



MAY, 1942

No. 5

At
Your Service
for **QUALITY**



The G. McLEAN Co.

WHOLE. GROCERS



WINNIPEG

SANIPACT

The Quality
ICE CREAM

NOW ON SALE
in
BOTH CANTEENS

Send a Parcel Home

We Pack and Mail —

- ★ **GROCERIES**
- ★ **CHOCOLATES**
- ★ **MEN'S WEAR**
- ★ **SILK STOCKINGS**

—Give us your order — we do the rest—

—●—
B. W. CALDWELL Co.

TRY

ORANGE CRUSH

GRAPEFRUIT CRUSH

HIGH-N-DRY GINGER ALE

But it must be made by

SCOTT FRUIT CO.

(Branch of the Consolidated Fruit Co., Ltd.)

Jewellery * *

★ A new shipment of the latest in Jewellery
has just arrived NECKLETS . .
LOCKETS . . . BEAD STRINGS.

A Gift is Always Appreciated

R. J. HOOD

Issuer of Marriage Licences

1942

3

JOURNAL

of the

Royal Air Force, Carberry

by kind permission of

Group Captain C. H. Brill



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



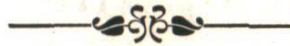
10 cents

Monthly

Walkey's Drug Store

. . . for

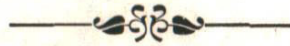
- Tennis Rackets
- Sun Glasses



- Sponge Bags



- Mantel Radios
- Razors & Blades



- Suntan and Mosquito Lotion

Thanks . . .

. . . for recommending us to your friends when they arrive in Carberry.

We appreciate . . .

. . . this as much as the extra business we derive from them, and sincerely hope that we will continue to merit your confidence and good-will.

DICK'S HARDWARE - - CARBERRY

. . . for

HOUSE FURNISHINGS—OIL CLOTH—PAINTS
FLOOR COVERINGS, etc.

EDITORIAL:-

My Dear Gopher-nephew:-

Thanks a lot for making the mistake of sending your Editorial to me. It makes me think that involuntarily I have spared your Unit a lot of trouble; and for me it was such a refreshing change from your usual letters in which, at great length, you manage to say practically nothing just because you like the feeling of cocking a snook at the weary censors. By the way, you might stamp your letters. You can't be worse off than I am, with your Canadian rates of pay. I wouldn't take them in but for the fact that I am cursed with curiosity about what is happening to all our dear boys now in the Dominion.

I rather gather from your Editorial that you expect to be cluttering up the West End again fairly soon: but why you wish to leave your present Station beats me. You seem to have quite a good deal of what you want there—except a Swimming Bath. And in view of what you say about the mosquitoes, I shouldn't think you would welcome any Baedeker raids in addition to the normal facial blitz. You have no bombs, and masses of butter, and (very clearly discerned in your writing style) lashings of beer. I've been glancing through your letters, and from odd references here and there — very odd, indeed, some of them — the R.A.F. at Carberry seems to have done itself pretty well this last year, considering the outfit started from scratch only eighteen months ago. Oh, yes! I've kept all your letters — merely because you were always my favourite nephew, as you well know. You were always such an infernal nuisance that you always intrigued me. Probably one of those nice Carberry girls will turn out to have a similar psychology to mine, and will marry you when you practically have your back turned. And then! — I can just imagine your frenzied applications to stay in Canada. Moreover, I've made a list of all things you've mentioned from time to time bearing on how the R.A.F. gets along when it is taken to a bit of comparatively virgin prairie and told to carry on. You seem to have opportunities of playing cricket, rugger, soccer, skating, softball, tennis, golf, boxing, basketball, badminton, volleyball, miniature rifle shooting, table tennis, skeet shooting, horse-riding, darts, etc., and even archery seems to be in the wind, and the squash court nearly ready, too! But what fascinates me most is the account of how that otherwise nice Squadron Leader spends a quiet hour or so of his leisure in fishing for gophers with a trout rod and a fine running noose.

And then, apart from sport, I see you have Concert Parties and Things, and your own Concert Party and Dance Band, and Celebrity Concerts, and Beergarden Concerts, and Dramatics — 'George and Margaret' is flying

(EDITORIAL—Continued bottom page 6)

Hostess House Opens

Our reporter had a preview of the new Hostess House a few days ago, and he was surprised to see what a 'home away from home' it was. Most people seem to have a very vague idea as to the purpose of the building, so let us listen to what Mrs. Winnifred Lee, who is the hostess, has to say: "First and foremost the house is for airmen and they are very welcome to come in and sit in an easy chair, play games such as draughts, dominoes, etc. Listen to the radio, or the gramophone. We shall serve snacks such as sandwiches, cakes, tea and soft drinks and also various little fancy dishes all at cost prices. My assistant, Mrs. McRae, is an expert in all kinds of cooking and if only our premises were larger we should be able to do far more." Mrs. Lee, incidentally, comes from HULL, ENGLAND, although it is many years since she left home. "We also darn socks, sew on badges, and do any of the million little jobs that men are so awkward at doing." Mrs. Lee has been in social service work for a number of years and she has two daughters, one a beautiful blond of nineteen (hard luck, boys, she is down at Fort William with her father.)

Another function of the house is that airmen who have their wives or girl-friends come to the camp can meet them in the hostess house. Mrs. Lee also hopes to do something for the wives of living-out airmen and will be pleased to meet any of them who would like to call upon her.

Mag. wishes them both every success in the work they plan to do at Carberry.

EDITORIAL—Continued from Page 5

pretty high, isn't it? — and Cinema Shows, with up-to-date films, and various brands of dances, and a Model Aeroplane club and a Handicraft group, and Librarian, and some sort of a Magazine, and a Living-out Personnel association, and whatnot. And now there seems to be a spot of gardening. But of course if you must have an urge to return, well I suppose you must. And I trust the boat does its own rolling unhelped by your personal habits.

Congratulations, incidentally, on the flow of 'records' for Flying Hours—which is by way of being the main issue, I always tend to think.

Yours,

Auntie Angela.

P.S. Last night that man sent over one of his hit-or-miss articles who dropped a proper egg in the kitchen garden. Shocking crater where the potatoes would have been! Thank God it wasn't the rose-garden.



