

HQ 35973/1000Z/SNA. *No 3*
 DEPARTMENT OF AIRMAILS
 RECREATION - AIRMEN,
 - FOR THE USE OF.

HQ 35973/1000Z/SNA
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WINNIPEG



JOURNAL

of the

Royal Air Force, Carberry

by kind permission of

Group Captain C. H. Brill

Offices of Magazine are situated in No. 1 Hangar

Phone Extension 29

10 cents

- -

Monthly

Gen!

POISONALITIES . . .

ERIC, starting life as a tie-salesman, cultivated an Oxford accent and ended up as accountant (not Chartered, Old Boy!) for Midland cotton shippers.

War came -- and Eric, kissing gal-friend Betty a hasty goodbye, became store-basher in RAF and small tools dictator at Carberry Airport. Old time snow-dodger Eric was

Rip-Chord pioneer and is best known for his Western Bros skit with chief commissar John Sexton. Besides writing and acting for Rip-Chords,

plays tennis, cricket, and soccer, is ace-photographer, stage-lighting wiz, and acts as roving reporter for Bill

Vopni's News Express. A shy jitterbug, Eric plays a hep-cat M.C. at the Mac Jives and dishes

out prizes with a lavish hand and a winning smile. Is not so lavish, however, issuing shares Maintenance wallahs tell. Is

single, has cutie in N.Y., washes with lifebuoy..... A nice guy.



Eric Wringe . . .

CO EDITORS—S/Ldr. Oxley-Sidey; Cpl. J. Oram.



THIS has been a month of surprises in more senses than one!

After a rather ominous September, the clerk of the weather relented and a real Indian Summer began. Day after day the sun retained its heat into late afternoon and flying hours under ideal conditions, mounted steadily. There was even a dust storm which thrilled the newcomers more than it did the unfortunate instructors, or the Maintenance heroes.

The Camp Football Cup tie forged ahead with nightly matches, played in typically English autumn weather, no flies or 'squitoes, enough warmth to keep the goalies from freezing and the sort of zip in the clear air which made for hard, well-fought games. Incidentally we liked the shout that went up after a particularly valient tackle: 'Steady on now you're not playing against the officers.'

There have been a number of postings this month which have resulted in four of the 'oldest members' leaving the unit. F/O. Maurice Crump was the first to depart eastwards, cavalry moustache quivering with eagerness. Then F/Lt. Murray, D.F.C., commenced his long trek by car, pointing out sadly that he would be almost as far from his hometown in Alberta as would the English lads be from theirs, which reminds one once again of the vastness of this Dominion. We think that it is rather a pity that it has not been possible for more inter-unit postings to have taken place before the long awaited boat 'rolled on' for it is as unfair for Canada as for the service personnel to be asked to judge a country as large as this from the hinterland to the one station to which they have been posted throughout their tour of duty.

"Gen" has opened a 'poet's corner' this month and is anxious that all who write verse shall contribute and thus make the corner a truly representative one. It is a strange fact that this war has produced an enormous number of authors but very few poets. Who knows a future Rupert Brook may lurk amongst us—so come one, come all and let's see what sort of verse we can produce. Another thing, 'Gen' is offering cash prizes for photographs of the Carberry area preferably those which show typical country scenes, harvesting, etc.

AUNT FLOSSIE'S PAGE.



My Dear Problem-Children:

I trust that by now you are all wearing your winter woollies and are fully prepared for a long session of miles below zero temperatures, Yukon caps, blizzards, and skating tournaments. Manitoba will be rather chilly from now on - so - get cold-conscious! And you'll save old Doc Gossip a headache or two. And so to my monthly crop of queries:

DICK (Instrument Section): Admittedly the lack of an official bugler is a bar to early rising. An alarm clock too has its off mornings. And one can't always depend on a hoppo. But, my dear, have you ever tried turning in earlier? Go to bed this evening at six o'clock and if you can't wake at reveille, write me again and I'll cook up another remedy for you.

JOCK S.H.Q.): Erks will be erks. Misunderstandings will occur. Try and preserve your sang froid and you'll soon have the sections eating out of your hand.

NOBBY (5B): One thing leads to another, my pet. The best-laid

schemes of mice and men, you know. I trust, though, that in spite of the after effects you won your argument and proved that something was right and something else was wrong.

TICH (Maintenance Wing): There is no cure, dear, for Duck's Disease. If you have it you have it for life. Make the best of things, though. Wear high-heeled shoes and always walk with your head up and your shoulders well back. Let the world know you're the man your daddy wanted you to be!

MARJORIE (Winnipeg): It IS a bit thick when your friends in uniform taunt you to "join". But why not meet the challenge by actually enlisting in the CWAAF's? It's much more intriguing to pound a typewriter for a handsome Flight Lieutenant than for a dyspeptic, bald-headed sugar daddy in civvy street. And how's about a date on your first 48?

Excuse me now, dears. I have a date with an airman who has just inherited six months back pay and is longing to show his gratitude.

Till next month.

Your jolly old Aunt Flossie



Things look dark?

Then, by all means, for *you* a Guinness! When you're tired, when everything seems hopeless, that's when you should call for Guinness—the cheering and refreshing Old Country stout. No other brew has Guinness' hearty, robust, racy flavour. So after work, after exercise, with meals or at bedtime—have a Guinness!

Anyone from the Old Country knows GUINNESS IS GOOD for you

Yes, Guinness is very definitely good for you, because it is a natural brew, made from natural ingredients. Fine barley malt, hops, special Guinness yeast and pure spring water are the secrets of Guinness' goodness. And note—for this is important—Guinness is never filtered, never pasteurized, and thus retains all the vital goodness of the natural yeast. Treat yourself to a Guinness this evening. Get a bottle on the way home!



TRADE MARK

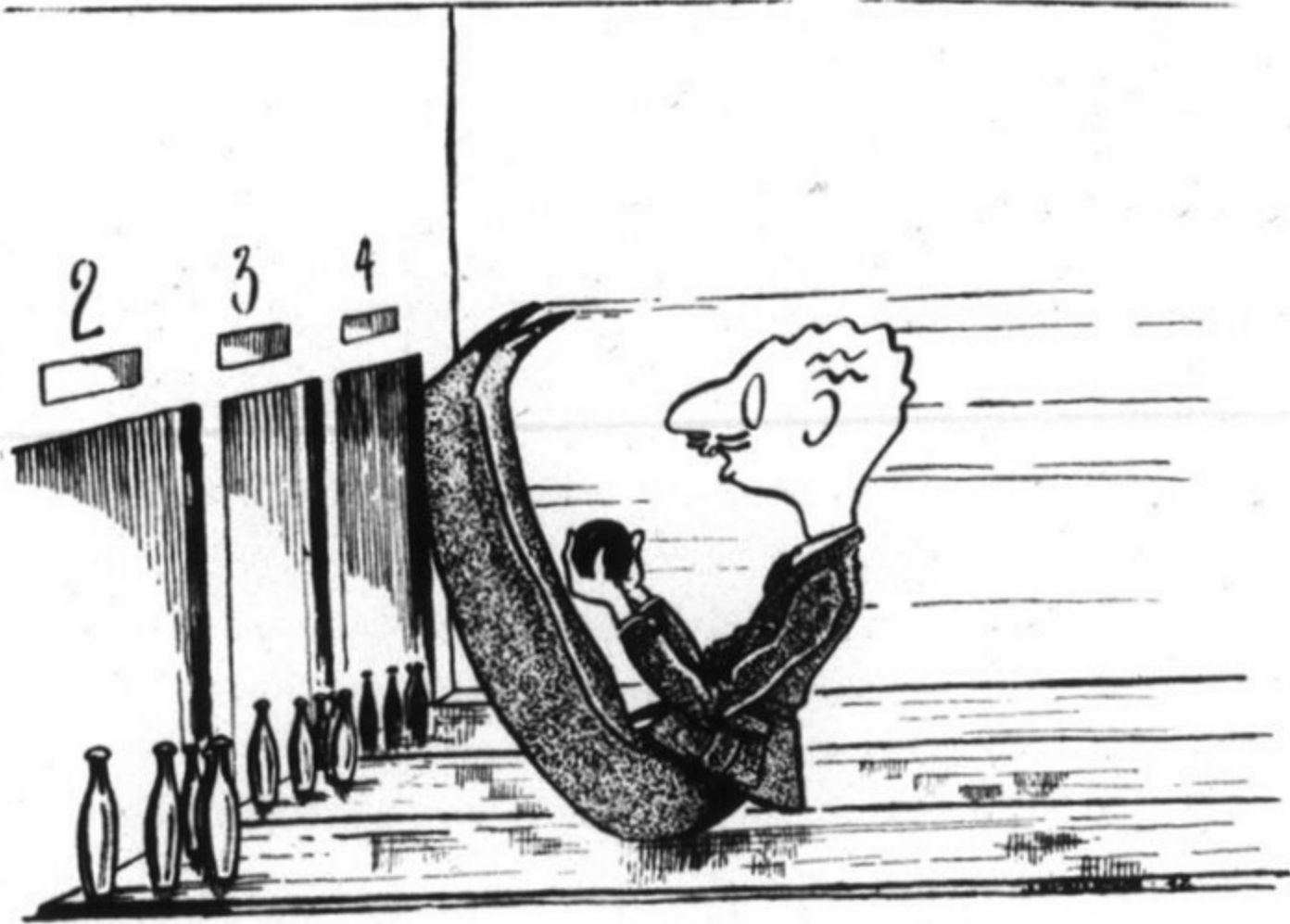
Literally thousands of people take Guinness regularly as a prescribed tonic, digestive or sedative. Thousands more drink it for the exhilarating enjoyment of its racy tang. You can get Foreign Extra Guinness at all legal outlets.

