

FD-357

HQ 333PTS/1006X/SNA.

DEPARTMENT OF NATIONAL DEFENSE

RECREATION - AIRMEN,
- FOR THE USE OF.

LONG SERVICE

SERIAL NUMBER	DATE	P.A.	ZONES	FOR SERVICE			TOTAL
				YE	ME	NE	
3A							
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5A							

Gen!

Dec.

NOVEMBER
1943

TEN
CENTS

Journal of 33 Service Flying Training School

PUBLISHED WITH THE KIND
PERMISSION OF GROUP CAPTAIN
J. S. T. FALL, D.S.C., A.F.C., AND
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Sgt J. F. Laurence.



“ -- A Very
Happy
Station ”

THIS being the first publication of our magazine since my arrival on the Station, I would like to take this opportunity of expressing my pleasure in being appointed to command this Station.

I find this is a very happy Station, where an excellent esprit de corps exists. I sincerely hope that I shall enjoy your full co-operation and loyalty in the accomplishment of our joint tasks.

Each and all of us have our specific jobs to perform, and I hope that you will do them to the best of your ability — no passing the buck! — as it is just as much your concern to ‘get the job done’ and the war over, as it is mine.

With all changes of command there are inevitable alterations which are instituted for the benefit of all, and I would ask you to be tolerant, shelving feelings of conservatism, so that these changes can be made with the minimum of delay, and your ultimate happiness.

J. S. T. Fall, D.S.C., A.F.C.
GROUP CAPTAIN

THE MARVEL

Believe it or not, Sir, I've seen it!

They've got one, and not far away.
With my own eyes I've seen it at Petrel.
And on that I would wager my pay.

It's not more than eight miles away, Sir.
A sight for sore eyes, there's no doubt.
It sat there and gleamed. It looked lovely.
When I saw it, I nearly passed out.

The Adj. and the Squadron Commander
Were surveying the wonder with pride.
They each had a whacking great pipe-wrench;
They gazed at each other and sighed.

A sigh, Sir, of deep satisfaction;
Then the Adj. said to me with a laugh
"T'was a Hell of a job, but it's worth it.
At last, we have got one. **A BATH.**"

—Prairie Pete.

Ten Commandments For Pilots

I. Seat thyself well upon thy fifth vertebra leaving not thy fingerprints on the controls, and chewing not thy fingernails.

II. Know thy instruments, for they are the true and appointed prophets.

III. Follow the indications of thy instruments, and verily the airplane will follow along, even as the tail follows the sheep.

IV. Do not stick out thy neck a foot; stay within the confines of thy ability, and thou shalt live to a happy old age.

V. Know the appointed words and approved methods; so if thy neck stick out thou shalt be able to place same in its proper place, even upon the shoulders.

VI. Follow thy radio beam; for their ways are happy ways—and will lead to the promised landing.

VII. Listen carefully, yea verily, to the signal impinging on thy eardrum, for sometimes they seem to have the tongues of snakes and will cross up thy orientation, to the sad state to where thou must ask Heaven itself for guidance.

VIII. Assume not, neither shalt thou guess, that thy position is such, but prove to thine own satisfaction such is the case.

IX. Boast not, neither brag, for surely Old Devil Overcast shalt write such words in his book, and thou shalt, some day, be called upon for an accounting.

X. Trust not thy seat (of thy pants) but follow thy instruments; read and truly interpret the word as given from thine instrument board; know that the responsibility lieth not with the hand that rocks the control column, but in the mind that directs the hand and thou shalt be blessed with a long and happy life.

OUR LINK REPORTER GOES POETIC

Link instructing is not a bind;
It's lots of fund if you don't mind
The "dits and das," the turning-
wheels,,
The turbine's roar and frantic squeals
Of pupils as they strive to learn
The rudiments of a rate one turn.
We feel that it's a job well done
When they can do a turn, rate one.
And shout with joy when they can
master
A rate of turn a little faster.
It's a lot more fun than you would
think,
This job of teaching boys their Link.
"Watch the needle." "Check the ball."
And when we see their air-speed fall
We break into a friendly grin
And tell them how to stop the spin.
Our limbs all twitch and our minds
grow hazy.
Do you think we might be going
crazy?
Turns by counting, turns by clock,
And many more we have in stock.
We never, never raise our voice,

Gentle guidance is our choice
Of ways to hell our pupils learn
The proper way to stop a turn.
Six weeks of this and then one day
We start them on the S.B.A.,
All day we talk, all night we dream
We're deaf and blind on a cork-screw
beam;
Our chance to land is getting darker,
The alarm clock rings at the inner
marker.
It grips us so we really hate
To have to take a forty-eight.
But then again it's only fair
To give the other boys a share.
We always fix it with the flights
To make it up by working nights.
If you're convinced there is nothing
to it,
And in a pinch that you could do it,
Come in and see us any day,
They've taken two more lads away.
Where they have gone we know too
well—
To Brandon and a padded cell.
W. W. R.

Station Hospital

Anatomical business has been proceeding much the same during the past month. Dr. Belcher takes an occasional respite from sick parades to delve into the abdominal regions of the male species.

S/Ldr. Cantrell; F/O Mather, and P/O Hawkins, all took time off from money changing, flying, and signaling, to stay and rest awhile. P/O Hawkins still insists that it was "absolutely absurd" being put to bed. (P.S.—If the canteen has no peppermints—he has.)

F/Sgt. Gooderick also spent a little time inside. The competition to nurse

him was terrific: but there was no "gen" forthcoming.

LAC (Nursemaid) Partington, took 14 days leave, and visited old haunts at Pat. Bay. He returned to Camp, and visited Carberry the same night.

LAC (Convict) Woodhouse; has commenced selling out, as he is slated for the boat. If you want any bargains (nothing less than \$50), just step right along. He guarantees to disappoint you.

Also awaiting the bosun's pipe are Cpl. Limbrick, and LAC. Sinclair.

Congrats are extended to:— F/Lt. Carter, on the occasion of his marriage.

To:—Cpl. Knight, on acquiring his tapes.

Padre's Page

SINCE our last number various changes have been made in the arrangements for services on the Station, and I am using "Gen" as an opportunity of asking you all to back up the new scheme. We now hold Holy Communion at 07.30 hours every Sunday; wives and other friends in Carberry can get there in time by catching the 07.15 hours bus.