Down in the mouth?

There's plenty to worry us these days, but we are not helping ourselves or anybody else by going about with long faces. Cheer up! Order a Guinness! This famous Old Country stout is just the thing when you're tired. No other brew has the hearty, robust, racy flavour that makes Guinness the world's most popular malt beverage. When you're tired from work or exercise, with meals and at bedtime, have a Guinness!

Literally thousands of people take Guinness regularly as a prescribed tonic, digestive and sedative. Thousands more because they enjoy Guinness' racy tang. You can get Guinness at all legal outlets.



**Ask anyone from the Old Country
if he doesn't agree that:
GUINNESS IS GOOD for you**

Of course Guinness is both good AND good for you! Made from fine barley malt, hops, special Guinness yeast and pure spring water, it is mellowed for *more than a year* in oak vats and in bottle! Never filtered or pasteurized, Guinness retains the vital goodness of natural yeast. Enjoy the stimulating goodness of Guinness tonight. Get a bottle on the way home.

Have a GUINNESS today!

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

S-363

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

Oh! Had I but a garden fair

(by kind permission of P. Grandison)

I mind me, yes!—a garden fare,
Filled with flowers sweet and rare,
At which the C.O. used to stare,
And fondly hoped that all his flock
Could grow such strange, sweet-smelling stock.

Our Grandi used to stand all day
Out where his pansies small did sway,
And murmur beautifully to Ray
Of how he wished that it would rain
He wished his rockery to drain.

The apple tree yielded so much spoil
It lessened far the sordid toil
With cider workers used to oil
Rancid throats far gone to rust
Afflicted with the desert dust.

Ah! well I mind me how the boys
Did savour of those gardening joys
And casting oft their worldly toys

Did savour of the noble pear
That the tree by the ablution oft did bear.

Of the toil of Goodall, Dean and Gunn
How Baker looked when his plot was done,

Of the gardening prize that Laurie won,

That was given by the C.O. to
The man who most his onions knew.
But the summer months have slowly passed,

And that patch so green and grassed
Is once again by mud morrassed
Dry dust and dirt, decay and slime
Is all left of a place sublime.

And as I view that dreary waste
And leave it quickly and in haste
My shoes and socks with mud encased
I wonder was it worth the time
Some spent in digging up that slime.

How does Your garden grow ?

With the coming of spring we note various forms of seasonal madness about the station, the most eccentric of which is, perhaps, the ardour exhibited in changing the colour of the soil by digging up the bottom and putting it on top. Lawns and flower beds are feverishly prepared in the frantic hope of getting nature to lend a hand in the couple of months before the land is once again hidden under the counterpane of snow and ice for which nature can also be thanked.

Last year Head Gardener Hodges wooed nature so skillfully that Capt. Balfour, Air Vice-Marshal McKean, and Mr. Malcolm MacDonald all made special journeys from different parts of the globe to see the result, which proved Gardener Hodges a wooer of the first order.

This year perhaps the most original effort is the construction of a "biergarten" for the Sergeants' Mess. Gadget Expert Ted Ware, who is almost 'teetotal' nowadays, and Master of Discipline Bloxam, who is nowhere teetotal, have been showing considerable industry in this direction. In front of the hangars, a vast body of men, with personal example of S/Ldr. McGlenn before them, have been digging and hoeing desperately, whilst the deserted Ansons glower at them with an air of sullen amazement.

The net result of these efforts will, we trust, gladden the eye, but we cannot help thinking that had they been directed towards the construction of a swimming pool we would have seen a lasting improvement of the amenities of the camp, and of the health of the personnel.



HERE'S NEWS!

For trouble-free shopping turn to EATON'S 1942 Spring and Summer Catalogue. You'll find wide varieties of books, shaving supplies, stationery and practically every other personal requirement.

You'll also find the Catalogue an excellent source of gift suggestions for friends or relatives overseas.

THE **T. EATON CO.** LIMITED
WINNIPEG CANADA

Shades of Mrs Malaprop!

You are probably aware that it has been the custom in the Old Country for some time now, and still is, for mothers with young children and expectant mothers, to be supplied with free milk. They had, of course, to make application first on the prescribed form showing that they were entitled to this free issue.

The following are extracts from letters received by the authorities concerned from mothers applying for free milk:

"Please send me a form on free milk as I am expecting mother."

"I posted the form by mistake be-

fore my baby was filled in properly."

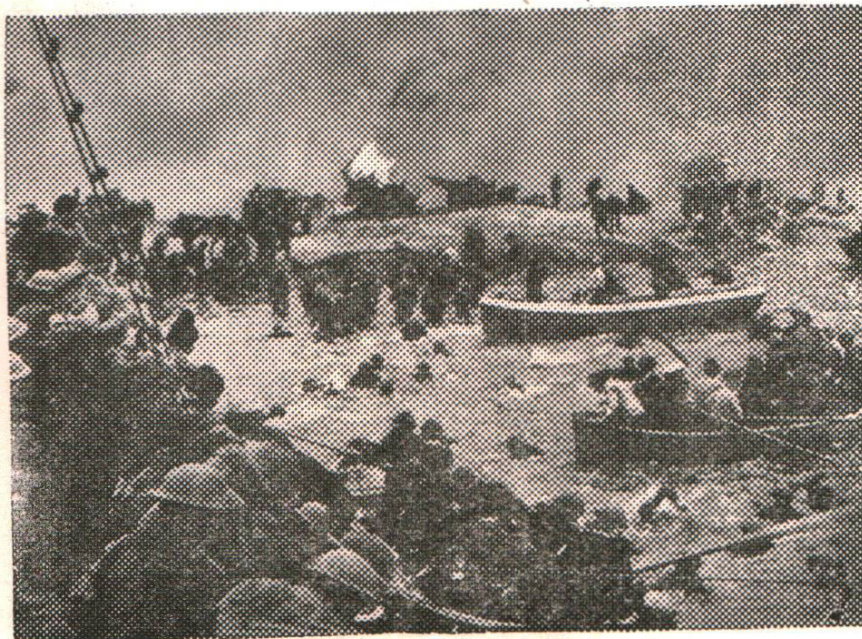
"I have a baby of 18 months, thanking you for same."

