



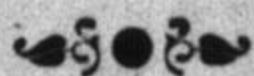
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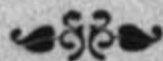
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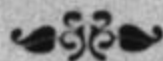
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JOURNAL

of the

Royal Air Force, Carberry

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(Ready to Mail)

EDITORIAL**Good-bye to all that :**

BY THE TIME this so-called Editorial appears, the perpetrator should be far from pursuit. But, curiously, the grand opportunity to pull off some naughty wise-cracks offers itself in vain; and all those melancholy taints of the old Adam that showed so strongly in the deplorable essays of the Prairie Oyster, the Buffalo, and the Gopher, seem to have been purged by the exquisite pathos of packing-up.

Do not, however, expect in this valedictory composition any of that cheap sob-stuff redolent of alcoholic excess. In imagination, I am already in the railway train — and if you don't know the regulations by now, may heaven help you: for the conductor won't. I would rather pull myself together and proffer a little parting advice from one well-placed to do so as an honorary, payless, non-acting, over-taxed, permanent Corporal.

- (1) Do not play your games so robustly. I have seen some wicked instances of boys who veritably seem not to care if they are hurt. Try to bear in mind that there is a war on.
- (2) If you lothe and detest sweet-corn, look round the Mess cautiously before whispering in the ear of your bosom pal to mention you dislike it. This is more diplomatic (and, indeed, less dangerous) than leaping on the table and screaming that you abominate the little yellow perils.
- (3) Spend a few hours of your daily leisure in clambering up and down the beds in your dormitory. This should prevent you looking silly when, some day, you may be confronted with a hill.
- (4) Rid your minds finally of the deep-rooted conviction that you can visit Banff on a "48."
- (5) Go easy with the Funnies. Remember that the day will come when Superman will be quite unobtainable. It is essential that one prepare for these major wrenches in life.
- (6) If your sweetie at home fails to write, do not drown your sorrows in air-men's tea. Send her a note asking what size she takes in stockings. I have never known this to fail with any of mine, except one who sent back an abrupt cable. And that was an outsize, anyway.
- (7) Bear in mind that the Dominion atmosphere is very dry, and that, in consequence, liquids should be freely absorbed. It was the great Nelson who turned a blind eye to orders. My orders are: Do not turn a blind eye to the Nelson. (Advt.)

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 6)

He Is On The 'BOAT'

AN INTERVIEW WITH CPL. FREDDIE BROWN

"I shall always have pleasant memories of Canada and may possibly return here after the war, as there seems to be plenty of scope provided that you know the right people.

These were the first words that greeted our reporter when he spoke to Freddie Brown, who is one of those lucky people, and by now should be on the boat.

Cpl. Brown has been at camps in Ontario and Manitoba and says that he prefers Kingston to Carberry because there is better scenery, the surrounding country is not so deserted and there is a larger element of British people in Ontario. His reaction seems to be that of most of us as regards to coming to Canada inasmuch as he feels out of the war and wants to get back home. We ask Freddie what his views on marriages between Canadian girls and English airmen were. Very cautiously he said: "It is really up to the individual but I think it needs a lot of thought, for life in England is very different from Canada and while the airmen might stay in Canada his home is forever England."

Cpl. Brown has travelled the world with the Air Force and of all the countries he has visited he likes Canada best, and feels that many will have an urge to return to this country as living is easier here.

He concluded by wishing Mag and the station the best of luck and promised to let us have all the "gen" about the boat.

(EDITORIAL CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5)

- (8) In difficulties employ the famous Cove's system: Put on your tropical kit, disregard the icy blast, and say repeatedly: "It is midsummer, and I am streaming with perspiration." You will find it to be so futile that your blood will satisfactorily boil.
- (9) As a groundling I cannot venture to offer advice about flying. But I feel strongly about this: when you are landing, flick an eye at the instrument panel, and then take a darn good look at Mother Earth. Instructors may reverse the process.
- (10) See you later. I'm rather partial to the Chandos, or the Cafe' Royal on pay day. In working hours—the George, Enfield.

MACLEAN YOUR TEETH DAILY!

All branches of the service have chosen Macleans Tooth Paste as their favourite dentifrice. Loud are their praises for its grand, new taste sensation. Try Macleaning your teeth daily and see how quickly your appearance improves, your teeth become sparkling white, your gums firmer, and your mouth healthier. Macleans quickly overcomes those dull, dingy smoke stains. So buy the large, economical tube today and give your mouth a daily lift.

For sale at
all Druggists
and Canteens



The Largest Selling Tooth Paste in Great Britain



M10-42

'MOORE' OR LESS

In order to clear up some misunderstandings that have arisen in connection with the refurbishing, painting and furnishing of the Aerodrome Runway control hut, it is stated that the fact that Squadron Leader Moore was observed inspecting the product in the various stages of its renovation has no special significance. Advertisements for Coca Cola and Hot Dog and Hamburger signs will not be hung over the side with a placard calling on troops to visit Moore's restaurant, nor will radio loudspeakers be installed in each booth.

Squadron Leader Moore made the following statement today: "There is absolutely no connection between my firm and the firm that calls itself Moore's restaurant. The Runway

Control hut is a purely philanthropic institution and is to be run on a non profit basis. Admission free, but occupants must bring their own bathing suits, sun tan lotion and cigarettes and magazines. Just in case of any further misunderstandings I would like to add that the fact that the hut has now been mounted on four super rubber tired wheels does not necessarily mean that it is a branch of the firm known as Moore's Taxi Limited. It cannot be hired for joyrides or livery service, but will only steam around the aerodrome at the pleasure of the Duty Pilot and with the assistance of the fire tender, which pleasure will, I trust, be very limited in order to reduce wear and tear on the tires to the absolute minimum."

