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HQ. 353PT5/1006X/5HQ.

DEPARTMENT OF NATIONAL DEFENSE

RECREATION - AIRMEN,  
- FOR THE USE OF.

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HQ 353PT5/1006X/5HQ

# Get!

SEPTEMBER, 1943

SEPTEMBER  
1943

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CENTS

Journal of 33 Service  
Flying Training  
School

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# Plans For Bumper Sports Day

**T**HE FIRST grand sports day ever to be held by this Station will come off on September 15th at Carberry Fair Grounds. A Wednesday that you will long remember.

The half day will be declared a holiday. A strenuous programme of athletics will finish with a grand Station Dance in the Drill Shed.

The Station has been divided into four Squadrons:

S.H.Q. (including Equipment, the Messes, M.T. Link, GIS Hospital, Petrel, W & B). i/c Pilot Officer Hawkins.

I.T.S. (pupils, instructors, and ground personnel). i/c S/Ldr. Jackson.

A.T.S. (pupils, instructors, and ground personnel). i/c S/Ldr. Howard.

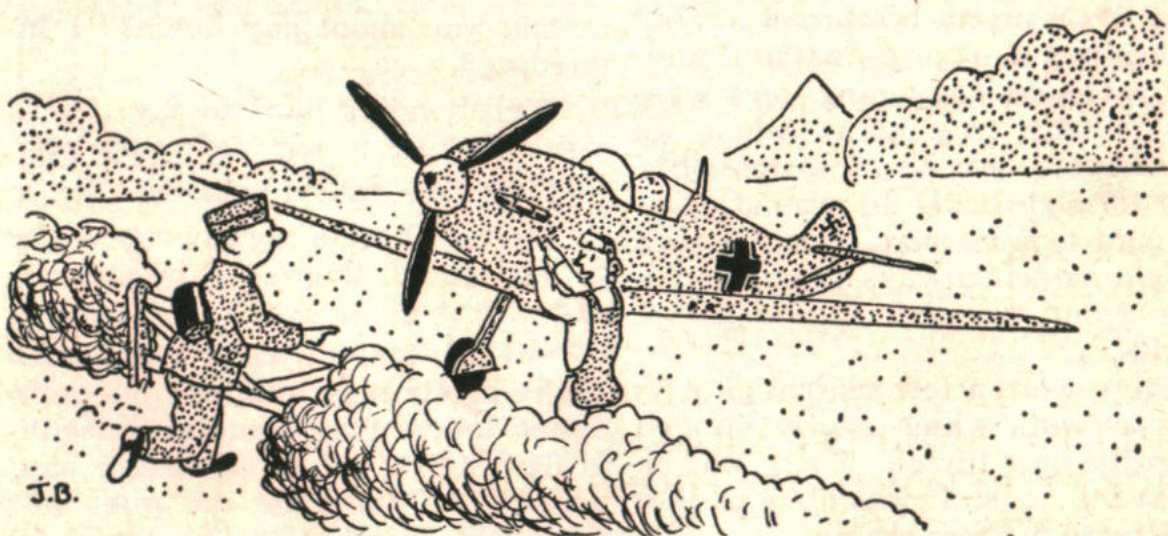
Maintenance (remaining Maintenance Wing personnel, including

Workshops. i/c P/O Morris.

Start training now for the following events:

100 yds., 22 yds., 440 yds., 880 yds., one mile, cross country, high jump, long jump, hop, step & jump, putting shot, throwing discus, javelin throwing, obstacle race, sack race, chariot race, soccer (kick for aim), inter-squadron tug-of-war, inter-squadron soccer (11 a side).

There will be varied individual prizes, and a Squadron Trophy for the winning squadron.



'HAVEN'T GOT ANY SPARE ELASTIC ON YOU, HAVE YOU BUD?'

# On a Wing And a Prayer

—Flight Lieutenant R. C. Rivaz, D.F.C.

ONE DAY when I was on leave, I ran into Hinks, whom I had not seen for some time. He was a middle-aged, grey-haired man . . . and if you did not know him, you might think he had some sedate, quiet job on the ground. But you would be wrong. He had been a pilot during the last war, and he joined up for this war as an air gunner.

"How are you getting on?" I asked. "Have you had any excitement lately?"

"Well . . . I don't know . . ." he replied. "I suppose in a way . . ."

He was like that; he would never give a direct answer, but was always very cautious in his speech as well as in what he did and needed a lot of prompting to talk about himself.

"Let's hear all about it, I said. We'll go and have a drink . . ."

"Well . . ." he began, when we were comfortably seated. "We were on a trip to Hamburg. There was the usual flak over there, as you know, it's a pretty hot target . . . but we dropped our bombs without anything unusual happening, and were well on the way home when we were held in a cone of searchlights. They formed a ring all around us; it was like looking at a dazzling well of light which always kept its distance from us and moved as we moved . . ."

"There were a few searchlights on to us as well, which nearly blinded me in the rear turret. There was no flak at all . . . so it was obvious that there were fighters around . . ."

"As you can imagine, I was straining for all I was worth into this

dazzling light . . . and sure enough a fighter loomed up behind. He was firing when I saw him . . . as a massive black shape which must have been within a hundred yards. I opened up immediately, but could not see what had happened. He disappeared, and his place was almost immediately taken by another. There were five of them altogether. I fired at them all: I don't know how many rounds I fired . . . pretty nearly all I'd got, I think . . ."

"Did you shoot any down?" I interrupted.

"Well . . . it's hard to say . . ." I wouldn't like to say definitely **yes**."

"I bet you did!" I said.

"Well . . . I certainly saw my tracer going through them . . ." he answered.

"But you know what it's like when you're pretty near blinded by searchlights: unless they actually burst into flames you can't tell what's happened. All the time the pilot was obviously doing all he could to get clear away by taking violent evasive action . . ."

"Was there any damage done . . .?" I asked. tell Roy how we were fixed . . .

"Yes . . . Roy, the front gunner was badly wounded: he had cannon shell burst in the turret, which practically took off his arm. Another one burst in the cockpit, blowing out most of the instruments . . . and we had a tank badly holed. Also my turret was put out of action . . . but not until the very end, thank God!"

"You're a lucky old blighter, you know, Hinks," I remarked.

"Wait a minute . . . I haven't finished yet," he went on. "Our first job, of course, was to get Roy out of the front turret. It was an appalling job, I can tell you . . .

"He was more or less unconscious . . . and you know what a job it is at the best of times, moving about an aeroplane. It took us about an hour. I was working with Geoff, the second pilot—to get him back on to the bed. When we eventually got him back I was so exhausted, probably from lack of oxygen, that I could only lie across him for a few moments.

"He was part of the time conscious . . . and part of the time out. Of course we gave him morphia, and applied a tourniquet, and did our best to keep him warm . . . which was not easy, as it was bloody cold in that fusilage. I spent the rest of that trip with him . . . doing anything I could to make him comfortable . . .

"As we reached the German coast, Geoff told me that we had lost about three hundred gallons of petrol, and there was no chance of getting back. We decided not to attempt the long sea crossing, but to fly south down the coast . . . if possible to get into Holland and then bale out over there, as we felt we might stand a chance of escaping. Obviously we did not

him for a second. He was only about nineteen, and was certainly marvellous. At times he thought he was going to die, and left all sorts of messages for his mother and his girl . . . and at times he asked me if he was going to die, and implored me not to let him. He seemed to look on me as a father . . . and at times, I think, thought that I was . . . It was my grey hairs, I suppose . . .

"Well . . . there we were . . . wondering how far we should get. There was a bit of doubt about the exact amount of petrol we had, but Geoff said we had definitely lost about three hundred gallons.

"I wondered how, when we baled out, we should get Roy out of the aeroplane. He obviously could not jump himself. I considered jumping with him . . . but thought our parachute might get tangled . . . so I tied a long cord to the ripchord of his parachute, and was going to fasten the other end to the structure near the exit when the time came . . .

"When we got over Holland, the pilot estimated we still had another fifteen minutes' petrol left, and asked the crew which they would rather do . . . bale out over there, or make straight across the sea and take a chance on ditching . . .? We decided without much hesitation on the latter.

"Well, we headed straight across . . . all of us looking anxiously at our watches. The pilot decided to carry on until the engines cut, and then bring her down. It was the longest quarter of an hour I ever remember . . . sitting there . . . waiting and wondering how far we should get . . .

