

HQ 353PT3/1000Z/SNA. *W4*
 DEPARTMENT OF AIR FORCE
 RECREATION - AIRMEN,
 - FOR THE USE OF.

1942 / 1900Z / 353PT3 / HQ

DATE	TIME	NAME	STATUS	REMARKS
3A				
4A				
5A				

Open!

SANIPACT

The Quality
ICE CREAM

NOW ON SALE
in
BOTH CANTEENS

At Your Service

for

QUALITY



The G. McLEAN Co.

Wholesale Grocers

Winnipeg

You Can **STILL**
SEND HOME

- Silk Stockings & Lingerie
- Canned Goods
- Dried Fruits & Peel
- Cheese & Box Chocolates

... FROM ...

B. W. CALDWELL CO.

... ALSO ...

A GOOD SELECTION OF MEN'S CLOTHING

We Appreciate
Your Patronage . .

★WE thank you for your custom in the past and hope to serve you satisfactorily in the future.

★A modern, up-to-date butcher shop where first-class meats are handled in the most sanitary wayat prices which you can meet.

W. D. McMILLAN, Butcher

KING'S

Old Country Beverages

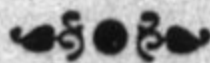


Real Fruit Flavored

SOFT DRINKS

HEALTHFUL

REFRESHING



Manufactured Only By

KING'S OLD COUNTRY LTD.

WINNIPEG

The Commanding Officer
Group Captain T. B. Bruce, M.C.
Writes :

I have been asked to contribute a few lines for the November issue of the Station Magazine; I find this a little difficult in view of the fact that I have been here so short a time. I would like to say, however, that I feel most honoured to have been given the command of Carberry.

During my time at Ottawa and various travels throughout Ontario, I heard excellent reports of this Station, where everything was smooth-running, people were happy and contented, and where a grand spirit of esprit-de-corps existed.

Since my arrival, I have found this reputation and my early impressions fully confirmed, and I know that with your worthy co-operation we will uphold the highest traditions of the Royal Air Force.

As this is the Christmas month, let me extend to you all my heartiest good wishes for a happy Christmas, and the hope that the New Year brings with it the prospects of an early termination of hostilities, together with a reunion with those at home.

T. B. BRUCE,
Group Captain.



RARELY does a station lose its C.O., C.F.I. and Senior S/Commander, all in the space of one month. But that is what has happened at this unit. To those who have left us we give Godspeed and to those who have come or are coming in their place we offer greetings.

In the past the criticism has been levelled at "Gen" or its predecessors that too

much advertising was carried, for its size. Henceforth this point will no longer arise since it has been ruled that in future, station journals may carry no publicity at all. Needless to say this ruling will result in a considerable decline in the funds at our disposal, and if "Gen" is to survive a considerable increase in circulation is a 'must'. For the last three months the sales curve has ascended steadily but that is no longer sufficient and so this month we include a page on which various types of reading and seeing matter are suggested and all you have to do is to put a cross against those items which interest you and leave them with Cpl. Oram in the P.S.I. Store., or in the case of officers, push them into the little box marked 'RAF RAG' in the Mess. In this way it is hoped that the editors will be able to gauge the prevailing tastes on the unit and produce a magazine accordingly.

Apart from the above, the month has passed with little incident. At one time it appeared that King Winter was very much with us and Flight Lieutenant Mellor was very much in evidence with full skiing equipment on his way to Mellor's mound, a hill he discovered from the air. However the snow did not last, and at this writing has almost disappeared although the ground still freezes at night, and can be very painful if a rutted lane has to be negotiated.

Living-out personnel without cars have been hard hit by the curtailment of taxi-facilities and each morning sees a few weary figures tramping in, late and cold because they have missed the cab if not the bus. It is hoped that something of the latter nature will be organized since the car-owning living-outers are not sufficient to cope with the problem un-aided.

A new bowling league has been organised by S/L. Burnell

(EDITORIAL—Continued on Page 6)

Editorial—CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5

and is now underway, while F/O. Thomas' bathing beauties desport themselves at Brandon each Tuesday night.

The Rip Chords took their Fifth Edition to Winnipeg and were rewarded by packed house on both nights. When one remembers that a large number of members were posted home in the Fall, it is a very fine effort on the part of F/Lt. John Sexton and his henchman, LAC. Wringe, to have re-built the show so well, and at the same time to have kept the initial 'spirit' of the party with changed members.

The good news from all fronts has cheered us up and all branches and trades have got a real 'kick' out of the victories scored by English, Imperial, Russian and American troops. Work on a Flying Training School can be very tedious at times and this turn of the tide brings home to all of us how vital is our job of keeping up the steady flow of well-trained pilots to keep the air superiority which we have now gained. It has been proved at Dunkirk, Narvik, Crete and in Egypt, that Air Supremacy is the keystone of modern land war, and Air Superiority, by more and better planes, manned by good crews and well serviced brings us a long way towards general supremacy in both East and West war zones.

The Advert Manager Retires

After a long struggle to keep the books of Raf Rag, Station Journal and Gen on the right side, the Advertising Manager has been placed in compulsory retirement due to an edict of the Air Council which says that there is to be no more advertising in station magazines. This, while it is regrettable, has left the advertising manager with a feeling of relief for he feels he will be better able to concentrate on the jobs of assistant editor, sales manager and treasurer. In other words, what about relieving him a little more and let someone come forward and offer to do some these jobs?

Gen in the future is going to need a lot more editing for there will be the full 32 pages of News and Pictures—so if we have a potential sales manager on the station then Corporal Oram in No. 1 hangar, P.S.I. Stores would be pleased to see him.

In conclusion we would like to thank all those advertisers who have supported us so nobly in the past and have made our various publications possible—our motto has always been to sell you value in space and we have done our best to make our relations cordial. We thank you for your support and may your organizations continue to flourish.



Worn to a frazzle?

Worn to a frazzle? Then *don't* stay that way . . . call for a Guinness at once! When you're tired, there's nothing so refreshing as a glass of Guinness. No other brew has so hearty, so robust, so racy a flavour! After work or exercise, as an appetizer or with meals, and when you are going to bed—have a Guinness!

GUINNESS IS GOOD for you? Ask anyone from Great Britain!

There are, literally thousands of people who take Guinness regularly as a prescribed tonic, digestive or sedative. Other thousands drink Guinness because they enjoy its racy tang. From all legal outlets.



