



No. 4

APRIL, 1942

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WHOLE. GROCERS



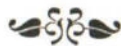
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# SANIPACT

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BOTH CANTEENS

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From YOUR Section . . .**



This Issue was written by three people — After all  
it is YOUR Magazine

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**GRAPEFRUIT CRUSH**

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**FOR ALL OCCASIONS**

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—REMEMBER—

**MOTHER'S DAY — MAY 10**

**R. J. HOOD**

Issuer of Marriage Licences

*JOURNAL*

*of the*

*Royal Air Force, Carberry*

*by kind permission of*

*Group Captain C. H. Brill*

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## EDITORIAL :-

(Owing to an unfortunate lapse the writer of the Editorial sent his journalistic effort to Essex and a letter to his aunt to us. As he refuses point-blank to write another editorial, we can only publish the letter.)

Dearest Auntie Angela :

You will be proud to know that they have made me the Editor of this important magazine, and have told me to call myself The Gopher. They say it suits me as I have a knack of popping up in unexpected places. You have never seen a gopher during your sheltered life in Sussex — so I will describe it for you, dear auntie.

A gopher is a sort of a double-crossing between a rat, a ferret, and a squirrel who must, once upon a time, have lived in and around the log-cabin of a dipsomaniac and come under the influence. There must have been twins: and there has clearly been a lot of inbreeding ever since, because gophers of today are shy and silly, and yet most frightfully obstinate.. They are so convinced that by sitting quite still and staring you out they can mesmerise you into believing that they are not really there and you are seeing things again that they suffer heavy casualties from slow-moving cranes, and snogos, and fire-engines, and such like. This does not matter too much, because the survivors attend to that end of the matter, Auntie dear heart, if you see what I mean, shelter or no shelter. And, indeed, their crass folly does come off sometimes — as, for instance, when the .22 boys, flown with insolence and wine, take bloody-minded aim and fire right between one of them.

Their chief ambition is to be regarded as having the status of rabbits. But here again is ignorance: for not one of our seventy-three pet mad dogs will eat them — nor, for that matter will we! And, in the second place, they don't make romantic-looking burrows along a hedge, tidy-like — partly because, to be fair, Auntie dear, there aren't any blamed hedges, which cramps their style from the outset, if only they knew it. Instead, they make emergency entrances all down the fairway over-nite (I have been here sixteen months, Auntie, so don't send me a cable about that—it is too late!) and devote the next morning to the penalty area. This will be serious for us this year because we shall have to curb our bit (Yes! I ride now, though the horse does not fully realize it) about Cricket and Football fixtures only a hundred odd miles or so away where they don't seem to have to have gophers.

That scarf was a couple of feet too short, by the way, Dear Auntie. But it helps. And you will be glad to hear (ref. my last of the 3rd ult.)—I am promoted now to be Clerk in one of the Flights!!) that that Officer I wasn't at all sure about has come up to scratch and bought a lot of valuable bladders. Football ones. And I ought to be in the Barrack-block team, at least, if only I can remember to read Daily Routine Orders and be where I want to be when it suits my interests gawd'elp me dearest.

(Continued on Page 6)

## (AUNT ANGELA'S LETTER)—Continued from page 5

Continuing about gophers. They do know one or two useful things, Auntie. For example, they know just what to do with this here Prairie. They sit up in the usual prayerful way on some day in September, and then suddenly look at the sky and beat it like alliteration below ground level where they just can't see what happens. I did much the same thing about the same time, as I hold you Auntykins, when I went Special Sick — mainly, I think, by instinct — and did very well, all things considered: but I was back on duty for this year's blizzard. So, in a sense, I'm no gopher! There's nothing to rumble a gopher, except perhaps an earthquake. And they say they don't have earthquakes on the Prairie. It seems to be the one thrill that got left out of the bag. I say 'seems,' Auntie darling, because I've got so that I don't quite believe anything much, darling Auntie. There is always liable to be some hitch. Even that boat will probably get mixed up in its prepositions and roll over instead of on. The summer scarf you are knitting according to your last two letters received yesterday (you were only thinking about it in the Air Mail one, but the other showed you were seven inches to the good) should be about three feet less generous, if I may suggest so, dear. We all have knees in summer, war being war. And it does look so damsilly, Auntie, if from under the shorts sportingly designed to give mosquitoes a place in the sun as it were, there comes a fringe or dado or whatnot just above the bare knees. That bit is specially serious, Aunt Angela. We all want to 'let blood' as Shakespeare phrased it, but our English Bill would have been the first to realize that we can be a bit sensitive about being a spot cissy about the knees. You always understand things so, Angela — I'm sorry, Auntie! That was a touch of Russia coming out. I wonder what you think.

Returning to gophers, it would appear that the first one of the season popped up last week. It was on the morning after the previous night when we lost the Officer who brought us over here, took one long hard look at what he saw, and then laid our foundations on rock by dint of some miraculous power of wanting to look around later and be able to say that it was good — as indeed it is. Well, a very high Officer, on this morning, took a low Officer for a constitutional and a look at the runways: and, as they were strolling along, some claustrophobic or insomnic or somnabulic gopher soiled-out to have a look around. The very high Officer never misses anything however unobtrusive it may be — so, very sharply, he exclaimed: "Well, blow my wig! What's that?" Naturally, the low Officer looked up, expecting a Liberator or Great Auk or something, and missed seeing the gopher. So, as I hear, it was all very difficult, Auntie dear: but I do think, myself, that the low Officer might have been more understanding and believing.

I will 'pop up' again soon — ha! ha! Auntie.

Your dutiful Nephew,  
The Gopher.



**Flight Lieut. John Sexton**  
**of the**  
**Ripchords**

## *Airfield Commandos Ready*

Units of the Royal Air Force Regiment, Commando-trained and equipped with automatic weapons, are now ready to take over airfield defence.

The military garrison at a number of airfields are to be relieved almost immediately by the regiment, and there will be a gradual change-over until every airfield in the country is defended by the new force.

