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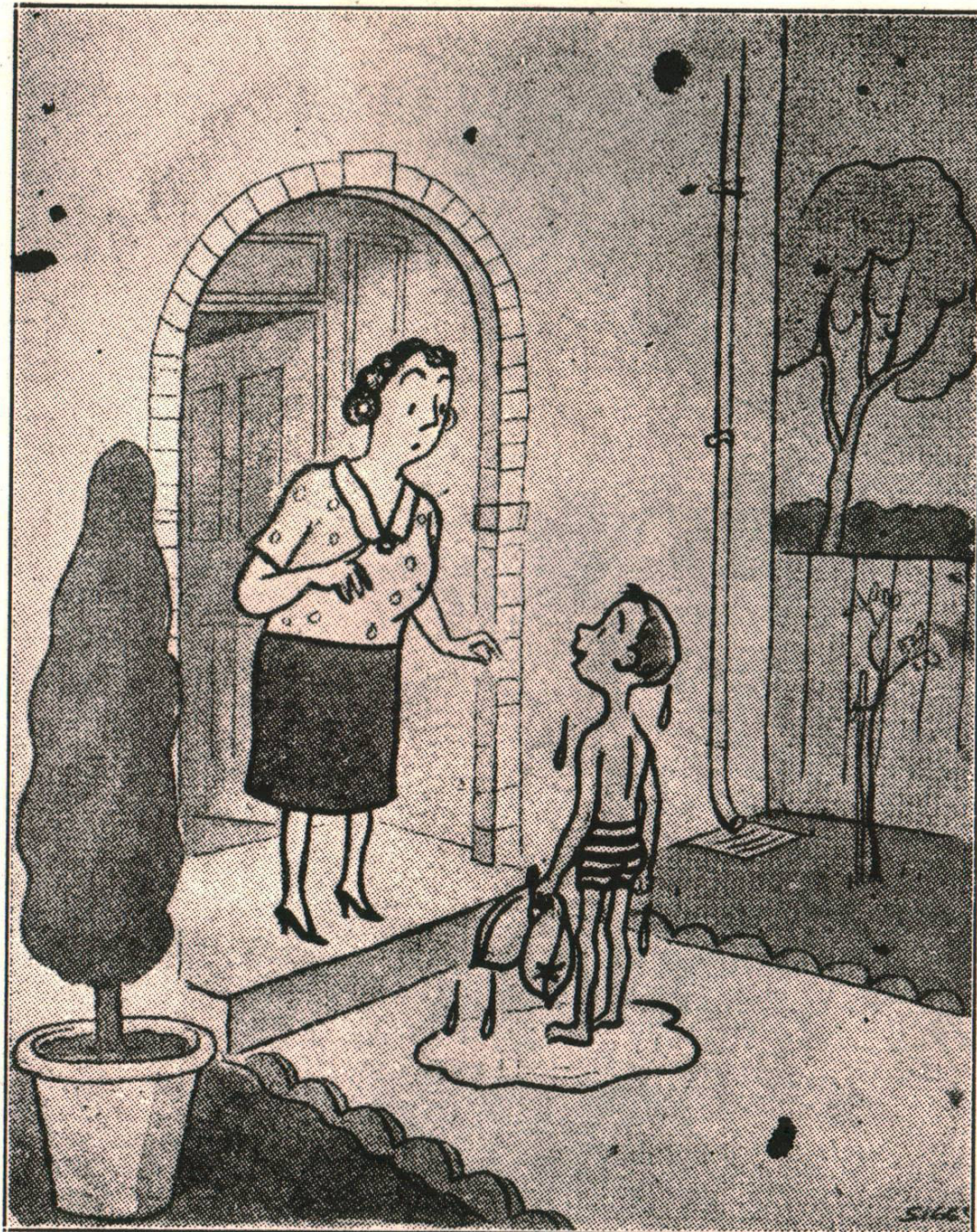
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HQ 335FTS/1006X/SHQ.

Gen!

FEBRUARY, 1943



"I GOT TIRED OF CANADA, MOTHER"



JOURNAL

of the

Royal Air Force, Carberry

by kind permission of

Group Captain T. B. Bruce, M.C.

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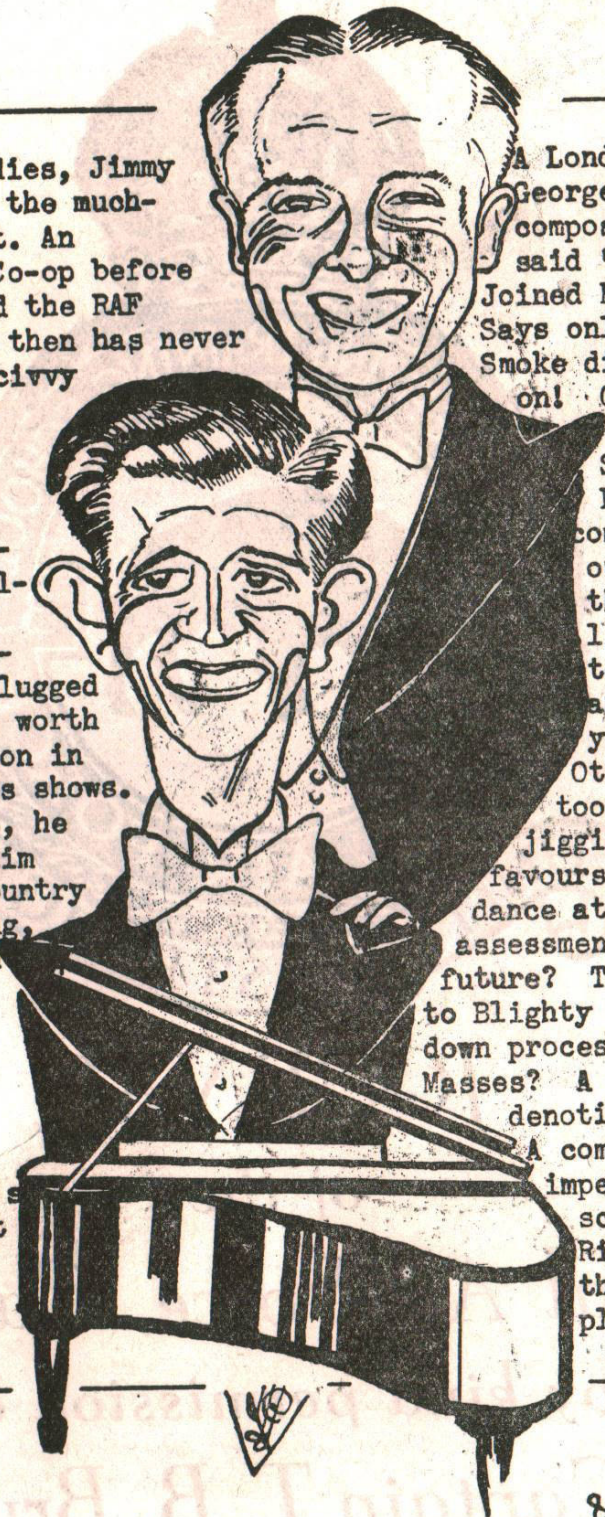
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Monthly

A Geordie of Geordies, Jimmy is from Durham in the much-blitzed North-East. An executive in the Co-op before the war, he joined the RAF in 1940 and since then has never looked back. In civvy street he went in for all social activities from cricket to choir-bashing. Is part-author of the well-known "Boat Song" and with his side-kick George has plugged it for all he was worth since its inception in earlier Rip Chords shows. Romance? Not yet, he says - but give him time! Likes? Country Club beer, bowling, music and "smooth dancing. Ambitions? To qualify as a competent dance-band pianist. Message for Humanity? "Life's pretty good - but it's what you make it! "



A Londoner from Islington, George was a printer's compositor before Britain said "Arf a mo', Hitler! " Joined RAF in June, 1939. Says only when on pass in Smoke did he know a war was on! Graced the strength of St. Athans, Stradishall and Feltwell before coming to Canada. Flat out, like Jimmy, for the jolly old social life. Big Romance yet to come. Likes Canada and its charmers but yearns to learn what Other Half are doing too. A devotee of hot jiggling, George also favours the Canadian square dance at which his trade assessment is "Ex". The future? Travel and then back to Blighty for the settling-down process. Message to the Masses? A colourful epithet denoting shocked surprise! A competent female impersonator, George scored a hit in the last Rip Chords offering as the nice nurse in the playlet "Little Willy".

"MONK & WALTON."

EDITORIAL :

This January will live in most of our memories for a long, long time.

Instead of the Income Tax, the Dog's licence and that heavy insurance premium, we've had a very long wait till Pay Parade and the COLD.

With the Christmas or New Year grant behind us, there was very little folding money on the Camp until the 15th when the pay tables groaned once more and a "48" was something other than a rest period.

Another batch of instructors have left us and the little band of 'old originals' gets smaller and smaller. Needless to say there was much selling of cars at short notice. The number of private cars on the camp is now very few and the bus service is strained as a consequence. The other night 16 airmen trooped out at the terminus, a camp bound barrack lawyer claimed that the vehicle was now empty; however another seventeen bodies emerged slightly crushed, but still breathing!

On Saturday night 16th, the thermometer took a nose dive, thus showing that the Met. men knew their stuff, for they had forecast it; and looked very pleased with themselves. Car owners on the other hand were horrified when they found they were trying to coax engines to life at a temperature of 42/47, depending on time, place and thermometer. Indoors it was a constant battle to keep the heat going and all the living-outers complained of the tremendous amount of wood and coal they had used during the Sunday.

Despite warnings there were a number of casualties from frost bite, none very serious fortunately. All the victims agreed that in future they'd taxi with their flaps down.

Despite the weather conditions, the Officers' Dance on Saturday the 23rd, was voted a huge success. Due to late trains and stranded motor coaches, the attendance was markedly smaller. However dancing was less congested and therefore all the more enjoyable, while the sitting-out problem was simplified. There were many enquiries as to the state of the Mess larder if the guests were stranded but fortunately despite a very meagre taxi service, all who wanted to managed to get back to town, although the waiting queue grew longer and longer.

The Camp Ice Hockey team after doing very well has suffered

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 4)

Editorial — CONTINUED FROM PAGE THREE

a number of casualties, including the captain, F/Lt. Lewis. He was fortunate to escape broken bones however and is now well on the way to 100% servicability.

Probably due to the cold, skating seems to have lost its earlier appeal. On the camp rink there is rarely more than a couple of supermen. Perhaps the Sonje Heinie costumes down at the local rink have something to do with it!

From time to time one hears of some brave soul who tries to do a little ski-ing. But generally speaking opportunities are lacking for this sport in Manitoba, even if the cold would relent a little. In February however, a number of enthusiasts are planning to go up to the Rockies so we may expect lyrical accounts of the perfect conditions at Banff, Sunshine and Lake Louise.

