



No. 3

MARCH, 1942

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of the

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Os Bubalus Bibulus

We are in a mellow mood for meditation. We have been hoofing it over an unfamiliar area of this here Prairie and have drunk deeply from a strange pool. Our aged bulk is now supine beneath what we fancy to be an oak tree. We know it is not an oak, but we propose to fancy it is. We desire no argument. We wish to be undisturbed.

We find ourselves deploring the departure of one of those master-beeves we mentioned in our last Bull. A tried and proven warrior: a grand leader of the leaping buffalocks and buffalings; and a rare one for disporting amongst the willows of an evening. They put another ring through his questing nose, and led him away to be Baron-Buffalo of another Reserve. He came gallantly: he stayed grandly; and, great Bacchus, how richly did he go!

Our thoughts turn to our younger heads. There we see brave motions of restiveness, wonder-lust, and air-snufflings. They launch themselves out of the herd and limberly caracole before the Leader. They rear up before him: they show off their paces: for they scent the magic of re-mustering afar off.

We ruminate also on the repute of this hefty herd, of which we ourselves are the merest rump-steak. We dwell pridefully (but, godwot, soberly) on our red rosette for the February Show, awarded for a display of energy and flying hooves. We dwell pridefully, also, on the gamesome young Rips of the Reserve who are out and about in neighboring pastures kicking up their heels in readiness for the Winnipeg Show when their gambols may well catch the judges' eyes.

A little fighting in the Brandon corral? Yes, there was a little fighting — and not bad fighting at that! And the action of our cud quickens now when we remember the friendly acclamations of the crowd, even though our young bulls were mixing it with their prize stock.

If you are so weary as are we of this dawnable metaphorical style of meditation you are presumably screaming by now. We can merely grunt. At the best we could only try an odd bellow. And that is why we are handing over this job for future issues to an innocent little friend of ours who doesn't drink from strange pools like that shocking old Blue Point, the Prairie Oyster (now with Neptune), we are not temperamentally fitted for recording the life of Prairie fauna. He was too light — and a bit on the fishy side. We are too heavy

(CONTINUED OVERLEAF)

(EDITORIAL—Continued from page 5)

— and with a tendency towards the mange. Would that the most refreshing of Naturalists, Seton Thompson, still lived locally to record the Station antics. We undertook the task because we were flattered by the Unit's Crest. We liked the look of ourselves. We looked powerful and potent.

As it is, we pass the buck to the 'gopher.' He knows his way about this mushroom growth. He knows how to rag the R.A.F. He burrows under the barrack-blocks. He has the hang of the hangars. And he never misses popping-up for the Skeet-shooting. He just loves that!

So we lie down, and await the great Liberator in the mood of Stephen Vincent Benet:

“And my youth returns like the rains of Spring,
 And my sons, like the wild-geese flying;
 And I lie and hear the meadow-lark sing
 And have much content in my dying.
 Go play with the towns you have built of blocks,
 The towns where you would have bound me!
 I sleep in my earth like a tired fox,
 And my buffalo have found me.”

— The Buffalo.

Secret Paratroopers

We are happy to be able to reveal a sensational new development in the war of nerves which the allies are waging on the atrocious foeman. When we saw the attached photograph of British paratroops in training, we immediately referred it to our specialized records staff who were able to identify it as having been taken at the R.A.F. Hendon air pageant in 1934. The so-called paratroops suspended from the parachutes were also identified as 200-lb. dummies as used for the drop-testing of parachutes.

We take pleasure in congratulating our contemporary, the Winnipeg Free Press, on the subtlety of its propaganda, which will thus benefit the allied war effort to an unappreciable extent. While the German identification charts will all have to be amended to bear silhouettes of these super Virginia (1923 vintage) devastators, and frantic teutonic eyes will be searching the skies for signs of these approaching monsters filled to capacity with fearless commandos disguised as kit bags, in other parts of the Reich speedy, modern Tiger Moth ships will zoom across, invisible at 40,000 feet, scattering complete field guns and heavy tanks disguised as propaganda leaflets.

Our reporter was fortunate enough to secure an interview with LAC

(PARATROOPERS—Continued on page 7)

MORE ABOUT PARATROOPS

Pickering of the parachute section. Pickering denied that he had taken the place of one of the dummies at any of the Hendon displays. "Not me, no fear," he said. "I was a green-grocer in those days, and nothing was further from my mind; I did fly over to Petrel once though"



Striking fear into the hearts of millions, death-defying British Para-commandos leap from their ultra-modern luxury air liners.



All washed out?

Don't you sometimes feel "all washed out?" *Those* are the times you should surely call for a Guinness. For 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. Remember, after work or exercise, before or with meals, and before going to bed — have a Guinness!

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Four valuable, *natural* ingredients are responsible for the fact — accepted everywhere in the Old Country — that Guinness is good AND good *for* you.

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Then it is mellowed for more than a year in oak vats and bottle. Never filtered, never pasteurized, Guinness retains the natural goodness of valuable yeast.

If you haven't recently enjoyed a Guinness, get a bottle on the way home tonight. Either as an appetizer or a refreshing mealtime drink you'll agree Guinness is both good and good for you!



Literally thousands of people take Guinness regularly as a prescribed tonic, digestive or sedative. Thousands more enjoy it for its racy tang . . . You can get Foreign Extra Guinness from all legal outlets. Try a Guinness tonight!

Have a GUINNESS today!

The Wind Listeth

"As a Sergeant," said the Acting Flight Sergeant, "It used to be my confirmed opinion that to qualify for a Flight Sergeant, one had to exhibit a degree of mental vacuity possessed by few. Having been a Flight Sergeant for a couple of weeks, however, the veil of ignorance has been lifted from my eyes, and I see that it was on account of my superlative qualities as a leader of men and an administrator that I have been justly appointed to a rank held by a body of men whose vision and foresight is equalled only by their personal charm and soldierly bearing. The jealousy and back-biting of the vulgar Sergeantry, however, conceal our true worth to a certain extent," he added, handing 'round his cigarettes, but we can afford—damn you, you, you don't usually smoke, Amberton — as I say, we can afford to overlook the shafts of the mentally diseased who would—why, here's Orderly Room Flight Sergeant Clayton What are you

drinking, Clayton, my boy? . . . I was just saying that we Flight Sergeants are recognized by discriminating Officers and airmen as being of a calibre."

"Thanks, I'll have a 'Select,' " broke in Flight Sergeant Clayton. "By the way, another Officer has arrived for your section, so I'm afraid you'll revert to Sergeant from tonight."

All eyes turned on the late Acting Flight Sergeant. At his leisure he applied his lighter to a cigarette.