The regiment is being fully mechanized, so that it can provide strong mobile detachments to attack parachute troops before they have had an opportunity of establishing themselves.

These detachments will be able to cross open country at high speed. Supporting troops will be armed with machine-guns, mortars and other weapons, and there will be special A.A. squads to deal with low-flying aircraft.

### **Young Officers**

Hundreds of new officers have already been given commissions in the regiment. Their average age is between 27 and 28.

These young men were selected from the ranks of the R.A.F. Station Defence Force, and sent to the regiment's own O.C.T.U. for an intensive course. The regiment also has its own schools for training men in the ranks.

Major-General C. F. Liardet, the commandant of the regiment, has adopted the battle school system of training which General Paget, Commander-in-Chief of the Home Force, is introducing throughout the Army in Britain.

As far as possible, the actual conditions of war will be reproduced on the training grounds. Live ammunition will be used, and then men will be toughened to Commando standards. The great majority of men in the ranks will be between the ages of 25 and 30.

Organization and administration will be on R.A.F. and not on Army lines. Units will be known as flights and squadrons, and not as platoons and companies.

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## *Far Flung Corners Of The Empire*

A few days ago we received a letter from R.A.F. Waterkloof, Transvaal, Pretoria, South Africa. We opened it with some concern as it was thought to contain poisoned darts from a Zulu Chief (retired) who objected, like so many others, to our predecessor, Raf Rag. But no, apparently South Africa liked Raf Rag for the letter was one of congratulation from one of our colleagues in the airworks (as he so aptly put it.)

Apparently Rag had penetrated the depths of darkest Africa and we had been somewhat worried about this for until now Darkest Africa had been the only missing link in our news gathering service.

Anyway if any one knows 961885 LAC. Winters, J. P. H., and would like to get in touch with him, we shall be glad to give you his address.

## Doc Gossip At Home

Our first professional encounter with Dr. Gossip's sanatorium, beyond the nodding acquaintance gained at inoculations, came when we limped thither with an extensive cut in our knee. Tap-dancer Smollen inspected our wound with the air of having seen bigger, better cuts often enough before, and proceeded to clean and polish the interior, apparently using a wire brush for the purpose. Dr. Gossip then set to work, pouring in various unguents, shaving the hair around the cut, and injecting novacaine into strategic points. We inquired what would be the result of injecting a few air bubbles by mistake, and he commented drily that it would kill us if he did it in the right bit of us. Noting our apprehension with kindly surprise, he proceeded to sew us up with no little skill considering he appeared to be using a bent harpoon and some lengths of hawser. Our week in hospital is remembered chiefly for being forgotten at breakfast on two consecutive mornings, the anticipatory gleam in Surgeon Leckie's eye on spotting so promising a gash, his detached skill at removing our stitches, the seagull-like transit up and down the corridors of the two nursing sisters, the lack of beer, and the remarkable inability of the various diseases around us to infect us.

We underwent a recent medical examination in Dr. Gossip's office, and we found on the wall a chart denoting the daily incidence of diseases, operations, and accidents. March, we noted, was a bumper month for Surgeon Leckie, who was carving up people left and right nearly every day. Also decorating the walls were photographs of the S.M.O.'s native Scotland, cut from "The Scotsman."

He discovered that blood pressure was a bit high, and attributed it — erroneously, of course—to drinking too much beer. We expected a leech to be applied, but apparently that sort of thing is out of date now.

One of the hospital's chief bugbears is the number of people who report sick with trivial complaints which they would not dream of taking to a doctor in civil life. Another is the reluctance of personnel to attend inoculation parades. This is rather surprising when one remembers that the inoculations, vaccination, and chest x-ray would cost about \$30 outside the station.

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## Uncle Bloxam's Corner

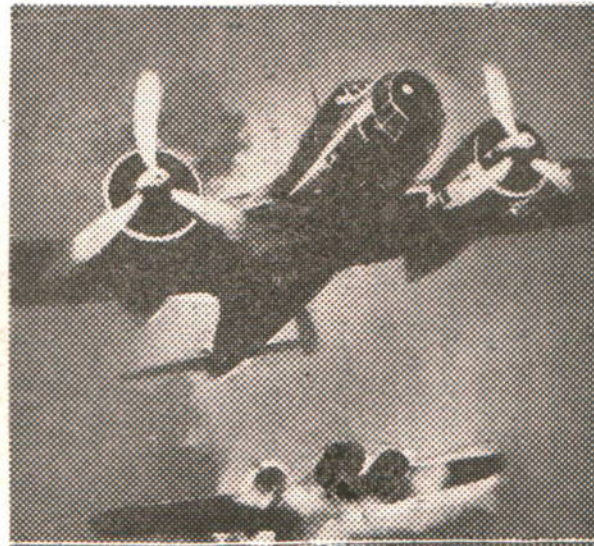
(Items by courtesy of the Station Warrant Officer.)

The Station W/O. is one who has practically nothing to do; that is: nothing to do except decide what is to be done, tell somebody to do it, listen to reasons why it should not be done, or why it should be done by somebody else, or why it should be done in a different way; follow up to see if the thing has been done; inquire why it has not been done, follow up a second time to discover that it has been done, but done incorrectly; consider how much simpler and better it would have been done if he had done it himself in the first place, but to realize that such an idea would strike at the very foundation of the belief of all employees that the boss has nothing to do.

# How To Become A Pilot : In Four Acts

## PART 3

LAST MONTH YOU HAD LOST YOUR GIRL-FRIEND TO THE WING-COMMANDER.  
—READ ON—



1. To forget it all you set out to bomb Germany (you were a fighter pilot in the last act, but no matter) of course the Wing Commander goes along too.
2. Jerry is waiting for you, and your best pal is shot down in flames (pause while a look of grim determination comes over your face).

Don't forget to read Part 1



3. Your rear gunner is shot but this enables you to escape from the Germans (you are slipping, you're not the hero in this scene.)
4. You and the W/C are on your way back to England in an old boat, the W/C is wounded (wonderful the way you keep your skin whole.)