The Children's party held on 29th December was most successful. Car owners turned to and solved all transport problems and soon the little guests were having a wonderful time on their first visit to an R.A.F. station. It was a happy thought and a graceful gesture (to mix metaphors) and was greatly appreciated judging from the shrill cheering which brought the show to an end.

Our caricaturist (name withheld for reasons of security) has offered to sketch a number of the camp personnel. The idea is that each shall be numbered; a monthly draw take place (sketch) and "victims" will achieve immortality, all interested should get in touch with 'Gen' giving their name, number and trade and when they are off duty, so that sittings can be arranged.

The intense cold we've all experienced this month brings home to us vividly just what the Russian offensive is up against. It also explains why whole divisions of Italians, Rumanians and Hungarians have been 'liquidated' in so short a time. To a Neapolitan porter or a Budapest musician or a waiter from Bucharest, the arctic condition now prevailing all along the front, must be impossible. No wonder some of our own Italian prisoners are putting all their pay into English War Savings Certificates! That's a timely reminder, you can't do much this weather so why not open a savings bank account at the camp post office? If you stay on, the cash is all ready for that super leave you're looking forward to and if you get posted home, there'll be a nice little nest egg. Either way you can't lose so why not try it?



'WHAT DO YOU THINK I AM? SUPERMAN?'

Vignettes of Manhattan

Much military activity around the Broadway bars . . . receiving another jolt to my belief that all Russians should have Mongol features . . . jolter? . . . General - - - suddenly noticed the sweetly beautiful profile of my hostess while trying to take a time-exposure picture of her . . . hearing "White Christmas" played in rhumba time at the Cuban Casino, a Shrine of Latin American rhythm . . . marvelling at the girth of Kate Smith as she swung "Kalamazoo" at the stagedoor Canteen . . . "snapping" the New York skyline . . . "genning up" on Turkey and Mohammedanism with a student from Istanbul . . . wondering is the Australian accent a caricature on Cockney or vice versa . . . promising myself in vain that I will be abed BEFORE midnight the next night . . . paying sympathetic if slightly alcoholic attention to a German Jewess refugee's tale of woe . . . asking an actress what she thought of the plays of Clifford Odets and discovering she was his sister . . . overhearing: "When I was considered rather girlish - but today, I'M A MAN'S MAN!" . . . getting lost in Harlem . . . identifying Damon Runyon characters on 42nd Street . . . saying "so long" (NOT "cheerio") to the Yank Metropolis at Grand Central Station.

J.W.F.

Tussles with GREMLINS !!

During the early part of January, No. 66 course underwent their flying tests preparatory to receiving their wings. LAC. Lorimer headed the batch of those who were to be tested by Flight Lieutenant Salzberger and his report on landing was eagerly awaited by the pupils.

Lorimer landed looking pale and slightly fey! When he was able to answer intelligibly he had some startling facts to reveal! It appeared that when asked to demonstrate a forced landing, and on reaching the critical point when he wished to lower the flaps, he heard a loud sucking noise behind him. To his dismay he found that gremlins had drunk his hydraulic fluid. Consequently the flaps would not lower and he overshoot the forced landing field. At the same time, he stated, other gremlins stationed themselves at all smoke signs in the vicinity and blew the smoke hard in the opposite direction to the wind. This, of course, gave the Examining Officer the firm impression that Lorimer had attempted to land down-wind in a roaring gale! F/Lt. Salzberger, who is normally known for his sympathetic attitude in the air, became somewhat testy and awarded Lorimer nil marks for his effort.

The pupils immediately recalled recent gremlin activity and enlarged on these to despondency. A flying instructor had revealed that he had attempted to fly between two tall trees in the low flying area but that on approaching them they were mysteriously drawn together so that he was forced to zoom up over the top. This had caused his pupil to smirk!

Meanwhile the tests were proceeding, and later LAC. Gammidge (late

of the merchant service) came in gloomily to report that during his instrument flying test, gremlins of the specie nauticus-brinus, dressed in little sailor suits, had danced the horn-pipe on his control surfaces. The aircraft plunged and rolled like a ship, and despite Gemmidge's seaman-like efforts to fly straight, he had probably received the lowest marks ever recorded for instrument flying. It was during this, the darkest hour in the crew room, that LAC. Chalmers, who had been the consistent butt of malign gremlin activity, burst in to say that benevolent gremlins had invaded the Examining Officers Aircraft and were causing all manoeuvres to be executed so superbly that F/Lt. Salzberger was gurgling with joy.

There was an immediate rush of the pupils to be tested at once and P/O Dodgson managed to get into the aeroplane before these cheerful gremlins could politely disembark. P/O Dodgson later reported with absolute satisfaction that they had held up his instrument flying hood during the whole flight, enabling him to enjoy an excellent view of the countryside.

By now the whole complex of the tests had changed for the better. It is, however, notorious that benevolent gremlins stay in aircraft only for very short periods. In fact, by the time that ex-policeman LAC. Holgate had got into the air complete with his little black note book (for the purpose of taking descriptions of the whole tribe of gremlins with a view to their total arrest) not a gremlin was to be seen anywhere in the skies above Carberry.

You Are Going to New York ?

For a leave of the more hectic sort you can't beat Lil' Ol' Manhattan, America's brazen challenge not only to Babylon of the Ancient World, but also to other and more ersatz Babylons masquerading in Europe today! Don't talk about Chicago, Sam. The city on the Hudson licks the Windy City hands down. You got everything there. It's a ville du monde in the real sense of the term.

You won't be much impressed for a start. If you enter from the North (as I did) you'll find a depressing similarity between the tenement districts on the outskirts and the slums of North London. The 'scrapers, too, are not as awesome as official photographs make out. The width of the street detracts somewhat from the height of the buildings and you get a slight Champs Elysee impression here and there with a bit of Oxford Street thrown in for good measure.

The people? Polyglot—but pleasant. That doesn't mean cosmopolitan. Cosmopolitans will only be found in the higher social brackets. But not among the proletariat who are either New York born (and hence local) or direct imports from the sticks or Europe—and therefore only one step removed from being small big-towners.

Amusements? Ah, now you're talking. New York is a honey for fun and frolic. And mostly free if you're in military uniform. Which, being a reader of "Gen", I assume you are. The U.S.O. at 99, Park Avenue dishes out tickets daily for stage and screen shows, dances and even dinners. There is little or no restriction on the number of times you can bag a show or dance ticket but I believe they go easy on the grub coupons.

Clubs? Our chaps have one in the Picadilly Hotel, near Broadway. There you will meet kind ladies and gentlemen occupied solely with ladling out happiness in material form. American Servicemen's clubs, of course, swarm all over the place. You too are welcome . . .

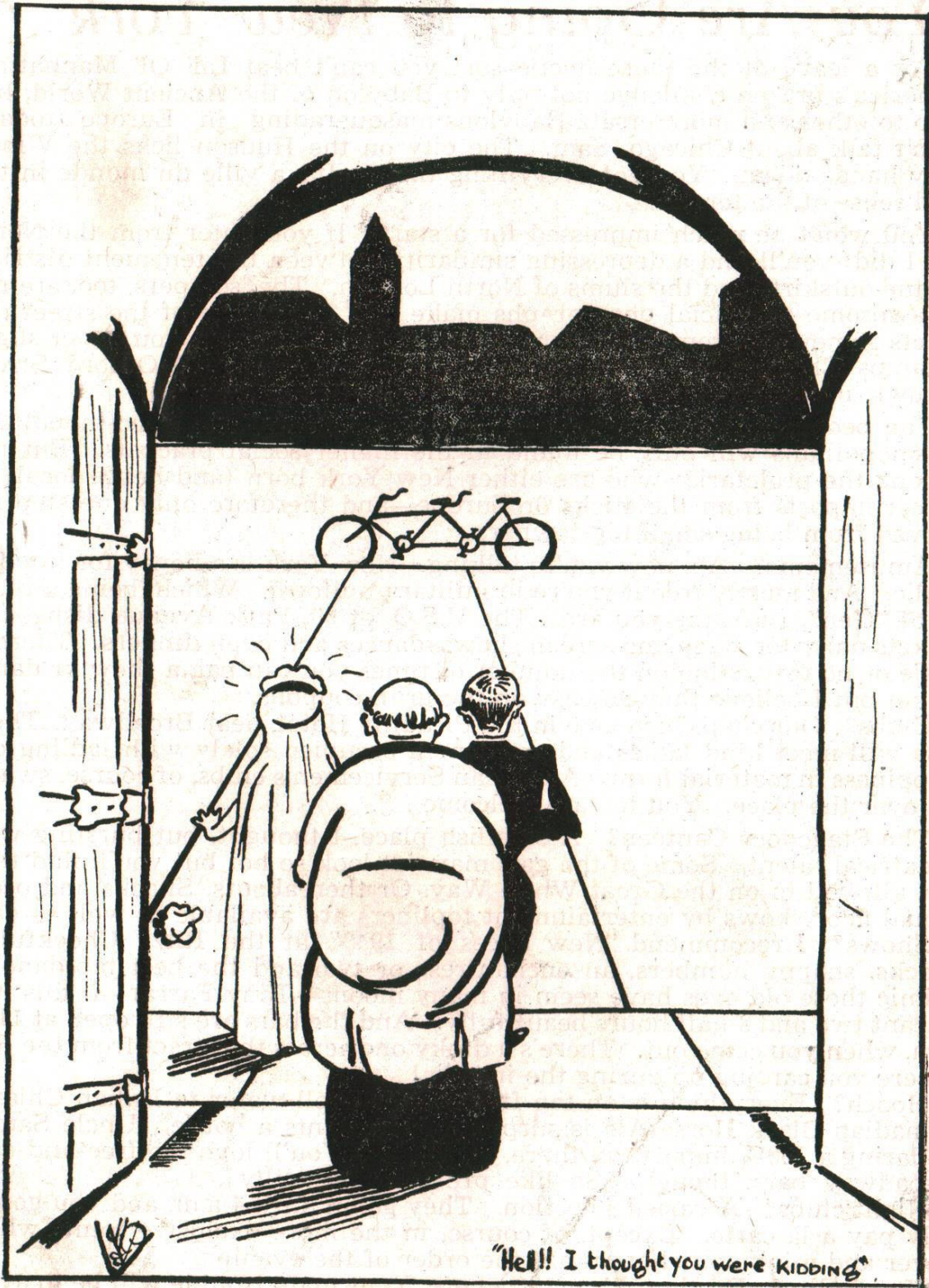
The Stagedoor Canteen? A smallish place, I thought, but bursting with theatrical talent. Some of the gals may not look so hot but you'll find they are all well in on the Great White Way. Or thereabouts. Snacks and occasional floor shows by entertainment toppers are available as well as gals.

