appearance on the screen of even the meanest looking tramp steamer, this would appear to be a good thing in the view of those concerned.

F/Lt. W. A. R. Harris, F/O C. W. Dunnet and P/O T. V. Whatling were all posted to other units in Canada. Much to the disgust of at least one of them who greatly desired to accompany that Scotsman's friend F/Lt. R. M. Pugh on the last boat! There is someone else too, whom we would like to mention, although we cannot claim him as one of the Squadron's exclusive members; but we take the opportunity of mourning Padre Clarke's posting from this Unit, because he has been a friend to us all.

Among the airmen who have recently departed, the Squadron Headquarters has lost the very efficient and hardworking Corp. Milsom, who not only did his job well, but found time to beguile our senses with 'jive' in the Station dance orchestra; took time off for the Rip Chords orchestra; and helped us to march in step on the various parades held on the station.

To all these and to those whose names have slipped our memories

What a Life!



Beautiful girls usually storm
A handsome man in a uniform,
But not this man—
till he learns, m'friend,
He has to perspire,
but needn't offend!

Bath tonight with LIFEBOUY

The ONE soap especially made to
prevent "B.O." (Body Odor)

we wish the best of luck, and more power to them in helping to fix the Naxis! And to those who have just arrived and are going to carry on, we would say this: There are places in this world, and even in this country, which are far worse than Carberry. When we first arrived, the station was new and our comforts few, but Admin. (and we cover a multitude of sins under that title!) have made this a well organized and pleasant unit. We hope that the new boys will appreciate this and put up an even better record by benefitting from their predecessors and the "old-timers" experiences.

What Keeps the R.A.F. Flying

On the supposition that army travels on its stomach, it might be concluded that an air force travels on its wings. But an air force in fact does nothing of the kind. By what, then, is the R.A.F. kept in the air?

Its pilots, its navigator, its radio operators? the answer is No. Its radiolocation girls, its ground engineers, its electricians, its operations staff? the answer is again No. Perhaps by intelligence? Perhaps by Command Headquarters? The answer it still No. Perhaps by the riggers, the WAAF or the Observer Corps? The answer is still No and still No.

An air force depends, of course, on all those things. But all these departments would fail or fail to function if it were not for a department with the most humdrum name of all, a department which functions unromantically far behind the headlines of air battle, epic flights, medals for valour, radiolocation, and the problems of whether the WAAF's should bath with screens.

It functions behind all these things, out of sight, and yet is the dynamo that charges every activity. Its official name is Equipment, its everyday name is Stores. Without Equipment or Stores the air force would be like a dead wire from which the current has gone. Without it there would be no bombing, no fighting, no reconnaissance, no ferry service, no epics and no victories.

The activities of Equipment are enormously powerful. Equipment can hold up the work of an airman for lack of buttons on his pants; it can hold up the fighting of a £90,000 aircraft for lack of a spare part costing 90d. It deals in everything from pins to planes, airscrews to alters, engines to ice pails, cheese to coffins, petrol to pigeon nests, bombs to brassieres. It feeds, clothes, furnishes, arms, lights, heats and houses the whole air force from the Chief of Air Staff down to the lowest A/C plonk.

Its catalogues contains between three-quarters of a million and one million items. What it issues in the whole of Great Britain in one year or even one day is beyond reckoning. But the figures for a single R.A.F. station are staggering enough.

You often hear complaints about food. Perhaps the airman does not get enough milk in his tea? Yet in a week Equipment on one station issues two and a quarter tons. Not enough bread and cheese? Yet Equipment issues eight tons of one and a half ton of the other. It doles out three tons of meat, three quarters of a ton of margarine.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 32)

FULLER EXPLANATION DEPT.

In paragraph 10 only those types of aircraft on which the reporting officer knows personally that the airman has never seen him fly should not be accepted for in—
—Extract from Pilots Assessment form.

Why not?

CORPORALS' CLUB

It was with bated breath of wonderment and curiosity that the committee watched to see how many of the old school (sadly depleted) and how many reinforcements of the new school would wander through the famous (and envied?) portals of the club to sip their fill of John Barleycorn, and imbibe in the 'Lighter Fantastic' with the grand set of Brandon WAAFs and nurses who were so pleased (and pleasing to us) to have received the order, for the first time, to advance 'en masse' to the Corporals' Club at No. 33.

From a slow start, things got underway. Couples took the floor and danced gaily away 'neath the brightly decorated hall, shepherded discreetly by a very able emcee. Members of the famed Rip Chords entertained lightly during the eating period and afterwards, nobody ever looked back. Time

went on, and still more couples took the floor (others endeavoured to take the Bar) but in short, everyone had whole lot of fun.

BOUQUETS TO . . .