TWO-BITS POSTED

Infamous Figure Departs

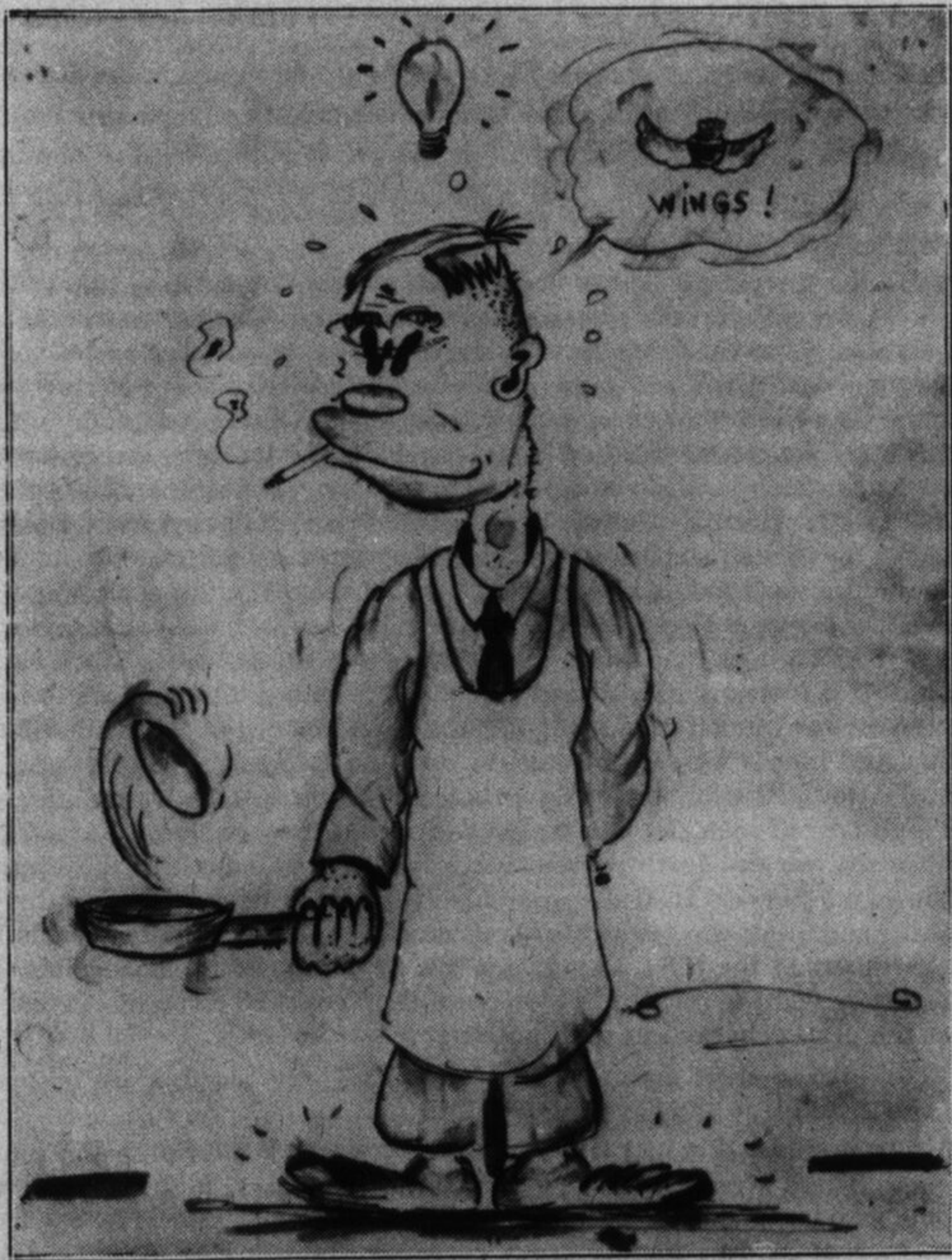
Rumour was rife at the airport here today, June 10th, over the mysterious disappearance of Aircraft-hound Two Bits. Corporal Rip told a reporter that he understood that ACH Two Bits had gone to visit relations in the East for an indefinite period. "That's a nice way of saying that he was run out of Carberry by the police," he added. Asked to enlarge on this statement he said that he had been given to understand that Chief of Police Ullathorne had demanded either the immediate death or disappearance of ACH Two Bits. "I was present in Carberry when he attacked the Canadian Pacific Railway last Monday," said Rip, "and he has bitten the railway before, I wonder what there was he didn't like about railways."

Chief of Police Ullathorne would not confirm any rumour to the effect that the dog had been ordered out of the Province of Manitoba. He said that that was a matter between himself and the Air Force authorities alone. He did, however, say that it was a very fortunate coincidence that ACH Two Bits departed just at the time that local indignation had risen to an unprecedented degree all.

against him, and at a time when no resident of Carberry could walk up Main Street without the fear of a sudden commandolike attack on his nether portions. "At one time that dog had the confounded audacity to bite me, too," said he.

Air Force authorities cleared up the mystery when they told our reporter that ACH Two Bits, having finished a course in fighter instruction and administration had been appointed in the normal course of events to a commission in the general duties branch of the R.A.F.V.R., and had therefore been automatically posted. Pilot Officer Two Bits has gone to the R.A.F. station at Picton, Ontario to join the staff of Squadron Leader Anderson, formerly of Carberry.

Corporal Rip announced his pleasure at the news. "Not that he deserved a commission," he said, "but it would have been deuced awkward if he'd stayed here; fancy, I should have had to salute him and call him Sir. He wasn't a bad chap, though. Still I can't deny that I'm glad he's gone; he was always trying to get in the public eye through some silly stunt or other, and that silly newspaper gave him far more publicity than was either necessary, or good for him. Now I'll be able to get it



DREAMING

Y.M.C.A. - P.S.I.

Where YOUR Money Goes

It is natural that a good deal of interest should be shown in the organization which endeavours to return to Airmen, in the form of various amenities, such profits as are made in the Canteens. I have therefore tried to sum up in the minimum of words the general situation of the Service Institute as it functions in this Unit.

1. In the early days, and in the absence of any N.A.A.F.I. in this Dominion, we set out to run the Canteens ourselves, and we got as far as the foundations quite successfully. Higher authority, however, decided to call in the help of a large and experienced organization to cover the arrangements (apart from the sale of beer) which, in the United Kingdom, are the N.A.A.F.I.'s job. And the Y.M.C.A. undertook the work at the request of the U.K. Air Liaison Mission, agreeing to turn over to Commanding Officers all net profits after its overhead expenses had been deducted from the gross takings. Overhead expenses include such items as equipment, laundry, staff and fire insurance, and wages of the staff etc. The Supervisor's salary does not come from this source. For its headquarters' expenses it takes 2% of the gross takings, that fails to cover those expenses because of the cost of audits. It is a clearly established fact that the money flowing into the Service Institute is much greater than if the Station were in the United Kingdom. And that is why we manage to carry on fairly successfully with the games without the support of a sports subscription, although travelling and the high cost of material is a far greater strain than at Home. The President of the Service Institute receives a monthly statement of the Canteen accounts, the Service Institute accounts are audited every few months, the Y.M.C.A. accounts are subject to Government audit at regular intervals, and the members of the P.S.I. Committee can get answers to any points into which they want to enquire. Moreover, the President can exercise control over the prices charged in the Canteen.

The balance sheet and accounts of the P.S.I. duly audited are posted on the notice boards in the Canteens for all to see.

