



**JULY, 1942**

**No. 7**

**At**  
**Your Service**  
*for* **QUALITY**

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**The G. McLEAN Co.**

WHSLE. GROCERS



WINNIPEG

# Send a Parcel Home

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from

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**B. W. CALDWELL CO.**

**GIVE US THE ORDER . . WE DO THE REST**

# SANIPACT

*The Quality*  
**ICE CREAM**

**NOW ON SALE**  
in  
**BOTH CANTEENS**

**TRY . . . .**

**ORANGE CRUSH**

**GRAPEFRUIT CRUSH**

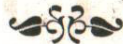
**HIGH-N-DRY GINGER ALE**

But it must be made by

**SCOTT FRUIT CO.**

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

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**BROOCHES, LIGHTERS, PARKER PENS**

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SEE OUR DISPLAY IN P.S.I. STORE

No. 1 HANGAR

**PROMPT REPAIR SERVICE**

**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

---

• Chocolates for Overseas

(Ready to Mail)

## *Goodbye and Good Luck*

. . . . To those who are making the "Boat" and leaving us. Our sincere hope is that your memories will be as pleasant as ours when recalling the time spent with us.

## *Cheerio and Welcome*

. . . . To those who are making our acquaintance. We trust that you will be happy with us and feel very much "At Home"  
If we can be of any service to you — let us know.

---

**DICK'S HARDWARE, Carberry**

# Famous Last Words

It was my purpose, dearly beloveds, to write to you while travelling to Montreal—but this was impossible. The scenery was breath taking, and the observation car dithered with ecstasy. Besides, there was something of a pleasure resort in the immediate foreground.

In Montreal, after lying in a bath in the Windsor, I had time for nothing else than a chat with a voluble French-Canadian, but this was not entirely one-sided! I told him I had come from Carberry. He said he had never heard of it. He hadn't heard of the Station. But when he added that he hadn't heard of the Rip Chords, I knew that he was striving for a climax at the expense of truth.

There was a more refreshing encounter in this place (which is a large canteen turned most effectively into a Lounge for us waifs and strays). At supper in the Airmen's Mess I made friends with a newly commissioned Pilot who occupies the upper birth of my bed. He said, on hearing my boast that I came from Carberry: "Carberry? Why that's the R.A.F. Station where there is nearly always something to do when you havn't anything to do, isn't it? I said that it more or less is. I also informed him of the number of flying hours on the 2nd of July—just to show him.

Nineteen months on one Prairie Station, my hearties! I do trust that the others who travelled from the Coast to Carberry at a time when little but snow was visible will have my profoundly good luck of reversing the route under brilliant summer sunshine.

An old friend popped up at Winnipeg, by the way. When the engine began snorting, he asked me flatly (and for the one hundred and first time) what I really thought of Canadians. I said I didn't. I said I thought of the English, Scots, Welsh and Irish living in Canada. And I reminded him that I am a mixture of those bloods, but live in England. He said there were other bloods in Canada as well. I said there were other bloods in England, too. The engine then did its stuff.

Au Revoir, Canada.

# FORM STATION SHOCK TROOPS

Carberry Airport, July 20—We learn that sensational new physical training methods, based on Commando routine, are to be introduced onto the station by Body Builders Nunn and Dymont, so that invasion from either coast may be dealt with expeditiously by troops at the peak of physical condition. To commence the course an airman will be taken aloft in an Anson, and at 2000 feet he will be compelled to make an exit through the escape hatch in the roof. Marks will be counted against those who tear the aeroplane to bits whilst doing so. The parachutes will, in most cases, already have been rendered unusable, so that only men of the toughest fibre are likely to survive the descent. As they reach the ground, selected members of the soft ball team will pitch hand grenades at them, small prizes being awarded those who score direct hits.

The trainees will then make a bayonet assault on life-like imitations of senior N.C.O.'s, meanwhile being squirted with fluids likely to be most revolting to him. Pails of milk, for instance, would be thrown upon a man known to be a heavy drinker.

To accustom him to scenes of carnage, the trainee will attend major operations by Surgeon Leckie at the hospital, and will wield the scalpel himself in certain minor operations. Arrangements are being made for the Bombing and Gunnery School at MacDonald to maintain round-the-clock bombardments of the station which will, it is expected, keep everyone in a state of preparedness.

"Morale will be kept at a high level," said Sergeant Nunn to our reporter. "Casualties? Well we'll be bound to get a few, you know, but it'll save space on the boat. My opinion of beer, Well, thank you very much; I don't mind if I do . . ."

## 'LOCK-IN' MAY SPREAD

The extraordinary proclivity of Equipment personnel for locking themselves in their section throughout the day is being reviewed by other sections on the station. The inconvenience suffered by those who wish to have dealings with such a section are outweighed, it is felt, by the advantage to the section concerned when none can get in to do any business. "It saves so much work," says blond manager Turner.

Squadron Commanders McGlenn

and Smithers are said to be so impressed with the idea that they are preparing a correspondence course for the pupils, which will enable the whole of the Training Wing to lock itself in, and render the use of aircraft superfluous, thus permitting Maintenance Wing to lock itself in also. Opinion at Headquarters on the subject is not yet clear, but it is understood that there are those on the station who are so uncharitable as to suggest that it would be better if they too were locked in.

# 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

**MACLEANS**  
PEROXIDE  
**TOOTH PASTE**

*The Largest Selling Tooth Paste in Great Britain*



M10-42

## MODEL AEROPLANE CLUB

At last we are able to boast of a controlled gas model. The tests were carried out in the Drill Shed on Sunday 12 July, and, although we experienced engine trouble, proved to be a success. A speed of approximately 45 m.p.h. was attained and take-offs, climbs, descents and landings, unfortunately limited owing to the Drill Shed roof, were accomplished successfully but with small mishaps in the nature of 3 broken props. A modification of the undercarriage will, however, soon remedy that. As far as we know this model has no "bigger brother" but is a low wing job, built and designed by Pete Noel. Pete, unfortunately for us, was recently posted and so handed the model over to F/Lt. Brooks. Mr. Brooks is the latest member of our club and

has already in the course of 6 weeks proved himself to be a "pucker" modelist. He has built a glider and is well on the way to completing a gas model. The glider has proved itself worthy of the time and patience spent on its construction by completing 3 flights of 2 min. each. The flights were not carried out under favourable weather conditions, so much better flights may be expected with better weather.