"Hm! Demotion, eh? I assume that implies drinks all round from you chaps to me? Well, as I was saying, to qualify for a Flight Sergeant, an unvaralleted incompetence must be achieved over the simplest tasks. After a short experience myself, I was glad enough to be back among men of sterling worth and character, even though we are forced to stomach, as our immediate superiors, a collection of parasitic"

THE REX CAFE

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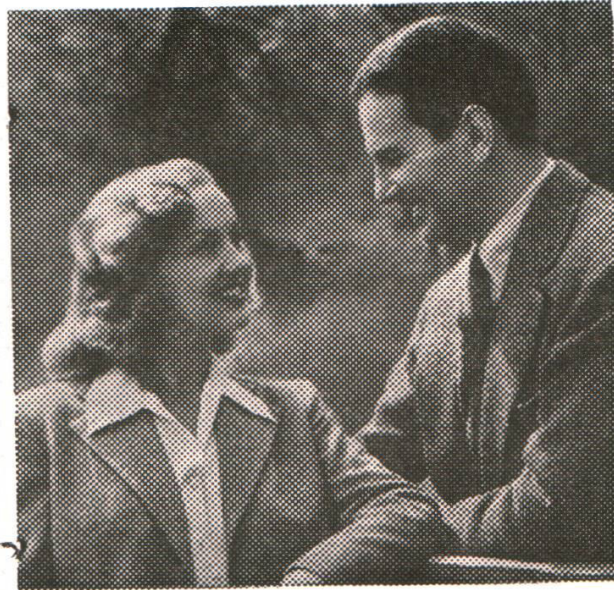
How To Become A Pilot : In Four Acts

PART 2

(Last month you had just shot down 10 Messerschmidts while flying a Tiger Moth) . . . read on:—



For this you get the night off and watch the girl-friend perform at a night club, you also find the third side of the eternal triangle (you must have some competition somewhere).



You are slipping, the girl-friend goes out with your wing commander (you of course are only a Flying Officer. Don't grouse you have only been in 6 weeks.)

DO YOU WANT TO BE A PILOT? THEN LEARN HOW FROM ONE WHO REACHED
THOSE DIZZY HEIGHTS



Touching love scene
but you lose the girl.
(Why don't you see a
dentist, etc., Colgate's
toothpaste)



Interlude:— Returning to camp
you find the man who runs the
tea swindle has disappeared, this
delays the war.

DON'T MISS THE NEXT INSTALMENT IN OUR THRILLING SERIAL

Darwin Proved Right

Carberry, Feb. 28.—It is Saturday afternoon. The brilliant sun adds an alluring sparkle to yesterday's snow. We are peacefully and contentedly carrying out our appointed tasks to the accompaniment of "The Masked Ball" leaving the Met in New York as an opera, but straining through the amplifying system into the hangars as a complete snooker.

Suddenly the whole camp is thrown into a state of utter confusion and alarm. In Stores, Blondie gets the gen that a large 16,000-lb crate has reached Carberry over the C.P.R. . . . Can it be a new billet for the WAAF's we often dream about but never see? Is it a secret weapon arriving too late for Carberrys "If Day?" . . . Or is it a Boat, Roll on the, Airmen OPTIMISTICALLY, For the use of?

At once all hands are at Action StationsM. T. sent round a serviceable truck for the first time since Charlie was posted . . . Flight Sergeant Gash actually offers a couple of his men to help unravel the mystery . . . "Fly-by-Night" O'Day adds a few of his 'Filigadushers' to the party . . . "Through-the-Ranks, Dobbs inspects four of his Security Guard in smartly-creased overalls, before allowing them to participate

In Main Stores, A.P.830 and tradition and gone with the wind. Clothin, store is raided as all hands look forward to a trip down town, but alas there is only one pair in stock . . . Hammers Claw, and Levers Wood Irn Shod Crow are thrown on to the truck . . . Tubby stubbornly refuses to return to M.T. for more crowbars

as he says Tich chewed his Tabs off registered two and a half inches over the measured mile allowed by his 658.

Stores is left deserted except for one dapper N.C.O. who sticks to his post to await the afternoon mail which should contain a letter from Winnipeg, "Bot" who is left struggling into the only pair of overalls, and "Get-some-in" Joe, who says if he goes there'll be nobody left to mash tea, and in any case if he's to remuster why should he panic. There's a slight hitch whilst Denis finds his pipe, and "One club-no horse" Escott writes out an L.P.O. to cover the job, but finally we're off . . .

Mr. Sharpe tells us at the C.P.R. that the crate is in a truck half a mile down the line The truck is sealed so he doesn't know what it contains, but it might be an Orang-Out-ang . . . Tubby slips into gear and manoeuvres into position just a fraction too late, as willing hands have already started to push the truck near civilization The seals are broken The doors stick Crowbars are brought into action and both doors open together The wind sweeps through, and clouds of dust are driven into the lungs of the open-mouthed expectant party standing on the deck with noses just above the floor of the truck . . .

We jumped aboard . . . What's this written on pencil on the crate "Vouchers have been removed by the Equipment Depot for scrutiny and to ensure correct preparation in accordance with" That's helpful . . . "Look, Blondie, it's sixteen HUND-

(Continued at foot of page 13)

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— at —

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(DARWIN PROVED RIGHT — Continued from Page 12)

RED, not sixteen THOUSAND lbs!" It's still big enough, in fact too big to accomplish the purpose suggested in reply to Tich's query.

Crowbars, rollers, muscle and good luck in swinging the object half out of the doorTubby moves up into better position Chalky suddenly decides to direct operations from the ground where it's much more safe "Don't drop it heavily on the truck. It might contain soup bowls for the airmen's mess Crowbars are used to form a slide on to the truck "Let her go It goesand so do the crowbars . . . for a burton at the same time But it's safely on the truck . .Tubby is again stubborn This time refusing to call at the CVM for coffee

and apple pie with whipped cream . . "I never eat," says Tubby . ."much."

Back at camp The S.P.'s doff their polishing skates and make a mad rush to open the frontier gateOn the way to Stores we hear a cry: "It's the Missing Link" . . We look at each other to ascertain to whom the voice refers . . ."No, not you. The crate."The voice belongs to Link Officer O'Day as he continues to sob . . ." But it's too late now. It won't go through the door of my new palace. What shall I do with it?" Never let it be recorded that a Carberry airman would be so disrespectful as to reply what passed quickly through a dozen heads.

PADRE'S CHAT

If a "Padre's Chat" needed a text I might be tempted to use these words, — "Some Pebble." I will tell you why.

Just a few days ago I received a letter from a friend in this country whose heart is still in England. It contained this sentence, — "I am very glad to have lived during England's greatness." It smacked a little of 'the good old days' flavour. As though the 'greatness' was a thing of the past. Maybe I am rather unjust in my interpretation but it does seem to me the bias of the mind tends, too often, towards unnecessary depression.

Depression is, as we all know from our own individual experiences, a bad thing. It blurs the vision. It hides God.