Shows? I recommend "New Faces of 1943" at the Ritz. Chockful of cracks, snappy numbers, an enchantress or two and the best tap-dancing mimic these old eyes have seen in many moons—Tony Farrar—it fills in a vacant two and a half hours beautifully. And the bars are still open at 11.30 p.m. when you come out. There's a dinky one across the street from the Ritz where you can jug up during the interval . . .

Hooch? Everything is on tap from honest well-water to Italian Chianti. Canadian Black Horse Ale is surprisingly 50 cents a bottle. Uncle Sam is collaring a 100% import tax there, methinks. You'll love the free-and-easy Broadway bars, though. So like pre-war Piccadilly

Night clubs? A varied selection. They go on until 4 a.m. and you generally pay a la carte. Except, of course, in the more exclusive joints where cover and minimum charges are the order of the evening.

Hospitality? Brother, it's everywhere. Your main trouble will be to avoid it in the end. Tips? Organise your stay, if possible, in advance. Otherwise you'll find yourself bewildered by the variety of things you can do. Get a map of Manhattan and find your bearings. Obtain a programme of what's doing. I recommend the magazine "Cue". Pick your pleasure. Then go ahead. Okay? Now start chasing that elusive Form H! . . .



"Hell!! I thought you were kidding"

AUNT FLOSSIE'S PAGE.



Howdy, boys! Its' your half-cracked maiden aunt at the door a-knocking to be let in to unload a schooner of advice for your betterment. So, clear the decks. I wanna get off to a flying start for 1943!

FANNY (Officer's Mess): I agree that the Yukon and field service caps leave a lot to be desired. But aren't you going a bit too far when you suggest the introduction of the Mexican sombrero as a standard service issue? I would sound Groupy on this matter, if I were you, before putting a letter up to Command.

FROST-BITTEN (No. 1 Group): Your lack of common sense amazes me. Not to mention your lack of enterprise. What are comfortable settees in steam-heated flats for? I fear you'll need thawing out before going to Toronto!

HANGOVER (Workshops): So your Christmas exploits are only coming back to you now! I sincerely trust they went no further than forming a conga line in Portage Avenue, baptising the bell-hop in Scotch and sending the Fire Brigade on a wild-goose chase to the Marlborough!

GIGOLO (Accounts): There's an old saying, my dear, which runs thusly: When a lady says "no" she means "maybe," when she says "maybe" she means "yes"—but when a lady says "yes" well, she's no lady!

SUSIE (Winnipeg): Maybe his 48 was cancelled after all! Maybe . . . but that still doesn't explain his presence in the Old Fort with a mickey of rye protruding from each pocket and a blonde hanging on either arm. I think he wants to forget! Men are like that! There ARE such things!

SWINDLED (Sgts. Mess): Ther's only one protection against the confidence trickster, my pet, and that is - intelligence! Have you got any? Apparently not, to judge from your letter. Get Professor Daft's book, "Brains While You Wait", and if you read it earnestly enough and wait long enough you'll find yourself the proud possessor of Common Sense in the not-too-distant future.

Cheerio, cretins. More problems up next month.

Your addle-pated old Aunt Flossie

THEN HE WOKE UP !

I was sitting in a comfortable arm-chair before a roaring fire in my own little bungalow; the lights were out, and my radio was softly playing sweet, soothing music—outside the wind howled as it came down from the North Sea, and rain beat angrily upon the window panes.

To gaze into the fire and watch the flames dancing merrily up and down was extremely pleasant, and I shuddered as my mind went back to the days which I spent in the R.A.F.

Suddenly, I heard a sound; it was ever so slight, but I turned round in amazement and beheld a beautiful girl who darted across to my chair, sat upon my lap, and placed a breathtaking kiss upon my lips.

I was too astonished to protest as she clasped me tightly and kissed me

again and again.

The fire was burning steadily now, and in the reflection of the flames I saw her fully—she was wonderful; eyes like pools of azure blue which contrasted perfectly with her fair complexion and flowing golden hair.

“See what I have for you,” she exclaimed, as she pointed across the lounge, and I peered around to see dozens of bottles of John Haig’s whiskey and at least a year’s supply of William Youngers Scotch Ale.

“Oh, Heaven on earth, what have I done to deserve all this!” I felt so happy and contented, and, suddenly feeling terribly thirsty I cogitated on whether to concentrate on the whiskey, the ale or the girl, when thunder broke loose. “What the devil are you grinning at—get up, it’s after seven o’clock.”

WORK.



NIGHT SHIFT COMING ON.



NIGHT SHIFT GOING OFF.

SMALL BORE RIFLE CLUB

The highlight of the Club's activities for December was the match with Brandon on the 15th. Teams of seven competed but only the best five scores on each side were recorded. Carberry men returned the following cards:

Sgt. J. G. Dobriskey	400
LAC. B.P. Jeffery	397
LAC. F. Pierce	398
LAC. D. W. Osborn	400
LAC. P. M. O'Reilly	400

Thus we dropped three points in a possible 2000. No. 12 S.F.T.S. scored 1995, giving us the victory by only two points. A return match has been arranged for the first Tuesday in the New Year.

We were very impressed with the excellent range which our guests had constructed. Part of the Supply Depot had been boarded off and fine firing platforms built on the double-

decker style—the whole affair occupying only about 300 square feet of floor space. Here members could shoot in comfort at any time of the day or night.

Shooting for D.M. awards continue at great pace. Bronze, silver and gold pins have now been won by Sergeants Nolan and Dobriskey, and LAC's. Osborn and O'Reilly. The highest award offered by Dominion Marksmen, the Expert Shield, is now being shot by several members. Before very long the Grand Club Handicap Competition will be in progress. This shoot offers as prizes all the Club funds, and winners will receive cash prizes varying from \$10 to \$20.

Club nights remain fixed as Wednesdays and Fridays in the Drill Shed at 20.00 hours, and prospective members may enroll on these days.

LAC. A. M. Barel-Fowlinge



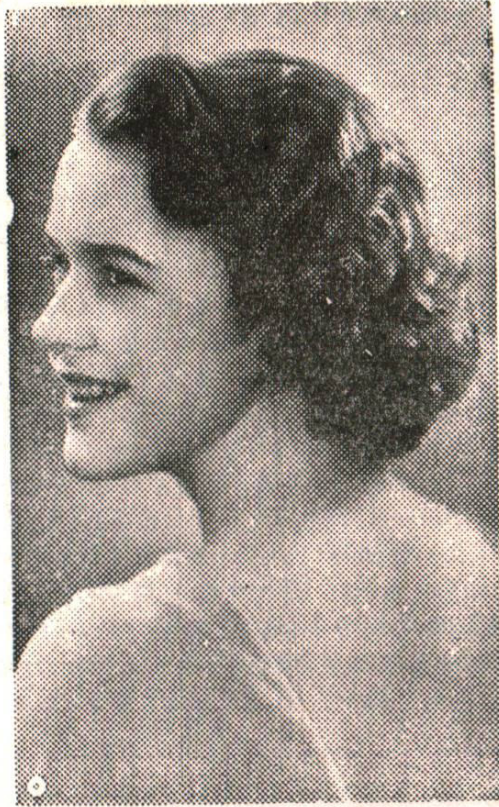
DAY SHIFT COMING ON.



DAY SHIFT GOING OFF.

J.B.

Gladys Forrester's Revue



GLADYS FORRESTER

Sunday, January 17th saw another show presented in the Camp Theatre by Gladys Forrester and her Girls. As usual the show was of a high standard with Gladys and Margaret Laidlaw sharing the honours. Although we were all enamoured with the two Saltel Sisters, both in their solo acts and their duo number.

The only male member of the cast, Roy Clark, performed well on the accordion. An unusual dance number was Manhattan Serenade by Joan Pundyk and the subdued lighting helped make this very effective. Gail Hall on the trumpet was quite soothing after some trumpeters that we hear, but she seemed a little uncertain of herself at times. Doreen Cousins with her dance to Begin the Beguine reminded us for a moment

of the chorus line at the Prince of Wales Theatre, in costume at least. Annabelle Stewart who compered the show brought the first half to a close with some songs.

The second half opened with a white ballet which proved very graceful and was very well received. Christine Calvo in her Mexican hat dance threw her hat amongst the audience, it landed, we hear, amongst the senior NCO's and the Gestapo were called out to retrieve it. These souvenir hunters turn up in the strangest places. Gladys Forrester gave a solo number, the words were directed at Gerald Death who was at the piano. We noticed that Gerald no longer blushes, wonderful thing, marriage. The show was brought to a close by a patriotic finale.

Thank you, Gladys and the girls, come again soon.

THE WOLF

If he parks his little flivver
Down beside the moonlit river
And you feel him all a-quiver...

Baby! . . . He's a wolf!

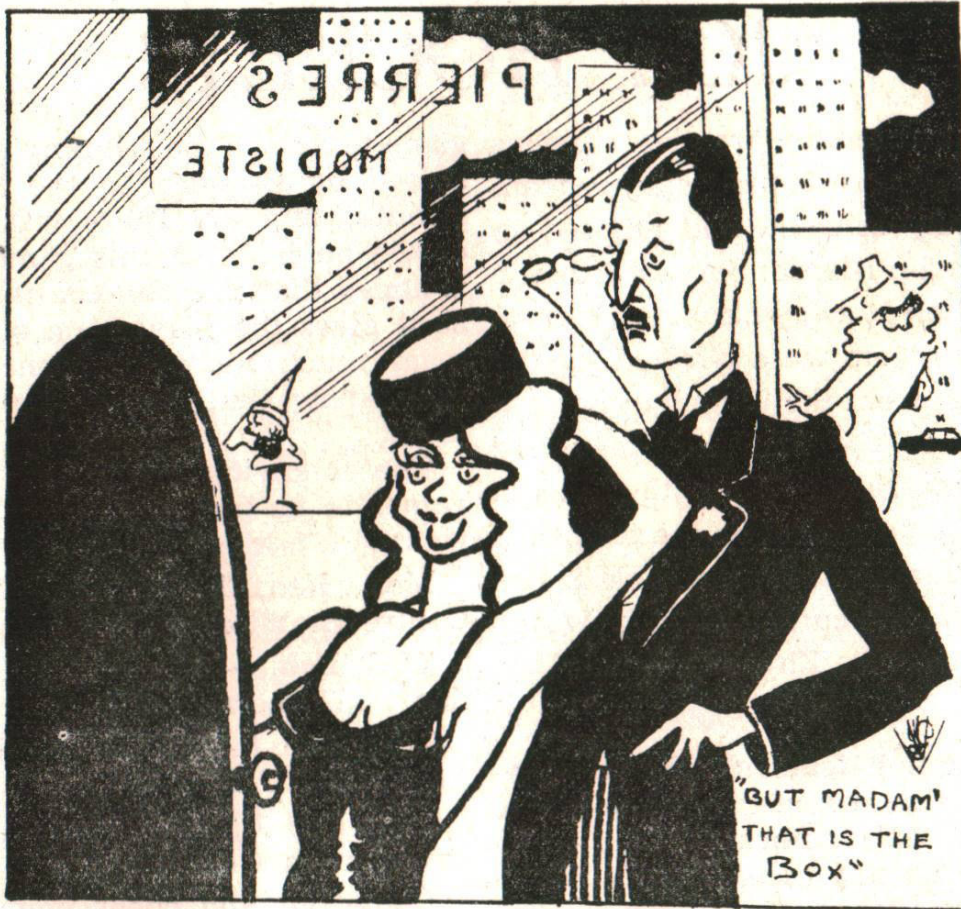
If he says you're gorgeous-looking,
And your dark eyes set him cooking
But your eyes arn't where he's
looking...

