

WFO 317

HQ 335PTS/1006X/SHQ.

DEPARTMENT OF NATIONAL DEFENSE

RECREATION - AIRMEN,  
- FOR THE USE OF.

LONG ADDRESS

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HQ 335PTS/1006X/SHQ.

# Gen!

JULY  
1943

TEN  
CENTS

# Journal of 33 Service Flying Training School

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# Editorial

**T**HERE are more pictures this month. Do you approve? There's the odd joke or two. Do you want any more? There's a picture on the back cover—to be changed each month. Why not write and tell me what you think about the magazine?

\* \* \*

Fewer station events are reported this month. Why? Because the people who are in charge of them are too idle to give me the news. For once I haven't pestered and chased them for news. Everything this month has been volunteered. Notice the items that are left out—and speak severely to those who haven't bothered to write.

\* \* \*

Now that F/O Morgan has returned, I'm glad to announce that he will become the Sports Editor. From today he will receive all sports reports and pictures direct from the sports organisers to fill a minimum of ten pages. Officers i/c individual sports please note. That will leave me free to study ants, mosquitoes, gophers, and the frequency of taxi cab accidents.

\* \* \*

The Corporals' Club took exception to my re-writing their secretary's report last month. So they don't propose to give "Gen" any news. So what?

\* \* \*

While I'm in the mood . . . I must complain that too few officers take "Gen" seriously. They should all buy at least one copy each at the Mess Bar, and take out a subscription for their relatives and friends at home. The average number of copies sold to officers during last three months has been forty per month. Very poor show!

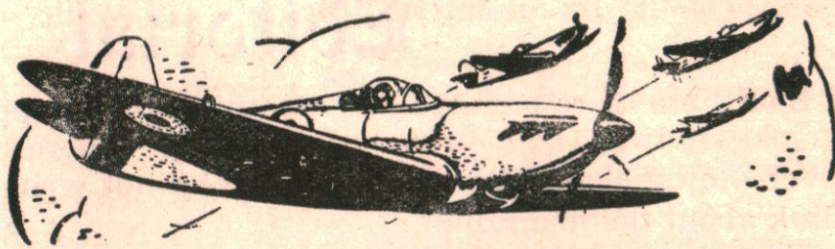
\* \* \*

Next month we hope to give some interesting news about the newly formed Welfare Committee and the plans they have for helping wives whose husbands are being repatriated. Next month there will also be another story by the author of "Last Trip": an article on "Love-Letters"; on "Fishing"; and maybe I'll be able to write something about "Bird-Life at Clear Lake".

\* \* \*

Lots of people don't like our cover. I'm quite willing to change it—if someone with the necessary ability will draw, paint, etch, carve a new one. Anyone with ideas about this, please see me immediately.

# LAST TRIP



—by Flight Lieutenant Rivaz, D.F.C.

THE door leading into the ante-room opened slowly - jerkily, and a pilot leaning on a pair of crutches appeared in the opening. He was a man of medium height, sturdily built, and aged about twenty-five but looked nearer thirty. He was tall and fair, with a slight dazed and puzzled expression, yet his face had a calm and singularly tranquil look.

He came in sideways with his shoulders hunched. When he was inside the room he pushed the door shut with the end of one of his crutches, and then came slowly across the room towards the group of officers standing around the fireplace.

"Hello, Jimmy; how are you?" someone asked.

"I should be alright if it wasn't for these bloody things."

"What'll you have?" someone else asked.

"Thanks, I'll have a beer."

The pilot remained standing, leaning on his crutches, looking around the room and smiling to those he knew but seeking new faces. He knew that each new pilot, observer, or air gunner he saw—each newcomer to the squadron, was there to replace someone who was no longer there.

One of the newcomers looked up from a game of cards and stared at Jimmy.

"How did it happen?" he asked his opponent. "Did he crash?"

"No, he got caught by a bomb. It seems bad luck to get caught on the ground just before you are due for a rest. Poor old Jimmy had only got another couple more trips to do, and he had to have his leg sliced off by a splinter from a bomb.

Jimmy had wanted to finish his trips . . . more than anything else he had wanted to complete his first tour of operations. He had not flown for over a week as all day and night the north-east of England had been obscured by driving mist and fog or cloud down to 600 feet.

All that time Jimmy had felt curiously ill at ease . . . apprehensive and nervous, a thing he had never known before. The feeling was with him day and night and try as he would he could not drive it away. He felt as he had once felt after a bad bout of flu, only worse. He was convinced that next time he flew it would be his last trip. He called himself a silly fool . . . a damned silly, weak, jittery fool; but he knew it was more than that. He knew this was no "stage fright" . . . that was nothing; he knew that feeling quite well as he always had it just before he took off . . . most people did. No, this was quite different; it was so final.

He tried going for runs around the aerodrome before breakfast to tire his body and stop himself thinking. He played squash in the evenings to make himself tired before going to bed; but whatever he did the feeling of impending doom was always there. He knew quite definitely if he flew

again it would be for the last time.

For the last few weeks in his dreams, Jimmy had been cheated of his complete tour of trips. In his dreams he was always on his last and unlucky trip. Every night, and it seemed to him all night, he dreamt he was flying over Germany and each flight was the last one; each night something stopped him getting back.

Sometimes his aeroplane would be on fire and disintegrate with him inside it. In his dream he would watch himself burning but could not remember feeling any pain. He would see himself surrounded and trapped by flames and with his clothes on fire; he could smell his flesh burning and see himself getting first red, then black, then his flesh would shrivel and burn away and his bones would show white. He would struggle, fighting desperately to free himself from the aeroplane, long since out of control and falling like a leaf to the ground.

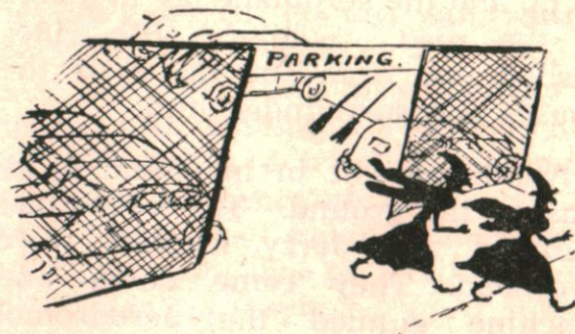
Jimmy would wake up wet with perspiration, surprised to find himself still in his room. He would turn on the light, get up and walk around the room and the dream would gradually fade.

Another night his engines would suddenly fail. In his dream he would hastily check the petrol cocks, magneto switches, mixture control and throttles, but do what he would the engine would remain dead. Then he would find himself falling, suspended from his parachute and he would be over Germany. Sometimes his parachute would fail to open and he would continue to fall down . . . down. He would be falling slowly, and as he fell an awful voice would shout at him, "You are going to die . . . You are going to die."

He would wake up sweating with the bed clothes on the floor, and would wonder if he had been shouting or making a noise as in his dream he had shouted and screamed as he fell. He would lie awake listening with the light on wondering if he had disturbed anyone.

Another night he would dream he was in the sea. Sometimes he would be sitting with his crew in the dinghy which would be leaking and sinking. There would be no help in sight and the dinghy would sink from beneath them leaving them struggling in the water. Or he would be in the sea alone, supported by his "Mae West"; but always it was his last trip.

Every night there would be flak and searchlights. He would be flying through fantastic barrages of shells . . . shells bursting with dazzling white flashes, leaving black puffs of smoke floating at incredible speed as he flew past them. The shells would burst with their muffled thuds and blinding flashes and tear great pieces out of his aeroplane. Then tracer shells would come up; coloured shells like coloured ping pong balls, popping up one after the other in hundreds. Sometimes they would come up in a straight line; at other times they would snake up like a game of follow-the-leader. Always they would seem to start their



journey slowly, then whiz by all around the aeroplane. Some would hit the aeroplane and explode; others would continue upward getting slower, then curve over and start to drop but would explode like the stars from a Roman candle before they fell very far.

One night Jimmy dreamed he was in a cone of searchlights. They were dazzling white and so blinding him he could not see the instruments in his cockpit. He put the aeroplane into a steep dive. Down, down he went unable to see anything - not even his altimeter. As he dived the searchlight beams became narrower but ever brighter. Still he dived down, with the pressure on his eardrums so great he could not even hear the roar from his engines.

At last he got clear from the tormenting lights and found himself flying through a town. He was below the level of the houses and had to fly along the streets turning from one to the other. He could not find an opening as each street he turned down led to another. He turned into one street which got narrower and narrower and from which there were no openings. He tried to climb but could not move the control column back. The street got so narrow that the houses on either side were only a few feet from his wing tips; then they were a few inches, and at last the wings hit the walls and crumpled up and the aeroplane lay in pieces in the road. Soldiers with rifles rushed out from the doors of the houses and surrounded him.