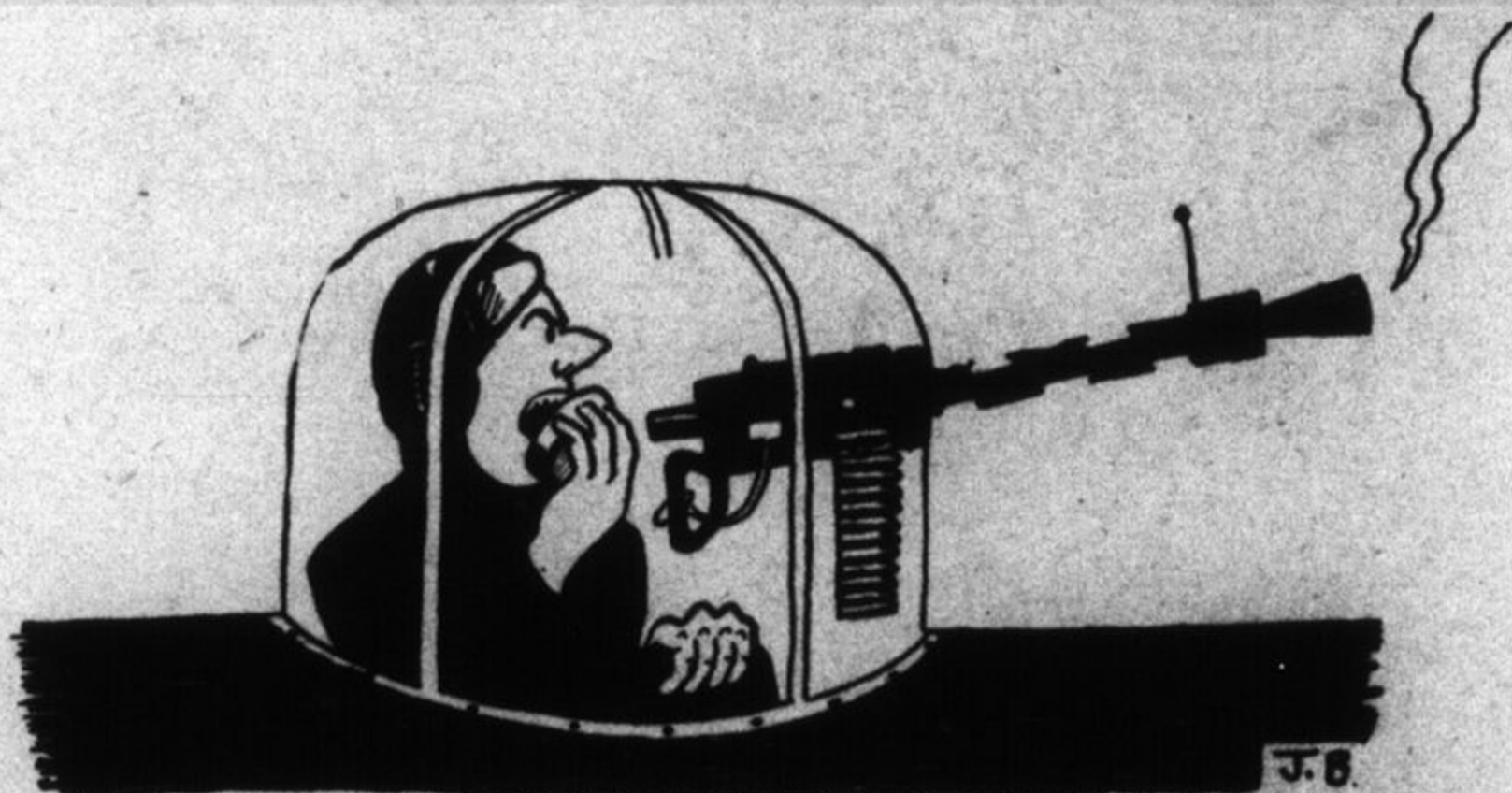
For years, it has been accepted as a fact in the Old Country that Guinness is both good *and* good for you! Guinness is brewed from four natural ingredients—malt, hops, pure spring water and special Guinness yeast. Mellowed for more than a year in oak vats, then in bottle. Guinness is never pasteurized or filtered. It retains all its natural goodness, including the goodness of the yeast. Treat yourself to a Guinness this evening. Get a bottle on the way home!

Have a **GUINNESS** today!

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

2-308

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



OF COURSE IT WAS A JERRY. IT HAD A LOT OF
SWASTIKAS PAINTED ON THE NOSE.....

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

- OR -

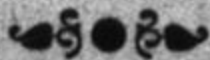
O-N L-E-A-V-E

You Should Look Your Best

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.)

AUNT FLOSSIE'S PAGE.



MY DEAR CHICKS: Greetings and salutations! Pardon the brevity of by introductory remarks this month, but the fact is, my mail bag is bursting with letters which simply scream aloud to be answered. So—to the gridiron . . .

NOBBY (Rip Chords): So they call you Limehouse Lil back home! How charming! I admire your performance tremendously, my dear. But you must be more boisterous in the future. The customers want their fun neat. Give it to them hot and strong!

HEARTBROKEN ("Snags"): Drink won't drown your sorrows, dear. Nor will absorption in work. Your only solution is—a new romance! Send 10c and a stamped addressed envelope for my booklet, "The Thousand Telephone numbers" OR "The Gateway to Happiness".

THINKER ('B" Sqdn.): I agree, dear, you can't argue with some people. They don't somehow appreciate the correctness of one's point of view. Be tolerant, though, and as the Good Book says—suffer fools gladly.

AUTHOR (14A): I like the title of your proposed book, "From Flight

Mech to Flight Loot"—but, aren't you anticipating, dear? Why not wait until you attain the dizzy heights of commissioned rank before describing your herculean struggles? And, by the way, let me know the date of your tapes-wetting splurge. **SEAL (12B):** What a flashy nickname you have, my dear. And you come from farming stock, too. Believe in your stars, though, and ignore that rude Nordic dago who chaffs you so. He's jealous!

LINTY (Maintenance Wing): Football is, unfortunately, off until 1943. And I know ice-skating doesn't appeal to you. Why not take up table tennis? Or shove half-penny? Or, if you want something more exciting and dangerous, try contract bridge.

And so—A Merry Christmas, my dears, and a New Year crammed with 48's, leave, promotion and back pay! And for the homesick, bags and bags of beats! Remember, during the Yuletide revels, if you can't be good, be careful! And if you can't be careful, you damn well deserve what's coming to you!

Your hypocritical old
AUNT FLOSSIE

Small Bore Rifle Club

After a rather rusty take-off the Rifle Club is now at full throttle and pulling like a Lancaster. Enthusiasm, only too clearly demonstrated by the snappy bagging of club rifles, is only surpassed by the excellent marksmanship shewn by several members. LAC's O'Reilly and Osborn together with Sgt. Dobriskey are contriving together to break the Club, by proving hands down that a group of ten shots which can be covered by a cent, is just too easy.

Other members who were placing lucky targets and egg shots are also proving popular. A match with R.C.A.F. Brandon has been arranged and competitors will be selected by the committee with reference to the scores record book.

The suggestion of a "Ladies Night" met with general approval and the weary exclamation, "But where are the ladies to be found?" was drown-

ed, (or did we hear aright?) by the tinkling voices of two dozen of Carberry's fairest flowers. And so we may yet have the pleasure of marking a target worse than that fired after our last forty-eight, remember? Shots as widely scattered as the Hon. Sec's. have now celebrated their first possible; and previous censure of the Club guns is turned to eulogy.

A plentiful supply of the best ammunition is now available at special rates from the Club Secretary; and within one week it is expected that the two guns with unserviceable aperture sights will be repaired. If more members could bring their own rifles the run on Club Mossbergs would be eased and more shooting could take place.

A score of members have now qualified for Dominion marksmen awards; and interest in this particular branch of activity is great.

