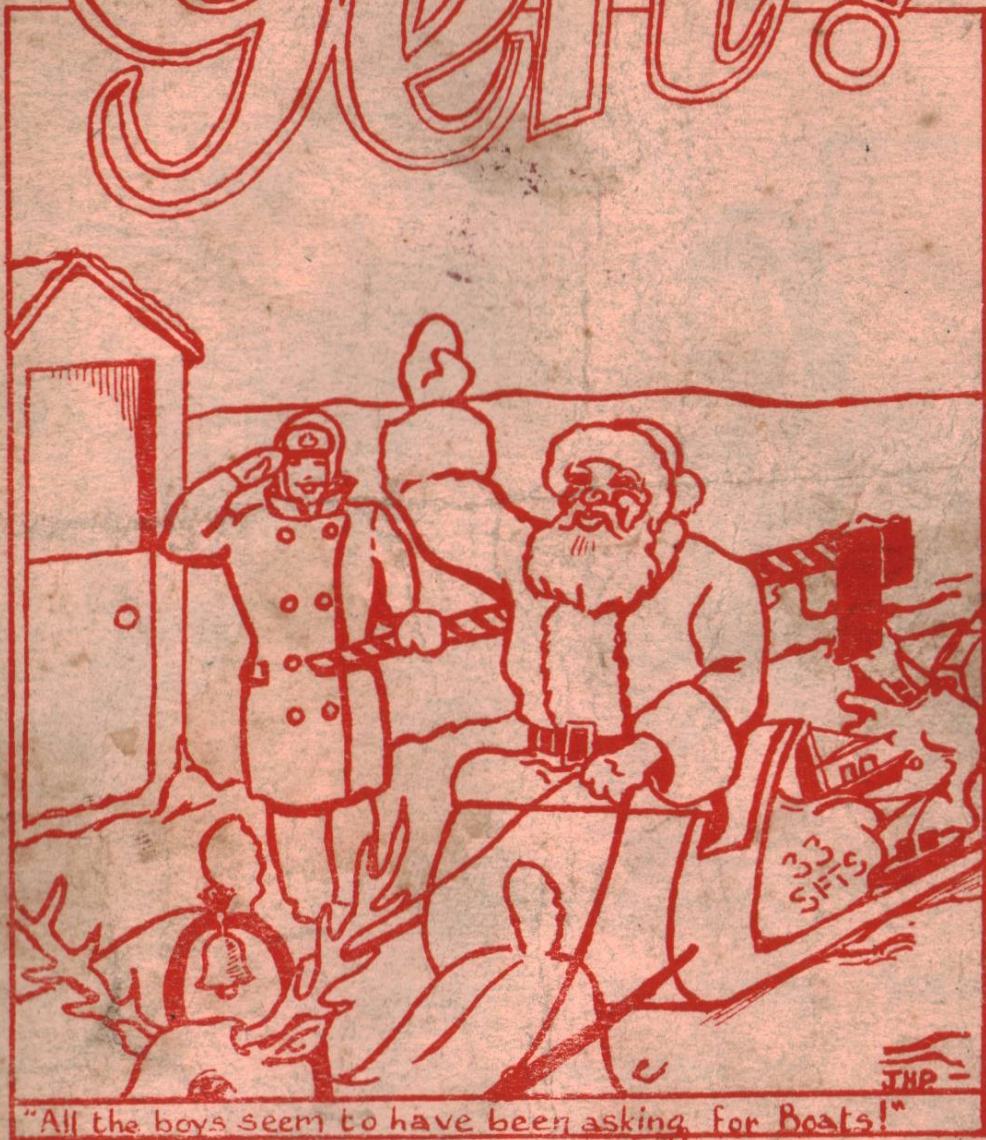


# Gen!



Christmas

Number.



J.B.

MESSAGE SLIPS BE HANGED. I SAID  
MESSERSCHMIDTS !

1942

24636 AIND95  
R13

1



**JOURNAL**  
of the  
**Royal Air Force, Carberry**  
by kind permission of  
**Group Captain T. B. Bruce, M.C.**

Offices of Magazine are situated in No. 1 Hangar  
Phone Extension 29

10 cents

Monthly

Gerry!

Scion of an old Suffolk  
Chelmondiston, Ipswich,  
musician, and now

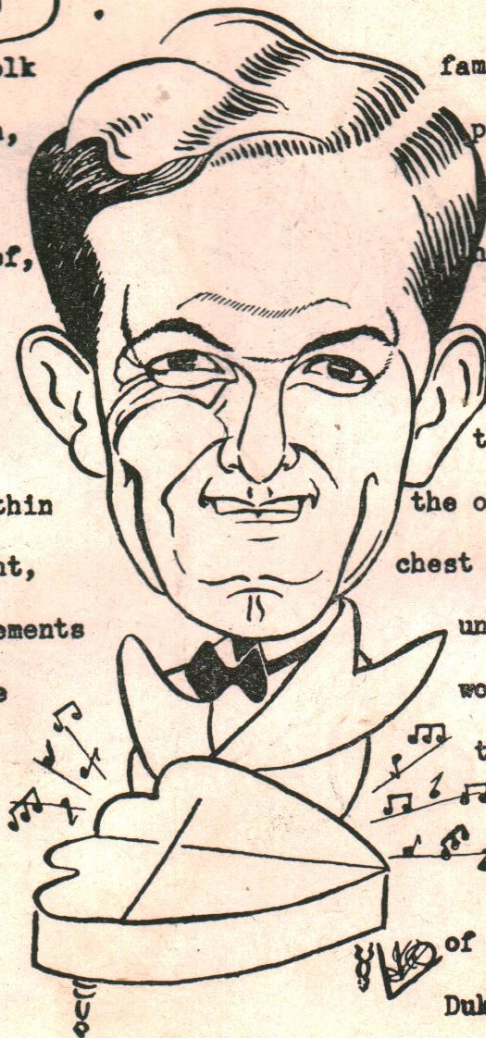
R.A.F.- such, in brief,  
our Gerry. Leader of  
Orchestra and

he will shortly join  
out and thus come within  
Club". 5'10" in height,

pounds, minor measurements  
imposing front to the

future? To return  
Canadian wife and  
for Musical

the upper reaches  
demi-monde of a



family, now located at

peacetime secretary-cum-  
typewriter-basher in the

has been the history of  
the Ripchords Dance

benedict - to - be,

the ranks of the Livers-

the orbit of the "Aadastral  
chest 38" deflated, weight 199

unknown, he presents an  
world. Plans for the

to England with his

re-commence his fight

Immortality, be it in

of a Rachmaninoff or the  
Duke Ellington.

## EDITORIAL :

As we informed our readers last month, a ban has been placed on all advertising in station magazines and this issue of "GEN" therefore appears in the guise which will we hope prevail for many numbers to come. As in daily life, so in the production of a unit journal, what may appear to be a calamity at first sight may actually prove beneficial. We thank those firms which formerly rented space in "GEN", while realising that the additional pages now available will enable a lot more copy to be used.

At a recent meeting between the various writers and artists who have provided us with features in the past, it was noted with surprise that artists now outnumber writers in a ratio of three to one, a most unusual state of affairs! It would appear therefore that the men of letters are holding back whereas the wielders of brush or India Ink pen are not so bashful. We can do with all the support we can get if "GEN" is to succeed as one of the very few RAF magazines still in active production in the Dominion. "A peck of help is worth a ton of pity" so let us have your contributions, fiction or fact, prose or verse. We can do with all of it and if the help IS forthcoming it will enable us to work as a regular team to an agreed plan, rather than the haphazard method which in the past, with our smaller space requirements, was adequate but little more.

The bus service referred to last month has now materialised and rumbles back and forth with satisfying regularity, although on a snowy night it appears to take up a terrifying amount of room on the narrow "hard surface" road.

On the camp P/O Morgan reports satisfactory support for his unofficial evening practice sessions in the Drill Hall. In particular, interest in boxing is rapidly growing although recent postings have deprived us of two of our foremost exponents of the "noble art".

Skating, ice-hockey and curling have all commenced now and each attracts its own enthusiasts. It seems a pity though that so few RAF personnel show much aptitude for hockey. The plea that "we don't do it at home" could apply equally to the difficult arts of riding bronchos or paddling canoes, yet many lads can now stay put on the less gentle broncs and the even less stable birch bark. In F/L. Lewis we are fortunate in having one of the best ice-hockey players who ever came to England, and any officer or airman who decides to have a crack at "playing the puck" will receive a hearty welcome from this officer and the rest of the Canadians who are at present conducting practice games, ready for the league next month.

Meanwhile preparations for Christmas have continued with ever increas-

**CONTINUED ON PAGE FOUR**

**Editorial** — CONTINUED FROM PAGE THREE

ing intensity, despite the long spell without "48's". Sunday, 13th, proved a lucky day for many holders of tickets in the Sergeants' Xmas draw which was conducted with full ceremony. The party which brought the draw to a close was a decided success as witness the fact that three people who were there stated that it concluded at three quite different times!

There has been the usual debate on the five day grant; some holding that Christmas is best spent in camp with the glorious prospect of spending New Year elsewhere; while the opposition say that yuletide celebrations are only genuine at yuletide and are a little faded by the time Hogmanany arrives. This diversity of views is a good thing since it solves the difficult job of pleasing everyone and yet keeping 50% strength on duty over both Christmas and New Year.