FINAL INSTALMENT NEXT MONTH

# Second Station Shindig

The second station dance was held on Saturday, April 18, and although it was not so successful as the Hallowe'en dance a good time seemed to have been had by all, except those who were on duty.

The first disappointment was the shortage of "gals." This of course was a tragedy from which many airmen never recovered and so sought solace in the food of Bacchus, this step almost led to shortage of beer, but the P.S.I. staff struggled manfully and a second tragedy was averted.

To return to the dance, the Rip Chords orchestra did a good job of work and played for five hours in grand style. The dance originally intended to close at midnight was extended until 1.00 a.m. by the Commanding Officer. The weather did not help at all and many of the ladies found the mud rather distressing and the dry cleaners should do a good business.

The decorations of the Drill Hall, mentioned in our last issue, are really

a grand job and the P.S.I. and Messrs Eatons are to be congratulated on a swell job. (Come on, Mr. Eaton, what about that ad?)

## SIDELIGHTS FROM THE STATION DANCE BEER BAR

How many airmen danced or easier still which airmen, if any, did not report to the pupils' mess during the course of the evening?

Which airmen nipped smartly (but not smartly enough) 'round the side of the cookhouse with a case of beer which he was supposed to be putting on the station transport?

The staff of the beer bar wish to thank all the fellows who so eagerly offered to help unload the additional beer supply around 10.45 p.m.. We regret having to dispense with their services at approximately 10.47 p.m., but really even over the bar using tickets to speed up sales, we never disposed of beer that quick.

And anyway the cookhouse coal-hole is not the best place to put bottled beer . . . .

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## TWENTY-FIVE DOLLAR PRIZE !

Spring is in the air and a young man's fancy, we are told, turns to thoughts of love. As the staff of Mag are not a matrimonial agency, the only thing we can offer as a substitute is a gardening contest.

This, some may think, is a pretty poor substitute for did not Shakespeare say: "There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners."

However the P.S.I. are putting up

\$25 as a prize for the best hut garden, this may be added to by Mag if we can find anything in the piggy bank.

LAC Hodges in Hut 13A is prepared to give advice to all would-be gardeners. We shall publish shortly notes from a Brandon nursery to help aspiring gardeners and also note progress in the next issue. So go to it, fellows, and make the camp a garden city.

## W.O. GREENWOOD, DRAINAGE CHIEF

Among the more amazing sights seen during the recent damp period (and they were many) the one that pleased our ageing eyes the most was W. O. Greenwood.

The Warrant Officer, who, as chief interior decorator of the camp, has obviously missed his vocation, was seen trying his hand as a drainage engineer. Armed with a short length of hose-pipe, supported by two of his minions he was energetically endeavoring to dispose of the water surrounding the cook-house.

His methods were simple; holding an end of the hose-pipe in each hand, he bent over and filled the pipe with water, then deftly slipping a thumb over one end he inserted the other end in the drain and the water immediately began to syphon away.

Interviewed by our reporter, W.O. Greenwood was reluctant to explain where he first discovered this method of flood disposal, but he did say that he had practiced with sausage skins and soup in the cook-house before coming out into the open.

After this further demonstration of his uncanny powers, his first effort, our faithful readers will remember, was the writing of unwritten laws of etiquette. W/O Greenwood is expected to be put on research which is going on to find out how the milk gets in a coconut.

LATER:—We regret to say that the above method was apparently too simple for the Air Force for two hours after the fire-engine was pumping water from the same spot and the W.O.'s hose-pipe was lying forlornly in a muddy pool.

LET US SOLVE YOUR

# SABOTAGE PROBLEMS

With our "HUSTLE BUSTLE SUPER BOMBS"

—CONSULT—

**TWO-TON ROBBIE**

—FOR—

**BIGGER, BRIGHTER, BETTER BOMBS**

- Just like Krupps used to make — only more so.
- Try "MELLO" — the stink bomb with the locked-in odour.
- "HEWITTISE" your time bombs with our old-fashioned Irish formula.

# 1862 and All That

## Or Crisis in the Equipment

Pandemonium broke out in the Equipment Section at the airport here today and for a while all normal routine work had to be abandoned.

Stores Officer Sexton, rushing back hurriedly from a "48," clung to his desk, hair standing on end, as he listened to the tragic tale related by youthful storebasher "Blondie" Turner. Stores Officer Bullen, newly arrived from the Old Country, was equally excited as he sat taking short puffs at his third cigarette within ten minutes.

Confusion had apparently spread all over the camp after "simple" instructions had been issued to all section for the elementary procedure of checking each airman's kit. Craving an explanation, Engineer Parsons and Millington could be heard knocking loudly on the door waiting for storebasher hand to grant their entrance. Nobody, it appeared, could follow the carefully worded instructions.

"Surely," ejaculated 'Blondie' Turner "the fact that no one on the camp carried an umbrella last winter MUST imply to ANYONE that airmen are only in possession of one pair of khaki stockings." He looked once again at the simple instructions which he had been partly instrumental in compiling and sighed — he was disgusted.

Stores Officer Sexton quickly picked up the telephone and put priority

call through to the Squadron Leader Admin and Adjutant Bath — but no! they fully understood the simple straight-forward instructions, with long scales of clothing attached. They experienced no difficulty at all.

With hats on straight Engineers Parsons and Millington had by now gained access to the inner sanctum of the Equipment Section.

It was one hour later before two dejected Engineers took their leave with the words on the tip of their tongues "Whose crackers? They or us?" It was one second later that storebasher Turner, submerged deep amongst piles of vouchers, with the words, "whose crackers? They or us?" on the tip of his tongue.

The confusion subsided — the pandemonium was over.

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## Stolen From the 'New Yorker'

If I hadn't of metcha  
I wouldn't of letcha,  
But now that I letcha  
I'm glad that I metcha.  
And if I metcha again  
I betcha I'd letcha . . . . .  
I betcha.

?