This service is, of course, in the Station Chapel, as is also the Evening Service at 18.30 hours; to this, as well, wives and others are invited.

During Sunday morning, in addition to Holy Communion, four services are held. The first is at 09.30 hours in the Station Hospital. Next comes a short service in No. 7 Hangar at 10.20 hours, followed by another in No. 3 Hangar at 10.45 hours. An hour later, a service is held at Petrel. In addition to Sundays, don't forget the Fellowship in the Chapel and my office on Tuesdays at 19.30 hours.

Ideas About God

So often, I run across people with very peculiar ideas about God. They may think of Him as rather like an Eastern Potentate, or an amiable old gentleman, or one who is indifferent to the trouble and suffering of the world. Some of them would ask the question which Studdert Kennedy, a well-known padre in the last war, represents them as asking:

"How can it be that God can reign
in glory,

Calmly content with what His
love has done,

Reading unmoved the piteous shame-
ful story,

All the vile deeds men do beneath
the sun?"

It's the same muddle-headed idea of God that has so often prevailed through the centuries. Some of the more primitive stories of the Old Testament, with the crude ideas of God that lie behind them, are regarded as giving an up-to-date picture of God, and are preferred to the nobler and more spiritual ideas of God which the later parts of the Old Testament give us, which, of course, we also find in the New Testament. The story of the schoolboy who had listened to one of these earlier Old Testament stories and retorted, "But God has improved since then, hasn't He?" at least shows that he realized that there were different ideas about God in different parts of the Bible, and that some were nearer the truth than others.

What we must remember is that the Bible shows us the way in which God gradually revealed Himself to men, the way in which men discovered, step by step, what He is like. When we read one of the earlier passages, we do not say, "How can I square that with the other ideas of God?" and then shut the book up in disgust. We know that that is not what God is or ever has been like, but only what certain people, at a certain stage of development and discovery thought He was like.

NEVER THE METHODS OF FORCE

We shall also bear in mind that God has given to each of us freedom to choose. If He had not done so, we should merely be machines in His hands. But He wanted us as friends, not as machines, and the essence of friendship is that it should come about and be cultivated by free choice; there can be no true friendship otherwise. God wishes to be friends with us—it is up to us to choose whether we will have Him as our friend. It is because so many people have misused the freedom that God has given them, and have been selfish and greedy in their choices, that there is so much sorrow and suffering in the world. That is the reason for war, and for all the suffering that results from war. We must not blame God for this, but men. Remember, God is love, and, as someone has rightly said, "Love can only use love's methods, and these are never the methods of force. Love pleads, appeals, persuades, never compels. And love lives by suffering and self-sacrifice."

Donald A. Foster

CAMERA CLUB GETS INTO ITS STRIDE

EQUIPMENT READY

THE Station Camera Club is now getting into its stride. The initial difficulties that had to be surmounted were the finding of an unused room with a water supply for developing and printing work and the running to earth of the necessary equipment.

After one false start, the Club's darkroom has come into being in a quiet corner adjacent to the airmen's

lounge. Whilst not yet generously equipped, it is fitted out with all apparatus needed for developing films and the making of good enlargements.

As soon as all members have had the opportunity of "blowing-up" their best negatives, an exhibition of work is being held on the station.

For an hour each week F/O Johnson has been telling members "how to do it" in the G.I.S. He has the happy knack of making complex processes seem simple and rumour has it that one ambitious member is mixing up emulsions for making his own colour films.

B.D.

Marrying the R.A.F.

"WILT thou, Jock, have this woman as thy wedded wife, to live together insofar as the S.H.Q. Orderly Room will allow?"

"Wilt thou love her, comfort, honour, and keep her; take her to the movies, and come home regularly to her on "Bill's" 5 p.m. bus?"

"I will."

"Wilt thou, Jane, have this airman as thy wedded husband; bearing in mind, late passes, week-ends in Brandon; sudden postings, and all the other penalties of Air Force life?"

"Wilt thou obey him, honour him, and wait for him, press his uniforms, and let him file perspex in the house?"

"I will."

"I, Jock, take thee, Jane, as my wedded wife from 1700hrs. to 0700hrs. as far as permitted from the Commanding Officer; week ends subject to change without notice; for better or worse; for earlier or later; and I promise to send thee a letter daily, when on leave."

"I, Jane, take thee, Jock, as my wedded husband, subject to the changes of: Canteen Corporal, Hangar Guard, or any other duties; to have and to hold, just as long as my allotment comes regularly, and thereto I give my troth."

Red Sox Versus Purple Pants

HAVE you noticed that sports are peculiar to nations? As if a nation had at some time in the past decided to adopt one particular sport and imbue it with the characteristics which identify it immediately. England has its cricket, Scotland . . . soccer, Ireland . . . arguing, France . . . well . . .

Each sport reflects that character of the people . . . the drive to mid-on epitomises beautifully the phlegmatic English while intricate forward play is the soul's expression of the canny Scot. Musing on this subject the other day, I determined that on my next "48" I would make it my business to witness a game that was being played at the local stadium . . . advertised as a baseball match between the Red Sox and the Purple Pantaloons.

TWO FOR FIFTEEN

The actual day got off to a bad start. To reach the stadium I had to board a street-car . . . and that meant going through tiresome verbal warfare with the testy driver-cum-conductor about the inevitable "two for fifteen." Gratingly he explained the intricacies of dropping 15 cents and one ticket into the maw of that abomination of a machine at his right elbow. He then pointed out in a tone of voice and with a simplicity of terms which could not fail to convey his crushing opinion of my intelligence, that if I accepted a whole sheaf of papers from him, I could go almost anywhere in the city with equal difficulty.

6

He made bold remarks about the superiority of his particular social service . . . he apparently was proud of the uniform he wore . . . and dismissed me icily to deal with the next passenger. His remarks stung . . . but I refrained from comment.

HOLE IN MY SOCK

I brooded while hanging limply to the rail . . . I was too late to obtain a seat . . . and gradually became horribly conscious of the small hole in my sock, and wished that I had spent a little more time cleaning my buttons.

The street car halted, and having been drawn by the vortex of the stampede to the rear platform I gathered that the stadium had been reached.