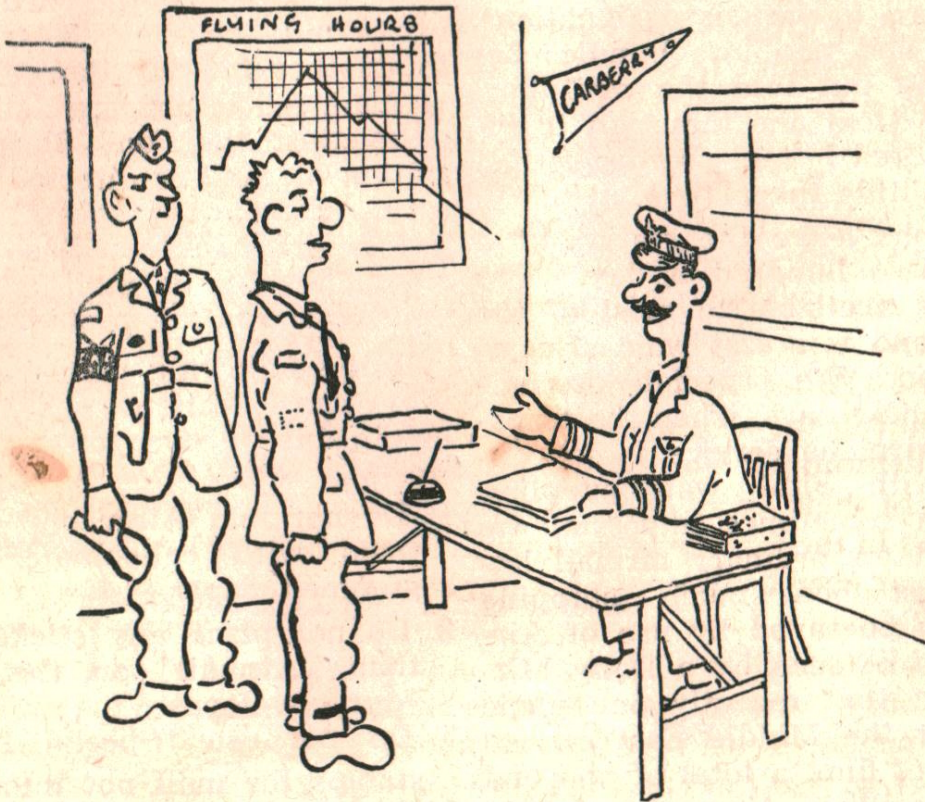
We take great pleasure in printing a note from F/O Ellis, now on duty "somewhere in Scotland". In addition to his manifold duties as sports and entertainment officer on this unit, Ellis used to write a monthly column under the same name that he uses in this issue, "Prairie Oyster". It is good to know that his sense of humour is as strong as ever and that he still has a bond with us in that he, like us, can watch the awesome brilliancy of the Northern Lights.

Just as F/O Ellis dwells happily on the amenities of Carberry, so might we spare a moment to feel thankful for what this year has brought us. Twelve months ago America had just been savagely attacked, and already the war clouds were gathering on the mainland and islands of Malaya, Burma and the East Indies. That Pearl Harbour, Hong Kong and Singapore are being avenged is not enough; that Rommel is in retreat and that the Russian advance continues in the central front and that the Japs are being attacked successfully; these are good things, heartening and encouraging signs of the victory to come. But we have still far to go and the race is still a hard one. So let us remember as we sit down to our bounteous Christmas dinner that in the Caucasus the hard pressed Slavs fight on desperately against a determined foe. Think just for a moment of the many prisoners of war and of their loved ones. Spare a thought for those at home spending Christmas in the factory or on guard somewhere along our shores, or carrying the war ever deeper into the quaking heart of craven Italy or invading fearful Germany. Just think of these things, give many thanks that the lamp of our cause burns so brightly, and make a mental vow that whatever your job may be, whether it be spectacular or decidedly the opposite, that you will put forth just that little bit more effort, do your job just that fraction better, so that the pilots who graduate at this unit can take their part in those far-flung operations about which we read and of which we hear so much and in which alas we have no active part.

THEY

ALSO  
SERVE---

---WHO ONLY  
STAND  
AT T'GATE.



"TAKE WHAT YOU LIKE, SHE SAYS, - SO I  
TAKES HER BICYCLE -"

## THIS IS YOUR POST OFFICE

We have been asked by the editors of "Gen" for a short resume of the activities of your camp Post Office. This Military Post Office was officially opened by the Canadian Postal Corps on May 27th of this year and is designated "Carberry M.P.O. 1007."

The first and foremost interest of the camp in the section is of course in the incoming mail. "Any English in?" is an oft repeated question. But, as so many think, our only worry is not the incoming mail. "What about the outgoing?" It is as big a problem. The stamps on every letter must be cancelled and the letter date-stamped by hand, as we are not fortunate enough to have an electric cancelling machine. These letters are then sorted to various designations, labelled, and tied into bundles before being put into the mail bag. Anything from one thousand to fifteen hundred letters are dispatched daily, all this takes time.

Airgraphs leave the station at a rate of two hundred a day. The service is available to most of the Empire, and is a fast way of communication. We especially recommend it these days, when the transatlantic airplane service is so congested with vital war supplies, that it is sometimes impossible to find room for ordinary airmail letters. Just how much shipping space can be saved by use of Airgraph can be seen by a Daily Mirror report that recently one plane bound for the Middle East carried 900 rolls of film, a total of one and one-half million Airgraphs. Lately the service has taken three weeks from the Middle East, while Air-

graphs have been noticed from India in a month.

One of the busiest parts of the M.P.O. is the Savings Bank Division, which handles thousands of dollars every month in several hundred accounts. Each deposit is a direct boost to the war effort as the money is used by the government to meet current expenses. Apart from this service, there is every service available that can be had at any civilian Post Office. Money Order and Postal Note business is transacted, as well as a complete C.O.D. service. War Savings Stamps and Certificates are on hand for the crafty saver.

A complete record of every man on the station is kept by an alphabetical card index system. When clearance papers are presented, the new address is recorded on the card, and the card is transferred to another file for the re-direction of mail. All letters are daily checked against the "on" file and "off" station file and re-directed if necessary. Some days several hundred letters are re-directed, so rest assured men, your mail will follow you when you are posted.

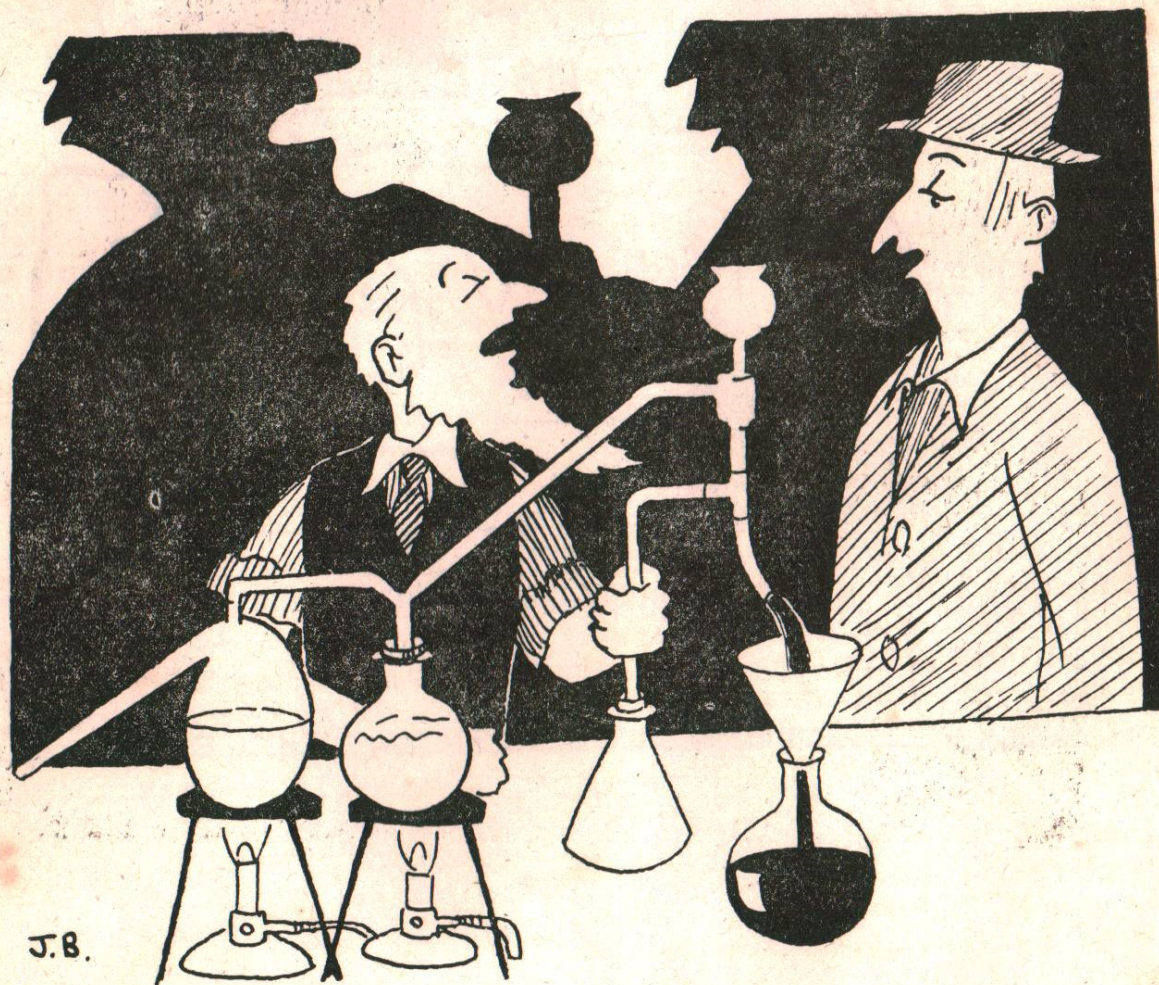
If the following points are taken into consideration you will be helping us to give you better service.

1. Do not fold Airgraphs or fasten them with cellophane tape or gummed paper.
2. Do not place any stickers other than "Airmail" on the face of your envelopes.
3. Do not use "Special Delivery" stamps for mail not intended for special delivery. Likewise do not use airmail stamps for mail matter not intended for airmail.

## CARBERRY CHRISTMAS DRAW

We may expect to see a most unusual sight on pay parade any day now for Squadron Leader Oxley-Sidey recently won a pair of pyjamas at the War Services draw. Whether they will be worn or given to some unfortunate airman in part payment we do not know. Paddy Buchanan, Barrack Warden, will have to lubricate himself with a gallon of Motor Oil which his wife won. LAC. Malleson will have fun cooking something up with a bag of flour. Cpl. Batson of the P.S.I., won an alarm clock which should save Cpl. Oram wak-

ing him up every morning. We hope that LAC. Painting will not take the Anti-Freeze to keep out the chill December winds. With all the painting that is going on all over the camp, LAC. Glover should find a ready market for his half-gallon of paint. Hows about a L.P.O., Jock, have you no friends in equipment? Chocolates will be distributed in the orderly room by "Careless talk" Gooderick courtesy of the C.V.M. When "Chiefie" Cartwright was told that he had won a toilet set, he said: "Sure it is not a toilet . . . ."

