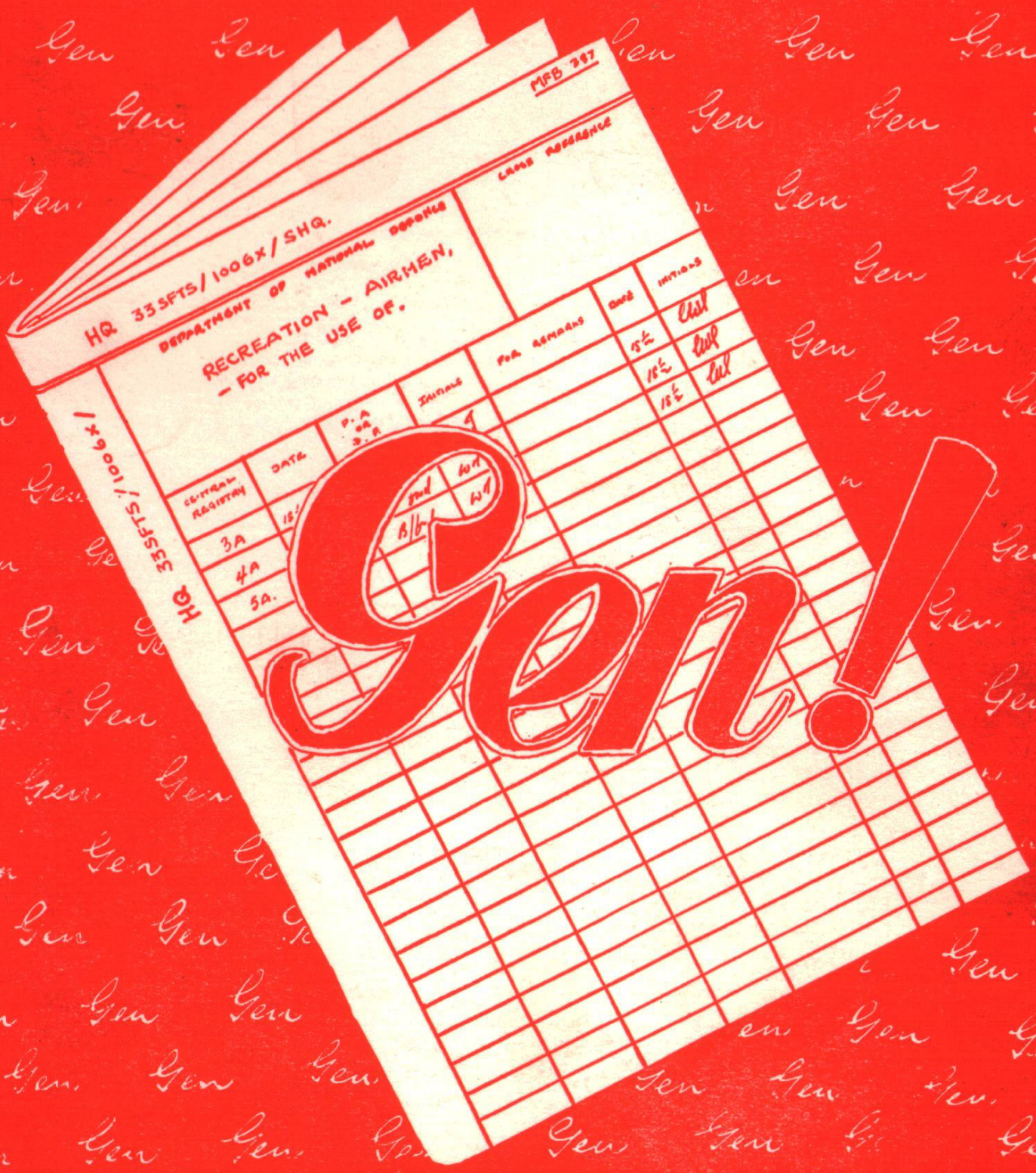
HQ. 33SFTS/1006X/SHQ.
DEPARTMENT OF NATIONAL DEFENCE
RECREATION - AIRMEN,
- FOR THE USE OF.
CENTRAL REGISTRY
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3A
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HQ 33SFTS/1006X/
Gen!

MAY, 1943

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. Phone extension 29.

10 CENTS - - MONTHLY

EDITORIAL : -

"All, all are gone, the old familiar faces."

Our purpose in thus quoting Charles Lamb is to draw attention to departure of so many of the "old sweats" of the staion. Almost daily, it seems, somebody's face is missing. Almost weekly we find our favourite books have gone to Pat. Bay, or an erstwhile generous loan has departed with the borrower to Moncton.

To mention all by name would be too much; but we must pay tribute, in passing, to the departure of many who have been staunch supporters and workers for "Gen".

We've lost S/L E. J. Stanley, our P.S.I. who has done so much for us all. Gone too are S/L Oxley-Sidey (former Editor), F/Sgt. J. W. Finnamore (whom we can now unblushingly admit was none other than Aunt Flossie), Corporals Jock Paterson, and F. Gunn (sketchers and caricaturists); and of course no honour roll would be complete without the name of Cpl. Jock Oram who bore on his broad shoulders so much of the work of the magazine. We congratulate him on his commissioning and wish him the best of luck.

Congratulations go too to F/Sgt. Finnamore, once on his promotion, and twice on his recent marriage to Miss Marjorie Alvena Mack of Winnipeg. That, indeed, was the noblest step of all.

Likewise tangled, tied, manacled, and harnessed in the joyful bonds of matrimony is our caricaturist, Pilot Officer J. A. Bulling, now wedded to Miss Joan Nelson of Millersburg, Kentucky, U.S.A.

★ ★ ★

Groping through a dust storm we came upon an old friend the other day. His face was the shade of khaki drill that has been a long time in No. 6 Hangar, and he was mumbling to himself. We caught some of the words—"Ashes to ashes, dust to dust". Asked to explain himself, he said in a hollow voice, "Oi was wondering 'ow much of this 'ere dust was buffalo, and 'ow much was Indian". A morbid thought. But it just goes to show . .

★ ★ ★

We had the good fortune to see a screening of "Desert Victory" in Winnipeg. This is the official film of Montgomery's advance through Libya, and is remarkable in its realism and sincerity. It is dedicated to the cameramen who made it. Four of them were killed, seven injured and six captured. That alone is a measure of the worth of the film. Some of the 'shots' were by Nazi photographers and were captured in the advance.

We can't all advance on the enemy beneath a withering night barrage; we can't all spend our declining years telling our grandchildren the courageous details of El Alamein, Knightsbridge, Tobruk. Our yarns will concern the great Training Plan, and the prairies, gophers, grasshoppers, and dust

Editorial CONTINUED—

storms . . . but if you want to see how our brothers in Africa are doing their share, see "Desert Victory".

★ ★ ★

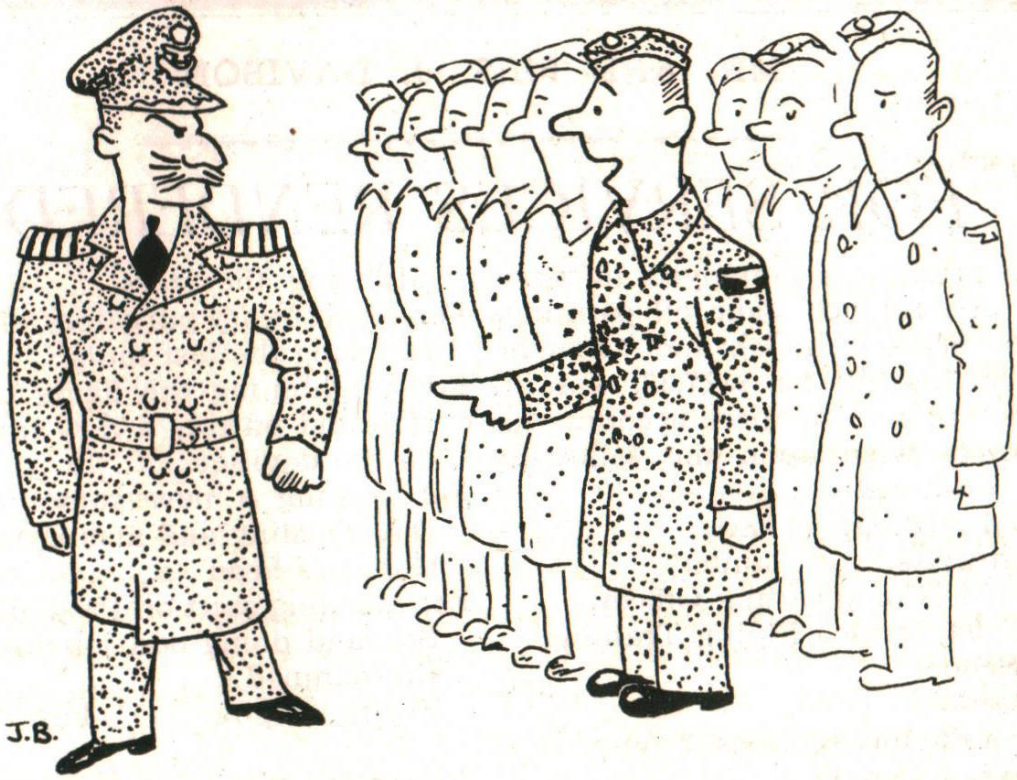
Who said this? . . . "It's alright to have a good opinion of yourself, but we Americans are so smug with our cockiness. One of the things you people at home (U.S.A.) have got to realise is that the Tunisian business is mainly a British show." . . . . Ernie Pule in a despatch to the New York "World Telegram" from the Tunisian front, reported in the "Daily Mirror" 25.2.43. Good. Ain't it?