2. The profits roll in by monthly cheques into the P.S.I. Fund, and the fun begins. There are many ways of spending the money; and the authorized people who make their suggestions to the Commanding Officers work solely on a basis of justice, remote from personal enthusiasms. There is food,

(CONTINUED TOP OF NEXT PAGE)

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10)

Where YOUR Money Goes

comfort, exercise, and entertainment. I believe that no single recommendations would be unanimously supported by personnel—just as I believe that, by the suggestion that anyone who really deeply feels about any matter of general advantage has but to contact the Secretary of the P.S.I. Committee to be co-opted at the next meeting to air his views with a certainty of sympathetic hearing, in case the Committee has missed anything. For these profits are not always expended in a flamboyant manner, so that an Airman can turn to his dancing partner and say: "These decorations and this music, and this prepared floor, and your motor-coach are partly mine!" For if his dancing partner is of the more understanding kind, she would prefer to hear the somewhat longer and more far-reaching remark: "Yes, we get along fairly well. Those gardens were made by us, and the flowers and trees are ours. So are the tennis courts and other sport equipment. The Concert we held last Sunday was paid for by us—so far as their expenses go. There isn't a soccer match—or any other match—which I didn't help to support financially. Our own popular Concert Party, Orchestra, Band and what-not were made by us, and Charity has profited thereby; and the Airmen's Dance last Wednesday did not pay for itself—we all put that on! There are no regular grants as at Home—we are self-supporting. The Mess would be a pretty gaunt affair but for the money we all pay to add any necessary fancy touches. I would not be writing to you in comparative comfort if I had not paid for the appointments in that writing room. And those appointments and furnishings are insured by me."

And, he might add: "The boxing ring in the drill hall, and the decorations there for station dances, I have paid for those too."

THE LONG LOST BOAT

If with pleasure you are viewing
Any work an "Erk" is doing;
If you like him, if you hate him,
tell him now,
Don't withhold your approbation
Till the Padre holds oration
And he lies with snowy daisies
on his brow.
No matter how you go about it,
He won't really care about it;
He won't know how many teardrops
you have shed

If you think some praise is due him,
"NOW'S" the time to slip it to him,
For he cannot read his tombstone
when he's dead.

Do not wait till life is over
And he's underneath the clover;
Give him all the gen and right away
If the gen is only dug, that will give
a little hope,
As he's waiting for that long lost
boat.

P. Brown

OFFICERS' NEWS

We take off our hats to S/Ldr. Burnell and Mrs. Burnell for saying 'hello' to their baby daughter, Judith, for the first time, the other day.

"To leave a bed, is disappointing," says F/Lt. Robertson, D.F.C. He ought to know.

F/Lt. Dawson goes city wise—or otherwise to No. 1 Training Command.

P/O. Tomkins ex-assistant Adjutant, goes to get his desired sea legs.

S/Ldr. McGlenn appears alone these days. Dog-gone! It can't be! A penny for them.

Group Captain Brill visited Winnipeg to see Anna Neagle show. We hope it was not an illegal show.

P/O Hobson had no choice and took a 48 in the middle of the week.

You have a fine calf,

As I live!

Said P/O Farrally.

The better to cow you with,

Said Flight Lieutenant Stanley.

S/Ldr. Phillips and F/O Walton played squash the hard way.

We take off our hats to F/O Paton-Jones for suggesting the Churchill system for Batmen. But, Officers have already been using the system, it seems, when on 48 in Winnipeg. We are to hang out tunic and shoes outside the door for cleaning at night by the duty batman, on a peg. The peg is known as the "Winnie Peg." How small the world is!

We take off our hats to F/Lt. Hubber-Richards who is now showing-a-leg around the Mess.

**14 RIDES
BETWEEN CAMP AND
TOWN FOR
\$1.00**



Save 40c to the \$1 by purchasing a

Transportation Ticket

now available to all personnel for travel between the Camp and Town.

Bill's Taxi

24 hr. service Ph. 69

Carberry

Bowling Alley



4 ALLEYS



Will be opened about

JUNE 15



M. McLEAN

Proprietor

HOW THE OTHER HALF LIVES

Have you not wondered, sometimes, what goes on behind the scenes in sections other than your own. Even though there are no WAAF's to lend color to the station, odd things do go on. Let us look in on:—

Aircraft Control. Time: 1800 hours.

We find a scene of idyllic peace. Sergeants Webster and Cole sip their tea, smoke their cigarettes, and discuss the rolling on of boats. Suddenly the serenity is shattered by a commotion outside.

The door bursts open.

Enter Corporal Ash in a hurry.

Cpl. Ash: "This chap with a broken back in an Anson he says its pinching him where are the two officers."

The blank expressions of the Sergeants are accentuated by their respective mouths dropping wide open.

Enter Flight Sergeant Mack.

F/Sgt. Mack: "What's this? Broken back? One of my Ansons I suppose."

Cpl. Ash: "No not an Anson. It's the bloke who's got the broken back."

F/Sgt. Mack: "Oh well, that's alright. Thank heaven for that."

Exit F/Sgt. Mack.

Sergeants (in chorus): "What Anson? What back? What bloke? What's pinching him?"

Cpl. Ash: "Can you get on the phone for the two officers he wants the tail lifted up."

Pause.

Sgt. Cole (irritably): "What is all this about?"

Cpl. Ash: (with studied patience): "There's a man in an Anson with a broken back"

"Let's leave them; I don't feel very well."

The Rex Cafe, Carberry

Our new Lunch Counter the latest style—

—Rest Rooms recently installed fully modern

The Best of Everything

●GOOD MEALS

●FRUIT IN SEASON

A Selected Stock of
TOBACCOS, PIPES, CIGARS & CIGARETTES

LEE LOW, proprietor

Sergeants' Boat Dance

Without wasting a drop of that over-rated symbol of extravagance, champagne, the good ship "Torra-peachy" slid down the stocks at four bells in the second dog watch on June 6, and launched the best Sergeants' Mess Dance ever.

The affair has been already reported, socially, at great length in "Brevities" and there are of course, other details too sacred to recount.

Contrary to Maritime Rules, the Captain tied the engine-room semaphore in the "Full Speed Ahead" position and, heedless of the fate of "The White Ship" (Henry I and all that) cavorted with the crew and the passengers.

A sweet young thing from Winnipeg was disappointed with the rigging but was pacified with trifle and lemonade. A blonde—there WERE more than two!—who had gate-crashed brazenly asserted she had

been invited by Nautical William. The First Mate sent her for-ard, the Purser pursued, but the Skipper brung her back. She wanted to dance the hornpipe but was persuaded to tango instead.

As the Witching Hour approached the glamor of this unique spectacle seemed heightened. With soft lights and sweet music the thousand guests floated in waltz-time against a background that vied with any million dollar Broadway production. Your humble reporter, descending to the f'c'stle, was inspired by the romantic scene. It was as though he had wandered into a magnificent Hollywood set. In fact he could almost hear an invisible cameraman call, "They're rolling."