(Continued on page 6)

## What The Hell!

To: H.M. Inspector of Taxes.

Dear Sir,

For the following reasons I am unable to meet your demand note for Income Tax:

I have been bombed, blasted, burnt up and bagged, walked upon, sat upon, held up, held down, flattened out and squeezed by Income Tax, Super Tax, Beer Tax, Spirit Tax, Motor Tax and every Society Organisation and Club that the inventive

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"Roy was marvellously patient. He must have been in terrible pain at times, but he never complained. When he was conscious he talked quite a lot, and was pathetically grateful for anything I could do for him . . . which, God knows, wasn't much . . .

"Well . . . you can imagine how we sat during that quarter of an hour: looking at our watches . . . listening to the engines, and waiting for them to splutter . . .

"The time was up . . . and we were still flying! The petrol guages had read zero for some time, so we had no idea what was left. We were still flying . . . and we continued on towards the coast . . .

"Well, to cut a long story short . . . in some miraculous way the petrol held out. As we sighted an aerodrome the engines cut, and the pilot brought her straight in without troubling about the wind . . . to make a crash landing."

"What happened to Roy?" I asked.

"They had to cut away the side of the fuselage to get him out . . . but he died in the ambulance."

mind of man can conceive, to extract what I have in my possession for the Red Cross, Black Cross, Double Cross and every Cross in Town or Country.

The Government has governed my business until I don't know who in the hell owns it. I am suspected, inspected, expected, examined, informed, required, and commanded, so that I don't know who I am or why I am here at all.

All that I do know is that I am supposed to have an inexhaustable supply of money for every need, desire or hope of the human race, and because I will not go out and beg, borrow or steal, money to give away, I am cursed, boycotted, talked about, talked to, lied about, hung up, rung up, rung down, robbed and darned near ruined.

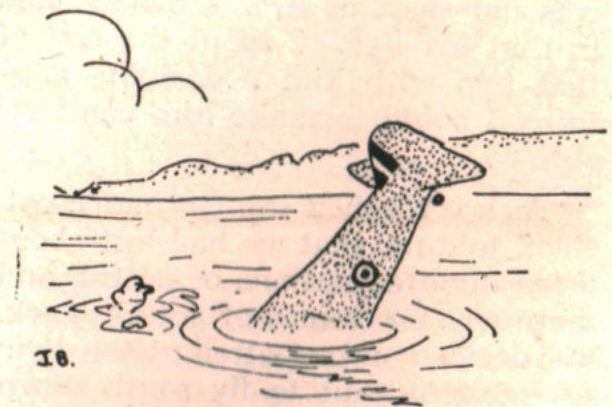
The only reason I am clinging to life at all is to see what the hell is going to happen next.

Yours faithfully,

Bloggs, P/O.

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MARRIAGE — Congratulations to Sgt. Gatland of the Sports Section, on his recent marriage to Miss Syline Tyler of Neepawa.



10.

OH WELL — I WANTED A SWIM, ANYWAY.

## All About Beaver Dam

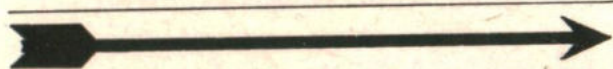
**I**N THICK scrub, five and a half miles northeast of Camp is our new swimming pool—Beaver Dam. Once it was O.K.'d by the Medical Officer, it wasn't long before it became part of the aircrew organised games, and a general rendezvous for all the Station's swimmers and sun-bathers.

Our intrepid reporter, L. V. Finn writes: "After a pleasant ride along the main road we cut into the fields towards the bush. Thence on foot, and climbed the small wooded hills that surround the dam. At first sight, the water was a little disappointing. Dead trees and creepers choked the pool, and there didn't seem to be swimming room for a tadpole. But there was—for lots of them.

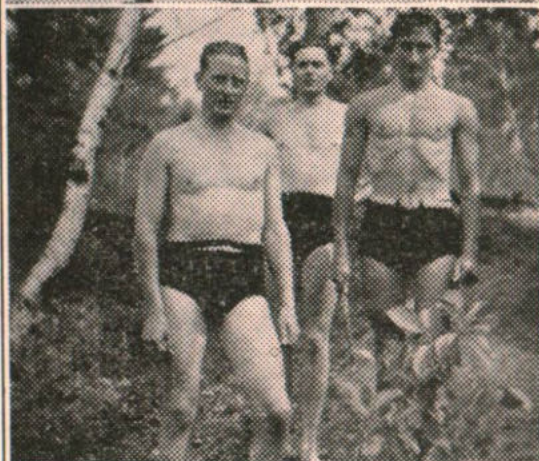
The north part of the dam, roughly 40 by 30 feet is deep and clear. There is a spring board that actually springs. From two trees by the diving board, squirrels whistled defiantly.

There were about forty of us in the water, and judging from the noise, splashes and shouts of laughter I gathered that this had more appeal than a kit inspection. The good swimmers ploughed about and the indifferent ones had a whale of a

(Continued next page)



Our pictures, taken by S/Ldr. Howard, give a good idea of the dam and its possibilities. Hesitant diver in top picture looks astonishingly like F/O Baird. Then comes P/O Larkin, Sgt. Longmore and Lt. King. Below that is LAC. Dick about to dive. Bottom picture shows F/Lt. Blezard on the board.



# The Rime of The Ancient Erk

It is an ancient A.C. 1.  
With inverted chevrons three,  
As I step blithe to leave the camp,  
He comes and stoppeth me.  
His hair is short and grizzly white,  
His skin, rough to the touch.  
That once blue uniform is grey and  
The trousers lack a crutch!

Unfix me from thy skinny hand.  
For three tapes, now have I  
And I am on my long way home  
To fly and do or die.  
The ancient erk laughed like a drain  
That gurgles mirthlessly.  
"Belt up", said he, "And sit you  
down  
To hear my history."

---

time. The spring board was always  
busy.

After an hour's swim we sunbath-  
ed. Up to now there had been no  
complaints about insects, except for  
one chap who assassinated an ant  
that had made friendly overtures.

Lounging there in the sun it was  
good to be alive. We chatted and  
smoked.

"It was wizard."

"That water tastes rotten."

"Wasn't it grand?"

"Anybody seen my socks?"

"Finger out, bus leaves at four."

We left with regret but there will  
other times. Trips are made Mon-  
day to Thursday and Sunday after-  
noon. Be at the Guardroom, 1900  
hours complete with towel and  
loincloth. Once you see the old  
Dam you will want to get in, espe-  
cially if it is a hot day.

Once was on a course myself  
Looked forward to my wings  
Then fate decreed, I should not pass,  
Into the realm of rings.  
Last solo flight, my goal in sight,  
The day as clear as crystal,  
A Gremlin spied, I aimed and shot  
Him, with my verey pistol.

But I had done a hellish thing  
And it would work me woe.  
From that day since, for five long  
years

I've never been solo.  
The gremlin falling, spluttered  
blood.

And, 'though the glass was rising,  
A cumulus cloud enveloped me,  
Giving carburettor icing.

The engines gone, the nose dropped  
down,

But still a cumulus screen  
And I, with but a wing and prayer,  
Did sequence seventeen.  
And as the bosom of the earth,  
Rose up to hold me firm,  
It thrust a ledge beneath my wheels,  
And made me overturn.

I telephoned the Flight Fuehrer.  
His voice filled me with dread,  
Said he, into the jaws of death  
you went,

Unsigned, the "seven-hundred".

"I fear thee, thou ancient erk  
Let me go back to my Inn."

He fixed me with his eye and  
snarled,

"Why don't you get some in?"

And so I have for five long years  
Cleared the closet and sink  
With water, water, everywhere  
Nor any drop to drink.

# CULLUM BAGS A BEAR

**T**HIS IS LAC. Reg. Cullum, of the Airmen's Mess, with the black bear he shot up in Northern Manitoba. He's just back from 14 days hunting and fishing at Lake Athbap, near Flin Flon.

Reg. and a civvy friend had heard of a little boy being mauled by a bear, so they set out the next day to find it.