Have a GUINNESS today!

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

S-205

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



Damn Silly game, what!

O-N P-A-R-A-D-E

- OR -

O-N L-E-A-V-E

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Let The **MODERN** take care

OF YOUR

DRY CLEANING AND LAUNDRY



THE MODERN LAUNDRY & DYE WORKS CO., LTD.

309 Hargrave St., Winnipeg. (Just N. of Portage Ave.)

Another Gestapo Purge

Sudden switch in the doghouse (sorry, guardhouse) has left the Position of Gestapo chief vacant. After a brief stay at Carberry Chief Walshaw (True Aryan) left to become Gaulieter of Calgary. Once again we ask, will Asst. Snocper Platt ride to fame (or notoriety) or will a new face ride in the saddle?

An old face in new guise is Jack Morris, one time Bar Tender, issuer outer of living outers rations, who now sports two tapes.

An old hand at the game Jack should be able to teach some of the youngsters new trick. Sgt. Burroughs of the cookhouse reports that many sticks of celery are missing from the cookhouse. We understand that these will be used by the police instead of rubber hosepipe which has been turned over to help the war effort in other places. Cpl. Morris interviewed said, "The latest methods of torture discovered by me while in the cookhouse, is to place yesterdays rations close under the face of the suspect, this we feel will prove as good as, if not beter, than tear gas.

Scribe Departs

Unknown to many of our readers Gen lost one of its most faithful scribes a few weeks back. F/Sgt. Jennings of the links after much agitation has managed to secure repatriation to his beloved England. Always an ardent Anglomaniac, he hated anything that was not English.

This and his vitrolic pen caused the editors of Gen many an anxious hour with the censors. At the last he appeared to have lost heart for his offerings were few and far between, but in his section he still found scope for his acid dipped pen and his last screed was a note to a Link Instructor who had blundered in some way. It ran something like this: "Do you not realize O worm that through your dim wittedness you are sabotaging the whole of the Commonwealth Training Plan. Kindly extract honourable . . ." And so he left, mourned by only the Editors of Gen, who had many a laugh over articles that never reached the pages of Gen.

Carberry War Services Club

The War Service club rooms are furnished and maintained by citizens of Carberry and district and are open for your convenience from 11 a.m. to 11 p.m. daily.

You are invited to attend the Sunday evening sing-songs.

Drop in to write a letter or to read a while.

Members of 33 S.F.T.S. are especially welcome.

The executive members are as follows: President, R. Wilkie; vice-president, Miss B. Nelson; secretary-treasurer, Mrs. E. F. Davey.

W.O. Merrison Replies

Dear Antonio,

We appear to have quite a lot in common and I am sure that, if we got together, with your money and my personality we would go a long way.

First, I must thank you for your admiration of my methods, the tailor is having difficulty in keeping up with the alterations to my tunic, due to chest expansion, if it's ever my luck to have the opportunity to give you a big hand, Antonio, you shall certainly have it.

Admittedly, the day of regimentation is fading, as also are the days of an S.W.O. signing his name with an X, but the days of individualism in the Service have not arrived—and, if they ever should, you will be writing in salt in the mines of Siberia.

Your suggestion of introducing your new March à Dance system into our Parade order lets you down rather badly. Really, coming from

a Senior N.C.O. I am surprised—or am I? Surely, Antonio, your recruit's training days do not extend so far back into the dim past that you have forgotten barrack square technique calls for a tempo of 120 paces to the minute. Your suggestion clears the air considerably, Antonio, for I have been wondering from whence originated the "Ballet-dancer" marching of which we see so much on our Wednesday morning parade.

It may surprise you, but I am in full agreement with your suggestion for "one dozen majorettes", for could we not then adopt the tune "I've got one dozen roses" for our March Past. In view of the size of our Guard Room and the strength of our Police Force, I could not take your suggestion for the introduction of a female element on parade to our Commanding Officer.

MUSICAL HEADQUARTERS for R.A.F. MEN—

Musical Instruments — Music — Records

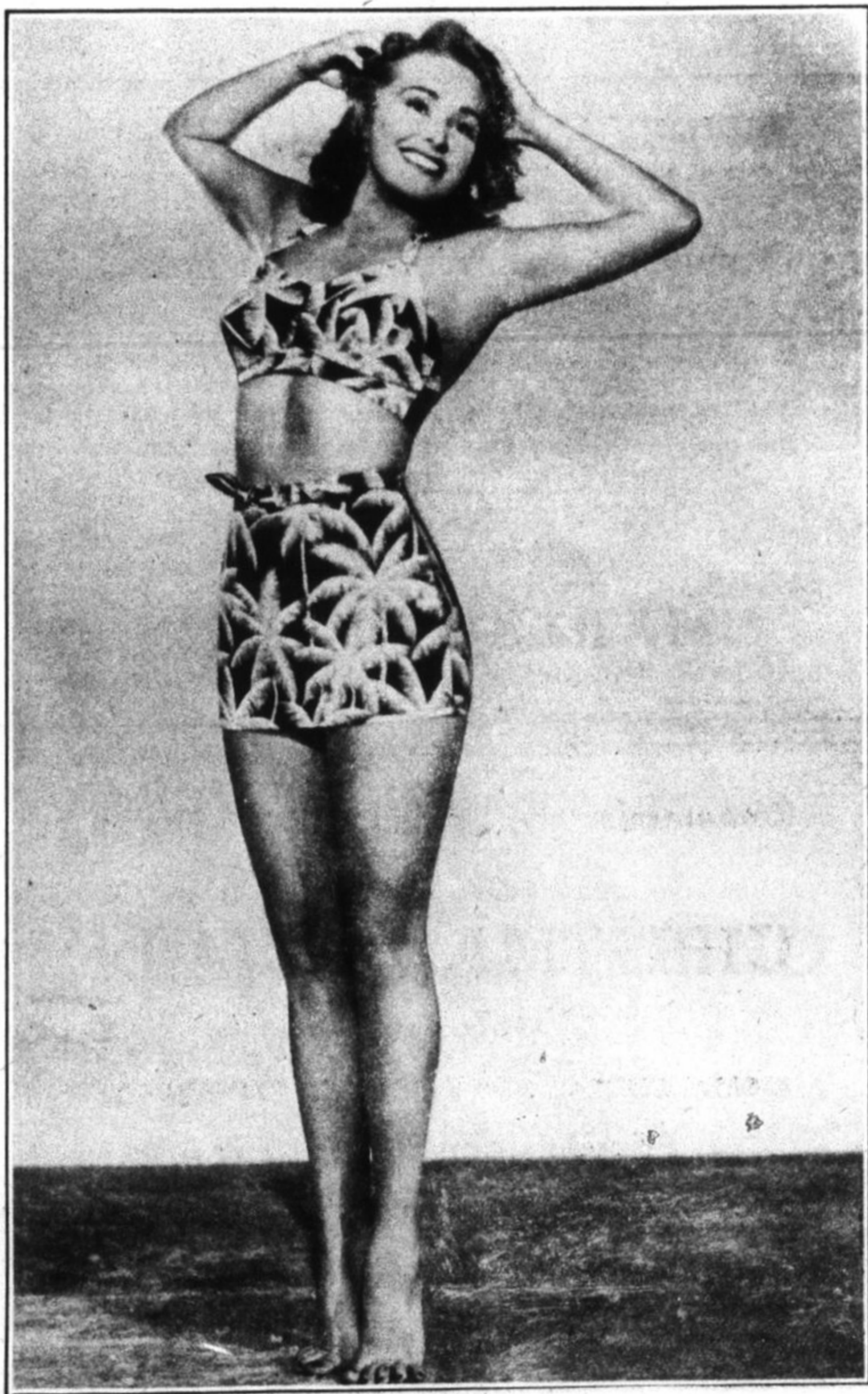
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Ray **Hamerton** Limited