The ship's log records the dance as having concluded at two bells in the starboard watch.

The ship's log is always right.

The PALACE THEATRE, Carberry

WEDNESDAY & THURSDAY
July 1—2

"KILDARE'S VICTORY"

FRIDAY & SATURDAY
July 3—4

"TWIN BEDS"

—Double Bill—

MONDAY & TUESDAY
July 6—7

"NEW WINE"

—and—

'MR. BUG GOES TO TOWN'

WEDNESDAY & THURSDAY
July 8—9

"THE LADY HAS PLANS"

FRIDAY & SATURDAY
July 10—11

"SHIP AHOY"

MONDAY & TUESDAY
July 13—14

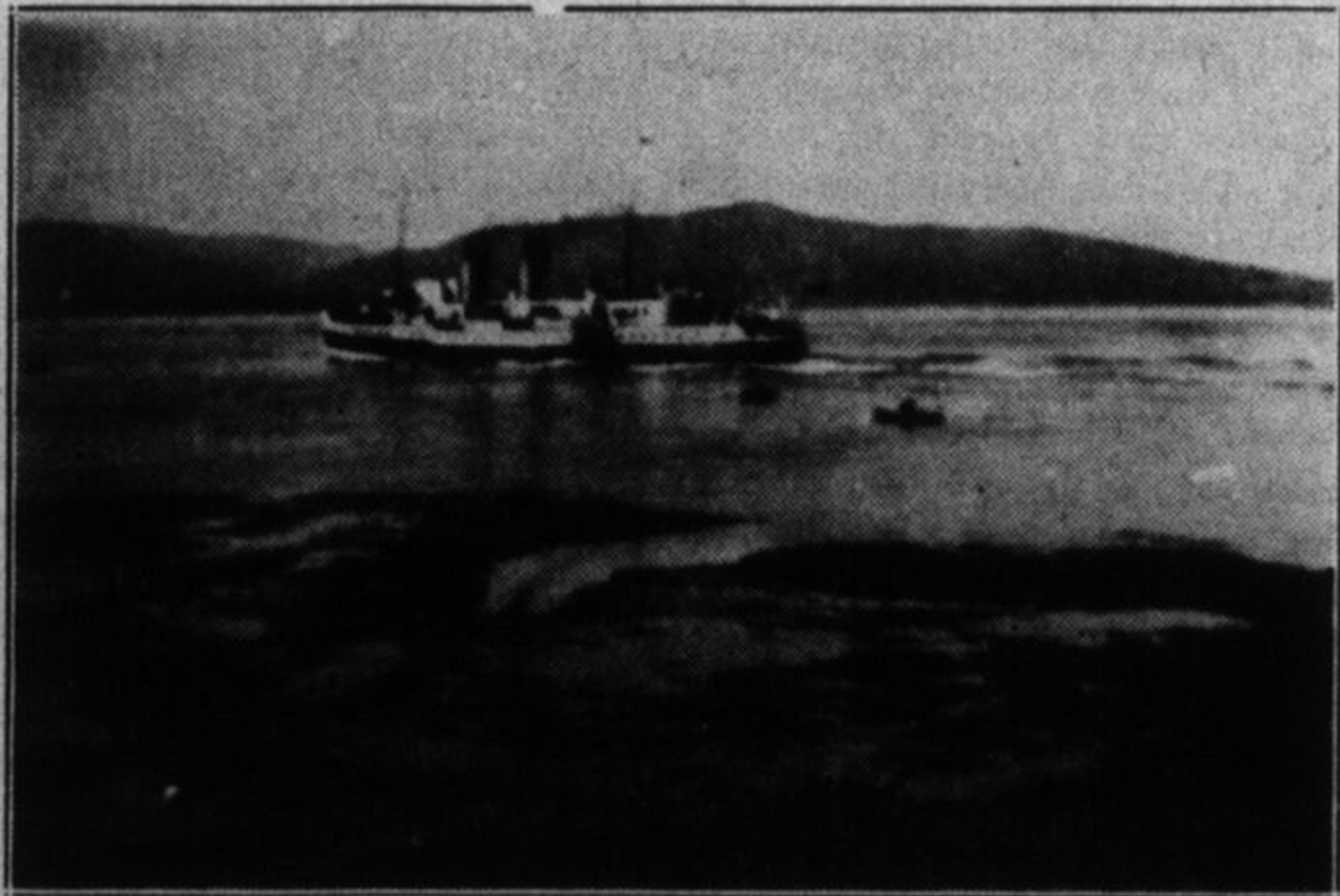
"WHEN THE DALTONS RODE"

WEDNESDAY & THURSDAY
July 15—16

"RIDE 'EM COWBOY"



ROLL ON THE -||- -



--- BOAT !!

Winners of Short Story Contest Gay New Dawn by W.O. Oakshott

Something struck the tail of my aeroplane and it lurched nose downward, spinning violently. As I saw the earth revolving and coming up, as it were, violently to meet me, I instinctively reached for the parachute pack stowed behind my seat. I knew that I should never be able to get out with the little height remaining. I had a sudden vision of a horse I once saw reared up over a precipice. Convulsively it pawed the air whilst its rear hooves stabbed at the crumbling brink. It whinnied terribly. I also called upon my God and I was answered with a blinding red flash of light!

I advanced with my companion into the banquetting hall. He was a Flight Lieutenant, grey haired and wearing medals of the last Great War. The men around us were dressed in an endless variety of uniforms. Some wore three cornered hats and blue tunics. Others were dressed in the proud scarlet of the old unbroken British battle squares. I noticed breastplates and plumed helmets.

My friend suddenly touched my arm and stopped; "I think I'll come back later, Thor is really busy today. Two hundred Russians straight from the storming of the gates of Kharkov are with him now. Every man a veteran with every wound in front. Look! Thor is uproarious. He loves a day like this! He will drink every man jack under the table before he has finished with them. He will drink a quart of his mead to every glass of their vodka!"

I looked toward Thor, the enormous bearded leader of Valhalla. He was roaring a laughing welcome to each warrior as they were introduced to him one by one.

We left the hall and passed by rooms where men were singing songs of long ago. I could smell the mead, the grog, the strong ale with the overhanging reek of tobacco smoke. We eventually came to a room marked, "Instructors' Room." "You will find your pals in there," said the Flight Lieutenant. They are all flying instructors from the Royal Air Force in Canada."

Gay New Dawn contd

I knocked and entered. It was the usual untidy instructors' room with flying clothing on chairs and tables. The pilots were laughing and talking. Some were playing cards with the inevitable coca-cola bottles on the tables. Cups of steaming tea were handed around.

"Have a cup of tea," said a young Pilot Officer. "It is always hot and is served all day."

