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# JOURNAL

of the

*Royal Air Force, Carberry*

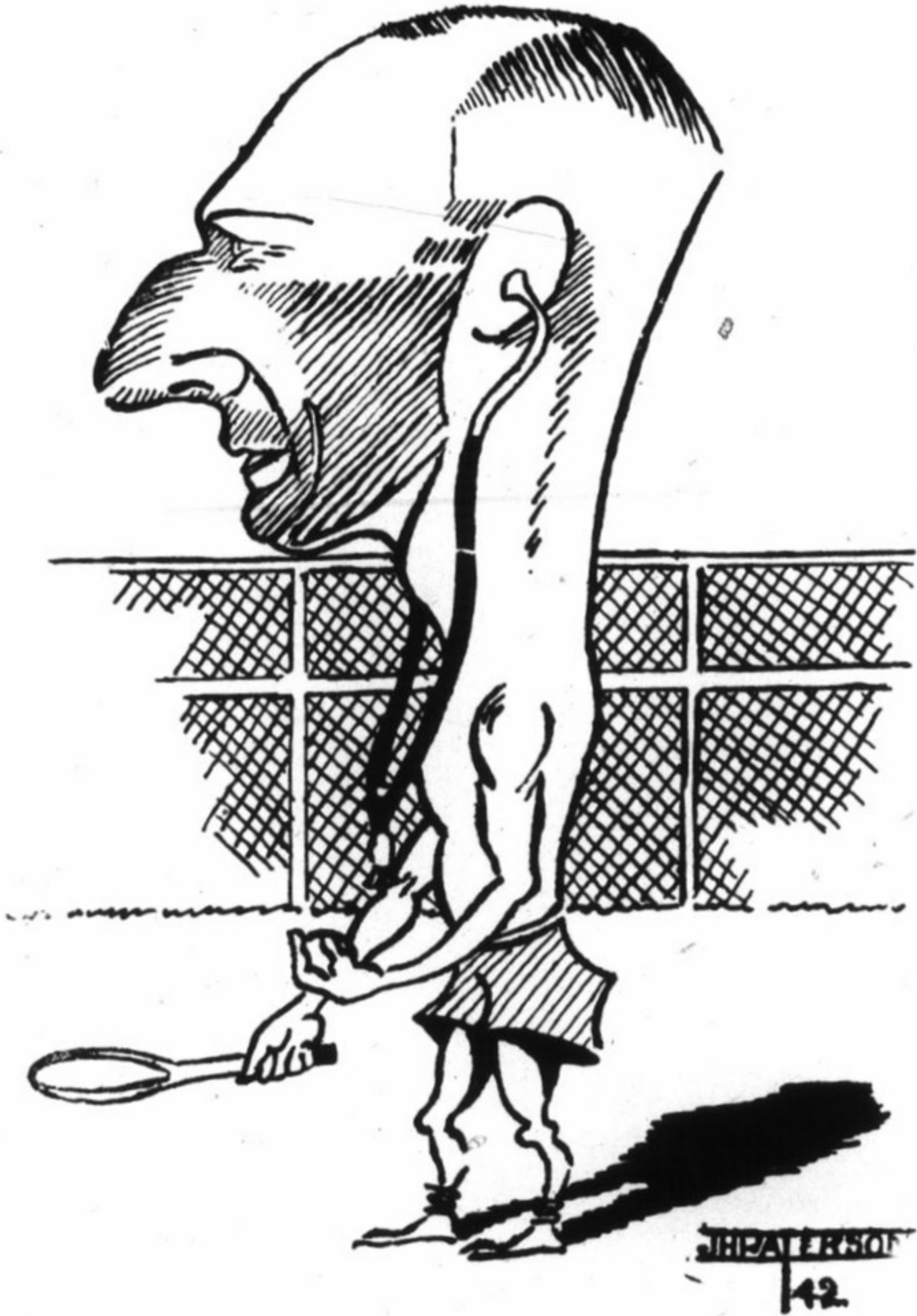
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Monthly



*The 'Doc'*  
*Squadron Leader Gossip*

**T**HE PAST month has been remarkable for little save the hail storm on the 11th. This gave the new arrivals some idea of the rudeness of the elements in these parts. It also gave the old hands a heaven-sent opportunity of telling awful tales of the coming winter . . . . . frost bite, the peculiar invisibility of mercury at minus 50 and the impossibility of sleep have all been retailed . . . . . with embellishments and more than one



rookie has opined that if he survives this winter, he'll be able to take anything in the climatic line.

There have been several distinguished visitors during September. The first was Air Vice-Marshal McKeen, the Air Liason Officer at Ottawa. He arrived by immaculate Lockheed at which the servicing squadron gazed wistfully and showed his usual interest in the personnel of the unit by the many questions he asked regarded their welfare. Wing Commander Rev. Gregson came through later in the month. As senior RAF chaplain he was making a tour of English units and soon showed that his memory was as 'royal' as ever. When it is realized that during the year he must come into contact with many hundreds of RAF personnel, it really is remarkable how often he will remember someone whom he has met perhaps once before and then at some other station. Towards the end of the month, S/Ldr. Millington from the Directorate of Airmen's Personnel Services visited the camp and spent much time in dealing with the problems of the airmen.

On the 28th, 'blues' became the only official dress thus bringing to a close the 'Fred Karno' period which seems to occur when the weather is really too cold for KD and has to be eked out with scarves and pullovers, the average airmen (and officer for that matter) seeming to think that the longer he wears summer kit, the shorter the winter must be. Strange though how smart the blue uniform looks after five months of khaki, almost as smart in fact as khaki looks after seven months of blue!

During the month a club has been formed for those interested in the Arts. It is reported in this issue, and those interested should lose no time in getting in touch with the committee. The Club's programme is an ambitious one and it will need plenty of support to make it a real success.

Gen has been conducting its own talent spotting campaign and some of its discoveries have contributions in this issue. If you can write or draw, let us see your work for we can use all the talent on the Unit if Gen is going to be as good as we hope it will be.

## Station Gestapo Chief Liquidated

Carberry, Sept. 28th—Great consternation came over Gestapo headquarters today when it was found that Gestapo Chief James was missing. Against all the betting, Asst. Snooper Platt did not succeed to the length of nose-pipe which is the insignia of office. Instead "something new has been added". The new chief, Sgt. Walshaw, is stepping quietly at first, but he has already put out some feelers and many have heard the dread words; "Get your naircut" or, "Where is your service shirt". Chief Walshaw, we feel, has the makings of a real Gestapo man for, in addition to his own hair-cut, he has been heard to say to a fellow sergeant; "Don't waste time talking to the men". This is the true attitude of the Gestapo, but we little thought it would come to Carberry. If it were not libellous we would say that in our opinion Chief Walshaw is a true Aryan.



## New Branch For Phillip's Dept. Store

In spite of wartime restrictions the firm of Phillips & Sexton Unlimited continue to flourish. Latest example of this was the opening of a new men's clothing dept. in No. 5 hangar recently. The new floor walker is F/Sgt. Ovens who has already had much experience in this continent.

Personnel of Station Headquarters who were among the first customers were much impressed by the long counters and the lay out of the goods, which was much in the manner of an expensive ladies millinery house, chiefly noticeable was a very fine cap, field service, other airmen. Upon enquiry this was found to be for show only, and no finer display could have been arranged, for there it lay in solitary splendour in the middle of twelve feet of shelf.

Asked how the firm managed to keep such a high stock, chief buyer Lord said, "Well, you see, we never dispose of any goods without a fight. Here the customer is always wrong."