Baby! . . . He's a wolf!

If he says that you're an eyeful
But his hands begin to trifle
And his heart pumps like a rifle...

Baby! . . . He's a wolf!

If his arms are strong as sinew
And he stirs the gypsy in you
And you want him close agin you...
BABY! . . . YOU'RE THE WOLF!



Laughter In Court

1. My husband says I laugh like a rattlesnake gargling with prussic acid.
2. He said talking about pigs reminded him about his father-in-law.
3. My husband is such a miser he refuses to part with the dirt from under his finger nails.
4. I'm tired of playing the good fairy to the wife's mother and the co-op Guild every week-end.
5. What the world needs is more permanent wives and less permanent waves.
6. The wife was a prima donna; when I saw her in bed the first morning I said, "for the Lord's sake, Maggie, sing."
7. His ears were so big at birth his mother didn't know whether he was going to walk or fly.
8. Just because my father was a colonel in the Calvary is no excuse for calling me "Banana Legs".
9. I admit I prefer the company of other women—the wife choses such expensive drinks.
10. My husband is of an inventive nature—he's trying to make pigs grunts into klaxon horns.
11. He drinks enough beer in that there mess to sink a battleship.

ICE HOCKEY

After numerous practice sessions at the Carberry Rink a station team was finally selected and entered in the Brandon District Service Athletic Association Hockey League. Members of the team were selected for the most part from the Canadian personnel due to the fact that they had more experience than the R.A.F. boys. The personnel on the team was secured mainly from the Link Trainer section, Security Guard, Works and Buildings, Fire Hall and Post Office.

Our station team should be mentioned to the rest of the station so we will list their names so that when you take in any of the games at the Carberry rink you will know just who is representing No. 33 on the ice. The players and positions are as follows: Goal, F/Sgt. Douglas; Defence, Sgt. Swyers; Flt/Lt. Lewis; Sgt. Horne; LAC. Marsh; Forwards, 1st line, Sgt. Fontana; Sgt. Scott; Sgt. Fletcher; 2nd line, Pte. Guly; LAC. Larkie; LAC. Roseman.

The team played their first game at Virden and after being warmly welcomed on their arrival proceeded to give their hosts a real drubbing to the tune of 10-4. It was a good start for No. 33 in this league and plenty of excitement is in store for you men on the station when our home games are played here.

On Wednesday, January 13th, No. 33 were hosts to No. 12 S.F.T.S. from Brandon and after a hard fought match Brandon won by a small margin of a 5-4 score. This was a hard

game to lose as the winning goal was scored by Brandon in the last two minutes of play. There was a good crowd on hand at this game and it is hoped that this will continue to be as it gives the players on our home team much more confidence when they know that we are pulling for them.

The following are a list of home games to be played at the Carberry rink:

Mon. Feb. 1—Artillery Training Centre Brandon vs. Carberry R.A.F.

Wed. Feb. 3—No. 19 E.F.T.S. Virden vs. Carberry R.A.F.

Mon. Feb. 8—A1 C.I.T.C. Shilo vs. Carberry R.A.F.

Mon. Feb. 1g—No. Manning Depot Brandon vs. Carberry R.A.F.

Come out and cheer your station team.

Heard around the dressing room after the game:

LAC. Roseman—"I need some headgear."

Sgt. Scott—"I sure booped that goal."

Sgt. Fontana—"Where were you when I passed that puck."

Sgt. Rees—"Come on boys, take the finger out."

Pte. Guly—"The only way to get goals is to concentrate on the puck."

Sgt. Fletcher—"There aren't enough girls watching the game."

We regret to announce that Flt/Lt. Lewis will be out of the game for some time as he sustained injury to his ankle during the game with No. 12 S.F.T.S. Brandon.

Albert at Carberry

There was a young lad named Albert
 You've heard of him times before
 They knew of his feats in the desert
 But now he's not there any more.
 This lad has braved lions and all
 things,
 His heart was as stout as could be
 He feared not a chance that life
 brings
 During wartime to you and me.
 When he arrived at Carberry
 The season had well advanced
 The lads were skating merrily
 And Albert's eyes just danced.
 Now he'd never tried this skating
 On two little slivers of steel
 But what was to stop him taking
 Just a few odd strokes for feel?
 He borrowed some skates from a pal
 And said he'd not be long
 He swore to himself not to fall
 And that he soon found was quite
 wrong.

Asking advice at the rink
 They told him various tales
 So deciding he'd swim or sink
 He started with arms like flails.
 Such a sight was seen that day
 All lads will tell you that
 With Albert sliding in terrible way
 Complete with "Yukon" hat.
 He gathered speed and couldn't stop
 His legs kicking forward and back
 All he needed to do was drop
 But that meant retreat not attack.
 So Albert continued to slide and
 skid
 Not knowing what to do

But praying and hoping someone did
 So that he might start anew.
 Alas for poor Albert, it's sad to
 relate
 A crack in the ice was met
 Everyone swears it was only fate
 But his take-off was quickest yet.
 He left the ice and flew like a bird
 Till stalling angle was gained
 And then the biggest crash was heard
 Since lads at Carberry trained.
 No blame could be put on anyone
 T'was plain for all to see
 But just the same a point was won
 Which applies to you and me.
 When skating rinks are opened
 in camp
 We all should take some care
 Or else we may also slide up the
 ramp
 And find the ice just a snare!
 Sgt. Sharpe.

GREENWOOD - HOUSTON WED—

Cupid caught another Carberry
 airman during Christmas when LAC.
 "Billy" Greenwood married Miss
 Ruby Joyce Houston of Winnipeg.
 The wedding was held at St. Aug-
 ustine United Church and the recep-
 tion, which was well attended by
 Carberry boys, took place at the
 home of the bride.

The popular "Billy" now joins the
 ever swelling ranks of the Living-
 Outs, and reports that after two years
 on Camp he finds a home preferable
 to "t' ruddy 'uts".

New Year Grant A Short Story

It is a cold day, such as we are in the habit of getting at this unit, when I am accosted by my old friend "Fixer" Fosdick; who speaks to me as follows and to wit:

"Whyfore are you so sad?" he says, "and why do you keep tossing that sixpenny piece which is not legal currency in this Great Dominion.

And I tell him that I am in possession of the coin through no fault of my own, it having been passed to me in some change and that I am trying to make up my mind whether I shall spend the New Year Grant of five days leave in Camp or down at the Nelson Hotel because I am short of scratch and cannot even raise sufficient potatoes for my fare to Brandon. At this "Fixer" shakes his head.

"I can see that you will need me to fix things up for you, he says, and I nod hopefully, so he continues, "how would you like to visit the States for nothing?" And I tell him

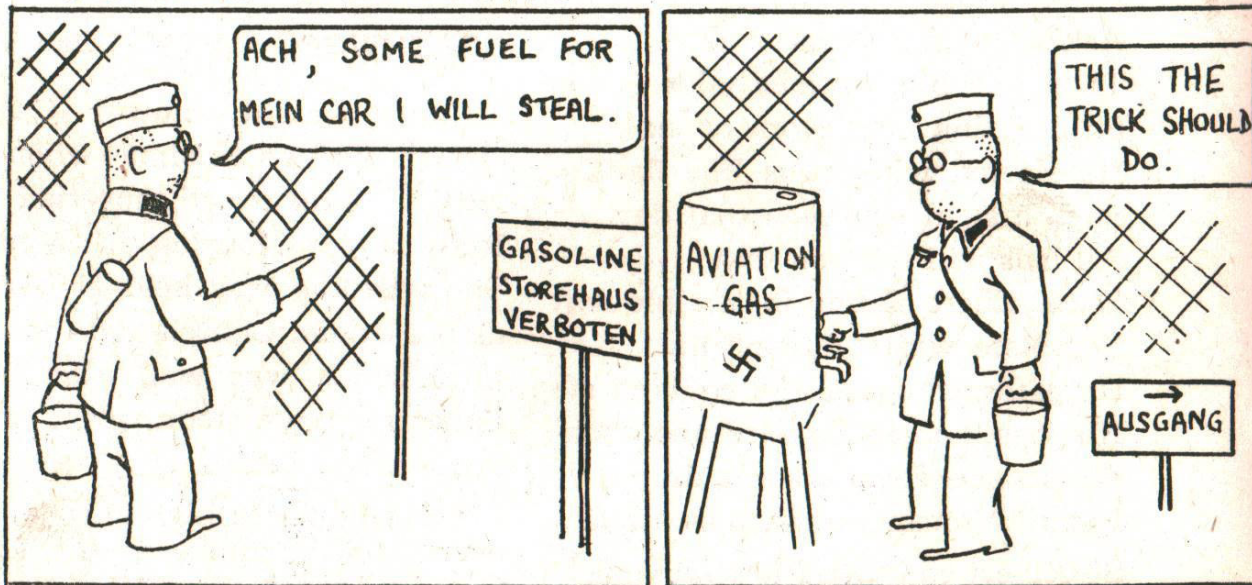
that when I visit the States it is for Camp and he gets very wrathful and something which I cannot get on the says he refers to the question of cost and nothing else. So I tell him it is okay with me and off he goes rubbing his hands as is his wont.

Now during my time in the Air Force I have never had anyone do anything for me for nothing so that I am surprised no little when "Fixer" comes back with a copy of a paper and he shows me an advertisement, "Young lady offers friendship to young Airman over New Year, home in U.S.A.," and there follows a box number.