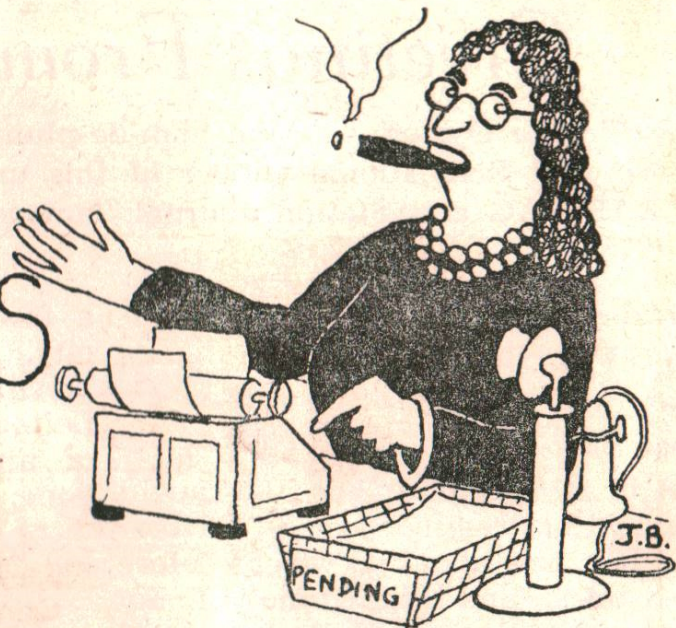


J.B.

AS A MATTER OF FACT, ITS COFFEE



# AUNT FLOSSIE'S PAGE.



My Dear Little Brats:

Stand by for a barrage of advice to tide you over Christmas and the New Year. Here it comes:

"ODDS & SODS" (c/o Carberry News-Express): The lady who ascertained your Christian name in Main Street Carberry now wishes to know the other half. Kindly send same to me c/o "GEN" and I will arrange a rendezvous in one of the village estaminets.

DOEY (5B): The picture has a certain artistic value but why spoil it by including the bra? I believe a wealthy buyer of bric-a-brac has his eye on the masterpiece in question. Hold out for a top price, dear.

P.T. (9B): Physical jerks and boogie-woogie make an ideal combination. I believe my good friend Antonio Fogazzero is in favour of this avenue to Strength Through Joy. I also recommend the dance a venture (better known as the hula hula) for strengthening the stomach muscles.

BUBBLES (Winnipeg): Should a woman tell? Or, can a man scam? A situation as old as the hills. You got the goods on the bozo, babe.

Make him give till it hurts. Black-mail? Nonsense! Business!

CUTTY SARK (2 Hangar): How dare you! At your age! (P.S. Let me know the result of your strategy!).

ON THE BOAT (11A): Bon voyage, my dear. I turn you over now to my colleague, Miss Ruby Ayres, who still functions, I believe, in Britain. A happy future to you, my problem-ridden line-shooter!

RULE-OF-THUMB (Accounts): Life is like that, my pet. You never know what's coming next. Learn to adapt yourself to the most impossible situations and you'll make the grade. Camp life ought to provide a sufficiency of such situations!

AMBITIOUS (M.T.): Send for my free booklet, "How To Get Rich Quick", in which I have outlined several methods for cornering a substantial share of the national swag. But remember - don't forget my 10%!

Bye-bye, my beloved palookas! See you at the Cave on Christmas Eve!

Your incoherent  
OLD AUNT FLOSSIE

## Greetings From Scotland

The 'Prairie Oyster' was the nom-de-plume of Flying Officer Ellis, late Sports and Recreational Officer of this unit. He was editorial adviser of RAF RAG and Station Journal, famous and well loved predecessors of "Gen."

Royal Air Force,  
c/o G.P.O., Box 202,  
Glasgow.

Dear Sir,

A blast of cold air has just caught me, and has reminded me of Carberry. It is now about six weeks before Christmas, and high time (if my memory serves me well) to extend affectionate greetings to the personnel of Little Britain on the Prairie. Of them I often think—but never so concentratedly as when the Aurora Borealis is shooting a line. Little did I think when I last staggered to the C.P.R. Station that I was bound for another far-flung posting, where the sky would be torn to ribbons in defiance of the Black Out Regulations, and where the impertinent gophers would be replaced by the most inane black-faced sheep.

Does anyone want a tweed comfort? I look back with some regret on those twenty-one months when it was merely a matter of a mile to a village, a short stroll to a town, and

a few minutes by train to a great city. Gone are those local amenities, gone, the slow bewitching smile of Leitha—gone, the strong handclasp of an accessible Bank Manager—gone, the evenings when two stripes were de rigueur—gone, a Commanding Officer on Tony-

Gone—those bottles of whiskey, all wrapped up ready, and watching you hopefully from their lairs like dogs that have dwelt over-long in the Pets' Shop!

And yet, has the Prairie got the Gaelic? I never heard it on the plains of Manitoba, tearing the ear drums to tatters. It is a homely sound, I'm told. I don't know. You see, I am a Cockney!

I hope this war will soon collapse, and you all come home in a bunch. I shall take over the Cafe Royal for one night, and the whole of the next morning—and you shall be my guests.

In the meanwhile, farewell.

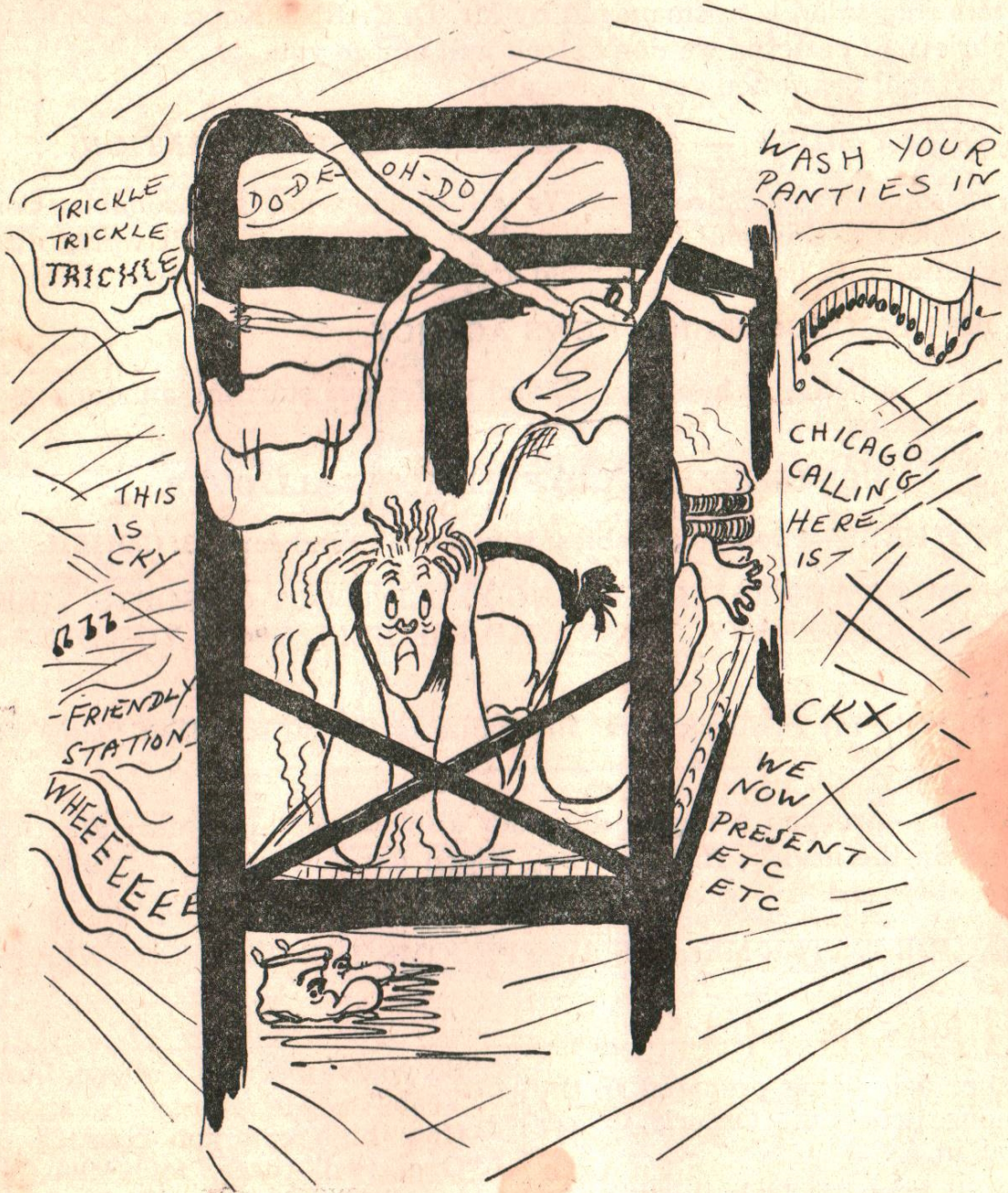
THE PRAIRIE OYSTER

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## BRITISH MAIL - - -

General hue and cry - "Bags of English mail in" - No! No! it can't be true - indeed, it is, verily. Allah is come to Carberry - Flight Mechanics and Fitters dropped their picks - pilots and u/t's left their planes in mid-air and came down by parachute - armourers praised the Lord and dropped the amunition - the cooks dropped OURS - I dashed out

of Station Headquarters - breathless - joined the mob in one mad rush to storm the Camp Post Office - several airmen were crushed to death - others fell by the wayside - at last I reached the counter - handfulls of letters - nectar - watched him count them one by one - "Here you are". One airgraph dated 12th November. Oh, 'ell.



# Unpaid Unsolicited Adverts.

## SEXTON AND MORTON'S DEPARTMENTAL STORE—

Whatever it is we have it; just you try and get it  
Our tailoring salon is mismanaged by Mr. D. CARNT Kope.  
The variety of patterns we don't stock will amaze you.  
Call anytime; guarantee you'll have a fit.

## THE OXLEY-SIDEY — ALLEYNE FINANCE CORPORATION

No reasonable request refused. We will decide what is reasonable. Come and tell us your financial troubles and see if we care. Don't worry about your creditors we have them in hand and we'll keep them there.

## THE WALTON-GOODERICK NEWS AGENCY

We print it before it happens. Stand by for our startling announcement about Mafeking.

## USE LIFEBOUY AND FEEL ROSIE ALL OVER.

**MOTHERS—Feed your babies; if you can't send for P.3. COHEN.**

DO YOU GET UP EACH MORNING FEELING OUT OF SORTS, TIRED, LISTLESS AND HEAVY. THEN WHY THE HELL DON'T YOU STOP IN BED?

I thought my bed-space was lily white until you scrubbed yours with PERSIL.

LADIES—Are you a victim of under arm odour? Do you suffer from pimples on the neck? Has your boy friend left you because of this? We are not surprised.

BUY OUR WATER MELONS AND BECOME THE PERFECT SWEATER GIRL.