## Airmen's Lounge

That mysterious concern, the P.S.I., has come out into the open in a big way, and, as a result, in building 21 next to the small canteen there is gradually taking shape an Airmen's Lounge and Games Room. This has been equipped by the P.S.I. from your funds and is for your use. The whole building has been re-decorated and chesterfields and armchairs are being installed. There are also several writing desks with note paper provided, at the back is a games room with a billiard table and two tennis tables. The floor has been polished and is covered with rugs. Airmen of the Station should gain great benefit from all these things, it is hoped to keep the lounge free from all feelings of officialdom and the few rules are very simple and obvious. This is your home, you paid for it, it is up to you to keep it like a home.



## 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.

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Taking Canada in his stride, after seeing active service in Palestine in 1938, duties with the R.A.F., in China, and since the outbreak of war doing the rounds in Libya and Egypt, Warrant Officer G. S. Merrison, arrived in Winnipeg Thursday morning with a group of British airmen.

—Winnipeg Tribune

## Aunt Flossie's Page

My Dear Chicks:

I wish to extend a welcome this month to all the new arrivals on the Station from Over There. While they are in Canada they can rest assured that everything will be done to make their tour of duty Over Here a pleasant one. I, too, will do my part. If there are any among you with queries of any kind—from local rent problems to questions of the better local groggeries—don't hesitate to bang 'em along to me. I am open to all comers. And now, to September's mail:

Frank (Officers Mess): New York City has many pitfalls and temptations, dear. But what's the use of a big city without temptations to yield to? Call at Tony's Eatery in Greenwich Village and you'll meet some of the more distingue members of the demi-monde riff-raff.

Letha (Carberry): The new arrivals will take some getting used to, admittedly. They lack somehow the savoir faire of the pioneers but a few sessions at the Nelson, the Rink and the Orange Hall should accustom them to Canadian do's and don'ts.

Poet (Armoury):

The lines you seek are:

Lanky product of fish and chips  
Everyone said he gave them the pips.

They are from the "Ode to a Bus Conductor" by Henry Flatfoot Shortfellow. Several verses by the same poet are included in "Poems Printable and Unprintable", published by Messrs. Dodger & Scrounger, Bedford Square, London, price 4/6d. (including war tax).

Aeronautics ("A" Squadron): I believe that Paramount is producing a motion picture based on Major de Seversky's "Victory Through Air Power". It has been tentatively called "Love Conquers All" and will include several snappy numbers such as "I Lost My Heart at 5000 Feet", "Those Aerobatic Blues", "Don't Go Down to the Hanger, Daddy", "Songs of the S.W.O." and "Say it with H.E."

Ralph (G.I.S.): Opening a cabaret locally would be a good idea. The support of airmen would be assured. Eccentric acts are also plentiful. Your proposed title "The Silver Dollar" is excellent. Book me a ring-side seat on opening night.

Chef (Cookhouse): It is a far cry from the Dorchester to an R.A.F. cookhouse. But airmen are just as fastidious about their food as any purse-proud perversu. Ask any orderly officer. Try and retain your former standards and you'll help to stem that compassionate posting movement so much in vogue today.

Escaped Nazi (Somewhere in Manitoba): So you wish to join the R.A.F. but fear your sincerity will be questioned? Can you blame us. We don't care to be heiled, and the goose-step is beyond us. We haven't time either for mass daily demonstrations of racial solidarity nor can we endure endless speeches telling us what swell fellows we are. Sorry, my chick. See you at OUR Victory Parade on the Unter den Linden.

And so—adios, my leetle caballeros. Till next month,

Your big hearted old

AUNT FLOSSIE.

## Open Letter To W.O. Merrison

Sir:

I have recently had the honour of observing your marshalling of the men of No. 33 S.F.T.S. on the Wednesday morning parade and I must confess I found much to admire in your methods. Such precision! Such order! Such rhythm! However, my dear Mr. Merrison, may I point out that the day of regimentation is past? At least on the North American continent. The day of individualism has arrived. And it has come to stay! May I therefore suggest that you consider the introduction of my new Marche à Danse system into your parade order?

This, despite its high-faluting French name, is nothing more nor less than the steps of the modern ballroom adapted to barrack square technique. You could start with the simpler forms such as the palais glide. Instead of forcing the men to march drably in threes to monotonous music they could be arranged in sixes or sevens according to convenience. Arms could be linked, appropriate melodies played and the airmen could move backwards and forwards on the square in palais glide tempo.

Another pleasing innovation to the tedious Wednesday morning parade would be the inclusion of half a dozen drum majorettes whose colourful costumes and dashing gestures would add glamour to the military scene. Local girls could be canvassed for this duty.

Finally, when the cult of individualistic foot drill has been thoroughly engrained in the men, a grand conga line might be experimented with. I am sure the latter would make a most charming "march past" and would be delightful not only for the men conga-ing past the flagstaff but also for the C.O. himself. He has, I believe, a soft spot in his heart for the more exciting rhythms of our Southern neighbours.

Yours cordially,

Antonio Fogazzere,  
Professeur de Danse,  
Apollo Apts., Winnipeg.

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*Mrs. Dixon*  
*(nee)*  
*Micki*  
*Carlisle*

The solidarity of the United Nations was further cemented by the romantic wedding on Tuesday, 22nd of September of Flight Sergeant Herbert William Dixon, late i/c the Cookhouse, to Miss Ruth Johnston of Minneapolis, Minnesota.

F/Sgt. Dixon first met his bride sometime last year when a number of artists, including several Americans, came from the Beacon Theatre, Winnipeg, where they were appearing, to visit Carberry.

From that day until Saturday, 19th September, 1942, F/Sgt. Dixon had not seen her, although she had remembered him in true American

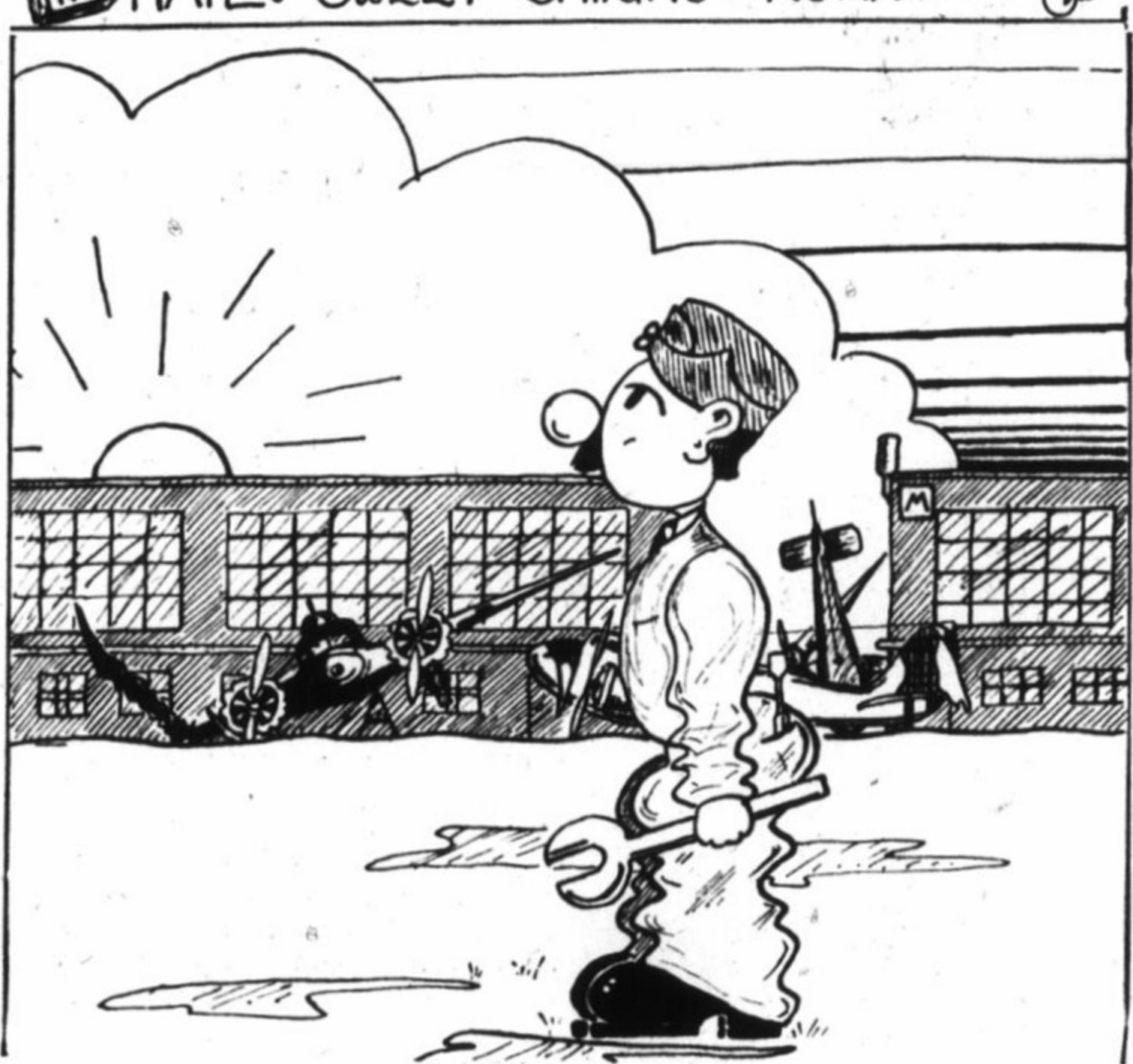
generosity by sending several parcels of cigarettes; he wrote her twice and proudly displayed her photograph in his bunk.