I clung to my cap, flung a handful of coins in the direction of the pay-box as I was swept through the wicket . . . and I was in.

I was behind a tall structure of poles and wire netting which appeared to mark the centre of attraction of a very vocal mob of spectators. This must be where the game is taking place, I thought and elbowed my way forward.

THREATENING ATTITUDES

Imprisoned on the other side of the netting were a number of odd-looking gentlemen, clad in loud sweaters, and bilious colored pyjamas. The general idea seemed to be for the spectators, safe behind the netting, to be as rude as propriety admitted to the unfortunates on the other side. They attempted to sublimate their embarrassment by throwing a ball at one another and rushing daintily about the confined space allotted to them.

Tension suddenly increased as one

of them strode timidly up to a marked spot armed with a peculiarly shaped club which I presumed was primarily for self-defence, for the remainder assumed threatening attitudes and I feared for the victim.

The reason for their hostility seemed to lie in the fact that all but the bearer of the club suffered from a physical deformity. Each had a misshapen left hand closely resembling a large brown paw which hung limply at his side. The exception was the person just behind the victim who covered his face with a gruesome bowl-shaped paw as he crouched in readiness to catch the missile which the chief persecutor persistently hurled at the scapegoat. Behind him, sporting an armadillo-like shirt front, stood a loud voiced tyrant who would aggravate the victims' predicament by performing nimble gymnastics and shouting "Ball" or "Stroke" at frequent intervals.

"COOKIN' WITH GAS"

The tension reached a new high as the hapless victim succeeded in connecting the missile with one of his wild swings and hurling his club away streaked for a base while his persecutors tore after the fugitive spheroid, exhorted to amazing turns of speed by such intriguing shouts as "That's cooking with gas" or "You're right behind the eight ball" from a wildly excited crowd.

This process was repeated ad nauseum, except when one poor chap was unable to hit any of the tricky balls which were hurled viciously at him and he was banished shamefacedly to his seat amid derision from the unsympathetic watchers. Another chap hadn't the requisite speed to reach the "base" and he was hammered gleefully by one of his persecutors who had cleverly retrieved the ball.

EXPLOSIVE QUALITY

At one point all the bases were occupied by uneasy victims who attempted to creep away unnoticed . . . but in vain, and my immediate neighbour, probably interpreting my clotted ex-

pression rightly, informed me that the bases were now "loaded"! I nodded my head accepting his information as an excellent reason for the explosive quality of the game.

The game finished in an abrupt but logical manner. One stout victim clouted the irritating ball with all the force of his podgy arms . . . and sent it right outside the stadium, thus effectively disposing of his persecutor's weapon. An ecstatic howl rose from the crowd, the persecutors assumed crestfallen expressions, while the victims expressed uncontrolled delight . . . and tore for a hole beneath the popular stands.

As I was bundled outside in the middle of a phalanx of argumentative spectators, I blessed my lucky stars that I belonged to a nation which expressed itself not in terms of "Balls," "Strikes" and "Home runs," but the saner terms of "Square leg," "Silly point" and "Mid-off" and as I braved myself for the return contest with the Cerberus of the street-car, yearned for the lucidity and simplicity of a lazy game of cricket. What it is to be an innocent abroad!

LAC. STANSFIELD.

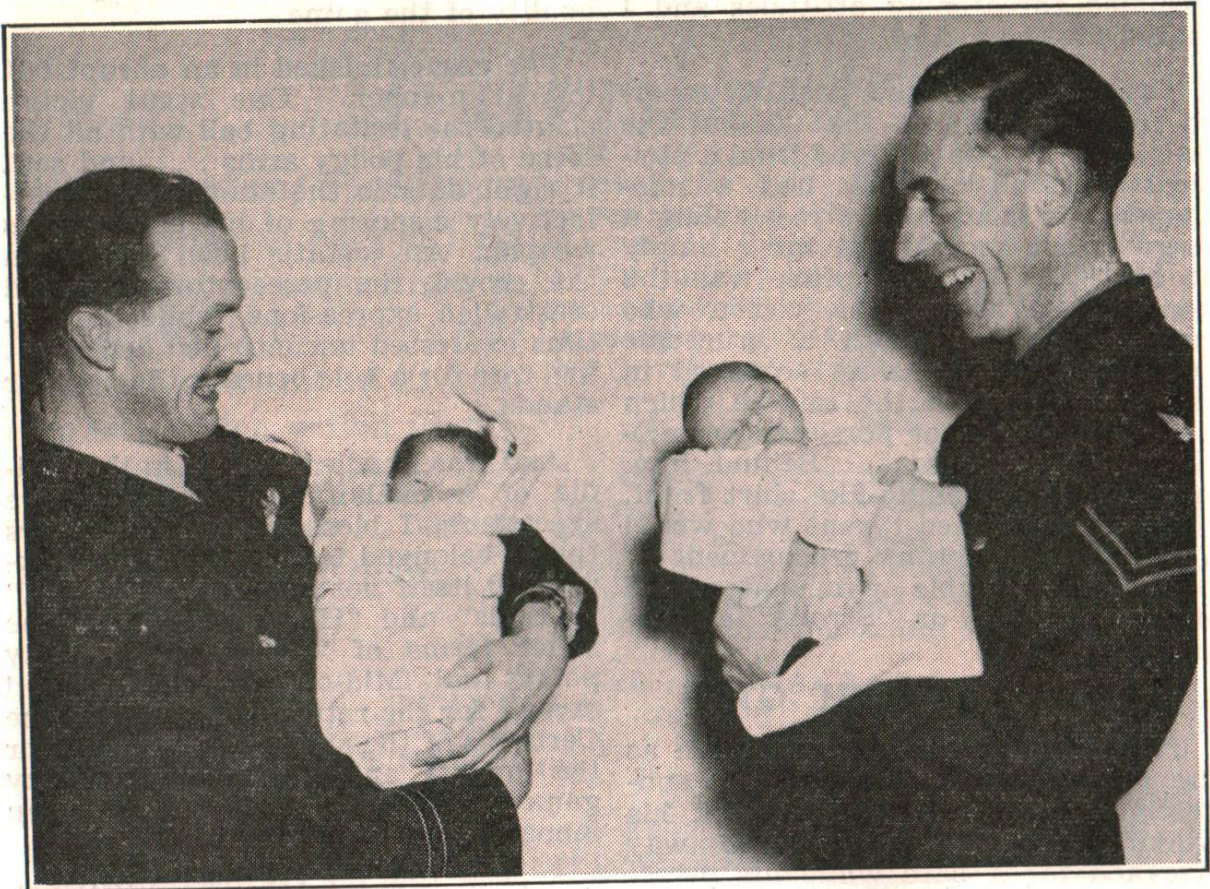
NO QUOTA FOR VICTORY LOAN

F/Lt. Miller (Link Section) and his committee are organizing the latest Victory Loan drive, for which the Station has—no quota this time.

