

FD-302

HQ 333PTS/1006X/SHQ. *709*

DEPARTMENT OF NATIONAL DEFENSE

RECREATION - AIRMEN,  
- FOR THE USE OF.

HQ 333PTS/1006X/SHQ

UNIT	DATE	NAME	GRADE	STATUS	REMARKS
3A					
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**JOURNAL**  
*of the*  
**Royal Air Force, Carberry**  
*by kind permission of*  
**Group Captain T. B. Bruce, M.C.**

Offices of Magazine are situated in No. 1 Hangar  
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**Monthly**



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Helping to keep up the morale of half-a-million fighting men is a gigantic task, and that is only the beginning. The Red Cross makes life more bearable for thousands of prisoners of war. Over 2,000,000 parcels were shipped to them last year—more than this number must go in 1943. Our men in British and Canadian hospitals need Red Cross comforts and heartening visits from the staff of Red Cross “visitors”.

## EDITORIAL : -

Perhaps the most interesting topic of discussion this month, or at least the most discussed is the beer and liquor rationing. We at Carberry have been hit very hard by these measures, for an English man (Sorry you Scotsmen, Welsh and Irish) will undergo the greatest discomfort and forego many things as long as he can get his glass of beer. Winston Churchill recognised this fact when he was asked in the House of Commons some time ago if any restrictions would be placed on the sale of beer in Great Britain. His reply was something like this: "While the British public are prepared to pay good money in taxes for the privilege of drinking coloured water it is not the intention of His Majesty's Government to deprive them of that privilege." At the time of going to press we do however believe that some relief is on its way and soon the old faithfuls will be able to prop the bar up and drink at their leisure. We make no promises but that is how it seems at the moment.

March was an eventful month in many ways; the weather lived up to its tradition of coming in like a lion, the Rip Chords sold out for their performances in Winnipeg in two days, a feat unheard of before in that city, so we are told. The Deputy Inspector General visited the Unit and we believe he expressed himself satisfied; S. Ldr. Oxley Sidey, accountant and co-editor, was posted east, the usual rumours about boats proved to be false, as usual. The interior of the Commanding Officers house was burnt out, on behalf of all personnel we offer our sympathy to Group Captain and Mrs. Bruce for the loss of many personal belongings.

On the subject of fires, increased safety measures made it necessary to forbid smoking in the Recreation Hall, for a long time this had been the only unit in the command allowed that privilege.

With spring just around the corner we all hope to see the development of the second-front for which we have waited so long, when that day arrives, we may think with some pride that all these long months spent on the prairie have not been in vain and that each and every man on this unit has through doing his job efficiently helped make that second front possible. Let us then redouble our efforts this spring and summer so that the victory and peace for which we all yearn may be brought closer.

## Airmens' Mess Ritz-Carlton?

The introduction of a receptionist at the inside door of the Airmen's Mess has lead to much speculation around the camp. It is thought that this is the beginning of a new era in super service for the airmen. This rumour was enhanced when the new dining hall was opened by a distinguished visitor on March 11th. It is known that prior to this opening the staff worked night and day and Chiefy Burroughs with "Bengasi" Heaven were observed working during the dark watches of the night. The sheen on the floor of the mess was only equalled by the spotless whites of the cooks when, at approximately noon, the doors were officially opened and the first eager flood of customers entered.

The receptionist was completely

overcome but he came up smiling (?) the next day. It would seem however that most of the receptionists, for they work in shifts, were once barbers or tailors.

Unfortunately they are unable to forget their earlier vocation and many of the customers are greeted with the words, "You want a hair cut" or "Do that button up". Their boss when questioned said that unfortunately there had been little time to train his staff but he hoped that with practice they would improve, but at present the majority were unwilling workers as many felt that in times like these receptionists were a luxury. We understand there is no truth in the rumour that Emily Post is to give lectures or demonstrations in the Dining Hall.



"I'VE NO COMPLAINTS SIR! ON THE CONTRARY, I WELCOME THIS OPPORTUNITY TO EXPRESS MY APPRECIATION OF THE WONDERFUL SENSE OF BALANCE AND VITAMIN CONTENT INCORPORATED IN THESE MEALS."

# MEN

*By a Woman*

Men are what women marry. They have two feet, two hands and sometimes two wives but never more than one collar or one idea at a time . . .

Like Turkish cigarettes, men are made of the same material—the only difference being that some are better disguised than others. Generally speaking, men may be divided into three classes: husbands, bachelors and widowers. Husbands are of three varieties: prizes, surprises and consolation prizes. An eligible bachelor is a mass of obstinacy entirely surrounded by suspicion. Widowers are remnants with possibilities.

Making a husband out of a man is one of the highest arts known to civilization. It requires science, sculpture, common-sense, faith, hope and charity—especially charity. Isn't it a psychological marvel that such a soft fluffy, violet scented thing like a woman should enjoy kissing such a big, awkward, stubble-chinned, tobacco-smelling thing like a man. If you flatter a man it bores him to death. If you don't flatter him you still bore him. If you permit him to make love to you in the beginning he gets tired of you in the end, and if you don't he gets tired of you in the beginning. If you believe him in everything he thinks you are a fool, and if you don't he thinks you are a cynic.

If you wear gay colors, rouge and a startling hat, he hesitates to take you out. But if you wear a little brown toque and a tailor-made, he takes you out—and stares all evening at a woman in gay colours, rouge and a startling hat. If you join him in his gaieties and approve of them he swears you are leading him to the devil—whereas if you don't approve and urge him to give up his oats-sowing he vows you are driving him to the devil!

If you are the "clinging vine" type, he doubts whether you have a brain and if you are a modern, advanced and independent woman, he doubts whether you have a heart. If you are silly he longs for a bright mate; and if you are brilliant and intellectual he longs for a playmate. If you are popular with other men he is jealous and if you are not—he hesitates to marry a wallflower!

Damn men!

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**SO I DROPPED DOWN TO 4,000 FEET AND STOOGED AROUND  
UNTIL THE FLAK STARTED . . .**

## WILL IT COME TO THIS ?

A beautiful wedding was solemnized at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jones of Pleasantville when their youngest son, John, became the bridegroom of Elizabeth Smith at high noon today. The ceremony took place under a bower of roses. Mr. Jones was attended by Mr. Brown as groomsman.

As the groom approached the altar he was the cynosure of all eyes, blushing prettily as he replied to the questions of the clergyman in low but firm tones. He was charmingly clad in a dainty three-piece—consisting of coat, vest and trousers. The coat of black material was draped about his shoulders and tastefully gathered under the arms. A romantic story was current among the guests that it was the same coat hat his father and grandfather had worn on their wedding days. Mr. Jones doesn't deny the truth of this sentimental touch.

The vest was sleeveless and met with buttons in the front. It was gracefully fashioned with pockets and the back was caught in with a strap and buckle. Conspicuous on the lapel of the coat was the groom's favourite piece of jewellery—his fraternity pin; and from the upper left hand pocket dangled a large Ingersoll watch—the bride's gift to the groom.

The groom's trousers were of a beautiful dark worsted cloth, suspended from the waist and falling in a straight line almost to the floor. The severe simplicity of the garment was relieved by the right pantelette being caught up about 4 inches by a Boston garter, worn underneath revealing just an artistic glimpse of brown "hole-proof" socks.

Beneath the vest the groom wore blue braces, attached to the trousers and crossing in a neat curve on each shoulder.

When the groomsman passed the ring to the groom, the circlet slipped to the floor and as he stooped to recover it the blue of his braces was prettily revealed. His neck was encircled by a collar, characterised by a delicate pearl tint of old-fashioned celluloid. Around the collar the cravat was loosely knotted exposing a collar-button of bright metal. The cravat extended up and under the left ear with that studied carelessness which marks extreme artistry in dress.

Mr. Brown's costume was essentially like that of the groom and as the two stood at the altar a hush of admiration enveloped the audience at the complete and wonderful harmony of the raiment. Actually you could not have told the one from the other, had it not been for the piece of court-plaster worn on the cheek of the groom over a pretty nick made by a safety razor. Neither Mr. Jones nor Mr. Brown wore a hat at the ceremony.

As Mrs. Jones led the groom away from the nuptials it was noted that she wore the conventional veil and orange blossoms.



SHOOTING A LINE

J.B.

TICKLERS . . . . . By Hayes



"Yep—we call Chiggerville the bastion of Sycamore county."

