

FD-307

HQ 33SPTS/1006X/SHQ. *No 8*

DEPARTMENT OF NATIONAL RECREATION

RECREATION - AIRMEN,
- FOR THE USE OF.

HQ 33SPTS/1006X/SHQ

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Gen!

1943

1



JOURNAL

of the

Royal Air Force, Carberry

by kind permission of

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

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Monthly

A Son of Pompey (circa 1907), an ex-Haltonian, a local flying hours record-breaker and a Corporal 9 months after leaving his RAF alma mater - gentlemen, we present - Warrant Officer Bob Oakshott,

Wing Personality! Bob is if there ever was one! to leading the vanguard the RAF at such sports soccer and boxing, he literary waterfront, art of sketching, classics! Carberry remember his "Gay New first prize in the story contest last haven't seen anything Service career has been He has flown all types from Spitfires and has looked of this far-flung old Asked about exciting old days, Bob was rather that tied formation Heliopolis Air Display a thrill. Father of kiddies, John and member of the Rather far He resides Message generation diffidence might be: if you pass out a Sergeant thing!" End-piece: Bob is the author of "They Flew By Night" which appears in the current issue of "Gen".



well-known Training an all-rounder, For, in addition in and out of as cricket, also covers the dallies with the and reads the old-timers will Dawn" which won the Station Mag's short year. We suspect we yet - eh, Bob? His pretty comprehensive. old crates to sleek in at most corners Empire of ours. adventures in the shy - but opined aerobatics at the did rather give him two up-and-coming Doreen, Bob is a Living-Out Set. out, in fact. at Douglas.... for the younger of pilots? More from Bob. But we think it "It doesn't matter a damn or a P/O.! The job's the

"BOB" OAKSHOTT

Advertisements

Do you get stiff in the joints? Then keep out of those joints.

You too can be a mother. Write to us for a private interview and we will take down your particulars. Box 000.

If you suffer from coughs, colds, housemaids knee or Prairie Madness, visit Doc Gossip's Sanitarium and your sufferings will be at end.

Operations performed to order; reduced rates for quantities of one doz. and upwards. All instruments left inside patients become their own property free of charge.

Our aspirins fit any headache.

Are you afraid of the dark? Do you suffer from sleepless nights? Let Stanley's Guardian Angels tuck you up and sing you to sleep.

Who forecast a White Christmas? Black Monday? Pancake Tuesday? Old Moore Little's weather forecasts are unbeatable.

Why be lonely? Escorts supplied at reasonable prices. Customers picked up anywhere!

Cheap and comfortable apartments also available to suitable applicants. References not required. No lady guests allowed in rooms.

Apply: Chief Inquisiter, Gestapo Buildings, opposite Hostess House.

Nthan's Flying Circus. Get a bird's-eye view of Manitoba. Flights at frequent intervals. \$1.00 per flight per person, perhaps.

Funeral parties supplied at short notice. **Merrison's Funeral Parlour**, affiliated to the above.

IN OLD KENTUCKY, or ALL'S SWELL THAT ENDS SWELL

Scene: Swank drawing - room, South of Mason-and-Dixon Line.

Dramatis Personae: Southern Belle, Southern Gent.

Southern Gent: Come ovah heah, honey, and set dawn right beside me.

Southern Belle (cooly): Would ah-all be doing the right thing by mah principles?

S.G.: Why, shoah, honey! My-all intentions are hundred puh-cent honorable!

S.B.: Okay, then . . . but . . . remember . . . you-all promised!

S.G. (taking her hand): Honey!

S.B. (startled): Yes?

S.G. (gulping): I've got something to tell you . . .

S.B.: Yes, yes . . .

S.G. (in a rush): I think you're the sweetest girl in the United Nations!

S.B. (smiling): Thank you, dear. But—no good-lookers in Hitler's mob?

S.G. (forgetting himself): I have not found out yet . . . er . . . (feigning indignation) how could there be!

S.B. (after a pause): I, too, have had a yen for you fora long time . . .

S.G.: You have! Boy, oh boy! Now I have only one more thing to say—

S.B.: And what is that?

S.G.: Will you marry me?

S.B.: Will I marry you! What the hell do you think my old man is waiting at the front door with a Thompson machine-gun for? SAY! ARE YOU KIDDING! . . .

—(CURTAIN)—

ORDERLY DOG

A policeman's life is not a happy one. Neither is a sergeant's—particularly a sergeant roped in for the "Orderly Dog" roster. Which means, in effect, the bulk of the three-strippers on this unit.

For a start, you report to the SWO at 10 a.m. and at exactly the same moment you are to report to the Station Adjutant. Having performed the latter breach of the law of nature you are introduced to the Orderly Officer for the day by the Adjutant. And here, by the way, let it be said, there are two kinds of Orderly Officers—those who have done it before and those who haven't! The latter are, by far, in the majority . . .

Accompanied by the O.O. ("Orderly Officer" to those who haven't caught on!) you tour the huts, canteens, clubs and the cookhouse. And you act for the O.O. in the capacity of door-opener, bawler-to-attention and complaints-note-taker. Tour over you date the O.O. for a visit to the airmen's dining hall at about, say, noon—then dash round to the Mess for a cheering cup of char . . .

At noon, you enter the cookhouse with the O.O. and ask the airmen if the food is satisfactory. Most of them say it is—except those who are not used to local cooking peculiarities. Unsatisfied airmen are generally given an extra helping of the food they objected to.

At 6 o'clock the Fire Picquet and the Janker Wallahs parade in the Drill Shed. This is to see they are all there. On reviewing them, doubts may creep in—but ignore that errant thought—for here comes the O.O. You tell the O.O. that they are all there and in good condition, considering, and he thereupon dismisses

Between 7 and 9 you look in at the Canteens and stop any free fights in progress. Normally, things are pretty peaceful—except, of course, when the Rip Chords are practising their routines at the piano. On such occasions you have to watch points.

Between midnight and one of the wee small hours you have to snoop around the hangars to see if the Security Guard is keeping a good lookout for foreign agents and other saboteurs. The O.O., too, has to snoop around at an unknown hour on the same mission. However, apart from being mistaken for a foreign agent yourself by the Guard, your snoop will be uneventful.

At 6 the next morning, you go around the billets, turning on the lights and announcing in a loud voice the advent of dawn. You can't expect anyone to believe you, of course, for the moon will still be high in the sky. However . . .

At 7.20 a.m. you round up the halt, the lame and the near-dead. Another sick report is dumped in the Sick Quarters. Once again, you ask the question that will never grow old: "Any complaints?" in the cookhouse to which the answer is sometimes: "No, sergeant." Then off down to the Guardroom for a tete-a-tete with LAC. Nunn and the collection of the absentee reports which are left with the SWO.

Comes 10 a.m. and you head joyfully down to the SWO's office with your little portfolio of office tucked 'neath your arm. Grabbing a blank report form from the Nightingale, you fill it in, sign it, hand over to your successor and breathe gratefully to yourself: "Thank Heaven that's all for another few weeks! . . . unless that roster is jiggered again!"

USONIA

FROM THE MANITOBAN—WITH THANKS

USONIA—for so we term our vast neighbor to the South—is a complexity of three strange ingredients: Rush, Super-doing, Talk. And Macalester College, and St. Paul and Minneapolis are no exceptions.

Everything and everybody rushes; the traffic rushes, but has to stop more; the trains rush, but still arrive late; the people rush, but they take shorter steps; the music rushes but they don't hear it; the people eat fast, but they are no bigger; they talk fast, but they say no more; they fall asleep faster, but they still snore; they even breathe faster, but they were breathless when we . . . ! Usonia is always on the move, nothing ever stops; their stairs move; their signs flicker and twist and move; their street cars move every way at once; their traffic moves all night; their radios never stop; their factories are always busy; their people never stop talking. Everything is a turmoil of rush.

They "super-do" everything in Usonia: Their trains have more coaches than they need; their universities have an abundance of buildings and equipment; their crowds are huge at train time; they have all sorts of thick newspapers; their hospitality is overwhelming; they talk twice as much as they need to; they rush more than they have to; they cram their libraries with books; they have hundreds of motor cars and bath tubs; they have lights all over the place; they make all their buildings high; in short, they put all the trimmings on everything; and always finish the job.

In Usonia, everything and everybody talks, all the time and without stopping. Talk comes fast and complete; the signs talk; they have hundreds of newspapers crammed with talk; their radios never stop blaring; all the people talk, and all with a different accent; the women talk, they never stop talking, even after they go to sleep, they record their talk so they can make more talk by merely pressing a button; the criterion of a man is talk.

The whole country is a hubbub of rush and super-doing and talk. The women are not all pretty, but they rush; they are not all tall and slim, but they have a super-developed personality; they cannot all sing sweetly, but they sure talk. They rush while making friends; they all have long hair, and they sometimes talk sense.

Yes, Usonia is a queer country.

INSIDE GERMANY

Five Gerrys were drinking ersatz beer in a Berlin cafe one day. Each was silent, busy with thoughts of the final victory, no doubt. Suddenly, one of them sighed aloud, another groaned, the third shook his head dolefully and the fourth brushed a tear out of his eye. "Quiet!" said the fifth, "Don't you know how unwise it is to discuss politics in public!"

Miss Fitt: My boy is in the Navy.

Miss Take: What branch?

Miss Fitt: Oh, he's in the Intelligentsia.

EDITORIAL : -

This has been a short month in more senses than one. Few realize just how much difference those three days make to pay and allowances and there have been some glum faces on both the 15th and 26th. As one Irish philosopher said when the matter had been explained to him: "Faith it's a shorter time coming but its less when you get it!"

With the leave year drawing to its close, there has been quite a scramble to get those few odd days in. There did not seem to be quite so many heading south for the States. Instead a number of camp personnel decided to try their skill at ski-ing, either up at Sunshine (for the real enthusiast) or at Banff (for the socialites). In either case we expect they had a grand time. The whole Rocky Mountain region is reported to have had much more snow than usual; probably a rather comforting fact for the novice. It has seemed to us that ski-ing is one of those sports in which one doesn't do much damage until one begins to realize just what the dangers are. To see an absolute green-horn come screaming straight down a slope is a rather terrifying sight, yet more often than not he arrives at the bottom, still on his feet, whereas his slightly more experienced companion trying a more cautious descent probably winds up wrapped round a tree.