It may appear, to the un-informed, that our efforts and weapons (in quantity) are as pebbles when compared with those of our physical and spiritual foe. The little Red Spot on the map may seem very minute when compared with the other colours.

I imagine that David looked much the same when he went out to meet Goliath. In fact, we are told that they "disdained him."

But, you must agree, it was some pebble!

And just as David dedicated that little pebble to the service of God, insignificant though it appeared to the foe, let us each dedicate our own little jobs on the Station and be confident that England's greatness will never be diminished.

Sincerely yours,
C. Clarke.

A Glimpse Into The Future

History of the Station

With the departure of hidebound Tory Premier, Thompson, the Radicals swept away many of the former administration's Georgian institutions. The High Priest's temple and throne were overturned, and an innovation, comparable to the unveiling of Turkish women 50 years previously, was the revelation to an appreciative public of the Ladies of the Typing Chamber. The young Whig, Hos-

good, was chiefly responsible for this, and with minister for internal affairs, Scott, erected various gadgets and charts to show at a glance who was who, and what was what. The Great Ones appear to have continued their rule more or less undisturbed by these changes. During this otherwise enlightened age, however, free love was frowned upon, and airmen's betrothed were forbidden, under pain of chastisement, to venture within four thousand miles of the station.

Improved Incubation

For Birdmen

SENSATIONAL TRAINING NEWS

Reliable information has it that Carberry's new chief instructor, Wing Commander Piercy, having witnessed such films as "Dive Bomber," "Flight Command," and "Captains of the Clouds," it to establish revolutionary regulations for the conduct of flying at the station. "These fine young fliers of the American air force, like Cagney, Power, Milland and Taylor, have opened my eyes," said the Wing Commander at an interview. "It is now clear to me why the British are shot down like flies and never hit anything, whereas the American aces devastate Germany and never lose a 'plane. We are going to change to the routine that any film-goer knows is the only way to success."

Many of the Wing Commander's projects must remain secret, but we are proud to give an indication of some of the innovations he proposes. Large numbers of beautiful girls will become part of the permanent staff, their duties being to sit on the main planes of those aircraft parked on the tarmac. A new flight will be established whose job it will be to fly Harvards in formation across the

aerodrome from dusk to dawn at a height not exceeding 100 ft. Taxiing will be severely penalized, the normal method of taking off being to start inside a hangar, and to push the throttles wide open. To inculcate a healthy spirit of rivalry, a pupil will be expected to cultivate the friendship of his instructor's girl friend or wife, and he will be considered gravely lacking in initiative if he does not assault his flight commander at frequent intervals.

The Wing Commander pointed out several lessons he has learnt which would be of value to other units. To provide a stimulating spectacle, the pilots of Hudsons about to cross the Atlantic should take off in the dark in close formation. If they encounter an armed enemy 'plane, they should on no account take to the clouds, but one of their number will be selected to ram the machine head-on. Boredom may be averted in this way.

Like the Wing Commander, we are convinced that the improved flying formula will make men of the indolent British, who are becoming hide-bound by tradition.

Girls to Aid Airmen

After seeing the new American film, "Navy Blues," we are happy to be able to inform members of the R.A.F. that a suggestion has been put up to higher authority embodying many advantages over the American scheme. When the annual competition between hangars for fitting the most aeroplanes into a hangar is due, (the prize being the Gold Crankcase, presented by the Old Carburian Royal & Ancient Society of Aeronautical Engineers) If there is an fitter who is so lovesick that he cannot fit properly, he has only to apply to the Commanding Officer, through the usual channels, and the C.I. will be dispatched to bring the fitter's girl-friend by air; they will fly around the aerodrome while the lady will call messages of affection to the fitter who will immediately fit so fast that his aeroplane will leap into the air and break the world's absolute speed record.

If there is sufficient demand, a special day will be set aside each month, to be known as "Encouragement Day." On this day, all the serviceable aeroplanes on the station will be dispatched to bring back fitters' girl friends, in formation. The girls will parachute to land, in parachutes especially drop-tested by the new test dropper, jovial 200-lb LAC Pickering of the unit parachute section, to alight in formation on Number 2 hangar, where they will don grass hula skirts, which may be hired by airmen from the Station Warrant Officer, on signing the requisite loan forms.

To encourage local industry, the hula skirts will be made locally from Manitoba Pampas grass, and the fire party will be present in case of accidents. In case of a hot sun, all magnifying glasses must be handed in to the station armoury as an additional precaution.

The Station Band will be present to lead the assembly in singing the servicing squadron song, "Keep 'em Flying."

The Officer commanding servicing squadron was asked if he had any comments to make on the new scheme. "Seems reasonable," he replied. The Senior Administrative Officer stated "Well of course, as I see it, its' like this"

Encouragement Day Heroine



Here is Ann Sheridan, the heroine of "Navy Blues," and the idea behind our own proposed Encouragement Day.

Our reporter interviewed LAC. Walker of No. 3 hangar group. Asked how he would like Miss Sheridan to fly around the hangar making cooing noises at him, he said: "I'd like it quite a lot." We gathered that this was something of an understatement, but that he was afraid that his flight sergeant might get there first.

Constructor Wells Vanishes

The impression that the red brick structure behind the Recreation Hall is an ancient ruin has been gained by so many people, that we hasten to inform our readers that this is not the case. The edifice represents a tale of courage and devotion in the face of odds seldom paralleled in Air Force annals.

Those capable of throwing their minds back through time will recollect the day when a new course of pupils, now mostly deceased through old age, slashed their way into the sun-baked earth to provide foundations for a projected squash court. Determined not to take the easy way, Officer Wells, the inspiration of the venture, commenced building just as the thermometer plunged down to register 60

or 70 degrees of frost, and slowly the brickwork rose above the ground, a few inches a month. The first setback came when it was observed that, through settlement or error of judgment, one side of a doorway was six inches higher than the other; then one wall fell over, for the frost had converted the mortar into powder. Undaunted, Officer Wells and his men struggled blindly with their formidable task until two shattering blows fell. The chief brick-layer sprained his wrist, and Officer Wells disappeared.

And so, drooping like a jilted lover, the edifice patiently awaits the day of fulfilment. Unfortunately, many who do not play squash prefer it as it is "A few ruins make us feel more at home," they say.

LINE of the Month for March

- PLACE — The Officers' Mess.
- WITNESSES — W/Cdr. Dickens and S/Ldr. Burnell.
- CIRCUMSTANCES — The Chief Instructor was asked if he would like a game of darts.

"Thanks very much," he said, "I'll just go and fetch my own darts."

When he came back he started off and with the careless ease of an expert scored 101 straight off.

"Dear me," he said, "I forgot to leave myself a double to finish in."

This was the only line that was reported to us during the whole month. We refuse to believe that our senior officers are the only ones to shoot lines on this station. Come along, chaps, surely you can do better than that. And don't forget to let us know about it.