★ ★ ★

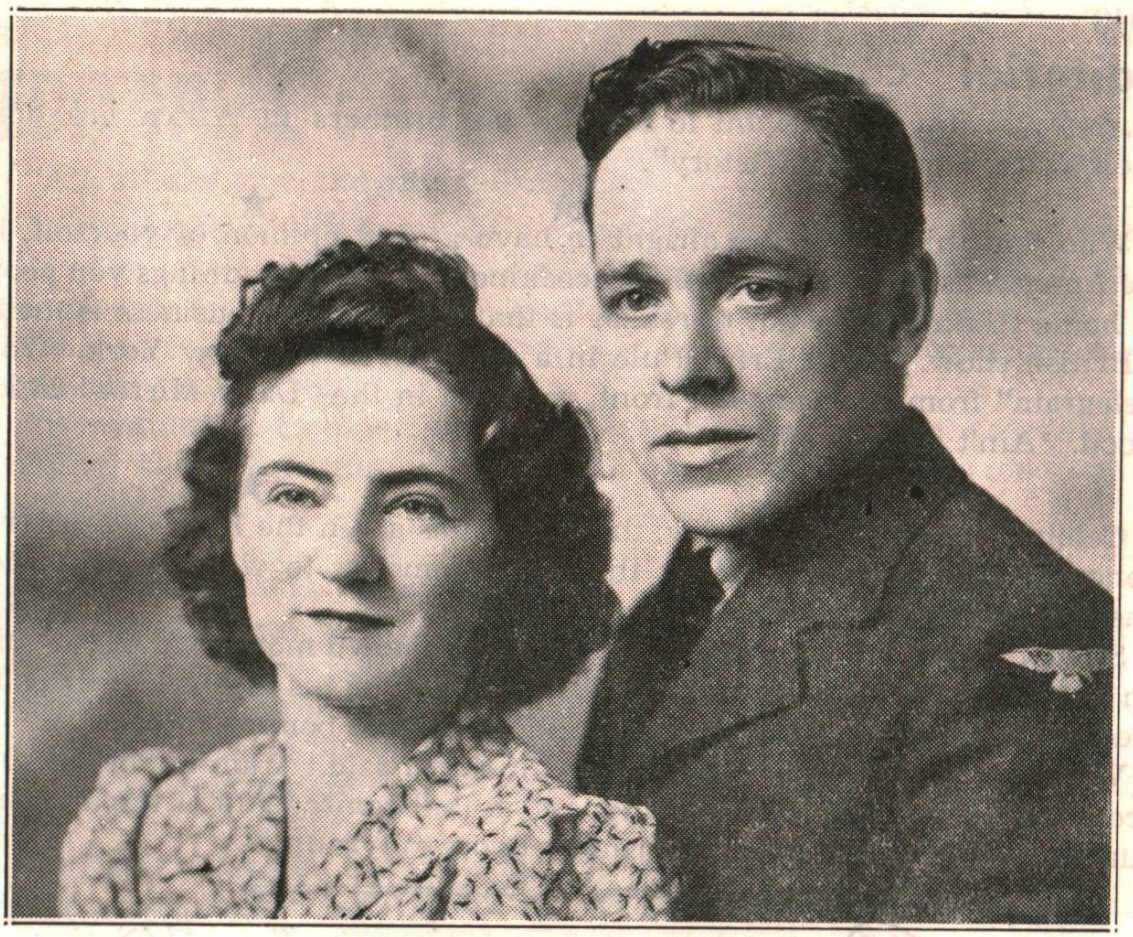
Celebrating its 25th birthday, the R.A.F. has given the Prime Minister an honorary pair of wings. He is the first commoner to wear them without passing modern pilot tests.

Since the start of the war, Mr. Churchill has flown more than 30,000 miles on duty. He first learned to fly in 1913, and during his recent long trips has frequently taken over the controls of the Liberator bomber he uses.

When he received his "wings" Mr. Churchill said, "I am honoured to be accorded a place, albeit out of kindness, in that comradship of the air which guards the life of our island and carries doom to tyrants."



CONFIDENTIALLY SIR, DON'T YOU EVER GET CHEESED WITH THESE PARADES ?'



MR. AND MRS. J. DAVISON

FOR SERVICES RENDERED

An artist was employed to renovate and retouch some oil paintings in the station chapel, and when he sent in his bill for $177.50, was informed that an itemized account was required, whereupon the following was presented:

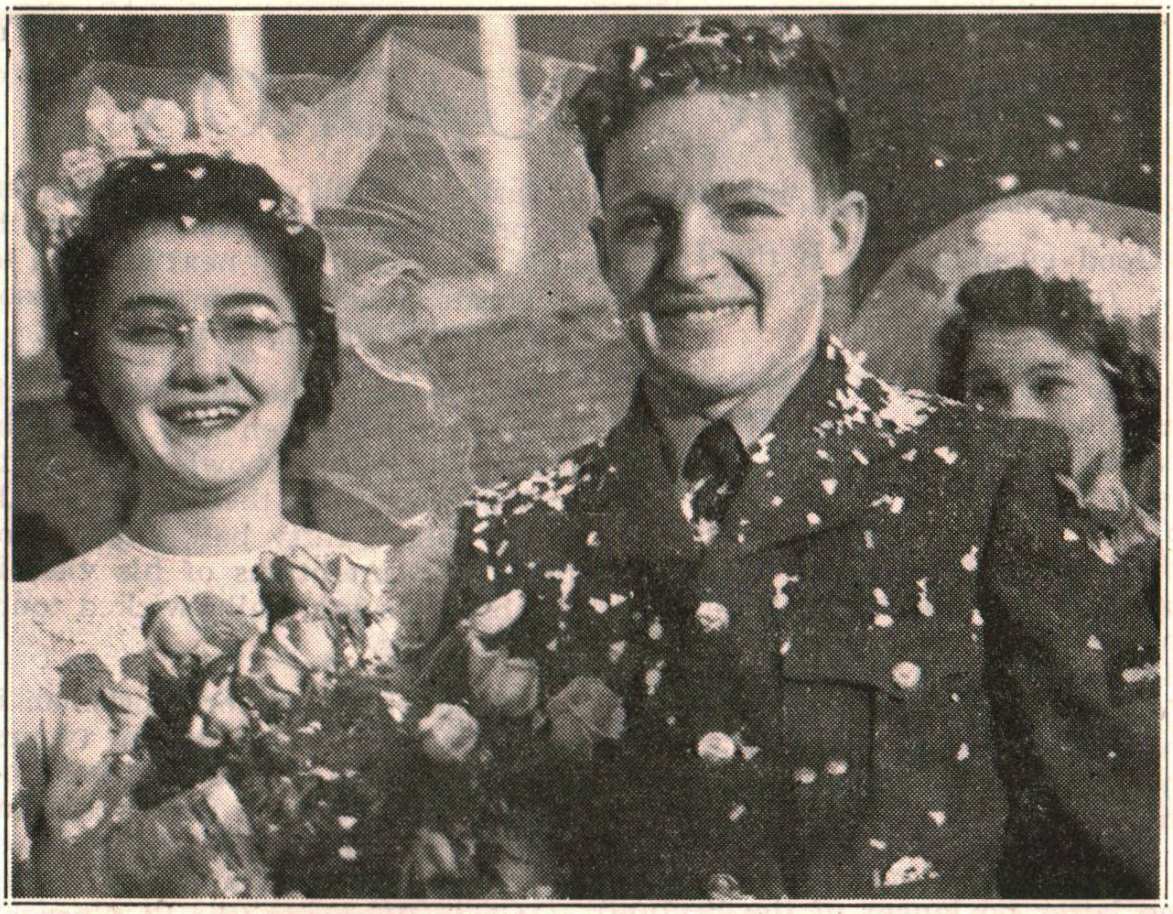
FROM—Joe Daub, Esq.,
Signwriter and Painter.

TO—The Commanding Officer,
No. 99 Service Flying Training School.

Subject—
Acount for services rendered as listed hereunder:

For correcting the Ten Commandments ..... $ 25.50
For renewing Heaven and adjusting the stars 32.00
For touching up purgatory and restoring the lost souls 15.50
For brightening the flame of Hell and putting a new tail on the devil 36.50
For putting a new stone in David's sling and arranging Goliath's head 33.00
For mending shirt on Prodigal Son and doing odd jobs for the damned 16.00
For re-shaping C.O.'s bust.... 19.00
$177.50

Trusting this is as required,
Yours sincerely,
Joe Daub,
Signwriter and Painter.



MR. AND MRS. NORMAN HILL

Cupid Concentrates on Cook-house

LOVE CERTAINLY went wild around the Messes last month, for no fewer than three of the Messing Staff took the plunge into the sea of matrimony. First man to say the little word that meant his bachelor days were over was L.A.C. Joseph Davison who married Miss Margaret Telfer Thompson, of Harte, Man. The wedding took place at the home of the bride on April 3rd. The photograph on the opposite page was taken shortly after the ceremony.

The next man to walk the aisle was popular Norman "Tich" Hill. His bride was Miss Phyllis Wood, of Winnipeg (formerly of Brandon.) Their wedding took place at the Riverview United church on Saturday, April 10th. The reception was well attended by the airmen of this Unit. Tich looked a very happy man when he returned to camp the following week. The photograph above explains why.

Last man to take the plunge was Norman Hughes who tied the knot with Miss Annie Mae Elliott, of Carberry. The wedding took place in town on Thursday, April 15.

I'm sure that we all wish these lucky lads and lassies all the very best of luck and every happiness for the future. Incidentally, these three lads all came out here with the first echelon, so it looks as though they like the place—but after all who wouldn't if you had someone nice to go home to on your 48's.

REPAIR SQUADRON

A New Department by "the Doctor"

Good evening, this is the Doctor . . . (with apologies to that other genius, Orson Welles).

It is with some diffidence that I introduce myself as the Squadron's learned scribe and Gen Correspondent, for, verily, Maintenance is a mighty Section of doughty wielders of chrome steel spanners, and if I am to substantiate my position as their mouthpiece I must stir up the old stumps not a trifle. However, A Verbis ad Verbera—my favourite quotation—which, being translated means, "Cut the cackle and bash with the battle axe".

Tosh Davies and Kenny Elliott the latter no longer of the Section) have recently returned from a leave spent in that Mecca of Carburians, Minneapolis. During their stay they were entertained by Bon D. Grussing of that City. Mr. Grussing, who suffered the loss of a relative in the dark skies over Guadalcanal, derives some grim satisfaction in his connecton with Minneapolis Moline, makers of tanks and the ubiquitous jeep.

With the advent of spring the inhabitants of Hut 13 are already turning to thoughts of football. Squadron exponent of Cockney humour Alf Brown takes over the duties of Secretary for the season, poring over lists of possibles with an enthusiasm normally reserves for Majors. Mods King Cpl. Harvey and LAC's. McAdam, Wright, Foster complete the Committee. As I write, a prelimniary trial is mooted, many of the best of last year's players and a number of promising new ones being available. A 'small sesh' next autumn to celebrate a newly-won cup is not outside the bounds of possibility.

W/O Atkins, the Squadron's pet, is enjoying a seven day leave in Ontario. Future bowls opponents had better watch their step; he alerady rolls a nifty ball, and one of the stated intentions of his visit is to observe some really wicked tournament play.