MUSICAL HEADQUARTERS for R.A.F. MEN—

Musical Instruments — Music — Records

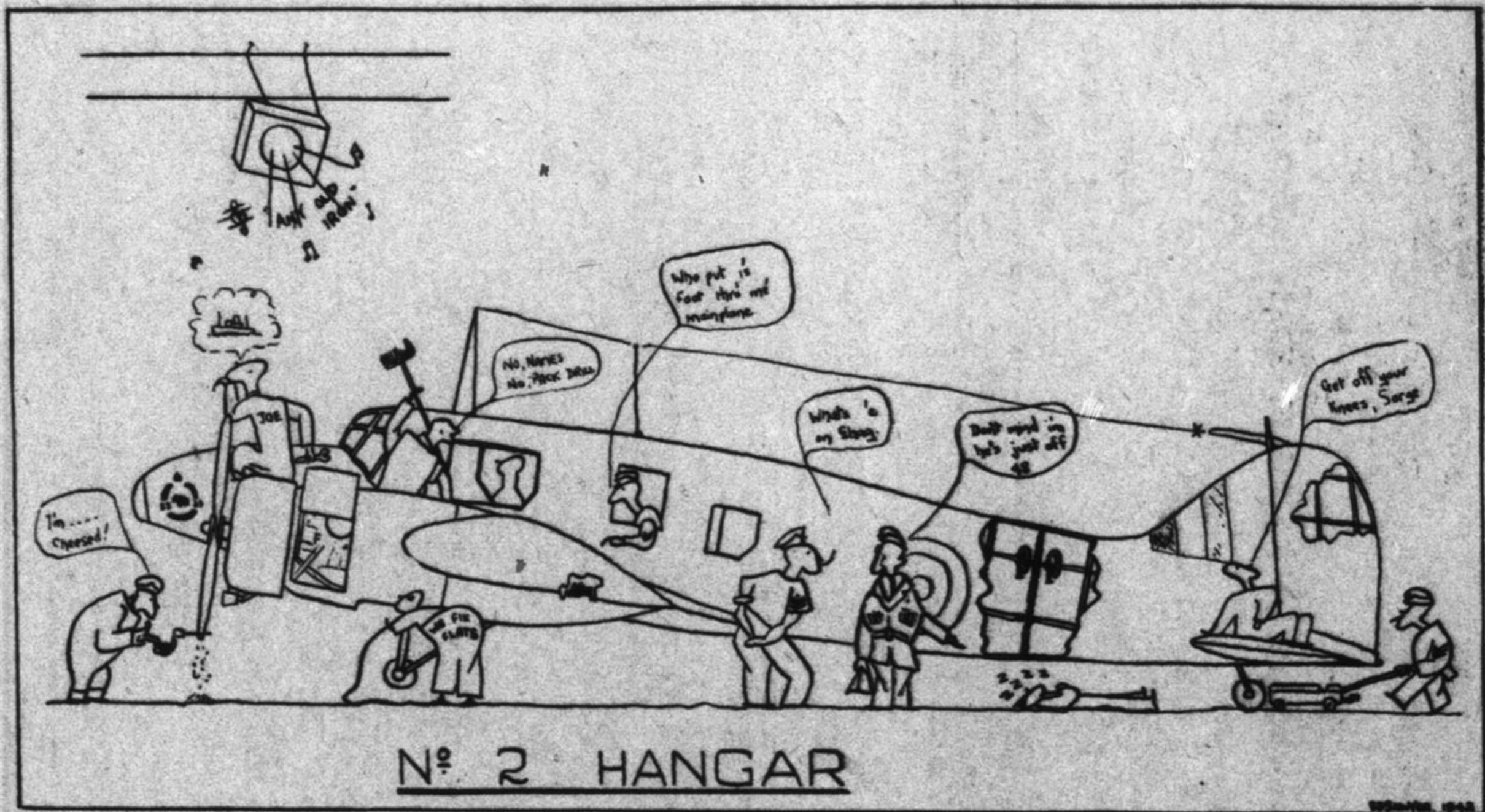
RECORD BUYERS—If you would like a listing of the new releases as they are issued—send us your name.

Ray Hamerton
Limited

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

MUSICAL
INSTRUMENTS

WINNIPEG
Manitoba



No. 2 HANGAR

W. H. H. 1943

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

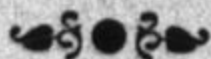
MARLBOROUGH

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

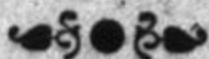
CARBERRY

Bowling Alley

OPEN 1 P.M. UNTIL MIDNIGHT



15c A GAME



WHY NOT JOIN THE CAMP LEAGUE?



Mac McLean - prop.

Carberry

B. O. FOLLIES

Presented on the camp Thursday last by the courtesy of Lever Bros. Lifebuoy Follies was enjoyed by a large audience. Perhaps it was the build-up they had been given, or the number of big wooden boxes they brought with them or even the fact that we had seen the Rip Chords in Winnipeg the week previous, but we were disappointed.

Pat Rafferty, as the comedian of the show and an old timer on the boards, was terrific and really held the show together. Mildred Morey did not impress in the first half but on her second appearance gave an impersonation of Gracie Fields which would pass muster anywhere.

Helen Bruce had a sweet voice and made her singing sound completely effortless. Jack Ayre bor-

rowed a turn from the Rip Chords first show when he preached a sermon on Kit Inspection, Thumbs up and Newspaper headlines have also been done in old Rip Chord shows. However they were not original then. Dorothy Merrall was quite accomplished on the accordion and her Scottish costume appealed to jaded eyes. Sentry Chatterbox with Pat Rafferty was a good number as was those Hospital Blues. Some very fine tap numbers were done by Irene Hughes and Jimmy Devon. We thank Messrs. Lever Bros. for sending us this show and also for providing an opportunity to buy Lifebuoy at half price. There is no truth in the rumour that the Rip Chords are to be sponsored by Carter's Little Liver Pills.



The PALACE THEATRE, Carberry

Wednesday & Thursday, Dec. 2—3 Wednesday & Thursday, Dec. 9—10
 John SUTTON — Gene TIERNEY Robert Newton — Emlyn Williams
 —in— —in—
"THUNDER BIRDS" **"HATTER'S CASTLE"**

Friday & Saturday, Dec. 4—5 Friday & Saturday, Dec. 11—12..
 Bing CROSBY — Fred ASTAIRE Ann Southern — Red Skelton
 —in— —in—
"HOLIDAY INN" **"PANAMA HATTIE"**

Monday & Tuesday, Dec. 7—8 Monday — Tuesday — Wednesday
 Marlene Dietrich — John Wayne December 14-15-16
 —in— Roy Milland — Paulette Goddard
 —in—
"SEVEN SINNERS" **"REAP THE WILD WIND"**

Thursday — Friday — Saturday
 December 17-18-19
 Abbott & Costello—Virginia Bruce
 —in—
"PARDON MY SARONG"

The Rex Cafe, Carberry

IS ALL STOCKED UP FOR CHRISTMAS
 CHOCOLATES TOBACCOS PIPES CIGARS
 CIGARETTES SELECTED STOCK

REMEMBER THE GIRLS AND BOYS OVERSEAS

HOT LUNCHES AFTER THE THEATRE

LEE LOW, proprietor

DEBATING SOCIETY

You can't say we don't try to indulge all tastes at this unit. We do. For now on top of the litter of clubs and societies and cults comes the Station Debating Society, founded by Flying Officer C. B. Thomas, who, incidentally, is the vice-president of the outfit. Flying Officer Bath of salvage and living-out airmen fame is the president. Sergeant Finnamore is the hon. secretary. Three or four meetings have been held so far in the G.I.S. block, but the attendance has not been so hot. However, those who have come along have had one or two amusing and occasionally instructive things to say. I'll go through some of them. Flight Lieutenant Hurrell, Great White Chief of Admin, is leader of the gracious, old-fashioned element in the group. As was evidenced by the stand he made against the introduction of females into the R.A.F. in the first debate. Joe Finnamore is another old-fashioned member who is flat out for the caste system, woman in the home and the living flesh-and-blood stage as opposed to motion pictures. Flt. Sergeant ("Geordie") Gooderick also rallies around when the Old Order is threatened. Flt. Sergeant Hesketh, an old Dakota University man and a former teacher (we believe) is an outspoken champion of the modern, up-and-coming, go-getting, co-educational bunch. Dandified Flight Sergeant Dunham also flows with modern tide. As does LAC. Raywood. Dick Chappell, crack cartoonist, varies his views but tends to This Day and Age. Alan Long ditto. Flying Officer Frank Bath is quite an unbiased summer-up of motions. As

someone remarked in another instance, he manages to steer a clear course between impartiality on the one hand and partiality on the other. With the coming of winter and those long evenings, it is hoped that the attendance at the debates will be larger. So, my lords, ladies and gentlemen and store bashers, if you have an itch to empty your ideas on the proletariat, come along to the G.I.S. block any night the Society is in session and you will get your Big Chance! And remember, insanity, delusions of grandeur, fanaticism or ignorance are no bars. Everything and anything goes! Salud!