347 DONALD ST.
(Next to the "Cave")

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COURTESY, COMFORT
ALWAYS

WINNIPEG'S FINEST DOWNTOWN HOTEL
 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

Remember the Folks Back Home

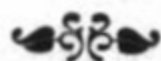
—with—

CHRISTMAS CARDS

this year

A SMALL ITEM . . . BUT GREATLY APPRECIATED

Priced from 5c to 25c



R. J. HOOD

GIFT SHOP

JOE CLOG

"So this 'ere's Carberry," exclaimed Joe, "sithee, Willie, tha wants open tha mincers—wot dost see on that theer triangle? Y.W.C.A.; wist be all rest 'ere for bringin' us birds in't camp."

"Birds if ah gets any fluff down 'ere as't keep 'em away from't camp, Joe, tha's 'eard't tale about playing away from 'ome."

"If you're not off that wagon in five seconds you'll be playing about in the guardroom," said W. O. Merrison.

Young Joe was pleased when eventually he was given a bed in Hut 31A.

"Among all't penpushers," said Joe, as he unpacked his kit, taking good care to hide all his surpluses; then he proceeded to undress—he didn't believe in wearing pyjamas, and preferred to sleep in his shirt and underpants, !!Now't fussy about me," he'd often said when the more fastidious had criticised his habit, yet he couldn't refrain from remarking about the smell of hot feet which seemed to be a particular feature of Hut 31A, "Someone wants try washin' 'is feet by way of a change."

"Up in't mornin's the game," shouted Joe, as he rolled out of bed at eight o'clock; getting dressed was a quick procedure for young Joe—it was only a matter of getting into his trousers and fastening his boots.

He put on his collar and tie, and realized he hadn't washed, "It'll 'ave to wait till dinner time now," thought Joe, and walked across to the dining room.

"Oh 'ell, kidneys! I know wot they can do with 'em," he remarked, as he pushed his way to the front of the queue thereby causing a collision

between P.3 Cohen and AC1 Hillier of the Orderly Room. "Clumsy blighter!" exclaimed Bert Hillier, as he borrowed Joe Cohen's handkerchief to wipe the porridge off his boot.

Joe Clogg grabbed a piece of toast, and wandered down the dining room—he chanced to sit next to a handsome airman who turned out to be LAC Alderson, the S.W.O.'s clerk, who in a tenor voice remarked, "New arrival from blighty, eh? Don't forget to report to the S.W.O. at 9 o'clock."

Having bolted his food down, Joe dashed back to the billet—it was 4 days since he had polished his button; this being done he presented himself outside the Station Warrant Officer's door. **KNOCK AND WAIT** read the notice on the door, which Joe accordingly did and not being particularly light handed his knock resembled a clog on a workhouse oven.

"Come in," bellowed a voice.

Joe entered, and found the S.W.O. wanted his full particulars.

"Report to F/Sgt. Gooderick in the Orderly Room," he said.

"Excuse me asking, Sir, but wots the chance of a 48 this weekend?" enquired Joe.

"Certainly, by all means," answered Mr. Merrison, in that big hearted manner of his.

"I suppose you'll do," said F/Sgt. Gooderick, after first warning Joe about the necessity for keeping a steady tongue, "that's the place where you sleep," he said, pointing to a desk in the corner—Corporal Young will waken you when we want our tea making."



CARBERRY

Bowling Alley

OPEN 1 P.M. UNTIL MIDNIGHT



15c A GAME



WHY NOT JOIN THE CAMP LEAGUE?



Mac McLean - prop.

Carberry

RIFLE CLUB

As both readers of DRO's will have observed a General Meeting to discuss winter activities of the Rifle Club was held in the Recreation Hall at 18.00 hrs. on Wednesday, 14, October, 1942.

Flight Lieutenant W. G. Mellor was elected President and Flight Sergeant J. F. Dunham Hon. Sec. The selection of a small Committee has been left in abeyance until a later date.

The handful of airmen present (the paucity of attendance being explicable in the light of the DRO insert "Officers of the Club will be elected") shewed such enthusiasm that it was decided to start shooting with the minimum of delay. Difficulties have been encountered in obtaining supplies of .22 ammunition. The limited stocks shipped to retailers are already insufficient to fulfill demands of long standing: and thus it would appear advisable for members to purchase sufficient rounds individually rather than rely on odd shipments which may be available at the Club from time to time.

The only expense incurred is the initial subscription fee, fixed at 50 cents per quarter; with the exception at the rather robust proposal of several members, that 25 cents be the subscription for the remaining months of 1942. This is payable to the Hon. Sec. or the nightly Range Officer before each prospective member shoots. All cash collected is returnable as cash prizes in the match and lucky contests arranged from time to time. There will be equal opportunity for novices and expert marksmen in these various competitions. P/O Cowpeak please note.)

Privileges of the Club embraces the free use of the Club's six Mossberg .22 target rifles, and eligibility for all Contests. Perhaps the most popular of these is the Dominion Marksman Competition which awards medals and cloth badges (again free' for targets shewing scores of 87 and above. It is expected that sufficient keenness will be shewn to warrant the promotion of inter-hut and inter-unit matches before very long.

The Rex Cafe, Carberry

We have just received a stock of the finest in
CHOCOLATES — CIGARETTES — TOBACCOS
PIPES and CIGARS

**We Will Help You Pack Your
 Christmas Box for Overseas**

—Drop in after the theatre for a dainty lunch—

LEE LOW, proprietor

Deck Landing by W.O. Ayers

There's no excuse—this is another line-shooting epic!

Well, here's the story—

At the beginning of the war, I was given a ticket for Scotland and arrived at a camp in the dead of night. Came the dawn and I found myself with the Fleet Air Arm on H.M.S. Merlin. Although Lord Haw-Haw claimed to have sunk it, you may take it from me it was a land station, but nevertheless one did go "ashore" in the "liberty boat" and the "jaunty" was the last word in discipline.