R.A.F. personnel are not prohibited from purchasing loans either for cash or by arranging so much of their pay as they wish. If they anticipate early repatriation, however, they are advised to visit Accounts Section before signing on the dotted line.

For the Station's R.C.A.F. personnel, however, the sky's the limit.

O CANADA!



TWO HAPPY FATHERS:— Photographed recently at Brandon hospital with their three and five-day-old kiddies. Left is F/Lt. Reedhead and his daughter, Corinne, and right is Corporal F. R. Hall and his daughter, Audrey.

★

Eleven Marriages In a Month

F/Lt. W. A. Carter to Rhoda Elinore Sobdell, of Winnipeg, Man.

Sgt. B. G. Couch to Doris Hutchinson, of Winnipeg, Man.

Sgt. C. Acton to Marjorie Florence Taylor, of Westborough, Ottawa, Ont.

Cpl. S. W. Lawrence to Jessie Victoria Venty, of Winnipeg, Man.

★

L.A.C. J. H. Crago to Bertha Jordon, of Calgary.

L.A.C. F. W. J. Prust to Flora Angela Dunfield, of Dauphin, Man.

L.A.C. E. Reynolds to Gladys Marion Young, of Winnipeg.

L.A.C. J. A. Colvine to Helen Margorie Drayson, of Winnipeg.

L.A.C. J. S. Williams to Joyce Blaine Moffat, of Carberry.

L.A.C. A. G. Bryant to Marion Rose Sandell, of Winnipeg, Man.

AC1 S. E. Harris to Grace Elizabeth Ferguson, of Winnipeg.



TRAINING WING H.Q. STAFF

Back row: AC1 Jock Giffney, L.A.C. Freddy Dixon, L.A.C. Les Wallace, AC1 Jim Dalby, L.A.C. Maurice Lever, L.A.C. Frank Isherwood; Middle: Cpl. Max Elliot, Cpl. Harry Pyefinch, Sgt Eric Falconer, Sgt. Tom Aulsebrook, Cpl. Eddie Edwards, Cpl. Stan Levison; front: F/O D. E. Samuel, S/Ldr G. Howard, W/Cdr B. G. D. Nathan, S/Ldr J. E. Jackson, F/Lt. G. S| Moss, F/O A. C. R. Skynner.



LEFT:—Jim Creasey and Bob Kingston of Minor Inspections on leave in Calgary grooming their pet buffalo.

Stormy Petrel

In the distant frozen Northland
North of Carberry and Brandon
On the bare and dusty prairie
Far from human habitation.
Stands an aerodrome called Petrel.
(Named by many, Stormy Petrel)
Where the boys of Eighty-six Course
Stalwart vagabonds of 'A' Flight,
Lusty warriors of 'B' Flight
Come to finish off their training,
Skilled are they in flying Ansons.
I.T.S. have freely given
Flying gen to A and B flights.
How to fly with speed and safety
How to do precautionaries
How to cope with navigation
How to fly with one dud engine.
Over-confidence is stifled,
Under-confidence is bolstered
Till their heads are stuffed with
knowledge.

Out they come to Stormy Petrel
Out to Carberry's young brother.
Finished are examinations
Slight the hazard of suspension.
Finished is the dreaded Wings Test.
Out they come to learn Formation,
Out they come, the beam to master,
Out they come to study bombing.
With them come their old instructors
Mentors who have grown up
with them,
Men who know their fads and
fancies.
Men who know their every
weakness.

Grimly beckons Stormy Petrel.
But a name upon the Prairie.
Far from human habitation.
Darkly looms its single Hangar.
Lonely stands its single billet.
'Forty-eights' a rare occurrence.
Where they boil their drinking
water.

Where the heating system's lousy.

Where in vain the hungry wolf
howls.

Where there's ne'er a single popsie.
Who would come to Stormy Petrel
Were it not he darned well had to?

Yet upon investigation,
What's amiss with Stormy Petrel?
Is there not a Canteen open?
Full of fizzy and Coco-Cola,
Full of cigarettes and candy.
Is there not an airy 'Rec.'-room,
Darts and draughts and table tennis
(Even billiard tables coming)
Chesterfields and fancy arm-chairs,
Food well cooked, and plenty of it.
Is the work not interesting?
Adjutant efficient, genial,
Is there not co-operation?
(Ill-used word, co-operation)
Drivers, firemen, clerks and police-
men,

Bar-man, stove-man, nursing
orderly,
Fitters, riggers, electricians,
All, from erk to Squadron Leader
Working but for one and only,
Turning pilots out for Britain.



"His last words to me were 'Tell
Alice I died doing my duty—writ-
ing the times in ' '".

Proud are we at Stormy Petrel
 Though we are a new-forged
 weapon.
 Though our new-cut wheels run
 creaking,
 Proud are we of Petrel's progress.
 Out to win a reputation,
 Out to turn out better pilots,
 Out to make the cog called Petrel
 Truly mesh with Parent Unit
 So that when the final victory
 Frees the tortured frame of
 Europe,
 We may feel that Stormy Petrel,
 Tiny though it be, was worthy
 Of the trust they laid upon it.

Just a name is Stormy Petrel,
 Just a lonely elevator,
 On the map it shows but faintly,
 Just a name upon the Prairie.
 Let it be a name to Honour.

—G. H.

Sergeants' Mess

Recent decoration and alterations carried out on the interior of the Mess have resulted in a vast improvement, and all concerned who assisted in this fine show are warmly congratulated.

"Pop" Egan and Geo. Rychman commandeered the Beer bar "job" automatically. We hope "Pop" refrains from attempting to drive nails through glass in future; Barman "Hutch" is cheesed.