Canada Calling

As he faced the microphone a little shiver ran through him. It was his first broadcast and much depended upon it. A career on the air? or back to office drudgery? He controlled himself with an effort. Buck up, you fool, he whispered under his breath. He straightened his tie and glanced through the glass walls of the studio at the audience. There seemed to be thousands of faces. They were appearing at him as if he were an animal in a zoo. The minutes ticked by. Soon would come the moment of moments when the voice of Stan Long would go winging out into the ether o'er lands and seas. Suddenly it came! He spoke:

"Hello, mum and dad. Hello, Maisie, Ted, Peter and Ron. I'm fine and dandy.

JOE CLOG AGAIN

So Joe became a "GEN" man, and soon established himself in the Orderly Room by always being absent when there was any work to be done.

Wednesday came, and remembering the S.W.O.'s kindly words of advice Joe said: 'e was bunging in a pass", which, by a crafty wangle, was passed through.

So came Friday, and, with tales of Winnipeg ringing in his ears, Joe dashed up to the guardroom looking resplendent in his best blue, and, armed with an early chit together with his haversack he exclaimed. "Clog, Corporal, 48 hour pass, please".

With the customary courtesy of the guardroom a face through the slot said, "Get your haircut before Monday". Joe was observant, and noticed that the face had two days growth of beard and hair keeping company with a somewhat dirty collar—being diplomatic, he refrained from replying.

"Pity they've nowt else to do," thought Joe, as he dashed for Bill's taxi, "next time I want 'im I'll rattle 'is chain".

Winnipeg was soon reached, and Joe felt terribly hungry—after walking all the way along Portage looking for a tripe shop. He began to give up hope when suddenly a kindly faced gentleman approached him, "Looking for someplace, son," he enquired.

"Aye," replied Joe, "wish I could find't tripe shop."

"There arn't any here, son; would you care to come along with me?"

So Joe quickly became a friend of Mr. Pickles.

All the family made a fuss of Joe and he felt quite embarrassed; gradually, however, he settled down, and they simply drowned him with questions about the "Old Country".

Joe wondered whether Nancy
(Continued on page 17)

IF IT COMES TO THIS



(JOE CLOG—continued from page 16)

Pickles, would come to the movies with him, so he whispered in the father's ear, "Dost think thee daughter would't care to cum t'ut pictures wi' me".

"Ask her then", said Mr. Pickles, which Joe accordingly did, and was surprised when Nancy readily consented.

As they walked along Portage Joe noticed a queue, composed of a lot of Carberry airmen, "Waiting to go t'ut flicks?" queried Joe, "No," answered Nancy, "this is the Liquor Commission".

Saturday came and Joe walked around the large Winnipeg stores in the afternoon.

Once inside the Mall, Joe noticed Corporal Johnson, who was set there waiting for someone to buy him a drink. "'Ave a gargle of ale, Corp?" asked Joe, and Johnny readily agreed; so it turned into what Joe described as a 'regular boozing session,' and at eleven o'clock they all agreed they'd had sufficient. Corporal Johnson suddenly remembered he

had a date for "nine o'clock" so he staggered outside and in the panic he trapped LAC. Ryan in the swing door.

Sunday was a day of rest for Joe, and he stayed in bed until late in the afternoon, in fact he wasn't capable of getting up before three o'clock.

"Never again," he said to Mr. Pickles, "I've n't half got t'guts ache".

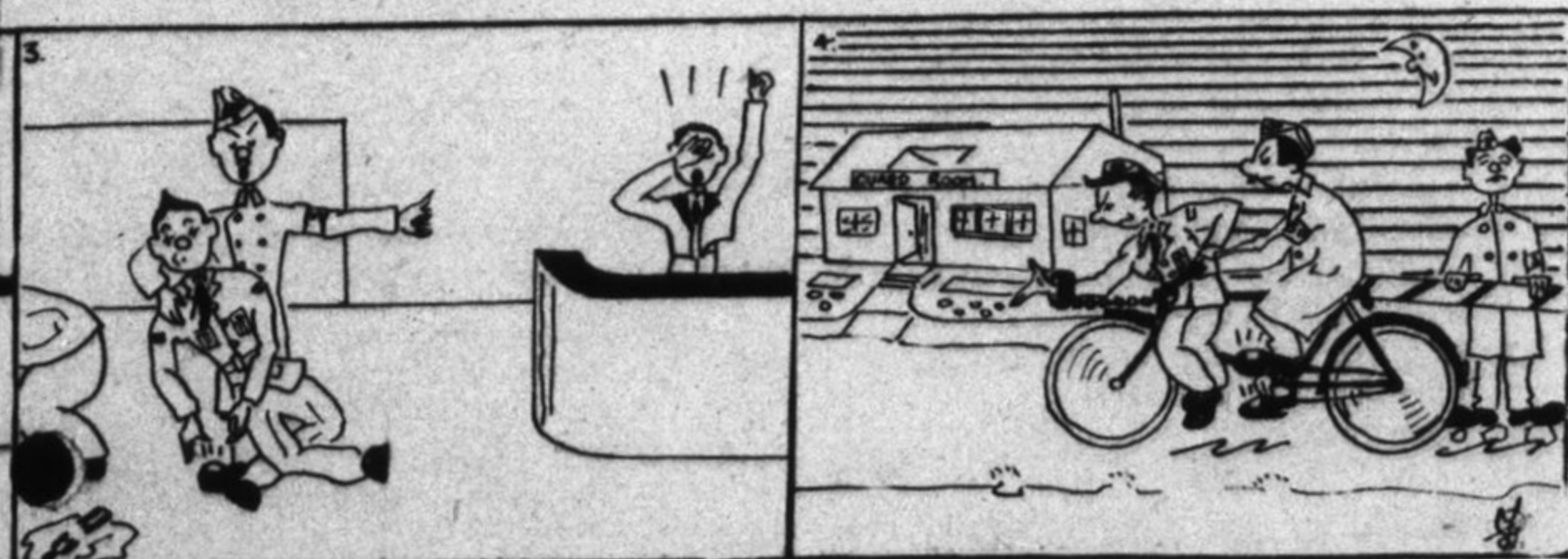
Eventually they reached the station after Joe had got somewhat confused when paying the fares on the street car—all Joe's chums appeared to be on the train and he pretended not to notice any of them as he strolled along the platform arm in arm with his new girl friend.

The whistle went and Joe gazed into Nancy's eyes, "See you next fortnight; wist go t'ut dance, eh?"

"Sure," she replied, "don't forget to write".

Once on the train Joe went with the lads, "Soon organized, Joe." queried someone.

"Tha wouldn't nob it," he replied, and smiled as he went to sleep.