Another keen indoor sportsman is LAC Curphey, side-splitting (yours, not his) latest addition to the Log Book Brains Trust. He is captaining a six-strong team of Airmen to represent the Station at a Snooker match in Winnipeg (the St. George's Club) on the 18th April.

Ian Morris, popular ex-member of the Rip-Chords, was one of the lucky ones at a recent draw for Home Broadcasts. An hour with fiercely corrugated brow and some sympathetic help completed his script, and he toddled cheerily off to Winnipeg and his rendezvous with the ether.

A minute Menasco Moth (the C.O.'s), popularly known as 'the Halifax', now occupies one corner of No. 6 Hangar, under the towering hulk of a mighty Anson. Personnel are warned against attempting to fly it by simply casting from the hand . . . The elastic has to be wound first!

Latest arrivals are Aircraftsmen Chilton, Morgan and Sgt. Lowe, fresh from Home. The rest of the Squadron watch, with furtive mien, to see who first casts an atrocity

Repair Squadron
. . . . . CONTINUED

story (you know . . . "now last summer, when it was 150 in the shade, the cooks even stopped giving us eggs, because they cooked hard as soon as they were taken out of the refrigerator"). In the event of its success—i.e. the raised brow, the palsied hand, on the part of the innocent hearer—no doubt considerable thought will be devoted to making last winter a bit worse than it really was!

Sgt. Lowe, by the way, takes over Sgt. Dearie's old job as Magi of the Charts, Renderer of Returns, and what have you. With calm demeanour and placid brow though, mark you (something previously unknown in a Chart Wizard, for the benefit of those who don't know what awful things can happen to a complicated page of figures), for the worthy Sgt. claims previous experience.

The aforesaid Sgt. Dearie burst, beaming brightly, into the Squadron Office the other day to announce the accomplishment of thirteen Majors in thirteen days. Congratulations to all concerned! Reminds we old Pearceonians of the halcyon days of old Alberta. Such accomplishments were common there, to the accompanyment of Dervish-like yells of "two-six . . Look at the Rockies" . . and suggestions as to the disposal of same!

A goodly proportion of Repair Ssuadron, ex-Pearce, helped swell the rounds at a recent re-union in Carberry, organised by our very good friend F/Sgt. Gooderick of S.H.Q. A Good Time Was Had By All!

With that pleasant thought I leave you, Adios Amingos.

Odds & Ends

IN CLASS

"You spik' ze Engleesh, noh?"
"A few—and thou?"
"Not many."

POINT

You cant fool all of the people all of the time. However, a majority is all that is required.

FROM THE STEPPES

When the Russian Siberian-trained troops arrived on the icy battlefields of the Ukraine they exclaimed: "Oh boy! Summer!"

C'EST LA GUERRE

Son: "Why is it called swing music, pop?"

Pop: "Because some of them ought to swing for it."

GA-GA—

Each: "Is that a dray horse you've got there?"

Every: "No, it's a brown horse—and cut out the baby talk."

QUERY FROM SAM

Who is Hands-Knees-and-Lacksadaisy Frank?

FAIRY TALE

Then there was the wireless op. who had been so long at the game that when his teeth chattered they did so in morse.

CONUNDRUM

What did one brake say to the other? Hy-draulic!

The modern gal is anything but fast—why, she takes at least 30 years to reach 20.

A film actor of macabre thinks that women are fonder of horrors than men. They sure do, agrees our tame living-outer; not only that but they buy them and clap them on their heads.

AIR RAID PRECAUTIONS

—CANADIAN STYLE—

If you should happen to be caught in Winnipeg during an air raid (We are only kidding), would you know what to do? The following is the procedure:

1. As soon as the bombs start dropping, run like hell, (It doesn't matter where, just get going.)
   (a) Wear track shoes if possible: that will give you a good start.
   (b) If the people in front of you are slow, tackle them low before overtaking.
2. Take advantage of the opportunities of your immediate surroundings, for example:
   (a) If in a bakery, grap some pie or cake, etc.
   (b) If in the Marlborough, grab a few beers.
   (c) If in a taxi, or the flicks, grab a blonde.
3. If you find an unexploded bomb, always kick it, or otherwise disturbed it—the firing pin may be stuck.
4. If that doesn't work, heave it in the furnace. The fire department will take care of it when they come back off forty-eight.
5. If you find an incendiary bomb burning, throw petrol on it. You can't put it out anyway, so you may as well have a little fun. If no gasoline is available, throw a bucket of water on it and lie down. You're dead.
6. Always get excited and holler murder. It will add to the fun and confusion and scare hell outa kids.
7. Drink heavily, eat onions, limburger cheese, etc., before entering a crowded air raid shelter. It will make you very unpopular with the people within your immediate vicinity, thus eliminating any unnecessary discomfiture that would be more prevalent if people crowded too closely.
8. If you should be the victim of a direct bomb hit, don't go to pieces —just lie still and you won't be noticed.
9. Knock the air-raid wardens down if they start to tell you what to do—they will always save the best seats for themselves and their friends anyway.

Red Cross Donation

The Red Cross Drive has now been completed on this unit and a total sum of $464.16 was paid in to the Red Cross authorities on the 14th of April.

Cash came from the following sources:

Officers' Mess, Sergeants' Mess, Corporals' Club donations from airmen on pay parades, collection tins in airmen's canteens, and donation from the Rip Chord's Concert party.

RIP "CHORES"

BY JANKER-WALLAH WRINGE

Commencement of rehearsals for New Show took place in a novel fashion. In view of the fact that S/Ldr. Sexton was doing a "leg" show in sick quarters I thought it advisable to get moving with a little something to hold the interest of the cast and, with the kind co-operation of the Winnipeg Electric Co. I was able to cancel the first rehearsal in order to put on a "floor show" in the Sergeants' Mess.

Unfortunately, I had no other members of the Rip-"Chores" to help me with this show, but I can safely say that it proved quite interesting to all who had the opportunity of seeing it.

LAC. Palmer, my partner for the evening, obviously had good ideas as to how a floor show of this nature should be "handled", and he put up quite an interesting performance although he was most disappointed in having to scrub out all doubtful lines.

I acted as M.C. (Mopping Cloth) and with a considerable amount of flannel, managed to keep the show from being a complete wash-out, and for the first time took the role of "Jenks"—a guy who is forced by his guardians to save money—a character likened to Dick Whittington who carries his bundle over his shoulder, but instead of having a cat has two tired "dogs".

Thanks are due to the Barrack Section of the Main Stores for providing the properties used in the show, to the Sergeants' Mess for the kind use of the dining room, and to members of the Guard Room for making all the advance arrangements. Cpl. Jock Cameron acted as host.

Things learned from this show include the following points, which may well interest airmen and could be used advantageously by them:

1. Don't trust the Winnipeg street cars.
2. The 22.50 leaves dead on time.
3. Start saying 'good-bye' to the girl as soon as you ARRIVE in Winnipeg—don't leave it until Sunday afternoon.

Buy an Egg to Drop on Adolph

Our station put up a bit of a black in the 3rd Victory Loan campaign —— chiefly because we were all saving up for Xmas.

This time there's no excuse. We want well over $10,000 of bonds sold.

It's all on the never-never chaps — so muck-in.

Messrs. Jones (Stinker, you know), Grandison and Taylor, Internal????? Decorating done at reasonable prices.

OUR MOTTO: "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth."

LET US QUOTE YOU? Apply, W. O. Merrison, General Manager, Head Cook and Bottlewasher. or: "Nightingale" Alderson, Esq. SHQ's "G" man.

However, to continue, feverish activities have centered around S.H.Q. this part month, the cobwebs have been dusted off the walls, and the interior of several offices have been painted a delicate shade of Mr. Middleton Gooderick green. The doors and flannelling, sorry, panelling, are of a darker hue, known to the connoiseurs as the "Winston Goodall".

Floors have been sanded, and the staffs who, co-operated as one man, have expressed the opinion that the delicate shades of green are most restful to the eyes and conducive to greater production.

SCANDAL

An argument was heard recently between the Scotch and English members of S.H.Q. The Scotsmen were lead by Jock "PUYK" Hylton who maintained that they speak better English and use clearer diction than the Englishmen. It was regretted that Jock Muir was not there to support his fellow countryman, but it was learned later that he was too busy eating his daily banana and smoking a pipeful of Clarke's Blood Mixture. Jock Hylton, usually to be found in the Nelson any evening with his boots off, ended thus, "I'll be away the noo to fetch ma haggis and see what like it is".

Gordon "Small port, please" Holloway, states emphatically that a blond was not seen leaving his bedroom at the Marlborough at three in the morning . . . he insists it was a brunette.

Tom Thomas is partial to aspirins every Sunday morning . . . we suggest he ought not to be so partial to the beer Saturday night.

The President of the Runners' Union, "Yorkie" Sutcliffe has been promoted to the Camp Post Office, and the Vice President, "Rustler" Rusling, has departed temporarily to Trenton on a Gestapo course. No doubt the ancient tradition of the Runners' Union in always being missing when there's some work to be done will be ably carried on by the new "Air Bomber's Union".

F/Sgt. Gooderick "Mr. Middleton, the Gardener, you know" is appointed Chief Slug and Worm Chaser, and has visions of rose gardens and fountains outside S.H.Q. A few forms and a number of trees have been suggested at the back of the Hostess House where the lads can take their gals and do a spot of courting. Who

S. H. Q. . . . . CONTINUED

stole the tip that was left for the waitress and later gave it to the bell boy to bring some ice water, Mr. Middleton?

What has happened to the "Nightingale"? He hasn't been heard warbling "Daisy, Daisy" lately. Perhaps he has a clue on the S.H.Q. Mystery Man and is hot on the trail.

Fred Taylor is still trying to find out who wrote S.W.A.L.K. on the back of an envelope addressed to a girl friend, but who was the S.H.Q. wit who put these words on a parcel to England. "Brought to you by the British Navy" and who was the guy who added, "By kind permission of the German High Command—Submarine Division". Corny, isn't it?

Sgt. Jones, gaily tripped the light fantastic at the St. Charles, was amazed to hear the band leader announce, "I believe there has been a slight misprint here . . . chuckle, chuckle, but I have a request to congratulate Sgt. "STINKER" Jones, of the R.A.F. Carberry on his birthday and to play his favourite song, "There is a tavern in the town". I've an idea "I'll be back in a flash with the cash, Mr. Gash" had something to do with that.

No, oh, dear, NO . . . Enoch 'Sheeprot' Dunnell did not throw an epileptic fit at the Airmen's Dance . . . . he was merely observed to be exercising his athletic feet at a spot of jitterbugging.