# AUNT FLOSSIE'S PAGE.



Bon Mois, mes chickadees, as the French might say—if they spoke my kind of French. Hasn't it been a frightful month from the climatic angle! Bags of cold and all that. I had to wear three pairs of drawers most of the time not to mention two girdles and numerous other unmentionables. However, space is going. So, let's to the giddy old sensible talk:

**FAUX PAS (Repair Sqdn.):** Yes, dear, it is rather difficult to laugh off a belch at a tea party. People do take a poor view of it. But why not arrange a diversion when you feel it coming? You could cough loudly to smother it. Or drop your cup and saucer on the floor. Or laugh more boisterously than usual at someone else's attempt at wit. Let me know results.

**THIRSTY (Work Shops):** The current liquor restrictions are undoubtedly inconvenient. But—why not brew your own? An excellent drink can be made out of old potato skins. Not to mention refusé turnips, car-

rots and celery. Contact F/Sgt. Burroughs and arrange to collect same daily after meals.

**REBUFFED (Sick Qtrs.):** So she cut you dead in Portage! And looked through you when you spoke to her at the Cave! And has not answered your last 6 letters! My dear, it sure looks like she's trying to give you the brush-off!

**POSTED (S.H.Q.):** You lucky dog! What if it is Swift Current! Or even Greenwood! If you're one of the early settlers, anywhere in Canada but C--- is ideal! Fix me an exchange will you, and I'll be your friend for life!

**UGLY (Stores):** So the girls all call you the Man with the Dead Loss Dial! Never mind, honey. There's still hope for you if you try my kill-or-cure beauty treatment. One application will either scar you for life or turn you into a second Valentino. Game to risk it?

Cheerio, cads. More bull next month.

As ever,

AUNT FLOSSIE

# OUR KRAZY QUIZ

Why the hell waste your time looking for the answers in the July, 1930 issue of Gen? No comments are being passed on the stupid Sergeant who said he'd got all the answers correct of last month's quiz; we know he cribbed them out of our Dec., 1890 issue.

1. Which blond Carberry storebasher made the following profound statements:
  - (1) Solomon had three hundred porcupines.
  - (2) A man and his wife have martial relations.
  - (3) The Germans have mined the Elegant Blight.
2. What is, a Lucky Strike?
  - (1) A cigarette.
  - (2) A wealthy young widow.
  - (3) A hit at Carberry Bowldrome.
3. Who wrote "The Return of the Swallow"?
  - (1) Nobby Lewis.
  - (2) Belch.
  - (3) Tubby Webber.
4. What is "The Beveridge Plan"?
  - (1) Free beer for the airmen.
  - (2) More beer for the officers.
  - (3) No beer for old Webber—the Muffin Man.
5. The most widely book in the world is?
  - (1) King's Regulations, by Joe Soap.
  - (2) The Well of Loneliness.
  - (3) No Orchids for Miss Blandish, by J. H. Chase.
6. The girls in Carberry are:
  - (1) Niece.
  - (2) Canadian.
  - (3) Same as anywhere else.
7. Who said the following?
 

"You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch; therefore bear you the lantern".

  - (1) Recruiting Officer to an S.P.
  - (2) Shakespeare "Much Ado About Nothing."
  - (3) Police Constable "Duff" Nunn.
8. And the undermentioned:
 

"Blessed is he that considereth the poor: He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord".

  - (1) Officer to the Accountant Officer.
  - (2) Irk to the Accountant Officer.
  - (3) Joe.
9. If someone said you were bellicose, which of these replies might you give:
  - (1) Well, perhaps I should watch my corporation.
  - (2) They've been in my legs for a 'ell of a time now.
  - (3) Get stuffed, young man, get stuffed.
10. The "Refrain from Spitting" was written by:
  - (1) Dr. Aichen Guts.
  - (2) Gerry Death.
12. In the last war Hitler was:
  - (1) ACH/GD.
  - (2) NCO i/c Sanitary Squad.
  - (3) Conscientious Objector.

## WE OLD TIMERS

Report of a conversation between an airman who has spent a year in Canada and a new arrival, another JOE.

### After one week in Carberry.

Old Timer: Well, how do you like this country?

Joe: Not too bad. Bit cold.

O.T.: It's been 70° below: wait till the blizzard starts—lasts about a fortnight—no 48's or late passes—hundreds of people were suffocated in Manitoba last year but nine.

### In April.

Joe: What about the cold weather, 'Erbert?

Old Timer: Mildest winter ever—wait until hot weather comes—whoooo!!!! 130° in the shade for weeks on end, and dust storms every few days.

### Comes September.

Joe: 'Ow about them dust storms,

'Erbert, and tales of 130° in the shade?

Old Timer: First time in the history of the Dominion it hasn't reach even 110° in August—still, there's bags of time yet for dust storms. You've got the winter to face yet. 70° below for months on end.

### Round to January.

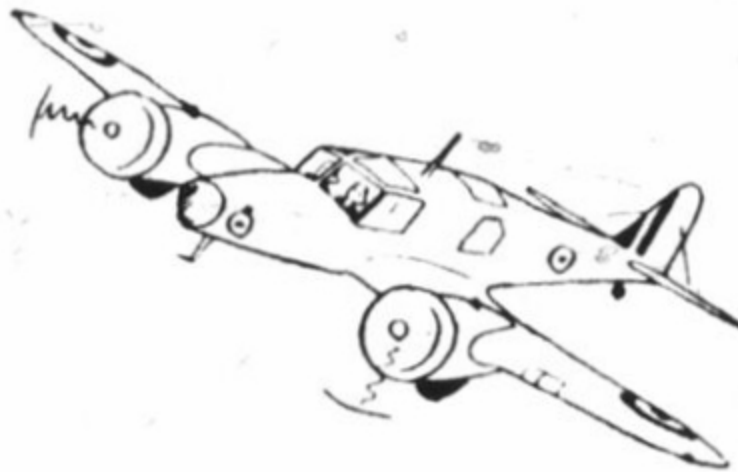
Joe now speaks to new arrival from Blighty.

Joe: Been 'ere long, cock?

New Arrival: About a fortnight.

Joe: Blimey . . . You've got something to face, cock, . . . 70° below for months on end . . . blizzards . . . dust storms . . . and 130° above nearly all summer.

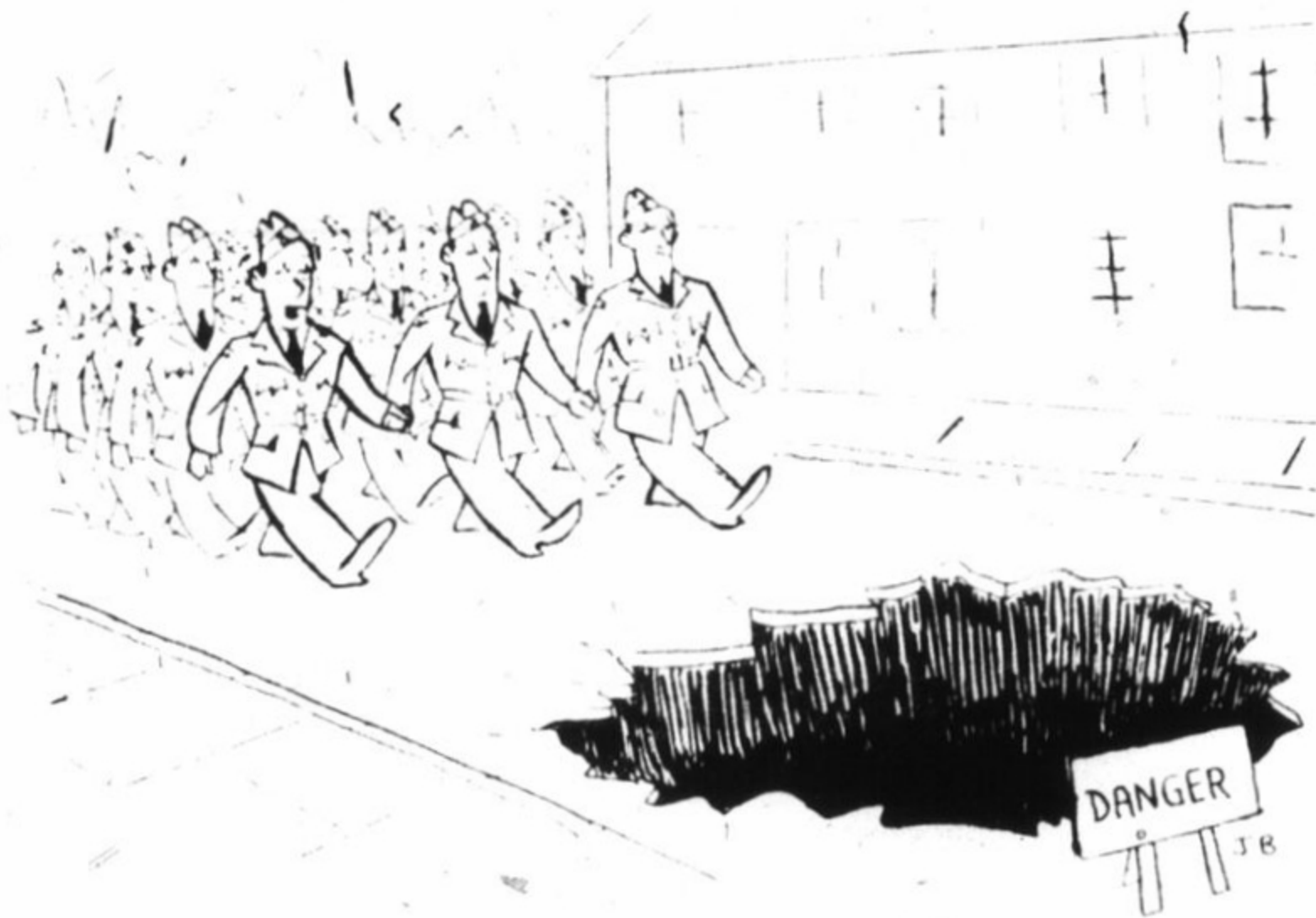
New Arrival: My name isn't JOE . . . Belt . . . my old woman was Klondyke Kate . . . get some "Brass Monkey" service in, Joe.