The intermittent coloured lighting system introduced above the bar is very effective — certainly gives "Hutch" glamour.

We welcome W/O.s Horner and Hills to our community.

Congratulations to Sgts. Scott (Canada), "Geordie" Brooks, Griffiths and Beynon, on their recent promotion.

IT IS RUMOURED

That Tich Bodsworth has forbidden W/O Merrison to drive his car until he has attained a higher degree at "cranking".

That Dick Webber is an unfortunate Flight Sergeant.

That Olga means a lot to one of our W/O.s—bless him.

That the great Cutbill was "on the air" in Vancouver, whilst on leave—a Quiz programme.

That even with teeth in, F/Sgt, Phinn's 'tache still drips after soup.

YORKSHIRE

A visiting general was once inspecting a battalion, and, as is the wont of visiting generals—who in our experience are always trying to pull a dirty one on you—suddenly began to test a Platoon Commander's knowledge of his men. Pointing at a private he said:

"Where does that man come from?"

"Lancashire, sir," said the subaltern.

"And that one?"

"He's a Manchester man, sir."

"And that one?"

Now the Platoon Commander hadn't been very long with the battalion and this foxed him. But knowing that generals often accept quick answers rather than correct ones, he replied without batting an eyelid: "Yorkshire, sir".

"Ah!" said the general, addressing the man direct, "a fine county, Yorkshire. I come from Yorkshire myself".

To which the private, loyal to his officer, replied: "Shure, sorr, and isn't Yorkkshire the foineest counthry on the worrld?"

Moral for all officers and N.C.O.s; Know your men.



BALLET GIRLS:—Rip Chords personnel get lots of fan-mail: but airmen not advised to write. Top row: Jimmy Cressy, Dibs Davies, H. Simpson. Bottom row: Bob Chatburn, Joe Fackrell, Nobby Lewis, Jack Sarple, Bert Hillier, Eddie Stanley, Frank Isherwood.





TABLEAU WITH WOODEN LEGS:—Some of the beautiful Varga girls who took part in the 8th Edition of Rip Chords. Left to right: Paddy Buchanan, Jimmy Walton, Joe Fackrell, and Walter Riley.

IN BEST BLUE: Rip Chords actors and helpers — without their grease-paint. Handsome — eh? Back row: Walter Riley, Bob Elliott, Paddy Buchanan, George Monk, Bob Chatburn, Jimmy Walton, Jack Sarple. Centre: Dibs Davies, Frank Isherwood, Paddy Jones, Jimmy Cressy, Pat Patten, Harry Simpson, Jimmy Hughes, Eddie Stanley. Front: Jack Howarth, Joe Lennon, Jack Fackrell, Nobby Lewis, Cy. Hillier, Joe Fackrell.

Petrel on Parade

THE good ship Petrel was duly launched on Sunday, 24th Oct. 1943, by G/Capt. Fall, who addressed the "Stormies" for a few moments after the initial hoisting of the colors. The ceremony was brief but impressive. The paint, but recently applied (by course pupils) on the new flag-staff (neatly constructed by the O.C. and the Adjutant) was barely dry, but gleamed bravely in the warm sunshine. Even the tarmac had been swept by the enthusiastic cadets, who find life on an R.1 considerably less boring than they expected.

The Commanding Officer spoke on the value of co-operation and self-help, and congratulated the fledgling on its good beginnings.

He and his family stayed for lunch on the camp, and Mrs. Fall kicked off at a soccer match (Staff v. Pupils, Pupils won 3-1) in the afternoon, the children meanwhile gambolling round the camp like spring lambs.

Carberry's baby brother is bouncing high and it is a joyous sight in the evenings to see the gilded staff with their jackets off and sleeves rolled up, getting down to a plumbing job, erecting a canteen, or tightening steam pipes.

SPLENDID WORK BY Y-MEN

Maintenance Wing, S. H. Q., Works and Bricks, Stores and particularly the Y.M.C.A. are greatly to be thanked for noble efforts to render the camp habitable. Mr. Graw and his Y-men have done splendid work. Furniture, books, radio and piano and full canteen services have been liberally supplied, as well as a free picture show every Tuesday.

The Musical Appreciation Group at Carberry is also sending us a weekly recital of classical records, and the Commanding Officer has sanctioned a monthly dance, which

unfortunately, due to shortage of floor space, will have to be confined to Petrel personnel only.

The inability of the B.A.T. flight to "get on the Beam" has rather foxed the syllabus for the current course, but the flying programme is going on well. Instructors are trying to instil a sense of responsibility among the pupils, remembering that in a few short weeks, the latter will be commissioned or non-commissioned officers.

With the same object in view, orderly duties are being carried out by pupils, under the supervision of the Duty Officer.

Airfield control has been instituted, the A.C.P.s again being pupils. It is hoped that the carrying out of these duties will be useful training for these boys, so soon to go out to Squadron life.

MOCK SORTIES

A briefing room has been prepared and mock operational sorties are being planned, Briefing and intelligence reports form a part of the curriculum if time permits.

Just how much the Canadian winter is going to upset these grandiose schemes is a question yet to be answered, but we hold high hopes for the success of the venture.

No. 88 course, joining us soon,

will be luckier than No 86 in that most of the pioneering work will already be done by the time they arrive, but there is still an immense amount to do, and plenty of fun to come.

ICE RINK PLANNED

The skating rink is in course of preparation by W. and B., and an "allotment garden" is to be ploughed in readiness for next spring.

The simple pleasures of carpentry and the internal decoration of the whole of the billets and offices will keep us busy in the chilly evenings to come, provided always that arctic conditions do not push us all unceremoniously back to Carberry.