"Do you do much flying here," I asked.

Just as much as you please," he replied. "We have very few pupils here and the senior officers have bagged all the duelflying that's done. We get quite a kick out of watching the pupils progress charts though and there is usually a scramble among us to draw in the red and blue lines to keep the charts up to date."

If you live out," interposed a cherubic looking Flight Lieutenant, "you can get a house anywhere in town for ten dollars per month—you must have children though. The landladies will look down their noses at you unless you've got at least a couple of kids."

"And do you pay income tax here?" I queried hopefully. "Canadian rates, old boy!" chirped the Flight Lieutenant—"Canadian rates only."

I looked into an adjoining room where two link trainers were buzzing merrily.

"I see you still keep up your link trainer practice."

"I am afraid we don't get a chance," said a Flight Lieutenant

sporting a D.F.C. You see we have two Squadron Commanders here and they are so keen on link hours that they compete with each other all day. They are scarcely ever seen out of the trainers, except perhaps to look at each other charts."

"We pass sandwiches in to them," said a Warrant Officer.

"By the way," said a tall pugilistic Flying Officer with a slight Welsh accent, looking up from his crap game, "if you wish to interview the C.I., just send for him."

"This," I said with feeling, "THIS is my idea of heaven!"

\$1.00 EACH

The following have submitted stories that have been accepted in accordance with terms of the contest and have been awarded on dollar each. Their stories will be published in later of issues of the Mag.

Flight Sergeant Hosgood.

Sergeant Finnamore.

Corporal Thomas.

LAC. Baird.

We congratulate all winners and urge all our readers to keep their eyes open for the next contest that will be held in the near future.

W/Officer Oakshott's story was considered best both from the point of view of interest and originality of the plot, and so wins the \$10.00.

Airmen's Canada

By Michael Gray

Continued from Last Month

Although we were Out in the Blue, our spare time was as well filled as the working hours. Most of it was spent in the near-by "town", a place which was a compact compromise between a city corner and a village. There was one short main street containing shops, a hotel, cinema and several American-style cafes. From this small centre of modern civilization a few unsurfaced roads, irregularly bordered by old-fashioned wooden houses, straggled off leisurely into the surroundland. One particular cafe, the C.V.M., became our rendezvous, and any evening one could always find noisy company and good in there consuming steaks or sodas to the muted blast of a massive recording playing machine called a Nickelodeon.

Canadian Hospitality

Lest hard-bitten Service cynically shake their heads at our apparent indifference to more solid refreshment, here is the explanation. There was one "local" or beer parlor, to use the correct term, stocking solely a fizzing, rather sour, foreign-tasting brew, which, by licensing laws even more incomprehensible than our own, could only be served—by a waiter—if one sat down decorously at a glazed-top table in a compulsorily plain room. To stand up to consume a drink between two tables, or to raise one's voice in the mildest of song were all Federal offences. The atmosphere at

its merriest never penetrated far through this frightful pall of legally-enforced gloom, so we sought our pleasures elsewhere.

Provided work was up to schedule, week-end leave was granted every fortnight. We usually spent it in Winnipeg, getting there by hitchhiking or coach. There we learnt what real Canadian hospitality is like, and biting refreshing it was, after the well-known English reception of the "tea and bun and a last year's Illustrated London News for Tommy" type. In the centre of the city was a spacious Airmen's Club with snack-bar, lounge, writing and game rooms and, above all, a spontaneously friendly welcome.

"Alae" et Vale

Final exams. There was the usual suspense before the papers and a restless pause until the results came out. Flying tests, a little wait, and then a windswept parade on the square one Wednesday afternoon. Our names were called out through a loud-speaker, each man marched out to a stamping halt in front of an R.C.A.F. Wing Commander, who spoke a few words of congratulations, gave a firm handshake and pinned on the long-awaited wings. In the evenings the Instructors were our guests at a Passing-out Party, which was a really happy finishing touch, earning the Commanding Officer's commenda-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 19)

C. V. M.

. . . . Airmen, for the use of . . .

("AIRMEN'S CANADA" CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18)

tion as having been one of the best Service parties he had ever attended—and he has been in a very long time.

Friendly, regretful farewells. I think one of the least recognized jobs of the war is being done by the permanent staffs of the Air Force station in Canada. To take only one side, the ground crews have performed a magnificent, wearisome task in maintaining good aircraft serviceability through winter temperatures far below zero, and today the Allied Air Forces on the Russian Front may well be reaping the rewards of that research, improvisation and toil. I have found that many people in England think that the lads in Canada are "on a good thing," with all luxuries easily at hand. To a certain extent that is true, but any luxuries soon lose meaning when news comes of British fighting, victories, losses,

air raids. The Libyan desert's most lingering loneliness does not approach that totally unjustified but insidiously persistent feeling of being "out of it."

A few days later we again stood on the deck of a ship and watched the mainland pale into the distance. Thanks to the Navy, we returned quite safely. Early one morning, land again grew above the horizon, and by mid-day we were at anchor in a Northern port. "Isn't it grand to be home again" was the rhetorical question heard up and down the crowded decks, making some Canadians among us smile, a little ruefully. But it was grand to be back again, to think about leave, home, loved ones action at last; and to look at the sombrely majestic scenery about us, say nothing, but feel, inwardly; proud: "All This is Ours."

(By permission of the 'Aeroplane')



**"CHEER UP, CHUM . . . YOU HAVEN'T BEEN TORPEDOED YET!"
WAIT FOR THAT BOAT**

LIVING-OUT AIRMEN

Following the Club's first dance which was voted a huge success and also a whist drive and a Coloured Sound and a silent film display, further events are being arranged by the energetic committee comprising Living Out Airmen and their wives who are equally interested in the Club's many activities. The Club has under consideration a more suitable name (as suggested by this magazine) and it is highly possible that a prize competition will be held to ensure a more appropriate name than at present. Owing to the departure of Cpl. and Mrs. Till a few changes have been made and the committee now comprise F/O H. F. Bath (chairman), Sgt. H. V. Nunn (vice-chairman), F/Sgt. A. W. Cartwright (hon. sec.), Sgt. G. Lewis (hon. treas.), together with Mrs. Lewis, Mrs. Muir, Mrs. Nunn and Mrs. Grandison with Mr. S. McFarlane

The organization has the fullest support of its Hon. President, Group Captain C. H. Brill, and thanks are accorded to the services of members of the "Rip-Chords" Dance Orchestra and Concert Party at the many events already taken place. The Club's existence has undoubtedly contributed materially to the recreational and social activities of the Camp as well as Carberry itself.

STREET DANCE

In connection with the local celebration and demonstrations for Army Week, the Town of Carberry will hold a Street Dance on Friday, July 3rd. It is hoped that the Rip Chords orchestra (by permission of Group Captain Brill) will be in attendance.