"I have one child of 2, and I am looking forward to an increase, hoping this meets with your approval."

"Will you send me a form for free milk. I have a baby of 2 months old and did not know anything about it until the milkman told me."

"Sorry being so long filling up my form but I have been in bed two weeks with my baby and did not know it had run out until the milkman told me."

How To Become A Pilot : In Four Acts



YOU HAVE JUST GOT BACK TO ENGLAND, THE WING COMMANDER IS IN HOSPITAL. READ ON:

1. The girl-friend kisses the Wing Commander, (You've had it, pal, or have you?)
2. Like all people who shoot a line you know more about Dunkirk than the people who were there and you don't mind talking about it. (This is what you thought Dunkirk was like.)



3. In the lime-light again with a determined look on your face (the goggles hide it) you shoot down three Jerries although you have been hit. (Tail-wagger and bone for this.)

4. Like the usual fairy tale, all ends happily, you marry the girl (You sucker you.) THE END.

How Did Willie Know ?

Air-Raid Warden

But, soft! What light through yonder window breaks?
—Romeo and Juliet

Next Morning

A heavy summons lies like lead upon me.
—Macbeth

Sirens

A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather, or our office.
—The Tempest.

Bomber

Some airy devil hovers in the sky
And yours down mischief.
—King John

Salvage Campaign

Let's have the tongs and the bones.
—A Midsummer Night's Dream

Petrol

A rarer spirit never
Did steer humanity.
—Anthony and Cleopatra

Gas Mask

O, horrible! most horrible!
—Hamlet

Beer Tax

This was the most unkindest cut of all.
—Julius Caesar

TEN DOLLARS FOR SHORT STORY

BUTT Me No Buts

We have pleasure in congratulating bugler Ted Butt on his appointment as Grand Mufti of Loud Speakers and Private. The Corporal celebrated his new office quietly, sharing an ice cream cone with Master-Pianist Darrock in the small canteen.

"The appointment is not untimely," he admitted modestly, "and I think they have the right man for the job." "Indeed," he continued passionately, rising to his feet, "Indeed, I shall pursue my task with indomitable courage, and (/ — oh, pardon me." He broke off with a laugh and sat down again. "That's that stupid Rip Chord

thing. "Have a lick at our cone?"

An electrician of skill and ingenuity, Corporal Butt is responsible for the successful wafting of martial music and speeches across the parade ground, a task that presents almost unparalleled opportunities to an operator with an over-edevloped sense of humour. The Nottingham wireless wizard is at present working on an electrical contraption that will scrub floors, dig gardens, make tea and pilot aeroplanes. The Empire Air Training scheme will thus be rendered entirely superfluous.

Gents' Bespoke Dentures

FROM

MERKELEY'S MOLAR MAUSOLEUM

(Next the Gossip Sanatorium)

- Over-age plates on lend-lease.
- Teeth drilled.
- Nerves frayed
- Tongues tied.
- Artificial rooves installed.
- High prices for old gold fillings.

NO COMMENT

CASUALTIES

As a tribute to the wonderful girls we left behind us, we print the following passage, borrowed from "Time."

"ON TARGET"

In an anti-aircraft station in the south of England the siren murdered sleep. Eight girls of an ATS (Auxiliary Territorial Service) crew slapped on tin hats, raced for the gun pit. Jerry was upstairs. The detectors had him pegged.

Turning the little knobs on her gun predictor for the first time in real action, 18-year-old Private Nora Caveney matched up the pointers, cried: "On target." As the guns spat, came the high whine of German bombs, a crash. A hot jagged bomb splinter ripped through the sandbags and struck Nora Caveney in the chest. Another girl jumped into her place; another treble cry went up: "On target."

In a village churchyard near by, Private Caveney was buried last week, the first ATS girl to die in action against the enemy. Said Nora Caveney's C.O.: "Seasoned soldiers could not have behaved better." From all over England came polite, stiff letters asking for Nora Caveney's picture.

Money Given AWAY!!

After our stupendous offer last month of a prize of \$10.00 for the best short story written by an airman of No. 33 S.F.T.S., the staff of this strange paper waited breathlessly in their editorial chairs for the myriads of entries to roll in. Ten days later a solitary competitor produced his effort, to be followed before the end of the month by one more.

Two entries only from a camp of thousands and thousands.

Because of this the contest is being held open for another month. The two entries already in our possession must have competition. It is inconceivable that there are only two people on this camp who can write a short story.

Have a crack at it chaps and remember that every story we publish as well as the winner, brings in \$1.00 to its author.

Surely there must be some people on the camp who are not so rich that they can afford to ignore this offer.

If anyone knows any of the following fellows, they can be found by mail at:

R.A.F., INDUNA,
BULAWAYO,
SOUTHERN RHODESIA

575324 LAC. Banks, ex-Cosford-Halton & Brize Norton.

619359 LAC. Stafford, ex-Aston-Donn.

614355 LAC. Everett ex-Brize-Norton.

and myself, 573548 LAC Reynolds ex-3 wing Halton (37th) and C.F.S. Upavon.

MUSIC WHILE YOU SLEEP

For some weeks past the loudspeaker system that at one time supplied music with our meals seems to have gone for a burton (as we of the Raf so aptly put it.) No longer does the Mess hall resound with the wails of a crooner who is endeavouring to Choo-choo to Chattanooga. No longer do the lads chorus "Well—come on in" when the Happy Gang knocks at the door. No longer is Mart Kenney's music marred by a hundred additional knife, fork and plate drums.

For some time there has been a rumour in circulation that loudspeakers were to be installed in every hut. This has been officially denied, but we can well imagine what might happen if that did happen. For instance, the Orderly Sergeant, instead of making his usual morning tour, would simply go to the mike in H.Q. First he would play a record, then this would follow: "Good morning, men, this is the Orderly Sergeant speaking, you have just heard "Oh! how I hate to get up in the morning," played to you by Freddy Martin and his Orchestra. It is 0600 hours Hellava watch time, and you should now all be leaping out of bed, and breathing in deeply the fresh morning air. The weather today (courtesy of the Met. Office) will be warm, with a slight rise in temperature in the early afternoon. The menu for this morning's breakfast will be — choice of cereals, grapefruit, eggs, bacon, toast and coffee for the Officers and Senior N.C.O.'s. Breakfast in Airmen's Mess will consist of half a cold sausage, choice of bread (brown or white) and cold tea (unsweetened) We will now have a recording of "Bless 'Em All" with the Andrews

Sisters vocalizing. It is hoped that all ranks will carefully note the lyrics of the Andrews Sisters version of this song, and stick to these words when singing in public

That was "Bless 'Em All" as sung by the Andrews Sisters. The time is now 0615 hours, and if you're not up by now, well, damn you—I'm going back to bed.