WE CARRY A
COMPLETE STOCK
OF FINE QUALITY

Airforce SHIRTS

★ SHORTS

★ SHOES

★ SOCKS

★ TIES



At TONY'S

What a Life!



Johnny has a
Host of friends—
Though he perspires,
He never offends.

Bath tonight with LIFEBOUY

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

WHO STOLE MY DRUM ?

"Unload the drum!" said Jimmy Adkins, the Rip Chords hardworking stage manager, nearly exhausted after a bumpy truck ride back from the R.C.A.F. station at Macdonald, together with all his invaluable 'props.' Obediently Storebasher Chalkey White sprang into action.

"But there's no drum here," he ejaculated, and then looking again, this time over the top of his glasses he repeated himself: "there's no drum here."

With a "don't-be-so-daft" look in his eyes, Stage Manager Adkins viewed the contents of the truck. He saw his "Coffee Stall" — he saw his "hedges" — his "beanstalk" — his "dummy" — and even his own masterpiece

portraying the White Cliffs of Dover, was still just where it has been carefully stowed. Wildly, as a tiger at bay, he ran 'round and 'round the truck in search of the drum before he came to the conclusion that it must necessarily posted as "missing."

Just twenty minutes later a much overloaded taxi limps into port with four Rip Chords tenderly nursing the lost drum. Producer John Sexton duly reports the drum "Previously reported missing, now reported safe." The condition in which the drum was returned, for reasons of Rip Chords security, was not revealed.

The Rip Chords, besides their performance at Macdonald, have recently performed at No. 2 Manning Depot.

OFFICERS' NEWS

P/O Pugh went to Vancouver with F/O Young and came back a changed man.

The Padre gave a weather forecast at lunch, Thursday.

Senior Accountant Officer played ping pong with Mrs. Cox before she went East.

F/Lt. Suntan Stanley had toothache and took his skis on leave.

F/Lt. Woodie was unable to attend the dance. He retired to bed instead.

P/O Talespin Farralli visited the scene of his former triumph in Minneapolis.

Wing Commander Cox took off for Winnipeg and Picton, escorted on the first leg by F/O Ruck, blind in one eye.

F/O Kettle Bath managed at last to get a hearing on the air, this time in aid of the Milk for Britain fund.

Adjutant Dawson again entertained F/Lt. Anderson and friend in the Nelson hotel.

F/Lt. Ricketts looked in one evening to see if there was any mail.

Bar Officer Grey was thrilled by the ballet and visited the ballerinas afterwards.

Blond Bomber Ehnisz continued his visits to the O.C. Artillery training centre in Brandon.

Flight Lieutenant Tubby Robertson looked much happier after the happy event, as did Wing Commander Dickens at a later date.

P/O Van Atta went to the states on leave to avoid the petrol rationing.

The assistant adjutant wore grey flannel trousers.

Huddler Bunker continued his serial contribution to the suggestions book.

SERGEANTS' MESS

Winter Sports Champ, Bunny Ayers, took Mrs. Ayers skating.

Psychologist Parsons cancelled his planned research tour at Weyburn.

Among the younger set to join the exponents of Spine Drill Culture is blue-eyed, blond, Storecrafthand Turner.

Rythm-minded Jennings has played only regal music since his crowning. It is claimed that one morning after breakfast he strummed the Wedding March in a forlorn, minor key.

Chalky (Inventor) White beat W. & B. Engineer Rowe to a small piece of glass, found in Winnipeg.

The American Mercury recognized the genius of Journalistic Father O'Finnamore.

Guardsman and Mrs. Dobbs were 'At Home' on Sunday.

Electrical Commisar Sporne finished work one evening in time to visit the Carberry theatre.

The recent arrival of a Dental Corps Sergeant caused much apprehension. The Dental Officer is thought to be planning a Spring Offensive.

Interior Decorator Dixon entertained Marsh Phimister's Young Ladies one Sunday evening. There is thought to be quite a fortune in doughnuts.

Forceful J. Lawrence Scott, (quondam Sergeant, R. A. F.) becomes Forms and Publication Chief, according to a March D.R.O. Mr. Scott will shortly take a course in Stationery Engineering.

Drill Hall Decor

CARBERRY, March 25.—It was learned today that compulsory P. T. (or how to get pneumonia in a day) will shortly take on a more roseate hue.

Rather should we say that the Drill Hall will change colour. This secret has been carefully kept by the mysterious P.S.I. And although at various times men in loud-coloured overcoats with felt hats pulled well down over their eyes, have crept stealthily about the Drill shed with measuring tapes, no suspicions were aroused.

But now we learn that a scheme has been worked out by which the gaunt building, with its unfinished timbers and concrete floor, can be turned into a scene from Arabian nights in less time than it takes to get a knife and fork in the cookhouse.

Messrs. *Eaton, we understand, are responsible for this miracle and we wait with interest the first erection of the banners which although numerous are not, we understand, to be the flags of the united nations.

This first erection will take place shortly before the next all-station dance, sometime during the coming month. These dances are, we believe, to be a regular part of the station's social program.

*We expect that Messrs. Eaton will respond by taking space in our next issue.