AND THIS IS OUR LOW FLYING AREA



WHERE MANY HAPPY EVENINGS HAVE BEEN SPENT



'SOMEONE SAY HALT OR SOMETHING

### ETTIQUETTE - or—

("It takes two to make up a conversation, so if the youth to whom you are talking answers in monosyllables and contributes nothing to the conversation—you are justified in lapsing into silence or seeking someone more talkative."—From "The Correct Thing" by Elinor Ames in the New York Sunday News.)

SCENE: Settee in comfortable drawing room.

Dramatic personae: Boy and girl.

Girl: "Jolly fine weather we're having!"

Boy: "Quite."

Girl: "Gives you the old out-of-doors urge."

Boy: "Yes."

Girl: "Sport and all that crush, what!"

Boy: "Quite."

Girl: "You play games?"

Boy: "Well -"

Girl: "An indoor type, eh?"

Boy: "Er -"

Girl: "You need to snap out of it, y'know."

Boy: "But -"

Girl: "Turn over a new leaf."

Boy: "Look -"

Girl: "Oh don't make excuses. I understand!"

Boy: "But -"

Girl: "Cant you say anything but 'Well or 'quite' or 'er?'"

Boy: "I -"

Girl: "Okay, okay. I get it. Pardon my lapsing into silence—I am about to seek someone more talkative."

(EXIT GIRL).

## Fairy Story

Once upon a time, there were three old maids who lived in a cottage in the midst of a wood. Now these three old maids were very fond of hot soup, so one cold winter's day when they were going to the village to do some shopping, they put three bowls of soup on the fire so it would be nice and hot to drink when they returned.

They eventually set off, but while they were away, a great big dirty tramp came along and saw the cottage and climbed in through the window. He looked all around for some food and soon saw the three bowls of soup. He tried the first one, but that was not hot enough, so he tried the second one but that was not hot enough, but when he tried the third one, he found it was lovely and hot so he drank it all up.

This made him feel very sleepy so he went into the bedroom and saw three nice clean white beds. He tried the first one and that was too hard, then he tried the second one and that was too hard, but when he tried the third one, it was lovely and soft so he climbed in and went straight to sleep.

While he was still asleep, the three old maids returned from the village. The first one went to her bowl of soup, looked at it and said, "Somebody's been tasting my soup". The second one went to her bowl and said, "Somebody's been tasting my soup." The third one went to her bowl, looked at it and said, "Somebody's been to my bowl and drunk all my lovely soup."

Very disappointed, they went into

looked at her bed and said, "Somebody's been trying my bed." The second old maid went to her bed and said, "Somebody's been trying my bed." The third one went to her bed, looked at it and said, "I don't know what the hell you girls are binding about, I'm going to bed, good night."

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## Instrument Section

The department of hearts and diamonds blossomed forth once more—this time with an announcement of the engagement between Cpl. Ralph Wild and Miss Myrla Ruth Easton, of Winnipeg. Our few remaining bachelors regard with alarm the spectacle of yet another of their numbers going down for the count.

*Cherchez la femme, cherchez la femme?*

Membership of the Pi-High Club zithered to a new low this month when its president returned pie-less from yet another week-end. Said one disgruntled member: "How can we be expected to endorse a delicacy we have never even seen?"

However, we suspect that Flt. Sgt. Burroughs, maitre d'hotel, is not altogether interested. Cpl. Sid Chapman, a representative of his establishment, was seen at Mrs. Blake's city residence, disguised as an airman on week-end. Moreover, he was seen actually tasting the pie!

Question: did Sid achieve his objective? Is this amazing recipe now in the hands of the camp chef?

# Laugh and the World . . .

Flt. Sgt. Clerk (to A.C. Clerk): "The Adjutant tells me that every time he comes into the office these days he finds you sitting there idle. He says he thinks your faculties must be weakening."

A.C. Clerk: "Not my faculties—my hearing. I no longer hear him coming."

\* \* \*

## Etiquette

An ash tray is something to put cigarette ashes in if the room hasn't got a floor.

## This Day and Age

Smartalec: "Walking to reduce, sister?"

Gal: "No, reduced to walking!"

\* \* \*

## OOOOOOOER!

The mountain inn looked lonely and menacing and the weary traveller was not over-keen to spend the night there. However, he had no option as it was the only one for miles so he asked to be shown to his room. A Boris Karloff-looking individual took him upstairs. As the latter was leaving the traveller turned to him and said: "By the way, nothing strange ever happens here, does it?"

"Not in fifty years," replied the sinister-looking fellow.

"Good," said the traveller, "what happened then?"

"Oh," said the other, "a gentleman who spent the night here appeared for breakfast the next morning."

\* \* \*

Lady (to chauffeur): "Geoffrey."

Chauffeur: "Yes, ma'am."

Lady: "I am not in the habit of calling my chauffeurs by their first names, Geoffrey. What is your surname?"

Chauffeur: "Darling, ma'am."

Lady: "Drive on, Geoffrey."

\* \* \*

## Tempus Fugit OR Advice to the Young and Foolish

Gather your kisses while you may,  
For time brings only sorrow:  
The girls who are so free today  
Are chaperones tomorrow.

\* \* \*

## Off the Record

A shapely Miss went up to the floorwalker on one of the Bay floors and said, "Do you have notions on this floor?"

The fellow glanced at her approvingly and then replied:

"Yes, Miss, but we generally suppress them during working hours."

\* \* \*

## Yes, Yes . . .

Friend: "I just saw a young man trying to kiss your daughter."

Modern Ma: "Did he succeed?"

Friend: "No."

Modern Ma: "Then it couldn't have been my daughter."

\* \* \*

## Legal Lark

Judge: "Do you challenge any of the jury?"

Criminal in dock: "Well, I think I could lick that little squirt at the end any day."

# Unforgettable Character

## A True Story : Complete in This Issue

This story is quite authentic as also is the name of our victim, namely, one Thomas Elfrin Jones.

Now, Tom Jones hails from the South of Wales, and by profession is a newspaper reporter—the first meeting I had with Tom was at Cardington where a new squadron was being formed. The Orderly Room Sergeant was no other than Flight Sergeant Gooderick now i/c the Orderly Room of this Unit.

Flight Sergeant Gooderick is always on the prowl for new talent, and having surveyed the documents of AC2 Jones, T. E., ACH/ GD he discovered that our Tom was described as a "Journalist" and also a University student. Such talent was being wasted making tea for the Squadron Officer, so promptly "the King of the Castle" had friend Jones up for an interview.