On the 16th the entire station attended lectures on Fire Fighting. They were delivered by the N.C.O. in charge of Fire Prevention, Flight Sergeant Dunnett. In the short space of thirty minutes he explained just how the majority of fires occur, the correct apparatus to use for each type of conflagration and the duties of all personnel. His clear explanations, plus the excellent demonstration of practical fire fighting which concluded the lecture, should leave no listener in doubt as to the correct procedure to be followed should a fire occur.

On the 20th, both officers and senior N.C.O.'s held dances on the station. The weather conditions were almost spring-like and a large attendance resulted. Both shows were as enjoyable as ever and despite the very few car-owners, there seemed to be no transport problems.

The spell of warm weather which brought February to a close has been much appreciated after the long months of sub-zero weather. There have been the inevitable pessimists who dwelt lovingly on the grim details of the blizzard last March, but personally we feel that even if we do pay for it later, the few days of fine weather have cheered us up immensely. The sight of a flower bed free from ice, the sloozy splash made by snow slipping off the roof, or the steady drip of thawing eaves, all these are signs (or so we hope) that Spring can't be far away.

The station magazine has lost one of its most popular contributors this month. Cpl. Jock Paterson has left us for preliminary Air Crew Training, and we wish him all success in his new sphere. We have printed many of Jock's sketches, caricatures and cartoons in this magazine and hope that he will find time to send us more.

Instrument Section

Another horse has been scratched in the Bachelor stakes. Louis Wigginton escorts Miss Gladys M. Smith to a Winnipeg alter on the 27th of this month. We extend sincere best wishes to both.

We continue to hear of haggis flavoured ice-cream, the ice-cream in a Tartan carton. Is that from a lesser known radio commercial, Jock?

It rather smacks of a gourmet's nightmare! Special mention . . . pause here to remove headgear . . . special mention is awarded to Mrs. Blake's pie. After sampling this delicacy, the lucky recipient immediately formed the Pi-High Club, and put out a tentative feeler to the Cookhouse. Object, to procure the services of this Winnipeg lady for our confectionary department. The club crest, we understand, consists of an apple rampant, surmounted by crossed bananas on a strawberry field.

The Male Voice Millibars still keep the flag flying. The section nockey team intends to resume practice as soon as the rink fence has been reinforced and srock-mounted.

Fashion Note: When buying flowers for your light o' love, don't forget to throw in a few wallflowers for her mother.

DEPT. OF ECONOMY—

"It is again stressed upon all ranks the need for conservation of electricity. At all times lighting that is not required for immediate purposes will be extinguished. This applies specially to Sleeping Quarters, Messes, Officers and Corridors." NOTICE IN D.R.O's. 11th Feb., 1943.

To counteract, no doubt, that "lit-up" feeling?

Odds & Ends

DAFFY-NITIONS

- Sanitary: A place to bury people.
- Goblet: A baby turkey.
- Gas: To estimate.
- Fisherman's luck: Small fry.
- Salvage: An uncivilized person.
- Hitch: To scratch.
- Blizzard: The inside of a fowl.

POME

Little Willie from the mirror
Licked the mercury all off
Thinking in his childish error
It would cure his whooping cough—
At the funeral Willie's father
Sadly said to Mrs. Brown:
"Twas a chilly day for Willie
When the mercury went down."

GA-GA

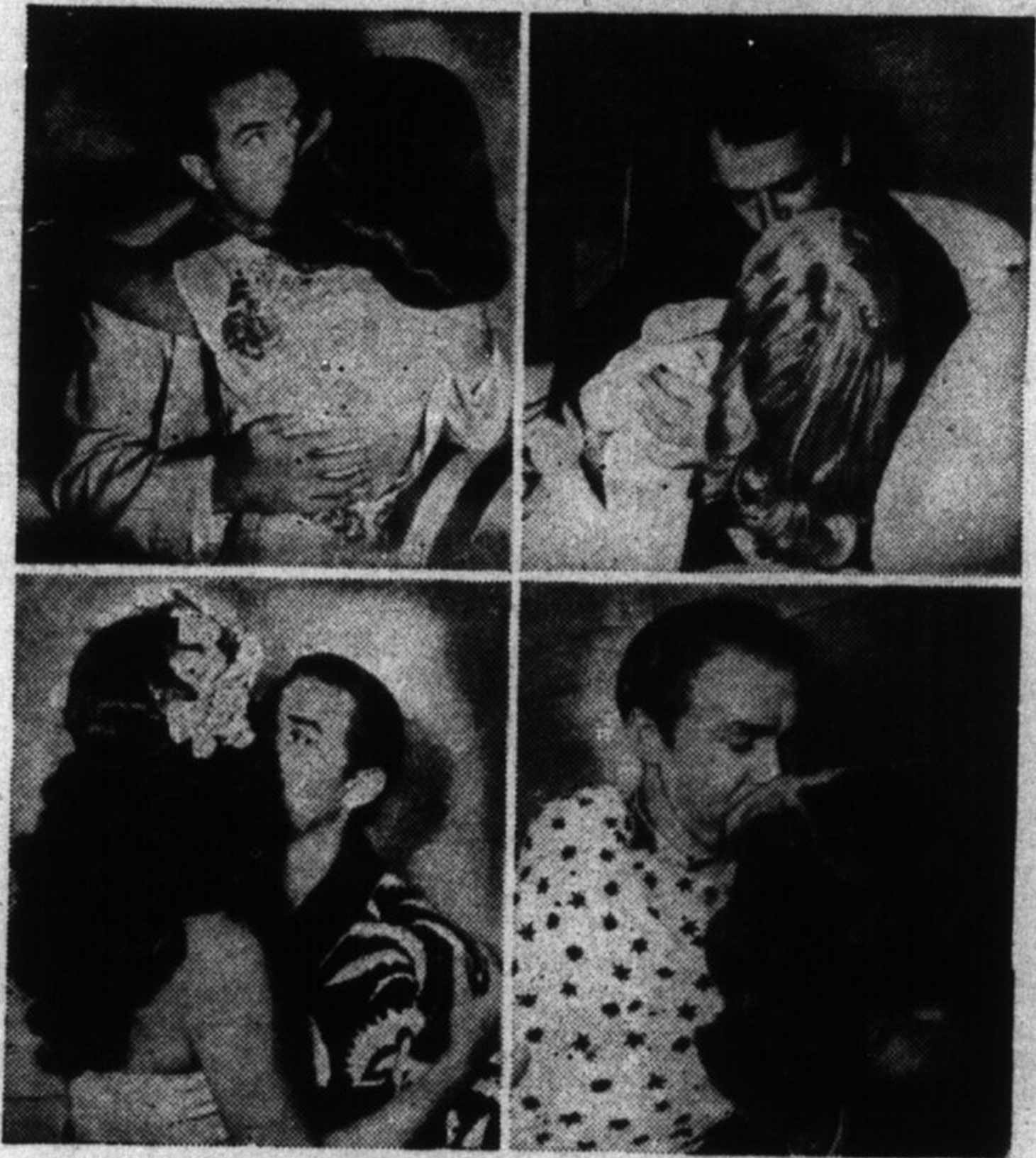
A certain romantic young Mr.
Had a girl and he often Kr.
When he asked her to wed
She solemnly said:
"I can never be more than a Sr."

Quiz to end all Quiz Contests

1. Estimate within four how many feet a horse has.
2. What floats on water? (Clue: why do they call it a boat?)
3. What vegetation is mentioned in "the green grass grows all round?"
4. In what city is the Winnipeg City Directory used most?
5. The mother's name is Mrs. Jones, the father's name is Mr. Jones. What is the Jones' children's last name?
6. How much clay in a hole one foot deep and one foot square?

COOKERY NOTE

I wish I were an egg
A-sitting in a tree
And every time you'd pass below
I'd splatter you with me.



**A FEW SUGGESTIONS ON HOW TO IMPROVE
YOUR TECHNIQUE AT WINNIPEG**

AUNT FLOSSIE'S PAGE.



Brrrh! m'readers! Isn't it too, too cold for moids! But not too cold for woids of wisdom—and here they come . . . Gangway!

PERCY (31A): Uniforms which sharply define the figure are in vogue now, dear. So, Dame Fashion won't be offended if you accept that second-hand dry cleaned tunic they are offering at the Stores. I anticipate a return to the more voluminous styles shortly, too—but, here again, Chiefy Ovens assures me that several out-sizes will be available. A remarkable man, Chiefy Ovens.

TRICKED (Petrel) So you want to forget. Well, you're in a damned fine locality for it—if Jack Bulling's cartoon in last month's "Gen" is telling the truth. I disagree, though. Wenches aren't worth it. Either go flat out for your props or acquire a new concubine.

HOMESICK (33 SFTS): A rumour is a rumour, dear, and doubly so when it comes from the duff-gen King Himself! I would add 6 months to that date you were given, double it, divide by four, write the result on a bit of paper, tear it up and for-

get all about it. (P.S. Heard anything about ME?).

FIGHTING FIT (Cookhouse): We can't all be cavaliers of the clouds, my pet. They turned me down twice for aircrew—once on humanitarian grounds during our phoney, kid-glove war in the winter of '39—and again in '41—still on humanitarian grounds! You grind out unwanted grub, dear, and I'll grind out unwanted advice, eh?

LIFE O' THE PARTY (Servicing): So you've lost your pep, heh, keed? And you wanna go back in there pitching? You wanna knock 'em dead? And make 'em beg for more? You wanna tell de woild what a root-in', tootin', shootin' son-of-a-gun you are? Well, as Charlie McCarthy would say . . . WADAYA KNOW!

NIGHTINGALE (SHQ): Arrangements may be made through the Canadian Legion Educational Services for voice lessons, I believe. Contact F/O Jones, our new Officer i/c Knowledge and he will fix you up! (He sings delightfully).

Cold Sore's Almanac

March 21-April 20. Aries the Ram: Though you are keen to experiment, endeavour to avoid needless risks. Visit the Hospital prior to leave or 48's, otherwise a long and tedious journey may be anticipated, possibly as far as Toronto.

April 21-May 20. Taurus, the Bull: Not to be confused with Thursday evenings. You are likely to die any day—if you don't die before the 28th April don't worry. Thaw out the brass monkey.

May 21 - June 20. Gemini, the Twirps: Someone may solicit you for a loan. Hold on to your purse and wallet—get a grip there. Avoid bowlegged women with duck's disease.

June 21-July 22. Cancer, the Crab: The itching period: be prepared for some discomfort. Open your heart and your pocketbook to the needy.

July 23-August 22. Leo, the Lion: You are a born leader with the power to direct, guide and inspire others. Ignore cookhouse remarks such as "whoofer". Get stuffed, if you want to.