Miss Johnston, a vaudeville dancer, who used the stage name of Mickey Carlisle, was appearing at the Beacon Theatre, and, by chance, F/Sgt. Dixon noticed her name on the bill; after the performance he contacted her again.

Sunday, came, and Miss Johnston went to Camp Shilo with a concert party accompanied by F/Sgt. Dixon; on the way back to Winnipeg love had its way and "Dickey" decided to take the plunge; he proposed and was accepted.

SEPT.  
**10**  
1942

HAIL! SWEET SMILING & MORN



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Our stock of Fruit, Confectionery, Pipes, Cigars and Cigarettes is the choicest.

— TASTY LUNCHES —

LEE LOW, proprietor

## 'CAME THE STORM'

It is said that the reason why S. Norfolk is free from sand-dunes, is that it was all blown into N. Suffolk in a great storm during the 17th century. While not claiming that the cloud-burst on the evening of 10th Sept. will become quite so famous, yet certainly it fell into the class usually reserved for the better examples.

The afternoon was sultry and the clouds gradually darkened as the Wings Parade drew to a close. Then as if timed to a second, the first warning drops fell and the crowds melted away. To quote Louis XIV, "Apres moi le deluge"!

Not satisfied with a downpour which rivalled Niagara, Nature added some rather choice specimens of the genus "hailstone", often called "the glazier's joy". The roofs of barrack blocks gave forth a tinny sound while the rattle of stones penetrating into the internals of the furnaces were reminiscent of a number of skeletons rattling in an equivalent number of cupboards.

Meanwhile the rain had overflowed from drains, and gullies; lakes had appeared on almost any flat surface and the flower beds were hidden by a thick white carpet of hail. The sky remained almost black and there was no sound save for the fury of the storm and the subdued nattering of hungry airmen.

Gradually the hail-stones grew smaller, the solid bank of water became a steady downpour and finally a hard shower. Figures appeared clad in a wierd variety of water-resisters (many mould not be called "water-proofs") seeking their long delayed teas. Presently a lorry with chairs and a hastily rigged tar-pauling roof took away the many visitors to the Wings Parade. A feeble sun peered out of a pallid and exhausted sky, seeming to survey the lakes and rivulets, the battered flower beds and the streaming paths. A service policeman marched gingerly to the barrier and raised it; a car almost covered in black ooze drove into Camp; we were back to normalcy.

## Commando Conversation

The Bell at Canterbury is a lovely old pub' and well patronized by the boys in uniform. Last week into the smoke room walked a well dressed, elderly gentleman I knew he was English, don't ask why? one cannot help but recognize an Englishman anywhere.

He was attired in a well cut Raglan overcoat, bowler hat, blue serge trousers with a razor blade edge crease and gave the appearance of having just walked out of Savile Row.

Of course nobody took any notice of him; the beer was good, someone was singing the inevitable "Rose of Tralee," and I'd had sufficient beer to enable myself to sing the "White Cliffs of Dover". "Ah, well, why worry?" I thought, "perhaps next week, who knows, our company would be raiding the French coast, and life is sometimes terribly short and sweet, so make the best of it while the opportunity is available".

I finished my rendition of the "White Cliffs", sat down, and was about to shout for another pint when the old boy sat down beside me, "You have a good voice, Sergeant, have you had it trained?"

Never had I had such a compliment paid to me; usually I'm told to sit down. "No," I said, "Good Lord, no."

Who was the old boy? C. B. Cochrane, scouting for talent.

"What are you having, Sergenat?"

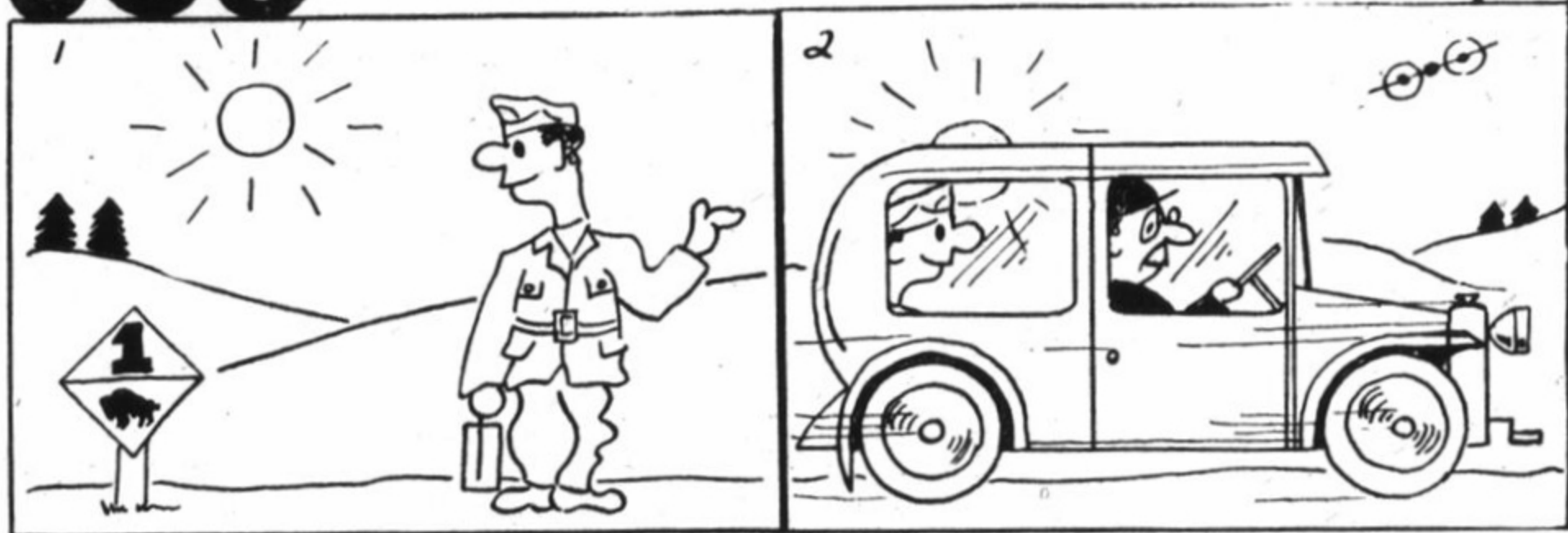
"A pint of Youngers, please" I said hastily, before he had time to change his mind, and remembering I had only five bob to last until next Friday.