From 48 course Invitations



HABIT.

What Is This ?

Instructors I Love Pupils I Hate

By some pupils—(since posted)

(Any similarity to instructors living or dead is not purely coincidental!)

The awfully fine fellow—a damn decent chap

Gives his pupils I.F. and has a quiet nap.

At low flying he terms himself of the elite,

As he skims over tree tops at five hundred feet.

cup of tea.

For forced landings you find us all keyed up in vain;

The instructor showed how, and wrote off the plane.

“Watch the airspeed, the bank and also the height”

He binds on and off from morning till night.

Nav. flight instructors we really adore,

But how we could use them to mop up our floor.

“You’ve lost some equipment” they invariably yell,

But where they can put it you don’t like to tell.

He details us digging when we’re trying to rest,

But only in thought can we call him a pest.

At the end of each course they’re as nice as can be—

They know there’s a party where everything’s free.

Despite all his faults we are forced to conclude

He’s not a bad fellow though we’re rather rude.

So in this last verse we would wish him farewell,

And expect a reunion quite shortly in

by an Instructor

Pupils who always wear their flying boots.

Pupils who talk too much.

Pupils who never say anything.

Excessively bright pupils.

Excessively dim pupils.

Pupils with silk scarves.

Pupils who break things.

Pupils who kick me in the ribs when getting into the aeroplane.

Pupils who say: “But A.P. 129 says”

Pupils who say: “But at elementary”

Pupils who say what I can’t hear.

Pupils who don’t hear what I say.

Pupils who don’t carry watches to tell me the time.

Pupils who taxi faster than I do.

Pupils who get me lost.

Pupils who put aeroplanes u/s.

Pupils who go sick—but not badly enough to be transferred to another course.

Pupils who want to be instructors.

Pupils who knock the switches off.

Pupils who lose a prop.

Pupils who let me lose a prop.

Pupils who don’t believe what I say.

Pupils—every one of them.

WEDDING GIFT

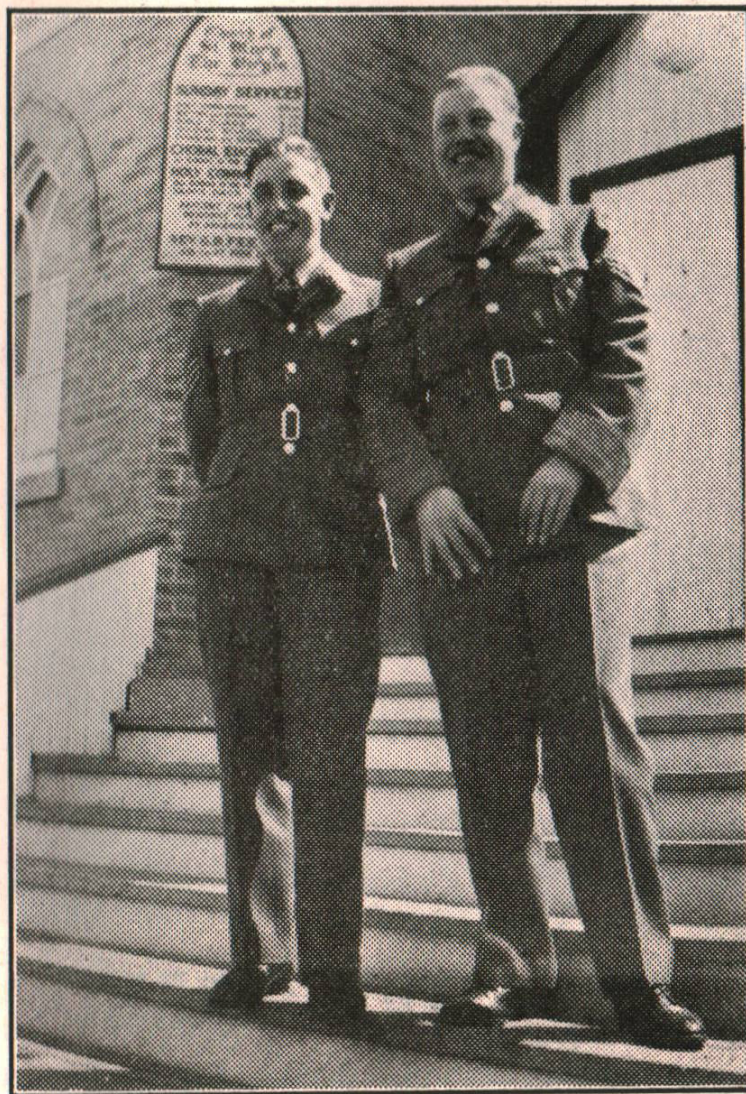
★ On behalf of our wives and ourselves, we would like to thank all personnel of servicing squadron for contributing to a wedding gift for us. We thought it was extremely thoughtful of them to remember us in this way.

Signed,

LAC. Hall.

LAC. Black.

Gestapo At Wedding



Sergeant Preece who recently married at Brandon. We wish both he and his wife every happiness. The gestapo chief beside him went along as best man and not to see if the groom was wearing nothing but Airforce issue clothing. Unfortunately our chief spy, who was wearing a non-issue shirt, was so concerned with keeping out of the gestapo's way that we are unable to say what the bride wore, but we do know a good time was had by all. At least we judge so from the number of Bromo-Seltzers sold next day at the mess.



AIN'T LOVE GRAND!

Mixed-up bus schedules may not mean much to a lot of folks

But they certainly are a pain in the neck to an attractive young lady waiting at the station three hours to meet a brawny soldier boy-friend with whom she has corresponded six months—but had never seen.