## OLIVIA ON A BIKE

Flying Officer "Kettle" Bath, whose efforts for the welfare of his men never flag, has added another triumph to his collection and, incidentally, another photo to his album.

The other morning just as the staff were gathering their wits he burst into Mag office with a photo of Olivia de Havilland on a bicycle. (Olivia on a bicycle not F/O Bath.)

Accompanying it was a letter in which Olivia thanked F/O Bath for his letter stating that her photo had been stolen. This struck us as rather strange especially as the letter said

'Livvy' did not consider the loss a serious one. We were rather amazed to find film star and a woman at that who did not look upon herself as the "cat's pyjamas" as our American friends so aptly put it.

We are up to this moment quite unable to understand it unless her press agent has thought up some new scheme of publicity. The only thing we can suggest is that it is an economy campaign, for the new photo is but a snapshot in addition to which "Livvy" is wearing slacks and riding a bike this is in keeping with the war effort.

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## THE GARDENER'S DREAM

With the appointment of Squadron Leader George S. M. Warlow as Director of Urban Planning and Improvements, valorous labours, have commenced to transform the Station mudflats in a Garden City.

Major items on the schedule include a ten-foot yew hedge to surround the Hostess House, a gigantic pansy bed about the Corporals' club, a tea-rose arbor adjoining the Airmen's Dining Hall, a rockery by the Accounting Section and a crab-apple orchard at the Sergeants' Mess.

South of the hospital has been planted a eucalyptus grove, whilst to the west are herbaceous borders of rhubarb and deadly nightshade.

Between Barrack Blocks Nine and Ten, a giant nursery is being con-

structed. Its chief use will be to provide table flowers for the Officers' and Sergeants' Messes.

Great hopes are held this year for the beds in front of the Recreation Hall. It will be recalled that, in the past, only wallflowers have thrived here.

Although everyone knows that it is Bee's Seeds that Grow, Mr. Sutton has the contract for the vegetable garden.

Despite general suspicions, a reliable dispatch maintains that Airmen's mess cutlery is not used in agricultural pursuits.

Personages interested in the divers projects include a surveyor, a landscape gardener, one or two seedy has-beens and a well-known farmer.

# TEN DOLLAR PRIZE !

Mag has pleasure in announcing another new competition, this time a little more subtle than our last moustache contest.

All you have to do is write a short story of 500 words about any subject that you like, except service matters. Ten dollars will be given for the best story which can be either fact or fiction and One Dollar for each other story used.

All manuscripts should reach the Magazine office in No. 1 hangar (P.S.I. Mess Supply) not later than May 23.

THE COMPETITION IS OPEN TO N.C.O.'s AND AIRMEN ONLY

The stories will be judged by the Editor and a committee. Ten Dollars for 500 words sounds easy money, chaps.

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## Mag Staff Mechanised

FLASH! In an effort to cope with our contemporaries throughout Canada this Station's Press Gang has become mechanized. No longer does its members trudge wearily ankle-deep in mud around the camp precincts in search of news. The Carberry News-Express no longer waits anxiously and patiently for copy in collective quantity due to the past cut of taxis to and from Carberry. A Fleet (if two warrant the phrase) of two-wheeled, iron-framed, super styled machines may at any time flash past you with riders bent forward earnestly treading 'em down with a 'Scorched Seat Policy' of 'I give you my all.'

This Fleet of machinery, purchased after due deliberation and much scraping together of odd dimes and nickels discovered lying idle within the linings of many cast-off jackets (airmen once for the use of), was delivered long after dark one night recently. The deal, movement of equipment and date of same were a closely-guarded secret. Those in charge of negotiations were immediately promoted to avoid any possibility of outside recognition.

Even a further hurried public check of the Piggy Bank revealed no recent withdrawal could possibly have any connection with such a purchase.

May the innovation provide bigger, better and brighter news items.

Readers however are asked to keep a sharp lookout and report any signs of individuals using this machinery for forty-eights.

# All Through The Knight

APRIL, 21st.—Devotion to duty manifested itself at Carberry, when AC1 Knight, of station sick quarters was up on a charge for being 3 hours, 50 minutes adrift on a forty-eight hour pass. When asked if he had any excuse to offer, the astounding fact came to light that he had cycled all the way back from Winnipeg, through the night and early morning, completing the journey in 9½ hours.

Wishing to catch the bus back to Carberry from Winnipeg at the finish of his week-end, he rang the bus company and, as is the custom, asked them to stop at a certain crossing in Winnipeg to pick him up. What was his astonishment, however, to find the midnight bus ignored all his signals and frantic arm-waving and sped callously on its westbound journey, leaving him bewildered in the gutter, with the sure knowledge that he would not be able to get back to camp in time for duty.

An ordinary man would have been down-hearted and given up trying. Not so AC. Knight; he is no ordinary man; it needed more than that to break him. With a stern expression on his face he sped back to the house where he had spent the week-end, woke the family up and, borrowing his girl friend's bicycle, set course for Carberry, at approximately 01.30. 9½ hours later he reported at the guard room, tired but still devoted to duty, having successfully cycled the 112 miles, and on a ladies' bike a that.

We are very happy to say that his charge was dismissed, and not until then was his achievement made public. What would be a supreme effort to any normal man was nothing to Knight; he once entered a twenty-four hour bicycle race, which he gave up after fourteen hours, through boredom, we understand. After all, riding round and round a track cannot be compared with enjoying the scenery and variety of countryside between Winnipeg and Carberry. The secret of his success is rumoured to be the fact that he was stationed at Morecombe for some time, as well as going to Greece on duty just in time to leave in a hurry before the German army got there. "All this sea-air did it," said the S.M.O., "that is why I am sure that no one else on the station could do it at the present moment."

AC 1 Knight plans to return the bicycle on his next 48-hour pass.