Per Ardua ad Astra - A Short Story

I suppose the difficulties referred to in the motto of the R.A.F. embrace all that must take place before man is actually airborne. From the time when the eye-shaded, pencil-licking, and much-maligned designer first puts pencil to paper, to wrestle with stresses and strains, wing-loading and dihedrals, and other such abstract terrors; to the time when the finished machine stands with engines running, while a hard working flight mechanic removes the chocks, and to the time when man and machine are but a single speck in the dome above.

It occurs to one, however, that in the actual to-ing and from-ing of man between earth and sky, the greatest difficulties lie in the coming down to earth. (Nerts, says someone, any mug can lob one down.) However, this is apart from the point. The little episode here recounted took place one bright autumn morning. Picture the scene:

The two men were quiet as though they were under the influence of the pervading calm. Suddenly one stirred and caught the others gaze. He returned it without speaking for a while. Then he moved slightly.

"I suppose," he said, seeming to have difficulty with his words, "that you think I'm a pretty bum navigator?"

Across the patch of sunlight the other regarded him levelly.

"My dear fellow, he said at length, framing his words deliberately, "if it were not for your navigating I should not be here today, nor you, for that matter."

"When we ran into that dirty weather on the return trip you took

complete control. You didn't need to radio for bearings. You were equal to the situation.

"You gave me my course—I flew on that course.

"You gave me my airspeed—I flew at that airspeed.

'And when you told me to start coming down, I lost height at the diving rate you gave me. You corrected my course, for all the world as though we were on a bombing run! Such dead-reckoning! Phenomenal!

"When I was worried about the altimeter reading, you assured me that the instrument's behaviour was due to the abnormal weather conditions. According to your calculations we still had three or four hundred feet to play with.

"And when we came out of the clouds—behold! not only were we over our own aerodrome, not only were we over our own hangar; oh, no! we were IN it!"

He was silent for a moment, then resumed in a normal tone of voice:

"And that is why I say if it were not for you, and your beautiful calculations, we should not be here today."

They were scarcely aware of the starched rustle as the sister bustled into the room. She looked at the two men glaring angrily at each other across the floor space.

"I overheard that last remark," she said, deftly sliding her thermometer under the pilot's tongue, "and if you two are going to behave like spoilt youngsters I'll have you separated."

WE'RE WITH YOU!

No matter where you're stationed, be it city, town, village or in the country, EATON'S is at your service.

Through the medium of City Stores, Order Offices and up-to-date Mail Order Catalogues, EATON'S serves the whole of Canada.

For personal or gift requirements priced to assure you the utmost in value and satisfaction turn to EATON'S.

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

THE T. EATON CO. LIMITED
WINNIPEG CANADA



UNACCUSTOMED AS I AM TO
PUBLIC WHO THE HELL
PREPARED THIS SPEECH /

BUS SERVICE

to operate between
CARBERRY & AIRPORT
Starting Friday Next
Timetable will be posted
in guardroom

- 10c Single
- 3 for 25c
- 14 for \$1.00

**Bill's Bus
Service**

POETS' PUB

Just A Flight Mech:

He wears a suit of faded blue, no badge upon his breast,
 You'll find more streaks of dirty oil than medals on his chest.
 He wields a hefty spanner and a piece of dirty rag,
 While other fellows shoot the Hun, add an M.E. to their bag.
 He works in sleet, in mud, and rain, and curses the blinking war,
 And wonders ninety times a day what he joined the Air Force for.
 He's only a flight mechanic, nothing more or less,
 With a greasy suit of overalls in place of battle dress.
 But he strikes a blow at "Jerry" with his honest British skill
 As sure as the pilot who delivers the bombs or the gunner who makes
 the kill.

So when you read of bombings or a Messerschmitt shot down,
 When you've covered flying heroes with honour and renown;
 When you've given all the D.F.C.'s, and such
 Just think of the flight mechanic—he does not ask for much.
 Just shake him by his oily hand, and think he did a lot
 To make those roaring engines safe for the man who fired the shot.

Apologies To A.T.C. 6

Dedicated to the officers and NCO's of No. 64 Course who completed the
 Armament Courses at Carberry, and to all others whose bombs cannot be
 plotted on anything less than a bed-sheet.

Consternation reigns in Carberry, pandemonium as well;
 For shrapnel rains from Heaven, people run like bloody Hell,
 Bombs are dropping in the suburbs, in the country on the Prom;
 What can be the matter with your patter, Scatterbomb?
 You get your wind speed and direction out of Chases' Almanac,
 You thing a height bar is a place where people drink;
 When you compute you think of figures that have curves instead of sums—
 it any wonder that you always scatter bombs?

An Airman

There was a fellow, call him Pete
To look at him, it was no treat
With arms too long and feet too big
He never appeared in proper rig.
When on parades the flights would go
He was the person put on show
And pointed at for them to see
How scruffy an airman could really
be.

For months on end he paid no heed
Then all was changed by one swift
deed

Despite his tunic stained and torn.
He proved he was a hero born.
It was the night the crash occurred
The details in camp were later heard
Of how the crew all dragged clear
Escaping the death which moved so
near.

Who was the one to perform this feat,
You're right it was the fellow called
Pete,

But nobody laughs at him now you
see

For he stands on parade with his
O.B.E.

Let's Bind

Every airman in his right mind,
Feels the urge for an occasional bind,
Browned off to the back teeth—worn
down to the gums,

That's the moment to bang the
drums.

Only fourteen days leave a year,
Never tasted such lousy beer,
Blarst the Sergeant—he needs a
wet nurse,

Lord hasten the day when he's safe
in the hearse.

Oh! for my ticket—what a night!
Now for a do at that so and so
Flight,

Wot! me make the Service a

What a Life!



We all must perspire
Offending's the error—
That's why the girls
Think the Sergeant's a terror.

Bath tonight with LIFEBOUOY
FROM HEAD TO TOE
—IT STOPS B.O.

blinking career,
Of that, kind gentleman, you need
never fear.

I think again it isn't too bad,
I'm better off than poor old Dad,
Home Guard, Fire Watch and Air
Raid Warden,

Umbrella, bowler hat and still Mr.
Jordan.

Almost forgotten is dear old Mum,
I guess she doesn't have very
much fun,

Rations; clothes coupons; a factory
worker,

Makes one feel an awful shirker.

On second thoughts I think it best,
To let this blessed binding rest,
done.

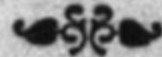
Now all the grumbling's said and
Let's polish off this filthy Hun.

GOING OUT FOR Christmas or New Years?

•FOR THE RIGHT GIFT GET IT AT THE
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—A Full Line of—

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R. J. HOOD
GIFT SHOP

•
C. V. M.
•



Airmen, for the use of



BOXING

39 S.F.T.S. SWIFT CURRENT

—vs—

33 S.F.T.S. CARBERRY

●A very interesting match
Which resulted in a draw
at 5 bouts each.

The match opened with a bout between LAC. Boyer (S.C.) and Cpl. Powls (C.) Powls appeared to be tiring but got in some good blows that won the fight for him on points. In the second bout, a closely-contested one again. LAC. Smith of Swift Current ran out winner against LAC. Rose of Carberry.

The third bout was won on a technical K.O. by LAC. Louch (S.C.) in the second round against Cpl. Milliken (C.) In our opinion Milliken would be one of our best fighters if he would train more regularly.

The fourth bout did not go one

round and resulted in a technical K.O. which gave the fight to LAC. Phillips of Carberry. In the last fight of the first half LAC Stewart won his bout with LAC Bailey (S.C.) light-weight champion of Alberta. Paddy, whom we believe is champion of Ireland at his weight, asked us what this made him now.