Frank Harris and Jimmy Walker have made a fine modification on their respective gas models. Frank has built a new fuselage and fitted a tricycle undercarriage, which will prove to be quite a novelty. Jim has changed his from an all yellow model to a smart combination.

# Aunt Flossie Solves Your Problems

My Dear Little Birdman—What problem children you have all become lately! This “Boat” business seems to have raised several heart queries—so—instead of my customary monthly pep-talk, I’ll start right in to answer your questions. Here goes, ducks:

Jock (Hut 11A)—Yes, dear. I would break it to her gently. Girls understand when a man wants to go home. Often they wish he would. Let me know the result of your frankness.

Gerry (Hut 12B)—Your position is, to say the least, unique. Why not put in for a posting direct from Canada to, say, the Middle East? Canada may be the devil and England the Deep Blue Sea, but Egypt, dear, is a “weekend”.

Paddy (Hut 14B)—I believe the cost at home has risen to 10/- a week—so, it would be more advisable for you to stay in Canada. But please dear be more careful in future. Remember Pearl Harbour?

Dicky (Sergeants’ Mess)—Soak the part effected in benzine, rinse with warm water, dry and wrap in a clean towel. Take four double scotches (neat) before retiring and you will find that your fears will have disappeared overnight.

Jo-Jo (Maintenance Wing H.Q.)—ACH. Two-Bits was only filling an AC vacancy when he was posted on being commissioned. However, if you still think your promotion to corporal is being unnecessarily delayed, I would advise you to put in an application querying your position on the Records’ promotion roster.

Buff (Orderly Room)—Please send me a stamped, addressed envelope. Your query is of a delicate nature and can be more freely discussed privately.

Jack (Maintenance Squadron)—No dear, I am not related to Dorothy Dix. Nor Ruby Ayres. Nor Leonora Eyles. We are just in the same racket but operate it from different centres. Get me?

Peter (Servicing Squadron)—You ask where does love go when Poverty comes in the door. If that is her husband’s name I imagine that love goes down the fire escape . . .

N.B.W. (Hut 12B)—Yes, dear, the cultivation of a deep tan now is a good idea if you sniff a posting to the Middle East in the offing. In certain circumstances it might pay to be mistaken for an Egyptian.

All for now, dears,

As ever,

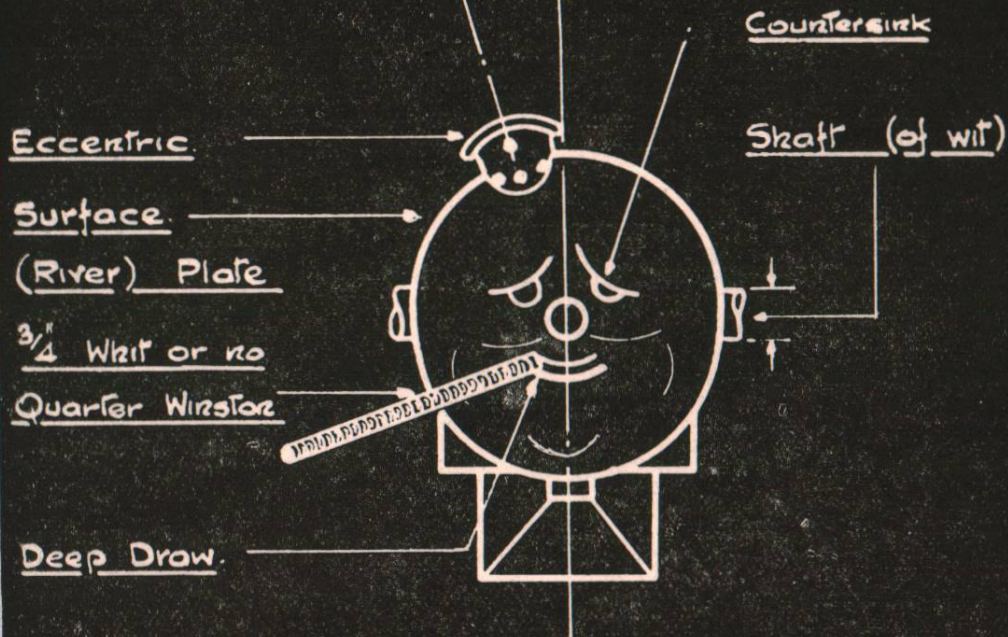
Your loving Auntie Flossie.

## DO YOU REMEMBER ?

THE DATE THIS PICTURE WAS PUBLISHED . . . . .  
ONE DOLLAR WILL BE PAID TO THE FIRST PERSON  
TO COME TO THE MAGAZINE OFFICE AND TELL  
ONE OF THE STAFF THE CORRECT ANSWER.



Correct Angle on  
War Production  
Degree Unlimited.