August 23-Sept. 22. Virgo, the Virgin: Continue your noble quest, brother, they are few and far between, but, search, perhaps for many years, and ye shall find. Love will find a way.

Sept. 23-Oct. 22. Libra, for Short Measure: Reach for the stars for this year they are your friends.

Oct. 23-Nov. 22. Scorpio, the Scorpion: Your sagacity and penetration are equal to whatever de-

mands you make on them. Things are happening to you with startling rapidity, but you are a competent manager, so accept what comes with courage. Belt!

Nov. 23-Dec. 21: Sagittarius, the Stooge. This year should be brighter and more cheery for you than the preceding one because of lessened pressure. The ease of your load will be gradual rather than pleasantly swift. Consult Dr. Gossip for some No. 9's. Remember your scouting days, "Be Prepared".

Dec. 22-Jan. 19: Capricorn, the Goat: Let happiness envelope you with warm embrace. Get close to nature, but not too close.

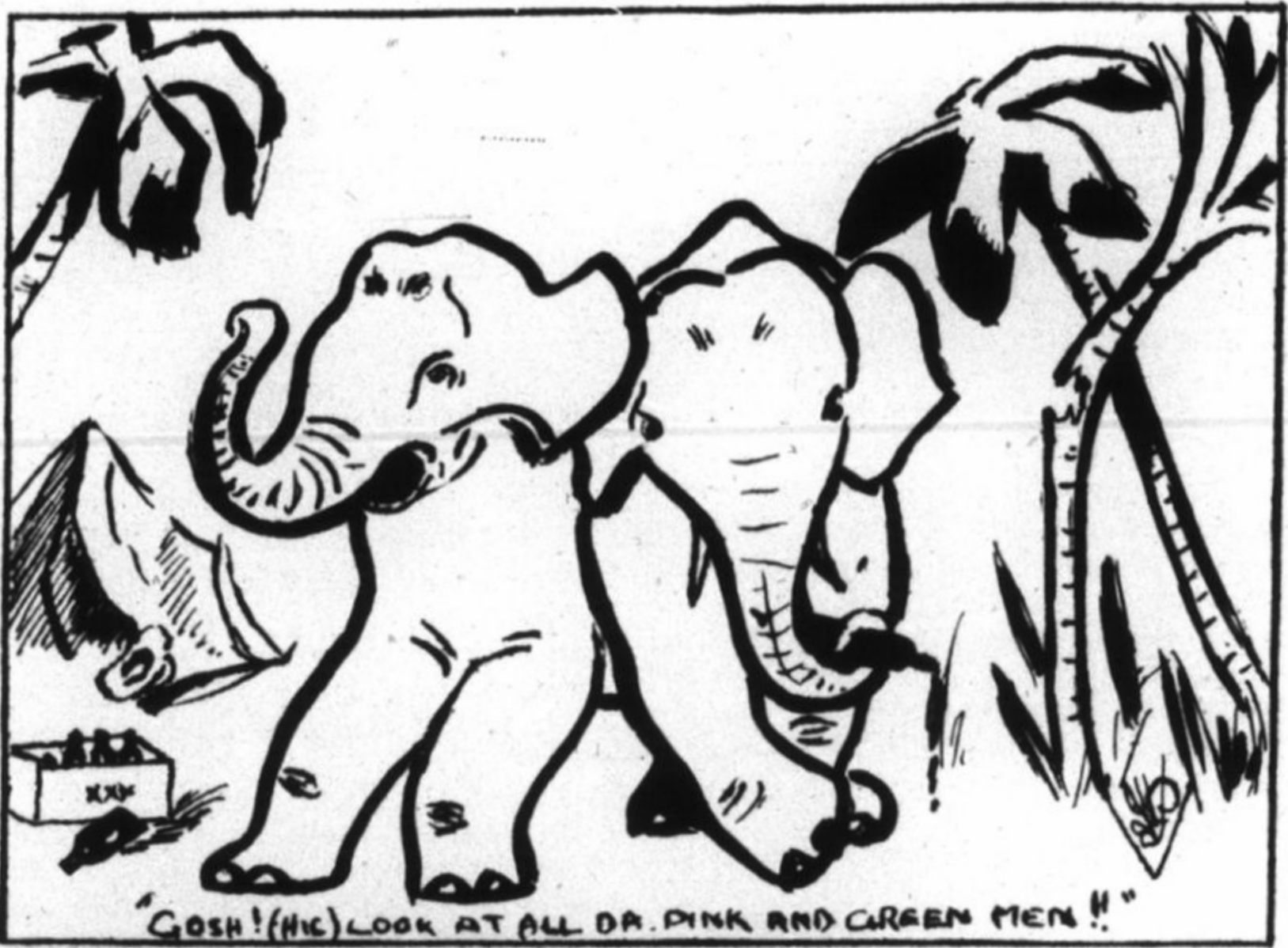
Jan. 20-Feb. 18. Aquarius, the Water-Pitcher: Your career is of paramount importance and you like to pick winners. A natural "bookie". More boat rumours.

Feb. 19-March 20. Pisces, the Fish: Your goal in life will be to achieve career success and to attain victory you will tackle any obstacle. Study hard—your AC1 is "just around the corner". Read the inspiring story by W.O.1 Elmer Getsomin. "My three months in the R.C.A.F.".

The Great Flood was sent because of the large numbers of dirty people.

Lipton is the Capital of Ceylon.
The dog came bounding down the path emitting whelps at every bound.

The animal which possesses the greatest attachment for man is woman.



POLICE GAZETTE

The writers of this page wish to state that any similarity between this page and Duff Nunn's rambblings are purely coincidental. His claim that last month's Police Gazette was instigated by him, is, as his nom-de-plume suggests, "Duff Gen."

We were disappointed that cigars were not handed round to celebrate the birth of a bouncing boy to Mrs. Cpl. Parry, but nevertheless we offer our heartiest congratulations and hope all their troubles will be "little ones."

Whilst handing out bouquets we also wish to congratulate Cpl. "Duggy" Rothery on his recent marriage to Pte. June Price of the C.W.A.C.'s. This alliance may tend to relieve the congestion on the Winnipeg phone line, although operator 8 will be sorry to lose Duggy as one of her best customers.

While gathering data for his book, Duff Nunn asked a u/t pilot the meaning of bumpy ride. The u/t promptly replied, "It would be something similar to sliding down your nose!"

Cpl. Westovitch, our Russian correspondent, was very exuberant after his recent trip to Calgary. Apparently all is well on the Russian front.

Another potential Service Policeman arrived last week with the birth of a son to Mrs. Nunn at Brandon general. Congrats, Duff. Keep 'em binding.

INVESTIGATIONS

Why does Cpl. John Snart wear sun glasses on night shift?

Does Farmer Greaves intend to keep pigs on the farm?

What tune did Cpl. Jock Morris whistle on the night of the 13th?

How much liberty does L. A. C. Jordan get in the Liberty cafe?

How long would it take Cpl. Howard (3-day husband) to reach North Battleford if he got 14 days' leave.

What will it be in the summer, Geordie Fleming, shift or soccer?

How does Cpl. Field manage to balance the dead mouse on his upper lip?

Would Sgt. Platt really care for a "Buttered Walnut" on each arm?

V FOR VICTORY

General (ti troops on eve of battle) "Men, never say die. Fight to the last. Never retreat until your last shot is fired. When your last bullet is gone, then retreat. But not before. As I am a little lame, I'll start now."

ROME RUMOUR

Italian optimists are saying today: "We're going to lose this war." The pessimists are saying: "Yes, but when?"

RED TAPE

Then there was the Clerk G.D. who was driven slightly berserk by typing so many official letters. He sent a letter to his sweetie and headed it thus: Subject—Love.

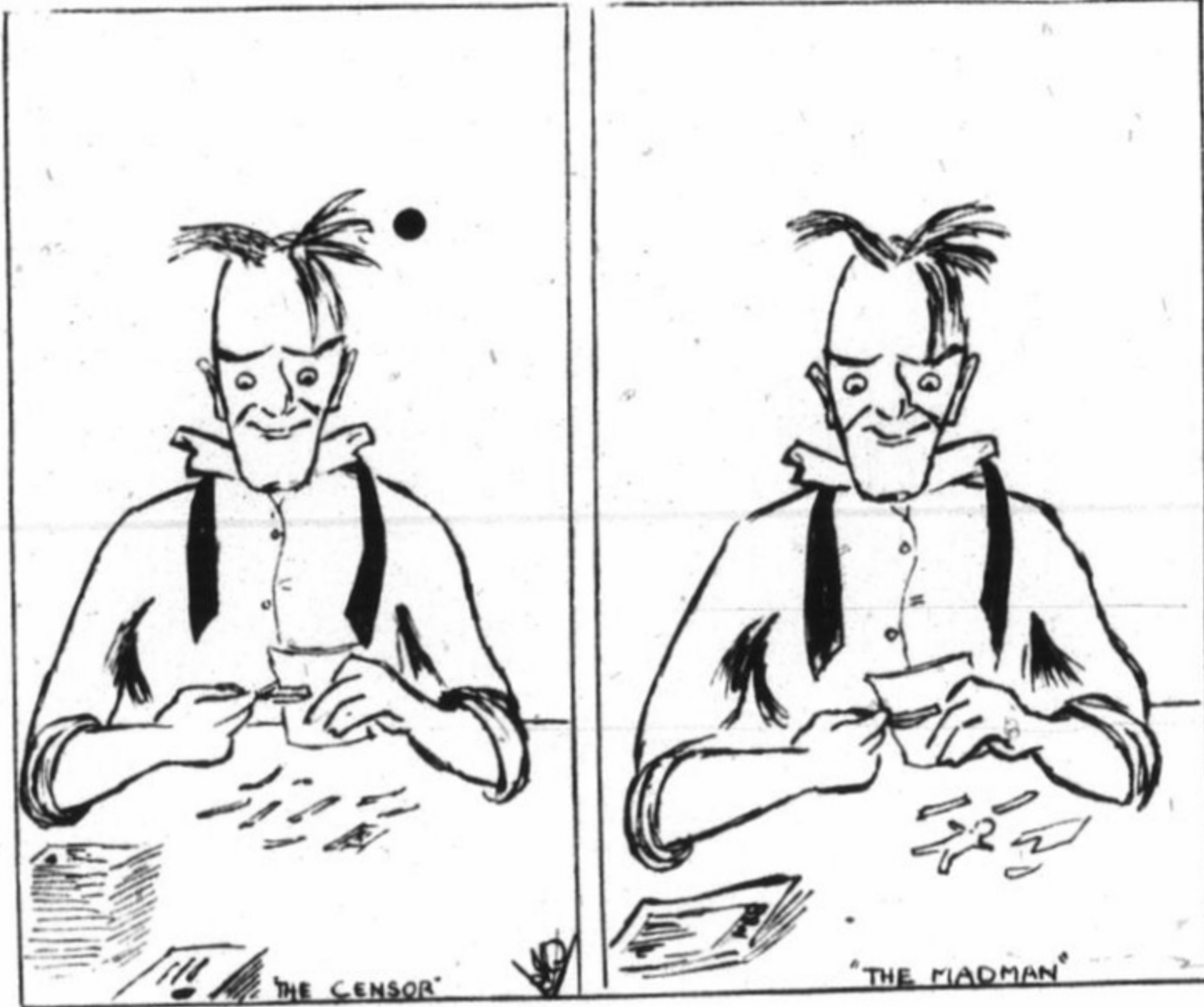
SSSSSH!