Another night in his dreams, he was on the ground. The sirens had sounded and Jerry aircraft were overhead. They came down and machine gunned the aerodrome;

later they dropped incendiaries . . . hundreds of them. A hangar was on fire and Jimmy, in his dreams, found himself in the hangar throwing sand on the flames. Bombs started falling outside, and there was confusion inside: smoke, fumes, dust, falling debris. Jimmy dreamt he was buried; he was under piles of wrecked aeroplanes, bricks, girders, and dust. He lay there gasping, trying to move but could not.

Next he was being dragged from beneath the pile of twisted metal, fabric and bricks. He was pulled clear and supported by his friends. He felt no pain but knew he was bleeding; the blood was warm and soft as it poured from his wound. He knew his foot had been blown off, and he could feel the blood trickling down . . . warm blood oozing from his leg, trickling down and dropping to the ground, but still he felt no pain.

Then his leg was bandaged and he was still being carried by his friends. He felt curiously happy . . . far happier than he had felt for a long time and said to everyone he saw, "My foot has been blown off. I have only got one leg." But still he felt happy. He kept looking at his bandaged stump, the sight of which made him even happier. Then as he looked he saw his foot back again but still swathed in bandages. He felt cheated as he knew his foot had been blown off, yet there it was still on his leg. He no longer felt happy, but felt as he had done for so many days past, and was puzzled why.

Two nights later Jimmy was awakened by the camp sirens. He did not remember having dreamed that night, and was surprised and relieved when he awoke not to have

any unpleasant memories to drive away.

He lay awake listening and alert with his heart beating faster than usual. He could hear the drone and irregular throb of aircraft overhead and knew them to be Germans even before they came down in a whining dive with their machine guns firing. They were answered by the aerodrome's ground defence guns . . . machine guns, Bofors, cannon guns. While the shooting lasted, Jimmy lay under his bed, as he felt there was as much protection there as in a shelter.

When the noise had died down he got back into bed. The shooting had ceased, but the room became lit up by a bright light outside. Jimmy got up and went to the window. The whole camp was as bright as day with hundreds of burning incendiaries.

He put on his flying boots and great coat over his pyjamas and went outside. Airmen and officers were moving about like some dark unreal monsters in amongst the dazzling splintering incendiaries; each were armed with a shovel or a bag of sand and were trying to smother the fierce white fires. Jimmy did likewise. There were so many fire bombs that it seemed impossible to put them all out. Their brilliant light made the aerodrome as bright as day and an easy target for more bombs.

They worked frantically, stamping on some, and shovelling earth, sand . . . anything they could find on others. Smoke appeared from the direction of the hangars; then flame showed . . . red and almost insignificant against the surrounding white light. Jimmy went with a group of others to see what could be done. The fire party were already there with their hoses and engine, and some airmen were on the roof stamp-

ing on fires, kicking incendiaries and pieces of burning wood off the roof onto the ground. Jimmy could see the figures silhouetted against the white glow as he went with others into the hangar.

As he went in he could hear an aeroplane approaching low and fast. One of the aircraft inside the hangar was on fire. The cockpit was in flames, and molten metal was falling like dirty water to the ground. It mixed with the oil and dust and gave off a dirty gray smoke.

The hangar was full of smoke and very hot, and people were shouting. A chunk of steel fell from the roof and went crashing in amongst the flames of the burning aeroplane. Even larger flames shot up followed by vicious sparks and swirling smoke.

Without warning the first bomb struck the hangar. Then Jimmy was lying crumpled beneath piles of broken glass and dust and rubble. He had not heard the second bomb and did not remember falling; he only knew he was held down by a crushing weight and unable to move. There was no pain but he felt unless he could have some air in his lungs they would burst. His mouth was full of dust and he was choking and gasping for breath; he could not see but could hear voices shouting and a roaring crackling sound.

He could feel himself moving. Someone had hold of his great coat and was pulling him free. Glass was tearing and cutting him but he did not know it. He was numb and only wanted to breathe.

At last he was clear and lay gasping and choking. He felt very weak and sick, and tried to get up but found he could not.

Then he heard someone say, "Christ . . . his foot." And he knew it was not there.

# CARBERRY AIRMEN MEET THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF WINDSOR

**T**WO airmen from Station Headquarters had the honour of being introduced to the Duke and Duchess of Windsor during their furlough in New York. They were LAC's Peter Barber and Gordon Holloway.

On June 2nd they were in the Soldiers' and Sailors' Club, Lexington Ave., New York, where they saw an announcement that the Duke (now Governor of the Bahamas) and the Duchess would be visiting the Club at 16.30 hours that same day.

Not wishing to miss the opportunity of seeing them they decided to wait and at 16.45 hours the visitors arrived, and were welcomed by club officials and some high officers of the U.S. Forces.

After formal introductions the Duke and Duchess were introduced and shook hands with other members of the forces, including LACs Barber and Holloway. He then inspected the Club, and latter, spotting the RAF uniforms and some British sailors the Duke came across and chatted with the boys.

He asked them how long they had been in Canada, and from what parts of England they came.

"He seemed very pleased to meet some of his own boys," said LAC. Holloway in an interview, "we were impressed with the easy and pleasant manner displayed by the ex-King."

Asked what sort of "Gen" he gave the Duke, LAC. Holloway said, "I didn't present him with any moans but I guess that was because I was on leave. I shook hands with the Duchess. She didn't say much, but every now and again gave us one of her sweet smiles."

The Duke, as Governor of the Bahamas, had been visiting some of his Islanders employed in agriculture in New York State.

LAC. Holloway and others asked the Duke to pose for a photograph,

and as he was leaving the Club the Duke said, "Now, chaps, you can have the picture you've been waiting for."

Several took advantage of the opportunity and had their photographs taken with the Duke. As he was getting into his car he shouted, "Good luck, boys", and he and the Duchess waved as they drove away down Lexington Avenue.

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## Badminton

Station Badminton has closed down for the summer season, chiefly because there has not been sufficient demand for organised games and tournaments now that the hot weather is upon us. Nevertheless anyone who wishes to play may at any time obtain racquets from the Sports Store, and play to their hearts' content in the Drill Hall.

The ladies afternoon games continue as before.

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## Bridge Club

This month there have been fewer contract bridge matches. The Officers' Mess team played No. 76 course, No. 80 course, and S.H.Q. and beat them all.

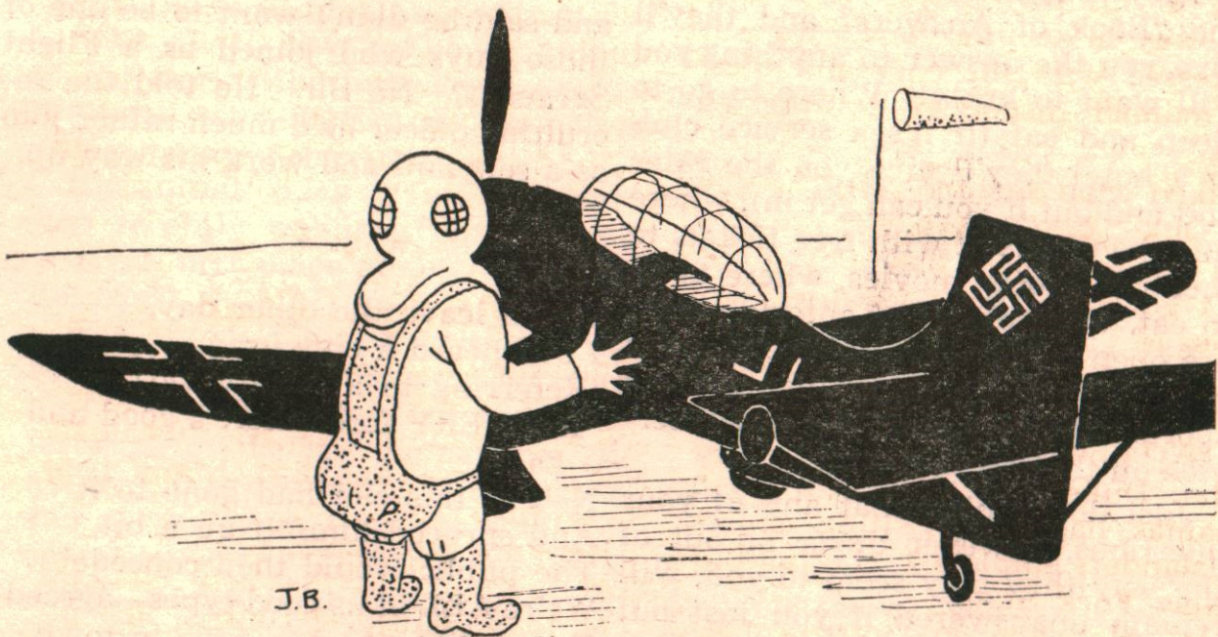
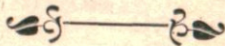
Here are the scores:

O.M. 13420 pt., No. 76 course 9110 pt.  
O.M. 15560 pt., No. 80 course 7600 pt.  
O.M. 18030 pt., S.H.Q. team 12880 pt.