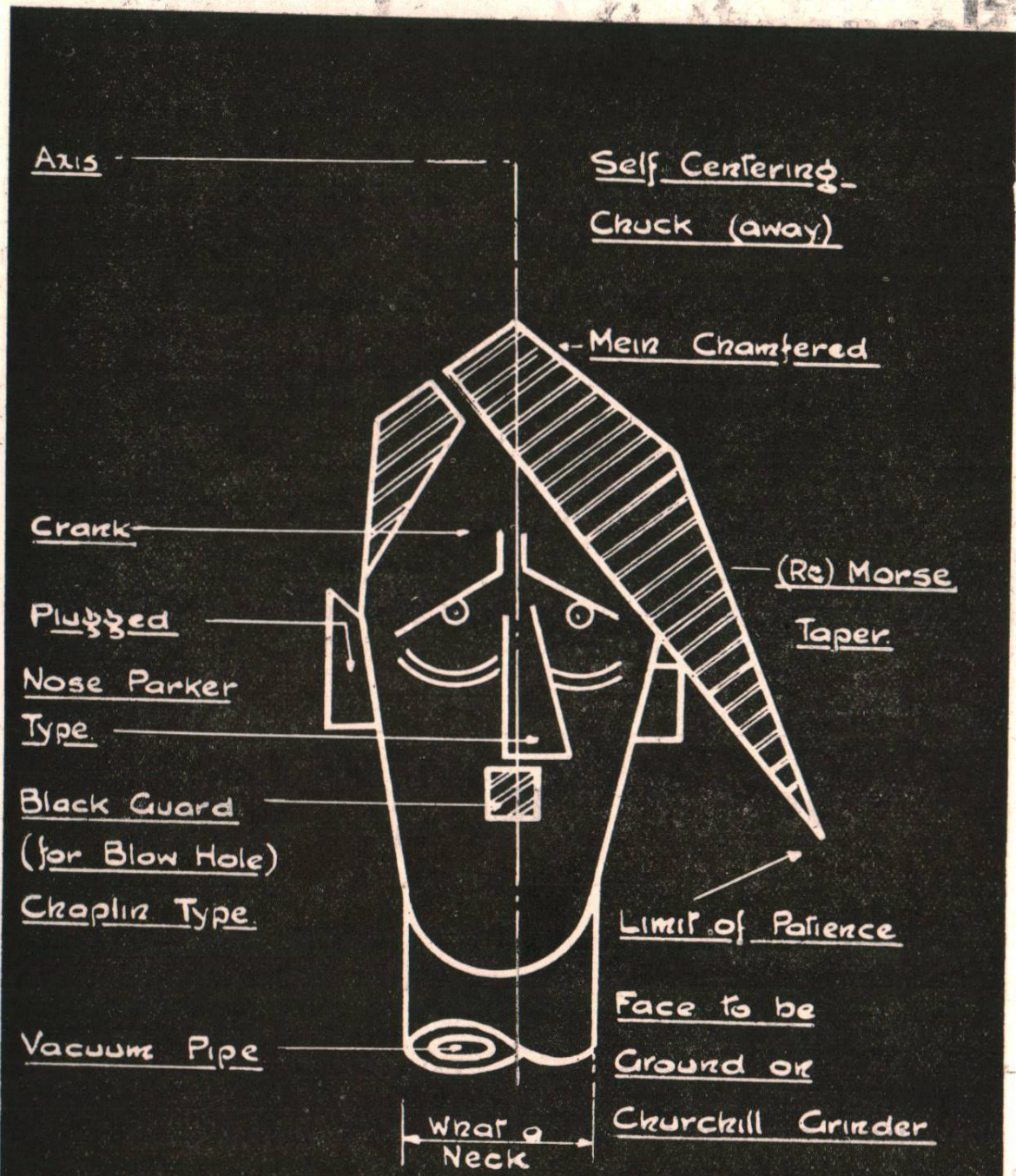


Hardened & Even Tempered.

No Reverse  
Gear Fitted

Self Starter  
Electric Drive  
High Working Pressure

DESIGN FOR	DRAWN BY	THE PEOPLE
BRITISH BULLDOZER	TRACED BY	HAW-HAW
	CHECKED BY	NOBODY
	APPROVED BY	EVERBODY



For Further Designs See Blue Pencil Print Meir Kampf.

DESIGN FOR	DRAWN BY	CHURCHILL
LAND GRAB & PLUNCER	TRACED BY	ODOUR
	CHECKED BY	ALLIES
	PASSED BY	HARD STRAIN

MADE TO ORDER

## Sergeants Mess Improves

Improvements to the Sergeants' Mess have progressed slowly but steadily throughout the twenty months it has been open. Improved furniture, a 249 radiogram, a handsomely appointed Ladies' Room, a select "Blue Room" for the proprietors and their friends, and a "biergarten" at the back are evidences of increasing prosperity and standing. No innovation, however, has caused such a sensation as the six new fire extinguishers recently placed in the principal rooms. Members are staggered at the generosity of the anonymous individual who secretly placed these enormous scarlet containers in

the most conspicuous places available. Small wooden supports, painted scarlet to match, have been nailed to the panelling, so that the containers, something like depth bombs in appearance, are hoisted well up to public view. The effect in the tastefully decorated "Blue Room" is particularly staggering, and the reaction of many members was as that of a Commanding Officer encountering a cow in a barrack block on inspection morning.

"Our policy," said W. O. Greenwood, president of the Mess, "is one of watchful waiting."

## The PALACE THEATRE, Carberry

JULY 31—AUG. 1

Rita Hayworth — Victor Mature

"MY GAL SAL"

AUGUST 3—4

"SHORES OF TRIPOLI"

John Payne — Maureen O'Hara

AUGUST 5—6

"RINGS ON HER FINGERS"

Henry Fonda — Gene Tierney

AUGUST 7—8

Double Feature

"HENRY & DIZZY"

— AND —

"LAST OF DUANES"

AUGUST 10—11

"TWO YANKS IN TRINIDAD"

—with—

Pat O'brien — Janet Blair

AUGUST 12—13

Double Feature

"NEUTRAL PORT"

—AND—

"MUMMY'S HAND"

AUGUST 14—15

"TORTILLA FLAT"

—with—

Spencer Tracy — Hedy Lammaar

# Tragedy In Khaki

From the moment that a very mournful looking store-keeper handed over the counter of the clothing store my khaki uniform I knew that fate had struck me a cruel blow.

Here was I destined to put on this strange looking coloured suit that had as much resemblance to a uniform as my great grandfather's nightgown. The next day I laboured away for two hours making a vain attempt at sewing my eagles and props upon the sleeves and ironing away the dozens of wrinkles and creases that were in the weirdest places.

Now in the fair city of Winnipeg I had made the acquaintance of a very nifty looking girl by the name of Evelyn. We had arranged to meet on my next 48 hour pass at the Bay at 7 p.m. Arriving there at approximately 18.55 hours very hot and bothered I felt and looked like a very well wrung wet rag. Ten minutes later I spied her comely figure coming towards me through the passing throng. Nervously stubbing out my fag beneath my heel I tried to shrink back into the crowd and blend with the surroundings, but no, Evelyn came right up to me and said, "Good evening."

"Evening!,, I replied, trying hard to force a smile.

"I though you were in the air force last time I saw you," she said.

"Yes," I mumbled, "I was and I still am."

"Well, what is this you are wearing."

"This is my khaki summer issue, don't you know."

"No I don't know, and I think it looks crummy."

"Oh, forget it," I said, "let's go dancing!"

We went dancing alright, but somehow things did not seem to be going with such a swing as they did last time we were together.

Every time I looked at her, instead of that dreamy look in her eyes, she just looked over my shoulder. Sometime later I said:

"Come on, let's go home."

"OK," she replied.

We walked through the streets and finally reached her home. Evelyn turned to me and with such a lovely innocent smile on her face said:

"Well, here we are, good bye Jack, I am sorry I can't see you tomorrow, I have made a date already."