"Oliver" Stanley trusts that "Harpo" Marks and Corporal Jack will not pack his case again. After all it is embarrassing to open it in the Esquire and display a toilet roll and two empty beer bottles.

The Maestro of S.H.Q., 'Jive Allelulia' Edwards is rumoured to be opening a second bookshop shortly.

Bits & Pieces

CYNICISM

'Tis better to have loved and lost . . . much better!"

WORSE AND WORSE

First: "You speak as if you had spent all your life in California—yet, you say you have only been there two months."

Second: "Yassuh! Pardon my sudden accent."

OH! OH!

It was love at first sight. He looked in the mirror and there he was!

ANOTHER DEFINITION

Early American. An Indian who gets up at 5 a.m.

TRUE, AIN'T IT?

Many a woman is leading a double life—her own and the neighbours'.

PREFERENCE

Up: "Which would you rather be in--an explosion or a collision?"

Down: "In a collision."

Up: "Why?"

Down: "Because in a collision, there you are . . . But in an explosion, where are you "

Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia (Latest Version)

In the blue ridge mountains of Virginia
On the trail of the Lonesome Pine
Stood a good old cow
With eyes so fine
But you can't expect a cow
To read a railroad sign
So she stood
In the middle of the track
And the train
Hit her right in the back.
Now her bones lay on the lonesome prairie
And her tail on the Lonesome Pine.

N-N-N-N-NINE ....

"Curiouser and Curiouser"

In the United Kingdom, Post Office Accounts are opened for Soup Kitchens, Bands of Hope, Sports Clubs, British Legion branches, etc. A copy of the rules of these clubs Clubs and many other organisations. has to be deposited at the Post Office Savings Bank. Some of these make curious reading.

A society for making good the loss of pigs had a rule that: "if any member's pig die the committee shall choose one of its members to make the best of it in his power".

Another pig club ran: "Before any pig is entered on this Club it shall be seen by the Puncher and be punched in the ear".

The rules of another club are worthy of Hitler himself:

1. That the club be called . . .
2. That Mr. John Smith be secretary.
3. That everything that John Smith says is LAW.

The secretary of one club reporting on a decreasing membership wrote: "We have had a number of deaths this year, six to be exact, and there are two waiting to be settled.

COLD SORE'S ALMANAC

Jan. 20 to Feb. 18.—Aquarius the Can Carrier. Have you a sense of impending danger? Do you worry unnecessarily? Are your dreams troubled? Do you wake up in the night in a cold sweat and dream about insanity and suicide? Are you irritable? Do you suffer from hot feet, sheeprot, constipation, pyhorrea and warts?

Feb. 21 to March 20—Pisces and Country Club Special. Why worry and use up an immense amount of vital force? Save a little for your next 48, for it is written in the blank page of the hymn book that all born during this period will be plessed with long life and happiness.

March 21 to April 20—Aries the Ram. Let every man sweep the snow from his own doors and not busy himself with the frost on his neighbours tiles, and let every man sweep the dirt from under his own bedspace and not busy himself with brushing same under his neighbours bed.

April 21 to May 20 — Taurus the Bull on Wednesday mornings. Smile at adversity; don't let little things get you down—short women for example generally known as 'drag' or 'shorty'. Be enthusiastic in everything constructive you do.

May 21 to June 20—Gemini the Louse. May be a difficult period for financial transaction in that creditors may lose their patience, but keep things properly systemized and keep out of the way and things will run smoother if you try a little vasiline in the wheels.

June 21 to July 22—Cancer the Scourge. Keep your feelings under control; observe, but don't offer comment unless it is sought. Any anxiety you may have had after a recent debauchery in Winnipeg should have vanished by now, but, remember, 'what a vile and abject thing is man if he cannot lift himself above humanity.'

July 23 to August 22—Leo the Liar. You are gentle, patient, industrious, talented, kind considerate, faithful, in fact, you are too ruddy good to be alive. Cultivate a charming personality and exercise your vocal chords a bit more.

August 23 to Sept. 22—Virgo the Most Elusive. Don't get downhearted, old pal, you'll get a break sometime. Perhaps you don't use the right technique. This is a particularly bright period for AC2's with G.C.'s and the chances of getting your AC1's is ominous.

Sept. 23 to Oct. 22—Libra for Beer Parlours. Stars are in fine aspects today, you should profit by increasing your tempo or undertaking new matters to create interests. It's a catch as can period, so be alive to your opportunities. Grasp 'em quickly; get a grip there and hang on to them.

Oct. 23 to Nov. 22—Scorpio, the Scorpion. Some restrictions, especially in artistic matters and personal desires, but the day is beneficial for military, naval and aeronautical achievement.

Nov. 23 to Dec. 21—Sagitarius the Rechobite. Business, work and practical issues take precedence over private interests not important to world affairs. Have a little consideration for the other man and try not to be so self-centred.

Dec. 22 to Ja 19—Capricorn, the Goat. Quicker recognition for work well done than in the past—the powers that be have realised that they themselves are only human and require the same necessities in life as the underdog.

Corporals' Club Notes

It is desired to bring to the notice of all the Corporals on the camp the existence of the Corporals' Club. Many new members have joined recently and it is the aim of the Committee to have every junior N.C.O. on the Station a member.

Membership fees are very reasonable, namely fifty cents initial fee and twenty-five cents each fortnight.

There are approximately eighty members at the moment and a great deal of spade work has been done by several enthusiastic members in improving the appearance of the interior of the Club. There is plenty of scope for other activities and it is particularly stressed that your suggestions are invited.

A dart match was played recently against a team of Officers and a very pleasant evening was enjoyed by both participants and spectators. The evening wound up with a sing song at which F/O Morgan and F/Lt. Hurrell excelled themselves.

The dance on the 20th was a great success and has been reported elsewhere in "Gen". It was a tribute to the fellows who worked so hard that the dance was so successful, and gives encouragement for the next one, which we are planning for May 20th.

Sunday evening is Guest Night, and you have permission to invite friends from outside the Station.

Enthusiasm is what we want and the Corporals' Club is a means of making friends and creating new interests.

There is no reason whatsoever why the Corporals' Club should not be one of the most successful of the R.A.F. over here in Canada.

Let's not have a half-hearted response, but every junior N.C.O. on the Station signing his name on the "dotted line".

How about it, fellows?

CORPORALS' CLUB DANCE

Probably one of the most successful dances that has been held in camp for some months, took place on Tuesday the 20th April in the Small Canteen and Corporals' Club. Thirty nurses were invited from the Brandon hospital, besides several other charming ladies. We were also honoured by the presence of Group Capt. and Mrs. Bruce together with Wing Commander and Mrs. Moore. The popular president of the club, F/Lt. Hurrell, was also in attendance, and it is with regret that we must record his posting.

A five-piece combination from the Rip-Chords Orchestra provided the music, with Frank Isherwood doing the vocals.

A great deal of work was necessary to make this dance the huge success that it was, and particular praise must be given to Cpl. Farley, Cpl. Limbrick, Cpl. Cherry, Cpl. Chapman, Cpl. Applegate and Cpl. Batson and other enthusiastic members. Thanks also to Cpl. Carter who acted as M.C.

SERGEANTS' MESS

Having said farewell to the mess pride and joy, the 'Blue Room" used solely for the entertainment of ladies at dances etc., we are now the proud possessors of a billiard table which has added to the life of the mess.

* * *

The table is used exclusively each lunch hour by W.O. "Flat out for the erks" Gash who still has hopes of beating Sgt. "Stinker" Jones at snooker, thereby making him pay for the table. Up to now W.O. Gash has had bags of opportunity signing his name.

* * *

Incidently, W.O. Gash and Sgt. Jones were in Eaton's Annex the other Sunday commenting freely on their exceptional prowess at darts. However, Cpl. Stan Batson and LAC. Geo. Dykes soon destroyed their "Manitoba Champions" line. It was a good game though.

* * *

A dance was held on the 3rd April and everyone present had a most enjoyable evening, including the F/Sgt. (no names) who brought his goldfish into the ante-room because "They enjoyed the music and the atmosphere so much".

* * *

Now the gardening season has arrived, we hope that F/Sgt. (Mr. Middleton) Gooderick will remove the diget and help to beautify the mess surroundings. Whilst on the subject of F/Sgt. Gooderick, it is rumoured that he made his bed on his last 48. My, my, Arthur . . . at your age too—Does life begin at 40 or did you have in your mind, "It's never too late . . . Beware of the Ides of August".

* * *

F/Sgt. Burroughes actually visited the Mess this month and was asked to sign the visitors book.

* * *

W.O. Gent, on his week-end sang, "Roll on the boat" (Unabridged version). Was his face red when he was informed next day that he was sitting on a gals knee when he gave the rendition.

* * *

W.O. Lord spent a week-end in Winnipeg for a change.

* * *

Is it true that W.O. Merrison uses the same notice on his hotel door in Winnipeg as he has on his office door in S.H.Q.?

* * *

F/Sgt. Bodsworth (Get back in the grapefruit you squirt) is in the U.S.A. on leave. Objective is Hollywood, but he may land anywhere.

* * *

F/Sgt. (Student) Dunham was in such a hurry to catch a taxi the other night that he dropped the apple he was taking for the teacher.

* * *

Now that morning parades have started F/Sgt. Phinn has acquired a bad foot.