The floating aerodrome duly arrived off shore, but every time the ship was running straight enough for a plane to land on her, a submarine would pop up with dishonest intentions. This annoyed the Navy and eventually we were given an old ship, which was to have been broken up, and sent away some 3,000 miles to make our experiment. The Admiralty may have thought to get rid of the ship that way instead. An-

account of the "cruise" would fill a book. Outstanding memories are seeing said dozen pilots lying on our "mess" floor, heads propped on "Mae Wests" looking very green and playing darts on a board which persisted in hanging at 30 degrees to the wall and flopping back. This was the sole form of recreation other than "Monopoly". The Bosun's pipe relayed through the ship punctuating the silence frequently. Toot-toot "Watches of the hands fall in" - Toot-toot "Out pipes" (the end of the morning break) - Toot-toot "Sgt. pilots muster on the fore deck to range 10 Skuas". That meant us, pushing 10 aeroplanes the length of the hanger up a 2 foot ramp on to the hoist, thence to the flight deck. Oh yes! we were very much the junior service. By day and night our steady job was keeping watch for enemy submarines - 4 hour on and 8 hours off, scanning the sea with glasses when we often couldn't see our own escorting destroyers in the blackness of the night. The haz-

JOE



DECK LANDING—Continued from Page 16

ardous journey through the rolling ship in pitch blackness leaves many sore memories and if you happen to be 6 ft. or so a crash helmet is a necessity.

The great day arrived when flying should start. Out came two noble Tiger Moths. Minor excitement was caused by forced landings and spluttering engines. It seemed that the Navy's cleaning enthusiasm had resulted in water finding its way into the petrol. A day passed filtering the petrol.

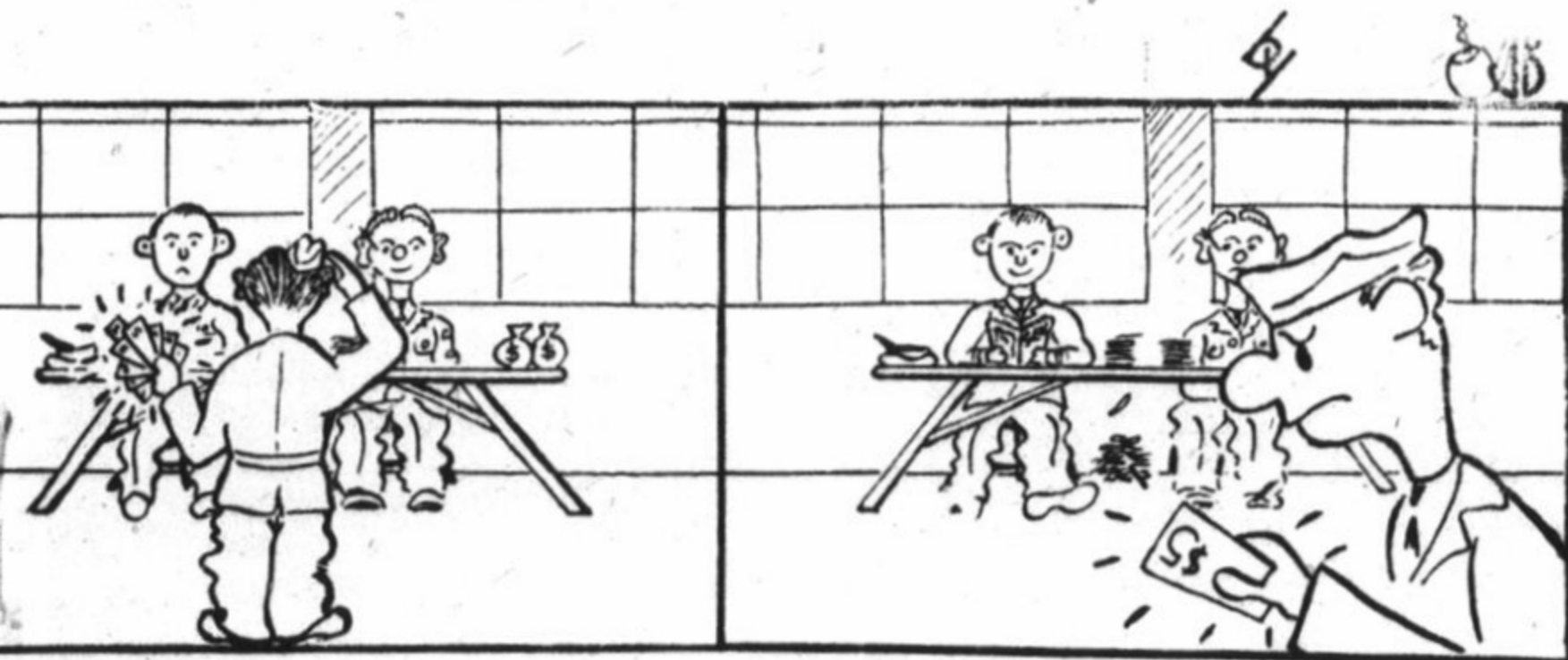
Next day we each had to undergo the indignity of chasing the ship in a Moth and being hauled out of the sky by a gang of sailors as we hovered over the deck.

The take-off is comparatively simple. The arrester wires lay flat on deck during take-off. In preparation for landings the wires tighten over the 14 inch posts which support the ends of the wires and as the posts come up to the vertical, the steam winches squeal out with a noise which will always be associated in

my mind with deck landing.

Coming in to land those machines with a little surplus height or speed may catch the wire and be pulled unceremoniously out of the sky. Others holding off too high and too long pass No. 4 wire. By that time they are half way along the ship and opening up again they lumber over the ramp covering the catapult gear at the forward end of the deck and disappear from view, while a 1000 eager faces wonder if the necessary speed will be gained before hitting the sea.

No one may walk on the flight deck. Running only is allowed. After landing, the pilot with parachute, "Mae West", etc. has to report at the double to the forward bridge. Running into a steady 30 knot wind thus attired has to be tried to be believed and the ambition of the arrester wire operator is to raise the wire just as the pilot passes over it—or doesn't. It's the high light of the day's flying to see one R.A.F. pilot on his face on the flight deck!



Lewis In Los Angeles

'He's the exact opposite in real life!'

The speaker was "Fatty" Lewis who helps keep that serviceability percentage soaring in No. 4 Hangar. He was referring to Morton Lowry, the actor who played the part of the bullying schoolmaster who got the kayo from Dibando in "How Green was My Valley".

"Taffy" had just returned from leave spent in Hollywood, World Film Capital.

"Give me some gen about the screen city," I said, "I'm going there myself next summer. Be prepared, you know."

"It's absolutely swell," reported "Taffy", "I stayed with the parents of Roddy McDowell. You know him. He played the part of the little boy in "How Green Was My Valley". "They gave me a swell time."

"What about Morton Lowry?" I asked.

"A grand fellow!" said "Taffy", "we knocked around everywhere together. He's a Scotchman who was educated at Eton, spent a few years in England acquiring an Oxford accent and later found himself an actor in Hollywood. Just like the MOTION PICTURE success stories, y'know."

"Meet any celebs?"

"Sure. I met George Raft, Betty Grable, Edward G. Robinson, Don Ameche, Maureen O'Hara, Donald Crisp, Walter Pidgeon, Sara Allgood, Charlie McCarthy . . ."

"How about Edgar Bergen?"

"Oh, him? Yes, he was with Charlie McCarthy."

"H'm!"

"Yeah, I got around all right. Went to Ciro's, the Brown Derby, the Coconut Grove, Earl Carroll's—smashing bits of stuff there!—and Graumann's Chinese Theatre. I called at Pickfair but Mary was out. And Buddy Rogers was away in the army. I had tea there with some people."

"Taffy" smiled reminiscently.

"Romance?" I hinted.

"Well," he began "sort of . . ."

"Yes?" I prompted.

"I met a lush little Mexican piece in a night club. Boy! Could she conga! She was the answer to a fitter's prayer! . . ."

I murmured something about the Good Neighbour Policy.

"See any flicks being made?"

"Yes, I saw them making one about the war in Libya. Called "Immortal Sergeant. Henry Fonda was the star. Damn interesting. The way they can construct real desert scenery, I mean . . ."