"It is as plain as the nose on your face, or perhaps not as your is so big" says "Fixer" "that here's a pancake who wishes to take an airman down south of the border to impress her folks at home." I am not so sure and ask for details relative to a quaint practice known as Shot Gun

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Private Heinrich.



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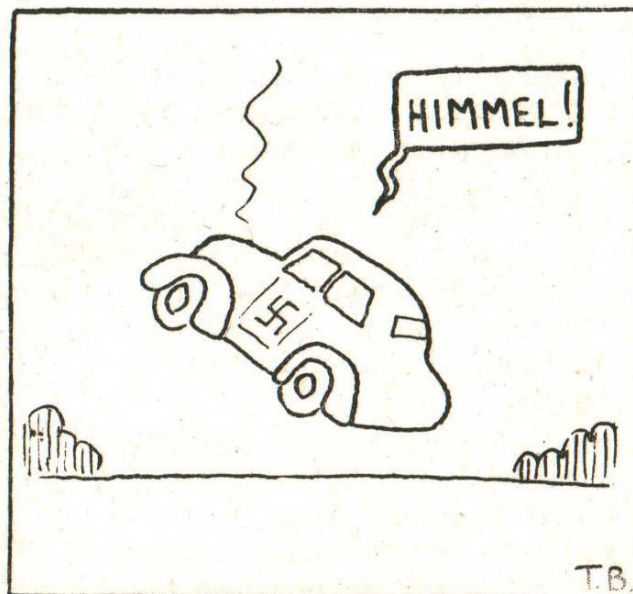
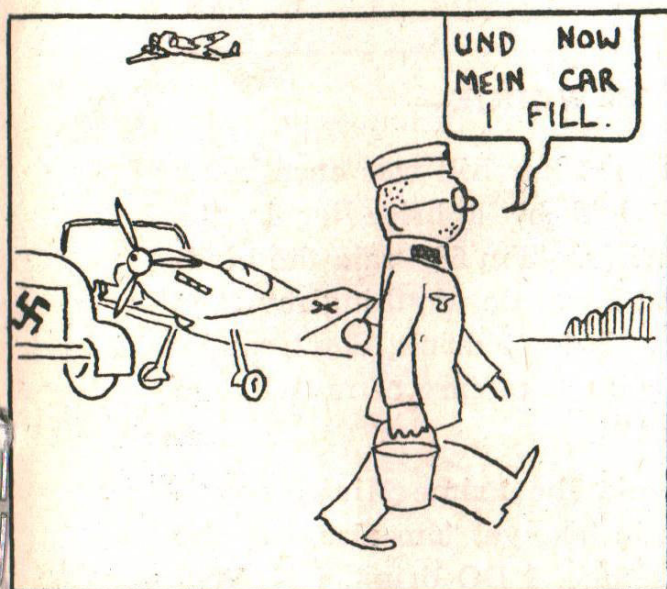
Weddings, which I am told are popular in those parts, but "Fixer" laughs very loud and says that that is strictly all his eye and a lot of hooley too.

So he writes a letter which I sign in which I say I am an ace pilot and have been in the Battle of Britain, Dunkirk and several other stirring Epics and that I should very much like to meet her, only I am temporarily shy of enough potatoes to pay my fare to wherever she is. "Fixer" posts the letter with the rest of the Orderly Room mail, and the next thing I have a registered letter with a cheque in it and a letter from the pancake and a picture of same, from which I see that she really is quite a doll with lots of taffy coloured hair and blue eyes, for the picture is in colour and must have cost a number of bobs. I give the cheque to "Fixer" who cashes it after deducting his commission and off I go to where my pancake is awaiting me. Several other airmen accompany me (perhaps 500 in all) and they josh, rib

and otherwise show their interest in my love-life. Some are so unmannerly that they follow me into the hotel so they can see me meet up with my doll but I just spurn them and there she is and there I am and there they are; and in next to no time we are seated in the parlor car and then it is just her and me.

Often I have seen photographs which are not so much a likeness as a Wish Fulfillment; but this one is the McCoy and if anything the pancake is better than her picture; for she has a very attractive way of talking so that I just sit back and listen to her gab without taking it all in. She laughs a lot too and displays much fine bridge work so that I ask who she goes to as I am in need of a little of that myself. But this appears to annoy her for she bops me a left into the slats and tells me not to interrupt. After this I listen to what she says and not how she says it, and it appears that I am her ever loving husband, and she shows me

(Continued on Inside Back Cover)



GEN FROM THE LIBRARY

It is with much regret that a preliminary census has revealed that the number of personnel registered as members with our admirable library is limited to less than four hundred, of this number only ten per cent. regularly avail themselves of the opportunity of exchanging books. The infrequent visits of the remainder does not warrant full justice to the excellent selection therein.

In view of the foregoing remarks it is apparent that everyone is not fully conversant with the fundamental principles of obtaining literature from our library. I should therefore like to make a few points clear to all and sundry.

To become a member it is essential to comply with the opening hours of the foregoing institute, which are 10 a.m. to 7.00 p.m., located in the Airman's Lounge and Recreation Room, a membership card is obtained from the librarian and henceforth books may be obtained in exchange at frequent intervals.

All ranks may avail themselves of facilities referred to, and can rely upon the valuable assistance of the librarian in choosing any type of book. It is interesting to note that anyone desirous of reading a book or volume which is not held in the library can obtain the same by entering the title and author in the suggestions list.

At present there is a choice selection of reading material for all book lovers, which includes a complete encyclopaedia of Canada, reference books of all types, on wireless telegraphy, motor mechanics, etc. Numerous classics by Hugo, Charles

Dickens, H. G. Wells, etc. Literature by the best type of novelists is also catered for, including works by Warwick Deeping, Arnold Bennett, and Eric Collins, etc. In the lighter vein we have Jeffery Farnol's "Bel-taine the Smith" and its sequel, and several other good volumes by the same author.

The ever popular Cowboy and thriller yarns are in abundance, therefore it will be agreed by those who have read this brief article that the Library is worthy of your wholehearted support.

Come along and choose a book or two, and give us your suggestions, it's up to you. I should like to make one last observation to old members who have slackened off during the past few weeks, a grand new selection of books of all types are now available that will surely please all tastes.

A.G.O.

ONE FOR WINNIE—

Winston Churchill was once being bound rigid by a brigadier in the Territorials. "I'm 68," said the binder, "and I can do anything my men can do. I don't drink, don't smoke and always take care of myself. I'm 100% fit!"

"I," said the Prime Minister with a glint in his eye, "am also 68. But I DO smoke, I DO drink, I NEVER take care of myself and I am 200% fit!"

This Month's Quiz

This one is a bit more difficult than usual but then you have had two months to practice.

1. After whom was Big Ben named?
2. A Balalaika is:
 - (a) A famous lighthouse
 - (b) A heavy Musical Instrument
 - (c) A heavy Outer Garment
3. In what opera is the "Anvil Chorus"?
4. Is a shako:
 - (a) A Russian peasant dance
 - (b) A salt and pepper set
 - (c) A hat
5. How many points did Woodrow Wilson present as a basis for world peace?
6. Which of the following were women?
 - (a) George Eliot
 - (b) George Meredith
 - (c) George Sand
 - (d) Georges Clemenceau
7. Did Prime Minister Winston Churchill write "The Crisis"?
8. Salami is:
 - (a) A lady famed in song
 - (b) An oriental salutation
 - (c) An Italian food
9. What happened to the original Peeping Tom?
10. An Atelier is:
 - (a) A swordsman
 - (b) A Studio
 - (c) A Fortune Teller
11. What happened to Icarus who is pictured on R.A.F. athletic medals?
12. Who of the following cut the Gordian Knot?
 - (a) Samson
 - (b) Alexander
 - (c) Hercules
13. How many syllables are there in the word "Niagara?"
14. Which arm of Venus de Milo is missing?
15. Who was Henry Porter?
16. Which one of the following invented the thermometer:
 - (a) Fahrenheit
 - (b) Galileo
 - (c) de Laval
17. Can you rearrange these words to form an adage: "Shall a man clothe rags with drowsiness?"
18. What is an aquaplane?
19. Who wrote the poem "Sea Fever?"
20. Is Bombay Duck:
 - (a) An Indian dish of dried fish and curry
 - (b) Material used for men's trousers
 - (c) A wading bird

NORDIC SAGA—

Then there was the case of the Norwegian sea-captain who testified before a German Naval Court that his ship had been sunk by a British sub off the coast of Norway.

"Rubbish!" snorted a German officer, "don't you know that British submarines don't dare approach the Norwegian coast. Our German navy has seen to that. You struck a mine."

"Allright then," replied the captain, "A mine came to the surface halted us, gave us 10 minutes to take to the boats, and then torpedoed our ship, sinking her."

POLICE GAZETTE

The posting of the i/c Duties from the Inner Workings of the Guardroom, leaves a vacancy for another tenacious Gestapo agent to help Fuhror Platt wield the proverbial rubber hose, and personally conduct frequent purges on the long suffering "Free British" of Carberry.

Who will inherit this honoured position of chief gualetier? Storm Trooper Field, Rothery, McIntyre, or some dark horse from the ranks with even more sadistic tendencies.

It has come to our notice through underground channels, that Cpl. Mortimer the ex., was more or less compelled to give up this position, chiefly due to a mild form of melencholia, more commonly known as 'Prairie Madness.' No doubt he will soon cure himself of the invisible ball-bouncing, and may even give up his invisible dog Bismark on his arrival at Hamilton.

We wish his successor the worst of everything and may he end up completely "Bats."

We hear from good authority that at last "Snoop" Nunn, has found time to start his book of experiences. This book will give the exciting details of Nunn's life as an Air Gunner in such places as Dunkirk, Crete, etc; the book we hear will be entitled, "The 39 Steps," which, by the way has nothing to do with the author's nose.

Special Agent Smart returned to the fold from Neepawa, where he has been on temporary duty. On being asked his opinion of that town, his very non-committal was "S'all right, but no Indians!" We forgot to inform him before he

left us, that the best place to eat in Neepawa is the "Mud Hut." Their 'smoked beef' is a specialty, or at least the list in the Guardroom says so.

Re-inforcements are being expected at the Guardroom in the near future. Already Cpl. Greaves has introduced to Carberry his "252 Junior" and very soon Cpl. Parry and Duff Nunn are expected to introduce their addition. From unofficial sources we head, that already Cpl. Greaves is feeding his son hard boiled eggs, his reason being they "bind" more.