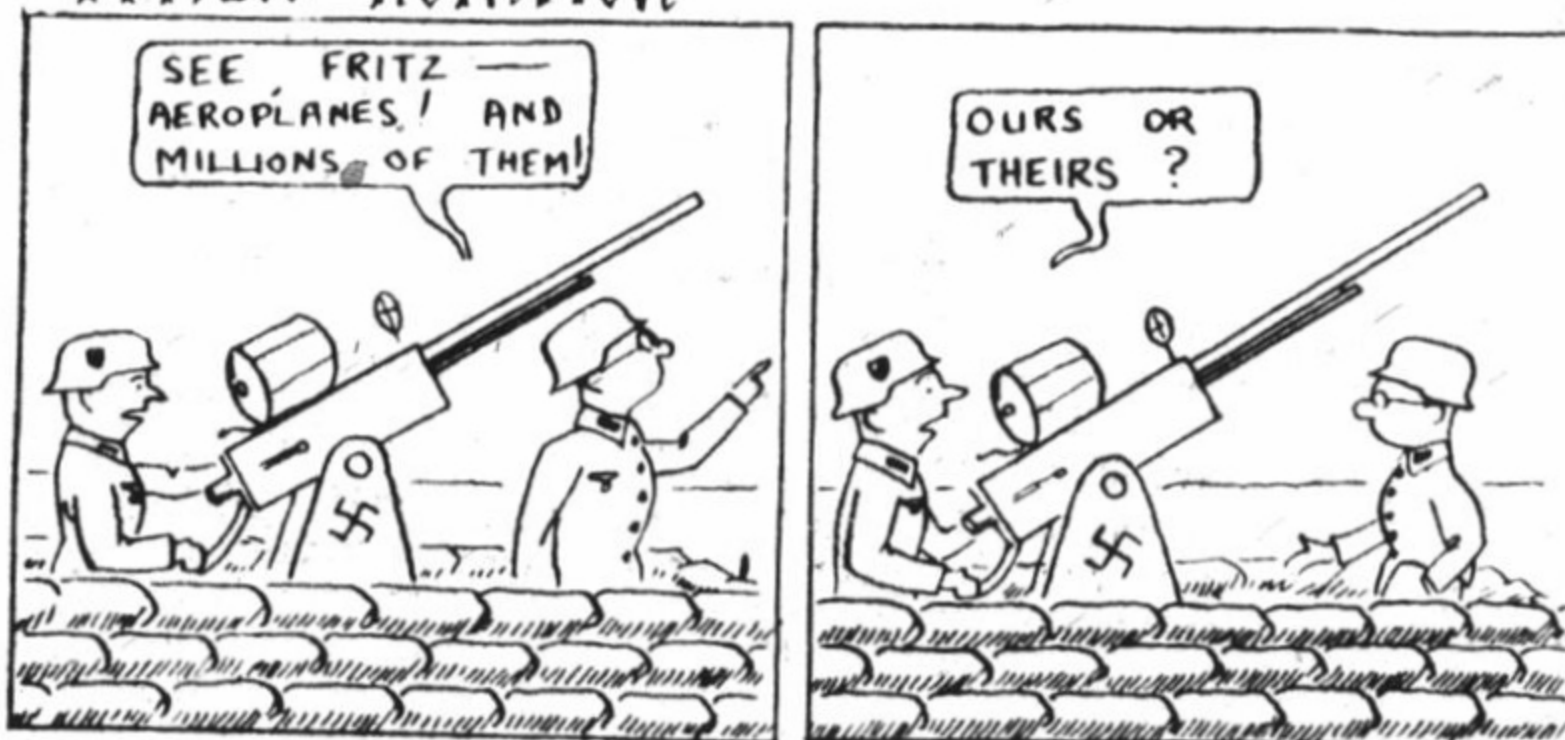
Sure he could type, had a good

command of the English language and also was acquainted with shorthand. I said acquainted, because future events somewhat queried these accomplishments. AC2 Jones also had a good command of the Welsh language especially when annoyed and full of Bedford beer.

However, Tom became a mixture between an Orderly Room runner and clerk, and was beginning to like the taste of the Bedford beer. His direst enemy chanced to be the Accounts Corporal, a man with a load of trouble on his shoulders, a back shaped like the "Hunchback of Notre Dame", and a load of debts to other members of the Squadron. Such a man of trust was the Accounts Corporal that the Accounts Officer objected to his even as much as looking at the money on pay-day.

The S.P's at Cardington will no  
(Continued on Page 17)

### Private Heinrich



## UNFORGETTABLE CHARACTER — Continued from Page 16

doubt remember the little Welshman who was either carried in every night or else crawled in on all fours, and whose usual famous expressions to any rank were, "Belt up; belt up" — "Get stuffed; get stuffed".

However, we moved to Bristol, and as there were several hundred WAAF's on the Station old Tom was very pleased; to add to his enjoyment they didn't appear to object to drinking a "crafty pint or two" at the three locals, namely, the Star and Fleur de Lis at Pucklechurch and the Crown at Mangotsfield.

It was about this time that Tom began to have trouble with his nose — whether it was the ten pints of George's Bristol Ales or not that he drank every evening, or the fact that he persisted in wearing a cheese-cutter hat was a matter for the M.O. to decide. However, his nose persisted in sprouting boils every few days and the colour was something of a bright crimson, together with rather thick glasses and hair that was receding

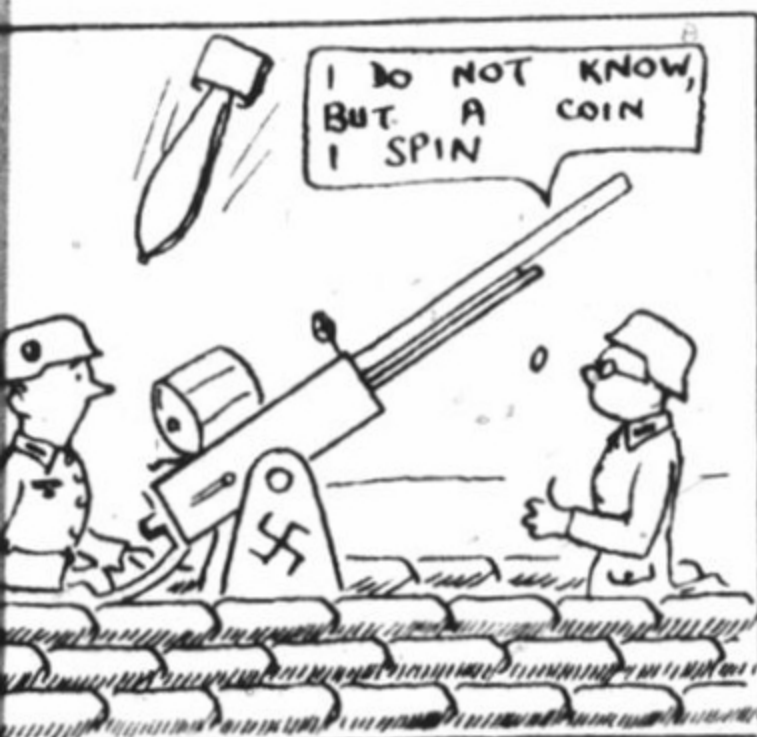
from his forehead he resembled a parson to such a remarkable degree that he was known far and wide in all the pubs as "Rector Jones".

As soon as he'd had his tenth pint we knew that he would sing; his two favourites were, "My Brother Sylveste" and "Land of my Fathers" (sung in Welsh, he being an ardent Welsh Nationalist).

One evening at the Fair at Mangotsfield, a certain LAC Chamberlain was somewhat under the weather and threw a sod at an Officer's car—he also wore a cheese-cutter, and accordingly on reaching camp reported the matter to the S.P.'s who were instructed to arrest an airman wearing a "dress hat". At exactly 22.45 hours in rolled AC1 Jones, full of beer and "get stuffed; get stuffed;," and was placed under close arrest.

Morning came and he was wheeled in before the Station Adjutant on a charge of conducting himself in a disorderly manner to the prejudice of the RAF in that he aimed a sod

(Continued on page 18)



## UNFORGETTABLE CHARACTER — Continued from Page 17

The conversation went something like this:

Adjutant: "Where were you last night?"

AC1 Jones: "In the Fleur de Lis, Sir."

A.: "What time did you go to the Fleur de Lis?"

J.: "Six o'clock—opening time, Sir."

A.: "What time did you leave the Fleur de Lis?"

J.: "Ten-thirty—closing time, Sir."

A.: "Did you at any time leave the precincts of the Fleur de Lis?"

J.: "Only to pay a call, Sir."

A.: "Huh . . . quite . . . no doubt—the length of time you were there—by the way Jones, how much ale did you consume last night?"

J.: "Not much, Sir, about eleven or twelve pints."

A.: "Are you the only airman on the camp who wears a dress hat?"

J.: "No, Sir, there are others, also."

A.: "Case dismissed—wrong identity—someone else must have thrown the sod."

His eyesight was rather poor and the S.W.O. was undecided whether to take Jones to the range or not; however he decided he must fire the customary twenty-five rounds of ammunition. The range was along the Bristol Channel, and one had to fire accurately because a high aim would sail right over and endanger shipping in the Channel.

Came, now, LAC Jones turn, and after firing at three ships in the Channel, hitting several cows and almost killing the S.W.O. he was called to a halt. Accordingly, he was

excused from all guard duties and any duties which entailed the use of a rifle by the W.O. at that time, W.O. Armstrong, who described him as "A danger to humanity".