She didn't see me the next day or the next.

I swear I'll never wear the thing again if only my wish would come true.

All I can say is roll on the winter and my Air Force blue once again. Then there'll be a tomorrow.—J.W.T.

## ROUND THE HOSPITAL

New patients in the hospital include three men from Neepawa, L.A.C.s Loudwell, Crowter and Harrison. All are suffering from an assortment of fractures and all the fractures are on the left side of the body. Bit of a coincidence!

Our two new corporals celebrated their tapes in fine style. It was fortunate that the small canteen closed so early, the party was just getting under way when we were kicked out.

We hear Cpl. Griffin visits St. Boniface on his 48s now, . . . he was introduced by Johnny Pelletier.

L.A.C. Lafferty has again disclosed his intention to be married. We are not unduly worried, as he makes this statement about every two months. Unfortunately the LUCKY ladies' name is not forthcoming, but we understand she is from Winnipeg.

When he arrived at Carberry L.A.C. Knight said he would not be able to get back to England quick enough. He was desperately anxious

to go out east, (presumably to convert the natives.) Now he has decided to stay. Knight was the bloke who made history by cycling back from Winnipeg one night after he had missed the bus. Since then he has done it again and broken his record by 2½ hours.

A new concoction has been devised by the dispenser. It is guaranteed to keep away Mosquitoes, Bugs and Flies, (the ones that get in your eyes.) Formerly the idea was to spread it over ones body to keep 'em away. Cpl. Mounstephens, experimenting at Petrel found a better way, however. So, if you want to sunbathe don't hire a man to swat the flies away, don't buy expensive preparations. Use McKnight's Super Duper Keeper Awayer . . . An open bottle placed about ten yards away is guaranteed to attract everything on wings for a hundred yards around. Just open the bottle, the darn things can't get in quick enough.

D.D.

### *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

# Why Do We Say It ?

"Why don't we have a USO?"

"They call him Cuban Pete—he's the guy with the stinkin' feet . . ."

"There's a cafe in Brandon where you can get English fish and chips."

"It's a piece of cake."

"He got his picture in LOOK."

"He's sweating on his tapes."

"... as stale as a Rip Chords joke."

"Two mickeys did me for a 48."

"Heads we go to the Rex—tails the CVM."

"Hello, Joe, whadya know!"

"He was as drunk as a newt."

"He's a jitterbugger."

"Any flips today?"

"I had a choice of two ice creams—a Merry Widow or a Paris Delight

—I took the Merry Widow."

"He thinks he's somebody—he stops at the Fort Garry."

"Was I in a panic! Two different dames turned up to see me off!"

"The S.P.'s wouldn't let her in until she showed her credentials."

"Never were so many brassed off by so few."

"You know what you can do with it!"

"It's the Pelmanism breaking out in him."

"Gee, t'anks, keed!"

"We thought it was her mother coming back but it was only the dog pawing at the door."

"Typical RAF setup—beer today and none tomorrow!"

## Bill's Taxi Service



DAY & NIGHT SERVICE



FROM CAMP TO  
BOWLING ALLEY

Carberry

## Bowling Alley



4 ALLEYS



will be opened in about

10 days' time



M. McLEAN  
Proprietor



Pictures on these 2 pages are taken from Souvenir of Carberry which may be ordered from the canteens — 128 pages of photos and facts of Carberry and the airport.



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## ARE YOU A PEN PAL ?

I have often wondered what that large number of people who support the Lonely Hearts' corners in a hundred American magazines find to write home about in their introductory letters to one another. Recently I had the opportunity to find out through a friend who put a notice in one of the corners out of curiosity. Here are a few samples from the replies he received.

Our first young lady (they were all young ladies) kicks off with: "I chose your letter from dozens of others because it was so fascinating to me." Flattering start! She goes on:

"Now if there are any questions or doubt in your mind, just inform me of them and I will answer to the best of my ability. I will close this letter with the intention of receiving an answer from you in the nearest possible future." She winds up: "Very respectfully yours, A . . . R . . ."

A second discusses her interests in life:

". . . Oh yes, music. I like it very much. I don't like swing, though—not much anyway. I like Victor Herbert, Jerome Kern and Cole Porter and things like that. 'Night and Day' and 'Begin the Beguine' (I'm still trying to play that). Do you have a piano or do you carry a pocket size? I yearn someday to own a concert grand a half a block long . . . I'm nutty about books too. I collect them in odd moments . . . Very odd . . ."

A third finds fault with her home town and introduces a new biological classification:

"The only thing wrong with M . . . is that three-fourths of its population are Swedes and the other fourth—wite people . . ."

A fourth goes literary and turns Chaucer to her own ends:

"As the old adage goes 'Some letters are to be tasted, some chewed, and others swallowed whole.' Now if I was to be taken in regular doses I should suggest being swallowed whole."

A fifth starts off coyly and drips with the juice of Venus:

"How old are you? How old would you like me to be? I don't think I'll tell you my age, but I can assure you I'm not old . . ." She voices complaint: "I don't like my training which happens to be educational and to sum it all up it should not happen to a dog . . ."

A sixth writes somewhat ambiguously:

"I suppose you are curious as to what my person is like. Well, here goes. I'm five feet two inches tall. I have golden blonde hair and dark eyes. I am twenty-three and enjoy dancing, horse-back riding (very much) and will take part in any sport . . ."

She continues in the All-American tradition:

"I try hard not to miss any prize-fights over the radio and of course I like the football games. Is this enough about me?"

Like number one, she ends on the deferential note: "Respectfully—Elaine".

**C. V. M.**

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

## OFFICERS MESS

The C.I. gave indications of pluto-crazy.

After a glorious revolution in the mess kitchen, members now drink Silex coffee from almost new tea cups. These supersede the antique collection of coffee cups from which tea was drunk.

During a quiet peaceful week end a peaceful penetration took place. It is rumoured that an entirely new sorority will replace the obsolete huddlers. The penetration of Petrel was not so peaceful.

The CO was missing for some considerable time the other day. Eventually it transpired that he had chased

his horse over many fields en route for Winnipeg, butterfly net and all, but had to return to enlist the aid of the adjutant and orderly room sergeant. "It was a brilliant move," he said.

Our excellent concert parties are proving very useful. P/O Buckley was said to pay great attention to the Pioneer Concert parties references to newly weds, and W/Cdr. McGlynn was very interested in the orderly room scene of the Rip Chords.