Pretty Zelda DuPree can testify to that today for she was in that fix while she waited for her friend, Leading Aircraftsman Frank Fitz-

gerald, R.A.F., 25, who came all the way from his station at Carberry, to meet her.

Somehow, she was told, the bus bearing Fitzgerald was due at 10 a.m. but —no bus. But, game to the last minute, Miss DuPree waited and finally the carrier rolled into the depot at 1 p.m.—and with her soldier All we can say is . . . “Ain’t love grand!”

(—Taken from a Los Angeles paper.)

Airmen!

RIDE A HORSE

Stables located behind
Murray's Garage

75c per hour

What a Life!



Don't be fooled by this aviator.
He isn't a bit of a woman-hater.
If he'd only learn,
he could win a friend—
He has to perspire,
but need not offend.

Bath tonight with **LIFEBUOY**

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

CORPORALS' CLUB

A dance was held Saturday, May 16th, in the Corporals' club. Once again we thank the girls from the Hudson's Bay for coming along; they play a big part in making these dances the successes they always are. We hope to see them again in the near future.

We were pleased to have our Commanding Officer with us again together with W/Cdr. Maturin, S/Ldr. Hanson, F/Lt. Stanley, F/Lt. Hince, F/O. Ellis and F/O. Clough, the last named being Orderly Officer for the day, no doubt thought he would keep his eye on us.

LAC's Monk and Walton gave a most convincing rendering of some of the songs of the day, and were

enthusiastically received by the gathering.

Congratulations also to the Rip Chords' orchestra for their invaluable help. I think that they enjoy the dance as much as the dancers do.

Prizes were presented by G./Capt. Brill, S/Ldr. Hanson and F/O. Clough and were won by Miss G. Hunter and LAC. Wittaker, Cpl. Wallace and Miss Anne Cathgate, and Cpl. and Mrs. Laurie.

Credit for the dance must be given to the hidden few: Cpl. Hayman, Cpl. Brown, Cpl. Sharpe, Cpl. Baker, Cpl. Braund and Cpl. Acton and his merry men behind the counter. For splendid work with the refreshments, thanks a lot, Cpl. Braund.

Airmen's Canada

By Michael Gray

After completing our stay at an Elementary Flying Training School we learned that the course was to finish training in Canada. Groans from the married, cheers from the single. Came swift embarkation leave, a bleak, crowded, drafting depot, a jolting troop-train journey, a wet quayside wait. Then the heave and sway, cramped discomfort and monotony, enjoyment and adventure, of a war-time Atlantic crossing.

Late one afternoon we docked in a Canadian port. Strolling restlessly around the decks, we waited for the order to disembark and as we walked and talked, early twilight blurred the hard outlines of the harbour works and town. Darkness and a sudden silence. We gazed, a little unbelievably (but how appreciatively), at the many twinkling lights and sky signs. But pay parade broke up our momentary reverie, and soon we were counting our first dollars, stacking kit, lining up for another inevitable routine roll-call, walking jerkily down the gangway.

Being used to English standards of travel, it was a little strange to spend more than a day and a night in a railway compartment, and we were not sorry when the smoothly juddering express clanked to a standstill outside a little prairietown in the Province of Manitoba. We felt stickily dirty and our minds only vaguely comprehended the vast lonely distances we had just traversed. Some Flying In-

structors and a baggage party were waiting for us, and very soon all were "genning up" on news from England and life in Canada.

The aerodrome was about a mile and a half distant along a bumpy, dusty road. From its tidy, orderly appearance, well laid roads and sturdy grass bordered buildings, we took the camp to have been long established, and were sharply surprised to learn how recently and in what a short space of time it had been erected. Our quarters were in a large, air-conditioned hut, which formed one arm of an H-shaped block, showers and ablutions being in the cross piece. The beds were of the familiar Service pattern, but were double-banked, one on top of another, bunk fashion. This proved vastly preferable to the old-English custom of jamming an extra bed between two others all along a room, thus depriving all airmen of any individual bed-space. Dumping our kit, we settled down gratefully to sink into the first really comfortable sleep for some time. All too soon came the Order-Sergeant's "Wakey-wakey" and it was work again.

Coastal Veterans

The first day was spent drawing equipment, attending lectures by the Station Commander, and Chief Flying Instructor, and being allotted to Flight and Squadrons. Early next morning we reported to the hangars and met our Instructors, who introduced us to the aeroplane which can surely claim the Service's reliability record—the Avro-Anson. Most of

Airmen's Canada Contd.

Michael Gray is Carberry Taught

the school's aircraft were Coastal Command veterans with months of operations to their credit. While they lacked the sleek finish of frequently visiting American Cessnas (from an R.C.A.F. school) these grand old aeroplanes were piling up the hours with such little wear and tear to themselves that, shortly before our arrival, Command Technical staff had issued new maintenance schedules to take full advantage of their marvellous staying power.

Our flying for the first few days was local and uneventful, but soon pensive first solo circuits were over and we went farther afield. Flights over Canada were very different from similar British journeys. As a preliminary navigation test, my instructor pointed out a place on the map and told me to take him there. It was marked as being a town on a single-line railway. We set off, I got a good pin-point soon after starting and made allowance for drift. After about 20 minutes, the railway passed beneath, but where was the town? I felt annoyed, and turned along the line to check up. Soon locating my position by a road and river intersection I returned, looked more closely, and found that my destination was a single grain elevator flanked by two or three houses!

Soon we got to know the country and learned to find our way around even more easily than over England. The snakily curving Assiniboine river, certain lakes and the solitary C.P.R. double-track railway became our constant guides. There were numerous stretches of barren lands where one

could fly between 50 and 100 miles without seeing a single landmark, and our cross-country exercises became genuinely interesting tests of D.R. Navigation.

"Rumble Club" Up To Date

The ground crews watched our aeronautical activities with more than usual interest, for to help keep us alert there was a system of fines in force at the school. These ranged from 10 cents for inadvertantly stopping an engine on the ground to one dollar for completely writing-off an aircraft. The list was quite comprehensive, taking in bumpy landings, taxiing with flaps down, landings and taking off out of wind or on the wrong runway, and many other faults in airmanship. The tribute was carefully collected and audited by a Sergeant Fitter, and during our stay at the school it served as a loan fund for harp-up irks and pupils, and after we passed out all the money went towards the cost of varied celebrations.