What a Life!



The young Flyer's feelings
were tender
When his number of dates
proved so slender
'Til they told the young Flyer:
"Though you have to perspire,
You never need be an offender!"

Bath tonight with LIFEBOUY

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

RIP CHORDS PLAN NEW SHOW

On Wednesday, July 1st, the Rip Chords present their Fourth Edition at the camp in the Recreation Hall at 8 p.m.

They promise you a new set of songs and laughs and if previous performances are any criterion this should be a good evening entertainment. Come early and be sure of a seat.

The Rip Chords point out that this show is for their fellow officers and airmen and their wives only, and that the general public are not admitted—but come early to be sure of a seat.

Music Maestro - -

The Great White Way ain't what it used to be. Or so say Gerry Death and Ted Milson who have recently returned from a leave spent in New York City, Philadelphia and the Northern Tip of Ol' Vi'ginia. The blackout has hit Broadway, alas! mourns bright-light loving Gerry Death, Paderewski of the local prairies.

Death and Milson were interviewed by our roving reporter in the Editorial offices of our rival, the Maintenance Wing Detail, one day last week. They state that they travelled to Philadelphia on two of America's finest streamlined express trains, the "Hiawatha" and the Pennsylvania "General". They further report that they had the good fortune to meet Alvina Ray, his orchestra and the famous King Sisters on board the Pennsylvania "General". A musical chinwag passed their time pleasantly during their entire journey.

The usual army of reporters greeted them at Philadelphia. Gerry and Ted gave interviews for three solid hours during which the sum-total of their "hand-outs" boiled down to three statements, to wit. (i) America is a swell country, (ii) American policemen are wonderful and (iii) Hitler hasn't a chance against the United Nations.

Night spots were not ignored. Saxaphonists and pianists handed over their instruments to our Ted and our Gerry who showed 'em how to swing it a la Rip Chords. Glen Gray and his Casaloma Orchestra from Hollywood happened to be

playing at the Philadelphia Earle's Theatre and, of course, our Carberry maestros went backstage and got together on jive and matters boogie-woogie.

Atlantic City with its sin-thetic glamour was visited, admired and departed from. New York City was next on the menu. By a strange coincidence a parade in aid of the American Army and Navy Relief Fund was being held as Gerry and Ted arrived, so, they followed the band to Times Square. Mayor La Guardia, taking time off from his duties as New York's No. 1 Fire Watcher, was present and spoke as anticipated. Several top-flight dance bands took part in the parade, such as Jimmy Dorsey and his boys, and Woody Herman and his Fortissimo Firebrands. Hazel Scott, a prominent American exponent of the boogie-woogie cult, also did her stuff. At Radio City Gerry and Ted did a television broadcast. They are still wondering on the New Joisey boulevards what language Ted spoke.

They brought back several souvenirs of their trip—including several barometers, a statuette of America's (and our) contemporary hero, General Douglas MacArthur, numerous guide-books (obtainable now on loan from Maintenance Wing Technical Library), oodles of Yankee cigarettes, dozens of pennants, bottles of perfume (the last supply from Paree), and tons of American good will. They regard the last-named as the most important.

Sure looks like they had a swell time, fellas!



**“YOU ARE NOT GOING TO INSPECT BARRACKS
UNTIL YOU HAVE TIDIED UP THIS ROOM!”**

MORE WILD LIFE

At last a successor has been found to our late lamented friend Jimmy the Crow. As you probably know, Jimmy survived many hardships, for besides being shot down in action over Petrel and breaking up his wing, he lived through many cold winter months on the Camp; but the final winter blizzard finished him, and he died like a good airman. Since that time the Camp has been without a feathered mascot. But now we are happy to report that the cook-house staff have adopted a real live **HAWK**.

It is still quite young, and like our friend Jimmy, he is unable to fly though he has a wingspread of about one foot, six inches. In an interview with his two keepers, Pete Brown and Fred Smith, we learned that the bird was originally found by Paddy McCormack who at first in-

tended to slaughter it to provide his Sergeant's Mess with a new concoction—"Hawk a la McCormack", but humanitarian Smith saved it from the butcher's knife, and installed it in a comfortable box, which he placed on the windward side of the cook house swill bins, thereby giving the bird the benefit of the rich body-building odour that invariably issues from them.

When asked what he was being fed on, keeper Brown's reply was "raw meat". To prove this, he dangled a small piece of raw meat under the hawk's beak. In a second the meat was in his gullet. Keeper Brown's finger nearly went too, but he was quick on the withdrawal.

The lads in the cook-house, after due deliberation, have christened their new pet—"S. HAWK".

S.E.B.

CRICKET NOTES

Cricket is once again flourishing between teams in Winnipeg and 33 SFTS. We have joined the Winnipeg league and have a fixture for almost every Saturday throughout the season. This means that a different team plays each week-end, and although this is not exactly conducive to great efficiency or skill it has the advantage of giving quite a number of cricketers a game on their '48' in the big city.

The weather has not been kind, and so far only three matches have been played. We started off in fine style by beating the Royal Society of St.

Georges by three wickets in an all-day match on Empire day. Since then we seem to have fallen off, as the next Saturday we lost badly to Eatons, and a fortnight later St. Georges had their revenge and after declaring at some 160 for four wickets down, proceeded to whittle us out for under 50.

With increased practice we should do better as there is a considerable number of useful cricketers on the unit.

With increased practice we should also do better in reporting our future matches.

Soccer League Tables, Scorers

	P	W	D	L	F	A	P	Latest Results—			
Hut 14	7	5	2	0	25	5	12	Hut 13	3	Hut 31	1
Hut 13	7	4	2	1	22	10	10	Hut 12	5	Hut 9	1
Hut 32	6	4	1	1	12	8	9	Sergts.	2	Hut 14	2
Sergts.	7	3	2	2	14	10	8	Officers	3	Hut 11	1
Hut 10	6	3	1	2	22	13	7	Station Teams—			
Hut 9	7	3	0	4	12	19	6	Station 1st	6		
Hut 11	7	2	1	4	9	22	5	No. 2 Manning Depot	1		
Hut 20	6	1	2	3	3	8	4	Station 2nd	2		
Hut 12	5	1	1	3	10	13	3	A 15 Shilo	1		
Hut 31	5	0	2	3	6	15	2	Leading Goal Scorers in League—			
Officers	5	1	0	4	6	18	2	P/O Sinclair	11		
								P/O Walton	8		
								LAC. Davies	8		
								LAC. Arblaster	7		
								AC. Williams	6		

SERGEANTS' MESS

Strong man "Tommy" Thompson, quondam high priest at Carberry, has accepted the living at Charlottetown, P.E.I.