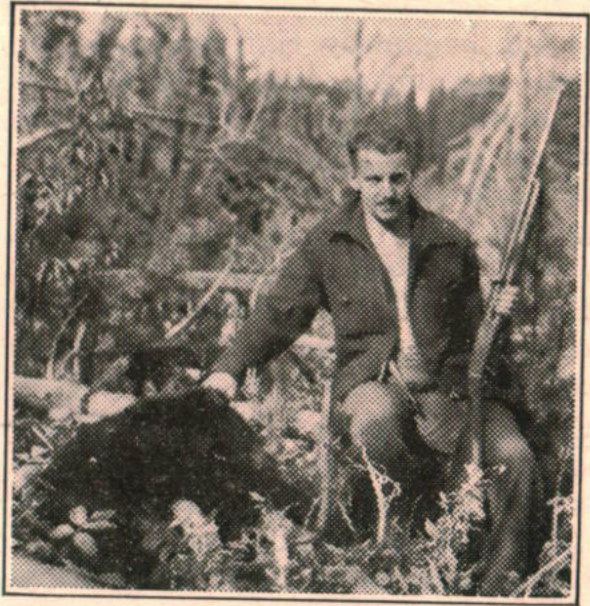
They were about 50 yards from the shore of the lake when they saw a bear—but whether it was “the bear” they'll never know. They drew in closer and while his friend steadied the boat, Reg aimed at the broadest part and shot the bear from about 100 yards as it was clambering up a hill. The bear squealed and fell dead with the bullet entering the shoulders from right to left.

They spent the whole time in this bush and muskeg region—sleeping in a log cabin at night. Four pleasant days were passed fishing—Reg's catch for one day being 14 pickerel and three jack fish. They ate fish until they were sick of it. Master Bruin weighed just over 200 lbs.

It'll take Reg. a while to settle down again after a leave like that.

—————●—————  
CONGRATULATIONS to Sgt. E. W. Sykes of the Fire Hall and Mrs. Sykes on the arrival of a daughter, Trudene Arline.

—————●—————  
VICIOUS: “This is just a vicious circle,” as the pupe said, neatly ground-looping an Anson.



## Thanks! Dauphin

“GEE, those R.A.F. fellows sure were swell to us guys!”—was the last line of an item in a Dauphin newspaper recently—after a bunch of A.T.C. lads had returned to their homes from a fortnight at Carberry.

The mother of one of the boys wrote to the Commanding Officer thus: “Am enclosing description of the stay of the air cadets at your station and which shows how the cadets appreciated what the RAF men did for them, and being the mother of one of the boys I wish to add my appreciation and hope you will tell the men we wish to thank them for their kindness.

Coming into contact with men with actual knowledge of warfare in Europe must have opened the boys' eyes to much of which we know and realize very little in this country far away from the war fronts.

In case any of the men may come to Dauphin they can be sure of a hearty welcome in our home.”

Thanks Dauphin!

## 250 MILES BY CANOE

It all began by Sgt. Adams and myself meeting a guy just back from six months in the Flin Flon mines. We felt the urge to follow him and reach the mines by water, but the big snag was that we couldn't get our 14 days together.

Retired to the Nelson to drown our sorrows we suddenly had a bright idea—a canoe.

Canoes, however, cost \$120 or so, and as we are both living-outers, and only being allowed a dollar or so per week fag money by our wives, a sum of this proportion was entirely out of our reach. It was then, over a pint of mild, the Adams-Lethaby Boat Building Company was floated.

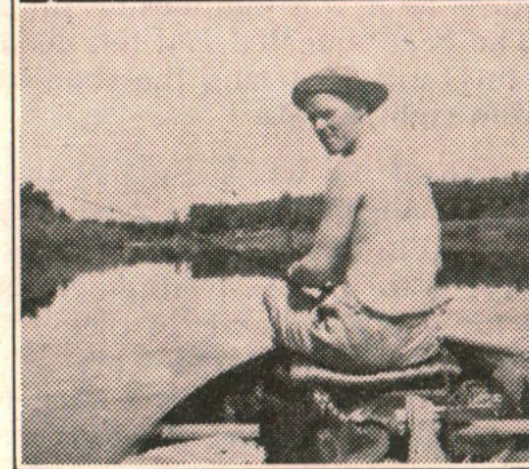
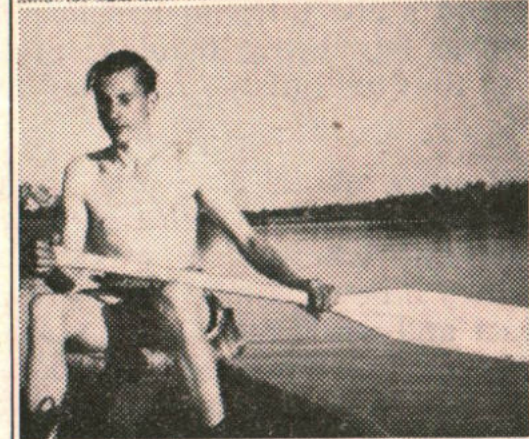
In three short weeks the canoe was ready, the last coat of paint being slapped on two days before we were due to start.

For the remaining two days it was one huge rush, packing gun, tent, ground sheets, equipment, etc. and buying the grub for seven days in the wilds. However, Friday saw us, more or less packed, and in a taxi with canoe tied on the top roaring along past the Camp towards Steels Ferry.

It was rather funny in a way, here were two men with approximately 250 lbs. of equipment starting out on a seven day canoe trip with a home built canoe that as yet had not seen water.

Would it ride on even keel? Would it carry the two of us, plus 250 lbs. of equipment? We did not know, just kept our fingers crossed and hoped. Our fears, however, were groundless. At Steels Ferry we launched the canoe, it floated well and with equipment and ourselves it was extremely stable.

Hastily kissing our wives goodbye



we hopped into the canoe and shoved off, happy to be leaving Air Force routine behind, and happy to know that our three weeks' work on the canoe was not in vain.

The night found us making camp some ten miles down stream from Steels Ferry. Right here we could have supplied ourselves with sufficient meat to last for the whole trip. It was twilight and a very inquisitive deer ventured towards us with-

in twenty yards of the camp and watched us for a while.

However, a certain respect for the law and goodwill towards the animal stayed our hands and it eventually wandered off. Next morning we were up with the break of noon and after a hasty breakfast went our way. Deer were to be seen at frequent intervals along the river bank and displayed no undue alarm at our presence. On one occasion we rounded a bend in the river and surprised a coyote which was drinking. It disappeared before we could load our rifles.

The Assiniboine is a treacherous river, full of sand bars and deep holes. Often the bow of the canoe would hit smack into a sand bar only two or three inches under the water, whilst the stern would have ten feet or more water under it. Turtles sunning themselves on the sand bars afforded us good shooting. The Ferry men told us of turtles two feet across, but the largest we saw measured about nine inches.

One afternoon while paddling down the river we were shaken from our day dreaming by the ominous noise of fast and broken water. There were rapids ahead. A short conference decided against the heavy work of portaging our equipment and canoe around them, so we paddled back into the middle of the stream to shoot them. The rapids to an onlooker may have seemed dangerous to traverse by canoe, but shooting them was a very mild affair; so mild that the next three rapids were taken in our stride, even without a second's glance. One sunny afternoon we surprised three small black bears playing on the sandy bank of the river. However, they disappeared long before we could swing into position for shooting.

The peaceful silence which reigned over the river impressed me. With exception of Ferry men we did not see any other human-beings on or near the river.

The last night we camped on the Indian Reservation near Portage, becoming very friendly with one of the Indians. He told us how he used to float timber down the stream in the spring. By this time we had travelled 200 miles and still had approximately 50 miles to reach Portage la Prairie.

Bright and early next morning we started on the last leg of our trip, by 10 a.m. it was very hot and we were very thirsty.

An axe was being used in the bush off the river bank, so we investigated. We found a Swede clearing the bush on the edge of the Indian Reservation prior to building himself a cabin to live in.

He could speak broken English and when he found out about our trip he suggested that as there were plenty of squaws in his neighborhood we take two along with us.

That night saw us three miles from Portage la Prairie. To reach this city we had to carry boat and equipment over land for approximately one mile from the river to Portage Lake, and then paddle two miles around the lake into Portage.

As the white bridge at Portage loomed into view and spelt the end of our trip, as we intended to return by train.

When we stepped from the canoe at Portage boat house we had travelled in the seven days an estimated 250 miles by water. During the day we were scorched by the sun, bitten by mosquitoes at night, but both agreed it was one of the best seven days leave ever spent.