In connection with Knight's stupendous effort the station Journal is offering a prize of \$5.00 to the first airman from this unit who will beat AC 1 Knight's time of nine hours, twenty-nine minutes on a lady's bicycle, for the trip between Winnipeg and Carberry, or Carberry and Winnipeg. The station Journal should be informed beforehand so that the necessary arrangements for sustenance and medical attention can be arranged for the trip. If the record is beaten in circumstances of emergency, as in the case of AC Knight, then the report of two reliable witnesses will be accepted as sufficient evidence of the fact.

# Phantom Horseman Scare

CARBERRY AIRPORT, April 6— White-faced, terror-stricken airmen rushed into the Magazine offices today to report that a ghost stallion, ridden by a horseman of ghastly aspect, was rampaging up and down the road in front of headquarters, bringing death and destruction upon everything in its path. "The Commanding Officer," witnesses said, "had become rooted to the spot as he emerged from the front door, and they feared for his safety under the hypnotic glare of the awful rider." Constable ("Duff Gen") Nunn is said to have been trampled into the ground as he went to open the gate, whilst Corporal Mortimer, who started to pour revolver bullets into the fearsome pair, was suddenly seized with paralysis. Onlookers say that the bullets passed clean through both horse and rider with no effect, except to ginger up the Security Guard who happened to be parading on the other side of the road. An urgent request has been sent to the Department of Mines and Research for an Investigator of Psychic Phenomena.

CARBERRY TOWN, April 6— Plump Instructor Farrally, taking recreation on his favourite nag here this afternoon, was plodding along near the railroad when his horse suddenly took fright, dumped its rider on the ground, and galloped off at high speed, eventually tripping over a fence and crashing in a garden. Rider Farrally landed unhurt on his face. He was unable to account for his horse's surprising behaviour, but maintained he felt a rush of wind.

CARBERRY AIRPORT, April 7— Tales of a ghost horse stampeding through the camp are discounted here. We are reliably informed that the rider seen in front of headquarters was the Station Administration Officer, who was putting his newly-acquired beast through its paces before the Commanding Officer. Pilot Officer Farrally's "rush of wind" has been attributed by his colleagues to indigestion.

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## ENTER FOR

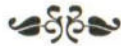
## SHORT STORY CONTEST

## GARDENING CONTEST

WE CARRY A  
COMPLETE STOCK  
OF FINE QUALITY

### Airforce SHIRTS

- ★ SHORTS
- ★ SHOES
- ★ SOCKS
- ★ TIES



At TONY'S

## What a Life!



Even a flier  
Has to perspire—  
But "offending" will ruin  
Anyone's woin'!

### Bath tonight with **LIFEBUOY**

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

## LATE NEWS

### LIVING-OUT AIRMEN

At the second meeting of the club, at which thirty members were present, F/O. Bath was elected chairman with Sgt. Nunn as vice-chairman, and Cpl. Till as treasurer, Mr. McFarlane was elected to the committee. An invitation dance was arranged for May 1st and it was announced that during the evening the Rip Chords would entertain. Another function arranged was a whist drive to be held in the War Service club on Tuesday, May 12, admission 10c, this function would be open to everyone.

A limited number of dance tickets are to on sale in each section and there will be no ticket sale at the door. Tickets: 75 cents double; 50 cents single.

Members of the Living-out airmen's club may join the town tennis club at a special rate of \$2.50 per season.

### RIDER HURT

F/Lt. Huber Richards comes back from riding, in an ambulance. Leg set satisfactorily, horse sorry, nurses happy, lots of Pic, Look and Esquire Magazines required.

## OFFICERS' NEWS

S/Ldr. Warlow got some horse sense, and bought one.

S/Ldr. Jones took on loan a horse; for such things there is no accounting.

S/Ldr. Hyland requested Rose 'trellee again.

F/Lt. Robertson, D.F.C., took 48 to take the creases out of some old mufti clothes. Robbie has two babies now: one at home and one in his brand-new office.

F/Lt. Robertson left for North Battleford to carry on.

F/O (Ace, etc.) Court played the piano again too loud for S/Ldr. Gos-  
sip, interrupting a bridge post-mortum.

We have news of F/O (Kettle) Bath. His hopes are raised.

P/O Alleyne arrived to take over from F/Lt. Grey, posted to Calgary. A case of check and double-check.

S/Ldr. Moore arrives in and lives out.

We congratulate F/Lt Saltzgeber and Mrs. Saltzgeber on an addition to the family . . . . . young Mrs. Saltzgeber. We wish them a long and happy trip.

Who was the Officer  
Riding one day,  
Was thrown from his hoss,  
And in Farrow-e-lay?

F/O Ruck did a 48 on \$17. He will not divulge the address.

P/O Bullen chaperons the "Rip Chords to MacGregor. A case of being an "Old Rip" we think.

We congratulate F/Lt. and Mrs. Harper on the birth of a wise child who knew his own father. Weight 8 lbs 5 oz.

Group Captain Brill took a gopher's view of his horse.

## SERGEANTS' MESS

Saskatchewan Escapists, Rogers and Brockington, continue to pay their Bar subscriptions at Carberry.

Caterer Bates was seriously inconvenienced by the posting of Store-crafthand Jefferson.

In turn, Artificial Horticulturist Dixon has been butcher, baker and toothpick maker.

Proud parent Ayers entertained his daughter to tea in the Mess.

Linkists Hebert and Baumann have produced a carpet that cannot be beaten. They should remember that walls have ears.

Sunny Viking Sigurdson has taken his yodell to Neepawa.

Dietician Hosgood continues to give

late breakfasters five minutes grace by keeping the Dining-room clock a little slow.

Ukkers Urchin Sarre is practicing thrift. His associates are not cooperating to the desired degree.

Technician Cartwright received congratulations on the academical success of his daughter, Miss Pamela.

Bureaucrat Greenwood has never seen "Esquire" in the Mess. His education, however, has not been neglected.

"Snow" Holden departed to become "the lowest form of . . . ." at Debert.

Somnambulist Preece and Aviatrix Bowen both confirm the die is cast.

(No, not Ukkers, you suckers!)