"That airman was the dimmest guy I ever met," said the young lady, "why, he didn't know where he'd been, what he'd done, where he was going or what he was going to do! Phew!"

SCIENCE NOTE

Professor: "What happens when the human body is immersed in water?"

Student: "The front door bell



CHUCKLES IN COURT—

D

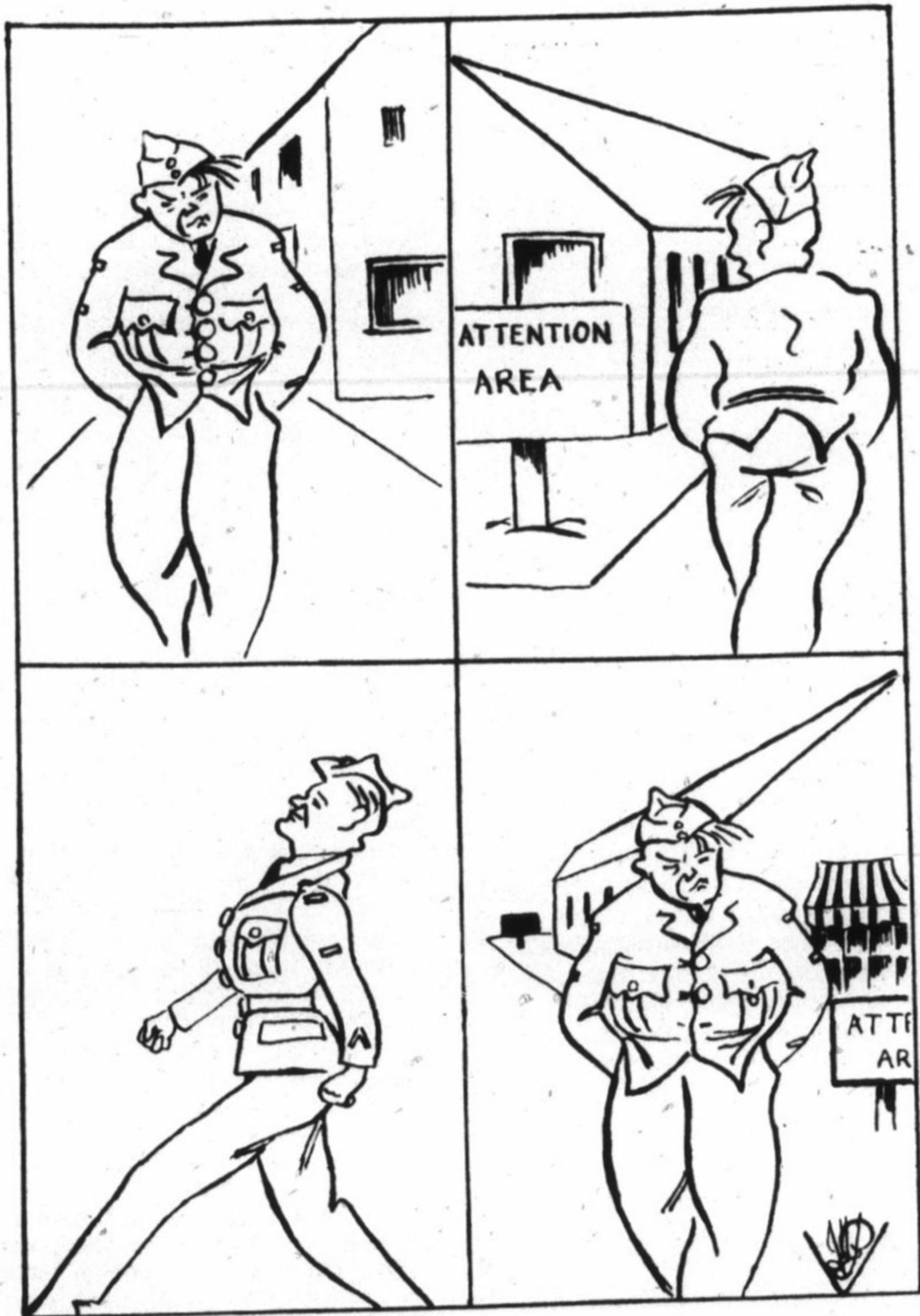
1. I am a freedom loving man in a free country—I claim the right to drink out of a saucer.
2. When I asked my mother-in-law for the hand of her daughter she said, "Take the whole damn lot or nothing."
3. I had contemplated marrying this widow until I heard that she was a spiritualist and talked to her previous four husbands.
4. Of course I use bad language. So would you if you'd been married to "that" for the last ten years.
5. I was dreaming I was in heaven when the wife's mother-in-law tripped over the coal scuttle and almost scalped me with a carving knife.
6. When my husband joined the Air Force I wrote to his Station Warrant Officer, Mr. Merrison, and expressed the hope that he would succeed where I had failed.
7. I always wondered why my father was so keen on seeing me married to my husband. They both booze so much it was a good excuse for him to go out on the beer.
8. My husband has used some horrible expressions since he returned from Canada. At first I thought he was talking to the dog when he called me a son of a b-----.
9. The day we declared war on Germany came as a windfall from heaven I joined up and found peace for the first time since I got married 7 years ago.

Our CRAZY QUIZ

The answers will be found in the July, 1930 issue of Gen.

Count five for every answer that you get correct; or you get more than four you are a line shooter, and should be shelled with a shower of slugs from a shotgun.

1. Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata was written by:
 - (a) Schubert.
 - (b) Irving Berlin.
 - (c) Edgar Wallace.
 - (d) Charlie Macarthy.
 2. A stoic is:
 - (a) The bird that brings the babies.
 - (b) The part that joins a flower to the ground.
 3. (A) Who said the following:
A stitch in time saves nine said the mother of eight.
 - (a) Mrs. Dionne.
 - (b) Mae West.
 - (c) Dr. Marie Stopes.
 (B) Constipation is the thief of time.
 - (a) Sir Thomas Beecham.
 - (b) Dr. Gossip.
 - (c) Herr Heinz.
 - (d) Signor Gorgonzolla.
 4. A Labour Constituency is:
 - (a) A maternity ward.
 - (b) A concentration camp.
 - (c) A flying training school.
 5. Jankers is (or Are):
 - (a) A German aeroplane.
 - (b) A pernicious type of insect.
 - (c) An airman's pastime.
 6. What was Miss Blandish?
 - (a) A flower seller.
 - (b) A film star.
 - (c) A lucky girl.
 7. Gone With the Wind was written by:
 - (a) Dr. Belcher.
 - (b) Stinker Jones. (We know you Sarge!)
 - (c) Herr. Kruschen.
 8. Who was Samson?
 - (a) A circus performer.
 - (b) A wise old man.
 - (c) A dirty old man.
 9. Who wrote "To err is human; to forgive divine?"
 - (a) Adolph.
 - (b) Warrant Officer Merrison.
 - (c) Sergeant Platt.
 10. What is a brazier?
 - (a) A social uplift.
 - (b) A flight sergeant.
 A ladies undergarment.
-
- A cow is very like a bull, but a bull hurts more.
- A cow has two teats, one for cream and one for skim milk.
- In Christianity a man can only have one wife. This is called monotomy.
- Who was sorry when the Prodigal Son returned? The fatted calf.
- As she is going to be married next month, she is very busy getting her torso ready.
- Letters in sloping type are hysterisc.
- My brother was kicked because he was wicked in the seat of his pants. The Ruler of Persia is the Pshah. A phlegmatic person is one who has chronic bronchitis.



VOICE of the PRESS

OR WHAT OUR CONTEMPORARIES SAY

Social note from the Memphis the hairs."

(Miss.) Commercial Appeal:

"The Baptist ladies of Guntown served a most delightful chicken dinner, and dozens of hens gave their all to satisfy the appetites of the town people."

Vignettes of prominent Missouri politician in the St. Louis Star:

"(He) is a man of medium height, very solidly built, with a noticeably thick neck. His hair is almost pure white, with a small bald spot on the back of the head. His complexion is a ruddy pink. In conversation, his features are immobile, and he often talks out of the right side of his mouth."

Letter received by a Health Column of St. Louis paper:

"Dear Sir: Kindly give initials and address of a reliable physician who performs abortions in the "Globe-Democrat" medical column. I am a busy woman and cannot afford a family. Thanks for any information."

Malapropistic quote from Montana newsheet:

"An orchestra **dispelled** music . . ."

Notice in Y.M.C.A. building at Albuquerque, New Mexico:

"Remember that these diseases can be contracted from kissing or dancing with a man who is diseased . . . Never forget that at least 25% or **one out of every four** men you know are diseased."

Sign in New York barber's shop:

"After the hair is cut it should be singed in order to close up the ends. This prevents your catching a cold in the head through the open ends of

Sounding of hygiene tocsin in North Carolina paper:

"With the present movement northward of Negroes," said the Rev. Dr. C. A. Owens in his sermon at the First Baptist Church last night, "and in the absence of a race prejudice that has protected the Southerners, there is the greatest possible danger of the mingling of the races, so that in the future it may come to pass that you will send your daughter to the North for culture and she will come back with a little Negro."

Sociological point made by editor of Toledo (Ohio) "Blade".

"There are many definitions of a hick town. We don't like the phrase, but to our mind a hick town is a community where half the women count backwards when the first baby arrives in the home of a newly-married couple."

How to fill those empty pews tip from the Cleveland (Ohio) "Plain Sign in bedroom of leading hotel of Columbus, Ohio:

"When entertaining guests of the opposite sex in one's bedroom, it is customary to leave the door open at least six inches."