# Goodbye Johnny!

I DON'T like leave-takings. You can be living in the biggest dump in the world and yet hate to leave it when the time actually comes. You can have no friends at all; and yet a few weeks after you've left you can wish you were back among the people you thought you knew better than those surly looking strangers you are now forced to watch closely.

When I left England I wouldn't allow any ceremonial leave-taking. I might have been going shopping for two hours, instead of going to the other side of the world for two years. I just took my cap, lit my pipe, kissed the wife, chucked the kiddies under the chin, and closed the front door behind me. I was gone. Perhaps never to come back.

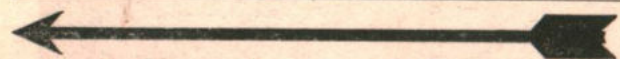
If you have a big send-off; emotions stretch and strain, tears well up, voices break. Perhaps it was unfair of us to go down to the station to mark with music and light conversation the departure of "Johnny" Sexton and his wife.

It was hard on them, in a way; and yet it must have made them feel that they were leaving for months, years, perhaps for ever a green and pleasant village they were happy in; a group of friends they were content to live among; and a station where for two and a half years a job of work had to be done, and was done.

You've got to live through the dumb, ceaseless ache of separation from those you love, in order to understand both yourself and those around you. Remember the home-coming of Ulysses to Penelope. Remember Peer Gynt's return to Solveig. You won't have to wait so long as that before either you return to that little Manitoban farm, or go rat-tat-tat on the front door of that little semi-detached brick house somewhere in Britain, with a rockery overgrown with saxifrage, lawn full of weeds, and an old stone pub across the street.

Sentimental deliriousness. Nobody asked me to feel sorry for all the "Goodbye Johnnies" that this infernal war has forced upon us all. All I wanted to say was: "Here's a picture of the Sextons leaving Carberry. John Farrally was leaving on the same train. He's the one in blue in the middle. That's the Ripchords band at the back. So the band played as the train came in. The Sextons were furious in a nice way; and they were deeply touched too.

Let's hope that when I go, I can slip away quietly with just the odd handshake and a dry voice, and a rumbling in my stomach, that won't get any better when I look southwards from the train window towards the camp for the last time.



Back row: Sgt. Cy. Hillier, AC. Kenny Elliott, LAC. Sid Cogger, LAC. Buck Ryan, Sgt. Paddy Buchanan, LAC. Tosh Davies, LAC. Mercer.

Standing: P.O. Fred Cushing, P.O. B. J. Barnes, F.O. Gerry Miller, F.O. Robin Skynner, F/Lt. James Alleyne, S/Ldr. John Sexton, LAC. Abbott, F.O. John Farrelly, Mrs. Doreen Sexton, Mrs. T. B. Bruce, Mrs. Belcher, Mrs. Hubber-Richards & "Heather", Dr. Belcher & Daughter.

Front row: F.O. Brennand, P.O. F. J. Golding, S/Ldr. Jimmy Cantrell, LAC. Wringe, LAC. Ron Jones.



# Prizes Given to Charity

## Gardeners' Noble Gesture



EVER SINCE the ground softened after last winter's frosts, we've been busy with our Station gardens. Willingly and unwillingly we've sown and transplanted, levelled, hoed and dug—until now—we have something to be proud of.

This month our labours have been rewarded a thousandfold, and on Thursday, August 12th we were honoured with a visit by the Mayor and Mayoress of Carberry (Dr. and Mrs. R. J. Waugh) who kindly judged those gardens which were entered in the Station Garden Competition.

Prizes were awarded by PSI for the best section and hut gardens. They were cash prizes too. When the results were known the prizes were promptly awarded and just as promptly they were generously handed over to several well-known war charities.

The prizes were awarded thus: Best Section—1. Fire Hall. 2. No. 2 Group. Best Hut—1. Hut 13A. 2. Hut 13B.

Consolation prizes were also awarded to the Guard Room, No. 6 Hangar, Hut 31A, the M.T. Section, Workshops and Hut 14A.

Highly commended were the efforts of Hut 11A, the Control Tower and the Armoury.

The fire Hall gave their \$30 prize to the "Milk for Britain" fund, and Hut 13A gave theirs to the Red Cross.

No. 2 Group gave their \$20 prize to the Chinese War Relief Fund and No. 6 Hangar handed their consolation award to the Red Cross.

The next morning the Commanding Officer issued the following congratulatory message.

"I wish to thank all concerned in connection with the garden

competition. I very much appreciate the tremendous amount of time and labour put into this effort, and was highly pleased with the tidiness and general lay-out of the gardens. I hope the personnel will continue to take an interest and a pride in their gardens."

This was followed by a message from W/Cdr. Moore in Maintenance Wing Detail which said:

"The Officer Commanding, Maintenance Wing wishes to congratulate all personnel of this Wing who not only by their efforts and enthusiasm created a number of excellent gardens, but also having won prizes in the recent competition, generously donated their prize money to charities."

Left to right in our garden picture are: S/Ldr. H. M. Pezzani (Station Administration Officer), Mrs. Pezzani, Mrs. Waugh (the Mayoress), Mrs. Bruce, Dr. R. J. Waugh (the Mayor of Carberry), Group Captain T. B. Bruce, M.C., F/Sgt. Gooderick, W.O. Merrison (Station Warrant Officer).



**PICNIC PICTURES:** Nine miles north-east of Carberry, amid beautiful Cypress Hills, gathered the above happy party of airmen's wives and kiddies one sunny Wednesday afternoon. It was the first organised picnic—and a great success. Sports were organised by F/O Morgan and AC. Jones. There was soft ball,

cricket, egg and spoon races, three-legged races for husbands and wives, and a sack-race for wives only. Lunch was served. Then came a sing-song around the organ, led by Mr. Walter Graw, and played by LAC. Gerry Death. Prizes for the races were presented by Mrs. T. B. Bruce, and Mrs. M.W. Moore.



# NEW GAME FOR LINK FANS



The nearly completed BAT installation has given birth to a brand new competition for link fans.

The competition, for which many wise instructors are practising already, closes on 15th September. It consists of an IRON CROSS—with points deducted for variations of speed and height, after which the worried competitor finds himself entering the beam, on which he makes an approach and landing.

Results will be judged by committee, and all instructors are expected to have a shot at it.

You may have as much practice

as you like, but you must declare your actual entry before starting. No picking out the best practice run and saying, "That's my entry!"

The Link blokes will do their utmost to help you, and a cup will be held by the flight whose instructors get the best results, on a percentage basis per instructor. An instructor not making an entry is thus a liability on his flight.

The Cup will be presented on Station Sports Day. Any ideas for the improvement of this competition for future occasions will be welcomed by S/Ldr. Howard.



The Corporals' Club committee. Front row: Corporals Moody, Riddle, Sparrow, Limbrick (chairman), Carter, Large, Alderson, and Garner. Back row: Corporals Kenny and Parker.

## Corporals' Club

Thursday, August 5th, dance night in the Corporals' Club went over with the usual "happy" atmosphere. Lady guests were again members of the Women's Army from A4 Brandon escorted by Lieut. Rayhill; and civilian friends.

An "ankle" competition for the ladies and a "knee" show for the men, judged by G/Cpt. Bruce, W/Cdr. Moore, S/Ldr. Morle and Cpl. Kelloe (winner of the special door prize), proved that even in the forces it is possible to retain beauty and shape. The winners were: Lieut. Rayhill for the ladies with a shapely pair of ankles and Cpl. Farrow for the men with two lovely knees!

It is now rumoured that the Sunday evening "Bingo" is to be amended. For "Legs Eleven" read "Legs Farrow".

All who worked to make this dance a success are to be congratulated.

The football team has played three matches, losing the first to the Airmen's Mess, winning the second from Equipment Section and drawing with the Officers' Mess Staff in the third.

The last shooting competition is over and another team is being entered in the next. Out of the four matches shot, two were won and the team scored 915.43 points out of a possible 1005, finishing fourth in the competition. Skipper Sparrow had the third highest individual score. It is hoped to arrange outside shoots against the Corporals of No. 2 M.D. and No. 12 S.F.T.S.

A darts knock-out is well under way.



The treasurer, Cpl. Robinson, showing his entry in the "Handsomest Pair of Knees" competition at the August dance at the Corporals' Club.