Our working schedule was not light. The aeroplanes were pushed out and started up during the last hours of darkness, and first details were off as soon as it was possible to see across the aerodrome. We worked alternate half-days of flying and ground subjects. In connection with the latter, those at present facing the hard grind of Initial Training Wing studies will be comforted to learn that we found nearly everything that followed — both at E.F.T.S., and S.F. T.S., only a variation on those constantly reiterated original themes of signals, armament and navigation.

Continued NEXT WEEK



LAC. John Barkway, of Perth, Scotland, married to Miss Dorothy Long, of Gladstone, Man., on May 16, 1942, at Gladstone.

Very little is known about the above wedding as the groom very wisely saw to it that the ceremony took place far away from the maddening throng. Mag, on behalf of the personnel of the station, wishes them long life and happiness together.

FT/LT. JOHN SEXTON WEDS

LAC. Barkway was a wise guy but Ft/Lt. Sexton made the fatal blunder of asking two members of Mag staff to his wedding. One of them was on leave so this is only half a report.

The other member of our staff went along and this is what he noticed between drinks:- The groom seemed to be somewhat uncertain as to procedure once the ceremony was over, as though he had not been married before. (He hasn't.) The bride was even more charming than usual, and was dressed in blue (for full description see the Winnipeg press.) The service was conducted by the station padre and among those present were Group Captain Brill, S/Ldr. Gossip and F/O Ellis.

There was great mystery as to where the happy pair were to spend their honeymoon, and before the night was out they began to wonder themselves. Things got somewhat disorganized and they found themselves at Portage without accommodation in the early hours of Saturday morning.

Mag joins with the personnel of this station in wishing "Oor Jo'n" and his bride every happiness in the future.

We Take Our Hats Off To - - -

The E flight pupil who, half-way through the course, asked a fitter whether the switches were on when they were up or down.

The A flight pupil who turned back from a cross country because the clouds got down to 3,000 (thousand) feet.

The F flight pupil who overshot and broke the aeroplane, and when asked by the C. I. why he hadn't gone around again, said: "Well, that's exactly what I thought as I was going through the second hedge."

The E flight pupil who, sent out to start an aeroplane, got in switched on, opened the throttles half open, and then got out and started to swing the prop.

The B flight pupil who tried to do a night landing down the main street of Carberry, and thought the C.V.M. was the taxiing post.

The pupil who asked what sort of bomb to use in a particular circum-

stance "500 lb. or 1,000 lb. G.P. Bomb depending on the size of personnel to be bombed.

The pupil who said "these types of bombs having the shape of what one imagines a bomb to look like."

The pupil who said "Avro Anson" when asked to give an example of a mid-wing twin engine monoplane.

The pupil who spelt "A message is any cominiccie."

The pupil who spelt 'Stopage' 'Im-edditate' 'Remendy' and 'Amour plate' in his armament exam; and also "which explodese and in turn ignitis the explosish'

The pupil who said "You have to aim ahead of the part you want to hit."

The pupil who defined the properties of a gyro as:

1. Verginity in Space;
2. Persuccion.

The PALACE THEATRE, Carberry

Monday & Tuesday, June 1—2
"SHIPS WITH WINGS"

—with—

John Clements — Leslie Banks

Wednesday & Thursday, June 3—4
"SULLIVAN'S TRAVELS"

—with—

Joel McCrea — Veronica Lake

Friday & Saturday, June 5—6
"MY FAVORITE BLONDE"

—with—

Bob Hope — Madeleine Carroll

Monday & Tuesday, June 8—9
"WE WERE DANCING"

—with—

Norma Shearer — Melvyn Douglas

Wednesday & Thursday, June 10-11
"SWAMP WATER"

—with—

Walter Huston — Anne Baxter

Friday & Saturday, June 12—13
"THE COURTSHIP OF
ANDY HARDY"

—with—

Mickey Rooney — Lewis Stone

Model Aeroplane Club

The past two months or so have, in the model aero world, been months of anxiety. This is due chiefly to the lack of rubber for the rubber-powered models. The only alternative to this has been the making of gliders and gas-powered models. The gas models have so far proved to be very successful, and many more hours of enjoyment are anticipated. There is of course keen competition among the club members and the duration record is held by Jimmy Walker with a flight of 6 minutes, 15 seconds. This model has a wing span of 6' 4" and weighs approximately 4 lbs. Another, and incidentally, the latest gas model in the club, is one built by Frank Harris. This has a span of 6 feet, the featuristic point being a Davie's aerofoil section. The test flights have been successful but, unfortunately, limited, owing to the interference of mosquitoes, not on the model, but on the unfortunate modellers.

Pete Noel, the secretary of the

club, is building a G-line controlled model. This particular type has elevator control which enables it to perform aerobatics, landings, and anything capable of an actual machine. This model, he claims will, when completed, exceed the speed of 60 m.p.h.

And so for gas models

Gliders are fascinating inasmuch as they are, literally speaking, powerless and rely on balance for good flights. In this sphere of modelling one can really admire and appreciate the beauty and the skill of one's own workmanship. At present there are two completed gliders in the club and one under construction. The first one was built by Pete Noel and the second one by Pete Shorten. The one under construction, is being built by Ron Rogers and is expected to give a good performance. The characteristic point of this model is the fuselage, which is round and tapered giving the effect of a bullet.

The Rex Cafe, Carberry

- Enjoy a GOOD MEAL at our air-cooled Cafe.
- ★ ICE CREAM and COOL DRINKS for the hot weather.
- Our stock of Fruit, Confectionery, Pipes, Cigars and Cigarettes is the Choicest.

LEE LOW, proprietor

Ten Little Pupil Boys

(Apologies to Tee Emm)

Ten little pupil boys tried to shoot a line,

One tried to slow roll, and then there were nine.

Nine little pupil boys tried to formate, One got a shade too close, and then there were eight.

Eight little pupil boys, climbing up to heaven,

One forgot his A.S.I. and then there were seven.

Seven little pupil boys, looking for a fix,

One flew reciprocal and then there were six.

Six little pupil boys, very much alive, One said he's rather not, and then there were five.