1. Everyone present for joining in so well.
2. F/Lt. J. H. Sexton, the only officer present, but surely an asset at any party.
3. Corporals Gunn and Clarehugh for marathon last minute work.
4. Eric Wringe for working so hard and so successfully at Emcee.
5. Corporal Berry for draping himself so deliciously around the mike and waxing so sentimentally at an hour far too late for public speaking.
6. The Rip Chords orchestra, decorators and all helpers, and the committee.

CHOCOLATES and SWEETS

. . . ARE RATIONED IN BRITAIN

SEND SOME HOME THIS PAYDAY



WE HAVE A FINE SELECTION OF THE VERY
BEST QUALITY OF

NEILSON'S CHOCOLATES



CRICH'S BAKERY

LUNCHEONETTE

CARBERRY

MANITOBA

STATION SOFTBALL

In spite of the fact that our station softball team lost out in the B.D.S.A.A. softball league, there has continued to be lots of activity in softball circles on the camp.

What proved to be an interesting series was arranged between A2 C.A.T.C. at Camp Shilo and our station team. We lost the first game played at Camp Shilo by a 11-7 score, but evened up the series the following week on our own diamond when we made Shilo bend the knee to the tune of 14-9. This game was a real bang-up affair. Shilo brought along supporters that numbered in the hundreds, and we are sorry to report outnumbered the number of supporters that station team was able to muster by many times over. In spite of being in the unique position of playing on their home diamond and finding that there were more supporters for the visiting team than there were for your own team, the station team played topnotch ball and had the game well in hand throughout.

The third game was played again

on our home diamond, and we were able to walk off with the rubber. (Somebody cracked that we should donate it to the salvage) The score of this game was 9-5. Heavy hitters of this game were Mosley, Fontana and Olfrey for Carberry, with Lt. Connor and Relander hitting out the long ones for Shilo.

Sgt. Ages pitched good ball for the station throughout the entire series, and he was given good support from his infield and outfield on the whole.

In the station league S/Ldr. Burnell's officers, and Sergeant Hebert's Senior N.C.O.'s are turning out strong teams these days. Special mention should be made of F/O Court and W/O Robson for the fine games they are turning in considering the newness of the game to them.

LINE-UP (SHILO SERIES)

Mosley, Fontana, Ages, Beverly, Mark, Wells, Gault, Smith, Hebert, Olfrey, Rees, Pelletier, Isenberg, Larsh, Letourneau. (Stan McFarland, Y. M. C. A., War Services, Coach.)

Do You Croon?

Are you a crooner, comedian or an actor? in fact if you have ever broadcast over the air, then here is your chance. It is proposed to organize radio relays from Royal Air Force Stations in this country to Great Britain.

Carberry has been chosen as the first station for this experiment. So if you know anything at all about radio broadcasting, get in touch with F/Lt. Sexton, equipment section.

You Can **STILL** SEND HOME

- SILK STOCKINGS
- BUTTER
- BACON
- CHEESE

... FROM ...

B. W. CALDWELL CO.

... ALSO ...

A GOOD SELECTION OF MEN'S CLOTHING

GOLF

The absence of a golf course within reach of the camp is a serious obstacle to the organization of a camp golfing society.

However, on August 19 a tournament was organized at Brandon Country club, being taken over the same layout just recently. In spite of a late start and the clashing of other sports fixtures that evening, eleven enthusiasts were able to play off 12 holes for scratch and handicap prizes.

The feature of the evening was a startling 2 over par score by

S/Ldr. Burnell who was out in 38 against 37 par. Over sand greens and a tricky layout, this represents golf which would hold its own in any company and equals the winning golf in the western Manitoba Championship played over the same layout just recently. Other gross scores were hardly in the same class.

It is hoped that this tournament will be a prelude to some matches. These will have to be played by teams organized from among those who are on week-end leave together.

SOCCER

Carberry Vs Neepawa

Played at Brandon exhibition ground resulted in a win for Neepawa by 3 goals to 2. Neepawa opened strongly and under pressure Raine handled but from the kick the ball went wide. Shortly after Neepawa scored from a fine shot by the outside left, Brown, which left Weller completely unsighted.

From the centre Carberry quickly lost control and Neepawa attacked strongly. As yet Carberry were not playing well together as a team. Occasional breakaways were made and Dunphy, Milliken and Arblaster all came close but the Neepawa goal was well kept. Ware, who was in good form, put over some excellent centre from the left wing and came close with a grand shot. Carberry took over for a short while and during this time Dunphy scored from a centre by Ware.

Both teams were playing very good football and for a while the game was confined to the mid-field, then after some good work by Milliken, who passed to Spiers, Williams scored to make the score 2-1 in Carberry's favor. This aroused Neepawa and they pressed the Carberry goal but the defence stood firm and half time came with the score: Carberry 2, Neepawa 1.