Dinner was being prepared in the cookhouse when the Orderly Officer barged in.

"You'll have to cook thirty extra dinners," he told the Serge i/c, "thirty extra airmen have arrived on posting."

"Hi, Jack!" bawled the Sarge, "throw a couple more buckets of water in the stew."

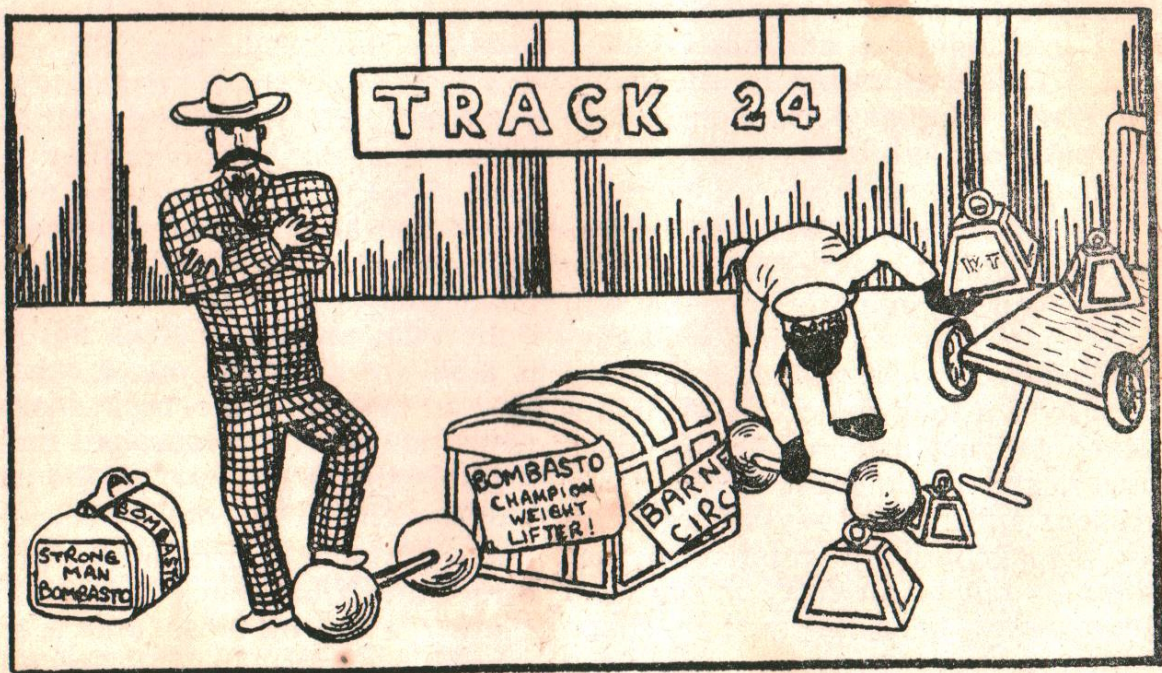
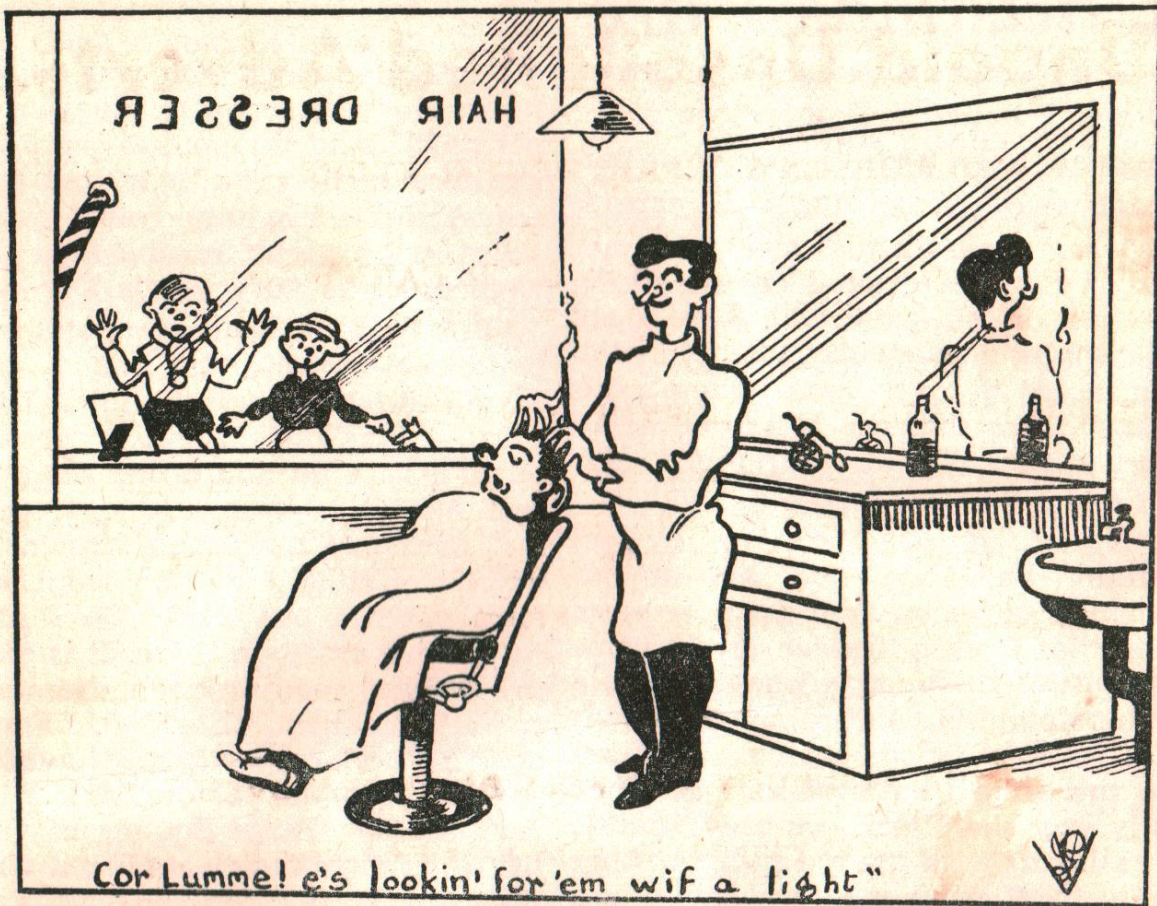
"So you've been to College, huh?"  
"Yeah."

"How high can you count?"

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, Jack, Queen, King."

### Overheard in Carberry

"When that airman said he could read me like a book, I never figured he was going to use the Braille system."



## Christmas Fare

I am walking down Main Street, when I notice a doll, whose shape appears to be worth a gander or perhaps two. Accordingly I increase my pace and am just level with her when my foot catches on something buried in the snow and there I am flat on the sidewalk with the doll smeared all over me. From this range I see that she is no doll at all but just an old judy with a big beez-er and a very homely kisser indeed.

A lot of local citizens collect around and about and they do not seem to agree on anything; for some say that I am a menace to the community and a jay walker, while others point out that I am an American soldier and as such am entitled to the same treatment as any other ally, say the R.A.F., or the Chinese. It all ends with the old judy hoisting herself off my wind box and saying that she bears me no malice as it is Christmas Day and everyone should be forgiving, except and in so far as it affects the war. I remember then that this indeed is the day of days and I fall to thinking of the many Christmas dinners I have scoffed in the past for I am by no means a bad downer of chow.

An elderly joskin with chin whiskers has been regarding me for some while and I begin to hope he will invite me home for he is a well covered character and would seem to eat well over a long period. But he appears to recollect something in a hurry, and so do most of the other citizens, until I find myself left with the homely judy. I wonder whether she may not be an entry in the local grub-stakes in spite of her shape which is very tasty . . . from the back. She giggles like a ripple in a

glue pot and says: "Oh you do look funny down there, why do you not get up?" And this makes sense so I get up and she says: "Why not go to the Airport, my boy friend works there and he tells me the food they have today is very special?"

"But I am an American soldier," I point out, but she just laughs some more and off she goes. At first I feel surprised and then lonely because when I look up and down Main Street, the only living thing I see is me. But just then a big brown bus ambles past and on the front is a sign, "To the Airport." So I jump on and we are soon there. It is quite a big flying field and on the guard room is a notice, "Royal Air Force" and I wonder whether I have not strolled onto the set of "Mrs. Minever" or the "Eagle Squadron." All the other guys have got off but when I try to get through the gate I am stopped by a small character with cropped hair and a nose with steps in it. He looks very sad and I think it is maybe because of the black band on his arm. This has "SP" on it and I figure that he is mourning some pal and that the letters stand for "Sleep Pleasantly" or similar. But when I ask him, he tells me that he never has any friends and that the brassard as he calls the mourning band, shows that he is a Service Policeman on duty. This naturally is a severe shock to me, for I have always been allergic to gendarmes, which is one of the reasons I am not digging the train out of the snow like the rest of my mob

After I have signed the book I am directed to a big shack from which is coming a lot of noise and a smell of good cookery. Inside I find a seat

**(CONTINUED ON PAGE 15)**

## CHRISTMAS FARE—Continued from page 14

on a long bench and there are a lot of Englishmen all around; together with some very fancy trimmings and a band which plays all the time. The Englishmen are not a bit shy or unfriendly and soon I am talking to them as if we had been at college, or maybe Sing Sing, together. Suddenly a big man with a crown on his arm gets up and starts shouting. I figure this is an important character but I am told that he is just the head waiter and that he gives the other waiters the run around. But I have chosen a bad table for I keep seeing the waiters with trays and they never stop here at all. Finally I can stand it no longer. "What is this," I shout, "Do you call this service?" And one of the waiters stops and speaks very quiet and polite like the English do in the flicker. He is nicely turned out with a lot of braid and an insignia on his chest which I expect he wears to show he is an Air Corps waiter and not some hash-slinger from a civilian joint. I ask him whether he knows he's just a bum and I tell him to put a jerk in it or else.

One of the characters I am sitting with requests me to belt up and another requests me to button up my lip, but my system soon shows results and the next time the waiter comes along he stops at our table with some soup which is very palatable indeed. This is followed by turkey, roast with lots of stuffing and gravy poured over it which is just how I like it. Then there are big roast potatoes and several assortments of greens so that very soon I feel happy and contented and can only put down three helpings of Christmas pudding and a few nuts and a little fruit. The band has stopped now and my waiter gets up on the stage and delivers a spiel all

about the war and patriotism and I guess this is just a blurb for a Bond sale and don't listen. Also I am sleepy and it is with quite a start that I realize that the doors are open and everyone is moving out. Some of the waiters are standing round and when I see mine I slip a dime into his hand as a token of my appreciation.