On the move again he went across the Bristol Channel to a place situated between Locking Airport and the Cheddar Gorge, that is about seven miles south of the popular seaside resort of Weston-super-Mare.

LAC Jones was one of the advance party, so by the time we arrived he had got firmly established in all the local pubs and his capacity for such a diminutive man had spread far and wide.

Through his own endeavours and diligence he was now ready to muster Clerk—G.D. and awaited the arrival of a trade test. Our headquarters were in a Castle, and all castles have too many windows to black out, so also had this one. Part of the Duty Clerk's job was to put up these blackouts—needless to say they were made with a composition of cardboard and cement, cost a fabulous price and were exceedingly heavy: whether LAC Jones can be blamed or not for falling with one through one of the C.O.'s stained glass windows is a debateable question. Those blackouts certainly were called some pretty names. Then there was also the night when LAC Jones was discovered in the early hours of the morning at the bottom of the Castle steps—apparently he was too full to climb upstairs and had decided to spend the night where he'd fallen.

Then came one of the periodical visits by Air Marshall Gossage; he saw Jones in the Orderly Room.

(Continued on Page 19)

**UNFORGETTABLE CHARACTER — Continued from Page 18**

"What is your name my man?" and "What are your duties?" inquired the A.M.

"I'm the REGISTRAR, Sir," he replied,

"And what duties does that entail?"

"The mail, Sir; I register it in and I register it out," replied Tom.

Then again, the writer was acquainted with the wife of a RAF Wing Commander on Intelligence Work in the Middle East. She was a very charming lady of excellent breeding and amongst her friends were several officers of a rather high rank. She herself was a musician of some renown having played the violin with the B.B.C.

However, a letter was received asking the writer if he could possibly get a "nice" party together to attend a dinner and dance she was holding at Wells Town Hall in aid of the Red Cross Fund. A reply having been sent off in the affirmative a "nice" party was arranged, one member thereof being the inevitable Tom Jones.

The arrangements were that we would get the 6.15 bus to Wells, have just one or two drinks only, and then present ourselves at the dance, which we knew would be somewhat formal.

At 6.15 seven members clambered on to the bus, and it was then discovered with some consternation that LAC Jones was missing. "Gone on ahead—got a lift all the way in a lorry" said someone "he'll meet you in the Boar's Head at Wells."

Reaching the Town Hall we checked in our greatcoats, and ambled along attempting to look as genteel as RAF uniforms allow into the ballroom. Inside I was quick to observe that it was as I fully expected—that

is—a fair sprinkling of everybody with high Naval Officers, RAF Officers and Army Officers. There was one Group Captain there who I had seen at Locking Airport several times.

To my dismay in one sense only—and this was for Master Jones—it was seen that there was a bar in the lounge, and LAC Jones soon made himself at home.

The dance having commenced, and our hostess having crossed over and introduced us to some of her younger friends we proceeded to "trip the light fantastic" and leave old Tom to enjoy his beer.

However, he was observed to be hobbling around with a rather buxom wench and shortly afterwards to be sitting in the middle of the floor with the lady lying flat over him. She left him sitting there, but Tom was a willing lad and didn't hesitate to approach some other dame.

Came the interval and the crisis as far as "the Rector Jones" was concerned. It was announced by a Master of Ceremonies resplendently dressed in red livery that a Miss . . . had kindly come along to charm the audience with a song.

The music struck up, and the charming lady proceeded to warble forth "Oh, for the Wings of a Dove". An appreciative audience stood silent and reverent as she rendered her song. Jones was immediately in front of the writer, and amidst all the silence he broke forth "BELT-UP: BELT-UP — GET STUFFED: GET STUFFED" and commenced a hearty handclap. Down came the curtains for "the nice boys"—all eyes surveyed our party as we carried the "Rector" downstairs, and whether the lady finished her song or not I am not sure to this very day.

# DIG PLATTERS HEP-CATS

Well cats, the records we are going to dig this month are not necessarily new releases, but are for the best part all in the "A" class, and have something to them that the ordinary swing record has not. Benny Goodman and his sextet "On the Sunnyside of the Street" Col C. 665. A lot of Benny's clarinet is heard on this record, playing better than ever. The vocal is sung in a lilting dreamy style by Peggy Lee. "All I need is you" is on the other side, but it's not quite so good.

"Junkin" by Woody Herman, Decca 3864. a hot and fast number, supposed to be featuring Franky Carlson at the drums but seems to feature everyone else in the band as well. "Harlem Congo" on the other side by "Chick Webb" the late jazz drummer has some exciting Trumpet and hot trombone.

Lionel Hampton gives out on Decca 18285 with "Southern Echoes" but is not up to the usual standard, 'Nola' on the reverse an instrumental of the oldie Jump Tempo, good vibro by Hampton.

Decca 25666, Hamp again and this is more like it, "Piano Stomp" and "I surrender dear". "Stomp"—man! This Leo playing at a terrific pace, the old moth box fairly takes off, ending in a mad free for all by the ensemble. "Surrender Dear" Viber and low trumpet intro followed by a "clary" ride with Hampton accompanying, not bad "Stomp" takes the cake though.

Teddy Powell's 'Ode to Spring' (B 11152) is not what the name implies, is very fast, solid sax, growl trumpet

and some marvellous bass, make it a jitterbug number and how!

## Collectors' Must

Chicago Jazz Album Decca

Also look over and hear

Tommy Dorsey "Well git it" Victor

"Johns Idea" Count Basie, Decca

"Sleepy Town Train" by Erskine Butterfield Decca





## EXCHANGE & MART

This is a new GEN service—If you have anything you wish to sell or exchange, let us know and we will put an adv. in GEN for you.

**FOR SALE**—Practically new pair of ice skates, size 6. Original price \$6. Will sell for 03.50. Apply Sgt. Finnamore, Maintenance Wing Orderly Room, No. 7, Hangar.

**FOR SALE**—Small black attache case in good condition. Handy for 48-hour passes. Price \$1. Apply Sgt. Finnamore, Maintenance Wing Orderly Room, No. 7 Hangar.

- F/Sgt. Leins wishes to purchase a camera, any kind. Box 1.
- L.A.C. Hansen, Hut 9a, Course 72, wishes to sell a pair of skates, size 10. \$5.00 or offer. Box 2.
- Cpl. Rippon wishes to purchase a camera. Box 3.
- P/O. McCormick wishes to purchase a .22 Rifle. Box 4.

Offers or applications for any of the above should be made to the P.S.I. Store, No. 1 Hangar, in person or in writing, box number should be quoted.

### BASKET-BALL LEAGUE

The Basket-Ball League is gradually drawing to a close, and we offer congratulations to F/Sgt. Burroughs and his team for coming out right on top. Their excellent play and keenness throughout, make them worthy winners of the league, and consequently the Basket-Ball Trophy and individual awards.

The Pupils and 31B have also done very well, and at the moment tie for second place. The league championship will be fought between these three top teams,

Despite our newness to the game, this season's league has stimulated much interest. It's no 'crazy' game—especially as we play it, (apologies officers' mess) and when we do leave Carberry and Canada for the Promised Land—we'll take home many happy memories of the 'ball game', and what's more I know we'll also take the game.

\* \* \*

Rugger, Athletics, Cross Country, Tennis Golf, Soccer, Softball. This season's activities all depend on your support—Men don't crowd out the Rec. Hall — just come in quietly and let me know what you want and what you can do.

### FLASH

We learn today that our star cartoonist, Johnny Bulling, is shortly to marry Miss Jean Nelson of the Blue Grass State, to be precise Millersburg in Kentucky. The wedding to take place on April 14 in Millersburg. We asked Johnny to do a cartoon of his own wedding but he indignantly refused. He did however volunteer the information that he had met Miss Miller.

## Charm by Aunt Katie

Good manners are the inevitable result of good manner—the person of good manner will have it though the Equipment Station allow him to go about in rags, and the Pay Section twist him out of odds and ends which go to the Accounts' Wallahs Leave Fund.

**Look at Your Manners**—When in the Cookhouse (or particularly in the Officers' Mess) do you do the following?

Wipe your knife and fork on the next man's jacket.

Pile food on the blade of your knife and almost do the sword swallower's trick.

Gargle with your soup and use it as a mouth wash.

Blow your nose on the napkin and open it more than half way.

Have a manicure with your fork.

Run your tongue over your teeth during courses, or having false teeth, do you suck your gums and try to make your nose touch your chin.

Shovel peas on your fork and almost stab yourself in an attempt to swallow them without spilling any.

Make rude noises and blame your next door neighbour by making gestures of disgust.

Sharpen your knife on the sole of your boots and wipe it on your bread.