## High Flight

Oh. I have slipped the surly bonds of earth  
And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings;  
Sunward I've climbed and joined the tumbling mirth  
Of sun-split clouds—and done a hundred things  
You have not dreamed of—wheeled and soared and swung  
High in the sunlit silence. Hov'ring there,  
I've chased the shouting wind along and flung  
My eager craft through footless halls of air.  
Up, up the long delicious, burning blue  
I've topped the wind-swept heights with easy grace,  
Where never lark, nor even eagles flew;  
And while with silent, lifting mind I've trod  
The high untrespassed sanctity of space,  
Put out my hand, and touched the face of God.

This poem was written by a nineteen-year-old youth who was killed in action in December, 1940.



# Want a Date In Toronto?

ARE you thinking of going to Toronto on leave, soon? If so there's some people waiting there to see you! Yes, you, brother! If you go in by train from any part of the country, to spend a leave there, you'll arrive at the Union Station. And that's where these people'll get you.

When you go upstairs from the lower concourse you'll find a big central information bureau "under the clock" and—take our tip—just make for it and you'll find the people waiting to see you we mentioned up above.

Who are they? They're the girls of Information Please Service and no matter what hour of the day you arrive by train they'll be waiting to see you.

And can they answer questions? Baby! They're members of the Landseair Club and other voluntary girl workers—all patriotically out to help you fellows in uniform—and they'll tell you everything from where to get a shave and a shower to where you'll find that nurse you were sweet on last time you were "in dock" down there.

They've spent months in compiling the "Book of Answers" and they'll give you the answer to anything you will want to know! Where to go to sleep and eat (if it's a service club or a hotel they'll give you the rates and find out if you can get in), where to enjoy yourself with free tickets to theatres, sports, movies, where to go to eat, what places of entertainment are open on Sundays, where you can get a free swim or indulge in free sports, where you can get quick service on that creased suit.

Just don't think that any of your questions, however queer or out of the way they may seem to you, will remain unanswered if you just put them up to the smart Information Please Service girls you'll see at the

Information Bureau or floating round the main rotunda dressed in their snappy blue uniforms with red shoulder straps and smart tri-cornered hats. Quite a lot of them speak French, too, brother, if that's your language.

Seven days a week from 7 a.m. till midnight they're there to serve you. They want to serve you and they'll be disappointed if you don't take your questions and your worries to them.

Don't forget Information Please Service when you hit the Union Station, Toronto. Its plans for your welfare may well make for a happier and brighter leave while you're down there.

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Did you hear about the chap who went to Winnipeg Recruiting Office and said he didn't want to be one of those guys who joined as a Flight Sergeant? No Sir. He told the recruiting officer he'd much rather join as a sergeant and work his way up.

\* \* \*

Up on leave the other day,  
I overheard a civvy say,  
(Referring to a scruffy lad)  
"In EVERY force there's good and bad."

Now if this clot had gone to it  
And spruced himself up a bit,  
The public would then concede  
We're ALL of us good types—agreed?  
Remember, one bad type in town  
Always lets the Service down.



'SURE WE'LL BE NIGHT FLYING : THE MET REPORT SAYS  
 LIGHT WESTERLY WIND AT 5-10 M.P.H., ONE TENTH HIGH  
 CIRRUS CLOUD ABOVE 20,000 FEET, VISIBILITY 15 MILES....

F/Lt. R. C. Rivaz, D.F.C., author of our story "The Last Trip", an operational tour-expired air gunner is now a pupil at this unit.

His initial book "Tail Gunner" just recently published in England is given first place among air books for April.

W. Gordon-Williams writing in the RAF Journal says, "He's put his story over superbly. He shows us the fortitude of the tail gunner, his anxieties, his essential watchfulness and at the same time the vital co-operation of the whole air crew which makes them inseparable not only in the aircraft, but on the ground and on leave."

● An hour in the air is worth two in a bush.

#### WHERE IS IT?

The photograph on our back cover was taken in Manitoba and not in England. Fooled you, eh? If you know where it is ring 54 'cause we don't know either.

From the Daily Mirror, 1st June:-  
 Have you a problem? FED UP...

"Be a sensible girl, and, while he is in Canada, send him cheery letters about old times. You conveyed quite a wrong impression while he was home, didn't you?"

## JUS' MESSIN'

Dear P.A.M.C.:

Last week I was to the Airmen's Mess at Rivers—which I'm told is the oldest R.C.A.F. Station in the B.C.A.T.P., and believe me, I had a shock.

It had the edge on ours in every way, and when I came back I felt pretty sore at things here.

They had a fair-sized staff; many were W.D. personnel. I ain't seen so many folks working in one kitchen for many months.

The dining halls were freshly painted and newly laid with linoleum. In the centre of each hall stood a smart square buffet kiosk that might have come out of a super-white-spot somewheres. The windows and shelves were all clean; racks of cutlery gleamed brightly beneath trays of spotless mugs. There was a brightly coloured painting over each door. Nobody took their cutlery away with them.

Sure, I got lots of ideas. Maybe they'll work-out here—maybe they won't.

There's a central bakery for the whole station; a central vegetable preparation room for the whole camp too. They tell me that over at Shilo there's a central butchers shop for all messes. Why didn't the A.M. Architects plan things this way?

Of course plenty of Institute funds have been spent on the mess. We'd better see what we can do, eh?

Our food's pretty good here, I guess. I know lotsa folks who would like to eat in the airmen's mess, but there's lots that can be done to improve things.

It's a good thing to get sore sometimes, and change things.

Yours truly,

P.A.M.C.

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"Remember" the new parachutist was told, 'pull the first rip-chord after you count to ten. If the 'chute does not open, pull the second cord. When you land, a jeep will be waiting to bring you back to camp.' The soldier jumped, counted to ten very slowly and pulled the cord. Nothing happened. He pulled the second cord, Nothing happened. "Cripes", he muttered, "I bet the jeep won't be there either."

There was a Security Guard on night shift the other night who saw the Orderly Officer approaching. Said the S.G., "Halt! Look who's here!"

\* \* \*

There was a Moron who swallowed a nickel, and then said to his popsy, "D'you see any change in me?"

\* \* \*

"Sweet A ———, Loveliest vil-  
lage of the plain." —Goldsmith.

## The Exquisite Art of Gopher Catching

NOW with the evenings lengthening, the hobby of gopher shooting has become immensely popular. It can be said without exaggeration with the increase of this sport, that, apart from gophers, no airman's life is worth the price of a candle beyond the Camp gates.

It must be said that this latest craze has much that is commendable; even the gophers look forward to an interesting evening. No doubt with the instinct of the wild, the gopher quickly found out, that to be within a mile of the Camp, was to be in the "Safety Zone". Here they could gamble and play with studied insolence, whilst the hunter could only look on, wailing and nashing his teeth.

There are many points that the amateur gopher hunter should bear in mind. Firstly, it is much more interesting for him to shoot at the gophers, while others are in the vicinity, for it gives a natural element to the hunter and the hunted, for him to stalk, or the gopher to cunningly display his wariness, amid the ricochet of bullets.

In the meantime it is just as well if the hunter looks behind occasionally, as the gopher has a habit of tripping lightly a few paces behind him, as he enters into the spirit of the hunt.

It is bad form if the hunter throws away his rifle in temper when he has missed a gopher and proceeds to bur-

row after him, with the object of "bringing him back alive", for it gives much amusement and hilarity to our four-legged friends, to see the hunter in the role of an ostrich.

Gophers also resent the fact that they be fished for, or should I say that they be snared with rod and line.

It is not beneficial to the courage of the gopher, that he be baited with a piece of cheese, so let me on behalf of our four-legged friends, plead with you, also do not lassoe him—in Wing Commander fashion, but stalk him, with the cunning that he deserves.

The darkness and obscurity of an officers bunk is ideal for keeping them as household pets.

"Old Man"

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## BALED OUT AT 800 FEET

A MEMBER of the Caterpillar Club, and now a pupil at this school, is Flying Officer "Bob" Horsley. In an interview with a "Gen" representative the other evening he told the story of his parachute drop from a disabled Manchester.

"It was the most beautiful moonlight night I ever remember," he said. "I'm not permitted to tell you where or when this took place. When I, as Wireless Operator/Air Gunner received the order to jump, I can honestly say I hadn't the slightest fear about the whole thing."

"True I hadn't jumped before, but I was very confident of the proper functioning of the 'chute.