“IT’S ALRIGHT . . . I’VE MET YOU BEFORE . . .  
last November wasn’t it?”

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BROOCHES, LIGHTERS, PARKER PENS  
 and Jewellery of all kinds  
 AT CUT RATES

SEE OUR DISPLAY IN P.S.I. STORE  
 No. 1 HANGAR

**PROMPT REPAIR SERVICE**

## *Y.M.C.A. Stage Show*

On Sunday, April 26th, we were entertained by the Y.M.C.A. Concert Party. Amongst the cast were some old favourites, as well as some new and original turns who were paying their first visit to Carberry.

Once again the four Accordion Maids were with us, and were loudly applauded by the audience. The Y-Hand Balancers gave a really splendid exhibition, displaying skill and strength in some very difficult tricks. Miss Gladys Forrester gave a very polished performance, both whilst leading the dancing group and in her solo Overture Dance. Probably the most original turn on the program was Tommy Rose, a champion scien-

tific bag-puncher. Mr. Rose was champion bag-puncher in England, as far back as 1901, and he proved that he can still punch a bag with terrific speed and precision even when blindfolded. Steve Santik, the Juggler, once more amazed us with his dexterity. Solo dances were given by Miss Salvo and Miss Bernard. Miss Annabelle Stewart was greatly applauded for her grand rendering of popular songs, and the Y Chanter gave an excellent performance at group singing, whilst two of their members gave some good solo turns. George Douglas made an excellent M.C., and his original jokes were well received by the audience.

## What's the Odds.

We were discussing odds the other evening. You know the sort of thing — how often is a complete suit dealt to each of four card players, and afterwards fell to thinking about odds in service life.

Names, numbers for instance. How often have you found two fellows in your flight with the same surname? No doubt you say often. Give me the odds: 10 to 1?

Then there are the instances you know of men with the same surnames and initials. What odds 100 to 1? Have you found fellows with the same surnames and christian names? Once again the odds increase. 1000 to 1? You may have found them with the same rank as well and isn't this where those "last three" step in

and save the situation, to make the men, like convicts, be known by numbers?

How often do we come up against "Name and last three?" Pay parades, signatures for equipment, booking out, identification, etc., we've come to believe in those "last three" being the ultimate separator. Authority relies on their safety, the records clerk uses them, they are the infallible check. Rank, initials, christian names and surnames may agree but no, not and numbers. Surely, that's going too far? You agree?

Well, for the writer this security has departed; I've found my counterpart here in Carberry with the same rank, surname and Last Three.

Now you mathematicians, what are the odds.

# Pay Day is GIFT DAY

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GROCERIES — SILK CTOCKINGS, ETC.

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We have all kinds of FLOWER SEEDS for the  
Garden Contest.



**BOXING TEAM 1941 — 1942**

## The Approval

At last the day arrived!

"Johnnie is bringing his fiancee to see me," Mrs. Best said to her maid, excitedly; "So have everything on the top line, wont you Gladys? 'Top Line' is an expression they use in the Air Force; it means Ship Shape." She smiled at the bewildered girl. "Be most precise when doing the guest room, won't you?"

Mrs. Best spent the day fussing, and, as Gladys said later, 'Getting in the way.' She went over everything a dozen times. First it was the Front Room, then the Guest Room, then the Bath Room, and then it was her own appearance.

She was proud that Johnnie was now a Squadron Leader and back in Canada — having done his bit in the R..A.F. in England — and was to be Chief Ground Instructor at a Station near home, affording him a chance to settle down. But she was greatly worried that he had known Muriel for merely three months. She shrugged her frail shoulders which had borne so much weight in the last years. "I suppose I must overlook a modern courtship, but I certainly will not countenance anything else that is considered modern in engagements," she said to herself.

The bell rang, the door opened simultaneously, and there was Johnnie — with just behind him and in the dark of the porch, Muriel!

Mrs. Best kissed her son, just as she had always kissed him — as if he were a baby — and then, by the light of the hall she inspected Muriel.

She thought her a trim little thing, with by far too good a figure for her

pretty face. Yes, she thought, she certainly was pretty! But her eyes? She saw in Muriel's hazel eyes the look most girls have when they know they have extremely shapely figures — a look she allowed herself to have had when she was Muriel's age, and unmarried. Oh yes! She knew that look of determination: but was it a good thing for her little boy? Was he aware he was being caught? She made up her mind not to be certain about Muriel.

Later, when all was quiet and Muriel had gone to her room, Mrs. Best sat and talked with her son, trying to satisfy herself about her intended daughter-in-law. She plied him with personal questions and pried into Muriel's past; becoming the inquisitive mother rather than the tactful one, such was her anxiety.

"Are you sure of yourself, son? Remember you have to live with anyone before you really know them."

"Of course, I'm sure, mother," he answered. "I'm old enough to know my own mind, aren't I?"

"But if I could only feel certain myself."

"Mother!" Johnnie was definite. "I've sat opposite Muriel at breakfast, dinner, tea, and supper, ever since I have known her. It is because of this, we are getting married."

Mrs. Best gave a little sigh, and collapsed on the sofa.

When she came round, responding to Muriel's ministrations, she demanded an explanation of such behaviour.

"There is no explanation, mother," said Johnnie. "Muriel is a Nursing Sister in the R.C.A.F.; and at our Station the Nurses eat in the officers' Mess with the Officers."

# Living-Out Airmen's Club

The inaugural meeting of the Living-out Airmen's club (a name is needed) was held in the War Service club at Carberry on April 9th. F/O. Bath was in the chair and reported that the War Service club committee had been approached as to the possibility of some improvements being effected in the building.

Their response had been very gratifying and it seemed that they were only too willing to do all they could to help the airmen and their wives who lived in Carberry.

The ladies of the party decided to form a club to knit and sew for the bombed-out areas of Great Britain and the War Services committee were to be asked if the ladies could have the use of the club room one afternoon a week for this purpose.

At the request of the Carberry committee three airmen and three wives were elected to the town's War Service committee.