Talk with your mouth full and splatter your opposite with particles of half masticated food.

Wave your knife and fork about as a means of expression and almost scalp your next door neighbour.

Lick your plate to save the ACH's the trouble of cleaning them.

Rise hastily from the table and drop your leavings down someones neck.

Pile your plates like playing with a mechano set.

Tip the cooks and ACH's as you leave the dining room.

Or state what a ruddy awful dinner it was and chuck your plates at the nearest cook.

Or thank the Cookhouse Staff in a courteous manner for the charming way in which they attempt to make you feel at home.





BLIZZARD 1942:—NOT SO BAD THIS YEAR . . . .



#### OPERATIONAL NOTE

Corporal Henry Large baled out of bed one night. His parachute, however, failed to open and he made a forced landing. Asked to explain this odd occurrence the following morning, he asserted he had no knowledge of it. Unfortunately the gremlin joke has been flogged to death—so we hesitate to make a crack . . . . .

#### DISCIPLINE

Corporal Robertson, Parachute Section Potentate, ordered the three members of his section to "fall in in threes" after lights out. He then got into bed. This seems to be carrying bull too far . . . . .

#### HOBBY

F/Sgt. Lovegrove, Technician Extraordinary, is reported to be the possessor of two goldfish, one purchased in Brandon, the other in Winnipeg. Tch! Tch! Chiefy! And you're only such a short time here, too . . . . . We're here over two years ourselves and apart from the Fugitive Complex (we glance furtively over our shoulders every few yards) we are still comparatively unharmed by prairie life.

#### DELAYED BROADCAST

W/O. Frank Gash has recently developed a taste for the radio soap opera. Woe betide any maker of unnecessary noise in his corner of

7 Hangar round ten in the morning! Frank is listening in . . . . .

#### RECORD

F/Lieut. Hughie (pronounced "hooey") Hurrell, stout verbal defender of l'ancien regime, reports spending 36 hours in bed straight off the reel during a recent 48. And this in Wanton Winnipeg, nearest centre of Wine, Women and Song! What were you doing, Hughie? Recuperating or limbering up?

#### SPORTING NOTE

Nim Walter, Crack Amateur Aeronautician, and Jack Gillies, Fitter and proud of it, spent an interesting 48 in the home of a hunting gentleman. They say it was ducksoup all the way . . . . .

#### WALKING DOWN BROADWAY

Larry Sayles, Hostess House favourite, gathered a memory or two on the Great White Way last month. He says their debutantes are wonderful . . . . .

#### PAUSE FOR QUERIES

What shy and retiring LAC confines his 48-hour pass orgies to seeing scientific films at Manitoba University with an occasional bridge debauch to leaven the roystering?

Which confirmed bachelor L.A.C. is receiving frequent letters from a Winnipeg sweet young thing called E . . . . .?

# POLICE GAZETTE

March opened very dismally for the Scotup personnel, Sgt. Scott and 4 passengers beating the police team in the semi-final of the bowling league. It is our opinion that the police team be awarded wooden spoons for twice being knocked out in the semi-final. In consequence of this disaster the demoralized team were threshed well and truly by S. Ldr. Vivian's team in the first game of the new league.

LAC (Tiger) Jordan spent seven days in Swift Current. Whilst there he indulged in a little all in wrestling with two unnamed females, solely he says, for the purpose of keeping in trim. Both contests, our reporter tells us, were for 2 falls or 1 submission, Tiger winning each bout on submission.

Cpl. West, our Yorkshireman with Scotch ideas dug down into his purse

and for the first and probably last time this year rode into town on the bus. Whilst maintaining that he walks for fitness, George has been heard to boast that by walking he saves \$30 a year, consequently his profit for this year is now only \$29.90.

Duff Nunn was disappointed to learn that Hollywood's offer made to him by cable early this month applies only to his nose. It seems they want to use it as a stand-in for Bob Hope's in future pictures.

Cpl. Howard returned from a 48 spent in North Battleford with a strange gleam in his eye, but considerably weak at the ankles, and has since been heard muttering, "I'm cheesed off," at frequent intervals. His cheerful outlook on life so resembled that of one of Walt Disney's dwarfs that he was duly dubbed "Happy".

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## LAUGHTER IN COURT

1. Since Joe got his AC1 he's had no time for me—it's gone to his head all these birds chasing after him.
2. When I married I was a widow and my husband a second hand dealer.
3. I never accused my husband of lying—I just called him a ruddy liar.
4. When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I would live till I were married.
5. My husband's idea of happiness is a chair before the fire, a gallon of beer, his feet on the mantle-piece and me out at my mother's.
6. My mother is an investment and an asset—in other words she supports me.
7. Seldon was right when he said about a wife, "He that will keep a monkey, 'tis fit he should pay for the glasses he breaks."
8. Woman is an evil, but a necessary evil, blast 'em.
9. When my husband, Joe, came home smelling of perfume he excused himself by saying he had been standing for a long time in a line of women.

# COLD SORE'S ALMANAC

## March 21 to April 20. Aries, the Ram.

Kindly not to be confused with any other rams you know—Aries is particular. Have you a sense of impending danger? Do you feel exhausted? Or dream about insanity and suicide? Do you suffer from impetigo, wind, clutching pains at the throat, enlargement of the thyroid gland in front of your neck or laboured breathing? If so, see Killers Dickinson, Whincup and Limbrick, joint trustees of our new Lethal Chamber.

## April 21 to May 20. Taurus the Bull.

Use more imagination when you are on job: no job of work is so routine that you cannot make it interesting. Don't let your ambition make you neglect the little things—the job in hand that needs to be done today. Advice to people about to marry—DON'T (quote: Pepys Diary, 25/12/1665).

## May 21 to June 20. Gemini, The What's its.

Be careful that you do not carry too many cans—if you like carrying cans join the living-outers. Don't let the boy friend kiss you on the doorstep—doorsteps are not for kissing—take him inside. Don't ask, what I do next? Use more imagination and more lifebuoy. Avoid lean and hungry looking men—such men are dangerous.

## June 21 to July 22. Cancer the Crab.

Do you wish you were dead? Or do you suffer from chronic indigestion, belts under the belt, fallen arches, shortage of beer, an itching sensation or poor powers of concentration? Do you like children? Would you like a child? Never worry, nev-

er care—the best things in life are free.

## July 22 to August 22. Leo the Chicken-hearted.

You are inclined to talk and gamble too much—stop shooting crap—pull yourself together—dig it out. Be more pleasant to all; remember happiness is added life, and the giver of Life.

## August 23 to Sept. 22. Virgo the Elusive Virgin.

Why don't you marry the girl—you are wasting your time otherwise. Read Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy". Man's best possession is a loving wife. Learn how to thank people for kindness done to you, and reciprocate with returned hospitality within your own means. Happiness is a perfume you cannot pour on others without spilling some on yourself.

## Sept. 23 to Oct. 22. Libra for Half Measure.

Be romantic—a kiss is an important thing to you—come out of it all dewey-eyed. Avoid spanish onions during the mating season and take more lime juice in your tea. Remember, be in general virtuous and you will be happy. Ignore boat rumours by W.O. Duff Gen.

## Oct. 23 to Nov. 22. Scorpio, the Screwball.

This period you will drop many ghoolies—don't worry unduly, as there are plenty of living outers well seasoned to carrying cans. Learn to laugh at trouble and avoid the practice of passing the buck. Speak the truth always—He who has the truth

(Continued on Page 27)

## COLD SORE'S ALMANAC—CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

at his heart need never fear the want of persuasion on his tongue. Honesty is the best policy.

### Nov. 23 to Dec. 21. Sagittarius, the Getinanpitcher.

You will have many troubled dreams, blame the Burroughs-Chamberlain Corporation for binding you. Have a definite aim in life—a man who is persistent in his search will find that she offers more today than she did yesterday. Grass widows are not necessarily green. Watch the amber light.

### Dec. 22 to Jan. 19. Capricorn, the Goat.

You can be old at 20 or young at 90. Your mental attitude decides. Time is a friend, not an enemy—take all the time you want for everything. Your LAC will come in time—for inspiration read W. O. Dimwit's "I got mine in six weeks, so can you" a stirring novel of life in the R.C.A.F.

### Jan. 20 to Feb. 18. Aquarius, the 'Joe'

Remember Joe, "The Greatest Man in history was the Poorest. Smile, pull your shoulders back, stick your chest out and say to yourself, "I might have been an AC1 for ten years, but I can still tell 'em to "get some in". Great happiness is within your grasp. Remember that there is a war on somewhere, and don't grumble about the quality of the beer "for it hath be heard to resemble gnats and horses." Imagination rules the World (Napoleon).