* * *

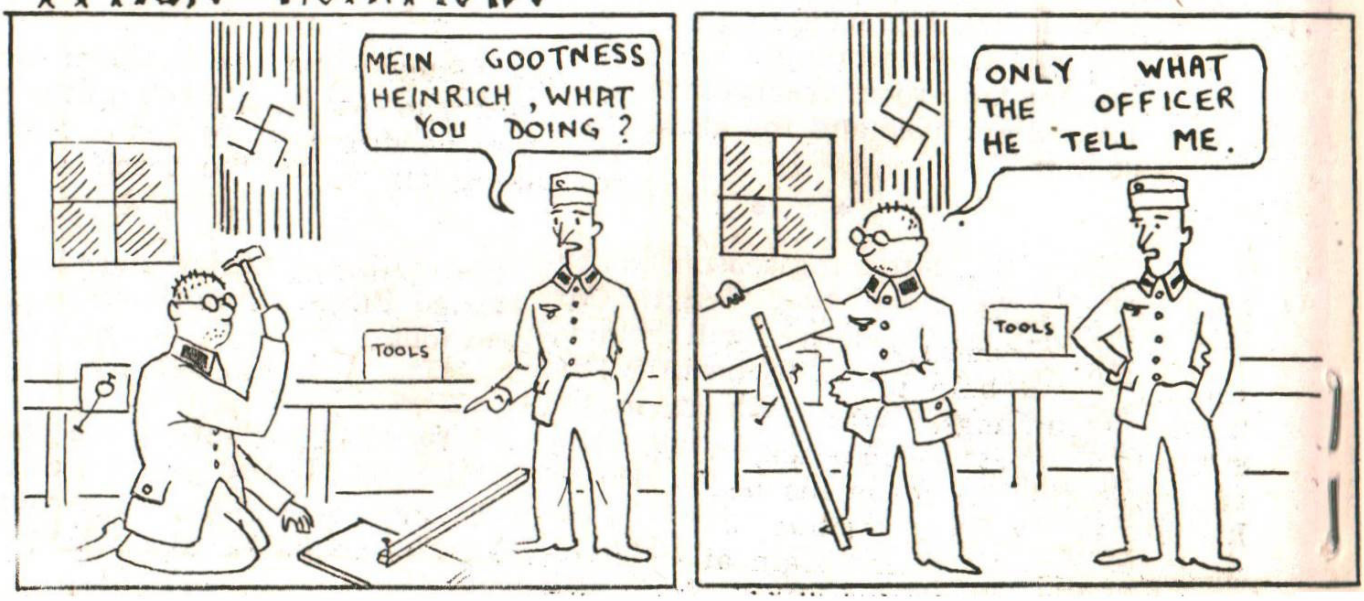
Please, Sgt. Sporne, are you or arn't you? If you are, we can present you with that brush you are always binding about for a wedding present.

The First Echelon . .

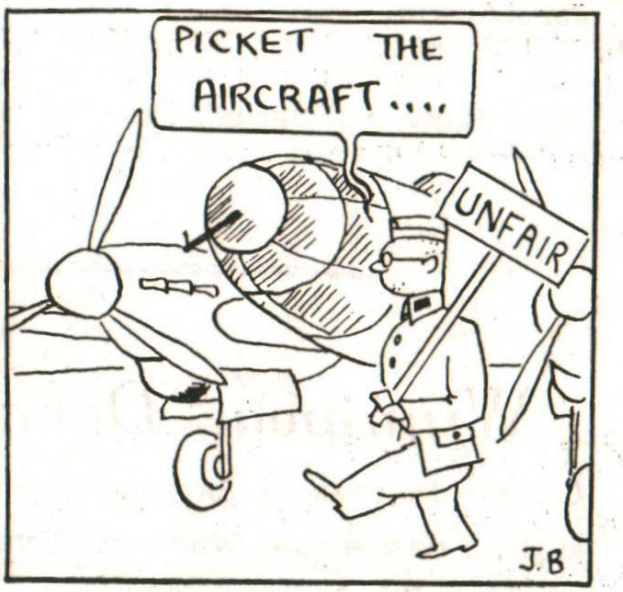
by "Gremlin" Tracey

Columbus was hero, brave and bold, we read in history book,
He mastered sea, discovered land, and path by the stars he took.
Now years have rolled on since Columbus days,
And time has marched on in its mechanised ways.
Till along came old Adolph and Japanese boys,
To convert into terror our newly found toys.
Now Adolph decided to go as he please,
So Britain sent soldiers and airmen o'er seas,
To France and to Belgium and to Norway as well,
In endeavour to stop this fast spreading Hell.
But away from the war front in strange Hemisphere,
A group of young airmen did greet the New Year.
They had first travelled ocean for quite a long spell,
Not lacking in spirit but many unwell.
Well lo; and behold; through mist and through ice,
There loomed a dark shape like some strange device,
"Tis land", they all shouted, and tried to get out,
Yes—t'was land, it was land without any doubt.
So luggage was shifted by streams of young men.
"A Jungle Safari" it appeared to be then,
Till days of more travel but this time by train,
Cross miles of woodland and snowclad Terrain,
Resigned to their fate as mile followed mile,
There was still quite a few who could muster a smile.

Private Heinrich.



Till one day it happened and all eyes did pop
When a voice passing them said "It's Carberry next stop"
So they bundled together to see what he meant
Expecting some Indians " Stood out front of tent.
But though not so drastic—'twas drastic enough
And buttoning up greatcoats all tried to look tough.
They looked at the Station and 'cross to cafe,
And on counting the houses all near passed away.
When all of a sudden a great booming voice
Said, "Stand here or walk" 'twas pretty poor choice.
So sticking out chest and many a chin
'Twas trudging through snow in threes did begin.
All ears near dropped off and feet seemed to freeze,
It seemed forty below plus the old Margate breeze.
And when all had decided to give up for dead
A shape now took form in the haze just ahead.
It was Carberry Airport, their future abode,
This queer looking thing at the end of the road.
And in curious mood they arrived now quite soon,
As it strangely resembled a Disney Cartoon,
With its buildings of green and its many bright lights,
'Twas a contrast indeed to the old blackout nights.
But years have rolled on since that distant day,
And many have gone back or been posted away.
Whilst others, not fussy, resigned to their fate,
Believe that they serve, who also do wait.
But whatever decision—"To go back or stay"
ROLL ON THE ALL CLEAR — THAT **WILL** BE THE DAY! ! ! !



Our Crazy Quiz

The answers will be found at the back of the Hymn Book.

1. Complete the following sentences (one word).
   Officers and . . . . . of the R.A.F.
   a. Airmen.
   b. Joes.
   c. Can Carriers.

2. In the last war Mussolini was:
   a. Eggbound.
   b. Musclebound.
   c. Just plain 'browned'.

3. Who said the following?
   "Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness."
   a. Joe Pennington.
   b. Nobby Lewis.
   c. Carlyle, 'Past and Present'.

4. William Hickey of the Daily Express claims to be the only person alive who has been blown off a lavatory seat during the blitz, whilst engrossed in a book.
   Who was the author of the book he was reading?
   a. Jane Austin.
   b. Bill Vopni (Carberry News-Express).
   c. John Bunyon (Pilgrim's Progress).

5. "All that glitters is not gold" is the motto of:
   a. Pay Acounts.
   b. Servicing's Dope Sprayers.
   c. Peroxide Blonde.

6. If you had your choice where would you reside?
   a. Stalag XI.
   b. Dachau.
   c. 33 S.F.T.S.
   4. Hamm.

7. What do the inmates of S.H.Q. do?
   a. Paint the walls.
   b. Sand the floors.
   c. Scrub the corridor.

8. "Don't shoot until you see the whites of their eyes" was said at the Battle of—
   a. Carberry.
   b. Hastings.
   c. Bunker Hill.
   d. Waterloo.

9. Which of the following animals do not hibernate—
   a. Bear.
   b. Wolf.
   c. Frog.
   d. Snake.

S. P.

Winnipeg Dance Cancelled

Owing to reasons beyond the control of this Unit, the station dance that was tentatively arranged for Winnipeg on May 7th is now cancelled.

Congratulations

To: F/Sgt. Cartwright and F/Sgt. Pettit on their promotion to Warrant Officer. Sgt. Finnamore on his promotion to Flight Sergeant and also on his marriage to Miss Marjorie Mack of Winnipeg. We wish them both long life and happiness.

Posting

We wish to say cheerio to Warrant Officer Gerry Dawson on his posting out West to North Battleford. The same goes for Warrant Officer Cartwright who headed in the same direction. Not to mention Flight Sergeant Joe Finnamore and Sergeant "Charlie" Peace who have set out on the first stage of their journey back to Blighty. Drop us a line, chaps, and give us the griff on things Over There . . .

More Congrats

To: Paddy Daly of the Instrument Section on the birth of a daughter. Maureen, to Mrs. Daly.

To:Nobby Vinall of Repair Squadron on the birth of a baby girl, Patricia, weighing 6½ pounds, to Mrs. Vinall.

BRAVO! BLOKES!

Night and Day

Sgt. Ben Couch whilst Orderly Dog entered Hut 12B at dawn, found the lights full on. He switched them off and left—his duty done! Good old Ben! Always clowning . . .

FLASH!

Dick Chappell, Mogul of the Instrument Section, reports that Miss Margaret Paulers, Winnipeg's most up-and-becoming vocalgymnast has consented to become Section sweetheart for the duration. Miss Paulers has written and said: "Nothing is too much trouble—if it is for the RAF!" Okay, wretches, Paula warbles nightly at the Roseland . . .

Welcome

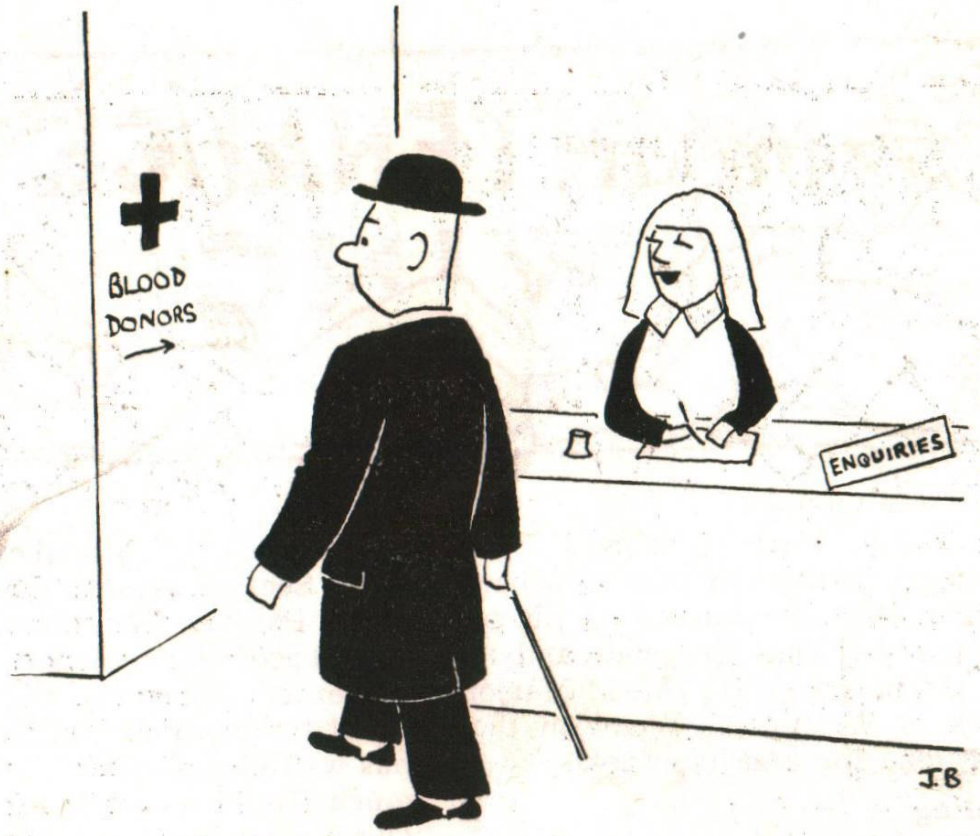
To: Pilot Officer Charlie Morris on his posting here as Technical Adjutant. Sergeant Eric ("Flash") Falconer on his posting over here from Training Wing. Between them the Technical Returns situation should hum like a well-oiled machine.