Our former secretary, Sam Cox, has left for Quebec. Our best wishes go with him and our grateful thanks for the excellent services he gave the Club. He was given a farewell party on the eve of his departure, and at the conclusion, cast aside the old proverb of the musket, picked up his bed, and walked.

We look forward to possible extension of the Club room. If this is granted it is hoped that all Corporals will come and help in the re-arrangement of the Club.

# SHOOTING

Here are the final results of the Inter-section Shoot for July.

1. Sergeants' Mess .....	960.76
2. Officers .....	953.86
3. Officers (L.O.) .....	924.88
4. Corporals' Club .....	915.43
5. S.O.P. Airmen .....	910.40
7. M. T. Section .....	895.46

**Individuals:**

1. S/Ldr. Howard .....	197.2
2. LAC. Chambers .....	194.7
3. Cpl. Sparrow .....	194.4
4. Sgt. Dobriskey .....	193.9
5. Sgt. Sykes .....	193.5

The possible score in the competition was 1005 and the possible individual score was 201.

A new competition is being organised now on a handicap basis and "posh" Trophy will very soon be available and it is to be presented to the Sgts', Mess and subsequently to

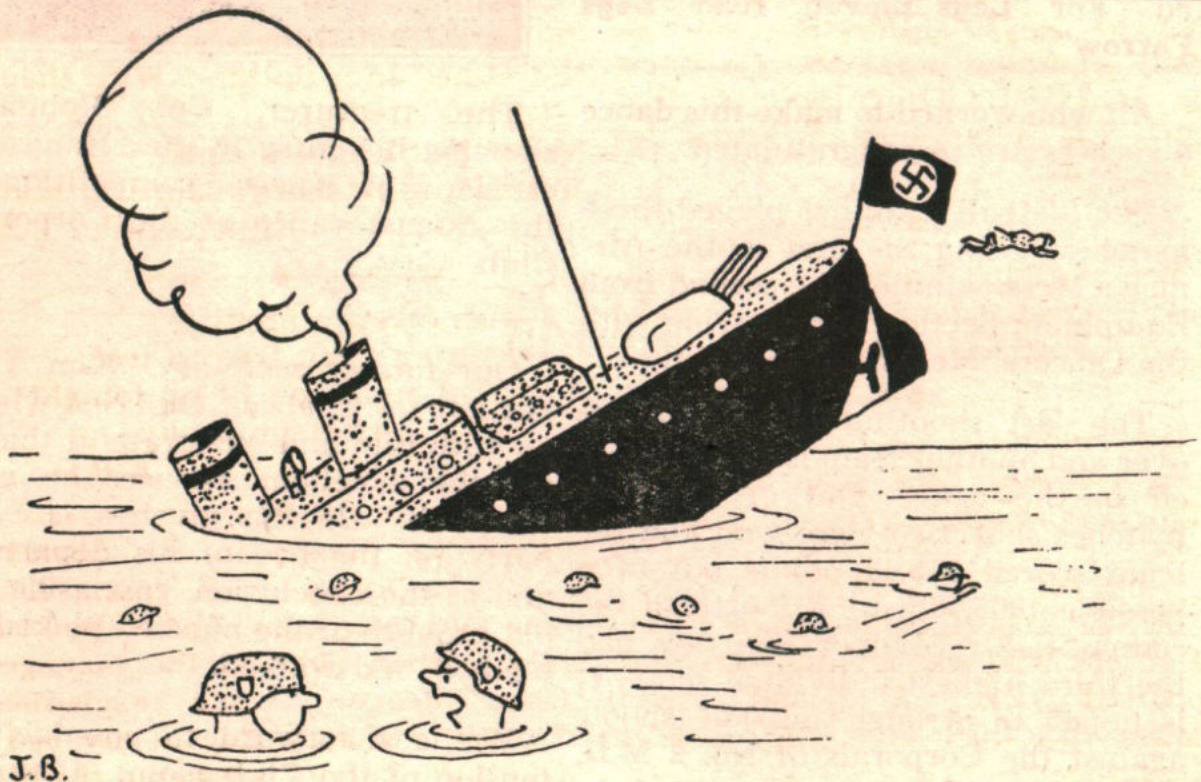
future to competition winners.

An individual knock-out competition is being organised on a "name your handicap" basis. Let F/O Mason have your entries.

A garden is a lovesome thing,  
 God wot.  
 Especially when it's all you've got  
 Around your living quarters  
 To recall the charm  
 Of house and farm  
 And loving wives and daughters.

**DOMESTIC—**

She nested just where the cables go into the link building. We watched her build her nest; glare maternally at the fussy cock robin. Then one day the eggs became fluff and beaks. Back and forth went the mother. Now at last all the tiny robins have grown up and flown away. Funny, ain't it?



'QUIT MOANING. WE'RE ALL IN THE SAME BOAT.'

# A NIGHT WITH DIAMOND LIL

Last Saturday night the Officers' Mess went completely under the influence of 'Diamond Lil'—a not-so-young lady who once kept a cow-puncher's roadhouse on a percentage basis in Texas. The dining room became Lil's bar, the ante-room was turned over to 'trucking'; the billiard room staggered under piles of food; and the flowery-bowery beneath a star-studded sky was simply bootiful. The evening started with cocktails on the lawn . . . . but what it finished with nobody knows clearly. The bar went dry—not unnaturally: The girls went home — unfortunately: The waiters went moustachioed: the guests went pop-eyed: and the Big Dipper stooged around the sky quite a bit before things quietened down. It was a 'reet good do.' Rumour says enthusiasts are already planning a fancy-dress party for Sept.-Oct. Organisers of 'Diamond Lil' deserve much praise for their work.

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You wouldn't budget, as our Political Correspondent said when asked if he thought Sir Kingsley would.

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It is rumoured the Editor is organising a Hiking Club with moonlight hikes a specialty. (Yeah?—Ed.)

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MIST: Report comes from Petrel of an erk who was feeling seedy and reported sick. A friend asked, "What did they give you, a Mist. Expect?"

"From the way it tasted," said the sufferer, "I think it was a Mist. Scotch."

## Junior League Table

Team	Pld	W	L	D	GLS		
					F	A	P
Off. M. Staff ..	4	3	0	1	7	1	7
Cpls. Club .....	4	2	1	1	13	7	5
Airmen's M. ..	3	2	1	0	6	5	4
Equipment .....	3	0	3	0	4	9	0
Petrel .....	2	0	2	0	1	8	0

### KNOCK-OUT RESULTS

1st Round—

Hut 13—7

Hut 14—2

Hut 31 took game from Hut 10.

2nd Round—

Hut 32—2

Hut 9—1

Sgts. Mess—2

Off. Mess—2

Hut 20—4

Hut 31—0

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A Spitfire is a lovesome thing,  
God wot!

Open thrott,

Boost full - -

The veriest Hun's decease; and yet  
the fool

Contends that Guns are not -

Not Guns! In a Spitfire! With their  
barrels cool!

Nay? But I have a sign;

'Tis very sure there's Guns in mine.  
(Apologies to T-M)

---

I wish I were a firefly,

Flitting from tree to tree,

'Then I could get lit up tonight

With perfect propriety.

K.R.D.

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NERVE: Heard in the barber's shop, MacGregor . . . A young feminine guest staying in the Nelson last week rushed over to the manager. "Good heavens," she exclaimed. "There's a ghastly dog in my bed!" "Of all the nerve," answered the perplexed manager. "Must be one of those airmen again. Tell him to come down and sign the register at once!"

# Airman! Get Your Gun



I HAD never seen a coyote before. The other evening when I was out shooting rabbits a large shaggy dog followed me across a field. It never took its eyes off me. When I stopped, it stopped. When I moved, it moved, but in such a way that I felt I was being stalked.

The distance between us diminished and I saw it could not possibly be a dog. I fired a warning shot over its head and it bolted. A few minutes later I met a Mountie on the main road and described the incident to him. He told me that farmers pay five dollars for the body of that arch-enemy of poultry, the coyote. I shall know next time.

The point is that this happened only two miles from the Camp.

Out there on the prairie, if you are interested, is a paradise of game for the sportsman. There is any amount of jack rabbit, wild duck, chicken and numerous other types of wild life ready to test your skill. One can hunt alone or in parties, depending on whether one wishes to wander at will or get organized and make use of the combined skill and firing power of many.