"Prairie Pete"



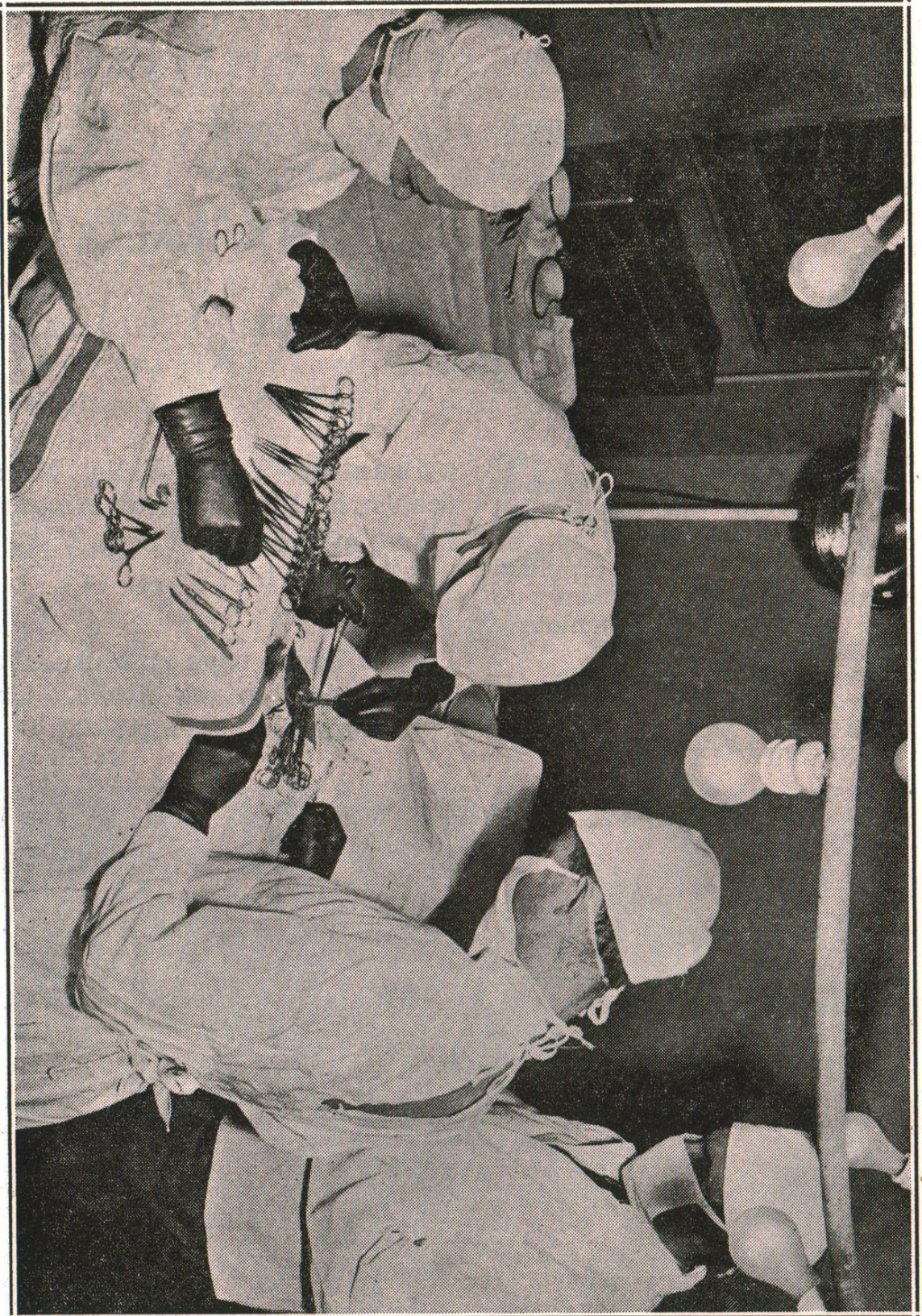
LYNX FALLS



Beautiful Lynx Falls, Manitoba's rival to Ontario's Niagara, is one of the choice beauty spots of the Province.

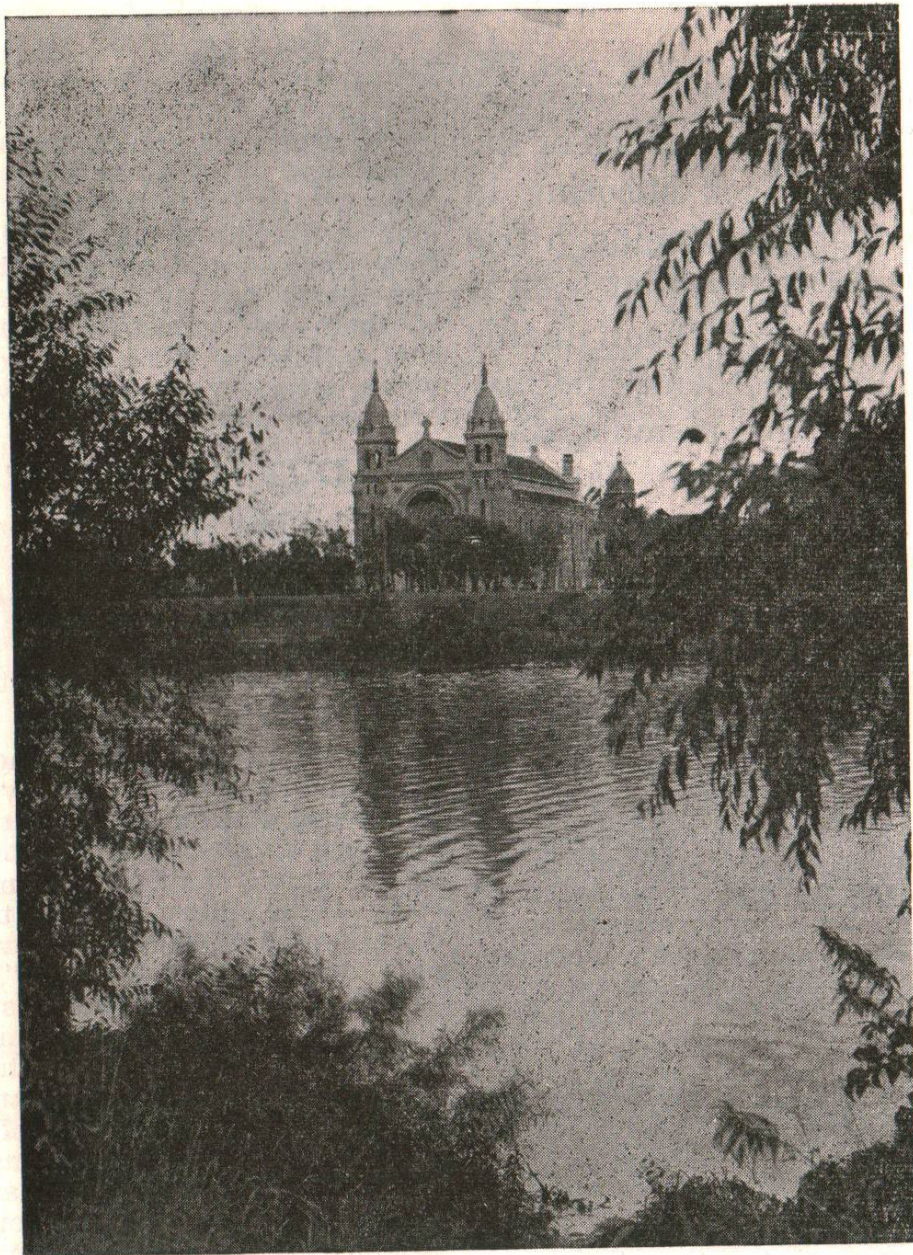
Our back page picture was also taken in Manitoba. Can you identify the view?