Second Station Dance

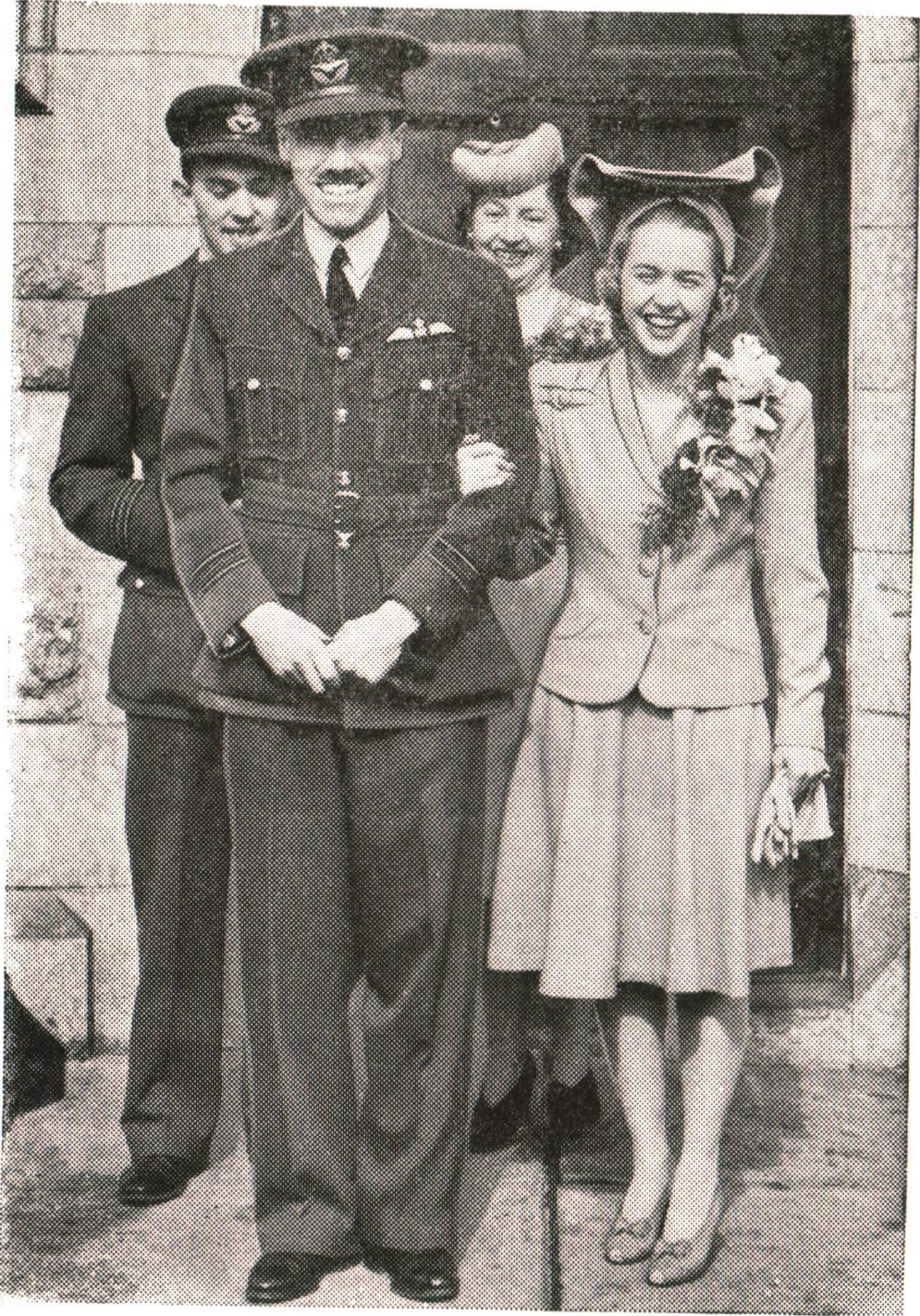
If you haven't got your tickets for the Second Super Station Shin-dig, I'd advise you to buy immediately. The dance is on Saturday, the 4th of April, and the sale of tickets will stop a few days before that date.

It certainly promises to be a Gala evening for everybody; the hep-cats, the jitter-bugs, the ordinary dancers, and even that multitude of airmen who cannot truly call themselves any of these. It seems that this affair will even outshine the still well-remembered Hallowe'en dance of last November.

The P.S.I. have recently opened their purse again to provide some really smart decorations, and so when the great day arrives, that bleak Drill Hall will be splendidly arrayed in its new attire. The Boxing Ring will once more become the band-stand, and the music will again be made by the Station Dance Band.

Instead of having the bars in the hall, the Pupils' Mess is being transformed into a Wet Canteen for the evening, which will be very convenient, being directly opposite the hall.

As before, special buses have been chartered to fetch those Winnipeg and Brandon lovelies to the Ball, and a special contingent of our regular partners have been invited from Carberry.



The marriage took place in Winnipeg of Squadron Leader G. V. Smither, O.C. 'A' Squadron, and Miss Gladys Forrester who is well known to all of us for the many delightful concerts on the camp in which she has performed. She may also be remembered as heroine of RAF RAG No. 2.

Great Safety Invention

Our reporter has many times been intrigued by the fact that most Canadian money safes are on wheels. He in his simple way was unable to understand this. Since his earliest childhood that the idea of a safe was to keep things safe and prevent its removal by unauthorized persons.

In fact, upon his arrival in Canada and his first contact with a safe, he endeavoured to obtain his discharge from the Air Force so that he could take up safe removing as a very lucrative profession. Apparently it had not occurred to the authorities that it would be comparatively simple to roll a safe with wheels attached on to a truck and so take it to a place where it could be dismantled at leisure or perhaps the aforesaid authorities

have a great faith in the honesty of mankind.

This matter was soon rectified by Pay Officer Grey whose precise and careful mind was horrified by the sight of a massive safe with a complicated combination yet on wheels.

After a quick reviver from his Bar Stock, he summoned workshops and the wheels were removed and the safe lay solidly on the floor. Pay Officer Grey breathed a sigh of relief and turned his mind to the task of adjusting the bar stock to account for the drink the emergency had necessitated.

All was now quiet and once again the camp could rest, secure in the knowledge that its pay would not be towed away behind the next truck to enter camp.

They Get the Bird

Out behind the G.I.S. block appeared two outhouses which bore a remarkable resemblance to outdoor toilets. This rather worried the staff of Mag.

For when they looked out of their window they had a good view of these two outrages. However after a few days, while your reporter was racking his brains for an inspiration to help fill this issue, the sound of rifle fire was heard. News at last! Perhaps a murder or at least a dog shot. But no. Almost immediately the pitter pat of hailstones was heard on the walls of No. 1 hangar. This

was even more startling for the sun was shining brightly at the time.

Looking out of the window your reporter beheld a row of airmen firing into the air, apparently at nothing, then he saw little clay moulds flying out of the opening in the aforementioned huts.

Clay-pigeon shooting of course. After watching for some little while your reporter ventured outside and walked down the road by No. 1 hangar, suddenly there was a shot and your reporter felt many pellets hit the back of his neck. So you see that even reporting for Mag is not without its dangers.

The Lost Ripchord

Seated one day at the trombone — I was lonely and ill at ease
 This was my first endeavor — A musical qualm to please
 I knew not what I was playing — This was my first offence
 And should it mean Court Martial — This must be my one defence

It caused a general panic — Like the sound of a bursting dam
 It caused the station Padre — to murmer a hurried Psalm
 Out turned the Orderly Sergeant — to take a sick report
 Of the Airmen presumed dying — at the Carberry Airport.

The sound increased in volume — as I tried to change the note
 While the hangars they did tremble — as I tried to clear my throat
 The planes took off less pilots — cross country was their flight
 And people swore at 'Frisco — they passed them late that night.

The C.O. called the guard room — to turn out Sergeant James
 To track down the offender — so guilty of such games
 The Adj. he rung for transport — lest they should take off too
 But though he got the switch-board — was unable to get through

The transport line was busy — through to Hangar number two
 For Wing Commander Dickens — he had struck this notion too
 And Squadron Leader Warlow — looking out was heard to cry
 This cannot be permitted — charge it to the P.S.I.