Outside some of the Englishmen ask me whether I think I am being funny giving a tip to the Station Commander and add that the man they said was the head waiter is actually the SWO., and a stern disciplinarian at that. Also they tell me that all the waiters are officers who wait on the airmen as it is an old English custom. Now I have been run bowlegged by the gendarmery so often that it is a wonder I am not in the cavalry and figure that the sooner I get to digging snow the better. I slip through the gate and start walking but after a bit my puppies start to pinch and I am wondering how I shall ever get back when a station wagon catches up with me and in it are the Station Warrant Officer and the gate opener. I figure that I am a goner and that this may mean life, but they are very nice about it and ask whether maybe I am feeling the cold. Instead of turning around, the wagon continues into town and leaves me at the depot.

"I was asked to give you this," says the character with the crown. I thank him and as soon as the wagon gets away to a good start I tear the paper wrappings and have a swivel at the contents. It is smokes, English, in very elegant packing and there is a little note, "With the waiter's compliments." Which shows what can happen on Christmas Day when a guy strolls down a Main Street for a gander at the dolls.



THIS WAS XMAS 1941 . . . . .

. . . . . MAY XMAS 1942 BE EVEN BETTER

# TWO YEARS AT CARBERRY

It was December 8th, 1940. A train pulled into Carberry Station and disgorged a mob of assorted Raf personnel. They'd been in Canada just three days and each wondered what was in store for them. I was one of them.

It was December 8th, 1941. I sat at a typewriter and pounded out an article entitled, "What a difference a year makes". This article appeared in the "Raf-Rag", infamous and never-to-be-equalled forerunner of "Gen".

Today is December the 8th, 1942.

Two years. Two years at Carberry. A lifetime to you who must look forward to it. Many of the newcomers have looked at me in ebwilderment and wondered why I'm not completely crazy, and so it is to you that this article is primarily directed.

My first piece of advice is—make full use of the facilities on the Camp. Use the library, the lounge, the ice rink. Join the shooting club, the debating society, the bowling league. There are a number of officers and airmen devoting much of their spare time to keeping these things going so go out and make full use of them.

Canada, too, can teach a lot to a willing pupil. As for myself, I have learned to ride a horse, ice-skate, shoot gophers, and eat supper without the aid of a knife. This winter I'm going to try to learn to ski, and play ice hockey.

For he who likes to travel, what better opportunity than here? During summer leave it is simple to visit Banff and Lake Louise, and see the unsurpassed beauty of the Rocky

Mountains. Nearer home is the Riding Mountain Park, or the beautiful Lake of the Woods in Ontario. And of course, there are the States for those of us who are fortunate enough to have contacts there.

So, when you feel cheesed, browned, or brassed, or have that R.O.T.B. feeling, just remember these things. Get out and try to do something. There is plenty of opportunity here.

Though, between you and me, I wish to hell that I was home for Christmas, too.

S.E.B.



—CARBERRYITIS—

## There Are Gremlins in the Links

Great panic occurred in the Link Trainer Section on Wednesday the 9th December when U/T Pilot C. Smith reported that he had observed a gremlin playing around with the rudder control of one of the Links. This seems to be the first gremlin observed in this country, though they are in abundance in England. As we all know gremlins are those air-minded pixies who love to travel with flyers, not for company but to cause trouble. When a pilot lands with his undercart up, you can be sure that the gremlins have been jamming it. By sticking pins in the air-gunners they make the gunners miss their targets, and by playing about with the instruments they make the pilots lose the way home.

As soon as U/t P. Smith observed this Link gremlin he reported to Link expert Butt, who after a hasty examination reported that besides damage to the rudder controls and directional indicator, a large section of luminous paint had been eaten away which seems to indicate that this specie of gremlin dines on paint.

U/t P. Smith further reported that the gremlin observed was much the same as those depicted in a recent issue of the American magazine "Life" except that it emitted a faint aura of light which seems to further the supposition that luminous paint is part of the Link gremlins diet.

It is understood that Cpl. Butt intends to call in an expert gremlinologist for an investigation.

There are several types of gremlin such as "widgets" (baby gremlins) "ffinellas" (lady gremlins) "spade-nose gremlins" (ground pixies who dig holes on the runways so that planes will tip when landing). However, none of these have yet been observed at Carberry.

S.E.B.

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## SUSPENSE!!

His fingers drummed on the table. His eyelids flickered nervously. He glanced at his watch and shivered with longing. Desire had him in its grip. Would she never come? For hours he had waited patiently. They seemed like years. But she was worth it, he told himself. She damn well was. He thought of her face, her figure, the colour of her hair.

Could he ever forget her! He laughed inwardly. A cynical laugh. No! Her memory would remain ever green. There was something about her that made her different right now from every woman. She was the apex of all his yearning . . . And then . . . he saw her! His heart leapt with joy! At last, he breathed ecstatically to himself. She approached him slowly. She stopped. She smiled and spoke:

"Sorry about the delay, sir. Lunch hour rush. Apple pie for dessert?"

# A LOTTA STUFF

There's much less rubber for you and me,  
And much less gas to spill out,  
And much less sugar to sweeten tea—  
Forms that ask for your last name first,  
Forms that beg for your names reversed,  
Forms with pages of printed dope  
You couldn't read with a microscope,  
Forms to plead for defense priorities  
Forms to mail to the wrong authorities,  
Green forms, yellow forms, sky-blue-pink forms,  
PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY and PLEASE USE INK forms,  
Single forms, double forms, triplicate forms,  
Half of them probably out-of-date forms—

## FORMS!

There's much less traffic to make us wroth,  
And much less time to take out,  
And much less wool for the haggard moth—  
But many more blanks to make out:  
Blanks with spaces you just put X in,  
Blanks with your age, height, weight and sex in,  
Blanks to swear to and blanks to swear at,  
With dotted lines that you dassent tear at,  
Blanks with blocks that you musn't write in  
Spacious enough to fly a kite in  
And a slot the size of a pygmy flea  
For a resume of your history!  
Gas blanks, draft blanks, tax blanks, bank blanks.  
And just plain blankety-blank-blank-blank-blanks—

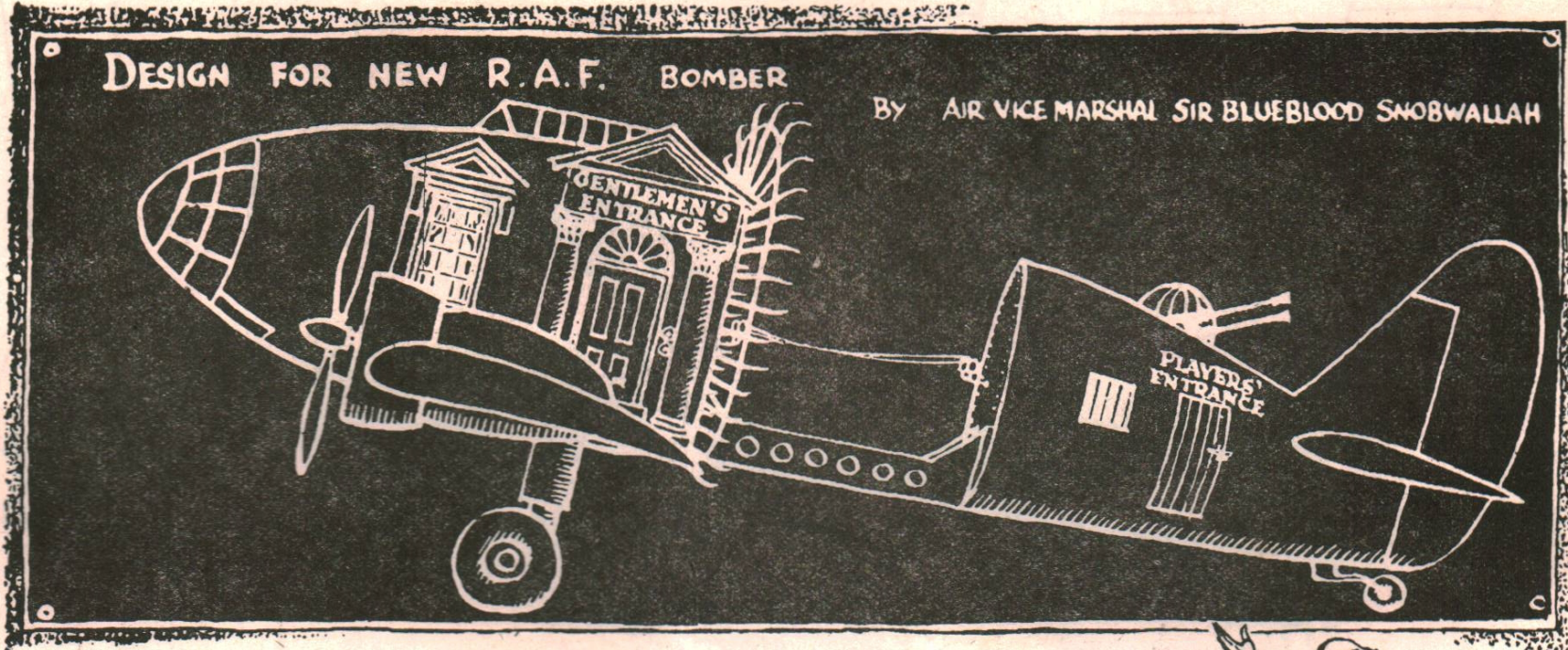
## BLANKS!

## SHOOTING A LINE



OH I INSTRUCT ON  
SINGLES

Now this is the tale of Jimmy Dodd,  
An efficient man on the Sanitary  
Squad,  
Whose rank is still an A.C.2,  
A regular dandy in best blue.  
Last year he saved up eighty bucks,  
And borrowed twenty from the  
cooks,  
From one who heard young Jimmy  
talk,  
It was gathered he was going to  
visit New York.  
Once out of camp and on the train,  
A brilliant thought attacked his  
brain,  
Certainly, more than just a notion,  
About time he had promotion.  
Into his case, and amongst his things  
Out came the cotton, and on went  
the wings,  
Three stripes on this arm, and three  
on that,  
A very low trick by a dirty young  
rat.  
Once in the States the game went  
fine,  
Plenty of chances to shoot a good  
line,  
In the cafes, and on the street,  
Great fun to flannel all you meet.  
All went well for several days,  
Until Jimmy met the gaze,  
A figure in blue who we'll call Len,  
Two rings, D.F.C. and a D.F.M.  
Jimmy's now rejoined his Squad,  
After doing a stretch in an R.A.F.  
quod.,  
Now to end this salutation,  
May he rest in SANITATION.