The suggestion of Blind Approach to Carberry met with unanimous approval. The winter season will soon be here.



Faint, illegible text at the bottom of the page, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side.

## PROBE PICTURES

Carberry Airport, July 20.—Picked men from the Federal Bureau of Investigation, aided by posses of Mounted Police, are scouring the North American continent for traces of photographs mislaid by their owner, Flight Lieutenant Bob Pugh. "Worry is driving me crazy," muttered the harassed young aviator to our representative. "I was twenty-one years old only a few weeks ago, but I look every day of twenty-two now. I took the photographs in Vancouver when I was a boy, and I wouldn't want them to fall into the wrong hands—not that there is anything wrong with them, mind you," he added hurriedly, wagging his bottle of milk at us defiantly.

Our vast organisation of spies has been unable to find any trace of the missing snapshots. We did discover, however, that Instructor Pugh has chartered a fast aircraft in which to flee the country at a moment's notice. Accordingly, if he disappears from the station in the next few weeks, our readers will be able to draw their own conclusions.

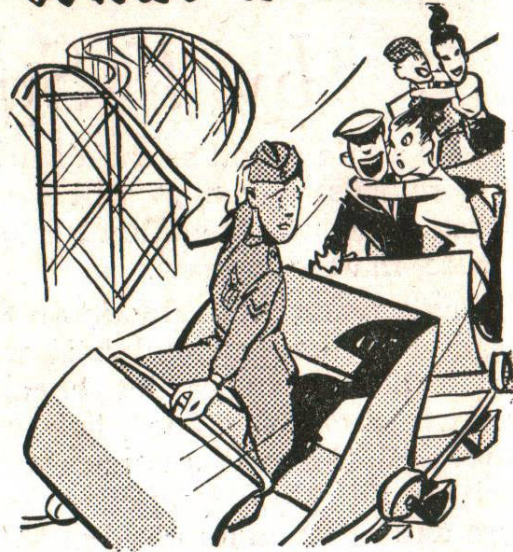
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## CRISIS

His thin face was drawn with anxiety. His movements were nervous and little beads of sweat stood out on his forehead. He was waiting . . . like scores of others . . . waiting for a grim decision to be made—a decision that meant immediate happiness or misery to him!

He glanced at the men in front of him. Chain gang, he mused to himself. They too feverishly shifted

## What a Life!



A handsome guy is Corporal Jim  
Yet no girl's ever seen with him—  
Of perspiration odor he  
Is guilty—so he's shunned,  
you see.

### Bath tonight with LIFEBOUY

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

---

from one foot to the other. A similar decision hung over them all. They felt like tiny flies caught in a huge spider's web . . .

It wasn't always thus. He shivered as he recalled his days of freedom. Before THIS happened. A melancholy look came into his eyes. Those were the days! But times had changed. Things could never be the same again, he reflected. He had crossed the Rubicon!

Suddenly, something moved at the end of the long line and he sighed with relief . . . He could now catch the 3.30 to Winnipeg, for "Jimmy" James had finally decided that the khaki of the man at the head of the line was fit for public consumption.

# Tedder's Bluff

## by F-Sgt Hosgood

This is a tale as old as the Prairies and it reveals why man will never understand woman, whether he calls her wife, mate or squaw.

It was a picnic, thought up on the spur of the moment, and half way through before an earlier engagement was recalled. The place was Tedder's Bluff and this is important, but it could have happened anywhere within seven hundred miles of the Old Fort Garry Gate.

Now Tedder's Bluff has grass, trees and shade and even wild flowers; there are also, in June, mosquitoes and ants.

The woman's name was Fonacott. Quite recently it had been Beresford-Deane but had changed with her marital status according to the laws of civilization. She had prepared and shared an excellent repast, while a grass-fed smudge vanquished the mosquitoes.

The man, Mr. Honacott of course, was feeling very comfortable. He had enjoyed his lunch and a seat from the car served as his pillow. Grunts and squeals attracted his attention and a third being emerged from the bush carrying a recently slain porcupine. It was undoubtedly a man, with long plaited black hair and whose only garment seemed to be a homemade pair of trousers. Wonacott was not in the least disturbed by the anachronism but he watched interestedly. The savage sat on his haunches and with an accompaniment of grunts proceeded to de-armour his conquest. This was

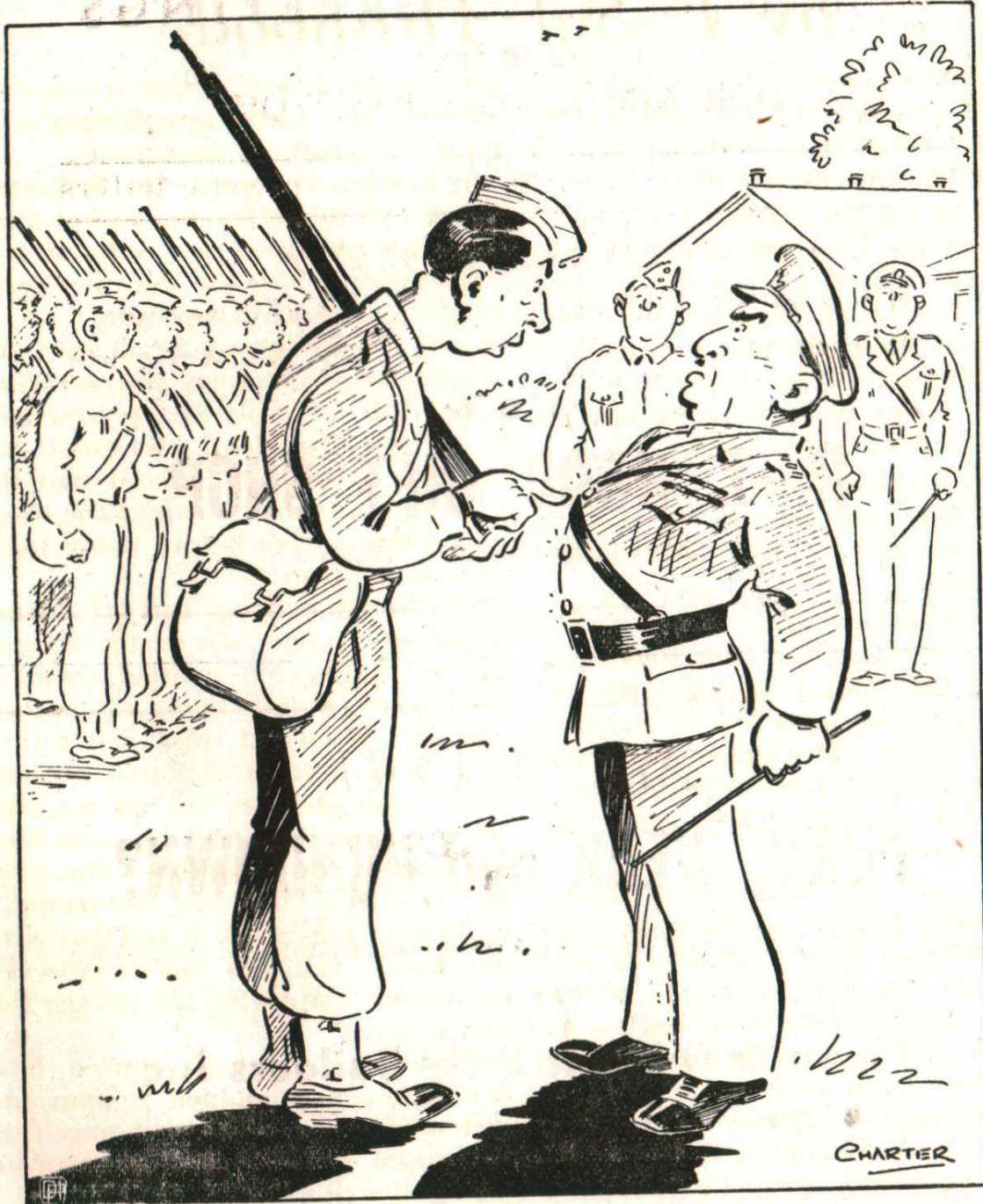
accomplished with great speed considering the usual unwillingness of quills to forsake a porcupine.