Five little pupil boys, mixture rich, full bore,

Coming in too low at night and then there were four.

Four little pupil boys hurried home for tea,

One did a turn too tight, and then there were three.

Three little pupil boys, feeling very blue,

One flew so very low that then there were two.

Two little pupil boys, flying in the sun,

Both glued to instruments and then there was one.

One little pupil boy thought he'd have some fun,

Taxied out a sight too fast, and then there were none.

Ten little Ansons gone to never never,

'Cos ten silly little sprogs tried to be too clever.

I'm One of them

Could you give me a clue,
Why the men seem to rue,
The presence of girls in the Airforce?
Could you please put me wise,
Why they seem to despise,
The girls taking training from their source?

Can you tell me it's true
Yes, you in the blue,
That you don't like a beauty on duty?
And are we to presume
That the scent of perfume
Isn't pleasant—oh don't be so snooty!
You'll have to admit
That the uniforms fit
(And to say "like a glove" puts it mildly.)

And the feminine curls
And complexions like pearls

Must make your eye rove a bit wildly!

Now you'll have to confess,
As you sit in the mess,
That you've picked out a secret passion.

Does your heart take a twirl
As you look at that girl,
And you don't pay attention to rations?

Come, own up my lad,
That it would be sad
If around the place there were none of them.

'Cause you see it's like this,
Hope it won't be amiss,
But it happens that—well—I'M ONE OF THEM.

What Should I Send to Britain

CONTENTS. You can send food-stuffs—butter, cheese, tea, canned goods, chocolate bars, sugar, etc. But don't send bottled jams, pickles, because if the jar breaks it's going to make a fine mess and probably spoil the other contents—and the contents of neighboring parcels. And of course don't send fresh fruit, unless properly crated—no one likes receiving a knitted sweater with squashed-apple centerpiece. Likewise, cans of lighter fluid and such inflammables are taboo.

You can send clothing, cigarettes, cosmetics . . . in fact practically anything, provided it's not something subversive or something that is forbidden to be dispatched through the mails, even in peacetime—time bombs and things like that.

But the problem isn't so much what you can send, it's more a matter of:

WEIGHT. Five pounds gross is the limit. If food is included, there must not be more than two pounds of any one food. You cannot get around this by splitting 20 pounds, say, into four five-pounds lots and mailing them separately. They'll be confiscated at this end and distributed to the needy. And if you try to trick the system by mailing your separate five-pound packages at intervals of a day or two, they'll still be confiscated, because parcels must not be sent at too frequent intervals. The Post Office in Britain keeps a check on the number of parcels received by any one person.

If a parcel is over five pounds the recipient may put in an application for an import license, which would entitle him to collect his goods from the Post Office. But first he has to make out a good case to prove that

he is needy and the goods are essential to him. If he can't, off go the goods to an approved organization such as the British Red Cross, to be distributed by them.

COUPONS. The goods in packages under five pounds are coupon-free, whether it's food or clothing. But if a package is overweight and the receiver is granted an import licence, which entitles him to keep the contents, he must surrender the required number of coupons, in the case of the clothing.

DUTY. As a rule the recipients don't have to pay duty, because the amount of duty collectible on most goods enclosed in the five-pound packets doesn't amount to enough to make it worth while collecting. When you enclose a few cigarettes or a lipstick or two in your parcel, they may be allowed through free of duty.

But if you send over a batch of silk stockings, or a goodly quantity of cigarettes or cosmetics, the person at this end will have to pay. Duty on Canadian-made silk, nylon, or artificial silk stockings and other silk goods is 28 8/9ths per cent of purchase price. On similar American-made goods it's 43 1/3 per cent. The duty on cigarettes is about \$1.50 a hundred, which is only slightly cheaper than the retail price here at present. Duty on cosmetics varies from 20 to 30 per cent.

What a wonderful bird the frog are—
When he stand, he sit almost:
When he hop, he fly almost.
He ain't got no sense hardly;
He ain't got no tail hardly, either:
When he sit, he sit on what he ain't
got, almost.

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AT CUT RATES

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

PROMPT REPAIR SERVICE

LINE OF THE MONTH

PLACE: No. 2 Hangar, G/S Crew Room.

WITNESSES: 2 Senior N.C.O.'s, 4 Corporals and 1 Irk.

CIRCUMSTANCES: Relating his experiences in the Middle East, a Cpl. told of the time that a cook had as usual thawed out from its icy block a fresh fish as supplied by air, as part of their rations. Finding it to be still alive the cook placed it in a tank of water, adding a few grains of salt and the fish once more resumed its aquatic existence.

Day by day he removed a glassful of salt water and substituted fresh water. A week passed and on alternate day he removed a glass of the fresh water. The day came when the fish was walking around the bottom

of the tank. So the enterprising cook placed it in the canteen inside a bird cage for all to view.

Sad to relate, this unusual freak did not live to a ripe old age but was found one morning lying on the floor of the cage. During the night, the poor thing, feeling rather thirsty, had arisen from his slumbers, and being unable to see his drinking bowl, had slipped and fallen in and was drowned.

LUXURIOUSLY APPTD. BUNGALOW, 2 bedrm., living rm. & combination rm.

(Advertisement in newspaper)

..... a cross between a pantry and a vestry, we presume.



STATION TABLE-TENNIS CHAMPIONS — HUT 14

SOCCER

SGTS. vs HUT 9

Opening play was all the Sergeants, with James well in view, scoring from a solo run down the middle. Hut 9 seemed out of balance with players all over the place, and the Sergeants holding majority of play James passed to his winger, Scott, who scored a grand goal, and a few minutes later adding a third goal himself.

Second half was all Sergeants, who fail to increase their lead, and in last minute from a fine run the pupils failed to score.

James failed with a penalty, the goalie making a fine, one-handed save, from a good shot.

Sergeants were worth their win.

HUT 13 vs HUT 12

Slow starting with Hut 12 showing the dash. 13 settled down but 12 opened the score and then accidentally put through their own goal.

Second half, 13 opened strong but Anderson got injured. Jay put 13 ahead and Spiers added No. 3. 13 deserved the win by a small margin.

Carter being the star player with Harris a good second. Raynor kept a good goal for Hut 12, handling some awkward shots admirably.