WILL RECENT DEVELOPMENTS  
LEAD TO THIS ?





J.B.

PILOT COMING OUT OF A DIVE.

# HA ! HA ! HA !

Judge: "I take it that the constable gave you the usual warning?"

Prisoner: "Yes, he said if I didn't come quietly he'd beat the living daylights outa me."

\* \* \*

Customer: "Are those eggs fresh?"

Grocer: "Fresh, lady! Why, the hen don't know they're gone yet."

\* \* \*

Mistress: "I always like a little siesta after dinner, Jane."

Jane: "Yes ma'am. Most of the ladies I've worked for like a little drop then."

\* \* \*

## Confidence

"I am going to marry Peter in a week but I still don't know if I really and truly love him!"

"Oh, darling,, how simply too too divine!"

\* \* \*

## Point

Women have but two occupations in life, dressing and undressing - and a man pays for both!

\* \* \*

## Heavens!

"Is the doctor in?"

"No, he's away just now."

"When do you expect him back?"

"Not for some considerable time; he's out on an eternity case."

\* \* \*

Smith and his hoppo were nattering in the pub.

"My wife's playing hell with me because the pillows are getting dirty with hair oil," said Smith.

"Why not chuck using it?" said the hoppo.

"Chuck it up! Not blinking likely; besides, I never use the stuff."

## ONE-pause-two

"Do you spend all your money on drink?"

"No. A lot goes in fines."

\* \* \*

Tramp: "Can you spare a dime, ma'am?"

Elderly Spinster: "I never give to people in the street. Charity begins at home."

Tramp: "The Lord knows I need the dough. Come on, I'll risk it."

\* \* \*

George: "How's tricks these days, Bill?"

Bill: "Swell! Things were never better."

George: "Don't say you're working!"

Bill: "Good Lord, no! But before the war I was called a lazy devil. Now I am referred to as an unfortunate victim of unemployment due to our imperfect social system."

\* \* \*

## Repartee

Politician: "Congratulate me, darling! I've just been elected!"

Wife: "Honestly?"

Politician: "Now don't start that."

\* \* \*

## Excelsior

Pretty Gal: "You were looking at my ankles a moment ago, now it's my knees."

Masher: "You don't mind, do you?"

Pretty Gal: "Not yet, but I will soon."

\* \* \*

## Out of the Night

"John, John, wake up! Someone's creeping up the stairs."

"Yeah, what's the time?"

"Half past two."

"Good! It can't be me this time."

## Fifth Celebrity Concert

The proceedings commenced with a one-act play called "No Curtain Calls" produced by Charles Hobson. The piece was competently executed and the following are to be commended: Flying Officer Court, Pilot Officer Platel, Pilot Officer Norris, Pilot Officer Hobson and LAC Davies. It dealt with the underground movement in a European country which was described as "nameless" in the programme but Deutschland was probably the mise en scene.

One criticism: We would like to have heard the actors speaking their lines in a nice guttural foreign accent instead of the homely British one they did use . . .

Gerry Death and Ed Edwards followed up with "Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2" on their respective pianos. Lizzie was done full justice. Or are we prejudiced in favour of the "Rhapsody" played well or ill? . . .

Miss Eileen Wall (soon to be Mrs. Death) sang three charming songs—Gounod's "Ave Maria", "One Fine Day" from "Madame Butterfly" and the old romantic favourite "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes". She has a clear, sweet voice but it lacks volume. Or can the lack be in our Station Theatre acoustics? Anyway, we liked her tremendously in "Ave Maria" which suited her fragile voice to a T. Eileen was dressed for the part, too—just like a fragrant breath from Old Europe . . .

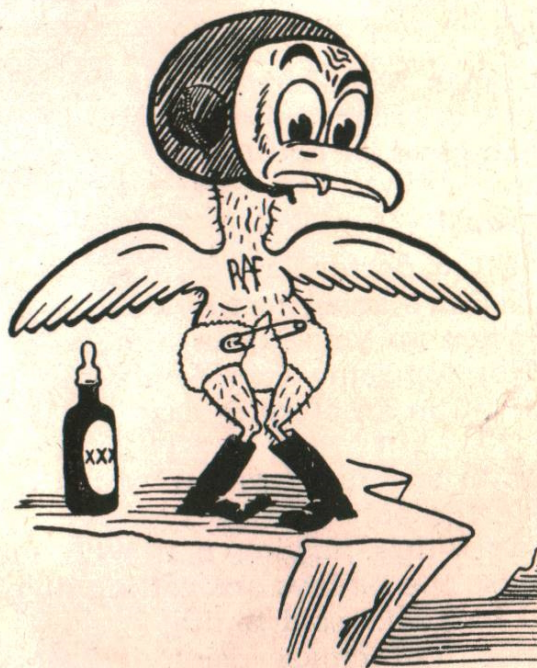
Gerry played the organ back stage afterwards. "Roses of Picardy" and "Parlez-moi d'amour" were included in his selection. Thanks, Gerry!

Next on the menu were those charming cads - John Sexton of the bored and glassy eye and Eric

Wringe, a musical cocksparrow at the piano. They told us "there's nothing like that about us" - but we have our doubts! . . .

Came Charles Hobson and his song in baritone - "I travel the Road", "Even Bravest Heart" and one about Bonnie Scotland whose title we did not catch.

Miss Peggy Sharpe, a talented pianist from Brandon, wound up a very enjoyable evening with several selections from the lesser-known classics. She seemed to enjoy her performance as much as we of the audience did, for she threw herself into the business with maestro-like enthusiasm. Thanks, Peggy. Call again! And thanks, too, Impresario Court! When's the next Celeb pot-pourri?



THAT FLEDGLING  
FEELING

## Are You The Perfect Airman ?

Give yourself five marks for any question to which you can truthfully answer Yes. If you score a blank, you are O.K., up to five, there is still hope for you, and if you get over five, you had better apply for a compassionate posting.

1. Do you look forward with happy anticipation to:
  - (a) Domestic night.
  - (b) Kit inspections.
  - (c) Parades.
2. Do you politely give way to the other fellow:
  - (a) In the cookhouse.
  - (b) In the Y.M.C.A.
  - (c) Getting into a taxi at the gate on Saturday nights.
3. Do you spring blithely out of bed at 06.00 hrs. every morning without any persuasion?
4. Do you refuse to take your annual leave and "48's" and say, Oh, no, Sargie dear, I'd much rather work?
5. Do you arrive at work an hour before schedule and return to it after working hours?
6. Do you decline to take your in for exchange unless it is absolutely unwearable?
7. Assuming that your answer to question 4 is a negative one, if you go to the States on leave, do you tell the natives that you have never flown, been in an air raid and that you were not at Dunkirk?
8. Do you clean your boots and buttons twice a day?

9. Do you smile happily when you see your name on D.R.O.'s for:

- (a) Fire Picquet.
- (b) Inoculations.

10. After you have had two at the Nelson, do you always say "No more for me boys, I know when I have had enough."

---

## Laughter In Court

1. My wife has more regard for the cat than for me. If I come home late the door is always locked, but if the cat me-ows it's always opened at once.

2. I have been married for 29 years and still have hopes of being happy one day.

3. My daughter asked me what I was in the last war. I told her, "Cheesed-off".

4. I was asked what I'd done in this war. "120 days in Shepton Mollst, 39 in the Salisbury "glass-house", and 33 at Fort Osborn."

5. Since my wife joined the WAAF's I object to her using such common terms as "Belt-up"; "Get stuffed" and "Browned-off".

6. Just because my wife has got tapes before I have is no excuse for her binding me.

7. What would you do if your wife told you to 'wrap-up'. I scented she'd been out with the air force.

8. My wife only married me to get the Government Allowance - now she-s after the Widow's Pension.

9. The wife told me to "remuster to a turkey"; she was only skitting at my trade of "Pigeon Keeper".

10. When I first married the wife she always used to say, "Shall we dine now, dear. Nowadays she says, "Get the nosebag on, Shorty".

# THE GHOST

We were sitting in the Mess of 44 Squadron one Christmas Eve a few years ago talking about this and that. The weather was pretty rough outside and we were damned glad ops had been cancelled that night. An armchair and a roaring fire were more inviting than sorties over Deutschland.

The conversation turned to the supernatural somehow. It usually does on Christmas Eve and, as we had a mixed bunch of believers and unbelievers in the Mess opinions for and against waxed hot and strong. I noticed that Flight Lieutenant Paddy Costello, a dark-haired, blue-eyed Irishman, was not joining in as he generally did when an argument of any kind was going on. So, during a lull in the debate, I said:

"What's your view, Pat?"

He was silent for a moment or two. Then he spoke.

"Well, chaps, I don't care to commit myself on such a deep topic as this. Whether there's "something" behind it all or not I leave to the sky pilots - but I must say this - weird things DO happen for which no valid explanation is forthcoming."

A chorus of comment followed Paddy's remark. I scented a yarn. I knew my Paddy. So I said:

"Such as . . ."

Paddy smiled. "Alright. I'll bite."

He re-lit his pipe which had gone out, and began:

"It happened when I was about 4 years of age in the month of September, 1924. I was on a holiday with my uncle who has a farm about 10 miles from Tralee on the road to Dingle. On the outermost rim of

Tralee Bay, in fact. One afternoon at about 5 o'clock I was down on the beach with my best pal in those days - my uncle's sheepdog. The tide was well out and the rocks were uncevered. I was picking them for cockles and barnacles. I was completely absorbed in my task and did not notice the passage of time until twilight had set in. The sun sank below the Maharees Islands on the edge of the western horizon and the beach became darkened.

Suddenly, for no reason I could think of the dog began to bark. I shouted to him to be quiet but to no avail. He kept up his hullabaloo. I stared around the beach wondering what was annoying him. It was deserted except for the figure of a woman about 100 yards away. She was standing underneath the cliff. I was at the water's edge. I didn't pay any particular attention to her as I thought she was probably a certain Mary Madden, the wife of a local publican, who was accustomed to take an evening stroll at about that time.

And then, without warning, the dog scampered away up the beach towards a corn-field in which my uncle was working. This frightened me a little but I fought my fears for I could see no reason for them. I was a pretty, hardened unsuperstitious little beggar. I continued my work.