Cleveland, Ohio, Plain Dealer

"It is a friendly place, this Windermere Methodist Episcopal Church. A stranger will have to be an artful dodger if he succeeds in getting in or out of the Church without a handshake. The minister, Dr. McCarthy, is the most confirmed handshaker of all. One may manage to elude him when entering the church, but one will have to find a side door through

Voice of the Press —CONTINUED

which to disappear if there is to be escape from his hearty greeting at the close of the service."

Sign outside well-known restaurant in Oklahoma City:

"Everyone of Our Cooks Is A Mother".

Educational note from Brown University (Rhode Island) recorded in the student mag.:

"At Brown a Junior Kiwanis is being organized. The organization will include men on the campus interested in boosting the name of Brown."

Morality applied to the lower animals as revealed by an ad in a Texas daily paper:

Legitimate Chihuahua pups for sale cheap.

Religious note by the Rev. J. Frank Norris, D.D. up-and-coming Baptist clergyman of Houston, Texas:

"The silence of the present-day pulpit on the subject of hell is the reason why we are in a hell of a fix now."

Time Marches On—or, minor news item from Cuero (Texas) Daily Record:

"An old man 81 years of age was knocked down by a passing car and his condition is serious. Either one or two things is apparent in these frequent knockings own of old people by autoists: Either the old folks walk too slow or the car drivers drive too fast."

Want ad in well-known Los Angeles newspaper:

"Wanted — Good looking stenographer; stenographic ability not essential. Apply 905, American Bank Building."

Statistics from the Atlanta "Constitution":

Georgia produces enough fine apples each year for every man, woman and child in the State to have two bushels.

Georgia's sanitarium for the insane has had for the past year every bed occupied and many waiting to be taken in.

Sign on public road in South Carolina:

NOTIS—Trespasser's will be persecuted to the full extent of 2 mongrel dogs which aint never been overly soshibil with strangers and 1 double barrel shot gun which aint loaded with soft pillows. Dam if I aint tired of this hel raisin on my proputy.

March of Science as announced in Teton Valley (Idaho) "News":

"Dr. Martin informs us that he has invested in a horoscope for the X-ray machine at the County Hospital. This enables the surgeon to look directly at the part of the body operated on."

Ominous note struck by sign in hotel in Siour City:

NOTICE — You are respectfully notified and cautioned that the management is in no manner responsible for the ordering or delivery of any intoxicating beverages to any guest or patron of this hotel.

ONE FOR CHIEFY OVENS

Then there was the erk who drew a pair of slacks and a tunic from the clothing store. They actually fitted him!

"Cripes!" ejaculated the Store Basher who issued the stuff, "you must be deformed!"

They Flew by NIGHT !!

We were sitting in the crew room waiting for night flying to commence. The night programme was to be a matter of routine. Each pupil would receive a little instruction and then he would fly solo for the rest of his period. Barring minor delays we could calculate the number of hours night flying there would be added to the flight progress charts in the morning.

Then the wise and ancient one—our Iago of the crew room—began his stories again.

"I remember" he began, "when night flying was a far different thing from what it is tonight."

"At Upavon in 192- we were flying Woodcocks. They were night fighters but so far we had evaded the rather difficult task of getting them off the ground after 3.30 in the afternoon."

"Rumours of night flying to be carried out in 2 or 3 months time at last became confirmed when 'A' flight were grounded under the C.O.'s orders. "For a check of night flying equipment." "A" flight were grounded for a long time. The Fitters' Electrician (Group 1) could get the green starb lights working on one machine and the red port light on others. We noticed with awe on one occasion three separate rudder lights gleaming whitely in the gloom of a hangar. But no skill of the electricians or of the sergeant-major, (2nd class), wireless operator, could apparently force a green, red and white light to appear simultaneously at the ex-

tremities of any one aeroplane."

"Then followed days of conferences behind the closed doors of the Electrical Section or of the Squadron Commander's room. Gradually our aeroplanes were divested of their fabric coatings and looked sadly filleted as they stood with their ribs bare to the world with their belongings, as it were, laid in heaps beside them. 'A check of electrical wiring.' A mysterious title indeed, was being performed upon them."

"Finally an aeroplane took the air one sunny afternoon with all its lights on. We stood in groups and watched it and said Aaaaah! or Ooooh! according to our upbringing. The pilot even put his Holt flares on when he came in to land. These Holt flares were hotted up Roman candles fixed to the lower wind tips and gave out a brilliant light (as well as an intense heat!) and were available in case of an emergency landing."

"Unfortunately the pilot landed too soon after pressing off the flares and then began to taxi far too slowly. The result was that the dry summer grass was caught alight by the spouting flares and the aircraft was leaving a fiery trail behind it."

"When the pilot saw an army of us rushing toward him, some carrying fire extinguishers and almost all of us gesticulating and shouting, he stopped to see what all the trouble was about. The result was that the aeroplane seemed like a phoenix sitting in its own flames. We were however in suf-

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They Flew by Night —Continued from Page 18

ficient numbers — like Dingaan's Zulu impis — to trample out any bonfire of any magnitude. The aeroplane was only slightly scorched and we pilots were introduced for the first time to an aeroplane equipped to fly by night!"

"There followed days of studying the laws of flying by night and we took a curious interest in bats, owls and even moths. We listened to the high talk of those few who had already been up by night. One flight lieutenant in particular always gathered a crowd, "Don't 'S' turn" he would say shooting his cuffs (officers wore white shirts and stiff cuffs in those days) 'S' turns are the best way to approach by day but do not try them low down at night. Simply fly straight in gentlemen, fly in with plenty of engine straight to No. 1 flare. Put your wing right over the flare, get as close as possible to it and then throttle back and hold off. The secret is to get so close that you can judge your height by the men standing by the flares."

"It was his simplicity that got us. It was as easy as that! We never tired of listening to him and we had a little thrill down our spines as we realized that this was the only dual instruction that we should get. Dual in those days was something given to pupils. A man who wore wings was forever immune from this snub to his esteem."

"When a few days alone separated us from the awesome night, we began to think of leave and of those various ailments that up till then we had so nobly borne without complaint. There was a paleness on the gills of some of us that we had never noticed before."

"Flight commanders signed leave forms with abandon in those days and it was only on the day before night flying was to commence that flight lieutenant C... realized with a jolt that he alone of his flight of five pilots was available to fly and not on leave on the morrow."

"His panic signals to recall his pilots were duplicated by other flight commanders and even Sgt. M... who had managed to get to Scotland found that he was recalled from leave, as far away, as he thought he was!"

"The flight lieutenant of the shooting cuffs led the way that night and after over-shooting three times made a creditable landing. Sgt. B... was next and his experiences are best related in his own words:

"I glided down to No. 1 flare and then held off nicely and made what I thought was the best landing I had ever made. I ran up to the end of the flare path with the stick held to my stomach. When I saw the red boundary light appear ahead I kicked on on full left rudder to turn off from the flare path—I then spun in from a height of 150 ft."

"But Sgt. B... was not the only pilot to misjudge his height that night. Some of us flew straight into the ground — to our chagrin we did not bounce! Stalling, I believe was our main fault and we did that from various heights.

Pilot Officer D... endeavoured to follow the "flying-in 2 technique and he struck a hill near the aerodrome. He wrecked his aeroplane severely and he recovered to find himself sitting on his parachute a hundred feet in front of the

Continued on Page 20)

They Flew by Night —CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

wreckage. He began to get up and then ducked just in time to avoid another aeroplane which struck the ground and overturned a few yards away.

"Sgt. Taffy R... was in the second machine and besides having a damaged nose he found himself trapped owing to the restricted clearance between his open cockpit and the ground. Petrol pouring from the vent of his petrol tank was soaking the ground around the aircraft."

P/O D... found that he could not help Taffy and after murmuring something about being "sorry old chap" he fumbled for his cigarettes and matches! Taffy protested vigorously but his shouting only convinced the rather dazed P/O D... that Taffy was crying for assistance which he could not render anyway." He kept on saying "I can't help you, Taffy, I can't help you!" and he carried on fumbling for a match to light the cigarette he had already put into his mouth."

"Luckily the fire tender arrived on the scene. The crew had seen Taffy's machine go into the ground but knew nothing of the fate of P/O D... 's. Their astonishment at finding two pilots beside the wreck on one single seat aircraft was extreme. It was the craziest factor of a hectic night for them."

"I remember" continued our Ancient One, as he warmed to his own tale, "I remember that I went out to the aerodrome early the next morning to observe the aftermath of our night effort. Aircraft were lying in various positions on and around the aerodrome like

mushrooms that had popped up during the night."

"The station Commanding Officer came riding by on his fine grey horse—most officers rode in those days. "Is that one of ours" he said pointing to a badly broken Woodcock. "Oh yes Sir, I replied it belongs to 'umpteen' squadron and it happend last night—there is another over there, sir, I added pointing to a real beauty up on its nose. "Surely there is another on that hill" he exclaimed getting quite excited."

"No sir" I said, "There are two over there and two more down in the valley!" "My God" he shouted, "why the devil doesn't somebody tell me about these things! I'll stop night flying altogether on this aerodrome!"

Here a flying officer interrupted our narrator by saying "Didn't you have any blind flying instruments in those days?" "Not a single instrument" replied the old 'un "except the compass and if we got into clouds we were soon in difficulties. I remember one night I went up in an Avro 504N with a flying officer in the back seat. We went into a cloud and I could not find my way out of it. The compass was spinning and we hung nastily on our safety straps. Suddenly my companion looked over the side. He became excited and pointing downward he shouted, "what's that light down there!"

I looked over the side, "That's not a light" I shouted, "That's the ruddy moon!"

"Those were the days!" we said as we rose to do our check dual, "Yes" echoed the Ancient One, "Those were the days!"