Lament.

The Instrument Section Millibars have gone off the air these mornings. Reason: Frank Gash thumbed down on their act. And anyway, he don't like that song, "The Scarlet Standard" they are so fond of . . . Join, Frank!

Changes Made

Best wishes to Flight Lieutenant Hurrell on his recent posting which took him a few thousand miles nearer home. Welcome to Pilot Officer Barnes who takes Mr. Hurrell's place.



'AH, MR STONE! ANOTHER MIRACLE TODAY?'

RIP - CHORDS NEED NEW BLOOD -- NOW

Laconic Rip-Chord producer S/L J. Sexton, cornered on his back in a hospital bed, said Rip-Chords by no means anaemic, but they need new bliid.

"Time-experienced players may go home any day and their places must be filled. If you think your blood will do, see me anytime," he said.

Concerts are now big business. Each show, besides creating goodwill for unit, makes circa $350.00 for P.S.I.

Boosting unit morale, and selling the idea of this RAF unit around Manitoba are still two chief raisons d'etre of Rip-chords, says Sexton.

But this idea still has to be sold to maiy senior N.C.O.s on this unit, he continued. Some of our lads get a pretty unpleasant reaction when they try to get time off for rehearsals.

Rehearsing for Rip-Chords ain't just scrounging. It may be fun; but it's also hard work, and judged by results, it's good work.

Write a Caption Win a Dollar

Here we have a cartoon that was drawn some time ago by Jack Bullock (now at Ottawa). It's a good cartoon—but it needs a caption. To save wear and tear on our brains we want you to write what you think is a good caption on a piece of paper, add your name and number and hand it to Cpl. Batson at the P.S.I. Winner will receive a dollar, and will get their name in next month's "Gen". Closing date 15th May.

DEFINITION

Cowhide: A place where cows go when they want to be alone.

FUTILITY

Who is Snow White's sister? Egg white. Get the yoke?

Universal Quiz

SOMETHING FOR EVERYONE

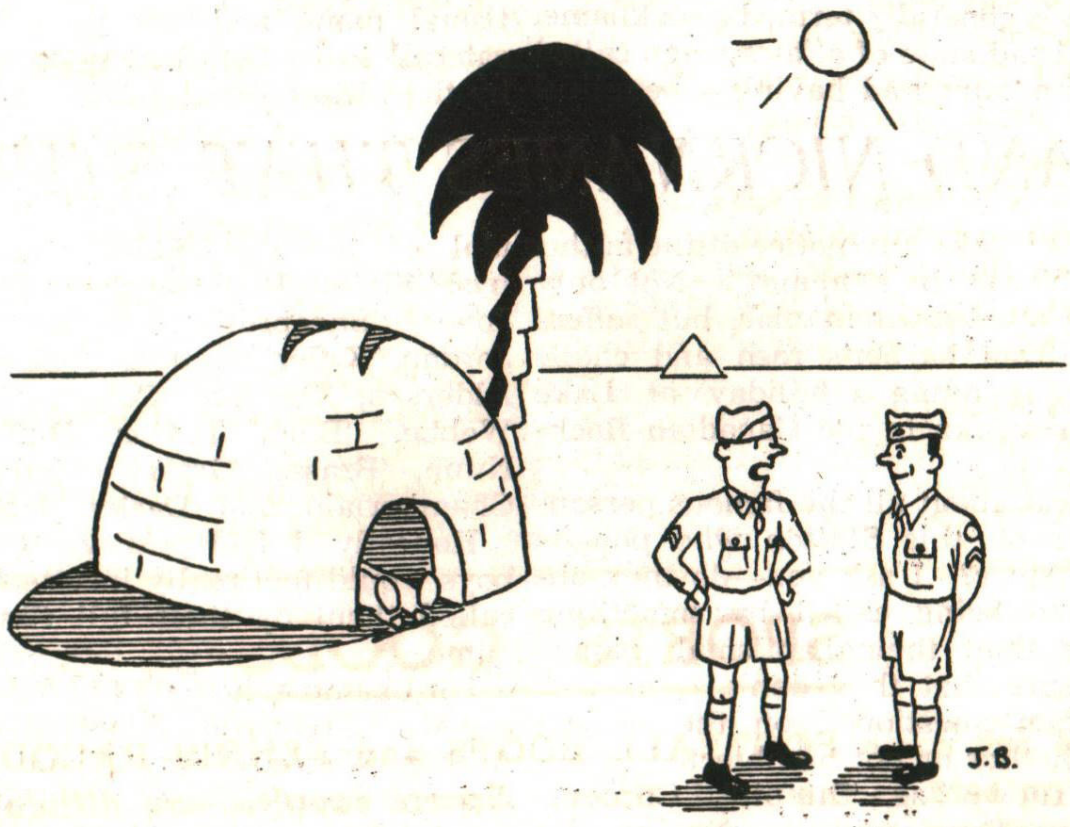
1. After whom was Big Ben named?
2. A balalaika is—
   a. A famous lighthouse,
   b. A musical instrument,
   c. A heavy outer garment?
3. In what opera is the "Anvil chorus?
4. Is a shalzd—
   a. A Russian peasant dance,
   b. A salt and pepper set,
   c. A hat?
5. How many points did Woodrow Wilson present as a basis for world peace?
6. Which of the following were women—
   a. George Eliot,
   b, George Meredith,
   c. George Sand,
   d. Georges Clemenceau?
7. Did Premier Winston Churchill write "The Crisis"?
8. Salami is—
   a. A lady famed in song,
   b. An oriental salutation,
   c. An Italian food?
9. What happened to the original Peeping Tom?
10. An Atelier is—
    a. A swordsman,
    b. A studio,
    c. A fortune teller?
11. In the legend pictured on R.A.F. athletic medals, what happen- to Icarus?
12. Who, among the following, cut the Gordion Knot—
    a. Samson,
    b. Alexander,
    c. Hercules?
13. How many syllables are there in the word "Niagara"
14. Which arm of Venus de Milo is missing?
15. Who was Henry Porter?
16. Which one of the following invented the thermometer?
    a. Fahrenheit,
    b. Galileo,
    c. De Laval?
17. Can you re-arrange these words to form an adage—
    "Shall a man clothe rags with drowsiness?
18. What is an aquaplane?
19. Who wrote the poem, "Sea-Fever?"
20. Is Bombay duck—
    a. An Indian dish of dried fish and curry?
    b. Material used for men's slacks,
    c. A wading bird?

Fifteen Dollars Given Away

Gather 'round gang, and lend an ear. The chance of a lifetime is coming your way. Some of you guys many not have heard of the Canadian Committee, but this organization is doing a lot of good work in helping visiting service men to more enjoy their stay in this country. This month they are co-operating with "Gen" in sponsoring a competition. Here's the griff:

Write an article about Canada. It can be serious, light, critical, satirical, complimentary or just plain **binding.** It must be between 750 to 1000 words in length. It must be handed in to Cpl. Batson at the P.S.I. on or before the 15th May. Articles will be judged by F/Lt. Jones (Educational Officer) and P/O Barnes (Editor). To the writer of the best article the Canadian Committee will send a cheque for ten dollars. To the writer of the second best article will go a cheque for five dollars. The Canadian Committee will endeavour to sell prize winning articles to the newspapers; and payment from that source will go to the writers of the articles. Winning article will appear in next month's "Gen". Judges decisions are final. Grab that pencil and paper, boy, and get weaving.

F/Lt. Jones has received some very good books from the Canadian Committee that may prove a big help to those of you who are taking a crack at that ten bucks.



SO WHAT IF HE IS AN ESKIMO? I STILL DON'T SEE HOW HE DOES IT

NAMES THAT COME UNSTUCK

One cannot help but notice these days a number of entries on Orders announcing the marriage of LAC "so and so" to "Miss Something Else", and also "Born to the wife of the marginally named airman a son (or a daughter). The latter is what we are about to deal with.

What's in a name? Believe me there is a lot. Is it not a piy that a child be burdened with a name like Delight or Elbridge? The poor child who cannot speak for himself will have to bear the burden of his parents' whimsy for the rest of his life.

Oddly enough, it invariably happens that Hercules grows up to be a weedy little fellow, and Junior at the early age of twenty-five looks like a man of sixty.

There is nothing more ridiculous and insulting to a child to be given what is generally termed a nickname, it is a sad state of affairs when called after a saint and having a beautiful name such as Catherine, Veronica or Mary to be nicknamed Kitty, Vera or May. Kitty sounds like a cat sitting on the back fence and howling to the moon. Then why should Beatrice be called Bee—surely she isn't an insect, or Margaret be known as Peg or (heaven forbid) Maggie—the similarity between a wooden leg and magpies seems alien to Margaret?

Joseph will always be known as Joe (there are said to be a lot of Joes at Carberry), and James will have to answer to the name of Jim, but try to stick to the child's name in the house. Gradually relatives and friends will follow the good example and so will outsiders.

So the next entry we see in Orders let us see plenty of taste shown. and Dadda and Mamma insist that their offspring is called by a baptismal name and not some stupid cat call to be mouthed nuon at will by the illiterate.

-- AND NICKNAMES THAT STUCK

Don't take any notice of the author of "What's in a name?" Not only is he a religious maniac, but suffers also from barber's rash and cholic after spending a holiday at Lake Minnewanka in the Canadian Rockies.