From the restart Neepawa came close and from then on it was a ding-dong battle, with each side missing many opportunities. After

a breakaway by Milliken Neepawa came back and scored to make the game even.

Almost immediately from the centre Neepawa broke away again to score and make the total 3-2 in their favour.

After this Carberry tried hard, but were unable to get through the Neepawa defence.

The game was one of the best of the season and the two sides were very evenly matched. Gash and Weller played exceptionally well.

Team: Weller, Makins, Cottam, Raine, Gash, Dunphy, Ware, Spiers, Williams, Arblaster, Milliken.

CONFUSE US — HE SAY

Temptation is something which when resisted gives happiness, and when yielded to gives greater happiness.

The trouble with travelling the straight and narrow path is that you miss all the fun on the side roads.

It's a wise man who keeps what he hears to himself, but it's a wiser man who analyses all he hears.

He who laughs a lot lives longer
But he who laughs last lives longest.

If thee be doing nought for nought
Do it for thyself.

The path to ruin is paved with good conventions.



C-A-R-B-E-R-R-Y
— VS —
N-E-E-P-A-W-A



(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26)

What Keeps The R.A.F. Flying

Is the station clean? It should be, for Equipment issues 650 lbs of floor polish a quarter, more than 12,000 lb. of soap, 500 lbs of cleansing powder, 1,000 rags for polishing. Are the personnel clean? They should be, for Equipment washes 1,200 blankets a week, deals with 1,500 bales of washing. Are they well clothed? They should be, for Equipment issues more than 12,000 new boots a year, 2,000 pairs of stockings, 12,000 neckties. Are they warm? They should be, for Equipment deals with 4,000 tons of coal a year, nearly 2,000 tons of coke.

Equipment deals not only with new things but with old. From the exchange of tunics it salvages on one station alone 18,000 buttons a week, or 900,000 a year. Each button cost fivepence, so that Equipment rescues from buttons alone nearly £400 a week or nearly £20,000 a year.

Petrol is perhaps Equipment's largest item. The stocks must naturally be colossal, and some idea of how colossal they are, can be gathered from the facts that one station alone uses 2,000 gallons a year. This is enough petrol to keep 1,000 cars running for 60,000 miles each or one car for a century at half a million miles a year. If you knew the number of R.A.F. stations in the British Isles you could, no doubt, calculate from this that the petrol used by them in one year would be enough to take your five-year-old Austin Seven to the moon.

But the moon will not light the station. So Equipment issues

1,000 miles of electric wire a year, 4,000 torch batteries, 10,000 bulbs. It keeps a man who reads electric meters. In order to read every meter in the station once, he travels more than 60 miles.

Aircraft depend not only on petrol but on radios airmen not only on food but on oxygen. So Equipment—again on one station—issues 2,000 radios valves a year, 3,000 oxygen cylinders weighing 300 tons. It equips 400 oxygen sets, more than 6,000 aircraft instruments. For all these things and everything else, vouchers and receipts are needed. So Equipment needs 40,000 vouchers a year, 55,000 receipts, another 8,000 forms for exchange.s.

This list could go on and on. There is nothing Equipment cannot supply within reason for the needs of a station. Its items are bewildering in the variety, astonishing in their quantity, often comic in character. If you want bodkins, brassieres or boxing gloves Equipment has them. It can supply you with ice pails, milk sterilizers, milk testers, dressmaking machines, egg whisks or nutcrackers. Do you hate flies? Equipment has fly traps and fly swatters. It has handcuffs and fish kettles, cork screws and communion plates.

If you die it has your coffin and your shroud. If you are short of forks (agricultural, cake, dessert) or pots (chamber, coffee, cooking, glue, marmalade, mustard or melting), Equipment has all you need. It can fit you up with insecticides, blowpipes, wheelbarrows alters, anvils, decanters, spectacles, spokeshaves or sponges.

Drink . . .

DREWRY'S DRY

GINGER ALE

Special Export



Manufactured Only By

**DREWRY'S DRY GINGER ALE,
CANADA, LIMITED**

WARTIME SOUVENIR OF CARBERRY



★ ★ ★
SORRY . . .

WARTIME SOUVENIR OF CARBERRY is being delayed because of difficulty in having engravings made. Shortage of help due to enlistments has rendered our engraving service to 25% of its normal standard.

BUT . . .

Wartime Souvenir of Carberry will be completed before September 15. Orders placed in advance, will be delivered immediately upon the book's completion. The book will definitely go on sale next payday.

Bear With Us

Never was so much done for so many by so few. The book is well worth waiting for.

★ ★ ★
THE CARBERRY NEWS-EXPRESS
creators of
FINE QUALITY PRINTING