"I live in the past, young man," he said, "still, let's hear something about you."

"Well, I'm a shipping clerk in civvy street; been in this mob some two years now; pretty tough going. Suppose I drink far too much; expect to go across any day now, so you can't

**(Continued top of next page)**

# JOE . . .



**(Commando Conversation — Cont.)**

blame me for enjoying a last fling."

He looked so sad; I felt so sorry for the old boy.

"I lost my own boy in the last war; yes, he was killed in Gallipoli and I never got over it properly; I still remember him as he was in 1914—something about your age I should imagine."

"Drink up my boy, you are slow—have a whiskey? Two Johnny Walkers' please—a dash of soda in each."

"So you expect to raid any day; look after yourself, son, I feel very proud of you Commandos."

"A fine lot of boys here; good physique; many at the camp?"

He was a kindly old gentleman, such an honest face—perhaps of the nobility I thought.

"We've all been together some seven months now; a good crowd of fellows they are; expect to go across together—eight thousand men and two hundred officers—got a great Captain myself, recommended me for staff sergeant—I'd do anything in

the world for him. Offered me a job after this lot's over."

The old boy smiled, "I've met Brigadier Spencer several times—expect he's still your C.O.?"

"Hell, talking to a friend of the Brigadier," I thought.

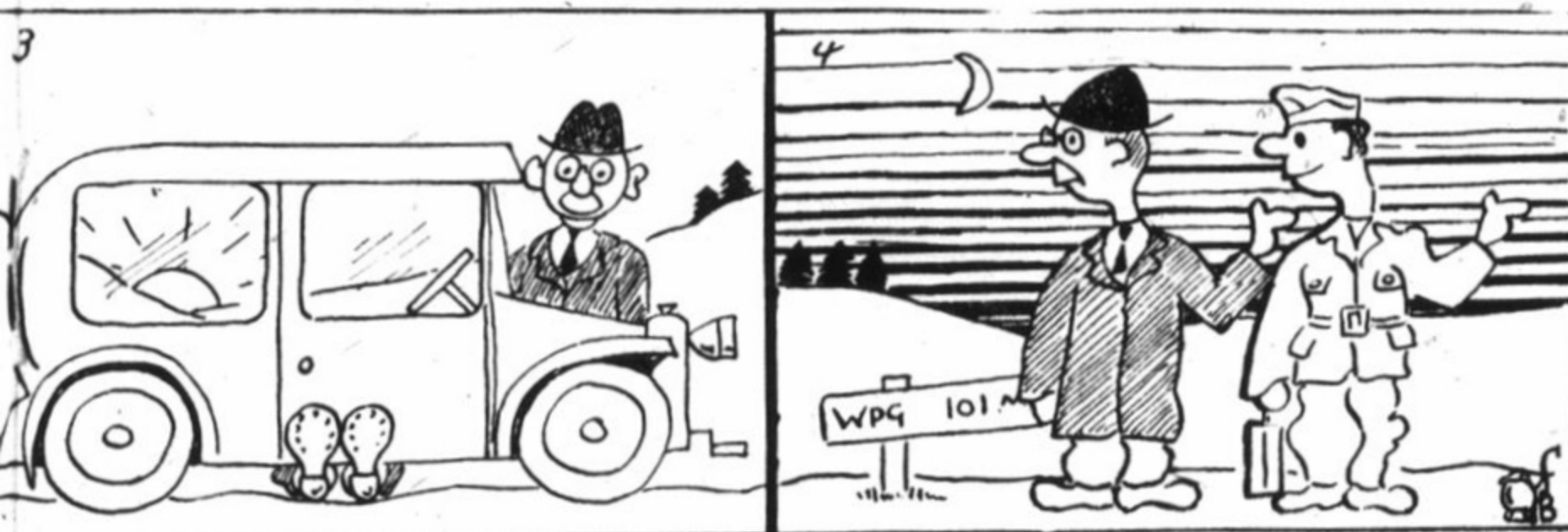
"No, he was until yesterday, a Brigadier Lewis has come to take over from Aldershot," I said, feeling so proud to speak to the friend of our old C.O.

"Good gracious, Sergeant, the time, I must go now—you know what wives are—have another drink on me; Good night, Sergenat, and the very best of luck to you."

"Good night, Sir, thank's a lot", and I proceeded to spend the half crown he'd pressed into my hand.

One doesn't often speak to a friend of a Brigadier; I felt so proud of myself.

Outside the Bell a chauffeur waited for the old boy, "Drive quickly, Franz, I have a message to send—Brigadier Lewis—new C.O. from Aldershot—strength 8000 men—200 officers—fully prepared to raid any day now."



# THE RUSE

Crack!

Bob Miller ducked as the sentry's bullet whizzed over his head—then ran hurriedly down a side street. La Fere was getting plenty hot, he mentally decided. No place at all, in fact, for a British airman shot down over occupied territory. He had to get out of town before dusk or else . . . They were already combing the town for him, he knew.

He crouched in a gateway as two German soldiers jackbooted their way past. Phew! What a shave, he told himself.

Cautiously he edged his way in the path of their retreating footsteps. No good being caught snooping in doorways. Better to walk naturally and boldly along.

He emerged into the Rue de Triangle, the main thoroughfare of the town. It was deserted. Not a grey uniform to be seen. Probably scouring the alleys and dark places, he told himself. At the other end of the Rue de Triangle lay open country and—freedom! He decided to chance it.

He lit a cigarette and commenced to stroll towards his objective. He stopped at a shop window and admired the display. To allay suspicion. He felt cheerful, optimistic. He continued to stroll and then suddenly froze in his tracks. Two soldiers had appeared and taken up positions at the point where the town ended and the country commenced. His brain whirled.

He saw everything with crystal clearness. The soldiers and a girl standing in a doorway a few yards further on. She was regarding him curiously. In a flash he had it.

Puffing his cigarette he walked boldly towards her with a smile on his face. Reaching her, he stopped. He looked at her. He spoke: "Bon soir, ma cherie. Faire promenade ce soir?"

She stared at him incredulously. His eyes burned into hers. Would she understand? Seconds passed but they seemed like years . . . and then . . . she smiled back and murmured a greeting. Greatly daring, he took her in his arms and kissed her. She did not reject his advance.

He nodded towards the open country. She linked her arm in his. Together they walked towards the German guards. Two temporary sweethearts. One of the guards whispered an obscenity to his comrade as they passed.

---

## GEN—

To us old sweats who have been in the RAF for many moons, the mention of gen makes us prick up our ears, and stand at the ready. For it means "INFORMATION".

Admittedly—the majority of gen that one hears around this place is mostly duff. (Which as everybody knows is a pack of inspiring, but utterly false information, probably put into circulation by the big-shots, to give us courage in our heart-breaking task of running an S.F.T.S. in the lone prairie.) The first spot of gen ever to issue from our Orderly Room, told us that we boys who arrived amidst the ice and snow of December, 1940, would be home by March, 1941. Ha! ha! ('earty larler!) Though of course we must admit that the A.M. did keep their promise about the term of service.



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WINNIPEG CANADA

## ATTACK !

September 4th, 1942.

Zero hour dawned. Newly made Sergeant Sam Berry was given the order. He obeyed and is still obeying (cheesed off by now). With grim determination written on his face, he strode grimly, weapon 'neath his arm towards his target. He met it, looked around it, knelt underneath it and got his head entwined in hanging wires.