ALL IN A DAY'S WORK:--

—AN APPENDICECTOMY IN THE STATION HOSPITAL



TWO "TURRETS TWAIN" of St. Boniface Cathedral, immortalised by the American poet Whittier. This is the best view we have so far seen of the Cathedral, and is taken from the Winnipeg side of the River.

Duck-shooting '48'



HAVING heard so much of the excellent duck shooting in the Lake Manitoba region, a trio of us decided to try it, at least it would be the first shoot in this district for Len Adams and myself, for the third member, Jack Ditchfield—our Camp Barber—had made several shooting trips there, and was our guide.

A few details were discussed and the forthcoming 48 set as the date. Friday afternoon we loaded canoe, shells and grub in Jack's car, and sallied forth all set to raise hell amongst the duck population. The weather gods however cast their lot with the ducks, the sky was clear, and the sun shining brightly—most definitely not duck shooting weather. To have good duck shoots—one must expect to sit shivering for hours in very wet dug-outs with squalls, rain and sleet to keep one company . . . 'Twas not to be for us though, we arrived at Westbourne, our hunting centre to find all the ducks well out on the lake.

INDIAN TACTICS

However, as all trips of this nature usually have some snag we were not dismayed, and after unloading canoe, duffel, etc., we set off with loaded gun and optimistic views along the banks of the White Mud River in our quest for ducks. By dusk using many Indian-like tactics we had managed to bag six ducks.

I had just climbed into bed, and was thinking how very comfortable this particular bed was, when Len and Jack unceremoniously dragged me from it, dumped me into the canoe, and set

forth down the river towards Lake Manitoba. After an hour or so of paddling we had left the river and were half a mile out on the lake. Ducks??? they were dotted all over the lake in huge rafts; we saw literally thousands of them—all varieties. Immediately battle stations were manned, and we went after these ducks with Mass Murder in our brains.

OUT-MANEOUVRED

Our tactics must have been deplorable; always the ducks outmanoeuvred us, and kept well out of shotgun range—out of those thousands we shot only twelve, two of which later proved to be "Helldivers," an unpalatable species.

Our meditations over these ducks were suddenly shattered by the roar of several Fairey Battle aircraft flying over us at low altitude their machine guns chattering, and bullets from these guns hitting the water dangerously close to us—obviously we had wandered into a "Forbidden Area"—with a promptness usually unknown in the R.A.F. we made haste to rectify our mistake: In the ensuing scramble for shore we became entangled in several stretches of nets set for fish, partly as a compensation for the delay they caused us, and partly to ensure that the owner would not be troubled by damage to his nets should there be a bumper harvest of fish, we transferred several fish from the nets to our canoe, and proceeded on our way.

HOSPITALITY

A stiff northerly breeze opposed us as we paddled back up the river, and it was well into the afternoon before we reached the car and a meal. The meal, which consisted of huge sandwiches, was soon over . . . We packed

everything into the car, canoe on top, and began our trip back to Carberry, with the intention of calling in at the Westbourne Hotel for just a few, before we hit the road. We met friends and somehow the few lasted until chucking out time—to make matters (better) I mean worse, these friends had procured two cases of that delightful beverage, and insisted that we accompany them to their Farm Home to have just a few before we hit the road. We had very little option but to accept, after all we could not leave them with the impression that OLD COUNTRY LADS were unsociable. The last I remember was feeling very sleepy, and laying on a nearby couch. When I awoke it was 10 a.m. Sunday—within a few minutes Jack and Len appeared from various rooms, both muttering something about hitting the road. This time we did get going, stopping just twice en route to Carberry, once to inspect a skunk that had been run over on the road, and once to shoot a hawk that stared insolently at us from a post some distance from the road.

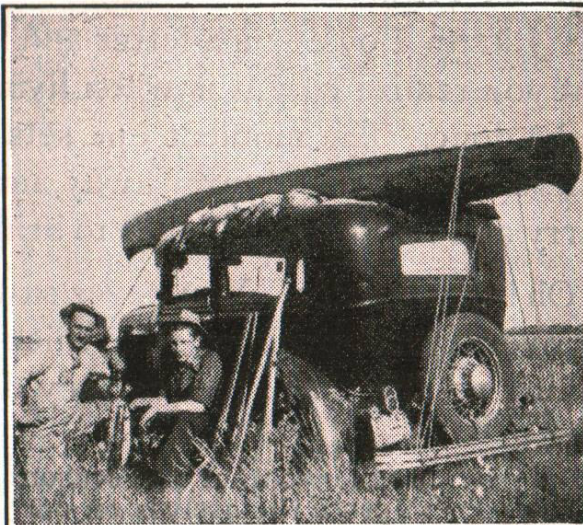
For our wives and friends, we had lots of explanations, but few ducks—for ourselves lots of memories to look back on.

G. S. LETHABY.

NO MARRIAGES BY PROXY

A recent Air Ministry notice informs us that there has apparently been a misunderstanding over the question of marriage by proxy, and that embarrassment has been caused owing to incorrect information on this subject having been given.

All concerned are accordingly informed that the marriage laws of England do not provide for marriage by proxy, and that no amendment of these laws is contemplated.



Living-out Chores

DEAR Tich,

I know I owe you a letter and have kept you waiting a long time, but you realize how it is when living out; always something waiting to be done. The moment one sets foot on the step the chores start. There's old water to carry away, new water to pump, firewood, coal to carry and tomorrow's dinner to bring in from the garden.