It is a matter of taste. The 12 bore shot gun is an ideal weapon for the small stuff, but for "sitting" targets the .22 is more sportsmanlike choice since it requires a very steady aim.

However, no grim punishment is meted out to the man who catching friend rabbit unawares fills him with spread shot at twelve paces. If you are out for sport, you can get it.

Manitoba is the Happy Hunting Ground. In the marshes abound Mallards, Canvas-Backs, Pintails and the great goose family. Canada geese, largest of the birds and the most cunning, fly high and at great speed.

An early morning wait at the marshes may tax your patience but it is well worth it. Their rapid take-off from the water necessitates quick action on your part. Fire at the leader and at least you will bag a straggler.

Hungarian Partridge, grouse, pheasant, and the prairie chicken are found in every part of the province. From time to time new specimens are introduced and strangely enough even oriental birds thrive in this climate. And remember after a good day is over that almost all the birds are not only good hunting but good eating. That probably is one of the most pleasant assets of hunting in the field.

There is plenty of opportunity for big game, too. Moose, mule deer and Barrenland caribou can be shot under licence. Bear and elk fall under Government restrictions but last year the former were so numerous in certain parts of Manitoba that an open season was declared and eight dollars bounty paid for every adult male killed. Bears avoid the open prairie, but are easily tracked in the woods.

Licenses can be obtained from the Game & Fisheries Dept., Winnipeg or from any Customs Officer along the International Boundary. A \$2 permit covers twelve to fourteen birds. A big game permit, entitling you to one moose or caribou, costs \$5. Should there be an open season for bear you are allowed one adult male, also.

A word must be said about the hunting dog, which while not essential, can play a very important part in your sport. To shoot something down is one thing and to find it is another. Manitoba is the finest training ground for hunting dogs in the whole of North America, and yearly enthusiasts bring their animals from far and wide to learn the "Real Way" out here.

A rifle, a dog and a camera are the means of a good vacation. And a permit, of course. If you can obtain the services of an experienced hunter, then all the better. He will teach you all that you don't know—which will be plenty. Like everything else there are two ways to hunt, the right and the wrong way. When you make a slip and are facing a wounded rabbit, remember it might not be a rabbit every time. Some day it may be the larger type of grizzly bear, after your blood.

To most of us, hunting in Canada will just have been a small part of our lives. To return home with memories that we can look back on with pleasure is something gained.

And when we are seated once more in our usual haunts and are approached by a certain type who "killed tighs out in Poona", tell about the time you stalked a bear and moose out in Manitoba.

—L. V. FINN

## Don't You Know There's a War On?

I WAS having a cup of tea and talking about the very pleasant gardens on the station when an unnamed officer said to me, "Bosh and nonsense. Don't they know there's a war on?"

With the wisdom of my advancing years, two of which have been spent in Canada, I refrained from replying directly and hotly as I might have done. You can't argue a fellow into a right opinion; you have to lead him there gently, dangling a carrot beneath his nose.

So I'll answer him now. Our part in the war is definite and laid down by others. If we each do what we are expected to do, the B.C.A.T.P.P will go from strength to strength.

It is right that we should take a pride in our gardens and find time for them; just as it is right and helpful for our physical well-being that we have soccer and rugger, swimming, cricket, bowling, skating, hockey, cinema, libraries, hostess houses, and forty-eights.

We need to make our living-places as attractive as we can. That will help us to do our majors and minors better. There's more to this war than working, sleeping, and dying.

Next time you go on a forty-eight my friend, I'm going to say to you, in just a friendly tone, "Don't you know there's a war on, Don't you think the war will finish quicker if you stay in your office and mildew?"

It's very odd to watch our countrymen, newly arrived from the Old Country, vainly trying to adjust themselves. Some of them don't even try. The fools.

# SOCCER



**T**HE SOCCER Hut League is over, with Hut 13 remaining champs, dropping only two points in the last two games. Hut 20 were runners-up, one point behind.

The Officers' Mess team kept going well, after a somewhat shaky start. It was a pity the Sgts. Mess team didn't do better, and produce a stronger team.

Interest was somewhat lacking among pupils.

A knock-out competition is under way now. Huts 13 and 31 have already knocked out huts 14 and 10 respectively.

The Brandon League is in its last stages. Our station team beat Rivers 5-0 in the first round of the

Manitoba Championship, and now await the result of the Shilo v. Scottish game in order to play off the second round and meet either No. 5 A.O.S. or Weston in the final.

The Station team popped over to Weyburn but lost 7-2.

Games in the Station Junior league are now drawing the crowds.

## HUT 13 v. SGTS MESS, 3-3.

The Sergeants Mess played better soccer than in most games this season and with a good centre forward would have taken both points easily. It must be said that the best players of the Hut B team, members of the station sides, appeared slightly stale owing to taking part in too many games and this partly was the cause of Hut 13's poor display. Brown was particularly dangerous but was erratic in front of goal. Other memb-

## FINAL LEAGUE TABLE FOR 1943 SEASON

Team	Pld.	W.	L.	D.	Gls. F.	Gls. A.	Pts.
Hut 13	9	7	0	2	45	15	16
Hut 20	9	7	1	1	34	9	15
Hut 32	9	7	2	0	38	10	14
Hut 9	9	4	4	1	17	18	9
Hut 14	9	3	4	2	14	18	8
Off. Mess	9	4	5	0	16	22	8
Hut 31	9	3	4	2	17	25	8
Hut 11	9	3	6	0	26	42	6
Sgts. Mess	9	2	5	2	11	23	6
Hut 10	9	0	9	0	3	34	0

Under Rule 16 of Station League Rules the following pts. were awarded:

Hut 20 took 2 points from Hut 9.

Hut 32 took 2 points from Hut 9.

Hut 14 took 2 points from Sgts. Mess

Hut 9 took 2 points from Sgts. Mess

Sgts. Mess took 2 points from Hut 10.

Off. Mess took 2 points from Hut 10.

ers of the forward line were upset by the first-time tactics of the Mess defence, and the Sgts.' goal keeper brought off many fine saves. Hut 13 displayed the better soccer of the two teams and took the lead on 3 occasions only for the Mess to fight back to equalize each time. The second time from a penalty shot, taken by Gash who gave Smith no chance at all.

### **HUT 13 v. HUT 14, 1-1**

This Hut League game brought out the usual keen rivalry between the two teams of Repair Sqdn. Hut 13 needed the points to maintain their unbeaten record, and lowly Hut 14 could do well to gain a further 2 points in the league table. Although there was little classy football, the game was fun for the spectators. Boths goals surviving many narrow escapes. Always in control of the game was the referee, otherwise it would have become very rough. A draw of one goal each was a fair result of the play.

Brown put 13 ahead with a good goal after the two teams had "battled" out a goalless first half but 14 were not thwarted by this and fought back for Murton to equalize with a shot that gave Smith no chance. From then on both teams did their utmost to score the winner but defences held out under severe pressure. It was the first point Hut 13 dropped in the season, a repetition of last year's result.

### **CARBERRY "B" vs. RIVERS**

The "B" team entertained No. 1 C.N.S. Rivers on August 4, winning 6-1. "B" team displayed good soccer and were sound in all departments, and took every opportunity that came in front of goal; Brown and

Spiers being especially dangerous, scoring five goals between them, and Edwards making it six with a fine header from the wing. The game was disappointing from the spectators point of view as a strong team was expected from Rivers, and the "B" team were then level in league standings with No. 1 and a win gave them the 2 point advantage. It was certainly a revenge for the one goal draw Rivers forced when the "B" team visited the Navigation school.

### **No. 33—WEYBURN—**

The Station XI travelled by air to Weyburn on August 16 to play No. 41 S.F.T.S., R.A.F. and after a good game were defeated by 7 goals to 2. Although the score is no indication of the play the better team definitely won.

Weyburn went ahead with forceful tactics and being used to the ground, their style of play came off. No. 33 started in a fashion which astounded the Weyburn crowd. From the kick-off they went through to score a picture goal without the ball being touched by a Weyburn player. Spiers giving the keeper no chance with a perfect shot after grand combination play by Dunphy, MacAdam and Brown.

But Weyburn came back and thanks mainly to Thompson, an ex-Carberry player, at centre forward, built up a 4-1 lead before the interval. Hill was outstanding in defence with Dunphy turning in a grand performance at half-back.