"Visit Santa Monica Beach?" I queried.

"You bet! I dropped down for a swim. Bags of talent there. Never saw so many bathing beauties together in my life. The place was swarming with them."

"You were at Graumann's Chinese Theatre, weren't you?"

"Sure. Saw the world premiere of "Wake Island". Bags of real shots from the actual battle. You should see it when it comes to the Palace."

"So you liked Hollywood, eh? Care to live there?"

"Not me. Okay for a holiday but not to live there. The life is too fast. They burn the candle at both ends. Hollywood is swell but give me Blighty every time."

JUST JOE - But In The Money

I saw Joe rushing toward me with an excited gleam in his eye. Now normally Joe walks slowly—his big boots crushing down on the gravel like the knell of doom—also his eyes have rather a lack of lustre in them—“fish on the slab for a long time” was one uncharitable description I’ve heard.

“What’s the matter Joe,” I asked. “Inherited a fortune, or has the F/Sgt. been posted?”

Joe shook his head still grinning fit to bust, “Neither,” he chortled.

“Then why the hilarity,” I demanded.

“That new order, he said, “The one which says our pay’s gone up a bob a day!” And very nice too—make a lot of difference 1/- a day. Why that’s the best part of two bucks on pay day!”

“Whoa, not so fast, Joe,” I managed to say.

“Why not? I’ll be able to get those stockings for Mabel and some warm things for the kids.”

That brought me up with a jolt—Joe is such a simple soul and I had clean forgotten he was married although pictures of Mabel and the kids, all five of them, hang all over his bunk.

“Nothing wrong is there?” Joe asked anxiously.

Mutely I nodded. “Afraid there is, it doesn’t apply to us—that is why it is in shillings and not dollars, and in any case it’s only sixpence increase in war pay.”

“Don’t we get anything . . . at all?” he queried.

“You won’t but Mabel and the

kids will,” I said hopefully.

“What about officers,” he demanded suspiciously.

“They’re in the same boat—not a penny piece more out here for anyone.”

“What was it you said about the Missis?”

“Let me see, you have five kids, haven’t you?”

“Yes,” he said, “Joe, Fred, little Mabel, Alfie and Winston—never seen him though—came after I was in Canada six months.”

“All under school leaving age?”

“Yes, all except Joe are under school starting age!”

“Well then, in future your wife will get 9/6 for young Joe, 8/6 for Fred, 7/6 for Mabel, 7/6 for Alfie, and 7/6 for Winston, making 40/6 for a week.”

“Cor!” said Joe loudly, “Bet Mabel’ll be pleased.”

“Where are you off to Joe,” as he edged towards the door.

“To write home to Mabel, of course.”

The government of England is a limited mockery.

Watchword of the French Revolution: Liberty, Equality and Maternity.

A lot of Englishmen were shut up in the Black Hole of Calcutta with one small widow. Only four got out alive.

Tell how a city purifies its own water supply. They filter the water and then force it through an aviator.

Give You

Save while serving,
 Serve while saving,
 Keep on giving,
 Come what may!
 Keep on working,
 Work on keeping,
 Something by
 For Victory day.
 When war is done,
 Be done with war,
 Have enough,
 It's only fair.
 Think of husband:
 Husband thinking,
 Do not have
 A cupboard bare.
 A dollar here,
 Here a dollar,
 Will not hurt
 Your room and board.
 Give you enough
 Enough's to give
 Death to Hitler
 And his hoard.
 Plan to stall:
 Install a plan,

Give each day
 For Liberty.
 Be a real man.
 Man, a real bee
 Has stored behind,
 It's Victory.

The New Car

I bought it half an hour ago
 An officer was posted East.
 I hope it isn't very slow;
 It looks like 95 at least.
 Self consciously I wander around;
 And pat its hood when no one's
 looking
 Its underside looks very sound,
 What IS that smell like mackerel
 cooking?
 The paint works looking dull but
 clean.
 Some elbow grease will soon fix that.
 I don't like black, I wish 'twere
 green
 That tyre is looking rather flat.
 Though petrol's rationed and the
 rubber's lean
 It's quite the finest car I've ever seen!

The PALACE THEATRE, Carberry

OCT. 31 — NOV. 1

49th Parallel

LESLIE HOWARD
 LAWRENCE OLIVER
 RAYMOND MASSEY

NOV. 5—6—7

Yank at Eton

—with—
 MICKEY ROONEY

NOV. 2—3—4

Mrs. Miniver

GREER GARSON

WALTER PIDGEON

PHONE 85

THE NELSON HOTEL

Welcomes You



Carberry's Only
HOTEL



H. C. BANISTER, Mgr.

FINAL LEAGUE TABLES

The league was closed with a number of matches unplayed, but because Hut 13 were unavailible in their leading position and because of the necessity of utilizing the pitch for hut matches before the weather broke up, the League committee unanimously voted in favour of this step being taken.

Team	P	W	D	L	GF	GA	Pts.
13	18	14	2	2	64	21	30
32	16	12	1	3	44	25	25
14	16	10	2	4	32	16	22
20	16	9	2	5	27	17	20
31	17	6	2	9	16	43	14
11	17	6	1	10	34	51	13
10	14	4	1	9	19	28	9
12	12	3	1	8	17	31	7
9	11	3	0	8	11	14	6
Sgts.	15	2	2	11	15	33	6

What a Life!



Seen from afar he pleased
her eye,
At closer quarters . . .
MY, OH, MY!
You can avoid his fate,
my friend.
You must *perspire*,
but don't *offend!*

Bath tonight with LIFEBOUY

**FROM HEAD TO TOE
—IT STOPS B.O.**

NEWS FROM SCHOOLBOY—

First to thine own self be true,
Thou canst then be false to any man.

What was the cause of the Industrial revolution? People stopped reproducing by hand and started reproducing by machinery.

The Greeks wore scandals on their feet.

Floods from the Mississippi may be prevented by putting big dames in the river.

The sun never sets in the British Empire because the British Empire is in the East and the sun sets in the West.

Versatile Mickey - - Sorry Leo

He's done it again! Who? Why, Mickey Rooney, of course, the star of such epics of American adolescence as "Babes on Broadway", "Babes in Arms", and "Andy Hardy Grows Up". Now he's gone blue-blood in "A Yank at Eton" which will eventually, we suspect, find its way to our local cinematic emporium.

British film fans will be especially alarmed for many unexpected (to Yankees) reasons when they see the Rooney youngster in this flick. Look out, fellows, for the following:

- (1) Micky playing soccer for the first time. Note how he scores the winning goal for his side. See how the opposing team charge up-field after him as he heads goalwards. The Rooney boy can only run so fast, you know. In addition, he is handicapped by having to boot a ball in front of him. And do the opposing team know it! They carefully avoid catching up on him until he has scored his goal and has provoked enthusiastic pandemonium among the spectators.
- (2) Mickey winning the Eton Steeple chase. It's only about 10 miles or so, we believe—but although he gets into the race AFTER it has started, he SPRINTS the whole way and wins by the proverbial head. A joy to behold!
- (3) Mickey's fight with a prefect twice his size and weight. The fellow has no guts, apparently, for he obediently lies down and allows the Yankee lad to beat the daylights out of him.

(4) Freddie Bartholomew's (his House Captain) noble gesture to the Anglo-American Good Neighbour Policy. On graduating from Eton he disdains to go to such backwaters of learning as Oxford or Cambridge but avows his intention of continuing his studies at Notre Dame University, Indiana, U.S.A.

- (5) Mickey's soda-syphon battle with the landlord of a local roadhouse. The man can't stand up to this Hollywoodian Secret Weapon, of course, and he is brought to book in time for the Big Race where he exposes the dastardly prefect who was the cause of all the trouble. Incidentally, his various victories over the athletic Etonians in the field of sport finally convince Mickey that Eton "has" something after all.

See this show, boys. You'll roll in your seats!