Finally he opened the door, mice ran here, grasshoppers jumped there, and "Skeeters" rushed at him. Spirits undampened he climbed in over the wreckage and debris, swore, took out his pencil and opened his package, heretofore carried under his arm. He did his job, midst lurid language, withdrew to complete it.

He phoned Maintenance Squadron.

He phoned electricians. He phoned Equipment. He phoned instructions to the Wing Ordely Room.

Pantehnicos arrived, stayed a few hours, then left.

Sergeant Sam helped to his feet running a high temperature, muttered grimly, "Did he sign complete to column 7??"

For, you see, his weapon was only an airframe inventory, his target was aircraft No. 62, his hanging wires were what was left of the engine nacelles.

Of course I am referring to the removal of the first of our most intimate monuments — the GHOST SQUADRON.

TIME MARCHES ON . . .

# KEEP MUM !

Brownd off was I  
 Continually,  
 Till finaly  
 With joyful glee  
 And flush-ed cheeks  
 I got a week's  
 Furlough.  
 Well now,  
 It wasn't long  
 Before I found  
 I was on  
 The train for Winnipeg,  
 And then I met  
 A creature—  
 Divine, demure  
 Gifted and pure—  
 Shakespeare.  
 Her eyes were blue,  
 And apples two  
 She had  
 For rosy cheeks.  
 Her form was good  
 And handicap  
 Was nil.  
 And when she asked  
 What did I do  
 To win the war,  
 I was abashed  
 But meant  
 To score.  
 With puff-ed chest I  
 Told her tales  
 Of gallantry;  
 And how the Hun  
 And I had met  
 Relentlessly,  
 And fought  
 To bitter end,  
 With many a  
 Stuka, Dornier,  
 Heinkel,  
 Brought  
 To earth;  
 And how  
 By now

The dashing Hun  
 Streaked back to base  
 At sight of my  
 Determined face  
 In Spit. Mk. 1.  
 And warming to  
 My task,  
 I told  
 Of how the king  
 Was wont to scold  
 And ask me  
 When I had  
 The time,  
 To call and get  
 My medals.  
 All this  
 And more  
 I told her.  
 She listened thrilled,  
 With shining eyes  
 I knew I was  
 Her hero.  
 At last  
 She spoke,  
 And spake thus:  
 "You boob  
 When next you wish  
 To reminisce  
 Like second hand  
 Mick Mannock,  
 Think twice,  
 Think thrice,  
 Then think again  
 Before you class  
 Your name  
 With Cobber Kane.  
 You are an ass  
 Without a doubt.  
 I am  
 An ACW2  
 On leave,  
 Like you  
 And know you for  
 A common or garden  
 ERK."

# BOWLING LEAGUE

Sixteen bowling teams composed of Officers, Senior N.C.O.'s and Airmen has been organized to bowl two nights weekly at the bowladrome in Carberry. To many of the English personnel on the Station this is a new game, but everyone is catching on quickly and strikes and spares are getting to be the rule rather than the exception.

The present schedule is on a seven week basis. Eight teams bowl on Tuesday night and the other eight teams bowl on Thursday night. The winners of the Tuesday night schedule will play the winners of the Thursday night schedule in a final "world's series" at the completion of the seven week schedule.

The highest score recorded in three nights of bowling before going to press has been P/O Dickenson's 295 on the first night of the schedule. It will take some bowling to catch up to this.

Team captains are: LAC. McMullen, Cpl. Duncan, G/ Capt. Brill, W/ Cdr. Piercy, AC. Henderson, LAC. Makins, Sgt. Horne, Sgt. Rees, Jim Hilland, S/Ldr. Vivian, LAC. Mosley, LAC. Mark, F/Sgt. Ages. W/O Crawford.

## LATER :

A great deal of enthusiasm has been shown in the Station Bowling League and competition is very keen. In Section 1 there are to date Team 6 (airmen) and Team 7 (Senior N.C.O.'s) are tied as a result of 3 wins each. In the same section Team 3 (officers) and Team 8 (Senior N.C.O.'s) are tied for second place with 2 wins each.

In Section 2 there is a triple tie

for top honors here as Team 12 (officers) Team 14 (airmen) and Team 15 (Senior N.C.O.'s) have each won 2 games.

Results so far in the league are as follows:

### SECTION 2—

#### Tuesday, Sept. 15

Team 9 defeated Team 16  
Team 15 defeated Team 10  
Team 14 defeated Team 11  
Team 12 defeated Team 13

#### Tuesday, Sept. 22

Team 15 defeated Team 9  
Team 14 defeated Team 16  
Team 13 defeated Team 10  
Team 12 defeated Team 11

### SECTION 1—

#### Thursday, Sept. 10

Team 8 defeated Team 1  
Team 7 defeated Team 2  
Team 6 defeated Team 3  
Team 4 defeated Team 5

#### Thursday, Sept. 17

Team 7 defeated Team 1  
Team 6 defeated Team 8  
Team 5 defeated Team 2  
Team 3 defeated Team 4

#### Thursday, Sept. 24

Team 6 defeated Team 1  
Team 7 defeated Team 5  
Team 8 defeated Team 4  
Team 3 defeated Team 2

### QUEST—

Something glittered in the long grass. The man paused and stared at it fascinated. His eyes burned into the object and his breath came in quick, short gasps. He chuckled with joy. His search was ended for another day at least. Quickly he moved forward, stooped down and picked up—an old razor blade! "Patriotic Salvage Marches On!" murmured Flying Officer Bath triumphantly to himself . . .

# Arrival Report

## A Short Story

I was becoming rather bored with life in Alberta, especially after Betty the Coca Cola Girl at the local pub has refused my affections over the lunch counter in favour of a dashing young air gunner. So I decided to post myself to a station in a convenient but not embarrassing proximity to Winnipeg, where I knew existed Cissie, the Pepsi Queen who I hoped would still be faithful after our one beautiful evening together during my journey out west.

Thus it was that I found myself arriving with all my luggage at Marshberry, to fall with great excitement straight into the arms of the C.O., who it transpired, had been waiting without breakfast for the past six hours, in a heavy Manitoba thunderstorm. After warmly kissing me on both cheeks, as is the normal custom on the prairie, the C.O. intimated that everyone would be exceptionally glad to see me, particularly as they had been standing on the parade ground since five o'clock that morning in the pouring rain. Throwing my heavy trunk over his shoulder, he led the way to the special train which was drawn up at the siding, waiting to convey me to Marshberry airport. As a matter of fact I was rather disappointed at being unable to make the acquaintance of the Harem Scarem beauties as soon as I arrived but swallowed my disappointment as bravely as pos-

sible, and climbed aboard the waiting express train. A garland of maple leaves surrounded the door of the carriage, and a wing commander's greatcoat acted as a rug to cover the mud below.

During the short journey to the airdrome, the C.O. did his best to describe the various amenities of the station. "Of course, you know," he explained, "The camp was unfortunately built on the wrong side of the tracks, so that put us at rather a disadvantage to begin with."

Our arrival at the camp was accorded much pomp and ceremony, and energetic blowing of discordant trumpets. For a whole fortnight the whole place celebrated my arrival as only the R.A.F. can. Each evening we had numerous parties, dancing and all manner of amusements, and a special group of strip-tease artists were sent over from the Windmill to make the boys feel at home. I was informed that it was the usual thing for the expenses to be deducted from one's payroll in the future, so everyone had a good time.

The only flying at the airdrome was done by one or two admin. people who had developed the habit of doing a circuit and landing every day to keep them in practice for the next war.

Actually I was soon in the swing of things, which naturally differed quite a lot from the routine exist-

(Continued on page 23)

## OFFICERS' MESS NEWS

F/Lt. Hubber Richards continue to take violent exercise . . . by courtesy of Ford Motors Inc.

S/L (Fisherman cum hunter) Robertson spent a short leave and found sanctuary in a caboose.