The interval was filled with an excellent exhibition of wrestling by Tiger Jordan of the Service Police and Killer Gordon of the P.S.I. These two lads put on a show that was both instructive and amusing and was really one of the highlights of the evening.

The second half opened with a bout between LAC Cox (S.C.) and LAC. Prasher (C.) in a very close battle, the decision went to Swift Current. The eighth bout was in doubt from the beginning to the end but LAC. Currell ran out winner from LAC. Berne of Swift Current. LAC. Cox of Swift Current was winner in the ninth bout on a technical K.O. as was LAC Scanlon (S.C.) in the next bout against LAC. Robinson whose old eye wound was opened again.

The score was now 5-4 in Swift Current's favour and excitement ran high amongst the home-town supporters, but LAC. Harris of Carberry soon calmed their fears when he walked away with the fight against LAC McCorquodale, who had the guts but was out of his class.

The prizes were presented to the competitors by Colonel Bliss of Camp Shilo, who was introduced by Group Captain T. B. Bruce.

In the United States people are put to death by elocution.

SKIING

One of the first difficulties with this sport is pronouncing it. The direct Canadian method is to say it as it is spelled, any reference to she-ing may be misunderstood. This blue-blooded English version has little linguist backing except a slightly soft "k" in Norwegian. The Swiss or German "skifaren" is definitely pronounced as spelt.

That difficulty out of the way, we can consider the sport as practised 'in around' these parts.

In the Carberry region accessible hills of any size are scarce. However, just off the highway to the west of the town are one or two 40 foot hills and some good exercise and skiing practice can be had. As the distance is a good taxi ride some organisation for making up parties is worth while. Lack of snow last year handicapped activity and evening skiing by moonlight was not tried. It should be practical, however, and would considerably extend the possibilities for practice.

From the start there are two ways of tackling the sport. One with the object of having some fun with a pair of skis; the other with the idea of becoming a proficient skier. Is the first method you select a hill proportional to the size of your nerve, head the skis straight down, fasten them on and go. If the snow is soft and there are no trees en route you finish up in a fit condition to take off the skis, carry them up the hill

and repeat the process ad nauseam. If the trees intervene, your kind friends pick up the pieces and return them to the Station Hospital where Dr. Gossip can either use the parts for lectures or sew them together as still fit for work.

The more practical method is to learn balance and control at a reasonable speed and master the uphill technique. A few of the important points can be made clear without practical demonstration.

Poles are helpful for climbing but may be dangerous downhill. Trail them behind so as not to fall on them. Always endeavour to keep the weight well forward—not by bending at the hips but by bending the knees. The knees then act like the springs on a car, absorbing the bumps, while the body runs smoothly. To assist fore and aft stability run down hill with one foot slightly ahead of the other, but don't have the legs wide apart.

If the slope is steep, traverse it; that is, take an easier gradient across the slope. In the traverse the upper ski should be ahead a little and the weight on the lower with the shoulders turned outwards from the hill.

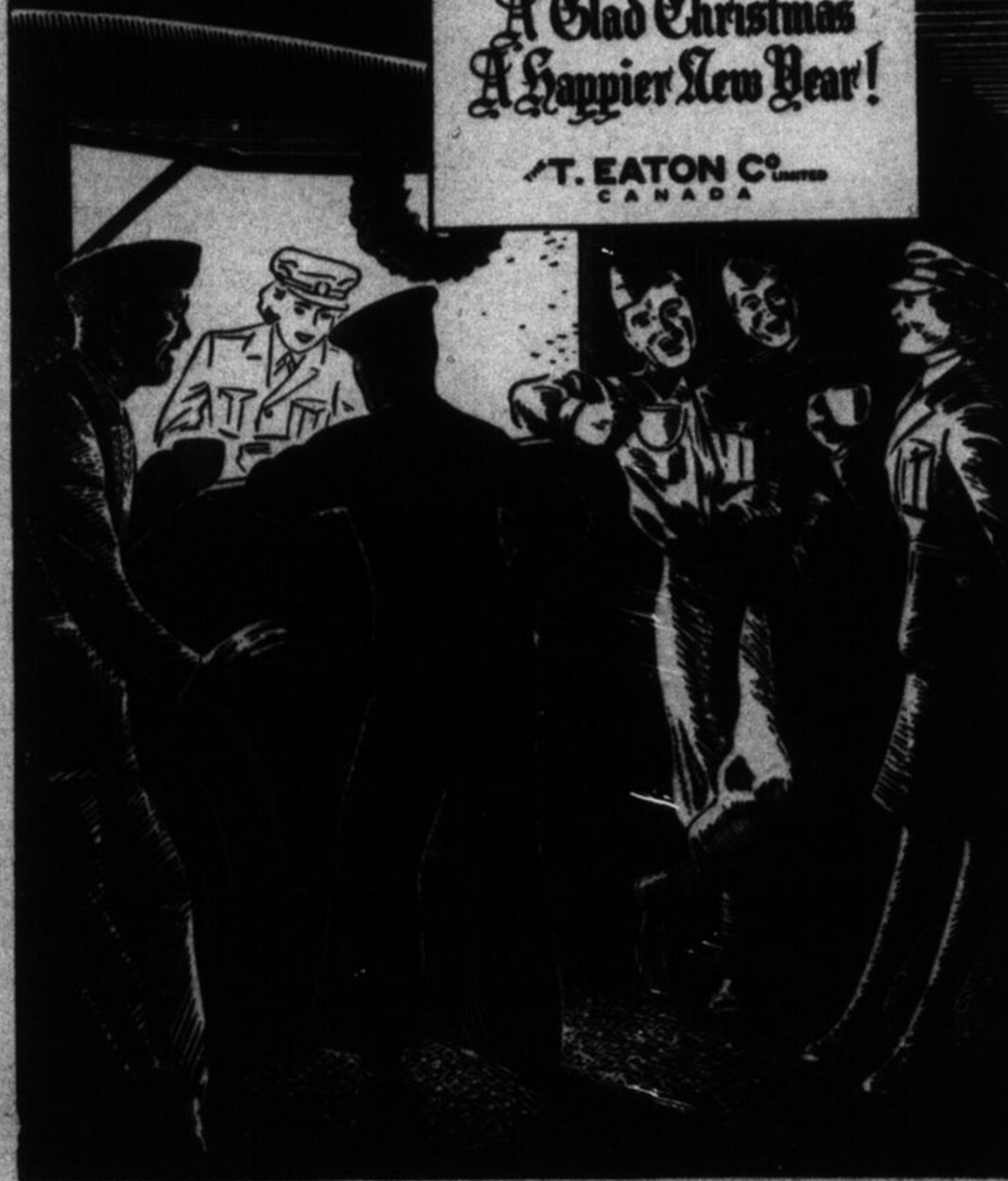
Uphill there are three methods of climbing according to gradient. Normal progression—a walking motion is satisfactory up easy gradients or on sticky snow. When the skis commence to slip back adopt the herring-bone climb—that is points wide, digging wire edges into slope.

Severe gradients can be scaled by standing across the slope and side stepping up it. Each ski makes snow ledge for itself.

Let us face our
common future
with the same high
hearts of those brave
ones who fight our
cause across the seas.
In this spirit, we wish
you once again

**A Glad Christmas
A Happier New Year!**

T. EATON CO^o LIMITED
CANADA



Rip Chords Fifth Edition

The Company kicked off in jolly style with every member on the stage prancing up and down like well trained race horses in true chorus-girl fashion. Then followed Nobby Lewis—and we advise you to watch that boy! He's got something! Dripping with the juices of Cockneydom and dressed for the part (those buttons!) he made a song tour of dear old Petticoat Lane. It brought back old memories to us of the time a Hindu from the East India Dock Road sold us the original Magic carpet for ten bob.