A black Maria is a Negro's wife.
God's Own Country is Heaven.

Mastication is what the Italians do with their hands when they talk English.

A mosquito is the child of white and black parents.

The name of a famous ode by Woodsworth is "Imitations of Immorality in Youth".

Hogarth did many satirical works, including "The Rape's Progress".

Milton wrote "Paradise Lost"; then his wife died and he wrote "Paradise Regained".

Humor was then introduced into the English drama—for example, a wife wringing her husband's neck.

THE SOUND & THE FURY

(Apologies to Esquire)

After playing with the darned thing for nearly a year (on and off) almost all technical difficulties have been ironed out and your humble scribe can safely predict that the camp sounding system is now going to earn its keep. The new hangars have yet to be wired "a job which will be taken care of in the near future" and greater clarity of speech in the airmen's mess is still needed. As most readers are aware, relays of concerts from the Station Theatre take place at frequent intervals, and a recent innovation is the twenty minute Jam Session each Saturday

at 7 p.m. played by the "Ripchords Rhythm Aces". In addition, two record sessions of 30 minutes duration, one swing, one classical, are to be played weekly. These programmes are sponsored by "Gen". If you have a request number for the Rhythm Aces or a particular record you wish to hear, call, write or 'phone P.S. 1, No. 1 hangar. The Aces will be tickled pink to play your requests if its for records, if they can be obtained in Canada, then rest assured you will hear them. Leave your rank and number when forwarding requests so that your choice may be dedicated to you.

●
C. V. M.
●



Airmen, for the use of

SKATING

Many of those coming to camp since last winter will have noticed the enclosures with a neat arrangement of overhead suspended lighting, with no apparent purpose, by the Drill Hangar. There's another by the hospital. Well, I'm sorry to disappoint the Australian who thought it was for pony racing or cattle shows and the English lad who wanted to run the tote for greyhound racing. No—they're both skating rinks in the winter; that is if anyone has the industry to look after the ice.

That being so, the question arises, "To skate or not to skate." Well, winter outdoor exercise is hard to come by otherwise and I want to tell you enough about skating to make you interested.

Skating does not merely consist of going around the ice without falling. With luck you should manage that within a week giving a half hour or so each day. Now from that point it naturally develops into two separate directions. First, ice hockey where the main necessity is to skate fast instinctively, forget your feet and concentrate on the game. Second, figure skating, where the primary object is style and the correct tracing on the ice, which necessitates concentration on one's own feet, shoulders, hips and so on.

For hockey, we have a Station team and thanks to the Canadians a fairly good one. Usually we have a Camp langue for all-comers and if I'm allowed to write again next month I want to try and show how you can direct your own skating practice with a view to playing some hockey.

Figure skating has an entirely different appeal. I think it can claim

to be the most progressive sport there is. By this I mean that however much you skate there is always something new to try and master.

The beginner will think by now that I'm talking right over his head, but I want him to realize what joy a sustained interest in skating can give so that his first steps in Canada may be just a beginning. To get to the practical problems of equipment. First, don't wait until your friends skate so that you are forced into it, otherwise you will be the backward member of the party and winter will be over before you get going. Decide early and see about finding the very modest cost of equipment. As hockey is so popular here a good hockey skate and boot can be obtained for about five dollars. Figure skates are more difficult to come by, with boots they cost about twelve dollars. If you are keen on figure skating invest in them. All such equipment will be worth double back in England.

Last piece of advice. Don't get discouraged if your ankles and legs ache like hell after the first attempt. Skating brings into play several undeveloped muscles. Until these are strengthened adequately you can't skate, but once these muscles are strong they will stand you in good stead in skating and many other sports, saving you from damaged limbs through falling awkwardly.

I must not forget to mention the instructional figure skating club we ran last year. It functioned weekly at the town rink and there was no lack of lady partners and music for ice skating. There's no reason we shouldn't do the same again only more so.

Epilogue To A Pay Parade

"Well, Corporal, thank goodness that's over for another fortnight."

"Yes, sir, this new mob are pretty fair pen-men when it comes to signing for their pay."

"Beg pardon, sir?"

"Yes my man, what can I do for you?"

"I aint 'ad no pay."

"Indeed? How was that?"

"Name wasn't called sir."

"Well no doubt the Corporal can fix you up and I'll pay you this afternoon with the others."

"Thank you sir I'm sure."

"Here you what's your name?"

"Burping Corp."

"It would be, and the number?"

"123, easy, aint it Corp?"

"Just as well I should think. Can't see you on the Roll at all."

"It was when I was at Petrel."

"Oh, that explains everything, you're one of the Petrel crew eh?"

"Was Corp, I mean Sarge, I mean Corporal."

"What do you mean, 'was'?"

"Got took orf, sheep-rot."

"Sheep-rot, God bless my soul what ARE you nattering about?"

"it's me feet, games players scratch they call it."

"You mean Athlete's foot; and on't keep jigging about."

"Sorry Corp, they jump so!"

"Well I expect you're down on the Petrel Roll."

"But I gotter chit from the orficer."

"Well let's see the chit anyway."

"'avn't got it, lorst it."

"What did it say?"

"Didn't read it."

"Well I'll be sugared. How do you know we would be interested?"

"The orficer said so."

"Which orficer?"

"The one what give me the chit o'course."

"Well who was this orficer .P/O Morgan?"

"Oh no sir I could understand what he said quite easily."

"Stop jigging about; can't help it if your feet do tickle."

"He was a big chap with a yellow moustache and a squashy hat."

"That's no help, that could apply tolots of 'em."

"'e gave it me when I was put on slops."

"Why?"

"Cause me teef were all took out."

"Well I give up. And your uniform, it's a disgrace, buttons look like a salvage collection, and as for your boots, a Sewerman's Dream, that's what they are."

"Sorry Corp, lost me polish."

"Well why didn't you buy some more."

"'adn't 'ad no pay."

"But you were paid a fortnight ago."

"Yus, but I adn't lorst 'em then."

"Oh thank goodness here comes the SWO, he'll soon straighten you out. Mr. Merrison, this airman has n't got his name down on the list and . . ."

"I'll soon fix HIM." Absolute disgrace to the Service, don't tell me that you've been on parade like that."

"No Sarge, I mean Flight, I mean sir, I 'ad a chit."

"What chit?"

"The orficer give it me."

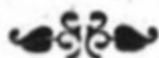
"Which orficer?"

"I don't know."

"Excuse me sir but this is where I came in . . ."

Even though it's cold outside . . .

. . . a warm welcome awaits you inside



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DICK'S HARDWARE : CARBERRY



BOXING

Carberry vs Manning Depot

The first inter-unit tourney of the year was held in the Drill Hall on Wednesday, 21st October, arrangements were in the hands of F/Sgt. Ovens and with the assistance of W. O. Gash and the Maintenance Wing wallahs a fine show was staged.

The programme opened up with a four round bout between LAC. McKinley of Carberry and AC. Boyer of Manning depot, McKinley put up a good fight but Boyer was much too good for him and won on points.

The second fight also went to Brandon when the well known Sgt. Steinhaur beat LAC. Prasher on points, the third bout, another four rounder, showed LAC. Robinson as far superior to Sgt. Van Brunt of Brandon and so Carberry drew first blood.

But Brandon were away again when in a three-round bout Cpl.

Quinn was all over AC. Dyckes who, however, put up a good fight. LAC. Smith of Carberry was much too good for AC2 Hector. The sixth fight between two Carberry boys was by far the most interesting so far and these two lads went at each other with a will besides displaying considerable ringcraft.

After the interval LAC. Currell gave a polished display against AC. Roy to score another win for Carberry.

The next bout between Cpl. Jarjour and LAC. Stewart was a flat out win for Stewart from the start and although Jarjour fought gamely he could not last the course, for Stewart was far superior, a big hand should go to Jarjour for fighting so gamely.