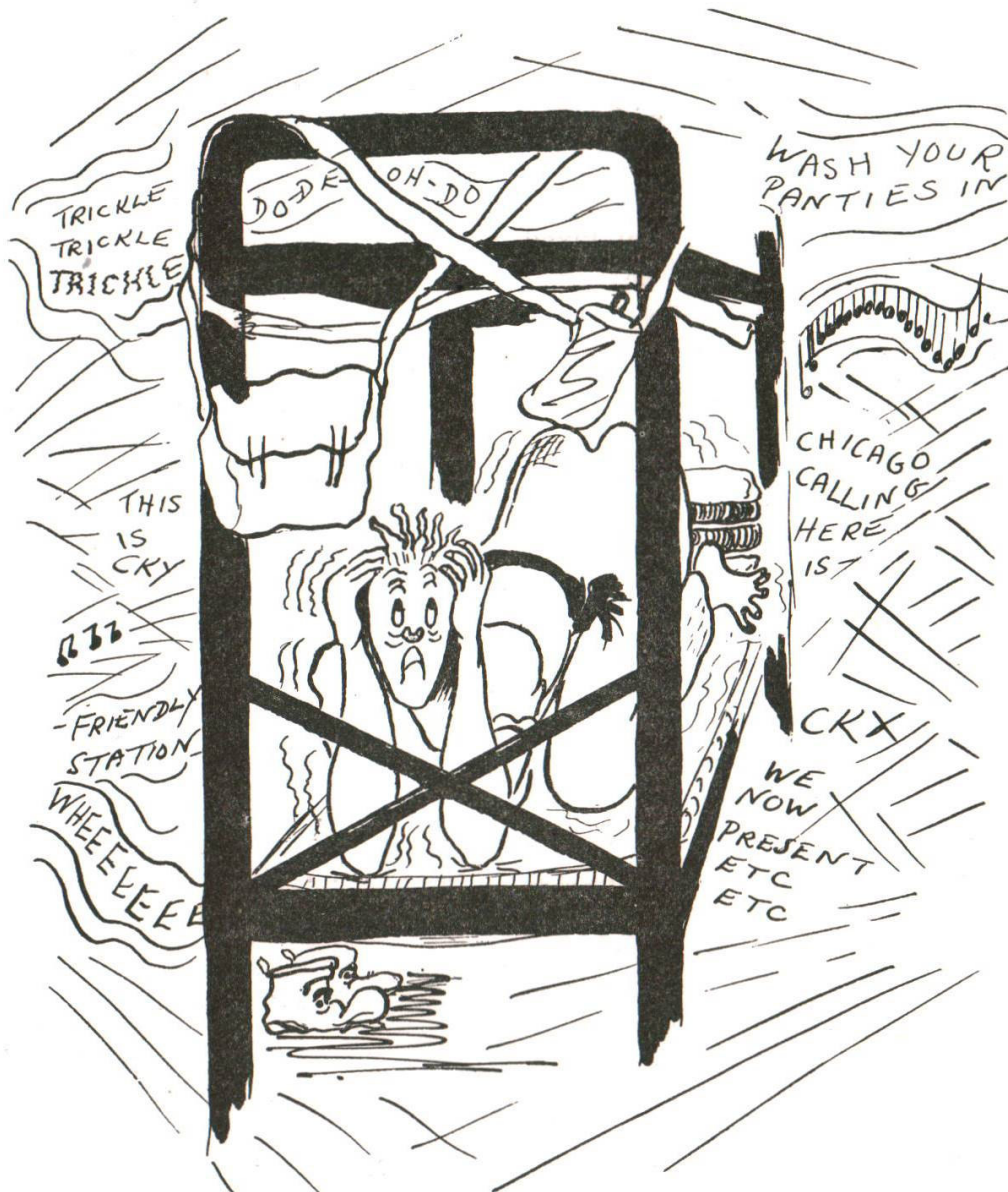
The W.O. was shouting — this is getting just too thick
 As Squadron Leader Gossip — he himself reported sick
 An ex G.G. through habit — went looking for his post
 While people in the village — did declare it was a ghost.

The Signals line was busy — sending cables by the score
 While Security Guard was pacing — between each gate and door
 The Works Department Officer — shed tears of deep regret
 At this destruction of the Airport — his greatest effort yet.

The thing no longer functioned — as I stood there in dismay
 At the scene which lay around me — That day down Carberry way
 I stood amid that chaos — in somewhat of a trance
 As my memory recalled its equal — a scene somewhere in France.

But oh that day it happened — One scene did cheer my thought
 Some airmen back of week-end — who did gaze upon this lot
 Their faces wreathed in smiles — and all began to gloat
 As they said one to the other — "Roll on that Boat."

LIFE IN THE BILLETTS



Against the storm
or
Radio Rodeo

EAT DRINK SMOKE and You're a PATRIOT

I have just been reading an article which would find favour with most airmen. "Drink," it says, "and be patriotic." Smoke, too. In fact buy any commodity that is heavily taxed, for by doing so you will be giving sorely-needed money to the government. To give up drinking or smoking because of the expense is thoroughly unpatriotic in these days. On the other hand to continue or increase drinking and smoking can hardly be termed self-indulgence, since one is voluntarily paying an enormous tax to the government at the same time. "Lend to Defend," says the State. "I do not lend," says the drinker, "I give." He is in a very strong position. The article points out that temperance advocates deplore the money spent on whisky, but quote figures which include the enormous taxation. Most of the money spent on whisky is no more spent on whisky than the income tax is spent on whisky. It is spent on education, and a vast number of other national services. Is the tobacco-tax dodger, or the whisky tax dodger superior, from a strictly moral point of view, to the income-tax dodger?

Of course temperance advocates are very rightly abhorred by all who are not temperance advocates. For one thing they do not advocate temperance at all, but complete abstinence. For another, they have developed to

a high degree the offensive and hypocritical habit of trying to stuff their own tastes down other people's maws. A liquor advertisement will send them into paroxysms of rage, whereas they view murder, larceny and rape with a tolerant boys-will-be-boys attitude. Most level-headed people will agree, I think, that prohibition seriously undermines morale, and its advocates in these days come perilously close to sabotage, for what public-spirited man could advocate giving up drinking and smoking when the enormous revenue form it is so urgently required?

GO TO . . .

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Tasty Snacks

with that "home-cooked"
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The prices are reasonable

We appreciate your
business.

CRICH'S BAKERY

CARBERRY - MAN.

Parcels wrapped for over-
seas mailing.



KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE BALL

Ice Hospitality at Birtle

Ice hockey was at its height when the station's second team visited Birtle, Man., on Saturday, February 28, 1942. The players were introduced to the respective people had them for guests for the week-end, and after rather over-eating themselves, proceeded to the ice rink to the play the so-well advertised game.

In the first period Hough made a hard shot at the Birtle goal which narrowly missed and two more very hard shots were followed up. Carberry were holding their own extremely well to a fast-moving and young side. Cook displayed some wonderful acrobatics in the net.

In the second period Carberry tried hard to score but Birtle's goalie was in form as well so the game went from end to end in a very fast and furious play. Birtle scored first in a mix-up in front of Carberry's goal. Within two minutes Bainborough equalized for Carberry in breakaway. Birtle scored again, but the goal was disallowed which rather relieved the Carberry team as the pressure was beginning to tell on the English boys.