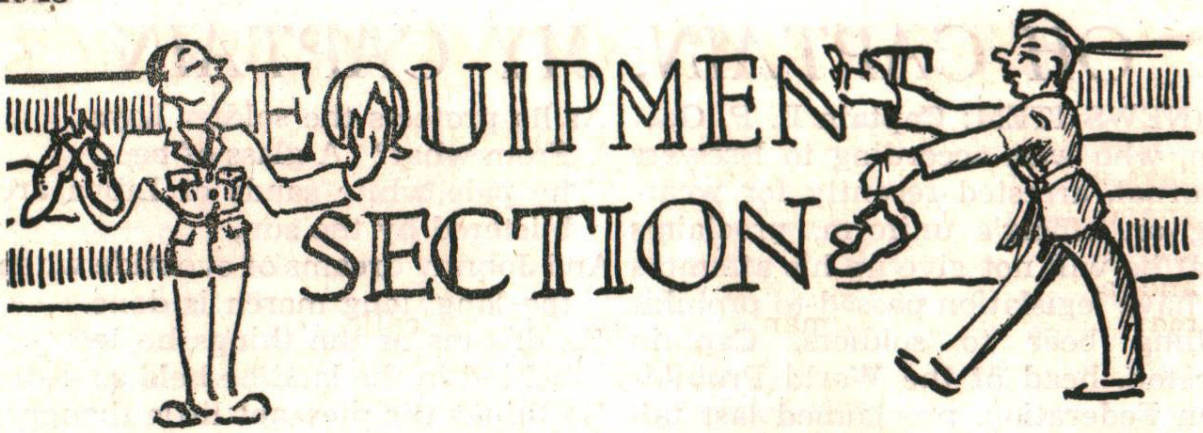
What about all the famous personalities on this Station who possess nisknames? I ask you—do they object to being called by something other than their baptismal name? I'm sure that they don't. p

When questioned on the subject of whether or not he objected to being known as "Nippit", Corporal Jimmy Price replied, "Not in the least outside duty hours".

Then we have 'Nobby' Lewis, the idol of the Bow Bells, 'Liverpool Irish' Slater, 'Pop' Curphey, 'Stinker' Jones, 'Sheeprot' Dunnell, 'Tiger' Jordan, 'Killer' Gordon, 'Jenny Lind' Alderson, 'Barrage' Cohen, 'Tubby' Webber, 'Buck' Taylor, 'Duff Gen' Nunn, 'Brasso' Grasso, 'Umberella' Chamberlain, and 'Darky' Pestico.

Honestly, I feel positive that the boys would feel really insulted if we called them by their full Christian name.

For example, how do the following sound. Archibald Allen, Lorenzo Archer, Wilfred Berry, Claud Nock, Aubrey Sporne, Jeremiah Carruthers, Gilderoy Carter, Rupert Hillier. All right, chum, who said call me 'JOE' for short.



Our legal eagle, "The Major", has more aliases than most well-known racketeers—not that we're insinuating at all, but that inkwell he so closely watches does look familiar to our regular Winnipeg week-enders.

Of the "Pubs & Forms" expert—"On-to-Berlin" Miller it can now be said "a little something has been added". Congrats, Gris, pity that stripe wasn't the other way up, but we'll omit the obvious comment.

Nipin Price has managed to bring his bowling team through 5 wins out of 6 games in the latest league, in spite of a mysterious ailment concerning his spine, which he uses as an excuse when his score gets pretty low. Go to it Jim man, let's have that championship.

Sgt. (Who'll have a fag, chaps?) Smith took a night off to watch his boys play the Accounts Section at bowls recently, and after cheering them on to victory he took off his coat and rolled the colossal score of 69—just to show how easy the game really is. In spite of regular announcements to the effect that they are saving up for leave (and the Boat.) our two champion "sludge-shifters", who for reasons of national (and local) safety must remain unnamed, (O.K. Buck?) are still "At Home" in the Nelson on Saturday evenings.

Strains of "Songs of OULD Oireland" may be heard drifting from the Clothing Store as new manager Buchanan makes his presence felt, and occasionally he may be seen dashing into the main office with his "Tape of Office" around his neck.

Bert (Stooge) Mercer still manages to cope though constantly reminding us, "I have only one pair of hands, you know". This we understand has been confirmed by "Doc Gossip" as being biologically the correct scale of issue per storebasher — customers please note.

The cocoa-swindle still flourishes and assets are well on the way to 2 bucks now, so Treasurer Smith informs us. Noticeable last week was a packet of fags in the possession of . . . need we say more?

An unusual sight witnessed the other week when our hard worked "R&D King" Jim Mycock was observed chasing down the railroad track after a gasoline car. Investigation revealed that this was a trick tank car, not meant to be emptied at all. Apparently another of Hitler's new secret weapons.

IN BRIEF

Chummy Ovens had a boxing week-end in mid-April . . . a knock out eh? Chum.

Stores-Chief Sexton visited the M.O. . . . toe-ing the line no doubt.

So Ace Parade marker "Nipin" Price does a left about turn on the parade ground? Never mind, Jimmy, others boobed also.

OH CAPTAIN, MY CAPTAIN

(NEWS ITEM: Captain E. P. Gaston, who was, according to Brewers Journal, arrested recently for wearing an officer's uniform, proclaims that he will not give up his attempts to have legislation passed to prohibit selling beer to soldiers. Captain Gaston, head of the World Prohibition Federation, proclaimed last fall that the first step toward prohibition in the United States would be to dry up all military and naval areas.)

Johnny worked in the bottling house,
before he went away.
They think he's in Africa; yet,
Iceland, others say.
Carl was one of the platform boys,
husky, healthy and strong.
Where he is now is hard to tell,—
they haven't heard for long.
Lew was learning the brewer's art,
a right bright student, too,
A year ago he went to sea. They
seldom hear from Lew.
They all have left the brewery and
have gone away to war;
They're marked upon the service flag
where each one has his star.
For Carl and Lew and Johnny, too,
have taken silent form;
Their whispers are but little things
amid the mortal storm.
The boys abroad in distant lands are
now a tongueless race,
So Captain E. P. Gaston is speaking
in their place.
In draped and ornate drawing rooms
he speaks his every word,
In corridors in Washington his
creaky voice is heard.
His uniform's the latest cut and
very debonair;
No mar to spoil his perfect groom,
nor out of place, a hair.
In purpose he's determined without
a show of fear,
As he protects the soldier boys.
From what? A glass of beer.
(The pale white sands of Libya are
blistered by the sun,
And Johnny dreams of eventide when
the long, long march is done.
He dreams of the things he left
behind in the land he held so dear;
He thinks the pleasant little thought,
home, and a glass of beer.)
The Captain talks of hardships and
the sacrifices made,
Why only yesterday he served
"unsweetened" lemonade.
(Through a swamp in New China,
dripping with sweat and blood,
Lew is stalking a monkey-man,
waist-deep in the steaming mud.
A shot! and the day has ended a
Japanese career,
Lew is back at the base canteen,
drinking a glass of beer.)
The Captain had a casualty: a
naughty thunderstorm,
Spoiled his stroll through the Rock
Creek park and soiled his uniform,
(Johnny was a gunner's mate,
passing ammunition
On a valiant grey destroyer in
battle-line position.
But when the fight had ended in
that distant hemisphere
Johnny dreams of his next shore
leave—and a jolly glass of beer.
"The land is gleaned of fighting men,
we've twisted every fact,
Let's put some life into the corpse
of Mr. Volstead's Act.
Oh my Captain, Oh my Captain,
conduct the great crusade,
And keep the Army free from beer",
the nice old ladies prayed,
"We must protect the fighting lads".
But Johnny, Carl and Lew,
A little puzzled, want to know:
"Who's protecting who?"

Brewers Journal, Feb. 15, 1943.

DIGGING THE PLATTERS

Hiya cats, have you been digging this past two weeks. If you're like me you haven't, that is, there just ain't nothing to dig. This union strike in the States sure is holding back the stuff. So—what do we do, well, we just go back to the oldies. First class records that are little known, and are still obtainable, the first in this write-up is good old Hampton, Victor, 27529 "Chasin the Chase", solid is the word, solid 32 bars of Leo, pounding the tubs, powerful orchestral backing, with Sax and Clary sharing a chorus, but good. The other side sad to say is corny, but is worth a buy for the "A" side.

Quintette Hot Club de France, Victor 25511, "After You've Gone". One of the best sides made, by the group, Stephan Grappely playing some wonderful violin. One cannot imagine this instrument doing such things. Django Reinhardt, the late wizard of the guitar, is also heard. All hot collectors should have this disc as Hot Club's combination is one of the most unique in jazz history, also, the Hot Club is no more, and their recordings may soon be discontinued

Tommy Dorsey's "Not So Quiet Please" is a drummer's record, Buddy Rich plays for about two minutes of the 3½ minutes, making some clever Tom Tom rythm patterns, and proving his abilities along with the best. "We Take Tallulah" "B" side, features T. D. Frank Sinatra, and the pied pipers vocalizing. Artie Shaw's "Back Bay Shuffle" now available on the 50c Bluebird label, one of those numbers that made Shaw. His first chorus is followed by Tram, Trumpet, Piano, and Sax, each taking a little turn at forsaking the dots, ensemble finish, completes a jazz classic. "Any Old Time" B. side, a fair vocal by Billie Holliday.

Woody Herman is here again, the band that plays the blues, with two or five times, Decca. Woody Scat sings an amusing vocal, with here and there some low down clarinet. "Hot Chestnuts" on other side. The Chestnuts part I don't understand, but hot—yea man, very fast piano and teamed clary.

This my little jive ones brings the column to a close, except for my also digs, a few of which I always like to stick in.

Gene Krupar—Hodge-Podge.

Duke Ellington—"Don't Get Around."