It was suggested that Group Captain Brill be asked to accept the position of Honorary President, a position which he has graciously accepted, at the same time expressing his great interest in the club. It is proposed to organize several social functions for the entertainment of living-out airmen and their wives, among them a dance and whist drive.

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## The PALACE THEATRE, Carberry

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Friday and Saturday, May 1—2  
**"BABES ON BROADWAY"**

—with—  
 Mickey Rooney — Judy Garland

Monday and Tuesday, May 4—5  
**"SONG OF THE ISLAND"**

—with—  
 Betty Grable — Victor Mature

Tuesday and Wednesday, May 6—7

**"THEY KNEW WHAT  
 THEY WANTED"**

—with—  
 Carole Lombard — Charles Laughton

Friday and Saturday, May 8—9  
**"KEEP YOUR SEAT PLEASE"**

—with—  
 George Formby

Monday and Tuesday, May 11—12  
**"HOW GREEN WAS  
 MY VALLEY"**

—with—  
 Roddy McDowall — Walter Pidgeon

Wednesday and Thursday, May 13, 14  
**"DESIGN FOR SCANDAL"**

—with—  
 Rosiland Russell

---

Friday and Saturday, May 15—16  
**"TO BE OR NOT TO BE"**

—with—  
 Carol Lombard — Jack Benny

# SPORTS SECTION

The spring and summer sports season is about to begin and already some football matches have been played, prospects of much rivalry between Barrack Blocks and Sections seem very good and the following prospects of various sports show that a good season is to be expected.

## CRICKET

It is not expected that many outside games will be played owing to transport difficulties. The present suggestion for games played in Winnipeg is that those cricketers who are in on 48-hour passes should make up the team if they so desire.

We have been invited to join a league in Winnipeg but this presents numerous difficulties for it is difficult enough to get transport to our own ground at Carberry.

Temporary Committee: Sgt. Murray, Cpl's Griffiths and Clarehugh, LAC's Marsh and Maltby.

## RUGGER

Lack of opportunity for so much activity this season as we have lost our chief opponents, the Australian and New Zealand airmen from No. 3 Wireless school, the new school at Neepawa may help to provide opposition in this and other games. It is hoped that a practice ground will shortly be available on the camp and then the ground at the fair field will be used for matches only.

A temporary committee has been formed consisting of: F/Lt. Stanley, officer in charge Rugby; Sgt. Nunn, Cpls. Davies, Huey, Owen and Braund and LAC Beck.

## SOCCER

This is perhaps the most advanced of all activities this season, already

several games and trials have been played by Equipment Section who triumphed over the Cookhouse 6-0, Maintenance Wing and one or two Barrack Blocks.

Each Barrack Block has been issued with a football and this will enable fellows to get in some practice. Great care must be taken of these balls as they are almost unobtainable in any quantity, bladders in particular being very difficult to obtain.

A league is to be formed between Barrack Blocks with the addition we hope of the Officers' and Sergeants' Messes, also the Corporals' Club. A league table will be published in the Mag each month together with a short report of each game played, if space permits. Later in the season a knock-out competition is to take place and it is hoped that we can present a cup to the winners.

Temporary Committee: Sgt. Pulleybank, secretary; and one member from each Barrack Block to meet each Monday at lunch time.

## TENNIS

Tennis for this season is not yet organized, but we note that some enthusiasts are already putting in some practice on the courts. We did hear a rumor that another court may be provided as the demand is great.

## GOLF

The great difficulty about golf is going to be the ball; this is something that the Mag staff has set out to solve and we shall report their success or otherwise in our next issue. Already one or two stalwarts have been seen practicing down at the fair ground and it is hoped to form a representative team from all sections of the station this season.

## Basket-Ball For Health

The basketball season is fast drawing to a close, but it hasn't ended without its surprises. F/Sgt. Dixon, viewing his cookhouse gang, began to worry about their anaemic appearance, and resolved forthwith to do something about it. He thought and thought . . . . and then, thought some more. He tried to improve their diet over a two-week period, and by this means reconstitute them. But after the two weeks had gone by and he had lined them up for his early morning inspection, he shook his head and sighed — his faith in diet had failed him. What now?

More thought; this idea and that flashed across his mind, but they all seemed inadequate to fulfill the great purpose he had in mind. Ah! possibly a worthy idea at last. Exercise!

The first game was over. F/Sgt. Dixon, himself on his knees, viewed his crew of would-be athletes. A more dejected and battered-looking crew he could not have imagined. There they were—his crew, that he was so proud of — battered, bruised, discouraged, fagged to collapsing, and in spite of all their efforts they had only been able to sink the basketball through that big hoop once. What a defeat: 52—2!

Was F/Sgt. Dixon discouraged? Did his cookhouse crew give up? . . . . You know the answer, as well as I do; of course not. At least you would know the answer if you had been anywhere near the Drill Shed during the last fortnight. With revenge in their eyes, F/Sgt Dixon has had his cohorts out no less than twice a day during this period of time driving them up and down the floor until the sweat poured from their formerly emaciated bodies . . . .

no longer emaciated, please note. For, yes, all this blood, sweat and toil paid dividends for F/Sgt and his cookhouse gang. Firstly, new energy, fresh vitality, a new outlook springing from achievement drove away anemia for the cookhouse gang. Secondly, the bitter defeat of their first game was sweetly avenged when they were able to defeat Course 50 in one of the most bitterly-fought games of basketball played in the Drill Shed this season. Any anyone who thinks Course 50 is a push-over has only to try to turn the same trick to become sadly disillusioned.

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## TABLE TENNIS

The little celluloid balls are still flying around the station in even greater abundance than when we last reported on the progress of the Station Table Tennis Tournament. Enthusiasm has grown rather receded, and the race for the title is still wide open.

But 14 seems to have most of the power on their lineup. They displayed this quite convincingly when they set the highly-touted Hut 31 back on their heels in nonchalant fashion. "Dibs" Davies, "Ginger" Wild and company are going to take a lot of beating — you may be sure of that.