We heard that officers Skynner, Dunn, Thomas and Young went to New York, the services of the Officers Bureau were greatly appreciated.

S/Ldr. Phillips spent a 48 in Winnipeg on duty.

Doc Gossip, that man of iron, played cards with equipment Officer Sexton and told him his toe was not as bad as he thought it was.

F/Lts. George Murray and Tom Hartnett got excited at the Bowling Alley.

F/Lt. Ricketts was again seen in the Mess.

Ace Actor Producer etc. Court has gone musical.

Sportsman Thomas played golf in Winnipeg and forgot a dinner date.

Newcomer Hurrell continues to talk about India in the Mess . . . "of course that was in '07 . . . or was it '08".

P/O Hankinson has been posted to Swift Current . . . the squash court will seem quite empty without him.

P/O Bardega has been elected life member of the Line Shooters Lodge, Carberry Branch.

Convoy King Sexton made a bold dash to Winnipeg; all our M. T. Vehicles returned safely.

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### ARRIVAL REPORT —Continued from page 22

ing at my old station. I learned that the orderly corporal took the Wednesday morning parade and was responsible for closing the Sergeants' Mess bar in the evening. The orderly sergeant toured the barrack blocks at lights out for the purpose of ejecting the cat, and winding the alarm clock, and the orderly officer had to follow him to see that he did not eject the alarm and wind the cat.

I could see that the sooner I settled down to normal routine the better for the war effort, so early one Monday morning, after taking the batman a cup of tea and polishing his buttons, I donned my flying suit and helmet and called for a truck to go about my assigned duties. It was during the hour allotted to Workers' Playtime that

the driver of our truck pointed out that the wind was springing up and blowing our valuable cargo away. Following his directions, I noticed that it was going in the direction of the Admin. Wallahs' Playground. Friend of the C.O. as I had become, I knew that even at Marshberry we could hardly allow stuff like that to blow through his open window, particularly just before lunch. Skipping the usual channels of heated discussion as to whose pigeon it was, we dashed straight into the inner sanctum of P/O Hunchinson, who was standing at attention proudly waving a piece of paper. "That refuse," I gasped, frantically, "going into the C.O.'s office." "Too late," he said, happily, "he signed it."

# New Music Club

Monday 21st, September, marked the beginning of what promises to be one of the stations more popular ventures; The Music and Artists Club.

A well represented meeting discussed the proposed activities of the club, in the Recreation Hall, and later a committee and club officers were elected.

The object of the club is to promote greater interest in Station entertainment, giving those interested in such work, a place to practice, discuss or expound their views on such matters. The premises taken over are those vacated by the Armament Section of the East corner of Number 5 hanger. There is a store room for musical instruments, an office for the Secretary and music library, a reference and reading room, and the main club room.

Club rules are being drawn up, and evenings and times for separate activities duly allotted. The subscription for the club is 25c each pay-day, and the entrance fee is \$1.00.

The officers and committee are: President, Group Captain C. H. Brill; Vice-president, S/Ldr. E. Stanley; Chairman, F/O G. F. Court; Vice-chairman F/Lt. John Sexton; Secretary, AC. E. Edwards. Committees are as follows: Cpl. E. Butt, representing the brass band. Cpl. F. E. Warren, classical music. Cpl. S. Chapman, non-active members. LAC. G. Death, dance band. LAC. E. Wringe, stage management. AC. D. Wooley.

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## Swing & Stuff

With so many new men on the station a word or two about the Airmens Dances might be in order.

Since the Camp opened Airmens Dances have been run in the Recreation Hall on alternate Wednesday nights. These dances have all been arranged by an Airmens Dance Committee.

The musical programme being left in the hands of Gerry Death and his musicians, who have always managed to put out a well-balanced programme. At almost every dance the M.C. is besieged with requests for special numbers. Some want more waltzes, some more novelties, others are ardent swing-fans. At the last dance, for instance, some of the Canadian boys asked the M.C. to cut out the novelties, the Lambeth Walk, the St. Bernards waltz, etc., whereas some of the other lads (and most of the girls) enjoyed them. Though they try hard, the committee cannot satisfy everybody. However, if any Airmen have constructive criticisms or suggestions to make, let one of the committee men hear it—not during the dance though, when they are busy, but some other time, when they can discuss these things.

The present committee is as follows: Stan Batson (Founder Member), Ken Makins, Don Woodhouse, Walter Graw (Y.M.C.A.), Jim Newton, Frank Wooley, John Wright, Dick Griffin, Stan Pearce and LAC. Rogers.

## Things We Hear

"Her fiance went through hell with her whereas I only went through a 40-oz. bottle of Scotch."

"This has nothing to do with us. Pass it to Stores."

"Why don't they run a comic strip in Maintenance Wing Funnies!"

"You've got to creep before you can crawl."

"He dances like a robot out of order."

"When she told me her favourite song was 'This is Worth Fighting For' I knew where I stood."

"You can't get around that new Flight Sergeant at the Stores."

"If it wasn't for my flying pay I'd be in the workhouse ages ago."

"She congas like a cobra with the colic."

"I've got five bucks ration money coming to me."

"Dinty can't stand the chirping of the crickets."

"You can hear his laugh from one end of the tarmac to the other."

"His name was in 'Gen'."

"You can't take it with you."

"There's a session in the Mess tonight."

"He says he'll remuster to ACH if he doesn't get his third."

"I never hitch in lorries. Streamlined roadsters for me or nothing."

"They're paying for war materials with Scotch whiskey. That's what Lease-Lend means."

"Co-ordination is what we want. Co-ordination and more co-ordination."

### **C.C.M. SKATE OUTFITS**

It is with a great deal of pleasure that we advise you that we have a new stock of C.C.M. Skate Outfits, priced up from ..... **5.50**

**SUIT CASES and BAGS—YES—we have them**

**.22 AMMUNITION — Now in stock**

Do your Xmas shopping early — We will do our utmost to get what you need.

BUY YOUR SKATING OUTFIT NOW . . . IT WILL SAVE YOU DISAPPOINTMENT LATER.

**DICK'S HARDWARE : CARBERRY**

•  
C. V. M.  
•



Airmen, for the use of

## The PALACE THEATRE, Carberry

Fri. & Sat., Oct. 2—3  
Wallace Beery — Marjorie Main  
—in—  
"JACK-ASS MAIL"

Mon. & Tues., Oct. 5—6  
DOUBLE FEATURE  
Lloyd Nolan — Doris Davenport  
—in—  
"BEHIND THE NEWS"  
— and —

William Lundigan — Maris Wrixon  
—in—  
"THE CASE OF THE  
BLACK PARROT"

Wed. & Thurs., Oct. 7—8  
Lionel Barrymore — Philip Dorn  
—in—  
"CALLING DR. GILLESPIE"

Fri. & Sat., Oct. 9—10  
DOUBLE FEATURE  
Van Heflin — Patricia Dane  
—in—  
'GRAND CENTRAL MURDER'  
— and —  
Lupe Velez — Bruce Bennett  
—in—  
"HONOLULU LU"

Mon. & Tues., Oct. 12—13  
George Raft — Pat O'Brien  
—in—  
"BROADWAY"

Fri. & Sat., Oct. 16—17  
Ilona Massey — Jon Hall  
—in—  
"INVISIBLE AGENT"



## Carberry vs Weston United, Winnipeg

Played at Carberry on Sunday, September 27, resulted in a win for the Air Force by 6 goals to nil, the game was not so one-sided as the score seems to indicate.