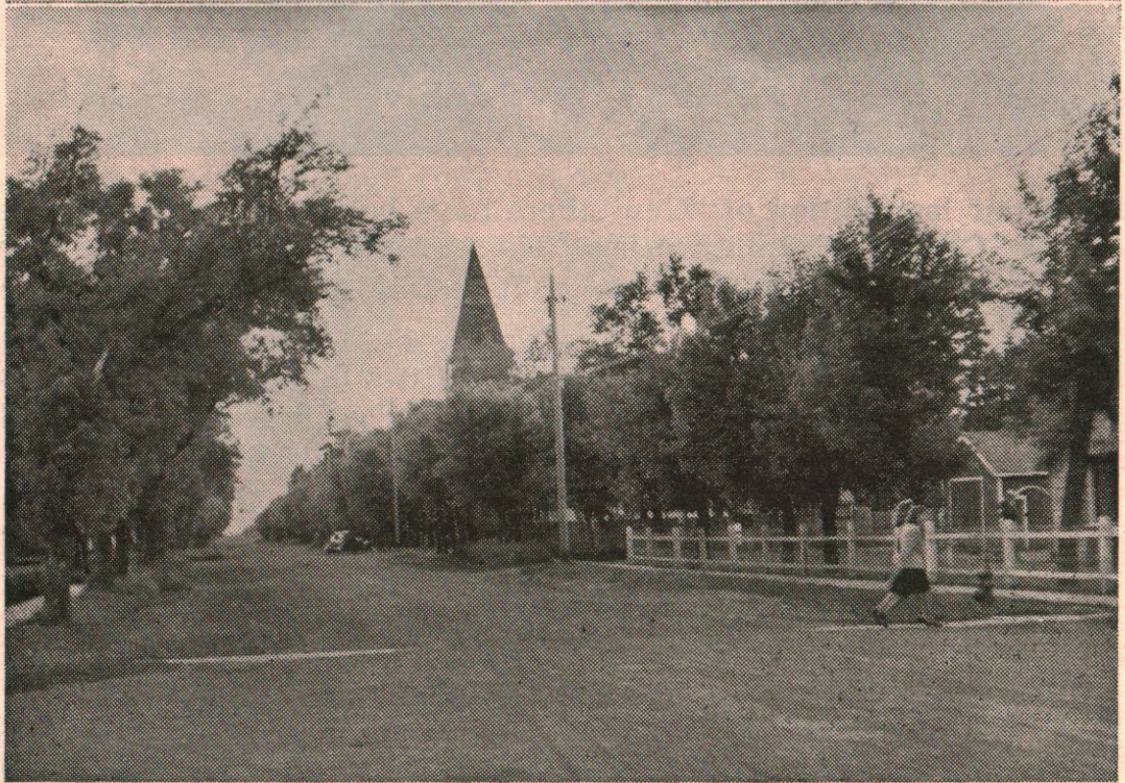
"I sat quickly on the edge of the floor of the fuselage; leaned forward; and rolled in a bundle out into the night. Just after I saw the dark

shape of the aircraft pass over me, I pulled the cord.

"For a second I was amused and dubious about the sudden jerk one gets at the points of suspension. But as the harness swung into position, and the hooks cleared my face, I knew I was alright."

# For Your Album





**I**N RESPONSE to many requests from newcomers to the station we are printing pictures of Carberry — in her midsummer glory. Top left is Main Street, looking towards the C.P.R. Lower left—an air-view looking north-east. Top right—looking north on Lisgar Street; and lower right—Third avenue, looking west from Simcoe. After all you've said and written about Carberry, dare you send these photographs home? If you'd care to send the complete story of Carberry in words and pictures—call in at the News-Express and send home the Wartime Souvenir of Carberry, which is a book containing 100 pages of photos and facts about the town, camp and district.

**BOXERS AND OFFICIALS AT THE MATCH WITH BRANDON  
AT CARBERRY. GROUP CAPTAIN T. B. BRUCE  
(CENTRE) PRESENTED THE PRIZES**



**S**INCE our last edition of "Gen" there have been two good boxing evenings. On the 1st June we beat No. 2 Manning Depot, Brandon, at Carberry by six fights to four: but on June 16th we got severely licked by No. 41 S.F.T.S. at Weyburn.

Although we beat Brandon by a margin of two fights, the entire evening's show was fairly evenly contested. There was good sportsmanship shown throughout and the bouts gave enjoyment to several hundred.

We had two diversions that evening. Two Carberry boy scouts (see picture) gave a couple of bouts of schoolboy boxing which earned them a "big hand" as well as prizes. And our old mad friends—the wrestlers gave first-rate entertainment. Their's was a comedy turn. "Killer" Gordon is still under the impression that the ropes of the ring are there to help him strangle opponents and referees.

In the actual boxing team that night we had new talent—LAC's Bryce, Hill (picture) and Green. Bryce is still in the novice stage, but should improve considerably with

steady training. Hill and Green kept up our traditional hard-hitting and grim determination.

**WEYBURN'S FIRST CLASS TEAM**

Weyburn certainly sprung a surprise on us by producing a first class team. All their boxers fought in the orthodox English "upright" style and displayed splendid footwork and timing of punches.

The final result showed Weyburn as having won 6 bouts, and drawn one. Manitoba champions—we call ourselves. Good thing Weyburn's across the borderline. Our only success was A. C. Richards who out-

pointed Cpl. Wilkinson. Richards shows promise of further victories.

LAC. Dooley opposed Corporal Farley—winner of 200 fights. Farley has a pleasing style and made Dooley thing fast, the fight was very close throughout and a draw proved to be a popular verdict with the crowd.

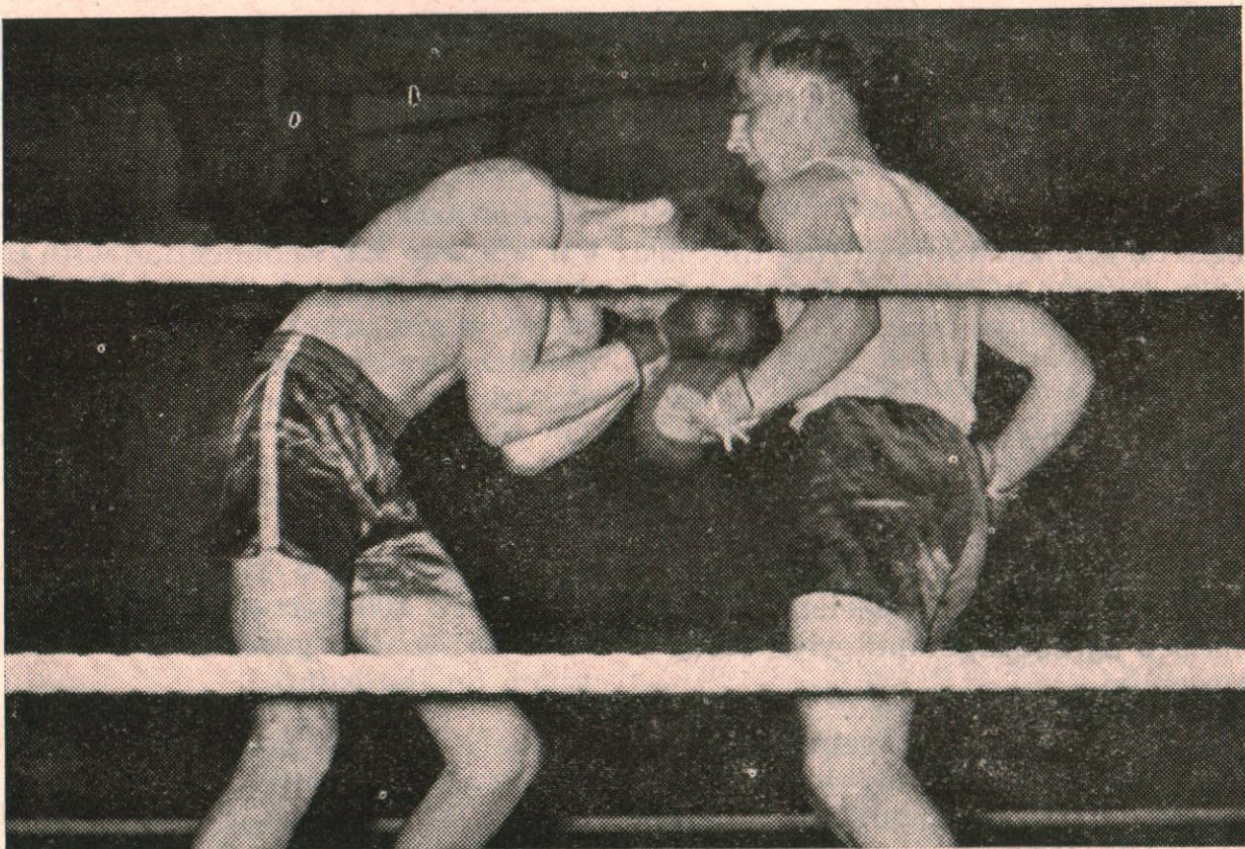
Rafferty lost to LAC Willis who had a good left hand and followed up on frequent occasions with a hard right cross, he gave Rafferty no chance to settle down and won by a comfortable margin.