SOCCER LEAGUE TABLES

	P	W	D	L	Goals	Pts
Hut 32	3	3	-	-	8 4	6
Hut 14	3	2	1	-	9 1	5
Hut 9	3	2	0	1	7 7	4
Sgts' Mess	3	2	0	1	6 2	4
Hut 11	2	1	1	0	3 2	3
Hut 13	2	1	1	0	4 2	3
Hut 10	3	1	0	2	5 6	2
Hut 20	2	0	1	1	0 2	1
Hut 31	3	0	1	2	5 8	1
Hut 12	3	0	1	2	3 11	1
Officers'						
Mess	2	0	0	2	1 4	0

RESULTS FROM 18th MAY ONWARD:

Hut 32	4	Hut 31	3
Hut 14	2	Hut 20	0
Sgts	2	Officers	0
Hut 13	3	Hut 12	1
Hut 32	2	Officers	0
Sgts.	3	Hut 9	0
Hut 14	6	Hut 31	0
Hut 10	4	Hut 12	2

LEADING GOAL-SCORERS

Davies, Hut 14	4
Sgt. James	4
Cpl. Sedgwick	3
Williams, Hut 32	3

ARCHERY

If we watch the D.N.B. (official news agency of the German nation) we will probably notice that the skill of Herr Goebbels has reached into the narrow confines of the R.A.F. station at Carberry for his latest propaganda dodge. It will read something like this: "The enemy in training in Canada are so short of equipment that they have taken to the manufacture of Bows and Arrows with which to fight.

However this is not the reason that some twenty odd of the personnel have taken up the making and the art of the longbow to fill up their spare time. With a few instructions from the "Y" staff, they have completed a considerable number of Bows and are waiting for the material for the arrows. After that they have plans for a target range, and a club with its tournaments and competitions. With the membership increasing each day, it looks as if by the time summer arrives in earnest there will be about fifty enthusiastic archers prowling around the countryside after their prey—probably gophers.

Softball

Softball has gotten underway in a big way this season. Five teams have been organized among the Canadian personnel on the station, and it is only to be regretted that more of the English airmen don't take a fling at this Canadian game before they return home. You may think it looks like that effeminate game of "rounders" that you play back home blokes, but you can take my word for it that it's no more sissy stuff than basketball, and any airmen who took a fling at basketball has taken an altogether different view concerning this game. So come on fellows come out to the ball diamond behind Works and Buildings any night and a game will be arranged for you. The five teams in the station league are:

Security Guard (2 teams); Works and Buildings; Senior N.C.O.'s, and Officers.

A station team has also been entered in the Brandon District Services league. Seven teams representing Rivers, Virden, Neepawa, No. 2 Manning Depot, No. 12 S.F.T.S., No. 4 Artillery Training Centre, and Carberry are entered in this league. The first game will be played on May 25, and the league runs on until July 15, when the top four teams will participate in the play-offs.

From the amount of good material we have seen out on the diamond to date, it looks as though this station is going to have a hot team that should go a long way in any man's league.

C. V. M.

Tennis

Rumour has it (and how we hope it is true) that there may be some more tennis courts in the offing for the station. The two courts that now exist are hard pressed to accommodate all the enthusiasts on the station, and it is almost hopeless to run off any organized matches on two courts, when so many want to take part.

The present plans for organizing tennis are along different lines than last year's. Teams of six representing different sections of the camp are being organized. Teams are already being organized among the Officers, Senior N.C.O.'s, Corporals, u/t pilots,

and it only remains for the airmen now to get organized a little better. We should like to see a team of six entered from the M.T. section, Hospital, Maintenance (2 or 3 teams), Servicing the same, Equipment, Headquarters, etc. A match between two teams will consist of 6 singles, and three doubles matches. Entries of teams should be made to the Y.M. office, Hut 22.

In addition to tennis on the station a station team will be organized to challenge other stations in the Brandon district for a cup that has been put up by the Brandon District Services Athletic Association.

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. . . TRY OUR

- ★ Salads
- ★ Ice Cream Sodas
- ★ Sundaes

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Dramatic Society

Presents

'George & Margaret'

The Dramatic Society added another success to their bag when they presented Gerald Savory's "George and Margaret" to a very appreciative audience in the Station Theatre on Wednesday, May 20. The selection committee chose a play which necessitated some very skilled acting and even if the high standard of acting did lapse in a very few places the Hamish Liggat's production along at a fast pace throughout.

Winnifred Cook as Gladys, the snivelling maid who marries Claude the eldest son, was most impressive. Dorothy McFarland as Alice, the mother, although tending to overact a bit at times, ably displayed the middle class "Dear me what will the neighbours say—my son marrying a parlour maid" English housewife. Stan Walton as the father, Malcolm, performed with skill, although his make-up was not sufficiently senile

to let one think he was the father of three grown-up children. As Dudley, the music-loving and younger son, Fred Smith fitted his role admirably and gave a capable performance. Lawrie Owens as the vivacious Frankie, was glamorous and flirty as the author intended her to be, and although at times slightly inaudible, gave a polished performance at the same time displaying a very attractive wardrobe to good effect. As the non-excitabile Claude, Morris Applegate impressed, in fitting a very difficult role. Douglas Hosgood struggled manfully with the difficult part of Roger Frampton, who falls in love with Frankie, but although he was successful, he did appear comfortable on the stage.

The producer, Hamish Liggat, and the whole of the Dramatic Society are to be congratulated on the success of their production of 'George and Margaret.'

Six German airmen reported at the golden gates of Heaven. Only three of them were admitted.

The other three kicked up such a fuss that St. Peter came back to see what all the row was about. When he was told, he informed them that as the German press had reported only three lives lost, it would be impossible for the records and accounts to be altered and that they must find sanctuary elsewhere.

Glossary of red tape used by officialese in Washington, D.C.:

- Under consideration, means: Never heard of it.
- Under active consideration, means: Will have a shot at finding the file.
- Transmitted to you, means: You hold the can awhile; I'm tired of it.
- Kindly expediate reply, means: For God's sake, try and find the papers.
- Appropriate action, means: Do you know what to do with it? We don't.

Drink . . .

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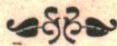
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