A maiden appeared. In deference I will call her a maiden rather than a female savage. Her raiment was rather more complete than her companion's; at any rate she wore a shawl. With squeals of delight she shamelessly undraped and snatched a handful of quills and commenced to decorate her cloak. Wonacott, remaining unabashed, sensed that the man had intended to colour the black and white spikes before using them as ornaments.

The maiden, I am sorry I do not know her name, obviously wanted all the quills and wanted them as they were, thus a lively altercation ensued. Wonacott could not follow what was said as eighteenth century Cree language was not on his varsity's curriculum, but he, man-like, understood the situation. The Cree girl finally jabbed her companion's hand with a large quill and fled with her hands full, her shawl between her teeth. Naturally, the savage followed her.

Wonacott, left alone, mused how civilization had enobled woman and had made her sweet and unselfish. He mused, that is, until two painful jabs in the ribs broke his dream.

"That's a fine way to behave on our first picnic. You go to sleep and forget all about me. I might as well not have come," and Mrs. Wonacott began to cry. But, it must be remembered, she had been a Beresford-Deane.



“Confidentially—How do you keep 'em so clean, Sir?”

To the old staff—**CHEERIO**  
 To those just arrived—**GREETINGS**



**OUR AIM IS TO SERVE YOU**

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Call on us to visit—for information—to write letters

---

We Carry A Full Line Of

- Pen & Pencil Sets
- Stationery
- Magazines
- Jewellery



**R. J. HOOD GIFT SHOP**

Issuer of Marriage Licenses.

Are Y O U

**PUNY, WEAK and RUNDOWN?**

Do you wake listless, tired, with that woozy feeling?

Then let

**Nunn & Dyment Body Builders Inc.**

fix you up with their famous "Kill-all Cure-all"  
 Yogi Course.

Drink a refreshing glass of sparkling DYMENTO  
 each morning. This unique product does you no  
 good whatsoever.

---

**Remember—"DYMENTO FOR DYNAMITE"**

---

## SERGEANTS' MESS

Sergeant—(Sorry!) Mr. Mather found himself indisposed after his recent blue-blood injection and was unable to attend the Mess Dance.

Tubby Witt graduated and rolled away, rejoicing.

Handsome Laurie Underwood discovered, as many others, that personality goes for naught if not supported by a brevet on the left breast. He accordingly wended his way to an I.T.W.

Congrats to Technician Marsh. We are pleased to note he did not buy CHEAP cigars.

Messrs. Grandison, Hall, Hosgood and Pettapiece shewed their chivalrous natures when they permitted a Living-Out Airmen's Club team of ladies to defeat them in a Quiz Contest.

The Mess gourmets deeply regret the pending departure of super-chef Ernie Finbow.

Pop Cresswell enjoyed a little joke about boots and shoes for cold-footed stayers-on.

The Dance on the eighteenth was quite a success

For Tony Brockington came out of the West.

Throughout the broad prairie his rug-cutting's best,

Despite beer on his tunic and fluff on his breast.

What can be the reason so many faces have lost their B.B.C. looks? (Broke, Brassed, Cheesed.)

Chalky White and Doc Findlay shewed the Americans how to celebrate July Fourth. They now think nothing at all of week-ending in Minneapolis.

Many members are wondering whether they entertained the Concert Party on the nineteenth or whether the Concert Party entertained them. Out of consideration, the name of the N.C.O. who said on Monday morning, "That was a grand grand dance last night—there's a concert party tonight, isn't there?" will not be published.

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## FOR WHAT WE RECEIVE - - -

With that notorious boat\*at hand, perhaps it would not be amiss for those of us on the lists to doff our hats to the Air Ministry for keeping the promise they made such a long time ago. Few believed they would keep it. Few believed they could. It must be admitted that the circumstances could hardly be worse for them to pander to the wants of a very small proportion of their vast flock. Perhaps we will remember that with gratitude when we are

tempted, sometimes, to make disparaging remarks when things don't work out quite as we would like.

A fertile crop of rumour attends the alleged reception by the Orderly Room of a new list, and a holiday atmosphere is beginning to prevail in various parts of the station. The departure of F/O Ellis, though regretted by all, was regarded as a good omen. Now the only thing to do is to put in a spot of swimming practice, "just in case . . ."



# 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

## STRANGE NEW TRADE

The long standing trades of Fire Fighter and Crash Crew have been augmented by a new S.H.Q. trade, "C.G.D.", Cockhouse Gen Demolisher. (Not to be confused with C.G.D., Clerk, General Duties.)