The Gen Staff

P/O J. Bulling

Sgt Chappell



Jock Paterson



Sqd/L Oxley-Sidey



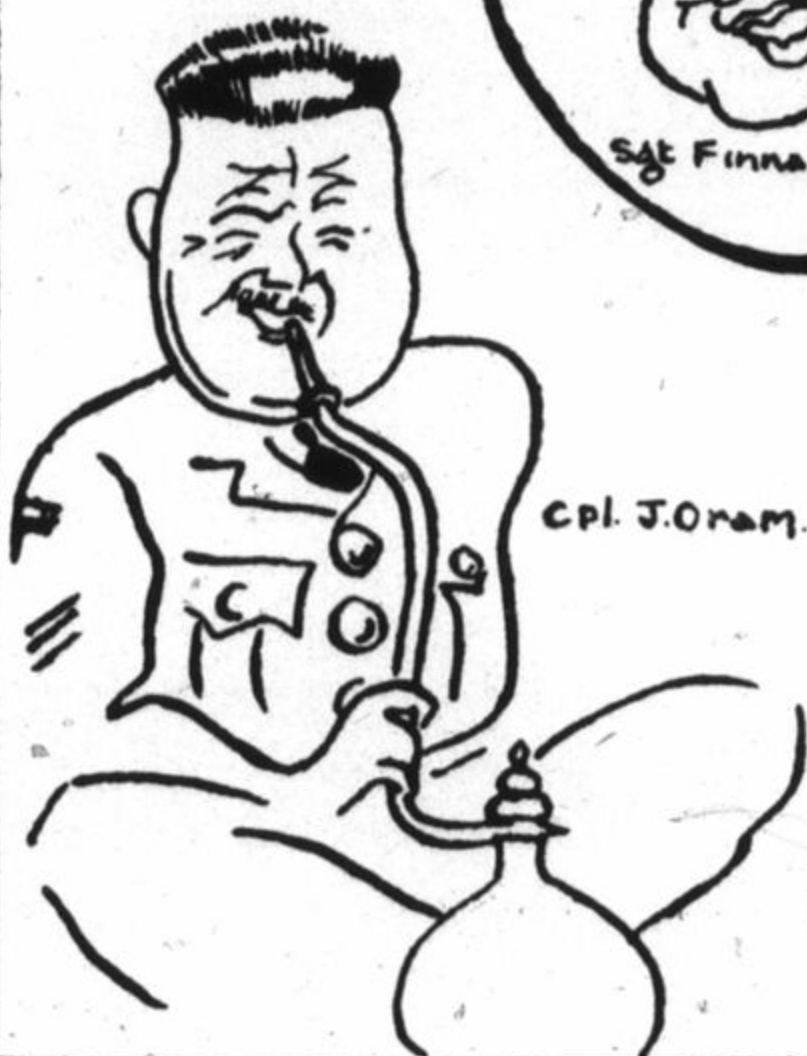
Cpl. F. Gunn



Sgt Finnermore



Cpl. E. Stanley



Cpl. J. Oram

Feb

The Happiest Section ?

WHY? is the Pay Accounts Section the happiest and most contented Section on the whole camp—

BECAUSE—all the members there or are observed to be bachelors, yet it is amazing that they all remain gentlemen.

Staff Members were very reticent about giving their opinions on women in general but eventually Flt. Sergeant "Buck" (Butterfly) Taylor weakened and stated: "Women may be defined as the root of all evil. They lack initiative, common sense, and possess few of the many good qualities prevalent in man. They are helpless when not guided by the sphere of man's influence—in other words, they are a direful curse upon nations".

Following suit, Sgt. "Stinker" Jones gave his opinion, but it is regretted that this has been censored.

Cpl. Les. Goodall says: "What me, and break into my Bank Account". Whilst Cpl. "Big Hearted" Stanley stroked his moustache and replied: "I'd rather be hanged than serve a life sentence". The rest of the opinions are summarised as follows:

LAC. Jive (Allelulia) Edwards—
"All they're fit for is blowing up balloons and propping up their husbands on the dance floor".

LAC. Thomas Thomas: "A menace to society."

LAC. "Frosty Lugs" Robinson: "As Honorary Ambassador to Winnipeg Beach, replied in Polish, "Women—never touch 'em."

LAC "Lofty" French (without tears): "All they are good for is making cookies for me and the rest of the Acker Staff.

LAC. (Shan't be) Long: "Is a W.A.A.F. Sgt. a woman. If so, I've had it!

ACKER SECTION THEME SONG—

"We look at married airmen with disdain,

When their dependents Allowance they come to claim,

So now you know why you receive a glare,

Marriages and Baby Carriages make us despair.

We feel that marriage is an over-rated pleasure,

The necessity of which we do not treasure,

Be thankful that allowances are paid by A.F.H.Q.,

Otherwise you'd have "had it"—too ruddy true!"

AFTERTHOUGHT—

Should any married airman contemplate replying to this article it is advised that he makes use of an anonymous or pen name as these blighters wouldn't think twice of short paying you next pay-day.

Among the islands of the West Indies are the Pyjamas, noted for toilet sponges.

It is important to study history in order that we may learn all about our descendants.

WISDOM—

A friend once asked Socrates which was wiser—to marry or not to marry. "Whichever you do," answered the philosopher, "you'll regret it."

HEARD IN CARBERRY

when the road turns the same way he does, it's a coincidence!"

Point

Portage Avenue is a place where you spend money you haven't got to buy things you don't want to impress people you don't like."

Pawnbroker's Sign

Come and see me at your earliest inconvenience.

Laundry Sign

We soak the clothes, not the customers.

Tale

When they kiss and make up, she gets the kiss and he gets the make up.

First Heel: "I'm a self-made man!

Second Bum: "You're lucky. I'm the revised work of a wife and three daughters.

Quotation

The barber looked at the sissy and asked him if he wanted a hair-cut or the oil changed.

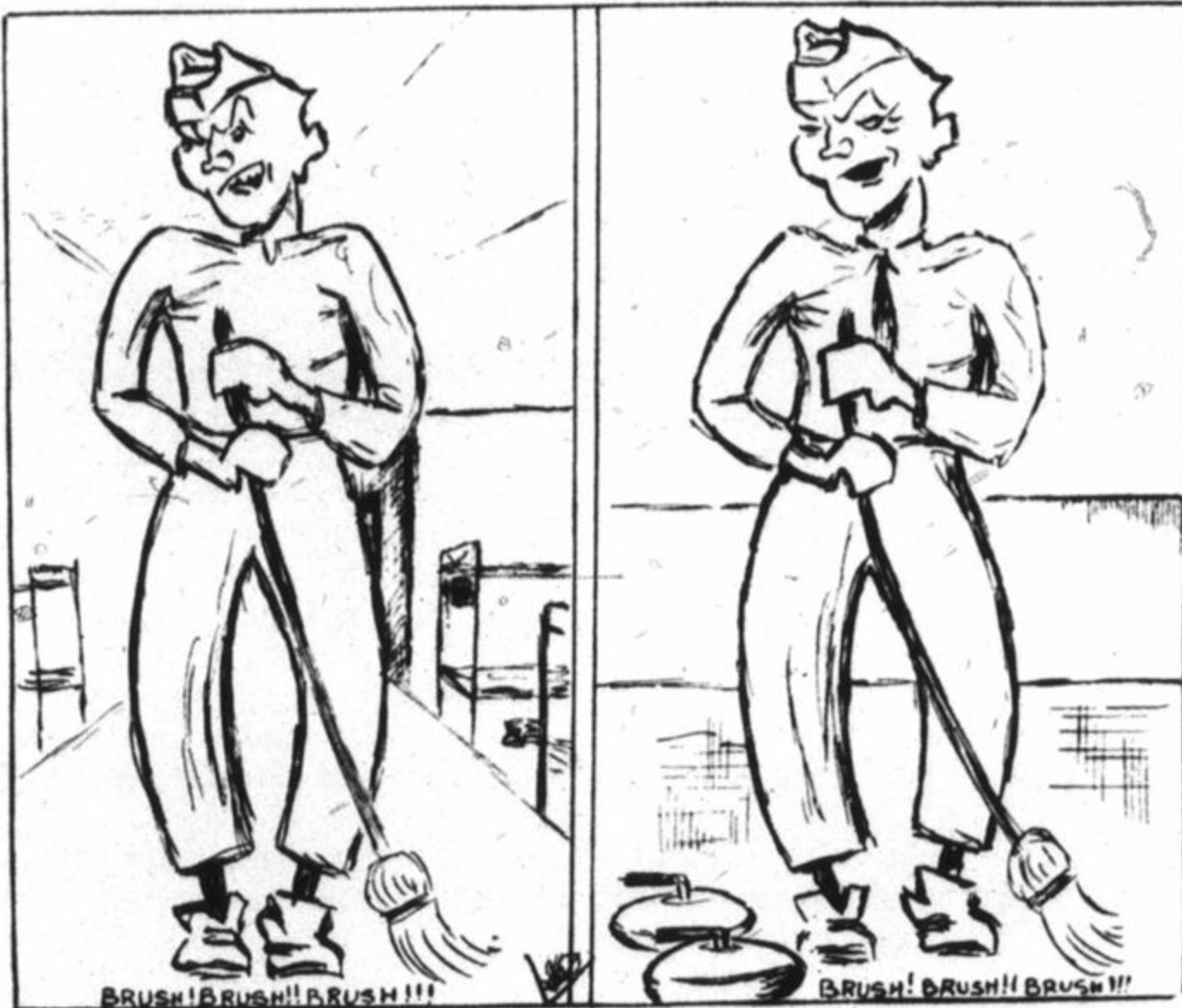
Pome

Beneath the spreading mistletoe
The homely lassie stood
And stood and stood and stood and stood

And stood and stood and stood.

Romance Ration

"You look sweet enough to eat,"
He whispered soft and low,
"I am," she said, quite hungrily,
"Where do you want to go?"



Blind Approach

The shallow earth'eebeen blown in
showers,
There's not a fence without it's load
of papers.
The 'phone wires play rich organ
music for what seems hours
Windows rattle, doors bang as the
wind cuts capers.
The Indian Summer dawdles to its
end;
Still pleasant when one finds scant
shelter.
'Tis strange to think, where chill
winds make us bend
All day the wind's been blowing
half a gale.
What time the sun shone bright
out a cloudless sky.
One tried to walk and wished one
had a sail;
It's been the sort of day when kites
best to blow the dust into our eyes!
Is the self same place where in
We're told grim stories of approach-
summer we should swelter.
That in the fall, nature does her
winter (though it's mu surmise,
'fly high.

MORSELS—

A New York theatrical agent was awakened in the wee sma' hours by the trilling of his telephone. He lifted the receiver and growled "hello". A cultured English voice answered. The following dialogue ensued:

Agent: What do you want?

Voice: I say, old chap, I've just landed in New York from England. Had a beastly crossing. Was sea-sick all the way. The service was vile too and . . .

Agent: Okay, okay. Cut the cackle.

Crash !!

They were so proud to go off on
their own
To fly the 'plane to plot its course
alone
Without the help of teachers, even
though they're kind
To be alone, responsible, without a
guiding mind.
They circled once then swiftly
flew away
Soon they'd get their wings, then
to the real fray.
The ground looked flat, its edges
slightly curved
The pilot banked the 'plane and
rolled and swerved.
The sun shone hot no clouds in
the sky
It seemed so very peaceful to those
so soon to die
Who wished to do those things
which are forbidden
To fly above the tree tops and dare
what may be hidden.
Alas they never saw that thin steel
wire
Which turn their trim machine into
a mass of fire.