The next bout was much the same when LAC. Harris outclassed Cpl. Smale of Brandon to win on a technical K.O. Smale was game but out of his class, he tried hard and deserved better from his friends than he got.

For sheer guts AC. Rafferty has them all beaten, nearly out on his feet in the first round with AC. Truett of Brandon he fought back so well that at the end he was as good as his opponent. The fight quite rightly went to Truett on points. Cpl. McCourt won a very close fight from AC. Ranlin to bring the match to a close with Carberry winners six fights to four.

Major Osler presented cups to the winners and losers alike and after a short speech brought the evening to a pleasant close.

Wild beasts used once to roam at will through the whole of England and Ireland, but now wild beasts are only found in theological gardens.



A charming initiation ceremony was witnessed in Maintenance Wing H.Q. Orderly Room on the occasion of the entrance of Ginger Long, Student of Life from Birkenhead, into the Brotherhood.

LAC. Lingard, publications expert from SHQ, paid a visit to Wing H.Q.

Gerry Death took the first step on the Road to Matrimony by becoming engaged to Miss Eileen Wall of Wellwood. Congrats, Gerry and Eileen! ('Ipswich papers, please copy!').

AC. Murphy of Servicing Squadron blossomed out as a newspaperman. Bravo, Spud! Move over, Winchell!

"Jock" Ramsay, former Second-in-

Disciplinary-Command in Servicing Squadron, has now joined Warrant Officer Gash's Corps of Charge Bashers.

Sgt. Larry Scott visited Wing Headquarters for an informal discussion on books.

Charlie Richardson, Store Basher Extraordinary, went picking flowers in the G.I.S. garden after one of Impressario Court's bier-garten orgies.

Sam Isaacs had an Anson II handbook pinched from his bunk. He states that he will give away an Anson II absolutely free if it is returned.

Flight Lieutenant Ricketts disappeared one afternoon. It was later discovered that he was on 48.



Last month's issue of Gen threw a challenge out to SHQ; accordingly our reporter has been on the lookout for news and submits the following observations:

Accounts Section—(If it's money you want—you've had it)

Slowly but surely this section is taking on a new appearance; desks are being varnished, shelves erected, and shortly each man is to have a neon light over his desk shewing name and full particulars of duties performed.

(S.H.Q.—Continued from page 28)

Jive "Allelia" Edwards has taken over charge of the Military Band. He is now appealing for an airman (or officer with one arm to take the collection box around.

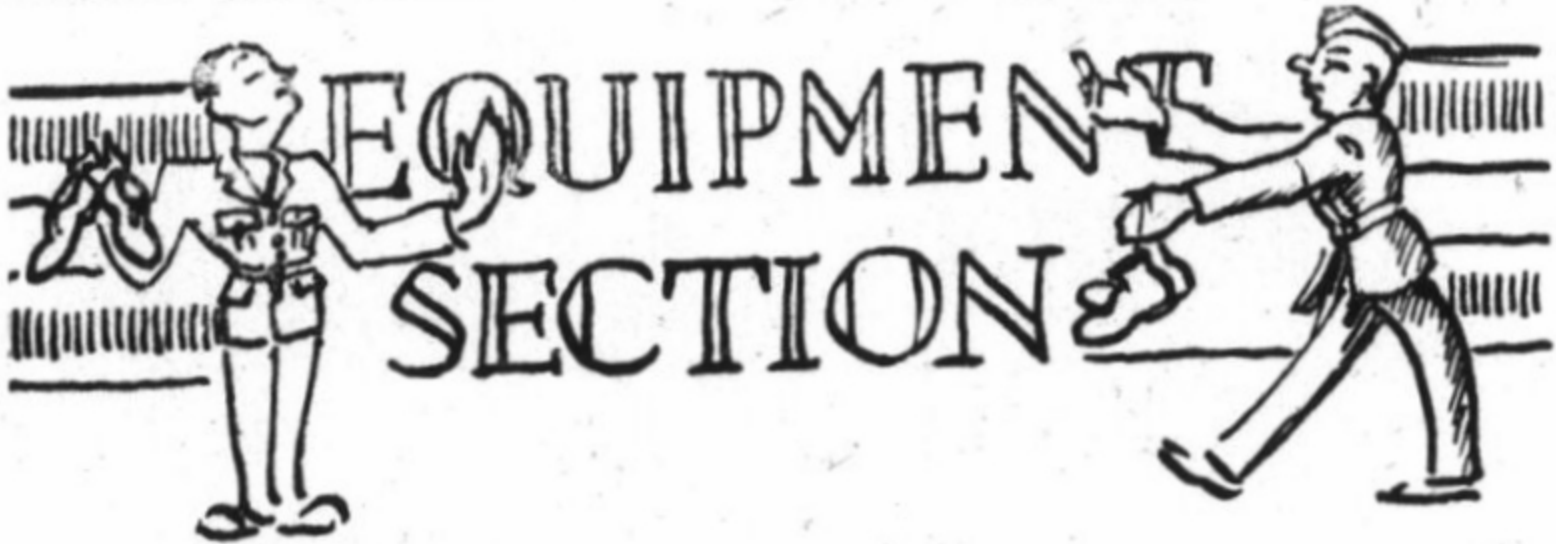
Orderly Room—(if it's duff gen you want—we have it)

Flight Sergeant "King of the Castle" Gooderick is welcomed as a new arrival, and takes command of the Duff Gen department, where it is suggested that he keeps an eye on AC1 (P.3) Joe Cohen. The latter has been stepping out lately, after taking several dancing lessons under Professor Frank Pestico both in the

ablutions and Registry. Accompanied by a young lady, P.3. has been seen recently at the Cave and at the Circus.

Stan Young continues to smoke Clarkes Blood Mixture, in spite of the fact that Jock Muir offered him a sack of Tartan Socks last week.

Bowling is now a favourite feature of SHQ and it is noted with pleasure that the Officers are joining in the fun also. At a recent match Accounts beat the Orderly Room, who, as yet, have not had the same amount of practice as have Accounts. Perhaps in the next match they will reverse the score.