In the third bout Rose lost to LAC. Scott. It was a hard fight and towards the end Rose was catching up on points, but not in time to gain the decision. Better luck next time, Rose!

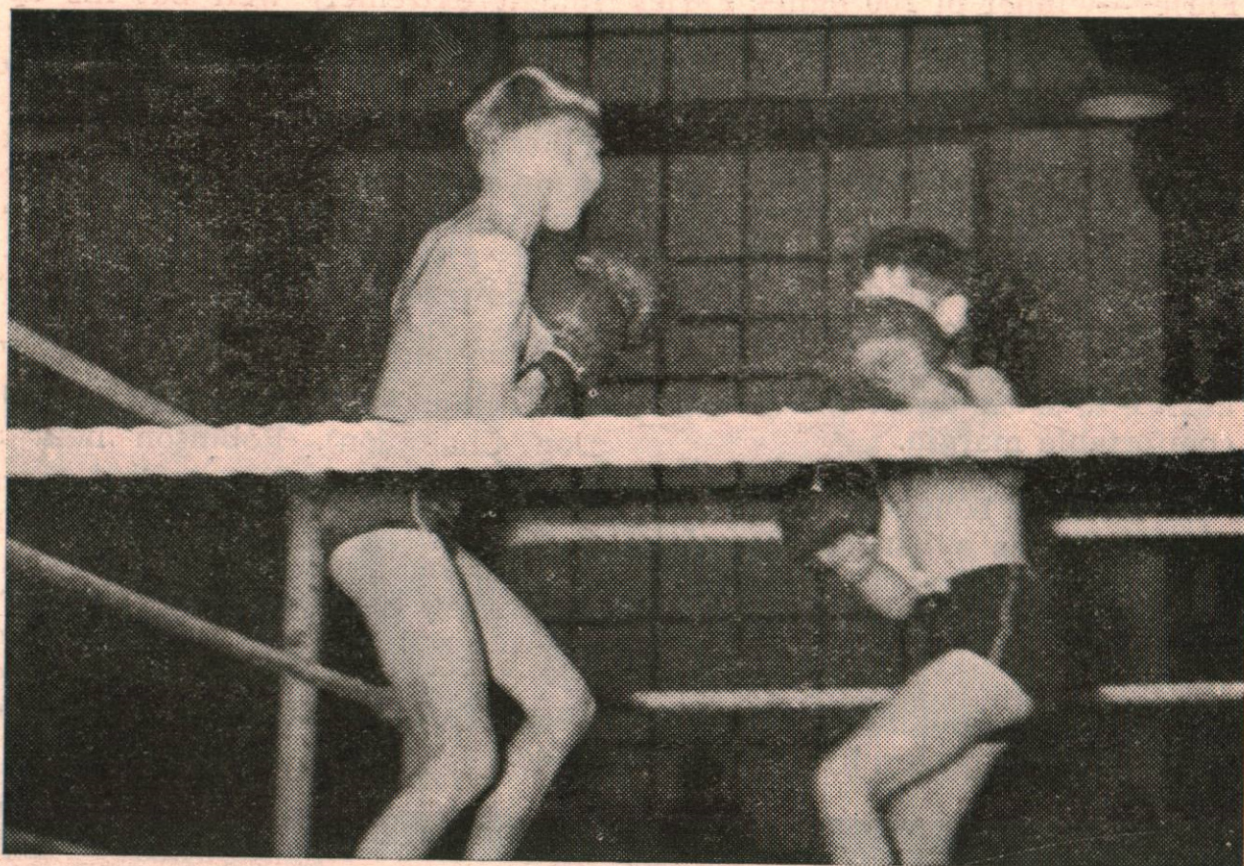
Phillips was beaten by LAC How-

ard (A.B.A. Flyweight Champion). Once again fast footwork and equally fast, clean punching won the Weyburn man the decision. Phillips fought extremely well but his opponent has years of experience behind him. Every credit is due to Phillips for his excellent fight. Phillips, who wishes to fight Howard again during our forthcoming tourney show at home on July 14th, stands an excellent chance of beating Howard if he is fit.

Robinson, our next man in, lost to LAC. Ilkey (3 years London Federation Champion). Robinson held a slight lead during the opening stages of the contest, but Ilkey possesses a devastating punch in both hands which had Robinson in distress during the latter stages of the second round. The referee intervened and awarded the fight to the Weyburn boxer.



## Two Tiny Boxers From The Carberry Boy Scout Troop



Next man was Green of 33 S.F.T.S. who lost the decision to LAC. Roecraft of 41 S.F.T.S. although Green held on unmistakably during the last two rounds. Green is looking forward to a return bout.

LAC. Hill unfortunately gave weight away to a more experienced opponent, who out-boxed him. Hill put up a gallant performance. I am hoping for great things from Hill during the forthcoming season. What he lacks in experience is surpassed by courage and grit. Keep it up chum.

We are having a return contest with Weyburn on July 14th at Carberry. I'm sure it will draw a large crowd.

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### Rip Chords

This has been a very busy month for all who have connection with the Ripchords Concert Party. The cast spent night after night rehearsing for the successful shows they gave in Winnipeg week-end of 18 and 19th. On 30th they were at Weyburn and July 1st give the same "edition" at Estevan.

The Recreation Hall was packed and over 200 turned away on 9th June when the presnt edition was given on the camp.

There were six new turns this time Corporals R. Elliott and Patten LACs Rogers, W. Riley, H. Simpson and L. Bailey.

# MORE EXCITING SOCCER

## Report of Station and Hut Games

**W**HEN the rains came, soccer suffered severe setbacks, but now that the two main pitches are beginning to harden and the sun visits Carberry a little more regularly the camp is getting more soccer, more fun, and more sketter bites.

There have been several good station games this month—reports of which follow.

The Superintendent of Brandon Experimental Farm was over the other day . . . and complimented us on the state of our two pitches. Excellent couch grass, he said.

### **"B" Team vs. A4 R.C.A. Brandon.**

The "B" team travelled to Brandon to meet the A4 army team and had no difficulty in winning by 5 goals to nil. The army team, although an improvement on the style shown by Shilo, were definitely trained in the Canadian style of play. The game for the first half hour was fairly even, but from then on Carberry "B" had no difficulty. After 15 minutes of play W/O Gash, the "B" centre half had to leave the field for medical aid after a collision in going to head the ball, and did not return, consequently the team was slightly reorganized with Johnstone appearing at right half.

All members of the "B" team turned in good performances with the forwards showing excellent form. We are all hoping for a good game when A4 visit the camp in the near future.

### **"A" vs No. 2 M.D. R.C.A.F. Brandon**

The "A" team entertained No. 2 Manning Depot Brandon on June 2, the latter's team comprising many lads from the Old Country, but they

did not reach the class of the "A" team boys who ran out easy winners by 7-0.

The defence was never really extended, although Harvey turned in a grand display at left back. New talent in the forward line definitely showed up to advantage—McAdam and Blackwood playing very well, each succeeding in scoring 3 goals with Findley scoring the odd one. The field was quite heavy and a strong wind was against good football, but despite these facts some good play was witnessed. Both teams were entertained to the boxing tournament in camp after the game and joined with the boxing team to supper later in the evening.

### **"A" Team vs. "B" Team at Home**

This game was anticipated with much enthusiasm which in the opinion of all was well rewarded. It was one of the best games witnessed on this station. The "B" team emerged victorious by 4-2 owing to a slight advantage they proved to have in defence.

The "B" team defence showed excellent form all through the game, and backed by excellent opportunism by Brown at centre forward, who scored all four goals, succeeded in just getting the margin in goals. Jeffrey scored both goals for the "A"



**Mrs. Bruce Shaking Hands  
With the Scottish Team  
Before The Game**

team, one from a 25 yard drive, the second from a penalty rewarded when Large fouled Duers in the area

Play was very even throughout, end to end, with both goals having narrow escapes, and both goal keepers bringing off good saves. This result was regarded as very important as a league game. It is thought that these 2 points may easily be the deciding factor for the league champions, as it is hoped neither team will drop any more points throughout the season. They will be meeting again later.

### **33 "B" Team vs. No. 1 C.N.S. R.C.A.F. Rivers**

The "B" team travelled to Rivers on June 16 to fulfil a Brandon league fixture. Arriving 30 minutes late after a weary prairie trip the team failed to turn in its usual good standard of play. It was weak in all departments, and Rivers team which consisted solely of R.A.F. men, were

far heavier, consequently the "B" team could only force a draw of one goal each.