Royal Air Force Journal

It has occured to us that many members of this unit have probably never seen or even heard of the official publication of the Airworks, The Air Force Journal. The title may sound a little pompous but the Journal in its present form is anything but that. It is perhaps best described as a cross between Readers Digest and Punch and the result is a real thoroughbred. Published in England it is of course a little old by the time it reaches Carberry but unlike liquor it does not mellow with age rather would we say that it is like a breath of spring from the Old Country. It has the real gen and also cartoons and humourous stories. Copies are available at the airmen's lounge and most section commanders receive a copy and we hope they will co-operate and pass it around their sections. Get hold of the Air Force Journal, fellows!

PETREL



FIRST WEEK



SECOND WEEK



THIRD WEEK



FOURTH WEEK



FIFTH WEEK



SIXTH WEEK



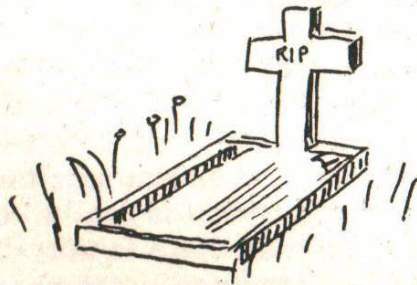
SEVENTH WEEK



EIGHTH WEEK



NINTH WEEK



TENTH WEEK.



BOXING

R.A.F. Carberry vs. R.C.A.F. No. 2 Manning Depot.

No. 2 Manning Depot very sportingly stepped in to the breach when A. 3 Shilo were unable to send a team against us. They put up a very good show but the match went to Carberry five goals to four.

The first three bouts went to Carberry were won by LAC. Jones, LAC. Phillips and AC. Refferty. Phillips showed exceptionally good form and has the makings of a real boxer. AC. Snyder drew first blood for Brandon when he beat LAC. Shapcott on points but LAC. Rose increased the lead again when he was all over AC. Elliot. This brought the first half to a close and the interval was enlivened by a decision wrestling bout between LAC. (Tiger) Jordan and LAC. (Killer) Gordon. Warrant Officer (Red) Merrison refereed the fight and seemed to take as much part in the actual fighting as Killer and Tiger. The decision went to Tiger Jordan and both he and Killer received a cup at the end of the evening, we feel that "Red" should have had one as well.

AC. Baxter was too good for LAC. Berkeley so the first fight of the second half went to Brandon. LAC. Paddy Stewart was the usual Paddy with his blow to the heart every time but AC. Kelly put up a very good fight. LAC. Hall was beaten on points by AC. Matthews who had a longer reach and seemed more aggressive. The last fight of the evening between LAC. Ovenden and AC. Farrington went to Brandon. Ovenden seemed to have the build of a boxer but was far too defensive and had little strength in his blows.

A good evenings boxing was brought to a close by presentation of cups by Group Captain Bruce, M.C.

BOWLING

The Station Bowling League has been ticking right along, and finds quite a display of keen competition despite the fact that many postings have taken place and some teams have lost some of their best players.

This Canadian pastime has really taken hold with the boys from overseas and one can wander into the local Bowladrome any night and find many of the R.A.F. either bowling or watching a game.

For the information to those participating in the Station League a system for recording wins and losses has been placed on the wall in the Bowladrome and at a glance one can see just how his team stands as compared to the other fellow.

As previously mentioned the competition is really keen as you can see that there is very little to choose between the teams at the top of the standings and the few games that are left to play in the league will play a great part in the final outcome.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22—

In closing let us ask for your co-operation in turning out promptly when your team is scheduled to play. By next edition we should have the finalists pretty well singled out.

SECTION ONE

Team Name	Won	Lost
Equipment Accounts	4	0
Works and Buildings	4	0
Equipment "A"	3	1
Maintenance	3	1
Servicing	3	1

SECTION TWO

Team Name	Won	Lost
Sen. N.C.O.'s	4	0
S.H.Q. (Airmen)	3	0
"A" Squadron	2	0
"A" Squadron	2	0

BASKETBALL

Topping the league at the moment is the Airmen's Mess, undoubtedly the strongest side in the league, and richly deserving their smashing victories. They play as a team, and the enthusiasm of F/Sgt. Burroughs has assured keenness in training.

Second in the league is the Equipment Section. A thorough team who always give a good account of themselves. A little more practice at the net and they may well be feared.

Thirdly we have Servicing; Corporal Duers has a strong boisterous side, who play hard from the first whistle to the last. Although sometimes their keenness and enthusiasm cause the mto be penalized, they are healthy to watch and never give up fighting. Their only two defeats have been at the hands of very strong opposition, and they are certain they can avenge themselves.

The Pupil Pilots are fourth. They are a team with much spirit and vitality, who will always assure their opponents a hard game. Unfortunately because of flying it is difficult to turn out a regular team, this probably accounts for their two defeats

A little more dual at the nets!

Fifthly we have Accounts; a steady side who always try hard. A little more practice and improvement will definitely come.

Next comes the Officers Mess. A good team, but need more practice and play more as a team. (It has been heard that they are going to win the league—Get out and stop 'em Airmen's Mess, Equipment and Servicing.

Seventh in the league is the Officer's Mess Staff. Here is a strong team who have lost games in which they have been superior. Get around that net lads and make certain that you can put them in every time.

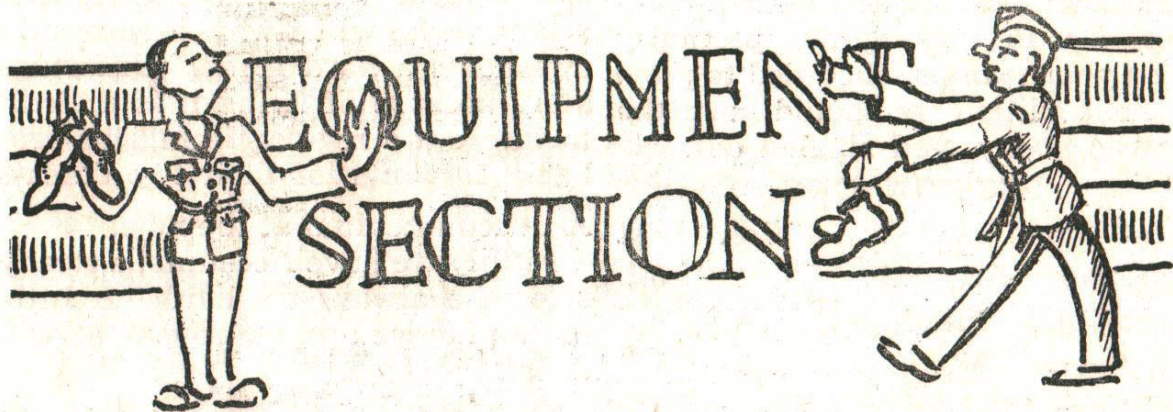
Training Wing takes eighth place, and is another team which has been unfortunate in losing as many games as it has. Again I say practice, and be sure that each shot at the net means two points.

Ranking ninth is the Hospital Not much has been seen of this side as yet, but they give assurance that time will tell. Go to it men.

Last but not least comes the Orderly Room. A fair team with room for improvement. Practice is what they need—the Adj. is keen, speak nicely and he may let you off during working hours.

31B—I havn't seen you as yet—but if you uphold the B.B. tradition of your Hut you'll be good.

Once again—what about Workshops, Maintenance, Sgts. Mess and 31A.



Storebasher-boxer-regular -Chief Ovens went to watch other people fight in Winnipeg.

Stores Chief Sexton spent five-days' leave on temporary duty in Calgary—and didn't even see a mountain.

Harold Marsh (ex Clothing Store) has settled down to a peaceful new occupation of cleaning buttons for all the stores staff. Outsiders please bring your own 'Brasso.'

Tubby (Gasman) Jones finds his sales very low this month and went to Regina.

Eric Wringe went out to dinner one night. Tech. Chief Jimmy

Smith was disappointed but promised to settle for a glass of sludge.

One combination which managed to keep its head above water during the recent visit of a Senior Command Equipment Officer was that of Sheetchanger Buchanan and his very own personal assistant, Inventory Jones.

Equipment Gestapo Chief Lord still talks of that week-end he spent in Winnipeg.

Runner Pyant is still running.

Assistant Chief Morton continues his frequent visits to the bank—or the Mess—or the hospital. He spent one very short stay in Winnipeg.

TO A FLYING INSTRUCTOR

I who am dead a thousand years
 And wrote this sweet archaic song
 Send you my words for messengers
 The way I shall not pass along.
 I know that you will bridge the seas
 And ride secure the cruel sky
 And live in splendid palaces
 Of metal or of plasticry.
 But you'll have charts and pupils
 still
 And Anson aircraft (these I'm sure!)
 With foolish thoughts of warming
 them
 As you freeze up in the great azure.

And those in offices will yet
 Control your ways with all their
 rules
 On flaps and speeds - or who salutes
 At all your Flying Training Schools.
 Oh friend unseen, unborn, unknown,
 Lover of speed and cloud tops wild
 Read out my words, at night, alone
 I instructed; yet I smiled!
 Since I can never see your face
 And never take you by the hand
 I send my soul through time and
 space
 To greet you, you will understand.

A.E.C.O.

COLD SORE'S ALMANAC

Jan. 21-Feb. 20—Success prevails, especially for AC2's—shortly they will receive rapid promotion to AC1. Watch out for dark women with halitosis.

Feb. 21-March 20—Born under the sign of Pisces: Watch your health carefully—likely to suffer from high blood pressure and gallstones. Don't worry unduly as you are bound to kick the bucket sooner or later.

March 21-April 19—March people should resist inclination to quarrel. Romance in Carberry for those born on April 1st. Rapid promotion for AC1's to LAC. or if in R.C.A.F. to rank of W/O.

April 20-May 20—Born under sign of Taurus the Bull. Airmen born under this sign should refrain from visiting the Nelson and drink plenty of natural limejuice. Avoid eggs and Guinness's stout as there is a possibility of domestic trouble.

May 21-July 22—The lucky period. Friends will pay all their gambling debts. Startling propositions in Parliament—airmen to receive 75 cents ration money and get 28 days leave with pay.

July 22-August 22—Leo the Lion. Women prove helpful especially Thursday and onwards. Troublesome time with termites for men with wooden legs.

August 23-Sept. 23—Born under Virgo the Virgin. Keep your eyes open when in Winnipeg and Brandon.

Sept. 24-Nov. 24—Best days are the 15th and 31st of each month. Trouble on the 14th and 30th.

Nov. 25-Dec. 25—Christmas Day falls on Dec. 25th again this year

which is a good omen. The 23rd should prove a lucky day for all senior NCO's whose name begins with Claud, Oswald or Benjamin.

Dec. 26-Jan. 20—The hangover period. Those born on the 28th are leaders, strong willed, practical and possessed with personality. Watch your diet, drink more water with your liquor. War will end on the 12th—those born on the 18th should make the service their career, or if they have sobered up sufficiently, should have another think.