Several airmen have been compulsorily remustered to the new trade after special training by a high ranking officer. Among other subjects they received instruction in the handling of neurotics, insomniacs

and barrack room lawyers. The course is so terrific that trainees have a special diet of opium and nerve tonic.

Most of their equipment is secret but is known to include Panic Extinguishers, Time-slowing Radios for completing work in half the time necessary, and an Anticipating B/F Meter which indicates to the day when long awaited "gen" can be expected. At present, however, the Lie Detector is U/S, the fuse keeps blowing out.

# The Boat Song

Written by George White  
& Sung by Geo. Monk & Jim Walton

1. There's a little town just west  
of Winnipeg  
Where lots of airmen work and  
play  
They dream of home sweet home  
and all their loved ones there  
And this is what they say:  
**We love our Winnipeg in Manitoba  
Upon the pretty girls we really  
dote  
So please don't think us rude  
We are not being crude  
When we say hurrah roll on the  
ruddy boat.**
2. We get our forty-eights on every  
payday  
We polish up and pack our grip  
As we're dancing in the ballroom  
We're dreaming of that rolling  
ship.  
**We love etc. etc.**
3. When we're back in camp on  
Monday mornings  
We're on our knees and three  
parts dead  
It's the only time we're up before  
reveille  
There isn't time to go to bed.  
**We love etc. etc.**
4. One June the fifth our eighteen  
months was over  
But still there was no sign of  
any boat  
We have in mind those gaunt  
white cliffs of Dover  
As we feel a lump rise in our  
throat.  
**We love etc. etc.**
5. Now we have had some Pukka  
Gen from Moncton  
That some relief's on the way  
The boys have started packing  
out at Moose Jaw  
It's getting nearer every day.  
**We love etc. etc.**
6. But when we get our ration cards  
in Blighty  
We're short of fags and beer and  
soap  
When we find that home is not  
just what we dreamed of  
They'll ship us back to Carberry  
we hope.  
**We love our Winnipeg in Manitoba  
Upon the pretty girls we really  
dote  
So we don't think it's right  
We croon a lot of tripe  
When we say hurrah roll on the  
ruddy boat we didn't mean it  
When we say roll on that boat.**

(Lyrics by L.A.C. George White sung  
by George Monk and Jimmy Walton  
of the Rip Chords.)

# SPORTS SECTION

## SOCCKER CARBERRY V NEEPAWA

AT CARBERRY—WED., July 22

Carberry fielded a reconstructed side against Neepawa, the new men being efforts to fill the gap left by Carter and Clarke, and another attempt to find an outside right. Weller was unable to play in this game; his place was taken by W/Cdr. Moore. Carberry ran out victors at 6-1, although playing only ten men in the second half. The game opened before several hundred spectators, and in the second minute of the game, Ware took the ball up the wing to cross it to Arblaster who just failed to nod the ball down into the net. After 18 minutes of play, Carberry went ahead when Hall pushed a ball across, which Ware seized and gave to Spiers. The latter headed the ball out of Emery's reach. Spiers, who played an outstanding game, got the second goal after half an hour's play with another header, after Arblaster returned a centre from Hall. Carberry was now on top and Makins scored the third from a penalty awarded against Ball. The solitary Neepawa goal came shortly after this when a breakaway saw Gash, the Carberry pivot, head the ball away from the keeper's reach and into his own net.

Shortly after the resumption of play, the Carberry goalie was injured and had to retire from the game. Ware, who incidentally, has played in practically every position since being at Carberry, came back into goal. Carberry however still dominated the play, and Firm scored in the 15 min-

ute with a pass from Spiers. The latter got the fifth and his own hat trick soon afterwards, when Hall sent a ball across. The sixth and final goal came a few minutes from the end when Arblaster scored with a drive from 25 yards that had Emery beaten all the way. The last fifteen minutes were spoilt by rough play, and Duncan was warned by the referee. The same player was responsible for much of the dirty play when Carberry visited Neepawa on Dominion Day and ran out winners by 6-0.

TEAM—W/Cdr. Moore; LAC Cottam, LAC Makins; LAC Raine, F/Sgt. Gash and LAC Goodall; LAC Hall, LAC Arblaster, Cpl. Firm, LAC Spiers and Sgt. Ware.

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### TWO-BITS POSTING—

In connection with the posting and commissioning of Pilot Officer Two-Bits we are asked by the authorities to make the following statement.

The normal methods of promotion and posting are still in force, and no notice will be taken of further exceptional cases. It is not sufficient to bite a member of the C.P.R. to be posted away from Carberry, and all personnel are reminded that this not only constitutes an unfriendly act towards the civilian population, and makes for ill feeling between civilians and the service, but it is also contrary to Kings Regulations and will be dealt with summarily under the Air Force Act.

# SOCCER contd

CARBERRY vs No. 12 S.F.T.S. BDN  
AT CARBERRY, MON., JULY 27

Carberry lost their unbeaten record in this match, when putting out a weak team to rest first team players for the Neepawa match on Wednesday, they lost 2-1. The only meritorious play came from Spiers who had played one game that evening and had to turn out for the station when Harper failed to appear. Very few players would exert themselves, or run that extra pace which marks the play of the regular Carberry team. Finch proved himself a poor reserve back, but Findlay was a trier. Haggerty was tried out at centre-forward but did not have the dash; in the second half he dropped to left half and played much better. Generally speaking the game agonizing to watch, and although a defeat does a team no harm, in this case, had the boys played with a better spirit, a defeat was impossible. No other explanation is possible against a visiting side which included men with very little football experience. Brandon drew first blood after twenty minutes play, but Spiers levelled it off with a good goal a few minutes before the interval. The second half saw Brandon go ahead and stay ahead, when their inside left sent in a smashing drive from just outside the penalty area, with the defence wide open, and Weller beaten. Carberry tried hard to make a draw of it, but were unhappy finishers.

TEAM: Weller; Findley, Finch; Beyer, Ware and Milliken; Lyal, Dunphy, Haggerty, Spiers and Folkes.

CARBERRY vs A4 at BRANDON  
Result 7-0

Firm was brought in as 'OL' for this game, with Milliken playing at left half. The opposition did not extend the team, and Weller had only three kicks throughout the game. Goals came from Raine 2, Spiers 2, Carter Dunphy and Arblaster. Raine played a fair game at centre-forward in the absence of Clarke and was unlucky on many occasions.