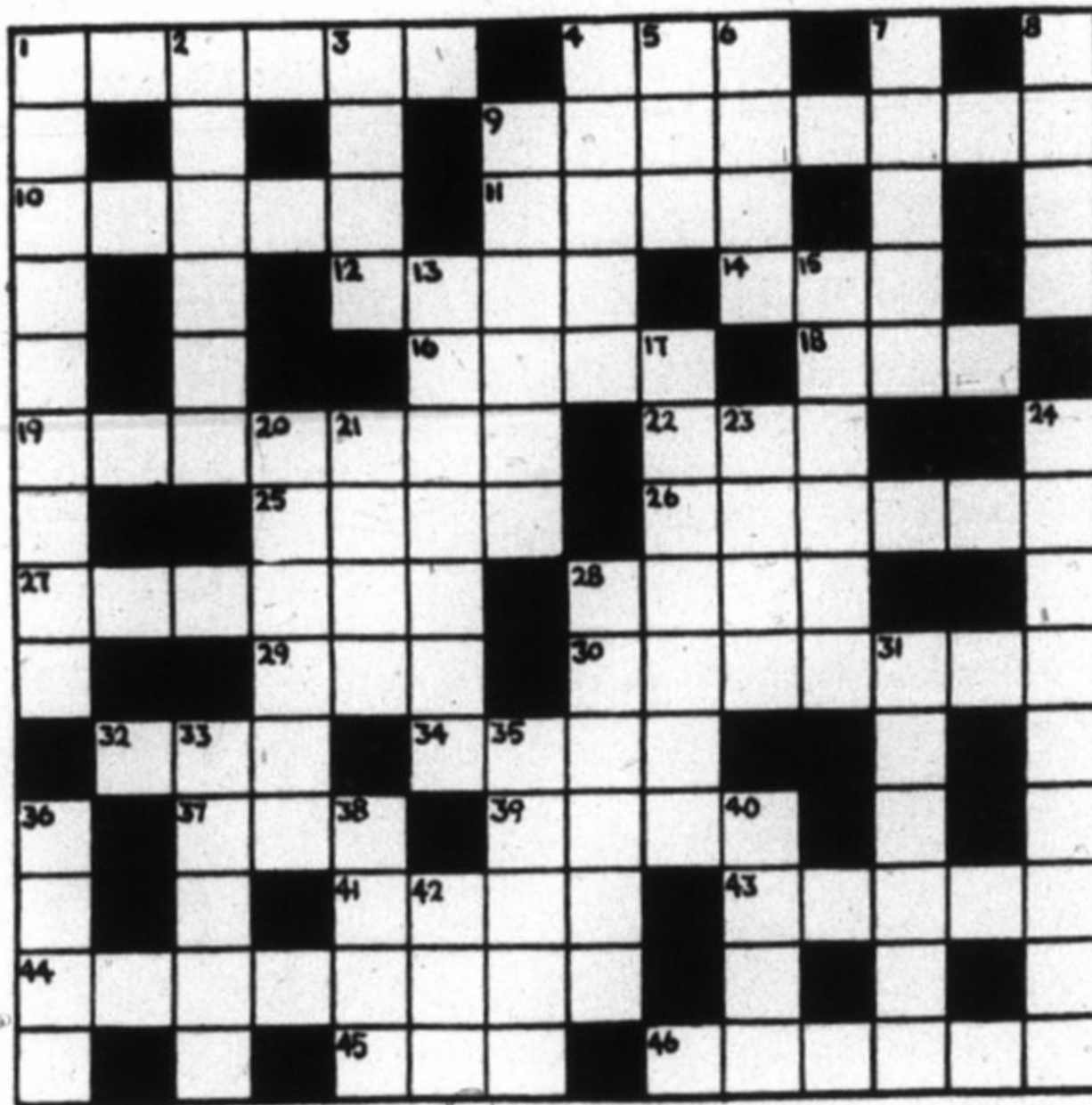


In view of the keen interest that has been taken by all ranks on the unit in the new Clothing Parades that have recently been advertised, all Storebashers are to be trained in the art of self-defence by a member of the Section who, we understand, has already made a name for himself as a boxing promoter. During the last few weeks the Equipment Section has been methodically attacked by all and sundry, under cover of rapid fire from the regions of the rifle range cleverly organized by the Armament Section. However, all the Storebashers remained perfectly calm throughout these attacks and scored a number of successes with the aid of a little red tape. Again and again the plans of the enemy

(for their next "48"), were frustrated when it was revealed that new suits of blue were not forthcoming and with great glee the defenders gazed in triumph at the defeated columns slowly retreating southwards. It is admitted that in some cases slight successes were obtained by the attackers, most of which will prove to be short lived as we are informed that in quite a number of cases the boots and rubbers thrown in pairs at the enemy will prove to be both for the same foot and consequently of no material use to them in their next advance.

Whatever it is, we haven't got it. If we did have, you couldn't have it!

Ring the Bell.



CLUES

Across:

1. Revolve.
4. Resinous conifer.
9. We pay our taxes for this.
10. Bird.
11. Charts.
12. It is odd that the odds can be this.
14. First lady.
16. Marking fluids.
18. Donkey.
19. Former French Delegate-General in N. Africa.
22. It sounds complete, but it is only part of the chippies tool kit.
25. Trump cards in aerial combat?
26. Sartorial craftsman.
27. Trip.
28. Hitler "done" in these would make an interesting picture.

29. A beverage.
30. Explorer favourite of Queen Elizabeth.
32. Insect.
34. Rate.
37. Exclaim.
39. Louis beat him on a technical K.O.
41. Leave out.
43. Employing.
44. The Indians used to storm this in pioneer days.
45. Before.
46. Discover.

Down:

1. R.A.F. Station in Nova Scotia.
2. Exceptional specimen.
3. Machine used in betting
4. Candid.
5. Devil.

(Continued on Page 31)

(CON. FROM PAGE 30)

6. Burn to the ground.
7. Balas.
8. Celestial Body.
9. When you make these you are repentant.
13. Acetic acid.
15. Bag.
17. Satisfied.
20. One associates this article of apparel with the bishop.
21. Minor skin complaint.
23. Man-made boundary.
24. Russian port.
28. Decorated.
31. When the surgeon operates is it called this sort of a job?
33. Resoundings.
35. Stay.
36. Final.
38. Burden.
40. Plot.
42. Spoil.

SOLUTION ON PAGE 32**POCKET QUIZ**

1. Which is the world's largest inland sea?
 - (a) Black sea.
 - (b) Caspian Sea—and is it.
 - (c) above sea level.
 - (d) below sea level.
2. How many counties are there in Scotland?
 - (a) 21, (b) 26. (c) 33. (d) 41.
3. What is Koh-I-Noor?
 - (a) Japanese Eldorado.
 - (b) A pilgrimage.
 - (c) A poem.
 - (d) One of the Crown Jewels.
4. What is a cassowary?
 - (a) A sort of dictionary.
 - (b) A bird.
 - (c) A cooking utensil.

(d) The habit of a Franciscan Monk.

5. Who was Jacques Cartier?
 - (a) Novelist.
 - (b) Hangman during the French Revolution.
 - (c) Explorer.
6. "The moving finger writes and having writ, moves on," is part of an oft quoted gem of philosophy. Who of these four originated it?
 - (a) Shakespeare.
 - (b) Francis Bacon.
 - (c) Omar Hhayyam.
 - (d) Tennyson.
7. Who was the Garden Poet?
 - (a) Mr. Middleton.
 - (b) John Milton.
 - (c) William Wordsworth.
 - (d) Andrew Marvel.
8. Who discovered Vaccination?
 - (a) Edward Jenner.
 - (b) Mme Curie.
 - (c) Louis Pastenr.
9. Koala is the name given to
 - (a) A popular soft drink.
 - (b) Animal.
 - (c) The nut of a gum tree.
 - (d) One of the Leeward Isles.
10. The nightjar is
 - (a) A hot water bottle.
 - (b) Sort of mushroom.
 - (c) A bird.
 - (d) An insect.

ANSWERS ON PAGE 32

The Greatest miracle in the Bible is when Joshua told his son to stand still and he obeyed him.

The Bible is abainst bigamy when it says that no man can serve two masters.

ANSWERS TO QUIZ

1. (b and d) The Caspian Sea covers an area of 169,000 sq. miles and is 86 feet below sea level.

2. (c).

3. (d).

4. (b) An ostrich-like bird of Australia.

5. (d). A Frenchman who explored the river and Gulf of the St. Lawrence.

6. (c).

7. (d). An English poet who befriended Milton in his blindness.

8. (a). He introduced it in 1796.

9. (b). A Mammal found in Australia.

10. (c).

Scoring—Mark yourself 10 for each answer giving five for each half

of No. 1 and 10 for each other answer.

Analysis—85-100 is very good, 70-80 good, 50-70 fair, below 50, you don't know much, do you?

ANSWER TO CROSS-WORD

ACROSS—1. Gyrate, 4. Fir, 9. Armament, 10. Egret, 11. Maps, 12. Even, 14. Eve, 16. Inks, 18. Ass, 19. Weygand, 22. Awl, 25. Aces, 26. Tailor, 27. Outing, 28. Oils, 29. Tea, 30. Raleigh, 32. Bee, 34. Rant, 37. Cry, 39. Baer, 41. Omit, 43. Using

DOWN—1. Greenwood, 2. Rarity, 3. Tote, 4. Frank, 5. Imp, 6. Rase, 7. Fetes, 8. Star, 9. Amends, 13. Vinegar, 15. Valise, 17. Satiated, 20. Gaiter, 21. Acne, 23. Wall, 24. Archangel, 28. Ornate, 31. Inside, 33. Echos, 35. Abide, 36. Last, 38. Yoke, 40. Ruse,

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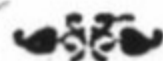
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