Ten seconds later, I chanced to look up and I noticed that the woman was now standing at the water's edge. She was about 400 yards from me, I should say. As I was ignorant of such things as speed records this odd fact did not register on my

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 27)

## Debating Society

Interest in our society is a variable thing. In the last month we have lost some members and gained others. Dick Chappell, competitions addict, seems to have fallen away. Cross words or cross-words? Also Alan Long. Not to mention John Blunt, Sergeant Terry. (Okay, Ter, I know you're bar caterer!). And "King of the Castle" Gooderick. On the other hand, we have gained Nobby Clark, Dictator of the Darkroom, Ben Palmer, Grand Mufti of the Ground Instructional Section, Flight Lieutenant Belcher, Surgeon Supreme and, believe it or not, Padre Williams, Local Agent of the Almighty! All we need now to complete the mixture is our ever-popular Station Warrant Officer, Mr. "Red" Merrison! How's about it, Red?

The subjects chosen for unravelling during the month produced bags of controversy. The desirability of corporal punishment in education was well thrashed out. (An unconscious pun, gentlemen, I assure you!). The kindness-to-Children group won by a narrow margin - F/O Bath, chairman, being the "margin".

Another interesting debate concerned the problem of getting rich honestly. The boys thought it impossible. Big business, I fear, got a few hefty kicks in the pants from such champions of the straight-and-narrow as Flight Lieutenant Hurrell and LAC. Raywood - not to mention Frank ("Astral") Bath who illustrated his attack with several amusing stories of fraud and chicanery in the Catacombs of Commerce.

The relative influences of heredity and environment on the individual also attracted some forceful speakers. F/Lt. Belcher seemed to have the

longest view and the widest knowledge here although he was sharply contested at many points in his defence of environment by such hecklers as Ben Palmer, "Tubby" Hesketh and LA2. Raywood. The House plumped for heredity when, finally, heads were counted.

Several travel films were shown at one of the meetings and we learned something about ye Olde Englishe Customs, the scenic beauty of Wales, Ulster and the Canadian Maritimes. F/O Bath was responsible for obtaining the films.

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### THE GHOST—

Continued from page 26

childish mind. But a nameless dread gripped me. I became filled with terror. I must have lost my head for I dropped my bag of cockles and ran up the beach like mad. Reaching the cliff I glanced round for a split second. The woman was no longer there. The beach was completely deserted.

Later that evening, after a hearty supper, I was sitting toasting my shins at the turf fire in my uncle's snug kitchen. My grandfather was sitting at the other side of the hearth, as was his wont. I began telling him of my adventure of the afternoon. He listened silently and when I was finished he spoke:

"At exactly half past five on this very evening three years ago your grandmother died. I remember well the day . . ."

I shivered. For at 5.30 approximately I had glanced back for one split second at a deserted beach which had measured 100 yards from the cliff to the water's edge. The cliff afforded the only cover . . . ?



W/O Atkins, u/t. W/O. i/c. Maintenance Squadron, arrived here on posting. W/O Auch will abdicate shortly.

Jock ("four-eyes") Elliott pushed his way into the limelight again when he sang his famous "Bubbles" song in the Large Canteen. Come back, huh?

Maharajah of Maintenance,

F/Lt. Ricketts is reported to have donated his old uniform to Patriotic Salvage Inc. and taken to Battle Dress.

Aircraft Control revealed to a deputation from Estevan some of the secrets of their organizational success.

P/O. Platel hit the dramatic headlines as a sinister and bloodthirsty Nazi in Impresario Hobson's "No Curtain Calls". We understand he is being groomed for the leading role in Arts Chief Court's forthcoming footlights flutter "Horrible Heinrich Himmler".

Nobby Lewis reports getting drunk on coffee at No. 2 Manning Depot, Brandon.

Broken hearts are expected to be the order of the day when "King Solomon" Milliken shakes the snow of Canada from his dogs.

The Wing Adjutant, accompanied by the Commanding Officer went to Brandon to replenish the waning Officers' Mess Harem.

Eric Stancer, Satellite of the Wing Disciplinary Sun, announced his engagement to Miss Billie Watts, Oxford, England.

Tubby Webber, the "Muffin Man" of the Sergeants Mess, is about to become a Godfather.

Memo. to Frank Cook: Try the Winnipeg circuit for your Christmas Grant. You are heartily welcome at the St. Charles . . .

Cpl. Jones, Subaltern under Generalissimo Sporne, only forgot the Supper chits 12 times last month.

Sam Berry, power behind the Wing Stores Throne, spent some time 'neath Dr. Gossip. Diagnosis: Swollen jaw.

F/Sgt. ("Exually") Pettit, Apostle of the Aircrew, delivered a few lectures on the Higher Aeronautics for the edification of the proletariat in No. 2 Hangar.

Jock Aspey, the Gremlin of Snags, has taken up the study of Vulgar Fractions. Incidentally he has also joined the Committee of Two, for the Purpose of Poisoning the Sergeants' Mess.



The "olde skittle alley" game of bowling continues its popularity with S.H.Q. personnel, and in the the Carberry league Accounts are doing particularly well, having up to date of going to press, won all their games.

With the advent of "real" winter skating is in full swing and the majority of headquarters seem to have purchased skates and either braved the camp rink or else visited Carberry's indoor rink. For grim determination and perseverance on the ice Joe Cohen must be congratulated. Other skating fans are Sgts. Jones and Taylor, LAC's Robinson, Stanley, Barber and Linn gafa.

Another game which so popular is the newly instigated Duty Accounts clerk, who has to sleep on a camp bed and see that nobody runs away with the safe during the night.

Congratulations to Dixie Dean on getting his tapes and duly wetting them at the Nelson.

Ali Barber, Accounts rebel, refutes any connections with Sweeney Todd, demon barber of Fleet Street.

Read "How to have a perfect week-end on \$1.50" by Arthur Drew, the lad who fills SHQ with the breath of old Somerset, and hut 31A with the smell of hot feet.

The title of strong, silent man now moves from Robbie Robinson

to Vin Hamer; Kroner Robinson having assumed the title of honorary Polish Ambassador to Winnipeg Beach.

The W.O.'s personal secretary, Dick Alderson, the Jenny Lind of SHQ, will be unable to fulfil any engagements at Carberry Opera House this week owing to a cold in the pericardium. What's that?

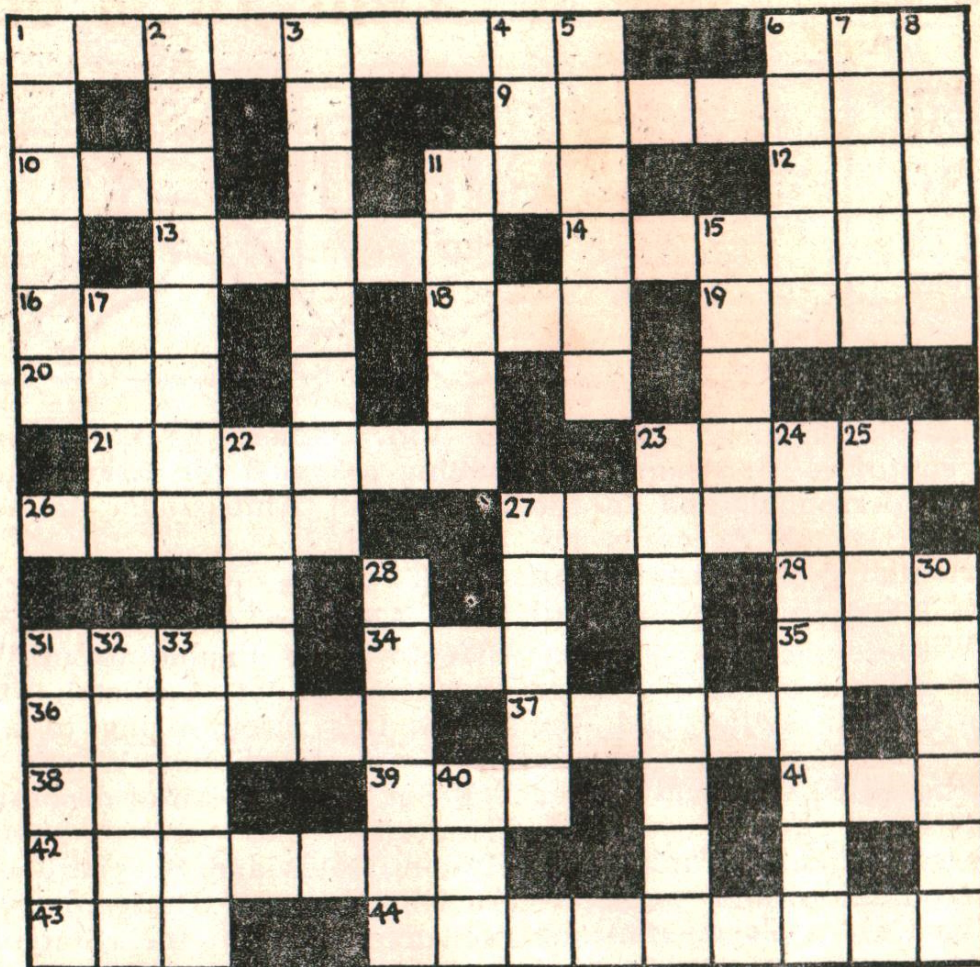
F/Sgt. "Putter-up-of-decorations" Gooderick and active members Hylton, Davis and Sheppard of the Ancient Order of Duffgenians, proceeded down to the States this Christmas, so look out for some fineshooting next month.

Seen in the local papers—"Sgt. Fred Taylor, R.A.F., spent a week end with . . . . ." As this has been going on for some time, what's the idea of putting it in print. Evidence? or would he rather chop trees?

"Scotty" has invited his "almost" to the Sergeants' Mess for Christmas Dinner. What's the idea? Having a dummy run before taking the final plunge.

Tom Thomas  
Wales, Wales, Oh Land of the free,  
Land of our Fathers, where 'ere  
they may be, (commerical travelers, huh!)

The Accounts sing your praises,  
and they all agree,  
You gave us Thomas Thomas mon  
who makes "LUVLY" tea.

**CLUES—ACROSS**

1. Where the Star Shines.
6. Mine.
9. Festivities.
10. Vapour.
11. Mass of Water.
12. Organ.
13. Expert.
14. Tell.
16. Tavern
18. Insect.
19. Division of the Roman Calendar
20. Turf.
21. Sewing necessity.
23. These girls have "IT"
26. Rim.