CARBERRY vs A4 at CARBERRY  
Result 4-0

In the return fixture on the Carberry ground on Tuesday the 16th, the second string were tried against the Artillery men, and a poor game saw Carberry win 4-0. The defence of the Artillery was under pressure most of the time, but they managed to keep out the home attack who were very ineffective. Harper tried hard as usual, but failed to control the ball.

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## HEARD IN CAMP—

"You wouldn't nob it!"

"By the centre!"

"Belt!"

"Get knotted!"

"You're pushed!"

"Ra-ra! Roll on the ruddy boat!"

"What's cooking, good-looking?"

"He's the jenker king of 12B."

"So she had to go up the fire-escape . . ."

"Join!"

"Get some in!"

"I've got an Income Tax Dance hangover."

"He got his third yesterday and his first G.C.B. today."

"He's got more in his head than the comb takes out."

# SOFTBALL

## Station Loses In Play-Offs

After leading the B.D.S.A.A. Softball League through the entire schedule our Station bit the dust in the semi-final play-offs against No. 1 A.N.S. Rivers. In a two out of three game semi-final we lost two straight games by 11-6 and 7-5 scores. Both games were very close, and it was touch and go all the way as to which team ended up on the right side of the score. This was particularly true in the second game when we had the comfortable lead of 0-4 in the second inning. This resulted off a home run from our centre-fielder, Sgt. Rees. Unfortunately we blew this lead through a couple of errors, and so ruined our chance of advancing into the finals against the winner of the other semi-final matches between No. 2 Manning Depot and No. 12 S.F.T.S.

Sgt. Ages pitched steady ball throughout both games. The fielding was steady except at a few of the more critical moments when the odd error crept in and costly runs were scored. S/Ldr. Burnell, Hebert, Pelletier, Gault and Olfrey played first class ball throughout in the infield, while the outfield of Sgt. Rees, Wells and Smith caught everything coming their way. Sgt. Beverly stepping in at the last moment as catcher batted well and played good all round ball, to hold up his end of the game exceptionally well.

We'll win the bacon next year, fellows, if we're still here, so cheer up.

Line-up: Sgt. Beverly, Sgt. Ages, Morrison, Olfrey, F/Lt. Lewis, Gault, S/Ldr. Burnell, Pelletier, Sgt. Hebert, Smith, Sgt. Rees, Wells, Larsh.

## Awkward For The Auk

The original members of the Sergeants' Mess are delighted with their latest acquisition, a real, live AUK. Whilst no competition with the Airmen's Mess is intended (See last month's Journal) one cannot but consider how much rarer is an AUK than a HAWK.

It is doubted whether an Auk has been kept in captivity so far inland as it is definitely a seabird and is usually found in deep waters. Its

plumage is superfine blue, but turns to a rusty khaki colour in hot weather. The one regret is that no eggs can be expected; it is definitely a cockbird.

The Auk has shown a great interest in aeroplanes and is often to be found hovering round in Maintenance Squadron.

Group Captain Cox presented it to the Mess. He found it, Pharoah's daughter style, in a bed of rushes at Picton.

## A Cordial Invitation . . .

. . . TRY OUR

- ★ Salads
- ★ Ice Cream Sodas
- ★ Sundaes

### CRICH'S BAKERY LUNCHEONETTE

CARBERRY

MANITOBA

## F.B.I. AT AIRPORT

We are at last able to disclose the true meaning behind the presence of late on the tarmac of various strangely garbed individuals.

It was announced at Headquarters today that the Carberry F. B. I. had arrived in force to take over the anti-saboteur and anti-invasion duties from Defence Officer Ellis (posted to Egypt to command a tank) and chief of police James and his minions.

Various of the Carberry F. B. I., disguised as labourers are to be observed leaning on their shovels and picks while they make pretence at digging holes in the aerodrome, all the while they keep one eye on the hangars for Nazi saboteurs and the other eye on the heavens for Nipponese parachutists. They have to take

great care not to overstrain their picks and shovels as these are in reality camouflaged machine guns. In addition they carry hand grenades inside their hats.

Excitement was heightened on the appearance of two strange figures in brown marching boots, green trousers rolled to the knees, white hats and loose brown shirts hanging loosely ready for instant removal. It was disclosed that these men are members of the C. F. B. I. Blackguard, elite of Carberry, disguised as tourists, and are versed in all the arts of Jiu-Jitsu. The long poles carried by them are anti-aircraft javelins and their other instruments are too secret and complicated for their nature to be disclosed.

# STATION THEATRE

## *Priorities Of 1942*

Presented in the Station theatre on Sunday 18 July, "Priorities of 1942" leads the field as the best show ever presented on this unit by an outside organization. From start to finish it went with a swing. Produced by Mrs. Zimmerman, it had everything. Glamorous girls, sweet singing and jumping jive.

Many of the beauties are members of the Winnipeg Ballet Club and besides ballet they showed that they

could make a good Conga or Can Can Line.

The whole show was so outstanding that it is difficult to pick out one turn from another, all we can say is that we hope that Mr. and Mrs. Zimmerman will soon be back with another show. On second thoughts perhaps we might mention the name of Tiny Timbrell, jovial CKY artiste as the most popular. Tiny has been here before and we hope this is not his last visit.

Thank you very much "Priorities of 1942".

## *Bea Fredric's Victory Troupe*

Bea Fredrick and her Troupe Sunday last at Station theatre saw the second show in two weeks to come to us from Winnipeg. Although a very good show in itself, it suffered by following the excellent "Priorities of 1942".

The show opened with the usual tap number by four young ladies, the only difference being that this time there was a fellow in the line as well. Tap dancing in fact seemed to make up the main part of the show.

A harmony trio, the three Bilous (not bilious, you cads) Sisters followed. Little Billy Komar performed well on his accordion.

The best numbers of the evening

were Bea Fredrick and Quigley, in a pseudo Apache dance and Lee Mackenzie singing "You Made Me Love You".

Blondie and Boots did two good numbers their "Toe Strut" being especially pleasing.

The finale, Salute to Britain, was very well received, particularly Bea Fredrick in Cossack costume as a tribute to our Russian allies.

The show as a whole could have been welded together a little better, but this could be remedied if the master of ceremonies was a little quicker off the mark.

These shows are sent out by No. 2 Training Command, the artistes give their services free, and transportation paid for out of P.S.I. funds.

*Drink . . .*

**DREWRY'S DRY**

**GINGER ALE**

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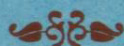
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