Carberry broke away at the start and came close when the goalie just got to a fine header by Spiers. After a scrimmage round the Weston goal play swung to the other end and the Carberry 'keeper Clarke made a good save from Hampton. Nick Carter, who was on leave in Winnipeg turned out for Weston, broke through but shot wide. Carberry carried play to the other end and Duer at outside left put over a fine centre only for the inside right to miss an open goal. After considerable midfield play, Spiers scored from a centre by Duer. Play was very even and then during a break through by Carberry, Weston handled in the area, Gash shot wide from the spot, half time came with the score Carberry 1, Weston nil.

From the restart play was scrap-

py and this type of play dominated the whole of the second half, from a scrimmage round the Weston goal Findlay scored (2-0)

Weston broke away several times but the Carberry goalkeeper played a good game.

Findlay added a third after an unheeded appeal for offside by Weston.

Later in the game Findlay added three more goals to make the score 6-0. The Weston goalkeeper played an outstanding game and prevented the score from being much higher, for Carberry Dunphy, Spiers, Due, Clark excelled, Findlay was well fed and showed flashes of brilliance.

## Station Table Tennis

A most successful Station Table Tennis tournament was completed early in September. "Dibs" Davies, who has shown his heels to everyone on the Station when it comes to table tennis since the first tournament, won another well deserved victory. There wasn't another player quite in "Dib's" class, though all the finalists played a good game. When it comes to flicking a white celluloid ball over a net there's no one quite like "Dibs" around here.

Elimination tournaments were held amongst the Officers, Senior N.C.O.'s and Airmen; the two finalists entering into the final Station Championships proper were: F/O Thomas, F/O Clough, W/O Ayers, LAC. Shorten, and LAC. Davies.

Padre Williams presented the winner's and runner-up's cup to LAC. Davies and LAC. Shorten respectively at the cinema shortly after the tournament had concluded.



"Captains of the Clouds" was voted the best comedy of the year by the personnel of Maintenance Wing.

Nobby Clark, Fuehrer of the Foto Section, contributed his mite to Flying Officer Bath's projected "History of Carberry Airport".

AC. Greenall, cog in Warrant Officer Gash's disciplinary machine, blushed furiously when the possibility of honorable mention in "Gen" was broached to him.

F/Lt. Brooks recoiled in amazement when F/O Bath deserted Patriotic Salvage for five seconds to enquire about the progress of the war.

W/O Gash has reached the age of 31. He attributes his longevity to his daily jug of "sludge".

Claude Sporne refused to disclose his real height to our representative.

"Jock" Elliott is planning to commence evening classes in jive for swing addicts.

"Tal" Talmage ran short of pukka gen. He courageously refused, however, to fall back on duff gen.

Michele ("Joan of Paris") Morgan, Betty ("Song of the Islands") Grable and Gene ("Shanghai Gesture") Tierney sent autographed photos to Wing H.Q. Civil war is imminent over their respective oomph-acities.

Jackson Spender Stancer thinks

that Brandon Graveyard is the best place for making love.

Frank Cook, Eccentric of the Electrical Section, has discovered a new way of putting an unruly baby to sleep. He recommends rye—undiluted.

Gerry Death, in search of the facts of life, went to see "The Birth of a Baby" in Winnipeg. He expressed his disappointment on his return as there were no fights on the tops of cliffs, gaol breaks, street battles between police and gangsters or Nazi attempts at sabotage in this flick.

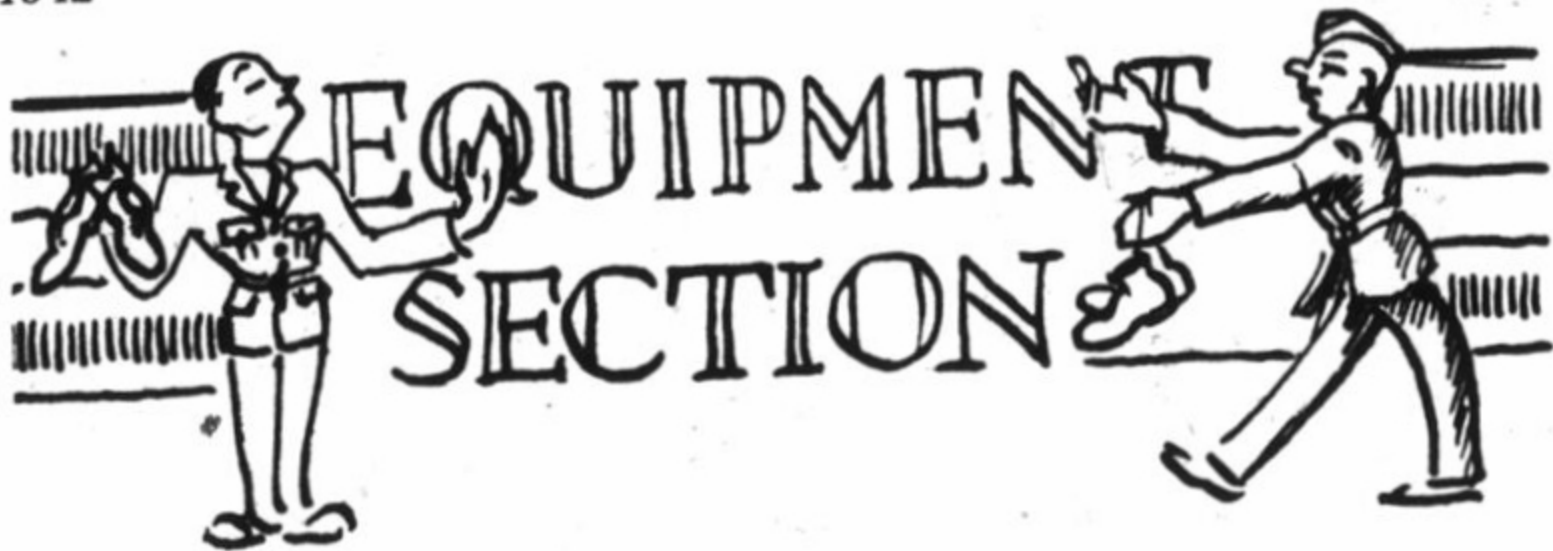
Alec Stringfellow concluded some mysterious business in Winnipeg last month. His eyes shone with new resolution on his return.

Sergeant Finnamore emoted over "Mrs. Minniver" after a 48 in Winnipeg.

"Taffy" Morris (who describes himself as a "Welshman from Wales") discovered that his memory ain't what is used to be. Why not try Pelmanism, Taffy.

Nim Walter, 765B expert and Chartistman-in-Chief, bade farewell to his props and donned his new emblem of non-commissioned authority. Congrats, Nim!

Frank ("Flat-out-for-the-Erks") Gash advanced one more step on the Road to Power. Congrats on your warrant, Frank!



### Issues from the Equipment Section

Whilst still maintaining our "Locked in" flavour we allow a little aroma to escape:

S/Ldr. Phillips spent a "48" in Winnipeg on duty. The results of this trip he explained to F/Lt. Sexton who, ten days later, followed suit.

F/Lt. Sexton's telephone bell always rings as he arrives back from lunch. It isn't that she doesn't trust him, but . . .

F/Sgt. Ovens has taken over from Sgt. (Blondie) Turner the job of refusing issues from the Clothing Store.

Recent arrival LAC. Hooley helped in the transport of Equipment to Carberry Railway Station. After treatment at the Hospital he was given clerical duties in the Stores.

It took half the front page of the Carberry News-Express to announce

the return of LAC. Wringe from his fourteen days leave in U.S.A. Phew! What a line!

LAC. Mycock returned from his trip to Hollywood with a dreamy look in his eye. We understand that he met Geo. Raft and Betty Grable whilst he was down there, but there's no edge on Jimmy, he still smiles and nods to us in the mornings.

We trust that LAC.'s Marsh, Mercer and Ryan enjoyed their "Embar-kation" leave in New York. It is rumoured that they intend to go down again next year.

Sgt. (Blondie) Turner was the only member of the Section to be on the last Boat-load. Unfortunately he had to buy all the clothing he took home to his wife!