Instrument Section

Sgt. Farrow has now returned to harness after his honeymoon. Jack Prentice has joined the ranks of the living-outs, but seems to be having trouble in the hardware department.

Bronx cheers for the living-out rep. who came to work bandaged like an Egyptian mummy after a stag night. The rep. who passed up his heart-flutter in favour of her mother.

Tracing the family tree of a certain corporal, we find his Roman name dates from the time when his Scottish great-grandsire took over a hokey-pokey shop from an Iti, and left the name up with the haggis thriftiness. Up the McVescos!

There is no truth in the rumour that the male voice millibars turned down a contract with the Rip Chords. Interviewed yesterday, however, the maestro reiterated that nothing less than a Command Performance would attract them.

Dramatis Personae: 3 Corporals.

1st Cpl.: Any Gen?

2nd Do: No.

1st Do: That makes us twin souls.

3rd Cpl.: No. Twin heels.

Gen From Hollywood

Don't look now—but—here are a few advance reports of flicks from the assembly lines of Filmland for your 1943 entertainment. Movie fan, know thy flicks and thou wilt not be disappointed!

"Life Begins at Eight-thirty"

If you howled at Monty Woolly in "The Man Who Came to Dinner" and "The Pied Piper", my spies tell me you'll emit a few more whoops when you see our overbearing friend in this opus. Adapted from a play by our current British Shakespeare, Emlyn Williams, the story revolves around a grand old man of the theatre who is gradually slipping down the ladder of popularity owing to his addiction to liquor. Our own Ida Lupino plays the part of his lame but adoring daughter. Unfortunately, a conflict develops when Romance romps on the scene in the person of Cornel Wilde, and Ida has to choose between him and papa. Our spy doesn't say if Ida gets around things as Bette Davis did in the "Dinner" effort—but we are informed that Monty does the needful in his well-known cavalier fashion. An amusing show—although "Auld Lang Syne" is played to death.

"Andy Hardy's Double Life"

You've seen Mickey the Problem Child! And Mickey, the Big Business Man! And Mickey at Eton! Now see Mickey, the Cad—and what a Cad! Yes, women are at the bottom of the business. Two of the

breed, in truth. Rooney gets himself engaged to both at the same time. In addition, he bounces a rubber check. But I wander. The story is laid in "college" and what with one thing and another the Boy Wonder swings from one situation to another with his customary aplomb to the final clinch with everybody, sans doute, happy and contented. Esther Williams, a notable in the American swimming world, appears in a swimming pool scene. They say she is a sure cure for paralysis of the eyeballs . . . Lewis Stone, grey-haired veteran of the studios, is conventionally paternal, Fay Holden ditto maternal and Cecilia Parker appropriately sisterly. Rating: chucklesome if you like Mickey. A bind otherwise.

"Miss V from Moscow"

Russia is in the news these days cinematically and otherwise. This celluloid tale concerns a Soviet Spy Ring in the Den of the Lion himself. (Or should it be "den of the Jackal?") In other words, Nazi Europe. The scene is laid in Paris and the characters include American and British airmen shot down in occupied territory, Gestapo ghouls and shaven-headed German officers. You know the guff, my brethren. There are bags of pass-words, forged docs, secret radios and much creeping up and down alley-ways. Scads of action, too. Lola Lane (she of the sweater!) and Noel ("Sinister") Madison are the leading players. Assessment: Exciting and stuff!

More advance guff next month, cads!

Debating Society

Business was not so brisk in our Organized Argument Association last month. That holiday hang-over probably prevented many members from pitting their wits against one another. However, the last get-together before "Gen" went to press was quite successful, for, in addition to camp stalwarts, we were honored by the presence of three officers and half a-dozen airmen from Brandon. The motion on the menu was that the present war would have an adverse effect on Christianity.

F/Lt. Hurrell put up a rather impassioned case for the motion; he blamed the official leaders of the various churches for their lack of energy in putting Christian principles into practice. L.A.C. Baywood, against, opined that, as our Cause was good, ultimate victory would justify those principles and hence more firmly entrench them.

AC. Bjaronson (Brandon) a very effective and eloquent speaker, supported the motion and drew attention to the present and future effects of Communist and Nazi ideas not only on Occupied Europe but also on democratic lands. He also pointed out that the failure of the churches to help avert the present war and to solve the unemployment problem contributed to the current lack of confidence in religion.

A.C. Grafton (Brandon), against, expressed the view that contemporary events would open people's eyes to the virtues of the Christian way of life. F/Lt. Dale-Jones of Brandon, against, defended organized religion against the onslaught of F/Lt. Hurrell who blushed . . .

L.A.C. Herbert (U.T.P.) believed that all great religious revivals have arisen out of social chaos. Padre Owen-Williams (local agent, etc.) was also confident of a revival of piety. He quoted from camp crew-room experiences of his.

F/Lt. Ongley, another padre from Brandon, against, stressed the fact that Christian Truth would prevail. Sgt. Finnamore, for, commented briefly on the unsettling effect of war in general while Sgt. Palmer, also for, mentioned declining church attendances as a proof of religious deterioration.

When put to the vote, the motion was defeated by 11 votes to 4. Three people did not vote. Thanks, you Brandon chaps, for coming over! If transport can be wangled, you are welcome to call again!

RETORT COURTEOUS—

A prominent American returned to his home town to witness the unveiling of a bust of himself. After the business was over a gushing young woman came up to him. "I would like you to know," she said, "That I have come 50 miles to see your bust unveiled." Whereupon the prominent one bowed and replied, "I would go a thousand miles to see yours."

WHAT'S IN A NAME—

A prisy little madame went into a pet shop to buy a dog. She queried the salesman about the prices. "That bitch," said the salesman, pointing, "is \$10 and this bitch here is \$20." My lady looked pained. "What's up?" said the salesman, "haven't you heard the word 'bitch' before?" "Oh yes, I have," she replied snootily, "but I've never before heard it applied to dogs."



Department of Congratulations

To: Corporal Dewar on his engagement to Miss Audrey Winget w.e.a. Christmas, 1942. Miss Winget lives at Swift Current, Sask. Long way to go on your 48s, Dewey?

To L.A.C. Michael Kelly on his engagement to Miss Alice Wansik of St. Vital, Winnipeg. 'Kelly's eye' caught winking!

To: LAC. Vic ("Wingy") Boyton on the occasion of his engagement to Miss Nora Wadeson of Catford, London, w.e.f. last month.

Musical Note

Flying Officer Frank ("Steep Turns and Climbs") Bath sought piano lessons from LAC. Gerry ("Don't Want") Death who declined owing to other commitments. Incidentally, the former has now deserted Wing Headquarters and joined Station Headquarters on the Admin side. The King of the Castle is, we believe, prepared for the emergency!

Incident

Eric Stancer of "Cheesed off" fame found a man in his bed one night

after the flicks. On investigating, the stranger turned out to be none other than LAC. Freddy Smith, Living-Out-Member of the Nelson. Okay, fellows, Fred was only a little tired. That's all!

Idea

Warrant officer Frank Gash is intrigued by the Call for Original Ideas from Higher Up. Jocularly thought a useful one would be devising a means of getting one's ticket . . .

Puzzle

Squadron Leader Brooks held a quiz sesh in Frank Gash's den. He "got" Frank in one about white and black grease-paint sticks but the latter promptly came back with a brain-twister on foot-drill. So what!

More Congratulations

To. LAC. Davies on his marriage to Miss Doris Roberts at Calgary on December 19th last.

To: LAC. Richings on his marriage to Miss Ethel Willmore at Winnipeg on the 31st December, 1942. AND

To: Corporal Sheenan on the birth of his son, Peter Joseph, at Pitsea, Essex, England, on the 27th November, 1942.



Other S.H.Q. personnel visited the 'States at New Year, in fact, one L.A.C. 'Ali' Barber appears to be firmly established with a young lady from way down New Orleans: rumour hath it that she drank at least six glasses of wine after every dinner, and, boy, does she scent her envelopes!

A poor congregation turned out to hear F/Lt. Hurrell preach a sermon on 'GEN, PUKKA' and, at the same time, reviewing the 11 Commandments. The reading was taken from the book of Act—A.F. Parts 4-44, and the sermon was thoroughly enjoyed by the F/Sgt., who managed to remain awake. Accounts and Equipment were well represented and had a pleasant afternoon siesta, but it was observed that the Orderly Room were all on essential duty.

Congratulations to Flight Sergeants Grandison and Taylor on their promotion, and a hearty welcome to L.A.C. 'Shan't Be' Long, who has been detailed to assist Frostbite Robinson, Esquire, of Officers' Pay fame, who we regret

is in hospital suffering from his nome-de-plume.

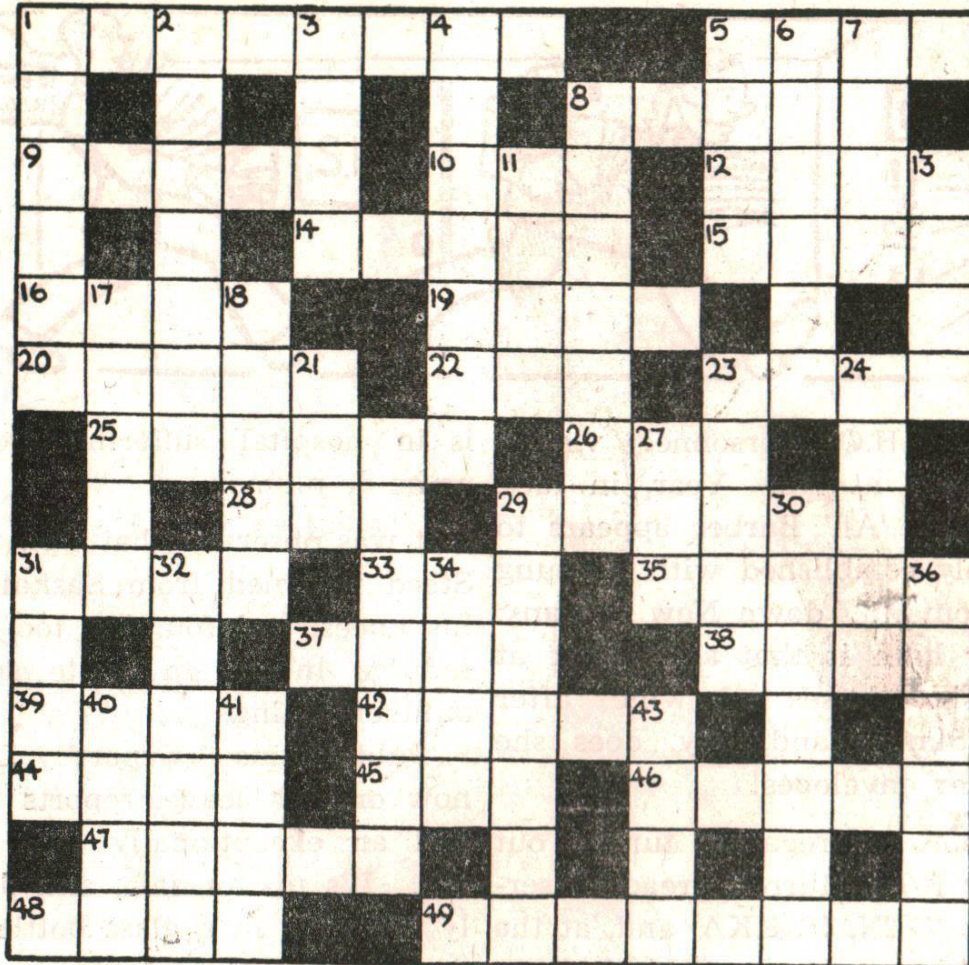
It was observed that Cpl. 'Horsie' Steed returned from Saskatoon on his knees, and found it too cold to indulge in his favourite sport of outdoor riding.