After the interval Weyburn increased their lead to 7, one from a penalty shot awarded when Large brought down Thompson in the area. It is hoped that when No. 41 visit Carberry in the near future the result will be reversed.

## OUR ATHLETES DO WELL AT BRANDON

On Wednesday, August 4th the Station Athletic team paid a visit to No. 12, Brandon for the first dual team athletic meet of the season.

Although our team was weakened by a number of injuries, we did amazingly well, and it was only because of the old "British Bogey", field events, that we lost by 17 points.

We were outstanding on the track, losing only the 400.

In the 100 yards LAC. Booth ran a dead heat with a No. 12 man, and Cpl. Stanley coming third.

In the 220 LAC. Booth again ran a very strong race to win by 10 yds. Cpl. Stanley was placed second.

In both the 880 and the mile LAC's Mudd and Smith, two of the Station's best distance men walked away with the events. They ran with perfect understanding, and finished with 50 yards to spare. Congrats to Sgt. Mudd on getting his wings. We're losing a good athlete.

In the 440 MacLennon was beaten on the tape, with F/O Morgan running third.

In the 220 Relay, Hanford, our first man gave us a lead of 3 yards. MacLennon, who had just completed a gruelling 440, gave away a few paces. F/O Morgan made this up and handed over to LAC. Booth who finished with a 15 yard lead.

In the long jump and the hop-step and jump, Sgt. Gatland took second place, and came third in the high jump.

In the shot, discuss, and javelin, opposition was much too strong for No. 33, and we were not placed in any of these events.

Thanks No. 12 for an enjoyable meet.



Back: (Left to right) LAC's Mudd, Harper, and Smith.

Front: LAC's MacMullen, Stancer and McDonald.

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PUPES: We get the aircraft fit for you: Are you fit for the aircraft?

---

She was only a judge's daughter, but she could dispose of any case.

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MAIL: She was only a village postmistress, but she knew on which side her stamps were gummed.

---

Who was heard to remark, "Well, he certainly earned his flying pay to Petrel that afternoon." And was he in earnest?

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FAME: The fame of our gardens spreads far and wide. There was a new pupe who exclaimed when he saw Hut 9A, "What no roses round the door?"

## CRICKET

\* \* \*

THE SIX team cricket league, the formation of which we announced last month, has received much enthusiastic support it is now enlarged into a knock-out competition.

The following are up-to-date results:

First round: No. 2 Group beat Equipment.

Airmen's Mess beat Accounts.  
Officers beat Training Wing.  
Maint. Wing beat Signals.  
Hut 13 beat Orderly Room.

Two late entrants—Snags and GIS are also being included.

Two matches have been played in Winnipeg since the last issue. The first on July 31st against No. 3 Wireless School "C" team. Once again we lost the toss and were put in to bat and were all out for 41. Chief scorers for Carberry were LAC. Morris, 8 not out; Cpl. Lyall, 7 and Cpl. Marsh, 5. The Wireless team scored 116, and of our bowlers, LAC. Dunnell had the best analysis (3 for 26).

On August 14th against the Junior we gained our long awaited victory. The fielding was very keen. For the first time this season we won the toss and put our opponents in to bat first. Sgt. John and LAC. Dunnell bowled through the innings without change. Sgt. John taking 7 for 31 and LAC. Dunnell 3 for 14. Carberry passed the Juniors score with only three wickets down and declared at 86 for 8. LAC. Brown 21, F/O Firmin 15, Cpl. Lloyd 12, P/O Atkins 11, Sgt. Moody 8, LAC. Dunnell 6 not out and LAC. Mycock 6 not out, were the chief scorers.

## Station Hospital

Big changes in our Staff this month. Foremost among the departees this past month was "Doc" MacNaughton, who has gone to effect his medicinal charm on the "sick, lame, and lazy", at Kingston. May his yarns of Kenya be told with the enthusiasm which garnished them during his stay here.

Also for Kingston was Sgt. Kelly—a Wardmaster.

One who took the good advice of "going West" was F/Sgt. Bellward; who has left for his "home hunting grounds" around Edmonton.

And now, late in the month, we learn of the departure of Cpl. Sam Cox, who, having viewed the inner realm of Carberry's manhood, through his X-Ray apparatus, has left for Lachine. His enthusiastic, enlightening, and knowledgeable conversation will be missed during morning breaks.

We welcome our new "Skipper" (another from the land of the heather) S/Ldr. Morle. We trust that his stay in Carberry will be very pleasant. F/O Carter is also welcomed by the rest of the "crew". We have a new Radiographer, AC2 Knight (your reporter is getting rather bewildered—2 (K)nights on duty in one day is shocking).

LAC. "Joe" Partington has duly qualified this past month as a nursemaid, 1st class

LAC. (More-or-less) Thomson arrived back from leave, with a far-away-Ontario look in his eyes—ah! ah! Jock; the first symptoms are showing.

Congrats are extended to AC1 "Andy" Sinclair on being the first "poultice basher" to wear a G.C.

## Sergeants' Mess

\* \* \*  
Introducing "Major" Gordon Holford, that six feet three, twelve-or-more stone piece of New Zealandish. It hurt to learn he was "off"; his bulky frame and ever-cheerful face will be a huge miss. I wonder if his friends at a Winnipeg hotel are also grieved?

We had the honour of the company of Group Captain Bruce and Wing-Commander Nathan at "Major's" Finale. "Major" obliged with his famous dance. During the act W/Cdr. Nathan moved gingerly further around the table. Gordon always did thrill lady guests and scare the men with this effort. Only once have I heard him peeved—someone told him there was a war on! It's been grand to have you "Major"; best of everything and Tallyho!

One of our gallant lads, lately from Malta, Cliff Acton, knows someone, somehow, somewhere! In Ottawa shortly, Cliff?

Appius Claudius gurgles something about "Happy Wedding Day". Is it only the song, Claude?

Congratulations to "Brother" Mundy on his Long Distance Gong. We understand our tattoo-ed brother had that sinking feeling a while ago. The "Doc" had to sink a cruiser and a corvette to examine his kidneys.

Our Three-In-Harmony are terrific (Messrs Burton, Gent and Merrison). Believed to have "Come from Dixie". W/O Gent and gang brought us the shooting trophy. Nice work, chaps!

Billiards, darts and snooker tournaments are in full swing. Keen games, thanks to handicappers Phinn and S. Brown. It is proposed to ask Tug Wilson and Pop Egan to furnish a platform around the billiard table for the use of Titches Cordener and Aspey.

## ODE TO BEAVER DAM

If you're wanting a morsel of happiness

And joy that isn't a sham.

If you want for a while to forget the war,

Then go out to Beaver Dam.

For the gentle Canadian Beaver

Is a genial sort of a beast,

And if asked to produce a bathing pool,

He doesn't object in the least.

With his sharp little teeth he lops down trees,

With some help from a friendly gale.

With mud he stops up the interstices,

With slaps from his spade-like tail.

He "works like a beaver" from dusk till dawn,

And then when his labour's done,

He sits on his broad, flat tail and smirks,

And watches the Airmen's fun.

From Carberry every evening,

And on Sunday at three as well,

A lorry comes laden with laughing boys,

Who leap in the pool with a yell.

Naked and happy, forgetting the war,

Splashing and whooping with glee

While the wise old Beaver sits on his tail

In the shade of a near-by tree.

For the gentle Canadian Beaver

Has discovered the ultimate truth

That nothing affords satisfaction

Like giving of joy to youth.

G.H.

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## Badminton

Badminton Club starts again in September. Watch D.R.O.'s for news.

For practising, borrow racquets and buy birds from P.S.I. store.

## Repair Squadron

Lads of Hut 13 again proved themselves grand sportsmen as well as workers by winning the football cup for 1943. The enthusiastic backing of their hut followers contributing not a little to their success. The following turned out for one or more games during the season: Smith, Nicholson, Riley, Ralph, Walker, Harvey, Jeffrey, Ross, Fraser, Brelsford, Tilkins, Johnstone, White, Sellars, Brown, Nelson, Edwards, Chilton, Kerr.