The field was in poor condition with a strong wind blowing in the first half, and a shower made the ball heavy.

Carberry opened the score, after Rivers had gone very close at the other end, when Spiers headed in from a corner by Edwards. Play was very scrappy throughout and Rivers equalized after a misunderstanding among the Carberry defence. The game continued fairly even with neither team coming near to scoring. The game ended with the score one all.

### **33 "A" Team vs. A4 Artillery T.C.**

"A" team entertained A4 Artillery Training Centre on June 16 and after a good game scored only five goals, all in the latter part of the second half, by which time the army boys were not able to keep up to the pace of the "A" team. The army goalkeeper brought off sensational saves throughout the game. Carberry forced the play time and again but could only obtain corner kicks, although at times the forwards were weak at shooting.

In the second half Smythe headed in a good cross pass from the wing and Findley gathered a loose ball to make it two goals up. Carberry were then awarded a penalty which had to be retaken and Hawkins made no mistake from the spot. He followed this with another goal before the end of the game.

Play throughout was not of a high standard although Carberry instigated some good moves, and Carberry's defence was sound. Peacock who had

played marvellous football throughout the game scored the last goal a few minutes before the final whistle to make it five to nil for the Carberry "A".

### 33 "B" vs. A 15 A.T.C. Shilo

On June 23 A15 Shilo were beaten by 10 goals to nil at Carberry by 33 "B". It was excellent football, the Carberry forwards and halves combining especially well.

15 Shilo, although outpointed, were definitely not inferior. They offered the stiffest opposition Carberry has met in the league so far this season. The "B" team opened the score early in the game through Spiers, who carried on to make his total of 4 good

goals, 3 with his head, in the usual Spiers fashion.

Brown also followed up with 3 grand goals scored on perfectly placed drives. The best goal of the entire game was scored by Dunphy from 25 yards, the ball going perfectly in the top corner of the net, well out of reach of the A15 keeper who played well despite the score.

Edwards, the winger who shone all through the game also got two goals, making the total ten.

It would be hard to pick out individuals from such a well balanced side, the football displayed equalled that shown in the recent international game on the camp.

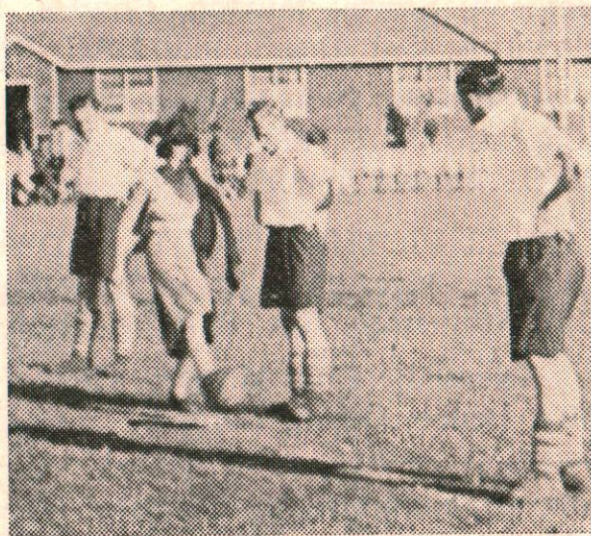
## SCOTLAND WINS FIRST SOCCER INTERNATIONAL

This international game was played before a large crowd at Wembley on June 21. Much enthusiasm had been shown before the game and it was rewarded with the best game yet seen on this station, which Scotland won by 4-2.

The teams were introduced to Mrs. Bruce, wife of the Commanding Officer, before the game and the two captains were presented with lucky horseshoes of their respective colours. Mrs. Bruce also started the game with a fine kick-off to England's inside left, after the crowd had been entertained by the band of the Air Cadets at present training here.

Play throughout was exceptionally fast, and to the last minute every

player turned in a fine performance. England's defence was shaky at first and found the Scottish forwards hard



Mrs. Bruce Kicking Off  
For England

## Our "INTERNATIONALS"



TOP PICTURE: "ENGLAND" Standing (left to right) LAC.s W. Paradise, Benison, Smith, Murton, Bowles, Hill, Cpl. Weller, LAC.s Johnstone, Hawkins, Cpl. Duers, and LAC. Blake.

(Seated): F/O. Morgan (Sports & P.T. Officer) LAC.s Bowley, Large, (Captain), W/C. Moore, Mrs. Bruce, Group Captain T. B. Bruce, M.C., LAC.s Brown and Findley.

LOWER PICTURE "SCOTLAND": Standing: Sgt. Brown, LAC.s Wright, Dunphy, MacAdam, Stewart, Strang, Cpl. Fleming, LAC.s Prasher, Hall, Cpl. Stevenson, Sgt. Smythe. (Referee, Ireland.)

(Seated): F/O. Morgan, Cpls. Jeffrey, Harvey (Captain) W/C. Moore, Mrs. Bruce, Group Captain T. B. Bruce, M.C., LAC.s Spiers and Ross.

to hold, consequently Scotland went ahead early when Jeffrey, the centre forward, snapped up a loose ball and gave Weller, England's keeper, no chance.

24

Scotland took command of the game although England played well, and they went farther ahead when MacAdam, after a great goal mouth rush, placed the ball well out of

Weller's reach. England came back and went very near to goal but the Scot's defence with Flemming in goal played grand stuff, and England were foiled on every attempt to score during the first half.

The Scottish halves and forwards played well together and MacAdam, after grand mid-field play, pushed the ball through for Spiers to score from close in and a few minutes later Jeffrey made the score up to four with a shot that England's keeper did not see until too late.

After the interval England really came into the game, and they did everything but score. Hawkins, lifting the ball on to the cross bar, and Brown sending in a lightning

drive which Flemming managed to push out, although he knew nothing of it; and Prasher kicked off the goal line with Flemming completely beaten.

England's defence also played extremely well, with Large, Murton, and Hill standing out.

Their efforts were rewarded when Findley scored a good goal from a rebound shot and Duers ran in on a return pass from Hawkins to give Flemming no chance. The game kept up its dash as England strove to equalize the score, but Scotland's defence held out till the end and came out winners by 4 goals to 2.

Scorers: Scotland, Jeffrey 2, Spiers 1, MacAdam 1.

England, Findley 1, Duers 1.

## STATION HUT LEAGUE TABLE

TEAM	PLD	W	L	D	GLS		PTS
					F	A	
HUT 13	4	4	0	0	20	6	8
HUT 32	3	2	1	0	19	4	4
OFFICERS' MESS	3	2	1	0	11	4	4
HUT 20	3	2	1	0	10	4	4
HUT 9	3	2	1	0	10	10	4
SERGEANTS' MESS	4	2	2	0	5	10	4
HUT 31	3	1	1	1	6	9	3
HUT 14	3	0	2	1	2	8	1
HUT 11—12	3	0	3	0	4	23	0
HUT 10	3	0	3	0	1	10	0

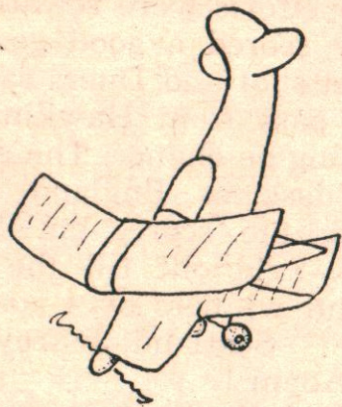
These results are correct up to June 25.

## B.D.S.A.A. LEAGUE TABLE — Up to June 15th

TEAM	Played	Won	Draw	Lost	Points
No. 33B	3	3	0	0	6
No. 1 RIVERS	3	3	0	0	6
No. 33A	4	2	1	1	5
No. 12	2	1	0	1	2
A 15	3	0	2	1	2
No. 2	5	0	2	3	2
A 4	4	0	1	3	1

♪ THE SONGS THEY SING ♪

THE E.F.T.S. PUPIL



'AND DOWN AND DOWN I GO  
ROUND AND ROUND I GO  
IN A SPIN.'

(THAT OLD BLACK MAGIC)

THE NAVIGATOR



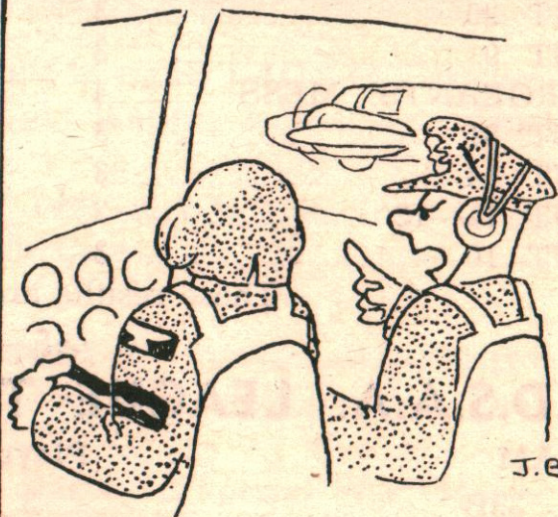
'LETS GET LOST.'