Just before the end of the second period, Birtle scored, making a break-away leaving one defence player to beat. The bell rang to end the second period, score being 2-1 for Birtle.

Right from the start of the third period Carberry pressed and had a lot of unlucky shots which were either saved brilliantly or just missed the net. Half way through the third period Birtle scored two very quick goals making the game very much in their favor. Carberry still had little luck and just before the final bell rang, Birtle made the game certain by scoring another goal. The final bell rang with the score 5-1 for Birtle.

There were several accidental injuries: Hair having two teeth knocked out, Bainborough receiving a black eye, Hough hurting his arm and Cook getting hit twice in the eyes.

After a pleasant day on Sunday, consisting of tobogganing and sleigh riding the team returned, but not down hearted.

Team: Cook, Till, Bayleg, Lethaby, Green, Pelletier, Hough, Hair, Allen, McCammon, Bainborough.

Table-Tennis Championships

With twelve teams of five players each entered into a race for the Station Table Tennis Championships, there are a lot of celluloid balls flying around the station these days. It looks like a wide-open race so far with Hut 31 showing possibly the best balanced team to date. They have five strong players in: Gale, Smollen, Hood, Horrocks and Jenkins.

One round has been played to date and these are the results:

- (1) Course 48 (1) won against Hut 20A.
- (2) Officers won against Course 48 (2).
- (3) Corporals won against But 13B.
- (4) Course 34 won against Senior N.C.O.'s.
- (5) Hut 31 won against Hut 32.
- (6) Hut 14 won against Hut 11 (scratched.)

Play will continue until each team has played every other team.

'All-Stars' See Stars

F/O Lewis has returned from the hockey wars, a little battle-scarred, truth to tell, but a worthy representative of No. 33 S.F.T.S. on the Brandon Services All-Star Hockey Team.

This "All-Star" hockey team was selected from the five teams making up the Brandon District Services League, and was entered in the C.A. H.A. (Canadian Amateur Hockey Association — to you) Intermediate playdowns. F/O Lewis and Sergeant Ages were the two representatives selected from No. 33 S.F.T.S. to represent us on this team, but unfortunately Sgt. Ages was away on leave during all but the last two games, and F/O Lewis was our only representative.

After eliminating Dauphin, Portage la Prairie, and Winnipeg "Smitty's" in two game total goals to count series, the Brandon Services "All-Star" hockey team was declared Manitoba Intermediate Hockey Champions. We had many trying moments during these respective series, because it always seemed that the first game of each series was lost quite decisively, but our hopes and enthusiasm were always revived when by rather miraculous effort they overcome their handicap, and came out on top in the second game.

Having won the Manitoba Intermediate crown, the team took on Port Aruthr in Ontario, but lost 6-1 and 4-2.



**DON'T FORGET
The HOMEFOLKS
On PAY-DAY . . .**

- We Pack and Mail suitable Groceries for overseas.
- We now have in stock a good selection of ladies' Full Fashioned Hosiery.
- Airforce Shirts, Ties and socks.

B. W. CALDWELL
CARBERRY

He Gave The Air Force Its Motto

Here is the story of how Lieutenant Colonel J. S. Yule now of the War Cabinet Secretariat, thought of "Per ardua ad astra," the motto of the Royal Air Force and the most famous motto in the British Empire.

The motto was adopted for the old Royal Flying Corps in 1912.

Now, again, it inspires tens of thousands of flying men and hundreds of thousands of ground personnel.

It has been criticized as being bad Latin, though its authorship has been claimed on behalf of schoolmasters and others.

Exact translation is difficult, but it indicates "difficult and lonely climb over steep places, to the starry heights."

"BILL" CODY

This is Colonel Yule's own account, which recalls the great pioneer days when Colonel William S. Cody, one-time cowboy and pony-express rider, was building and flying strange machines on Laffan's Plain, near Aldershot, before the start of the 1914 war:

"Wing Commander J. E. Fletcher

and I were walking after tea one summer's evening down to Cody's shed on Laffan's Plain when he told me that Colonel Sykes (now Major-General Sir Frederick Sykes) had asked for suggestions for a motto for the R.F.C.

"We were then both Royal Engineer subalterns, he in the Air Battalion and I in Signals.

"He had been flying airships, but to join the Royal Flying Corps he had to qualify as an aeroplane pilot and was going for an instructional flight. I believe he was the only officer who took his 'ticket' with Cody.

REJECTED

"My first suggestion was the Vergilian 'Sic itur ad astra'; but we rejected this as the meaning was too narrow and the construction unusual.

" 'Per ardua ad astra' then came into my mind. Wing commander Fletcher put this forward to Sir Frederick Sykes, who chose it and obtained the King's approval for its adoption as the motto of the Royal Flying Corps."

2nd WEDDING ON CAMP

The station chapel saw its second wedding on March 18 when Padre Boone married LAC. Charles Forrest to Miss Helen Topolenski of Sidney. Miss Grace Hunter of Sidney was bridesmaid, and LAC. Lofty Pateman took time off from ripping chords to be best man. A reception was held afterwards at the home of the bride's parents, and then Mr. and Mrs. Forrest went honeymooning in Winnipeg for as long as the exigencies of the service allowed; we gather this was not very long.

On behalf of the whole station we wish Mr. and Mrs. Forrest every happiness in the future.

Essay on a Cow

Boy Evacuated From Slums of London Gives His Impressions

A cow has "six sides" and is "arranged for milking," according to an essay written by a 10-year-old boy from the east-end slums of London and released by Ernest Brown, minister of health.

The boy had been evacuated from the city to the country where his amazed eyes beheld a cow for the first time.

"The cow is a mammal," he wrote. "It has six sides, right and left, and upper and lower. At the back it has a tail on which hangs a brush. With this he sends flies away so they don't fall into the milk. The head is for the purpose of growing horns and so his mouth can be somewhere. The horns are to butt with and the mouth to moo with. Under the cow hangs milk. It is arranged for milking.

"When people milk, milk comes and there never is an end to the supply.

How the cow does it I have not yet realized but it makes more and more. The cow has a fine sense of smell and one can smell it far away. This is the reason for the fresh air in the country.

"A man cow is called an ox. The cow does not eat much but what it eats, it eats twice so that it gets enough. When it is hungry, it moos and when it says nothing at all it is because its insides are full up with grass."

It has since been revealed that the minister of health was hoaxed by this story. It was not written by an evacuee, but originally by a ten-year-old German boy, and is a translation of it. The tip-off in the essay was the sentence "How the cow does it I have not yet realized but it makes more and more." No East-end London boy would speak that way . . . he would **probably** say, "You can't make me believe a bloody cow just keeps on making milk and more milk."