### Feb. 21 to Mar. 20. Pisces, the Fish.

A happy temperament in spite of adversity and the power to shelve your troubles is your gift. Avoid peroxidized blondes "remembering that all that glitters is not gold!" Don't flannel—if you cannot understand a

job—don't be afraid of asking advice. Don't let others bind you—avoid wasting time—remember the golden words of advice by Dr. Ima Ruddy Oldquack, "Constipation is the thief of time."

### Theatrical Department

(R.A.F. Branch)

"7. Wing Commander gives the following orders:

'Officers take post in REVUE Order, outwards turn' . . . ."

(From "Parade Orders - Inspection of Deputy Inspector General").

The prelude, no doubt, to that snappy song-and-dance number "Those Inspection Day Blues?"

\* \* \*

### I DON'T—

My parents told me not to smoke—  
I don't.

Nor listen to a naughty joke—  
I don't.

They made it clear I mustn't wink  
At pretty girls or ever think  
About intoxicating drink—

I don't.

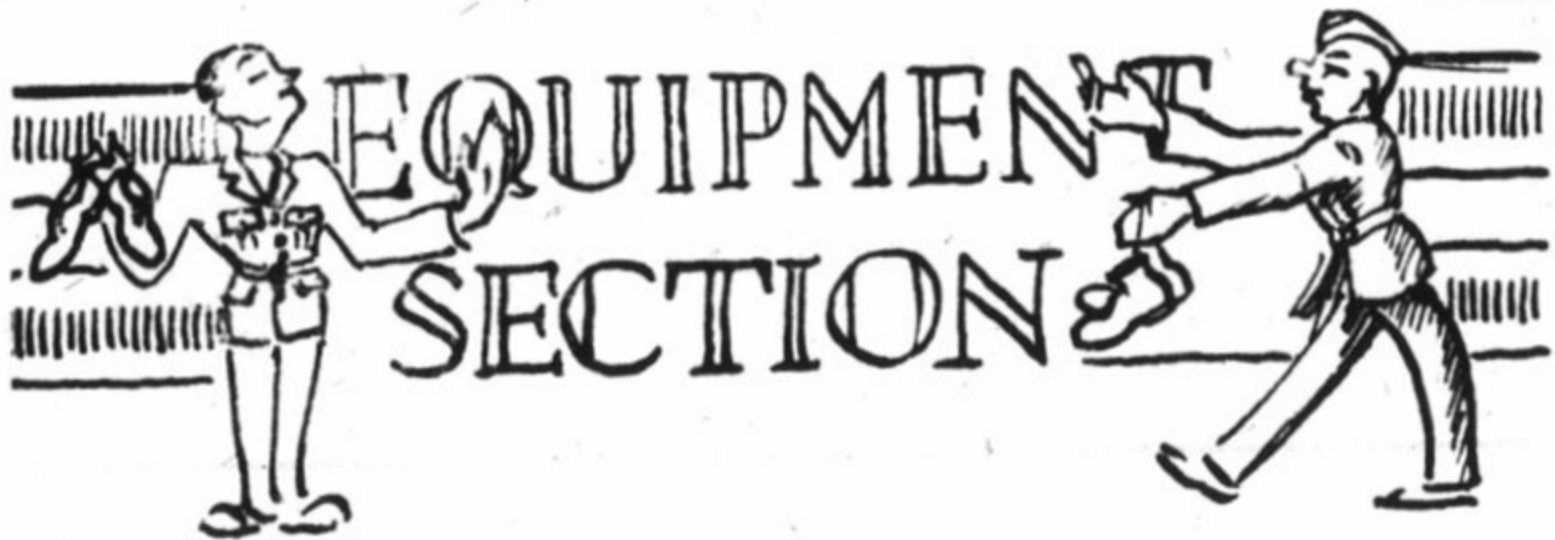
To flirt and dance is very wrong—  
I don't.

Wild youths chase women, wine and  
song,

I don't.

I kiss not girls, not even one,  
I do not know how it is even done,  
You wouldn't think I had much fun—

I DON'T.



Stores Chief Sexton emerged from a bed of mumps to compere the 6th Edition, maybe it wasn't the trip to Winnipeg after all—"Art for art's sake" some say . . .

Our benevolent W.O. was most perturbed at the hold-up in the train service during the recent blizzard. Perhaps that most important letter from the G.F. at W----- was worth waiting a few hours for anyway, as "the depression has moved on."

F/Sgt. (Chummy) Ovens has a new job now, and is busy scouring (not literally, he doesn't like work that much) the station for any piano surplus to scale. It is rumoured that if successful, he proposes to hold a jam-Session in the barrack stores on Monday mornings, when sheets will be changed to the strains of "Seems to me I heard that song before." I can't give you anything but love baby" and "I'm getting tired so I can sleep" etc.

Sgt. (Lend-us-a-fag) Smith got mixed up between a week-end, five days leave and a spot of temporary duty. It's nice to have friends in the weather business and it is believed that the I.R.A. (Icy Roads Association) are waiting for their rake off and will probably settle for a small advert in next month's Gen under the heading "Weather Reports to Order" or "We're carrying the torch for Jim". (Subsisto pro bono pub-

lico—and all that.)

Cpl. (Nipin) Price has recently had the onerous duties of "i/c billet" thrust upon his much overburdened shoulders. Still, the inhabitants of 31A should be alright for barrack-charges now—eh, Jimmy?

The beer rationing is hitting hard certain members of the section, and it is rumoured that a certain dapper LAC. has been busy trying to work out a plan for laying a pipe-line from the Nelson to the billet, thus obviating the necessity for that 400 yard spring to the top canteen every night for 7.30 p.m.

LAC (Liverpool-Irish) Slater was recently observed to have opened his eyes for the first time since he came back from leave—or maybe it was just those dark circles disappearing, sorry Johnny.

Slap-happy Egerton still practices his steps, in between stencilling officer's attache-cases, kit-bags for the "boat boys", and so on. Talent spotters have recently been observing his performances, but they'll have to get up early to catch Lofty—he's even gone to breakfast by the time I get up . . .

That will have to be all for this month, cads. And don't forget, we have a new system—and that means a new motto—"We have it"—"You'll have a h--- of a job to get it". Just try sometime, eh? G'bye now.



This last month has seen the departure of Sergeant Young who appears to have a plum of a posting to Washington, D.C., and also the arrival of Corporal Garner, who has left Calgary to come to the prairies, and LAC Lanchester just arrived from the "Old Country."

Many puns have been suggested referring to the visit of the D.I.G. especially the one of the Guard Room heaping clean snow on to the dirty snow. However, let it be said that the Accounts Section were rather dismayed that he couldn't spare any time to survey their spring cleaning. Or was it called something else?

#### SCANDAL COLUMN

LAC "Pot" Lloyd wishes it to be known that he objects to people throwing nuts into the Accountant Officers cage when he is Duty Clerk;

Rumour hath it that Flight Sergeant Gooderick, assisted by the Adjutant and all the Orderly Room runners made tea for the D.I.G. There was apparently so much running that it was cold when delivered, and had to be warmed up again.

A little bird whispers that W.O. Merrison is not going to Minneapolis and that the banquet arranged by a biscuit factory proprietor to welcome Mr. Merrison and W. O. Gent has been postponed. What's Minneapolis got that Winnipeg hasn't?