'Publications Expert' Lingard, now on sick leave, reports that he had an exceptionally long appendix. It's up for sale, and delicately arranged in a glass bottle would make a charming table decoration. Any offers?

'Ration Chief' Jack was heard whistling 'Two Lovely Black Eyes' Greedy, eh, George — isn't one enough.

TALE WITHIN A TALE—

The R.A.F. knocked hell out of a war plant in the Danish town of Skive one night. The following day a communique was issued by the local German authorities saying that no damage was done except that one cow had been killed. The local rag obediently printed the communique and made the simple addition: "The cow burned for four days."



CLUES TO CROSSWORD

Across—

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|--|
| 1. 'Kind hearts are more than.....' | 28. Finish |
| 5. Throw | 29. Climb |
| 8. Remember this harbour | 31. Draw this on the enemy |
| 9. Shaft | 33. Employ |
| 10. The whole | 35. Heads you're wrong |
| 12. Proper | 37. Mark |
| 14. Here lies R. L. Stevenson | 38. Makers of the composite air-craft. |
| 15. Area | 39. Close |
| 16. Manner | 42. Faulty |
| 19. Battle in world war 1 | 44. Lady |
| 20. Recreation | 45. Beverage |
| 22. Stretch | 46. Hold everything ye lubbers |
| 23. Mrs. Ben Lyon | 47. Burn |
| 25. Biblical Community | 49. Kiss |
| 26. Pitch | |

(Continued on Page 31)

CLUES TO CROSSWORD

(Cont. from Page 30)

Down—

- 1. Right
- 2. Church porch (?)
- 3. Pukka Gen
- 4. Hamper
- 5. Tops
- 6. Turns up
- 7. Slot
- 8. Celestial Bodies
- 11. Glance
- 13. Lake
- 17. Consider
- 18. Sinned
- 21. Colour
- 23. Fish (?)
- 24. In poor manner
- 27. Behave
- 29. Antennae of radio
- 30. Border Waterfall
- 31. Natter, in service parlance
- 32. Character by Dumas
- 34. Alike
- 31. Console
- 40. Comfort
- 41. A tear
- 43. Elephant boy of the films

DIALOGUE—

A guy was sitting in the Tube slowly shaking his head from side to side like a metronome. Eventually a fellow sitting opposite asked him why the heck he was doing that.

"To tell the time," sand the head-shaker.

"Okay, then, what IS the time?"

"Five-fifteen," replied the head-shaker.

"Wrong!" It's five-thirty!"

"Jees, I must be slow," he replied, speeding up.

PAIR THEM OFF

- 1. and Dwyer
- 2. and Wheeler
- 3. and Sweet Music
- 4. and Cathode
- 5. and Jetsam
- 6. and Doris Waters
- 7. and Players
- 8. and Co.
- 9. and Lend
- 10. and Kings
- 11. and Cleopatra
- 12. and Shadows
- 13. and Allan
- 14. and Knox
- 15. and White
- 16. and Saddle
- 17. and Soda
- 18. and Lime
- 19. and Sugar
- 20. and Jill

CHEESED—

Life presents a doleful picture,
 Dark and dreary as the tomb,
 Here I am as billet orderly,
 And somebody breaks the only
 broom.

Nobody in the hut seems happy,
 Nobody seems to wear a smile,
 Mine's a doleful occupation,
 Cleaning up this dirty pile.
 Who the devil's left these boots here,
 Hasn't made his blinking bed,
 Dirty blighter, what a bed-space?
 Wish the lot were stiff and dead.
 When this ruddy war is over,
 And I'm doing my old job,
 For one thing only I'll be thankful,
 My ticket from this mob.

SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD**Across—**

1. Coronets; 5. Cast; 8. Pearl; 9. Arrow; 10. All; 12. Prim; 14. Samoa; 15. Site; 16. Mode; 19. Mons; 20. Sport; 22. Eke; 23. Bebe; 25. Israel; 26. Tar; 28. End; 29. Ascend; 31. Bead; 33. Use; 35. Tails; 37. Scars; 38. Mayo; 39. Near; 42. Amiss; 44. Dame; 45. Tea; 46. Avast; 47. Sing.e; 48. Rest; 49. Osculate.

Down—

1. Claims; 2. Reredos; 3. News; 4. Trammel; 5. Caps; 6. Arrive; 7. Slit; 8. Planets; 11. Look; 13. Mere; 17. Opine; 18. Erred; 21. Tan; 23. Bream; 24. Badly; 27. Act; 29. Aerials; 30. Niagara; 31. Bind; 32. Aramis; 34. Same; 36. Soothe; 40. Ease; 41. Rent; 43. Sabu.

PAIR THEM OFF**ANSWERS**

1. Clapham; 2. Woolsey; 3. Soft Lights; 4. Anode; 5. Flotsam; 6. Elsie; 7. Gentlemen; 8. Stalky; 9. Lease; 10. Cabbages; 11. Anthony; 12. Moonlight; 13. Flanagan; 14. Nervo; 15. Black; 16. Boots; 17. Scotch; 18. Gin; 19. Milk; 20. Jack.

ANSWERS TO QUIZ

If you get over fifty per cent you are not so dumb

1. Sir Benjamin Hall
2. (b) A Russian stringed instrument.
3. Il Trovatore (Verdi)
4. (c) A military hat
5. Fourteen
6. George Eliot (c) George Sand
7. No. He wrote "The World Crisis" The American author of the same name wrote "The Crisis"
8. (a) A variety of Italian spiced sausage.

9. He was the only witness of Lady Godiva's ride through Coventry and legend has it that he was struck blind

10. (B) A studio

11. He flew to near the sun and his wax wings melted

12. (b) Alexander the Great

13. Four

14. The left Arm

15. Real name of O. Henry the American short story writer.

16. (b) Galileo

17. Drowsiness shall clothe a man in rags

18. A surf-board towed behind a power boat

19. John Masefield

20. (a) An Indian dish

I'D LIKE TO KNOW—

Who was the officer who phoned a beautiful Winnipeg blond and arranged a tete-a-tete in her apartment only to find a party of officers and their wives there on his arrival?

What Squadron Leader dreamt he saw a certain well-known Flying Officer perched on top of a hangar murmuring feebly: "I don't like this away by a prairie gale?"

Which senior NCO had his Christmas Dinner in the Liberty Cafe downtown?

Who is Sombrero Sam?

Which junior NCOs formed a conga line in the corridor of the fourth floor of the McLaren Hotel at 2 a.m. of a certain morning?

Which luscious blonde said she wears one leg of the pants and her hubby the other?

Is it true that life is not as bad as it seems—but usually worse?

New Year Grant —CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17—

papers to prove it, but she says that she only does it on a bet and that I must not start anything rough as she is a delicately nurtured girl and will sock me on the pimple as soon as look at me. Furthermore she adds that she will pay all expenses but that so I will not be embarrassed she will make me little presents of money from time to time so I can buy smokes and things like that. And to prove it she gives me a package with the tickets and things in it and I feel important.

So we sit and chit-chat and I think of the rest of the Airmen in the coaches and am glad that I answered that ad. When we reach the border it is all over in a very short while as far as we first class passengers are concerned, but I note that a number of the lower class passengers in uniform are put off and must cool their heels (which will not take long as it is far below freezing) until the next "up" train comes through. I fall asleep after that and when I wake up we are just running into our station and my pancake whose name is Ethelberger is a real sight for sore eyes and I wish that she had awakened me so that I could have had a shave. But she just laughs very nicely and will not even let me carry the luggage to the barrier where a comfortable judy with white hair and maybe three chins is awaiting us.

"Oh, mummy," says Ethelberger, kissing her out loud, "this is my husband Cyril of whom I have written so much, how he is a great ace pilot and has fought many times." So I have to kiss her too and she says, "Welcome home, son," and starts to cry which makes me feel bad, me being a phony and all. After she has regained control of the water works we go to a fine closed car which Ethelberger drives with ease, and a few minutes later we pull up at a very large house where we stay till it's time for my return. All things come to an end and it seems no time

before the old Judy is crying on my shoulder and we are back in the parlor car once more.

Once more I am given the tickets in a little wallet and I feel quite startled when the frontier guard orders us to descend.

"We know you, Flossie," he says to Ethelberger and I say politely, "Belt up you big lug, she is not Flossie, but my wife." But he does not notice this and has her taken away and searched, also her luggage. After a time the train makes ready to get upon its way and I point out that if I am AWOL I shall not be pleased and neither will my friend the SWO. For a moment the guard looks at me and finally says, "It would seem that you are just a dumb cluck who has got into evil companionships, blow ye breezes." And off I go, although I am very sorry that in all the excitement I have not taken Ethelberger's address and naturally do not wish her to think ill of me. So I open the wallet to see whether perhaps there is a card inside. But instead I find a number of stones which glisten and sparkle and when I show them to "Fixer" he tells me they are real gems and worth a king's ransom. He also shows me a copy of the evening paper which gives a photograph of Ethelberger and says how the police are searching for the accomplice of this daring jewel thief. He is described as a little man with poor teeth, a weak chin, a broken nose and a cast in one eye. It also adds that he has a mean criminal face and cannot possibly be the true owner of the Air Force suit he is wearing when last seen by the frontier guard. "Fixer" has taken over the gems and in return is fixing me a posting to a nice station in South Saskatchewan. I often wonder how I never noticed this other guy in uniform who is with Ethelberger for I never see him all the time I am with her. But still I do not worry for I have had a fine leave and also the gifts and gew gaws bestowed on me while I am away.



**THIS BAIT SHOULD CATCH
MORE THAN FISH!**

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