DIVINE MADNESS

Cox & Box

"Thank heaven most of you fellows are half-mad. Otherwise I think I should go daft." So said a Squadron Leader, once upon a time, as he looked out of the window at a young blizzard.

We do not wish to draw too close a parallel, because we are grateful for the gentle touch of insanity that led the Sports Officer to drift with a flurry of snow into the Drill Shed and suggest some mild lunacy to his henchmen. Their response was just as natural and well-disposed: and the result has been some heart-warming indoor cricket-practice, that has stolen a March from Winter on the Prairie.

Cave Concert

On Sunday, March 15, we were entertained by a concert party from the Cave in Winnipeg, organized and brought down to Carberry by Marsh Phimister and Miss Terry M. Burt.

Marsh Phimister and his band, some of whom had played in London, formed the mainstay of the programme, and they played very well; as this was their second visit to Carberry, they must by now be used to having their show interrupted and prolonged by enthusiastic airmen shouting for more.

In addition, there was some delightful and much appreciated dancing, singing and accordion playing, and some very swift roller skating. The

one airman who could be persuaded to allow the roller skaters swing him around in the confined space, admitted to the audience that it was worse than flying with . . . well, perhaps we'd better not say.

James Milton from Chicago, a singer with a powerful and really fine voice, was the success of the evening, and he was cheered more than any of the others. We were interested to hear afterwards that this was his first visit to Canada and only his second performance here, and that he expects soon to be in the American army.

We cannot thank Miss Burt enough for all her trouble in giving us such a wonderful evening's entertainment.

BASKETBALL CHAMPS

"Course 34" are station basketball champions! ! !

A two-out-of-three game series during the week of March 8-14, brought honors to a team that deserved every bit of the honor coming to them; they practiced hard, never defaulted a game, and showed a spirit and enthusiasm worthy of champions.

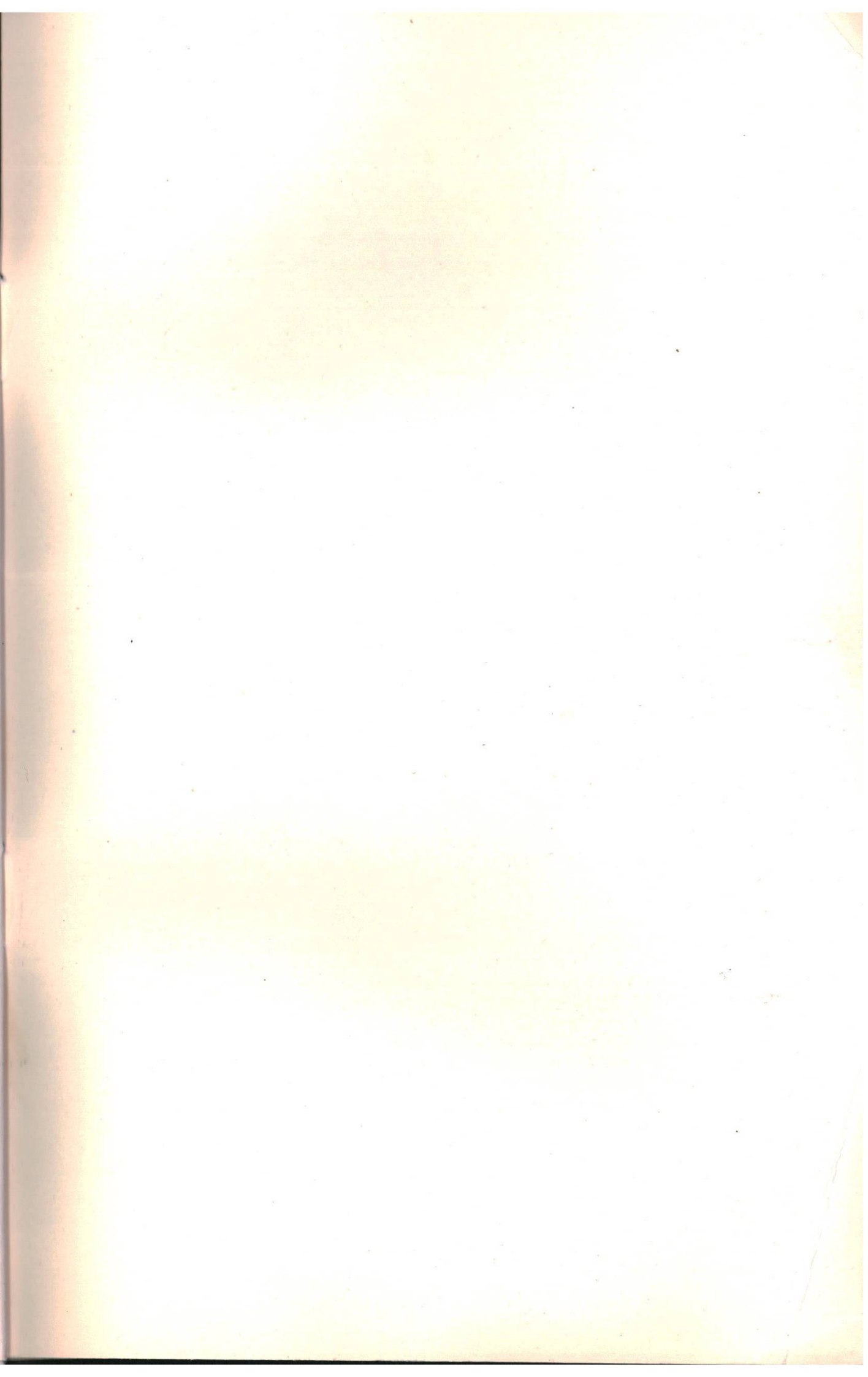
The first game was won quite handily by the officers to the tune of 22-11. The Canadian players on the officers' team: S/Ldr. Burnell, P/O Van Atta, P/O Buckley, F/O Dibnah and P/O Ehnisz had a little too much experience and shooting ability for the English airmen, and as a result the latter team became somewhat disorganized and took a handy trimming.

The second game was another story. It was a very close game—the score ending up at 20-16. "Course 34" re-

fused to become disorganized and clung to their checks like leeches. Their physical condition told in the long run. The officers were leading up until half-time, but they faded in the second half, and the students were able to sink enough baskets to tip the scales in favor of victory. It was a close, rough game, and the students deserved their victory after their rather one-sided loss in the first game.

Unfortunately the Officers saw fit to scratch the final game, and there was no alternative but to award the station championship to "Course 34." It is not to their discredit that they should have won out in this fashion, however, as they were worthy champions all the way.

The members of the winning team "Course 34" were: Stone, Pennington, Stewart-Jones, Reynolds, Millen, Clarke, White Martin and Bostock.



PRINTING

A decorative graphic consisting of a horizontal line that branches into three vertical lines of varying lengths, extending downwards from the horizontal line.

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