Sunworshipper Dixon showed his etchings to a distinguished visitor from Ottawa. The collection includes fast horses and chinless wonders.

Flat-out-for-the-erks Gash spent a quiet forty-eight in his suite. He carries his devotion to the lads a little far when he declines to play in the Mess football team.

"Poona" Murray (N.W.F. etc.) opened a debate on Income Tax and was shikarred by Chota-fitter Proom.

Ripchordian starlet Paddy Buchanan came aboard—sorry (June 6th hangover)—has flashed his smile but not his shillelagh in the Mess.

Mystery-man Cresswell turned native and took to the bush for many days.

Conjuring Engineer Egan arrived from Neepawa and lost no time in visiting Petrel.

Carmen Miranda has been recommended for honorary membership of the Mess.

Among Windy City Pilgrims were Shorty Blythe and Steve Artus. Their mission was to dispell certain illusions concerning Per Ardua Ad Astra.

Ex-treas. Lees bares his brawny bosom to the breeze and tans his turgid torso most lunch hours.

Maintenance's (Power behind the throne) Taylor paid his monthly duty call at the Mess.

Most handsome man in K.D. is Gymnast Harold V. Nunn. His shorts have been termed "brevities" by the facetious, but they are better than nun at all.

IN TUNE WITH THE TIMES!

EATON'S Catalogue is designed to meet your needs and no effort has been spared to make your shopping convenient as well as profitable.

Modern in every sense of the word, EATON'S Catalogue presents the newest styles in clothing and the latest trends in home furnishings as well as almost every other household and farm need. There's no need to let fashion or furnishing problems bother you, just open your EATON'S Catalogue—you'll find the answers there.

Shop from EATON'S Catalogues
"STORES BETWEEN COVERS"

THE T. EATON CO. LIMITED
WINNIPEG CANADA

ON BORROWED TIME :- Station Band

If anyone wishes to blow their trumpet, save a little wind for the Station Band. If anyone wishes to doff their hat in silent praise, let them raise it to eighteen men who have worked hard together, and made the Brass Band possible, our Colour Hoistin Parades more pleasurable, the future of the Camps entertainment more timely.

To Sergeant Clarkson and AC2 Edwards are due most of the credit, for the initial organization, while Corporals Butt, Milson, Smythe, Underhill, and LACs Ware, Goodman, Parks, Pateman, Wilmot, Jefferies, Elliott, once approached, put everything they had, and their spare time, into turning the venture to a success.

Others whose names we would have liked to have added, did the same and with equal spirit, and now, there is no denying the Band is made and is a success.

Some of the Band's instruments are borrowed, others were presented to the Station some while ago, but however they were acquired, our thanks go to those who have helped, and will help further, to keep music prominent and permanent at 33

Shortly, also, those who like visiting the Station Theatre will be hearing selections such as The Maid of the Mountains, Desert Song, Student Prince, Leslie Stuart's Selections, with augmented orchestra, seated in the pit, just as you did back home at your local Hippodrome.

“*Per Ardua . . .*”

A Flying Instructor for Pupils is hunting,
 At 08.15 on a lovely Spring day.
 He singles out Smith for circuits and bumping,
 But sorry to say, he finds him away.
 For huts must be swept and kits folded neatly,
 So Smith was appointed the Knight of the Broom.
 The Instructor just smiled, muttered “Triffles won’t beat me,”
 As he called to the Crew Room, “Send LAC. Groom.”
 A voice in the corner said, “Groom is on Link, Sir,
 And after the Link, he’s to see the C.O.;
 Some bother with Ground Loops or something, I think, Sir.”
 The Instructor’s smile fades, he calls sharply for Lowe.
 But he’s not there either, the poor fellow’s sickly—
 He’s away at Sick Quarters with boils on his rear.
 The Instructor starts frowning, for time passes quickly,
 It’s the last day for Sequences, Zero hour’s near.
 “Well, Snodgrass will do,” says he now in anger,
 For his threshing manoeuvres just menace the School.
 Determined to work he recks not the danger,
 He’d pay with his life to teach the young fool.
 But Snodgrass had gone to learn about Signals,
 Of Watch Office work, Flag hoisting and things.
 The meaning of Wind Socks, Smoke Candles and Dumb-bells,
 And answering the phone when the blessed thing rings.
 The other Instructors soothe, “Don’t let it get yer,”
 So he shouts, still determined, for his last pupil, Brown.
 Back comes the chorus, “He’s on Runway Twitcher,”
 The Instructor turns pale, it’s getting him down.
 But hark! That high treble, it’s Smith back from cleaning.
 He’s asking permission to dash in the sky.
 If you know what relief is, you’ll gather the meaning
 Of the Instructor’s moist optics and long drawn out sigh.
 They climb into an Anson, check stuff on the panel
 And run through the H.T.M.P.F.F. T.
 Then a terrible scream and he flies off the handle—
 In five minutes time he is due for P.T.!!

—With thanks to The Prairie Flyer.

SPORTS SECTION

Station vs No. 12 S.F.T.S.

Playing at Brandon on Thursday, 18th June, resulted in a win for No. 33 by 7 goals to nil.

From the kick-off No. 33 soon put on pressure and in spite of a pitch which but a short while before had been a ploughed field, showed that they were vastly superior to their opponents. Raine opened the scoring with a good shot and followed with a fine shot that came close after a melee on the goal line. No. 12 broke away and nearly scored but Makins held the ball on the goal line with Weller well beaten.

Dandy got in a fine shot which the goalkeeper failed to hold, it rebounded to Spier who made no mistake, making the score 2-0 at half time.

From the restart Carter gave Clarke a fine pass and he made no mistake with his shot.

No. 12 seemed to be spurred on by this and increased their pressure but at no time seemed likely to score, Clarke broke away and came close with a shot from the wing.

For a while No. 33 were on the defensive and Weller was well tested but soon the play was carried to the other end and No. 12 goalie dived to make a brilliant save from Clarke. Shortly after Clarke chalked up another goal.

From a foul on Carter a penalty was awarded and taking it himself made no mistake making the score 5-0.

From the centre No. 12 broke away and the outside right tested Weller after Making made his only slip in an otherwise good performance. The sixth goal came when Clarke walked the ball into the goal while No. 12 stood around claiming an offside, the referee was quite correct in awarding the goal.

Clarke scored the seventh and last goal after a scramble in the goal mouth. No. 12 fought well but were obviously no match for the far superior positional play and teamwork of No. 33. The station team played well together in this their first outing and should make a very good showing in the League.

Team: Weller, Makins, Cottam, Raine, Gash, Dunphy, Carter, Spiers, Clarke, Arblaster, Dandy.

LINE OF MONTH 4 JUNE

Place—E Flight Commanders office.