Why do you ring me?

Voice: I am an actor. I come on the stage with a newspaper and . . .

Agent: Yes, yes.

Voice: . . . and I read bits out of the newspaper. The sporting results, for instance. Maybe and editorial or two. Or perhaps the Stock Market reports . . .

Agent: My gosh! Did you ring me at this hour of the morning to tell me this! Get off the line before I . . .

Voice: Pardon me, old boy. I forgot to add—I'm a dog . . .

COMMUNIQUE

The following letter has been received from her sweetheart on the Australian Front by an American girl:

My Dear:

I am one of the fellows who made the world safe for Democracy! A crazy thing that was. I fought and fought but I had to go anyway. I was called in Class A. The next time I want to be in Class B . . . B here when they go and here when they come back! I remember the day I registered. I went to the desk and my milkman was in charge. He said, "What's your name?" and I replied, "August Childs". He said, "You an alien?" I replied, "No, I feel fine." He then said, "How old are you?"—so I told him twenty-three the first of September. He then said, "The first of September you'll be in Australia and that'll be the last of August."

Then I went to the Camp and I guess they didn't think I'd live long. They put me in the "Flying Corps". I went a little further and some guy said, "Look what the wind's blown in." I said, "Wind nothing! The Draft's doing it!" On the second morning they put these clothes on me. What an outfit! They have two sizes—to big and too small! The pants are too tight. I can't sit down. The shoes are so big I can turn around three times and they don't move. And what a raincoat they gave me. It strained the rain . . . I passed an officer all dressed up with a fancy belt and all the stuff. He said, calling after me, "Hey! Didn't you notice what I have on?" I said, "What are you kicking about! Look

what they gave me!"

I landed in Camp with \$75. In ten minutes I was broke. No matter what I did I went broke. Something went wrong even with the cards. One time I got five aces and was afraid to bet. A good thing I didn't because the fellow next to me had six kings. Finally I said, "This is a crooked poker game." They said, "We're playing pontoon." Everything was crazy. I saw a guy with a wooden leg and asked him what he was doing in the Army. He said, "I'm going to mash the potatoes."

A few weeks later we sailed for Australia. Marching down the pier I had some more bad luck. I had a sergeant who stuttered and it took him so long to say, "halt!" that 27 of us marched overboard. They pulled us out. The Captain came along and said, "fall in!" I said, "We've just been in." I was on the boat 12 days . . . seasick all the time. Nothing going down and everything coming up. I leaned over the rail all the time. In the middle of one of my best leans the Captain rushed up and said, "What Company are you in?" I said, "I'm all by myself." He asked if the Brigadier was up yet. I said, "Yes, if I swallowed him." Talk about dumb people, I said to one of the fellows, "I guess we dropped anchor." He said, "I knew they'd lost it—it's been hanging over the side since we left New York.

We had a lifeboat drill and when the boat was being lowered over the side it spilled some men into the water. Only the second Lieutenant and me were left in the boat. The Lieutenant gave orders to pull the men out of the water by the hair of

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MAIL

Lately the delivery of mail from the United Kingdom has been very disappointing why? we ask; perhaps the ships are required in other more important theatres of war—alternately, adverse weather conditions may be holding delivery up.

However, whatever may be the cause it is interesting to note the effect it has on the morale of the troops—nothing is more disappointing than to walk up to the Camp Post Office twice each day to be greeted with the same answer, "No English mail in".

No less an authority than General Wavell believed that morale would suffer if there was a lack of news from home; in a military dispatch he strongly emphasised the tremendous importance of the mails in sustaining the morale of our troops.

In an actual theatre of war the receipt of mail is obviously of paramount importance, and it has been said that the delivery thereof is treated as being equally as important as the dispatch of supplies of food and ammunition. During actual combat it is hard to foresee a service man being unduly worried about the reception of mail because his mind is fully occupied with the thought of attack and self-preservation, and it would only be in those quiet moments of respite when something interesting is required to occupy the mind that it is imagined that he would pray for news from home, and read over and over again dog-eared letters received on previous occasions.

One can imagine the joy that would be expressed by the aircrew and groundstaff (or personnel) of a

squadron on actual overseas service when a fresh batch of mail arrives.

Although their life is in greater danger than ours in this part of the globe, it is more interesting, and the amount of excitement, even in the face of death, makes their days fuller, and drives away the dull monotony which is apt to attack us out here on the prairie.

This statement at first glance appears paradoxical, but curiously enough it is quite true. It can safely be said that where the whole life of a community is in danger there is a much better feeling of 'esprit de corps' towards each other. The bombing raids on the British Isles proves this statement.

Environment is of great importance in maintaining morale, and the dull perspective of flat prairie land may well be contrasted with the Middle East desert, and whereas, under actual fighting conditions monotony is relieved by the excitement of attack, over here during the long cold winter it is found necessary to encourage the troops to make full use of any Station facilities for recreation.

Friends at home are inclined to under-estimate our service in Canada and to regard it as a great cure amidst wonderful scenery and plentiful food. Ignorance is bliss; however, suffice it to say that flying training is an integral part of the R.A.F. and the thought of a flight mechanic working outside with the temperature at well below zero will enable critics to ascertain facts and change their opinions.

To conclude where started, "Roll an the mail, we're browned off waiting for you."

Debating Society

The rankers in our group have more enthusiasm for wordy warfare than their commissioned brethren, I suspect. For, on one occasion during the past month the place of meeting was graced only by members who, although sadly low in numbers nevertheless went ahead and wrangled two solid hours away. Not so our brethren on another evening who gave us barely 15 minutes and then called the whole thing off Now then, Frank . . . you must show more mettle next time the honour of Bournemouth is at stake.

The old, old subject of the relative worth-whileness of machinery was a prominent subject last month and much beating about the bush was indulged in. F/Lt. Hurrell, as usual, painted an awful picture of man's physical and mental degeneration under machinery which quite shocked his hearers. All except Tubby Hesketh! Tubby — whose memory of farming days in the mid-west was a long one . . . In his opinion "farming without machinery was slavery!"

F/Lt. Belcher, one of our camp Medicos, favored the machine. He admitted it has been abused but he believed its benefits far outweighed its abuses. He cited the increase of leisure and physical comfort. Anyway, chers lecteurs, they were flat out for machinery when it came to a show down . . .

Another topic brought up another night was the relative advantages of reading and travel. Bob Oakshott was there that night

and as he has been everywhere what chance had we bookworms against him. F/Sgt. Dunnnett, however, didn't think it was much use travelling if you could not take things in properly and most people, in his opinion, needed an intelligent guide to foreign countries. I guess that's all there is, folks.

IN THE BEGINNING—

When tanks were first being constructed during the first World War the whole affair was naturally shrouded in secrecy. Even the workmen making them didn't know what they were intended for. They were told that they were to be used in Egypt for transporting large containers of water and all records connected with their manufacture carried the heading "water carrier". Finally, the men in the factories started to refer to them as "tanks" for brevity. The original nickname stuck and they are called tanks in all languages today.

WHO SAID RATIONING?—

There was no sugar until the 13th century; no coal until the 14th century; no buttered bread until the 15th century; no potatoes and no tobacco until the 16th century; no tea or coffee until the 17th century; no telephones, no gas and no matches until the 19th century.

ODD SPOT—

It was after my first "do" on the ice, and as I limped off, one of the locals grinned sympathetically at me.

"What you need is a spot of embarkation," he said, "—do you a world of good."

"Don't rub it in!" I murmured.

Digging the Platters !

Owing to the war very few new recordings are being made and in addition a large number of America's ace bandsmen are being drafted. Glenn Miller's band, for instance, is completely broken up and his leading tenor sax., Tex Bencke, has been drafted, however, a few of his last recordings are yet to be released and one of these just out hits the Jack Pot for the month: "Juke Box Saturday Night". It is a sort of novel wedding of popular tunes heard on the juke box and carries an exceptionally fine impersonation of Harry James playing Ciri Biri Bim, indeed, for the few bars that this number is played one would think it was the Maestro himself. Then comes the modernaires taking off the Ink Spots a very good performance.

Cheers for Dinah Shore for a smooth rendering of "Manhattan Serenade" V. 20. 1519.

Hot Jazz Fans:

Man o War! dig "Wingy Manone" that one-armed New Orleans trumpeter, rocking on Bluebird 30.0802 Wingy gives with the solid stuff, backed by Chu Berry, Tenor Sax Virtuoso. Barney Bigards recording of C'Blues is a killer B.11588, Brown Suede is on the other side. Bigard who recently left the "Duke" has his own small comb.

Any of you "cats" that ever read Hughes Pannasies book, "Le Jazz Hot" will be interested to know that he has just written another "The Real Jazz".

Well so-long "cats"—dig me at the next jam session in the Airmen's Lounge, date appears in orders.

Collectors Must—

Bunny Berigan's recording on Victor, "I can't Get Started" and "Prisoner's Song".

NOTE:—The Editors invite comment and suggestions on this column. They should be addressed to Gen No. 1 Hangar and may be posted without a stamp at the Camp Post Office.

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

VOX POP

"He looks like a taster in a Caster Oil factory."

"If I hold you any closer, I'll be behind you."

"This dance may last forever, but I won't."

"She had a mouth big enough to sing a duet."

"I hope my new maid isn't like the last one. She handled china like Japan."

"No use crying over spilt milk. There's enough water in it already."

"We bridge players must learn to take it on the shin."

QUOTATIONS

A blotter is something you look for while the ink dries.

Motto of Tube railway; The public be jammed!

Traffic light: A little green light that changes to red when your car approaches.

He was born stupid and has greatly increased his birthright.

An appendix girl is one who is so expensive to take out.

If all the boarders in all the boarding houses were placed side by side at one table they'd still reach.

She had R.S.V.P. eyes.

This car stops for blondes and brunettes and backs up for redheads.



Congratulations—To F./Sgt. Scott and Young on their respective promotions.

Scandal Column

Cpl. Jock Hilton caught in the act of kissing a wee lassie at the Airmen's Dance. Old Jock resembled the Hunchback of Notre Dame stooping to pick up a fag end.

Which airman, in fear of being torpedoed on the Atlantic, made out a Will and left his "dearly beloved mother-in-law" a pair of his best pants because he knew she had always wanted to wear them.