"Digit" Walker has been re-

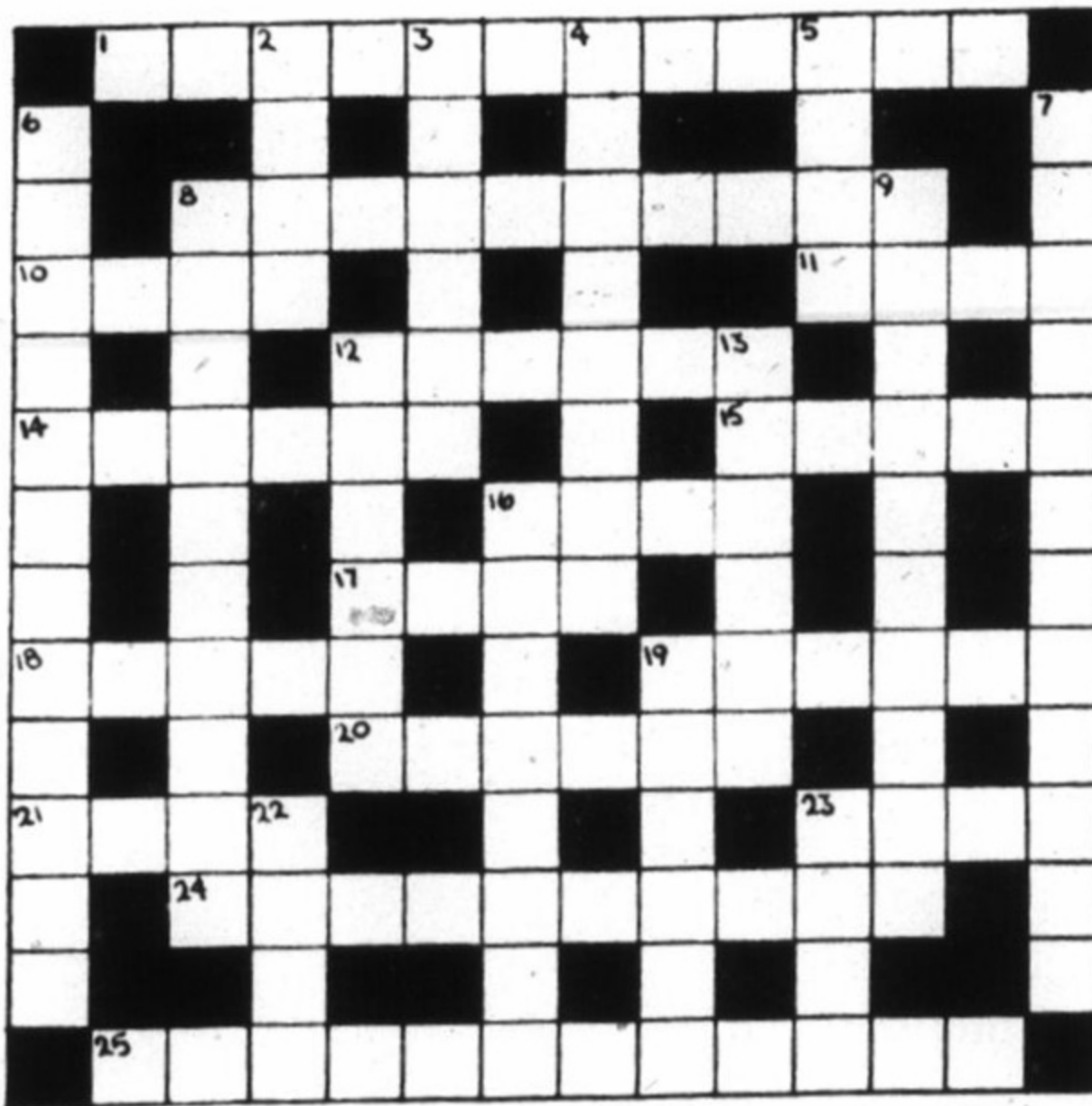
lieved at last of his bath chair in being the oldest member of the Accounts Section: he has given it unconditionally to new arrival "Grandpa" Lanchester who will find it heavy going against these blizzards. Of course going with the wind is fine—but who has wind, anyhow? That's perhaps a question best answered by Sgt. "Stinker" Jones, who has made a study of the subject.

A set of hanging bars are being arranged in the Accountant Officer's cage to amuse LAC "Shan't be" Long, who amazed onlookers at Banff by doing some wonderful contortions. No doubt this was caused by the number of eggs he consumed. As the young waitress at the Mount Royal remarked to Cpl. Stanley (Three eggs, bacon, toast and a pint of milk please) "You must be rearing for it". Needless to say he preferred to go ski-ing.

#### SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD

**Across:** 1. Smoke Persian; 8. Cold chisel; 10. User; 11. Sips; 12. Ararat; 14. Tutors; 15. Ashen; 16. Call; 17. Heal; 18. Purge; 19. Luther; 20. Reload; 21. Indo; 23. Open; 24. Edwardians; 25. Destinations.

**Down:** 2. Odor; 3. Elders; 4. Ethereal; 5. Ides; 6. Counterpoint; 7. Disenthroned; 8. Centigrade; 9. Lightships; 12. Archer; 13. Talmud; 16. Cauldron; 18. Lariat; 22. Odes; 23. Onto.



**NOTE:** Several times we have been asked to make the crossword a little harder. Well, here it is, in the form of a cryptic. If you like it, we will keep it that way, but let us know if you are interested.

### CLUES

#### Across—

1. Breed of cat advising you in your choice of cigars? (2 wds. 5,7)
8. Perhaps this tool has been used for cutting ice? (2 wds. 4, 6)
10. Derange the scheme for the employer.
11. Small drinks in toasting the decree nisi pseudonym.
12. Mountain on which the Ark rested.
14. A. V. Roe Ltd. produced these trainers.
15. Like female bird.
16. Hundred, and all.
17. Well upset to make well.
18. Cleanse in help urge.
19. Rule there less before to give religious martyr.
20. Charge again.
21. Amalgamated with China, forms a French possession.
23. 'And, as the cock crew, those who stood before the raven shouted — ". . . . . then the door . . . . ."
24. But for the events of late '36 we would all be.
25. Instated in tins (anag.)

## CROSSWORD—Cont. from Page 30

## DOWN

2. American smell.
3. Trees to be respected.
4. ". . . . . pilgrim of the sky."
5. Side of the Roman Calendar.
6. Parry the dot for a musical art.
7. Or dented shin unseated.
8. I am above the class but need money to make the scale.
9. Boats without cargo are shipping necessities.
12. The cat is, when it's back is up.
13. Jewish book in natal mud.
16. Cloud ran around for the vessel
19. A trial swing for the cowboy's noose.
22. Does upset poems.
23. Into change, with nothing for one.

(Solution on Page 29)

\* \* \*

SOLUTION TO LAST MONTH'S  
CROSSNUMBER PUZZLE:

## ACROSS—

(1) 45; (3) 78336; (6) 51; (8) 34; (9) 70; (10) 41; (12) 408; (14) 16; (15) 204; (16) 7200; (17) 1899; (19) 28; (20) 90; (21) 4488; (24) 1056; (26) 660; (28) 10; (29) 420; (30) 48; (32) 25; (35) 14; (37) 30; (38) 20160; (39) 60.

## DOWN—

(1) 43; (2) 544; (3) 70; (4) 3600; (5) 60; (6) 576; (7) 10; (11) 192; (12) 420; (13) 841; (14) 129; (16) 784; (18) 996; (22) 480; (23) 864; (24) 100; (25) 544; (27) 6291; (31) 816; (32) 23; (33) 92; (34) 70; (36) 40.

A LETTER FROM  
ENGLAND

LAC. Blenkinship, 399  
R.A.F. Camp Hut 31  
Woodhall S.P.A.  
Lincs.

Dear Sirs,

I have just finished work and as I was making my bed, it came over the radio that there was to be a broadcast from R.A.F. Ripchords, Carberry. Well it sure made me prick up my ears as I heard Flt. Sexton, Eric Wringe, give their monologue, George Monk and Jimmy Walton, Trevor Bayram and good old Nobby Lewis and the whistling genius, I forget his name for the moment but I hope you will convey to them that it came over the air better than it was when I was there at the time of the broadcast and it sounded swell then, it brought good old memories back to me and I'll always be listening for news from Carberry. It was great and made me think of all my pals I have left behind.

I remain,

Yours truly,

Late. Erk of Carberry  
BLENKY.

## Point

Long ago, the news of important battles took weeks to come. Nowadays, a communique with no information whatever reaches us in a matter of hours.

## Truth

A University professor who speaks 38 languages has just been married. It is felt, however, that his bride will still do most of the talking.

## BEACON SHOW

Sunday the 21st of March promised to be a very dull day at the airport. No money, no beer. Everybody was browned off. Suddenly we heard that Messrs Marder and Pacey were bringing another show to Carberry. Everybody immediately cheered up and looked forward to another grand show. We were not disappointed. Many old favourites were there, along with many turns new to Carberry. Bill Moore and his talented Music Maids gave us some fine music, including some excellent solo pieces. Popular Cy Gardener was em-ceeding again; he had some new gags, but I'm sure it was the same cigar as last time. The Hofford Sisters, Irene

APRIL

and Joe Ainsworth and the Saltel Duo were as good as ever, and the boys really appreciated their performances. Amongst the new faces were Billy Burke, Impersonator; The Monteros, a South American dance team; and Bill Alcott, tumbling clown.

All these acts were tops with the boys, and the exceptional talent that was displayed was greatly appreciated. The two acts that brought most "oohs" and "ahs" from the airmen in the audience were Gwen Parks, a charming girl who impersonated Judy Garland, and wigged her torso in a manner that made the boys sit up and take notice; and Lillian Courage, who I think has been to Carberry once before. When the Music Maids give out with that ole Rhum-boogie Lillian really gets into the dance, and this time she really had the boys swingin'. Yeah man!



MARY HOFFORD—ONE OF THE ACTS IN THE SHOW