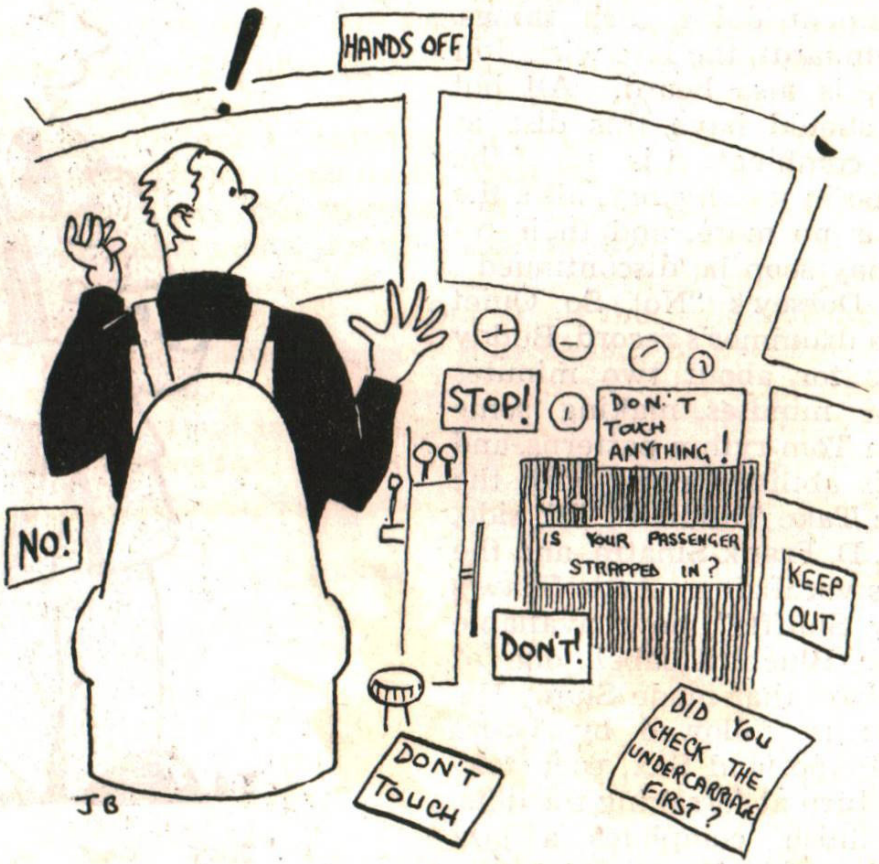
Gerry Death, playing Honky Tonk

'JUST GOT A CABLE FROM HOME'

SAGA OF THE A.C.P.

I sit here in solitary splendour,
The monarch of all I survey,
Lord of the snow-covered airfield,
And guide to the U/T's right way.
For these aircraft, though bird-like and mighty,
Have a fault that you I must tell,
Instead of a fixed undercarriage,
Wheels up! and you land in a cell.
Our airmen are brave but forgetful,
In spite of green knobs and red light,
So airplanes come in with their wheels up,
The result? Such a pitiful sight!
Take heed then, you would-be young airmen,
If e'er a red light strikes your eye,
The ACP's trying to warn you,
That you're far better off in the sky!
For the Chief though nice, can be nasty,
Especially when he hears one tell,
How, despite a red lamp and a verey
The kite lands like a bat out of hell.
So my work here is very important,
I, with my little red lamp,
Save many a pupil from hardship,
Such as "One Month's confinement to camp".

Yet reader, of me don't be jealous,
If you want to swap jobs then I'll mind,
But I'll change for the sake of our friendship,
And because it's a hell of a bind!



PUPIL'S DILEMMA

The Rear Gunner

I am the lone watch of the rear. Mine is a small world. Ahead of me, except for my guns is nothing. The whole world is before me, going away. I never approach anything; I survey only the distance. But for the human voices in my earphones I am a lonely vibrating bubble in the sky. My eyes roam the blue and the patches of clouds, especially the clouds. There lurks the enemy. He would find me unwary, smash my craft and send me to the depths. So I am alert. On my vigilence depends my life, and more important, the lives of others. For the bold aggressor I am ready. I watch his every move. I hold fire and pray that his deadly missles will not reach me. My heart hammers with excitement, but I must hold my fire. I must! Nearer he sweeps. He thinks I am either dead or asleep. With a short accurate burst I dispell his doubts forever. He staggers and falls away with orange flame billowing from his vitals. Vae Victis. In spite of my victory I feel sad. I am tempted with thoughts of home. I shake my head. I must not relax. I am cold. Nearby . . . one . . . two . . . three puffs of black smoke. That is flak nee Archie. I cannot harm him. He can kill me yet I watch fascinated and unafraid. I crouch forward and look down. Though I cannot see them, men are there useing their brains and skill to kill . . . me. We go lower. Yes, I can see them now. They can see me and very soon they shall feel me. I give a long burst of tracers and they find rest in the good brown earth and in flesh. There are flashes and muffled explosions. As we draw away I feel a pain in my shoulder. Blood drips down my arm. It can only be my blood. I relax and shut my eyes. I really can't help it. Are we near home yet? Not long now, I tell myself. The sea looks lovely. The sea! Thank God, we shall soon be home. I don't look but I know the green fields of England are passing beneath us. I am content. In fact, I think I am going to faint . . . I . . . I. The glorious fresh air smells good. There is no noise, just darkness. A kindly faraway voice proclaims that, "Charlie has caught it again, boys." I smile. Tail-End Charlie! That's me, folks.

"LOOK ..... NO HANDS!"

POLICE GAZETTE

It is with mixed feelings we notice the sand storm that had been raging since Cpl. John Smart arrived on this unit has subsided. Perhaps this is due to the fact John has moved on in traditional service style to a new station, namely, Medicine Hat. All the best, John! Here's hoping you will not have to introduce the sand-in-my-eyes alibi in your new guardroom.

We sincerely hope our "cracks" in the past issue of this "Mag" had nothing to do with Duff Nunn's sinus trouble. After all, Duff, you cannot expect to find fame without paying some price. We were surprised though, to find an ex-Dunkirk and Crete man laid low by a nose. The question is, who did the illness effect most Duff or Tiger Jordan.

A new reign of terror on this camp is indicated by Gestapo Chief Platt's trip to the city of New York. The communique issued before he left informed us he was going on a fourteen day vacation, but from a more reliable source we understand he is taking a fortnight's course in the use of strong arm methods. Any day now should see the arrival into Stores of a consignment of tear gas bombs, riot guns and some new rubber hose. A lie detector, it is felt would serve no useful puropse on this unit.

Query—Is Camp Patrol (which camp) Morris on hand to assist on the course, or to learn a new method of desk-polishing.

Cpl. Happy Howard returned from leave in appropriate style, doing the trip from Carberry to the camp in the ambulance. So you can't take it. Eh, Hap!

Cpl. (Shoot the five) McIntyre is spending all his off duty hours with pencil and paper, muttering figures and occasionally counting on both hands at the same time. All we have been able to make out to date is something that sounds like this. Four at five each makes twenty! Shooting the works and making a natural is forty! Shooting again twice and making the point makes it one hundred and sixty! Draw ten and shoot the works again—By the Haggis, I'm rich!

What is it, Mac, getting married or planning another trip to Minneapolis?

We would like to know the reason Cpl. Bass Parry lowers himself gingerly to his seat whenever he sits down. Maybe he sat on a tack when he was young. Still we won't pile it on, Bass.

We notice LAC. Tiger Jordan still spends a small fortune in polish and a wealth of time each day polishing the picture of the English Blonde. Ain't love grand!

We must record the fact that when the Station Police had their photograph taken, a semblance of a smile was observed for a fleeting second on the classical features of Sgt. Platt. Are we to suppose this is the only reason the pictures sold like "Hot Cakes"!

HERE ARE THE WINNERS AND RUNNERS-UP OF THE BASKET-BALL TOURNEY. PHOTO TAKEN IN THE DRILL HALL JUST BEFORE F/SGT. BURROUGHS LED HIS TEAM TO VICTORY IN A GRAND MATCH AGAINST HUT 31.

Answers to Quiz

1. Sir Benjamin Hall.
2. (b) A Russian stringed instrument.
3. Il Trovatore. (Verdi).
4. (c) A military hat.
5. Fourteen.
6. (a) George Eliot, (c) George Sand.
7. No. He wrote, "The World Crisis". The American author of the same name wrote "The Crisis".
8. (c) A variety of Italian special sausage.
9. He was the only witness of Lady Godiva's ride through Coventry and legend has it he was struck blind.
10. (b) A studio.
11. He flew too near the sun, and his wax wings melted.
12. (b) Alexander the Great.
13. Four.
14. The left arm.
15. Pen-name of O. Henry, the American short story writer.
16. (b) Galileo.
17. Drowsiness shall clothe a man in rags.
18. A surf-board towed behind a power boat.
19. John Mansfield.

BOXING

A month ago our boxing team was supposed to have fallen on bad times, but suddenly it burst into the headlines again in the two-day inter-service boxing tournament at Fort Garry.

Carberry boxers punched their way into second place in this tournament, beating the Navy, No. 3 Wireless School, No. 12 S.F.T.S. and No. 102 C.A. (B) T.C., and losing to No. 103 C.A. (B) T.C.

Here is an eye witness report of our bouts:

Five airmen from this unit participated in the tourney, Heavyweight LAC. Hall, Middleweight F/Sgt. Ovens, Lightweight LAC. Stewart, Featherweight LAC. Phillips.

F/Sgt. Ovens was the first member of the team to box, his opponent being Lt. McFadden. Both men fought a gruelling fight, for the entire distance. Ovens held a slight lead for the first two rounds, but during the last round McFadden had Ovens groggy with terrific hooks to the jaw and closed with a comfortable lead.

LAC. Robinson was billed next. Our man gave weight away but boxed in a cool and confident manner. He too, held the lead for the first sesion, but unfortunately his old eye wound opened, and gave him trouble. His opponent saw his advantage and took it, and obtained the verdict after a good fight.

LAC. Phillips had no trouble in the semi-finals. He gave his opponent no rest from the opening bell and the fight was stopped in Phillips favour during the first round.

Paddy Stewart and Ivan Hall had byes into the finals which opened on Tuesday evening. Once again Ovens opened the proceedings for Carberry with a no decision bout against AC. Baxter, Fort William (at the special request of Major Manson) This fight gave the large and enthusiastic audience an appetite. Both men stood toe to toe for three rounds and used everything with the exception of the buckets and stools.

Phillips was opposed by a wily opponent, and fought mangnificently. The whole fight has the crowd on their toes throughout the bout. Phillips superb condition stood him in good stead and during the closing stages he rocked Pte. Meeks with heavy punches to the chin and body and finally finished a popular winner. He is a boxer who has fought on this station on previous occasions and has a grand career ahead in the fistic ranks.

The surprise of the evening's show was Jock Hall, his opponent being Pte. Trotsky, a gigantic specimen of manhood, he weighed 240 pounds and had a perfect physique. Hall carried the fight to his opponent but made no impresion during the opening round. During the second Hall swung a punch from his ankles and the giant dropped as if pole axed. The crowd rose as one man, and stared, the giant managed to lumber to his feet but Hall had him in a bad way and dropped Trotsky once again, the ref. intervened at this stage awarding the decision to Hall.

Our last representative to enter the ring was Paddy Stewart, but it was observed that his opponent was overweight, which was proved correct on a weigh in at the ring side. Therefore Stewart was given the verdict his opponent being disqualified.

The whole programme from prelims to finish was conducted in clean and sportsman-like manner, and is truly a fitting climax to the boxing season. —A.C.O.

YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU, BROTHER . . .