Witnesses—Flight Commander and three instructors.

P/O Smith said, "Gosh, you know those terrific upcurrents in those cumulonimbus clouds, well I got in one today, and I found myself going up at a terrific rate, so I throttled back and I was still going up like a rocket, so I stuffed the nose down, and finally gave her a lot of throttle and do you know, I was still going up, with the nose pointed vertically down and full throttle. I had Hell's own time getting down at all; I never thought I should see the earth again."



HUT 14



HUT 32

More Soccer

Hut 14 Win In Tussle With Hut 32

This match, eagerly awaited due to the success of each team in recent games, was well attended and took place for once with only a mild wind blowing in the usual direction. The ground was in good shape due to the showery weather.

From the start 14 in their smart new red outfits had the old gold colours of 32 on the defensive. Arblast-er for 14 was early in the picture with neat touches down the middle and to his wing partner. Paddy for 32 at centre half halted many early rushes with steady interception.

Davies scored for 14 after 20 minutes on a concerted rush of the whole forward line. From the restart Milliken was seen to advantage feeding his forwards often. Again Arblast-er crept into the limelight and after many efforts to push through, his partner went right to town himself with a forceful rush that carried him to within easy shooting range where he crashed home a second tally for 14. Halftime found both sides touch and go for further scores.

From the restart 32 came into their own and hemmed in the 14 defenders from all sides only to find McKinley too strong, however, and handling re-in great form. The pressure became sulted from overeagerness on the part of the defending full back. Williams made no mistake with the present. Within three minutes a further handling offence gave Williams another chance and this time to equalize the score. However Mc-

Kinley took a chance by dropping in smart anticipation to gather the ball and clear his lines. This stroke of luck set 14 alight and they carried the play via Bayer, Arblast-er and Davis to within reach of 32's goal mouth where for a few moments it was a case of all in fun or not. Then from a clearance Milliken took the ball through on his own from a sharp angle and scored a really brilliant goal which left McKinley standing.

All square, both teams tore into the fray with added enthusiasm with stoppages resulting from minor injuries. Dunphy tried often to sort out his forwards and placed many neat headers to his partners. Then seemingly against the run of the play, 14 returned to the attack hurriedly to place Francis in possession at shooting range. His shot went straight to the goalkeeper who surprised everyone by not holding it safely and the ball squirmed in some remarkable fashion from his hands into the net. 3-2 for 14 with plenty of time to go. From then to the end 32 kept up a steady pressure but they failed to score further. Result 14, 3, 32, 2.

MORE SOCCER

ON PAGE 31

NOW THAT SUMMER IS HERE . . .

. . . TRY OUR

★ Salads

★ Ice Cream Sodas

★ Sundaes

A Cordial Welcome is extended to YOU

CRICH'S BAKERY

LUNCHEONETTE

CARBERRY

MANITOBA

HUT 32 vs HUT 20

Replayed through infringement of league rules, this game was eagerly watched, and Hut 20 gave a good account of themselves against a stronger team. After midfield play they forced a corner on the left from which Field scored direct. Hut 32 were aroused by this and made some good attacking moveemnts but found Weller in good form.

Milliken rallied 32 and Dunphy went close but 20 played down the middle with little effect and half time came with the score 1-0 for 20.

The second half soon saw 32 on the offensive but Weller kept them out and after several moves by both sides being broken up Williams from a difficult position put 32 on equal terms. The game continued fast and each defence played well and kept the attacks at bay. Dunphy and Milliken were the best for 32 with Makins and Weller best for 20. The result was fair at 1-1.

HUT 13 vs HUT 11

13 opened the game with a fine run down the middle and Ellison of 11 had a job to stop them but did and after pressing for 10 minutes Jay opened the score for 13 and Firm scored the second 5 minutes after with a grand drive. 13 having all the play, Haris, coming up the field, tried a long shot and saw it enter the corner nicely. Spiers, combining with Huey were a danger and Spiers got a nice goal after trying hard.

Second half opened with 11 changing their men around, with a little improvement, but 13 still had the upper hand and Jay put No. 5 in. After some breaks through 11 had a spell of attacking but couldn't finish. Jay and Baker were casualties for 13, both coming off the field. Brown got a nice goal after beating 3 men.

11's goalkeeper and left back Ellison were real tryers as attacks came heavy. 13 were well worth their

RUGGER

On Saturday, June 13th, the rivalry between No. 3 Wireless School, Tuxedo and this Unit was revived when an exhibition game was played at Assiniboine Park before an enthusiastic and appreciative crowd. Although defeated by 16 pts. to nil, our lads have every reason to be well pleased with themselves, no one realizing more than their opponents, an all New Zealand team including several representative players, the grand display they put up.

No. 33 S.F.T.S. were beaten by a better and fitter team, the reputations of both schools were enhanced by the magnificent spirit in which the game was played, this being indicated in both sides expressing a unanimous desire to renew our rivalry in a return game at some early date at Carberry.

Hats off and congratulations to No. 3 Wireless School for a grand display of rugby football and our sincerest thanks to the New Zealanders for sacrificing a day of their leave to entertain us.

A word of thanks and congratulations to the following players who represented this Unit, and who put up such a fine show after encountering nearly every possible obstacle including hitch-hiking to the game.

Cpl. Dalby, Daniels, Another, Cpl. Davies, Birchnall, Cpl. Huey, F/O Kidd-May, Lewis, Buttrey, Sgt. Alexander, Parsons, Longhurst, Cpl. Braund, Royston, Bayley.

SOCCER contd.

HUT 10 vs. HUT 13

The game opened fast, Hut 10 kicking with the high wind, soon opened the scoring with Sinclair taking a good chance. From the centre Raine made a dash and taking the defence which left an easy opening for Spiers to equalize, Hut 10 were soon ahead again Sinclair scoring. The high wind kept Hut 13 on the defensive and Walton made a fine run down the wing to put 10 further ahead. Hut 13 fought back and Firm scored from a good position. Hut 10 scored two more goals through Sinclair and Bevan and the first half ended with the score 5-2 for Hut 10.

Hut 13 made good use of the wind in the second half and attacked strongly but Hut 10 goalie made some grand saves. Raine ran through in the middle to score for 13 and Carter followed with a good goal.

Hut 13 defence played strongly and held off all attacks and then Brown came in on the right to score the fourth for 13. Towards the finish Carter came through with a magnificent goal and made the score 5-5 an appropriate ending to a well fought game.

PARCELS TO BRITAIN

Attention is drawn to the fact that only **one parcel per month** weighing five pounds or less may be sent to Britain, to any one person. This is a ruling of the British postal authorities. If parcels are sent more frequently they are liable to be seized and their contents distributed to the Red Cross.