THE A.C.P.



'THERE WILL BE MANY OTHER NIGHTS  
LIKE THIS....  
(BUT THERE WILL NEVER BE  
ANOTHER YOU)

THE FORMATION FLYER.



J.B.

'CAN'T YOU SEE THAT CABIN  
IN THE SKY?'

# Milestone In My Life

(This essay won second prize in our competition sponsored by the Canadian Committee. The author was AC1 Howard of the Signals Section, but is now commissioned and at Medicine Hat, Alberta.)

**T**HE steam siren of the monster locomotive blows her shrill warning yet again. It is an uncomfortable noise to me fresh from England, where the sirens sound another sort of warning. The slow, jolting start is just routine to the trainman but it is a milestone in my life.

The air is electric . . . O new country unfolding before my eyes. So this is Canada . . . Frame houses trek past my window, clustering for protection from all engulfing trees. Trees . . . A land of Christmas trees.

Here we cross a swiftly flowing river and there rises a steep hill, but river bank and hill are thickly clothed in arboreal green. Shadows deepen and darkness creeps out from beneath the trees to cover the sky. In upper Nine I lie, listening to the rumbling rhythm of the wheels . . . my imagination captured by the very vastness of this sub-continent, my head light with Canadian winelike air, my thoughts of those hardy pioneers who first blazed the trails on foot.

A woman screams . . . Heads pop out from the green curtains, ludicrously like a scene from a custard pie comic film. The coloured attendant hurries solicitously along. Silently and efficiently the impending tragedy is averted as her black cat is retrieved from beneath the bunk and returned to its basket.

Heads retire behind green curtains and once again I am alone with my thoughts, feeling rather than hearing the steady symphony of the stirring train.

I have seen beautiful cities but not one so beautiful as Montreal in the bright sunlight and the leafy shade. Nature herself intended Montreal to be a city and the efforts of man are nought beside hers.

My friend and I ride in an old Victorian cab up the road, traversed but a few years ago by our own King and Queen, to the top of Mount Royal. There Montreal spreads before us . . . St. Lawrence gleams silver in the distance, crossed by a dozen bridges . . . Over there are Ocean-going liners dwarfed by the space between us . . . There the mighty Sun Life Building looking like a doll's house.

A bare-legged little French Canadian stares at us. His hair is like tow, his nose freckled and his finger thrust firmly in his mouth. "Comment t'appelles tu?" I ask but he only stands and stares. "Wot's yer number mate?" My friend asks. At once little Jacques is all smiles. "Souvenir, souvenir," he cries and soon we are the best of friends.

At home, railway stations are built for the convenience of trains, here as I wander through the vast halls of Windsor Station, the capital of a railway empire, I find the difference. Those monsters of steam and steel are hidden away out of sight. All they are permitted are smoky caverns and all they see are grimy pillars and sweating porters who heave great blocks of melting ice from grotesque high wheeled carts.

The tearful partings have already been made, the tickets examined, and the baggage checked. No one lingers here . . . And yet fickle romance does, spurning the marble walls and glistening mosaics. It is not those halls and pleasant waiting rooms which have welded Canada into one, but these twin bands of steel, stretching from here to the Atlantic and the Pacific.

They are her arteries through which her life blood flows and without which she would surely fall apart. The dream of an engine's whistle in the Rockies has been fulfilled and with it the aspirations of a free people.

Onward. . . Westward bound . . . I fall into easy conversation with a Canadian soldier. Once he worked in the Nickel mines at Sudbury whence the world obtained its nickel to harden her armour and build her guns. Oh, if only that nickel had gone into German ploughs instead of German guns.

My fellow passenger is homeward bound after three years abroad and I regret when he leaves me, for his spirits have raised my own. Still rocks and trees crowd by my window, or rivers full of logs on their way to the hungry mill.

Then I have my first view of Lake Superior. She looks calm enough, reflecting the afternoon sunshine as far as the eye can see, but she has a sudden wicked temper. Today she bears shipping, carrying the grain from the Prairie Provinces to feed England. Yesterday, the canoes of the North West Company skirted her banks lest she, in a sudden whim, consign their hard won furs to a watery grave.

That Old Company, long since merged with the Hudson Bay Company, used to use a butter vat at Fort William for a prison and I cherish a desire to see it.

Alas, no one knows of it, so quickly are things forgotten in Canada where the present yields only to the future and to the past, not at all. Instead I am told of the Terminal Elevators at this inland port so far from the sea. But in my heart I am wondering how it would be to be confined in a butter vat. I wonder . . .

Another morning and I am greeted with the sight of the boundless prairies. The trees have all been left behind and the corn is billowed by the wind in waves like a green-golden sea. Here is the answer to Europe's prayer, "Give us this day our daily bread".

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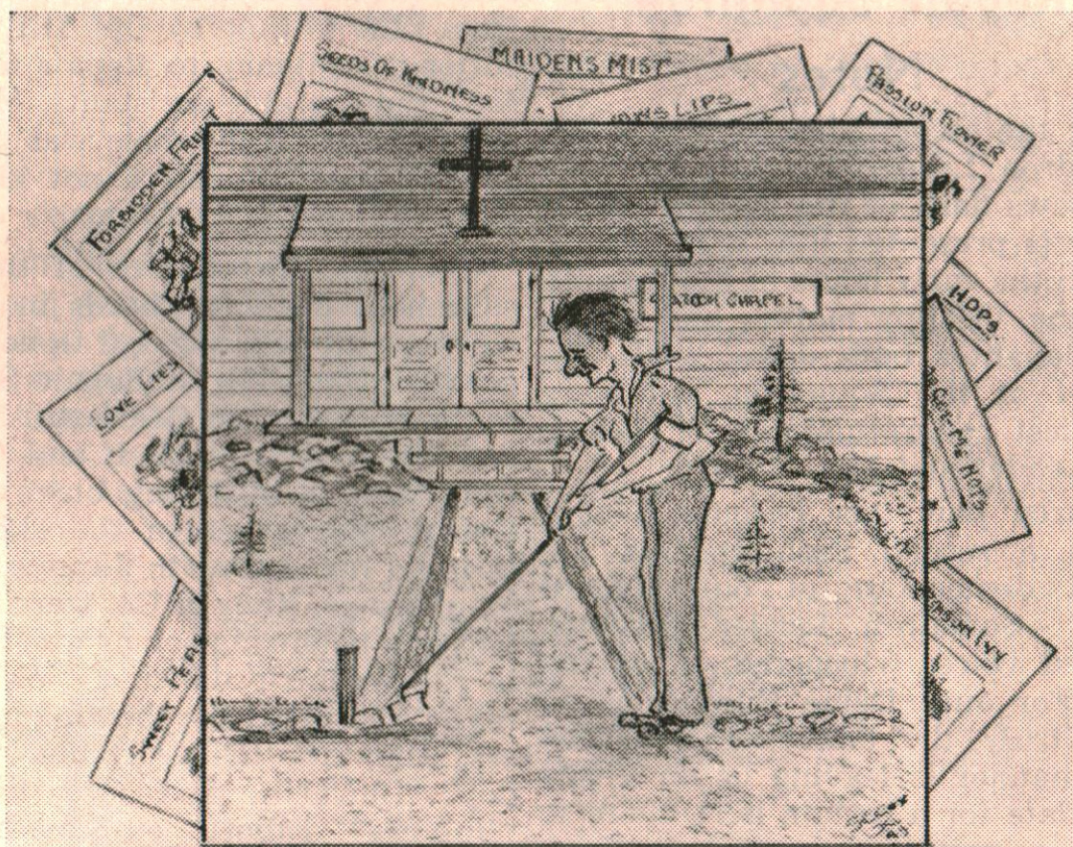
## S. H. Q.

Congratulations to Sgt. Andy Duncan and Cpl. Lloyd on their promotions.

All the best to Cpl. Geoff Steed who has gone home. We hope events turn out for the best.

Who was the Corporal who—leaving the Winnipeg Mall, tried to post a letter in a fire alarm box and then saw a bird chasing a squirrel along the 'phone wires to the Y.M.C.A.?

We have been asked to publish a list of prominent S.H.Q. bachelors with a view to promoting something. Unfortunately, however, reference to Who's Who indicates that most of them qualify to be described as Wolves with sheeprot. Several local lambs were interviewed, but they were heard to reply, "Who wants a wolf anyway".



**I HAVE A LITTLE GARDEN  
AND I'VE PLANTED IT WITH SEEDS,  
THERE'S QUITE A LARGE VARIETY  
COME UP AND SEE MY WEEDS.**

## Cricket

It was possible to field a representative side for the first match of the season at Winnipeg on June 19th against T. Eaton & Co. even though the team had to be picked from men on leave on that particular weekend.