Bob Chatburn next showed us that harmonicas can also talk. And Trevor Bayram—romantic, dreamy-eyed Trevor who has set so many Winnipeg hearts a-flutter in bygone days—set Carberry female hearts a-thumping and a-bumping to the tune of "At Last."

Eddie Edwards (who, by the way, my spies tell me, has a string of musical degrees after his monicker) went to town on the xylophone and the piano-accordion. Much applause welled up from the audience as he concluded his turn in a crescendo of harmony.

Sam Cox, a newcomer to the Rip Chords and a lad of the Old Brigade, gave two brilliant character studies from Dickens—to wit, Uriah Heep, Prince of Hypocrites and Fagin, Prince of Thieves.

Paddy Buchanan, a broth of a boy from Dublin Town, sang two Irish songs, "Mother Machree" and "Phil the Fluter's Ball."

George Monk and Jimmy Walton of "Roll on the Boat" fame entertained once again with "That Lovely Weekend" and, of course—but need I mention it?

The second half opened cheerfully with a musical appeal from the Company to "Light Up Your Face with a Smile". Most of us did. And those die-hards who didn't soon had to, for, was not Jock Patterson, aided by a beautiful creature in white, "Going Hollywood" on his leasel Jock is a damn good cartoonist and a patter comedian into the bargain.

And then came the tidbit of the evening—Marietta (discovered by Talent Scout Wringe in an East Side cabaret) was introduced by Compere Sexton! As she tripped gracefully on to the stage you could have heard a pin drop. All eyes were focussed on her. She sang Gerry Death's favourite, "My Hero". (Remember Miss Dorothy Johnson, Gerry!)

Sullivan's impersonations of a lady taking a bath was the highlight of his act and caused much Rabelaisian guffaws among the married members of the audience.

Kenny Elliott, Demon of the Drums, whistled his way into our hearts and then our Gerry with Eddy Edwards played a piano duet. They started off with the "Hungarian Rhapsody" which difficult piece they executed with competence and feeling and then broke into the well known "Idaho". Good work, Gerry and Ed!

Frank Isherwood, a baritone of power, then performed. He was followed by those two Masters of Drollery, John Sexton and Eric Wringe. They told us a thing or two in verse, also a story about two little dogs and their doggy gal friends which convulsed the audience.

All in all, my beloved brethren, a good show well worth seeing again!



Joe Ogilvie, Ace Technician of the Maintenance Squadron, went on a 48 to Winnipeg complete with telephone numbers and addresses. Communique pending.

Sam Berry, Temporary Duty King of Maintenance, has been visiting a lot in Carberry lately. The large Canteen palls, aparently.

Nobby Lewis, one of Frank Gash's Storm-troopers, scored a hit in the current Rip Chords offering. To pun punily, you wouldn't nob it!

Flying Officer Bath has commenced a new offensive on the Debating Front. He was elected chairman of the recently formed Station Debating Society.

Larry ("Sitting Bull") Sayles, courier to the Wing Czar, spent a genteel 48 in the household of a Squadron Leader.

Communique from the Officers' Mess: When is raisin pie not raisin pie? When it is sultana pie. (N.B. This is a joke.)

Jack ("Machine - Gun - Laugh") Wilding collected seven boat rumours last month. More wanted. Highest prices paid for authenticated gen.

Jock ("Oatmeal - Eating - Savage") McCartan, Aircraft Control Execu-

tive, spoke reminiscently of Aggie a few times. Winnipeg papers please copy.

Nim ("Wilfred") Walter, Tommy Dorsey devotee, told the folks he was fine and dandy over the air last month.

Joe ("Paddy") Finnamore, word-monger of Maintenance Wing, found a new outlet for his argumentative inclinations by joining the Station Debating Society as its hon.-sec.

Wing Commander Moore sat for his portrait to artist Thomas. Result was a living likeness.

Tich Bodsworth, Transport Dictator, lost his voice one morning. Goaded by jibes from hard-hearted Mess members he soon recovered it.

There is no truth in the rumour that Sam Isaac is opening a laundry emporium in 5B.

"Clam" Davie, "Snags" chief, is getting used to his new molars these days. That lithp is almoth gone.

Gerry ("Seal") Death, potential slave of the marriage lamp, arranged to be on hand in the Marlborough Hotel during the Vox Pop radio programme. By a remarkable co-incidence he was among those interviewed and thus indulged his appetite for publicity. Good work, Gerry!



This last month has seen the departure of LAC. Rip Van Welton to Swift Current, and Cartoonist Jack Bullock to Ottawa; in their place are welcomed Corporal Stead from Moose Jaw, LAC. French (without tears) from Swift Current, and Sid Walker from Pearce. They are already rehearsing the "Auditors' Lament", otherwise known as "You drop 'em; we pick 'em up", and sung to the tune of "Pass the ghoolie, Sergeant dear, I've done it once again".

LAC. Robinson, still shrouded in mystery, was observed jitterbugging his athletes' feet at last Wednesday's dance. He continued to receive cookies from an ardent Winnipeg Beach admirer.

Who was the young Winnipeg editress who presented LAC. Stanley with a box of nuts last weekend?

Corporal Les Goodall—the man who says, "You've had it" to pay queries, continues to kick his own height. Of course, who couldn't?

In civilian life Jack Lloyd's favourite headgear was a bowler hat—that's no excuse for calling him POT.

"Harpo" Marks got his photograph in "Vogue" whilst visiting New York, and was paid two dollars for posing.

"Pop" Curphy from Swift Current is extended a hearty greeting into

the fold of the Orderly Room; favourite pastimes are observed to be billiards, bowling, beer and duff gen.

Bert Hillier continues to talk about his wedding dinner of roast duck and green peas.

Bert Minty is not "the Minty" of humbug fame.

Rueben Hayball, ace telephonist, objects to being called by his christian name.