According to the Vocab. we can supply anything . . . According to the vocab! ! ! "Ring the Bell".



No. Gen. So nothing happens in S.H.Q. Apparently.

**RALPH McDONALD**

WINNIPEG



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**Ready-Made or Made-To-Measure**

- GUARANTEED FIT
- IMPORTED WOOLLENS
- ONE-DAY SERVICE if Necessary

241 PORTAGE AVE.

PHONE 95335

**Even though it's cold outside . . .**

**. . . a warm welcome awaits you inside**



- HOT BEVERAGES
- TASTY SNACKS

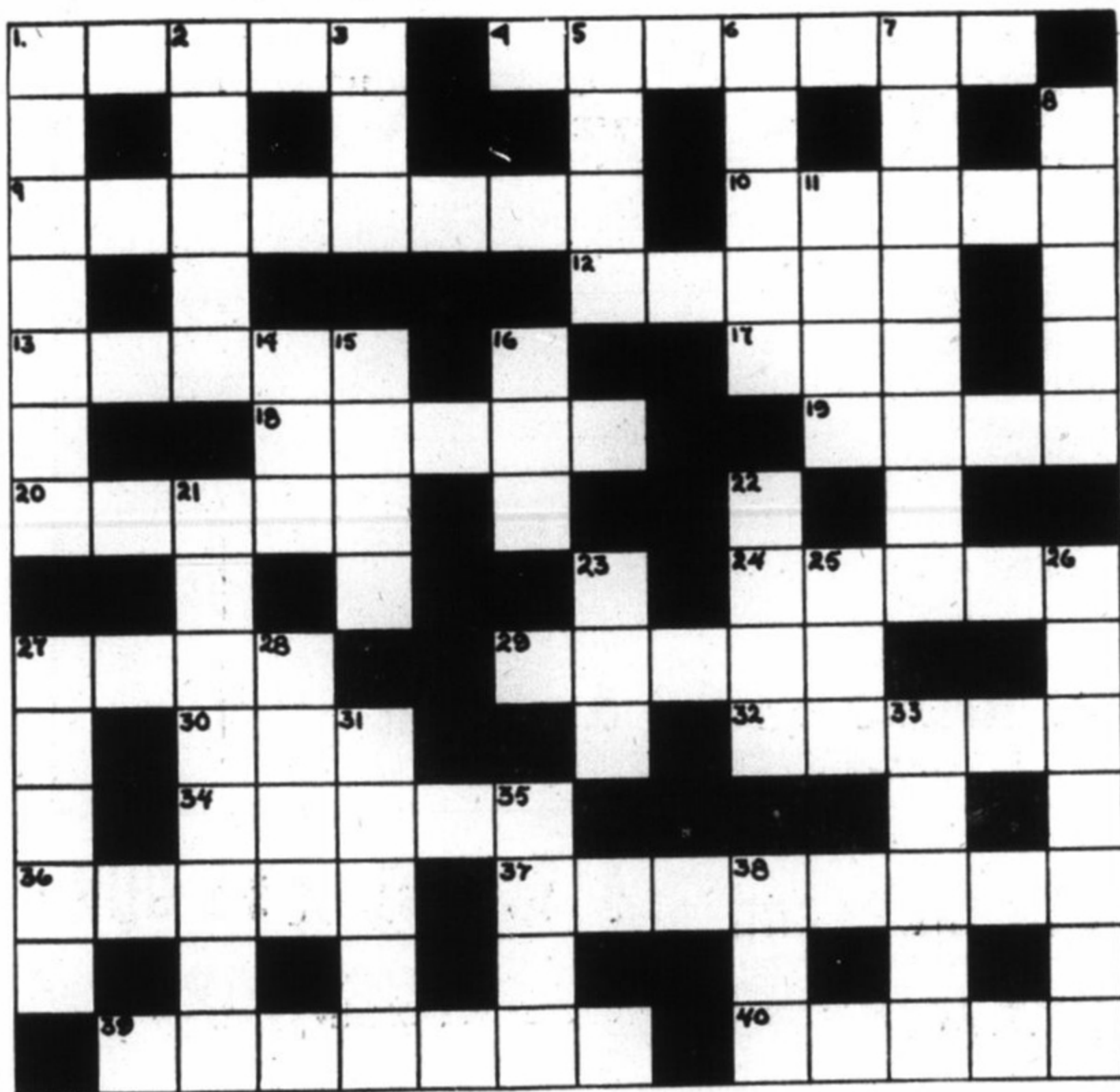


**CRICH'S BAKERY**

**LUNCHEONETTE**

CARBERRY

MANITOBA



Across— CLUES

1. You must rank high to have this.  
 4. One of the provinces bordering the United States.  
 9. Increased in size.  
 10. What the Orderly Sergeant bids you at break o'day.  
 12. Sing in Swiss fashion.  
 13. Muscle. 17. Fish. 20. EFTS  
 18. Passage or channel 19 Animal  
 24. A credited possession. 27. Whip  
 29. Republic of South America.  
 30. Strike. 32. Top room  
 34. Contentedness. 36. Rail.  
 37. Daily dozen. 39. Hermit.  
 40. Spanish Coins.

1. Treachery. 2. Claw. 3. Stray.  
 5. Wife of a knight. 6. Escape.  
 7. This sort of aircraft is still in the experimental stage. 8. Conifer.  
 11. Found in wood-wind instruments  
 14. Consume. 15. Sagacious.  
 16. Alcohol.  
 21. This is often pulled at meal time.  
 22. Fete.  
 23. Creation of Rider Haggard.  
 25. Placed.  
 26. Some of us are waiting for these.  
 27. Term of hire.  
 28. Overgrown mound.  
 31. Describe the state of "35 Down".  
 33. Stumbles. 35. Expanses of water.  
 38. Tear. (Solution on page 32)

**DON'T BELIEVE THAT GOODS ARE OFF THE MARKET UNTIL YOU HAVE TRIED THE CARBERRY DRUG STORE . . .**

—We still have such things as—  
**OLIVE OIL — BRYLCREAM**, in jars and tubes  
**WARDONIA RAZOR BLADES — BLADES FOR EVER-READY RAZORS — SPONGES — TOBACCO POUCHES — RONSON FLINTS — POCKET COMBS LADIES' HAIR CLIPS** and **COSMETICS**, including **LIP STICKS — KODAKS**, occasionally.

—Leave your name — for new stock arriving—  
**OUR XMAS DISPLAY WILL BE OUT SOON**

**We pack safely for Overseas**

**WALKEY'S DRUG & OPTICAL STORE**  
**OPEN EVENINGS UNTIL 8 O'CLOCK**

**LAUNDRY and**  
**DRY CLEANING**



**SENT EVERY MONDAY**

—to—

**RUMFORD'S LAUNDRY**



**R. J. HOOD**

## **SOLUTION TO OUR CROSSWORD**

Across—

1. Title. 4. Alberta. 9. Enlarged 10. Arise. 12. Yodel. 13. Sinew. 17. Eel. 18. Aisle. 19. Deer. 20. Newts. 24. Asset. 27. Lash. 29. Chile. 30. Hit. 32. Attic. 34. Bliss. 36 Scold. 37 Exercise. 39. Recluse. 40. Pesos.

Down—

1. Treason. 2. Talon. 3. Err. 5. Lady. 6. Evade. 7. Tail-less. 8. Cedar. 11. Reed. 14. Eat. 15. Wise. 16. Ale. 21. Wishbone. 22. Gala. 25. She. 25. Set. 26. Tickets. 27. Lease. 28. Hill. 31. Tidal. 33. Trips. 35 Seas. 38. Rip.

*Drink . . .*

**DREWRY'S DRY**

**GINGER ALE**

Special Export



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