One of the most interesting matches to date took place in the Large Canteen between the Officers and the Senior N.C.O.s. It was a "knock-down, drag-em-out" affair with the Officers having a little too much finesse for their erstwhile opponents.

Latest statistics on the progress of the tournament has Hut 14 leading with the Officers and Hut 31 close runners-up.

# SWIMMING

The Station's undefeated swimming team met with their first defeat of the season in Winnipeg on Thursday, April 2nd, 1942.

This, incidentally, was the closing swimming gala of the season and the chief opposition being the R.C.N.V.R. from Winnipeg. This team, however, has been trying to overcome their defeat since the station's first victory last November. And on occasions since have not had any luck, but their very severe training for their come-back was well worth all their efforts.

The Station's team would possibly have had an unbeaten record "IF" facilities existed for the team to practice regularly and the station has done remarkably well through the season considering only four practice swims were held in Brandon for the four galas which the station competed in, winning three losing one.

The team was rather handicapped losing two of their best swimmers

just recently, F/Lt. T. E. Sanders and F/Lt. J. H. White, both being posted. These two officers helped considerably in the formation of the swimming team.

The swimming team was very unlucky in losing at the closing gala of the season, losing only by inches. At one time the boys had the lead only to lose it in the last few yards to the R.C.N.V.R. Jock Wallace, 'Dibs' Davies and wee Jock O'Rourke excelled themselves in endeavors to retain the unbeaten record, but all their efforts could not quite overcome the Navy's team.

Jock Wallace (Scottish champion) did exceedingly well in the 50-yards Free Style Open, coming in a very close second to the Dominion champion of Canada, J. Larson, who holds the record for this distance. The champion did not have it all his own way, as Wallace was leading at one point, but after swimming three times previously could not hold him off.

## *The Rex Cafe, Carberry*

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# BOXING

The season wound up with a match on the camp between No. 2 Manning Depot and ourselves. We had a number of challenges out and were glad that No. 2 M. D. took us up. The result of the contest was a draw 4-4. The bouts for the most part were very evenly fought and the Manning Depot were fortunate in that they had a Manitoba champion, Lindsay, in their team.

It was expected that the team would have fought again in Winnipeg, in fact we were invited to do so and the team even went so far as to travel to the Y.M.C.A., Winnipeg. Upon arrival they found that owing to the large number of entries for the finals, we were excused the preliminaries,

there was no time for our fellows to take part. This was a great pity as it was freely stated by the public after they had seen some of our team give exhibition bouts, that R.A.F., Carberry, would have swept the board. This was poor consolation however as was the information that further preliminaries could be arranged at Brandon and Fort William and further finals take place in Winnipeg at a later date.

The team said good-bye to Sgt. "Slim" Somerville who has just been posted after two seasons' good work as trainer. Others who have helped greatly during the season in various capacities are: S/Ldr. Jones, F/O Court, the Sports Officer, the Station Padre, and in their official capacity Sgt's Nunn and Dymant.

## ATTENTION AIRMEN!

When in Carberry, stop in at

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for a tasty "Snack" before returning to Camp.

**"HOME COOKING" is our SPECIALTY**

- LIGHT LUNCHESES — ● ICE CREAM
- COLD DRINKS

Silex-brewed Coffee — "Fort Garry" Tea

Clean, Courteous Service

Prices Reasonable

### **CRICH'S BAKERY**

### **LUNCHEONETTE**

CARBERRY

MANITOBA

# Third Pacey-Marder Show Is Tops

On April 12 another Pacey-Marder show was presented on this station and as usual a very high standard of entertainment was offered.

This time the all-girl band from the Beacon theatre, under the direction of Bill Moore, were more in the limelight, for the first half of the programme was done in presentation style with the band on the stage. The show opened with a band selection and then Walter Towns played the accordion and he could certainly play; we are not particularly fond of the accordion as a solo instrument but it was a pleasure to listen to Walter. After another band selection, Nora Muir gave a sax solo followed by Isabelle Jackson with a comic song and tap number. This we felt was a little overdone but the audience seemed to approve.

The band then played "Tiger Rag" and so enthusiastically was their reception that they repeated it three times with Bill Moore trucking around in true Harlem style. Dolly Roberts, the drummer of the band, then proved that besides being an excellent drummer she could sing as well.

The Wittman sisters, yodelling cowgirls, performed in what we are told is the west wild west manner.

The first half was brought to a close by the band playing the "Light Cavalry Overture."

The second half opened with our old friend Haldean, this time as a conjuror, then after another number

by Isabelle Jackson came Irene and Joe Amesworth, Joe, we were sorry to note, seems to be losing his voice which is a great pity as he is the backbone of the act.

One of the best turns of the evening was Mark & Walker in a balancing act; they made it seem so very easy and were delightfully casual about the whole affair. Alice Allen sang in spite of an attack of laryngitis and then two real old troupers took the stage, the Musical Campbells, and this perhaps was the best act of the evening. The very capable M. C. Charlie Green did a comedy act and the programme was brought to a close by Frank Rande and his performing dogs.

Tom Pacey in his remarks at the close told us the sad news that owing to a new scheme evolved by No. 2 Training Command, this would possibly be the last Pacey-Marder show we would see at Carberry airport; this he regretted and hoped that something might be arranged to enable them to come again. We HOPE SO.

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"Take an average bride at the altar and shake her upside down. What do you get?"

(from an article in Good Housekeeping.)

You get a very angry little bride, that's what you get.

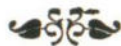
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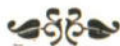
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Read the local News Columns each week. The district News. Read 'Brevities' by V. Nunn. Keep in touch with Carberry through its local newspaper. Read the news-bits about the Carberry War Service club, and all things of mutual interest to the boys of the R.A.F. and the people of Carberry.

**And . . .**

If you have a news-story that you believe is of local interest, let us print it for the enjoyment of all.

The Carberry News-Express is on sale each week at the local printery — 5c the single copy; \$1.50 a year by mail.



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