BERT HILLIER

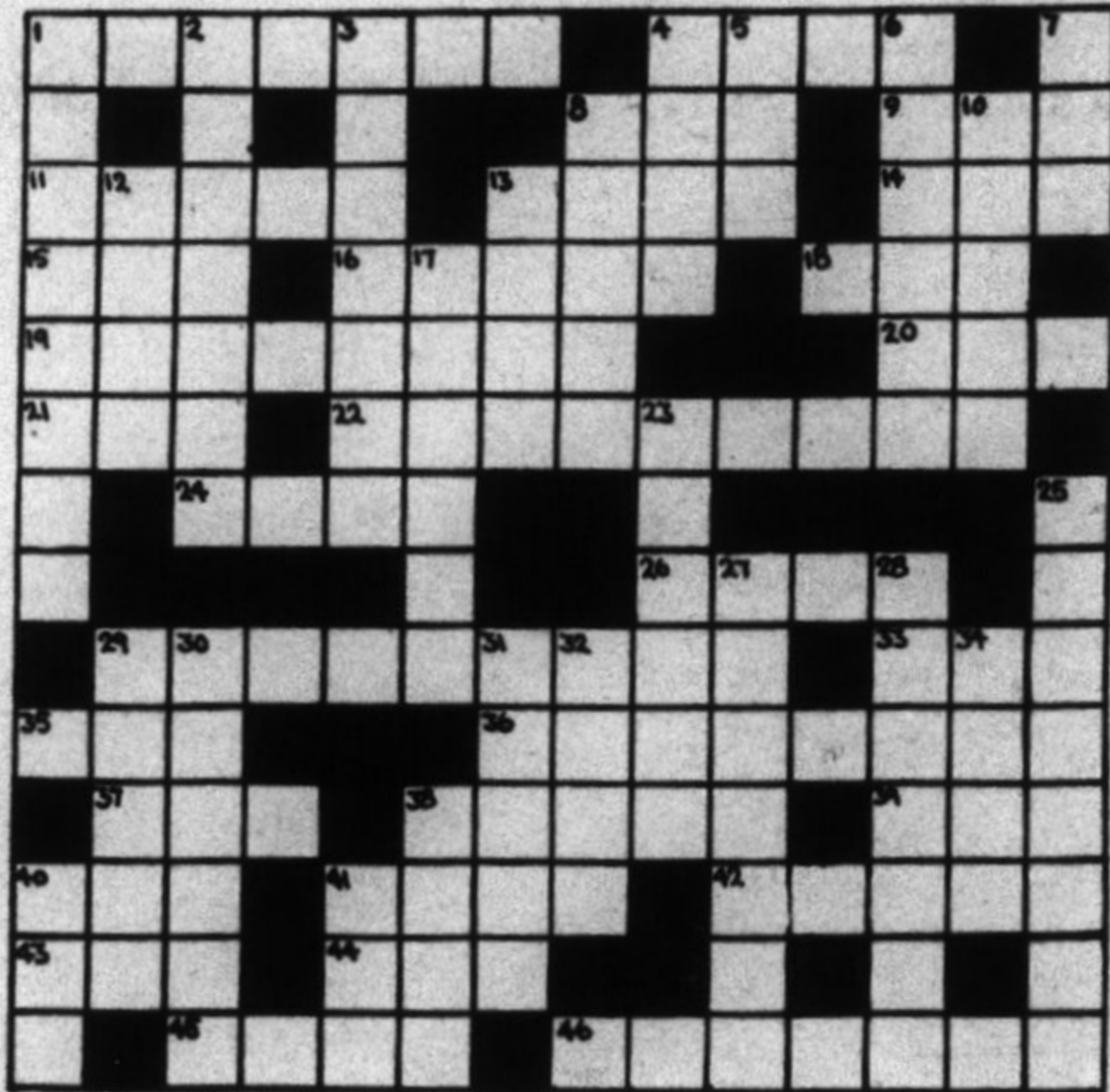
An Orderly Room clerk named Hillier,
Found Canada decidedly chillier,
He donned winter woolies that trailed on the floor,
And moved his bed away from the door,
He dressed in a shirt below his knees,
Dreams of Cardiff; his wedding;
roast duck and green peas.

DEPARTMENT OF AMBIGUITY

Overshoes etc. will be removed before entering the ante-room—Notice in Sergeants Mess.

DEPARTMENT OF CLARIFICATION

English spoken. American understood—Sign in Montreal restaurant.



CLUES—DOWN:

1. Carbonous substance.
2. Edible.
3. Insects.
4. Row.
5. Extremity.
6. Situate.
7. Marry.
8. Pronoun.
10. Subscriber.
12. Male Scottish name.
13. Rebuff.
17. Sickle.
25. Curls.
27. Conductors.
28. Mulish.
29. Head ornament.
30. Evade.
31. Biblical city.
32. Slit
34. Digit.

38. Lounge.

40. Old measure.

41. By.

ACROSS:

1. Mythical mischief maker, said to have originated in a beer bottle.
 4. Narrate.
 8. A soft metal.
 9. Lyricpoem.
 11. Caper.
 13. Discord.
 14. Fish.
 15. The sweet variety is inedible.
 16. Attendant.
 18. Utensil.
 19. Orchid.
 20. Summit.
 21. Unwell.
 22. A real "Georie."
 24. Cardinal point.
- (Continued on Page 31)

Around The Library Shelves

Quite a nice selection of books in the Station Library these days, chaps. I was quite surprised in the past month. I had been one of those who scorned what I termed a Charity Library. Well, the Charity Library is quite good. Here are one or two volumes I came across:

"The Day of the Saxon" by Homer Lea. A penetrating study of the present possibilities of the military defence of the British and American Empires. Many will object to the pessimistic tone but others will see in it a beacon to the future for the English speaking peoples.

"The Keys of the Kingdom" by A. J. Cronin. Those who delighted in this author's "The Stars Look Down", "The Citadel" and "Hatter's Castle" have another chance for more pleasure. The story of Father Chisholm, Tyneside priest, and his efforts to found a flourishing missionary station in China culminating in his almost being thrown on the ecclesiastical scrap-heap by unctuous home clerics, I repeat, this is indeed a fascinating story.

"Of Human Bondage" by Somerset Maugham. An autobiographical novel in the early Maugham manner with bags of accurate and intriguing and depressing facts of the real Montparnasse. A melancholy book, on the whole, but very, very readable.

"Madame Bovary" by Gustave Flaubert. It pains me to admit it, but this is the first time I have read this French classic. Depends on your moral outlook how you would describe it. If puritanical, you would call it a study in lust and its evil

effects. If a libertarian, a portrait of a Free Soul and her first fight with Convention. If a romanticist, a horrible bout of realism. If a realist, a detailed etching in words. And so on. Take your pick, slaves.

"Inside Asia" by John Gunther. Although written before the present war, this contains bags of topical gen and gen that will be topical in the very near future. The spotlight is thrown on Japan—our chief and only rival for dominance in the Pacific. "Inside Asia", as the News of the World has it, tells all!

And the foregoing are not all. There are plenty more intriguing volumes in the Station Library. Wells, Conrad, Chesterton, Proust, Birmingham, Gibbs, Wallace, ("It is impossible not to be thrilled etc.") and Henry are all represented. Good show, Y.M.C.A. and P.S.I.

CROSSWORD

(CON. FROM PAGE 30)

26. Insect.
29. One of the United States of America.
33. Luminous body.
35. Possessive article.
36. Relieving.
37. Behave.
38. Christian name of former British War Premier.
39. Zero.
40. Age.
41. Bard.
42. Chosen few
43. Cat's lick.
44. Tree.
45. Not quite a Marquis.
46. They are on another page.

(Answers on page 32)

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PERFUMES

- EVENING IN PARIS
- 3 FLOWERS
- MALINARD'S

CUTEX SETS

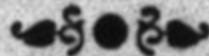
and other

PERFUMES and COSMETICS

CHOCOLATES

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SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD

ANSWERS—DOWN:

1. Graphite. 2. Eatable. 3. Locusts.
4. Ties. 5. End. 6. Locate. 7. Wed.
8. These. 10 Donor. 12. Neil. 13. Shun.
17. Scythe. 23. Safety. 25 Ringlets.
27. Leaders. 28. Asinine. 29. Tiara.
30. Escape. 31. Salem. 32. Slot. 34.
Unit. 38. Loll. 40. Ell. 41. Per.

ACROSS:

1. Gremlin. 4. Tell. 8. Tin. 9. Ode
11. Antic. 13. Shed. 14 Cod. 15. Pea
16. Usher. 18. Pan. 19. Hibiscus. 23.
Top. 21. Ill. 22. Tynesider. 24. East.
26. Flea. 29. Tennessee. 33. Sun. 35.
His. 36. Allaying. 37. Act. 38. Lloyd.
39. Nil. 40. Era. 41. Poet. 42. Elite.
43. Lap. 44. Elm. Earl. 46. Answers.

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