27. Extreme Fear.

29. Extinct Bird.

31. This is commonly used on aircraft.

34. Born.

35. Unusual.

36. Delighted.

37. Ire.

38. Conifer.

39. Consume.

41. Knock.

42. Close of Day.

43. Colour.

44. Ask Mo What (Anag.)

**CLUES—DOWN**

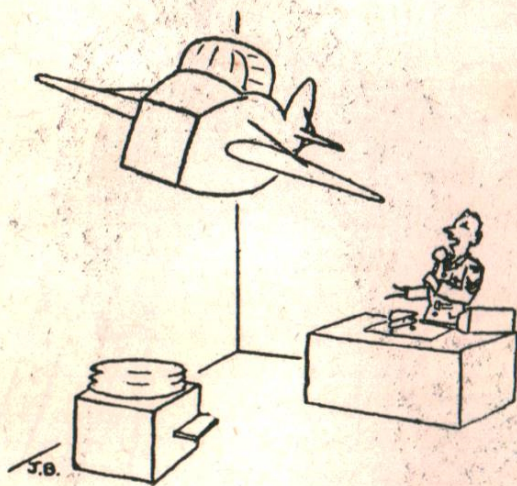
1. Scottish Dish.

(Continued on Page 31)

**CROSSWORD PUZZLE**

Continued from Page 30

- 2. Westland Aircraft.
- 3. Christmastime.
- 4. Crude Mineral.
- 5. Scarcity.
- 6. Entreat.
- 7. Angry.
- 8. Outer Covers.
- 11. Gaze.
- 15. Internal Organ.
- 17. Not any.
- 22. Bird.
- 23. Egoistic.
- 24. Root Worm (Anag.)
- 25. Stepped.
- 27. Deal With.
- 28. Impress.
- 30. Takes Over.
- 31. Put Off.
- 32. Mediterranean Fruit.
- 33. Peeled.
- 40. Since.



'OK NOW LET DOWN AT 100 FEET A MINUTE, 120 MILES AN HOUR, ETC'

**PAIR THEM OFF**

● when one hears the name of Romeo, the name of Juliet immediately springs to the mind. Oranges and Lemons naturally go together, Can you complete the following:

- 1. .... and Edgar Bergen
- 2. .... and Hardy
- 3. .... and Martha Washington
- 4. .... Hope and Charity
- 5. .... and Isolde
- 6. .... and Battery
- 7. .... and Sullivan
- 8. .... and Costello
- 9. .... and Prejudice
- 10. .... and Adonis
- 11. .... and Delilah
- 12. .... and Johnnie
- 13. .... and fancy-free
- 14. .... and Yale
- 15. .... and Daedalus
- 16. .... and Son
- 17. .... and Bailey
- 18. .... and out
- 19. .... and coming
- 20. .... and Joan

(SOLUTION ON PAGE 32)

**Without Comment**

"The former Commanding Officers' Horse, Tony Bar, became the property of AC. Hill, who, the day after he heard the news was unfortunately laid up in Hospital but is now progressing nicely."—"F.S." in Carberry News-Express.

**SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD****ACROSS**

1. Hollywood; 6. Pit; 9. Revelry;  
10. Gas; 11. Sea; 12. Ear; 13. Adept;  
14. Relate; 16. Inn; 18. Ant; 19.  
Ides; 20. Sod; 21. Needle; 23.  
Petty; 26. Verge; 27. Terror; 29.  
Moa; 31. Dope; 34. Nee; 35. Odd;  
36. Elated; 37. Anger; 38. Fir; 39.  
Eat; 41. Rap; 42. Evening; 43. Red;  
44. Tomahawks.

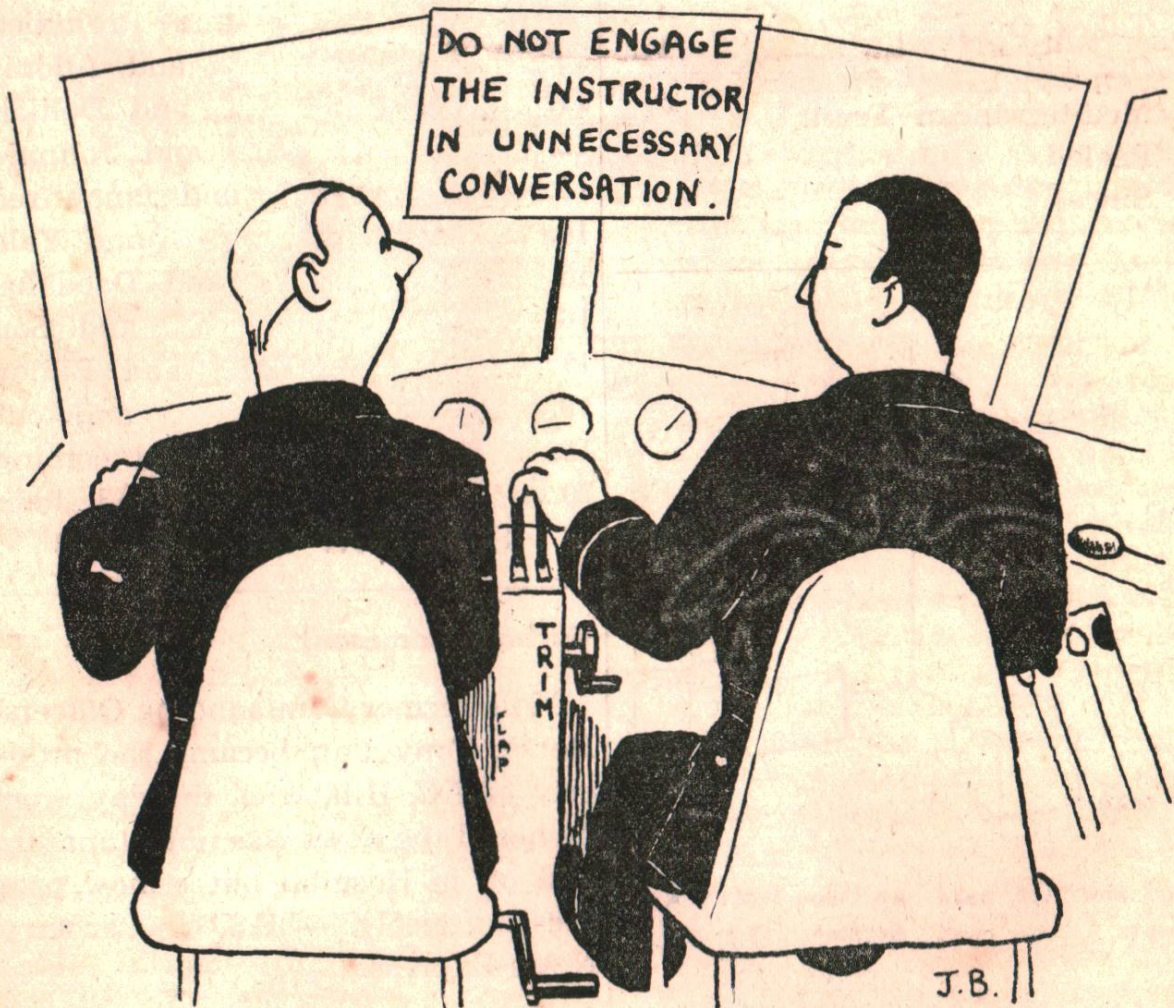
**DOWN**

1. Haggis; 2. Lysander; 3. Yuletide;  
4. Ore; 5. Dearth; 6. Plead; 7. Irate;  
8. Tyres; 11. Stare; 15. Liver; 17.

None; 22. Egret; 23. Priggish; 24.  
Tomorrow; 25. Trod; 27. Treat; 28.  
Indent; 30. Adopts; 31. Defer; 32.  
Olive; 33. Pared; 40. Ago.

**SOLUTION****TO QUIZ OF COUPLES**

1. Charlie McCarthy; 2. Laurel;  
3. George; 4. Faith; 5. Tristan;  
6. Assault; 7. Gilbert; 8. Abbott;  
9. Pride; 10. Venus; 11. Samson;  
12. Frankie; 13. Foot-loose; 14. Har-  
vard; 15. Icarus; 16. Dombey; 17.  
Barnum; 18. Down; 19. up; 20.  
Darby.



# Carberry Fashion Notes

I have been wandering around the confines of our pleasant and luxurious camp to see what is being worn by the well dressed airman so that a smart and up to date appearance may be cultivated by all my fans and fannies.

Before leaving my snug sleeping quarters in S.H.Q. I noted that Joe Cohen is still using as much material from stem to stern as LAC. French (Without Tears) is from keel to mast-head.

My first visit was to the hangars and here a new and pleasing innovation met my eye. It was nothing more or less than a host of fitters and riggers, tastefully garbed in top hats, swallow tailed coats, with sponge bag pants and white spats, the whole ensemble being finished off with wing collars and cravats of a subdued grey. This not only gives them a distinguished appearance but is also an extremely practical attire for those who elect to crawl in, out and under our ever popular Ansons.

My next port of call was hut 31A and here I observed that golf socks (18 holes) are still enjoying the popularity of those who themselves are not popular with the Moguls of the Clothing Store. The ever popular practice of turning the footwear inside out for the next month on discovering that it sticks when thrown against the ceiling is still all the rage in this fashionable quarter, where Andy Duncan's admirable negligee still continues to draw great crowds.

From other quarters, I have gleaned that a black arm band, delicately embroidered with red lettering is still regarded as a symbol of affection and high esteem that we all feel for those proud beings who wear it. On church parades, I notice, buttons

of a dull green shade are the season's high spot, while the tie is nattily knotted under the left ear.

For those of you who complain that R.C.A.F. shirts do not afford the knees sufficient protection against the chill Canadian winds. I understand that for a trifling consideration of \$50, Workshops are prepared to fit you with a sporran-shaped garment, cunningly wrought in corrugated iron. This may be either riveted or welded to the skin, according to taste.

In the cookhouse, it is apparent that a very dark shade of white is the dernier cri in cook's aprons and for those of you who are under the impression that those one piece outdoor garments that have appeared in our midst recently are being worn by those whose ambition it is to play the name part in next year's production of "Little Red Riding Hood", you are wrong. They are intended to scare off the Japs and I can think of nothing more likely to succeed.

To sum up, although dark blue still provides the predominant note, it is anticipated that in the not too distant future, this will give way to more varied hues of gents suitings.

Harpo Marks

---

A British officer met a Free French officer in a London hotel. The Britisher asked the Frenchman what he would like to drink. The latter replied: "A drop of contradiction, please."

"What's that?" said the Britisher.

"Well," said the Frenchman, "you put in ze whiskey to mak' it strong, ze water to mak' it weak, ze lemon to mak' it sour, ze sugar to mak' it sweet, then you say 'here's to you' and you dreenk it yourself."



IT MUST BE WARM SOMEWHERE!