Carberry lost the toss and were put in to bat, and on a slow wicket we were all out for a mere 23 runs in a little over an hour's batting.

LAC. Morris was top scorer with 5, F/Sgt. Dunham, 4, F/O Halhead, P/O Mault and LAC. Marsh with 2 each, all showed promise, but against two very consistent bowlers who knew just where those "spots" were, the batsmen were always struggling for runs.

LAC's. Clarehugh and Ayres bowled until our total has been passed, and they succeeded in sending four men back before the inevitable happened. Afterwards LAC's. Large, Marsh and Mercer each took two wickets to bring the innings to a close for 69, the former being the most dangerous of the five bowlers tried.

F/Sgt. Dunham kept a good wicket and managed to show a "nil" in the extras column, and while fielding in general was good there was room for some improvement in the "throw-ins".

On the whole there is definitely enough talent on the station to ensure that the next game will show a much more favorable result.

## Repair Squadron Notes

For the second time in succession Squadron Leader Ricketts provides the news flash of the month. Mrs. Ricketts presented him with a baby girl in the early hours of the seventh of June. Happy mother and gurgling daughter both doing well. On behalf of the Squadron, our very heartiest congratulations to Squadron Leader and Mrs. Ricketts!

Scarce had this become history when a second flash startled the stolid demeanour of our laggard days. Squadron Leader Ricketts, hushed voices whispered, is leaving us. For once Dame Rumour is no liar; truly the erstwhile Squadron Commander is leaving us on a certain date for a certain port, there to take a certain conveyance (long honoured in the annals of Carberry) for a certain place. And that's all we may tell you!

Despite uncertain weather (sic) work has been proceeding apace on the billet and Hangar gardens. Super-enthusiast "Peddler" Palmer was even seen, one fine morning, working on the billet garden before seven ack emma! Other keen workers are to be seen any evening mowing, hoeing, planting and generally pottering in a manner calculated to gladden the heart of Mr. Middleton. Hard-earned quarters were freely donated up and down the billet to buy the necessary plants.

In a like manner the Hangar garden has diligently been laid out. Urged on with word and occasional deed by W/O Atkins, Nobby Clark, "Av-a-go" Johnstone, Stan Do right Hyett and your scribe recently finished the magnificent square of turf just in front of Six Hangar. Valu-

able assistance was also rendered from time to time by Cpl. Hill (turf-cutter-in-ordinary to Repair Squadron) and his able assistants, Manuel and Canner. The whole was directed and planned (we're not kidding this time) by W/O Atkins.

Upon the appearance of the 7th edition of the Rip Chords in camp, we were all very pleased to note the goodly proportion of Repair Squadron members. Ian (Marietta) Morris and his (her?) usual self and frightfully soignee in a long black gown. George Monk, one of the old trustees, did his stuff with Jimmie Walton of Snags. Riley & Co. were excellent in a balancing act, as was Rogers in his eccentric dancing. We were really pleased at the showing of Rogers, Riley and his assistants—"Cowboy" Howarth, and also that of "Bubbles" Elliott, ex-Squadronite, all new to the show, deserved the splendid applause they received.

Flight Sergeant Marsh denies having taken over Flight Sergeant Lovegrove's goldfish, now that the latter has departed. Says he was once frightened by one while fishing off Wigan Pier.

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### \$100 FOR SHORT STORY

The Vancouver and Mainland branch of the Canadian Authors' Association is sponsoring a Short Story Contest for servicemen and women. Prizes in War Bonds and Certificates of \$100.00, \$50.00, and three of \$10.00 will be given for the winning stories.

Stories are to be approximately 2500 to 500 words in length.

For further details see noticeboards or contact the Education officer.

## Maintenance Wing

THE "General Post" hasn't quite died down yet, juxtaposition still taking place in the Wing Orderly Rooms. Corporal "Denny" Garner, recently initiated into the staff fraternity, soon proved his versatility by decking out the Technical Department in a delicate shade of pastel green. Apparently thinks that the combination of two stripes and a paint brush can't fail—but you've got to have a name like Schikelgrubber as well, Denny!

Corporal Jock Robertson, parachute-packer-in-chief, has been seen leading his slaves on evening hunting expeditions through the jungles of darkest Manitoba. Total bag to date—one snake, one gopher and a few dozen mosquito bites.

Bert King, master electrician who nightly captivates inmates of Hut 12B with his carnation-hued pyjamas, is said to have danced an old-fashioned waltz the other night in the middle of a Portage Avenue street car. This, apparently, on nothing stronger than tea.

Your roving reporter visited Montreal, Toronto and New York on leave in search of "copy". Regrets that the only real story he brought back would never pass the censor.

Orchids to Hut 12B bowling team (all Maintenance Wing personnel) for their sensational triumph over the hitherto undefeated Accounts section. So close was the game that decision was only reached after two sessions of extra time. Same evening also saw Maintenance Wing S.O.P. victorious over Training Wing (Airmen)—also their first defeat in the present series.

## Rifle Club Notes

JUNE edition of "The Name Your Own Handicap Competition" has recently come to a close and the following took the honours and incidentally the dough.

Sgt. Dobriskey .....	1000.71
F/S Dunham .....	999.59
Cpl. Trolove .....	998.53
Sgt. Nolan .....	998.43
LAC. Barron .....	977.61

The prizes were \$5, \$4, \$3, \$2, \$1, the lucky winners have already received their prizes and it is hoped they will spend the money wisely. It is no doubt worth noting that the possible for this shoot was 1010 . . . nice work Dobriskey.

On Wednesday 2nd. June a match was shot between No. 33 S.F.T.S. No. 2 Manning Depot and No. 12 S.F.T.S. the results being as follows:

No. 33 .....	1156
No. 2 .....	1923
No. 12 .....	1902

Our individual scores were:

Chambers .....	397
Taylor, T. D. ....	392
Dobriskey .....	386
Duers .....	393
Samuel .....	388
Nolan .....	386

A meeting of the club was held on the 8th. June and the following committee was elected:

G/C Bruce .....	President
F/O Samuel ....	Officers' member
Sgt. Nolan.....	N.C.O.s member
Sgt. Falconer....	Living-out member
LAC. Chambers	Airmen's member
Cpl. Duers.....	Airmen's member
Cpl. Trolove .....	Pupils' member
P/O Mason .....	Secretary

New subscription rates were agreed, and incidentally a few are still due. Civilian Employees are invited to join the club.

# THE BOOKWORM

I should like to bring to the attention of still a number of men on this camp who are as yet unaware of the fact that there is in existence a rapidly expanding library situated in the Airmen's Lounge containing a fine selection of books that will undoubtedly suit the diverse tastes of all . . . . Any man who is at a loose end and is in search of a few hours of quiet enjoyment can do no better than to stroll down to the library where he will find the mental relaxation and pleasure he needs in browsing amongst the book-shelves. To help him in his search here is a list of books that can be found there, which in the writer's opinion is well worth any one's attention and perusal:-

## ● **LOST HORIZON—** by James Hilton

This author is a recognized literary genius and he has written many fine books of which 'Lost Horizon' is an outstanding example. Anyone who saw the movie of the same name and was impressed will want to read this book, will want to read of a man's search for a haven from the troubles of a war-torn world and of how he finds it in a forgotten valley in Tibet at the lamasery of Shangri-La.

## ● **VICTORY THROUGH** **AIR POWER — by Seversky.**

Many of the author's assertions concerning Air Power in war is being borne out by present day events. This book provides food for thought— it points out with clarity the terrible consequences if in the future, aviation is not confined to a commercial role. A very interesting book indeed.

## ● **THE LIFE OF GREECE**

—by W. Durant.

Durant traces with fine regard for detail the culture and democracy of Greece from the days of Socrates and Aristotle to the present pre-Nazi era. It should afford many pleasant hours to the intellectual. Well worth reading.

## ● **SOCIALISM -(Promise or Menace)**

—by Dr. I. Ryan and Morris Hillquit.

To the politically minded an interesting treatise on socialism by two eminent persons in the U.S.A. Socialism in all its aspects is debated throughout by Hillquit for socialism and Ryan against. The arguments presented by these two worthy opponents have vital bearing on the post-war political structure of society. Very illuminating book.

## ● **THE THREE-OAK MYSTERY**

and

## ● **BIG FOOT — by Edgar Wallace**

Edgar Wallace was a writer par excellence of murder mystery stories. His uncanny ability to hold the reader in suspense has had no equal since. Thousands have read these books in the past and thousands will again in the future. Definitely are books for mystery fans.

These books are of course only a cross section of what the library contains and suggestions of improving it will be eagerly welcomed, so if you have any ideas why not bring them along? Remember the success of the library can only be assured if it has your constant support.