Who is the mysterious woman called "Maggie" mentioned several times in Strong Silent Man Hamer's inoculation nightmare?

Who is the bright Maintenance individual who, with the excuse that he was on night work, woke up Cpl. "Brummie" Davis (Duty Clerk) at three in the morning for a Transportation Warrant?

Enoch (Janker Wallah) Dunnell, the airman who got dizzy on the top of the Empire State Building, and "finger-out Walker" bought nuts to feed the stuffed monkeys in the New York Natural History Museum.

Joe (Balloon Barrage) Cohen still

queries the 34 cents he's in credit. He's been told what to do with it.

"My Own Darling" Long continues to do four men's work during the absence of "Frosty Lugs" Robinson (Facts of Life).

Cpl. Johnnie Johnson (The Sheikh of the Central Registry) will leave many broken hearts and memories when he returns to the Old Country. The Lucky W.A.A.F's.

Who was the Accounts Cpl. who boobed twice at the Carberry Ice Rink by asking a guy how his mother was and was told "That's my wife" and later remarked to a lady "That officer has no idea of skating" and learned later it was her husband. (Was his face red?)

Receivers of Valentines: Lady Killers Gooderick, Taylor, Stinker Jones, Jive Edwards and King Kong Steed.

Still at Large: Wanted by S.W.O. the person who is so keen on leaving his trade mark in a certain S.H.Q. Building. I wonder which one?

I felt the beating of her heart, so close to mine,

We could not pry ourselves apart,
her presence was like wine,
But still the girl I couldn't win—
so near and yet so far,

For that's the way with strangers
in a Winnipeg street car.



STATION BOWLING

The Station Bowling League has finally completed a lengthy schedule and is now down to playing off the semi-final and finals.

The first section finds three teams tied for top honors and a winner will have to be declared to play off with the winner of the second half. The three teams in question are:

Team 1—Equipment Accounts.

Team 2—Equipment "A"

Team 13—Senior N.C.O.'s

In the second half we find the same thing with 3 teams tied for top honors and they will have to break the tie in order to declare a winner to play the winners of the first section. The three teams are as follows:

Team 19—Service Police

Team 21—Senior N.C.O.'s

Team 27—"A" Squadron

The whole six teams have only lost one match throughout the whole schedule so that some keen bowling should be seen when these teams battle in out in the semi-finals.

Each member of the winning

team will receive a silver cup and the runners-up will receive fifty cigarettes each. In addition to this every member of each team in the league will receive a voucher for 3 free games good only at the Carberry Bowladrome any time they wish to use them.

Entries are now being received in the Y.M.C.A. office for a new bowling league. This league will consist of 24 teams only, and each team will bowl the same night each week, once a week. Before placing your entry please be sure to have each member on your team checked as to whether he will be able to attend regularly so that you will always have a full team on hand when you are scheduled to play. This league will operate 7 weeks only and finals will be played in the 8th week. The limit of players on a team is eight, and each time must choose a team captatin who shall be responsible for his team. Get your entry in now!

BUDGET

You can spend your dough in three ways—on beer, on gals and foolishly.

Sign in an English Underground Station: "Trains, Buses and Gerries Still Running."

UH-HUH!

She was only a pilot's sweetheart but she sure had plenty of control.

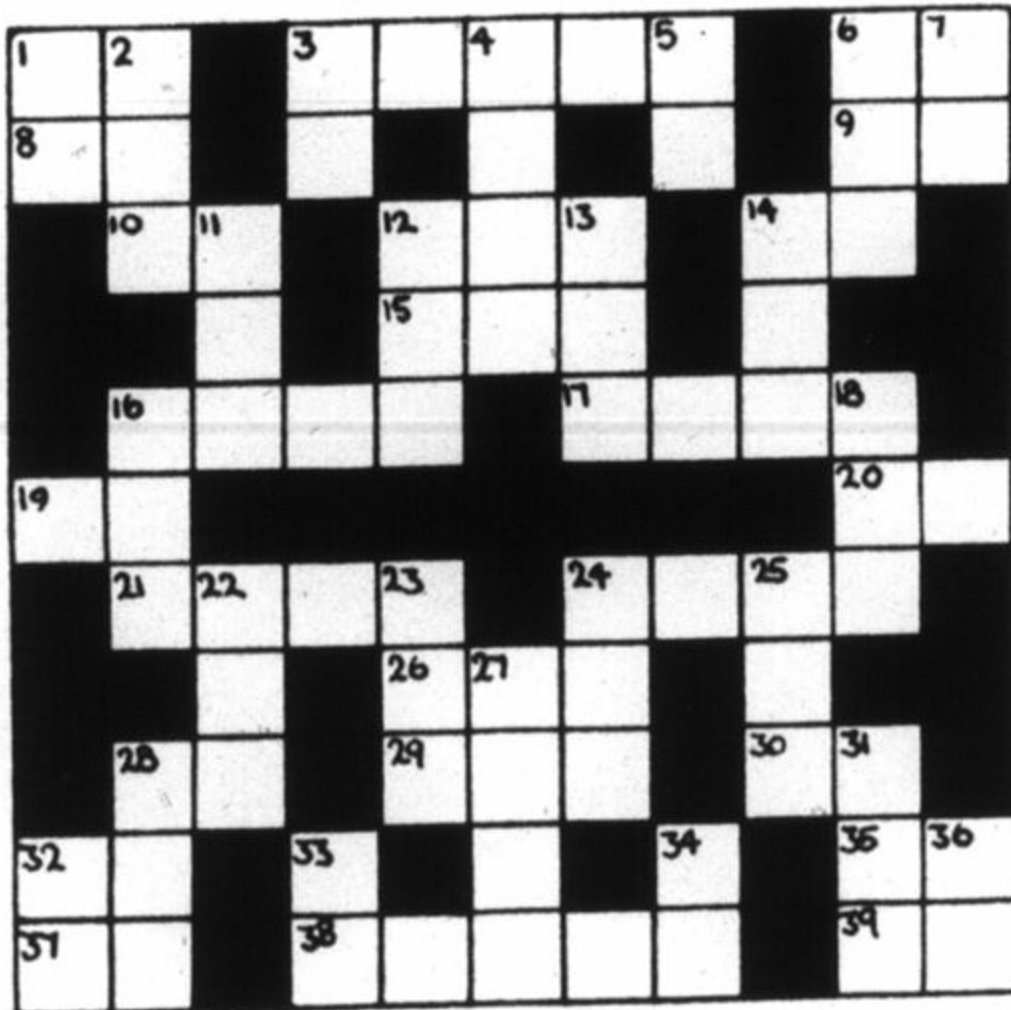
BANG!

Two fellows were driving home one night when they suddenly heard a loud report. "Heck!" said one, "I hope it's a holdup and not what I think."

SALES TALK

Guy: "Are you free this evening?"

Doll: "Not exactly—but I'm very inexpensive."



CROSSWORD—

Here is something for senior wranglers. A numerical crossword (or should it be a crossnumbe) puzzle?

It was originally published in the Listener (to whom we extend credit) last year. Thus we have had to alter two clues to bring it up-to-date, but don't let that worry you. All the numbers have a relationship to an office and its occupants.

The office has a staff of five: the Manager, three clerks and Betty the Stenographer. The room is rectangular and in this remarkable office they send out the same number of letters each day, six days a week. All five of the staff are paid by weekly wages.

This is all the gen you need so go to it and see what you can do.

ACROSS—

- 1. Wages of Betty (shillings).
- 3. Area of ffloor in square inches.

- 6. Sum of ages of Charles and Don.
- 8. Length of office in feet.
- 9. Charles' wages (shillings).
- 10. Sum of ages of Arthur and Betty.
- 12. Length of office in inches.
- 14. Arthur's age last year.
- 15. Arthur's wages in pence.
- 16. No. of words in one day's letters.
- 17. Year of manager's birth
- 19. Age of Don.
- 20. Time Betty would take to type half a day's letters non-stop (minutes.)
- 21. Eleven times 12 across.
- 24. Don's wages in pence.
- 26. Eleven times 5 down.
- 28. Cost of posting a day's letters at 2½d. each (shillings).
- 29. Total wages for week (shillings).
- 30. Number of letters sent daily.
- 32. Betty's age.

(Continued on page 32)

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31)

35. Arthur's age in 1940.
37. One quarter of Betty's shorthand speed in words per minute.
38. Total wage bill for week in farthings.
39. Minutes Betty needs to take down the day's letters in shorthand non-stop.

DOWN

1. Manager's age last year.
2. Area of floor in square feet.
3. Manager's wages for 7 weeks in pounds.
4. Words typed by Betty in the time of 20 across.
5. Don's last "rise" in pence.
6. Number of letters sent in two weeks.
7. Manager's weekly wage (pounds).
11. Width of office in inches.
12. Six times three down.
13. Square of Don's age next year.
14. Three times Manager's age.
16. Square of Don's present age.
18. Don's wage in pence before his last "rise".
22. Four times Betty's shorthand speed in words per minute.
23. Total letters sent in three weeks.
24. Half Manager's wage (shillings).
25. Area of ceiling in square feet.
27. Arthur's year of birth reversed.
28. Average words in each letter.
31. Twice 12 across.
32. Charles' age.
33. Total ages of Arthur, Betty, Charles and Don.
34. 3 down.
36. Betty's typing speed in words per minute.

Answer next Month—

COMMUNIQUE—

(Continued from Page 25)

their heads. I was struggling with the men when one fellow with a bald head yelled, "Pull me out." I said, "Go down and come up the right way."

We landed in Australia and were sent at once to the trenches. After three nights the cannons started to roar and the shells to fall. I sartered to shake with Patriotism. I tried to hide behind a tree but there wasn't enough trees for the officers. The General came along and said, "Five o'clock and we go over the top." I said, "I'd like a furlough." He said, "Haven't you any red blood in you?" I replied, "Yes, but I don't want to see it." Se said, "Where do you want to go?" I said anywhere it's warm. So he told me where to go. Five o'clock and over the top we went. 10,000 Japs came at us. They all looked alike. "Fire at will," came the order. I didn't know their names. I guess the guy in back of me thought I was Will for he fired his gun and shot me in the excitement. On my way to the hospital I asked a guy where they were taking me. He said, "To the morgue." I said, "Look here, there's some mistake. I aint dead." He said, "Shut up! Do you want to make a fool out of the doctor."

Love from August

C'EST LA GUERRE'

Overheard in a London air raid shelter:

He: Somehow your kisses are different tonight, Joa.

She: Perhaps it is because my name is Hilda!