Any energy surplus from their other activities went into the preparation of a good garden, which again won approval in the annual competition. 13A and 13B won first and second prizes, respectively. To cap it all, the Office staff's little effort outside No. 6 Hangar won a consolation prize. Our back-breaking experience on the square of lawn was not in vain. It is gratifying to note that the total prize moneys were spontaneous-

ly given to the Red Cross. Special mention must be made of Messrs White, Harrison, Palmer, Binns, Caruthers, Cresswell and Hargreaves for their work on the hut gardens, and of Nobby Clark for his special effort on the Hangar garden.

During the month a cricket team sprang up. Cpl. Sparrow and LAC. Butler, representing the two huts, have now picked a combined team. Good batting, blokes.

### TIRED—

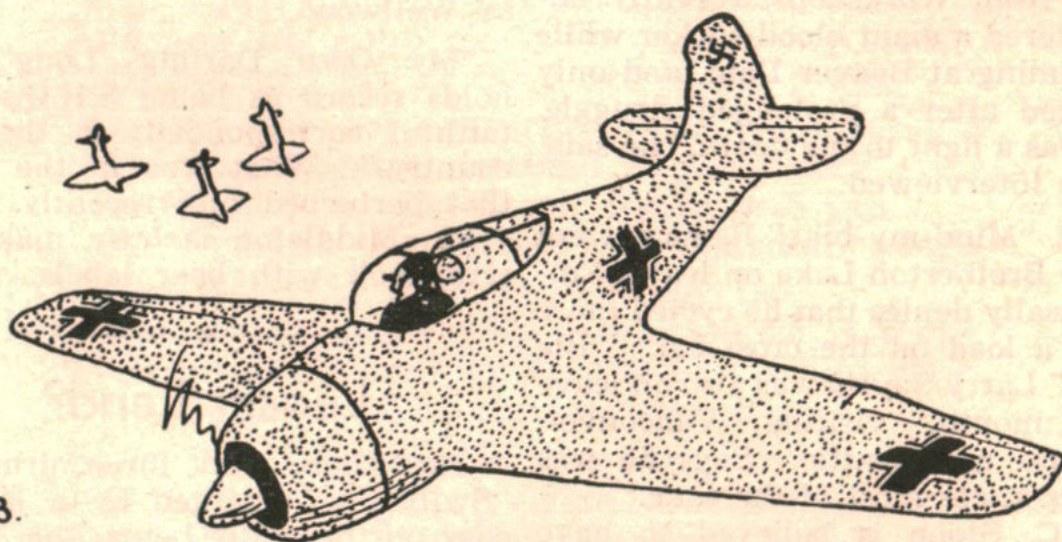
Extract from DRO 184 para. 11: ". . . an airman of the R.A.F. was tired by a district court-martial." Aren't we all!

He: "Why is it you have so many boy friends?"

She: "I give up."

Q: "What is an Anson II?"

A: "A flock of unserviceable parts flying in close formation."



'HIMMEL! I COULD HAVE SWORN THOSE  
SPITFIRES WERE SPECKS ON MY GLASSES.'

## Maintenance Wing

Accent on sports this month. The Wing's newly-formed cricket team made a good start, having won both matches played so far. In the first, a challenge match, Training Wing's team were only able to put up a score of 18, all out, against 73. The second game, which was in the first round of the Station knock-out competition, saw Signals section beaten by a score of 70 against 34. Leading scorers to date have been Sgt. Terry Lowe, "Yorkey" Bryce, Tubby Blake (also good behind the sticks), and Vickery. Sgt. Couch still plods on! Bowling honours go to Cpl. Garner. Captain is now Ben Couch on Sgt. Falconer's posting to Training Wing.

P/O Morris, returned to the fold after being snatched from the gang-plank, is organising the Wing's entries for the Station Sports Day on September 15th. So get out those spikes, chaps.

"Bob" McCourt, our budding aeronaut from Workshops, recently encountered a giant blood-sucker while swimming at Beaver Dam, and only escaped after a prolonged struggle. "It was a fight to the death," he said, when interviewed.

Sgt. "Mind-my-bike" Ramsay went up to Bretherton Lake on leave. Emphatically denies that he cycled there with a load on the cross-bar. "Big chief" Larry Sayles was also on leave this month, visiting Vancouver, Victoria and Seattle. Says he was on his knees most of the time.

LAC. Stone is believed to have held a kit inspection between Carberry and McGregor one evening. Go easy, Stoney!

The welcome mat was laid out for Mickey "Knock-outdrop" Finn on his posting here from Flying Wing.

Two of our groundlings, making their first flight, thought the under-carriage horn was a signal to bale out—and would have done so had they known where the door was!

Congratulations to LAC. Vickery on his marriage to Verna Mae Smith at Wellwood. To AC. Coombe, on his marriage to Audrey Elizabeth Taylor at Winnipeg. To LAC. Mayne on his marriage to Jean Elizabeth Skene, also at Winnipeg; and to LAC. Payne on the birth of a daughter, Judy Margaret.

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## S. H. Q.

Still no marriages to report from S.H.Q. — only broken hearts. Joe Cohen—our balloon barrage is eating heavily. He hope to be anchor in a tug-or-war team.

Once we thought it was spring feeling; then we blamed it on summer heat; now we don't know what it is, but Pete Carlin and Blondy Holloway are still seen walking out at Wellwood.

"My Own Darling Long" still holds record as being S.H.Q.'s most faithful correspondent to the "old country." What was in the letter that perturbed him recently.

Mr. Middleton is busy making a scrapbook with beer labels.

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## Lease—Lend?

Once there were three airmen at "Swift Foo" charged by a lady of easy virtue with being the father of unborn offspring. Not being sure that they were responsible they decided to raise between them the laying-in charges. This was done. The hospital fees were paid. The result was—two Chinese babies.

# Twenty-one Are Missing

INSPIRED by newspaper headline "Twenty-one of our aircraft failed to return, five of them Canadian," and dedicated to those boys, Canadian and British, of the Bomber Command.

They're fighting on out there across the sea.  
Canadian and Briton side by side.  
With hearts held high and with one aim in view  
Together they go forth at eventide.  
And as the rays of one more setting sun  
Fall on the fields and touch the runways there  
At first a hum and then a mighty roar  
Dispels the silence of the still night air.  
The sun has gone. And now the darkness falls,  
Enclosing all beneath its spacious wings,  
And thund'ring down the narrow strip of white  
The bombers rise to where the cold wind sings.  
They cross the coast and upward climbing still  
Leave all behind that they have loved so well.  
The stars look down, soft clouds obscure the moon  
And they ride on into the teeth of hell.  
Searchlights waver as nearer comes the shore  
On which the Hun has trampled brave men down.  
And now his guns are throwing flaming streams  
Of flak and fire at those above the town.  
But they are not concerned with these tonight  
For bigger game destined to bear their stings  
Lies further on. On Essen bombs will fall  
From 'neath the British and Canadian wings.  
So on they roar until at last they see  
The Rhine below. Each man above is tense,  
Eyes straining hard to see the first white glow.  
Incendiaries! The flak is now intense.  
Essen it is. Armour for the Hun  
Is made down there.—Fire blossoms on the ground.  
Eight thousand pounders grinding steel to dust  
And killing men, are bursting all around.  
Tis but the start for many hundreds more,  
Drawn by the glare of bursting bombs below,  
Fly swiftly on. Avenging those that fall  
Twisting and spinning in a dull red glow.

## SHOP AT THE P. S. I. STORE



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BLUE HANKS. ....	2 for 25c
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SOX (Khaki & Black) .....	40c & 50c
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UNDERPANTS (Jockey style) .....	40c
SHUTTLECOCKS .....	40c
PARKER PENS .....	\$3.75

—No. 1 HANGAR—

At last they leave. The last bomb has been dropped,  
 And Essen burns. The flak has almost ceased,  
 The searchlights die and nought but fire remains  
 To mark the place where fury was unleashed.  
 Calm rides the moon above the vague black shapes  
 Returning home. And death rode too this night.  
 Not all came back, for many who that eve  
 Died with a jest, now throng the halls of light.  
 And so they left, defying fate's grim laugh.  
 The engines roar and speak their epitaph.  
 'Twenty-one are missing. Side by side,  
 Even as they lived so have they died.'  
 And so let us like those that show the way.  
 When peace shall come, together fight that peace  
 Shall e'er remain. And in a brave new world  
 Work steadfast on. Till wars forever cease.

—FLYING OFFICER STANLEY MARTIN.