Oh! that garden. You never saw so many dead leaves as there are all over it just now, they're so thick you can't see the ground and more falling all the time: just as they did a year ago when we first came here.

It's odd how the weather and season of the year impress themselves on our subconscious, isn't it? The chilly mornings clear skies, the beautiful Autumn gold of the fields and forests (Canada is lovely in the fall whatever we may think of it in the other seasons).

These remind me so clearly of the time last year when I first heard that Joan had arrived in Canada. The morning was chilly when I caught that dreadful 6 o'clock train into Winnipeg where I was to meet her.

SETTLING IN

I spent the time during that short journey wondering if she would remember me in my new guise, and whether she would be glad if she did; whether I could persuade her to live in Carberry when she had seen the place and learned the worst about the sanitary facilities . . . I needn't have worried. The moment we saw each other all doubts were removed and we were immediately back in the same relationship as when I left England all that time ago. We picked up the threads of our old life together and started weaving again.

The sanitary arrangements WERE rather a shock of course we having made the usual mistake of thinking it was a modern counterpart of America

as we had pictured that country prior to the war. We settled in fairly quickly however, we had to winter was just around the corner; and we got to work in the garden, cleaning out the leaves and dead foliage which we had never seen in bloom.

The snow came before we finished that job, so old corn stalks and 4-ft. high sticks of rhubarb were sticking up through the snow throughout the winter. About this time I began to wrestle with those storm windows we'd heard so much about. I took down the fly screens and fixed all the storm windows as I thought, and it was not until the first blizzard blew right into our bedroom that we found out where the odd one left over was for! The furnace was a source of endless trouble and labour; it would never really warm the house until bed-time when it did its stuff with a vengeance, making the place so hot that sleep became impossible. It seemed to sense that I was a greenhorn and did its worst with me. The heating problem was accentuated by the coal shortage and we were always on the verge of catastrophe in the shape of a completely empty cellar—er, sorry—basement. We followed the advice of neighbors and banked earth around the walls outside to keep the floors warm. I don't know how effective this was but I do know we were ruddy cold at

times for all the trouble we had taken. There was a fireplace in the dining room and we were able to spend our evenings round a real fire burning in front cold at the back just as human beings should be. You may be sure we didn't leave it except for a worthwhile reason.

We did spend some very pleasant evenings, however, visiting other liver-outers and attending various social events at the camp. The winter passed pleasantly enough and the cold, the blizzards with their aftermath of snow shovelling were exciting really, not depressing.

BEAUTIFUL WEEDS

When Spring first came we clashed out into the garden and dug it up all over the place ready for the seeds we had bought.

The second time Spring came we sowed the seeds and complimented ourselves on being in good time for what the locals call the "growing season."

Well, when the snow had melted again and Spring really arrived, the weeds grew up beautifully. We had the finest crop in town. Chickweed, dandelion, and every variety known and unknown appeared as thick as jungle, giving us a continuous job of solid hard work clearing a way for the seeds to come through. We eventually had our reward, though, sweet peas, zinnias, nasturtiums and what not blooming most attractively in the beds with potatoes, peas and beans behind. Our scarlet runners were the envy of all beholders though it was difficult to convince the local residents that we'd grown them to eat! Pride of the garden were the tomatoes. I hadn't the remotest idea how to rear tomatoes and decided to just leave them alone, which, apart from occasional watering, I did. The result was a bumper crop of fruit of terrific size. The first frost came just as they were at their best, so I took up the plants, roots and all, and hung them in the toolshed where the fruit ripens beautifully. I wish Father could see them, he's been trying to grow tomatoes for years and

never had any luck; he'd go green with envy.

A BITING PROBLEM

It was good fun, the garden. If only the mosquitoes had been less troublesome. Why don't the Canadians get down to the mosquito problem, I wonder?

The house was a cool sanctuary during the dry hot days of summer and we decided that the difficulties of heating were more than balanced by the pleasures of relaxing in the coolth whilst the outside was like an oven.

Now the garden is finished and dead leaves are falling thickly over the lawn. The Autumn bonfire marks the end of summer glory, but it's been a happy year, one we shall remember with pleasure during the years to come. What's that you say? Would I like to live in Canada after the war?

Not Pygmalion likely!

Well, I started out to write a letter, but I seem to have finished up with a young book . . . Maybe I'd better send it to "Gen" and you can have airgraph next week . . . or sometime.

Yours,

HOBBIE.

WIFE ENLISTS

EXTRA LEAVE FOR CARBERRY AIRMAN

FIRST Carberry airman to get an extra day's leave by telling his good lady to "join," is Leading Aircraftman F. L. Davies of the M.T. Section.

It took place when they were on leave in Vancouver, so under the terms of AFRO 1666 (remember the number) of 1943, LAC Davies can add a day unto his next spot of leave.

Interviewed by a "Gen" representative, he said "We took the whole thing quite seriously."

Good show, Davies. We hope to see more lads helping in the Women's Division Recruiting Drive.

Picture of an innocent airman asking Father Time if he's due for the boat.



A friend in need is a friend to keep away from.

●

Famous Last Words:—"and the linoleum in the ablutions will be cleaned with a damp cloth."

●

It has occurred to us that the female of the species has a higher surrender value.

●

Overheard in the Fuehrer's Berchtesgaden: "Marry some Poles to de French and marry some French to de Poles...I want some French Polishers."

The Stork Calls Again

Son—Harold Albert, to L.A.C. H. L. and Mrs. Baker.

Son—Edward Harry, to L.A.C. D. F. and Mrs. Greenwood.

Son—Allen Robert, to L.A.C. B. and Mrs. Mayne.

Daughter—Dianne Gail, to L.A.C. A. A. and Mrs. Dickson.

Daughter—Arlene Patricia, to Cpl. J. and Mrs. Toes.

Daughter—Audrey Caroline, to Cpl. F. R. and Mrs. Hall.

22

EXTRACT THOSE DIGITS!

The following clubs, sections, interests have submitted no news this month.

WHY?

See that it doesn't happen again!

RUGGER

SOCCER

Y.M.C.A.

Badminton

Snooker

Bowling

Bridge Club

Training Wing

Station Police

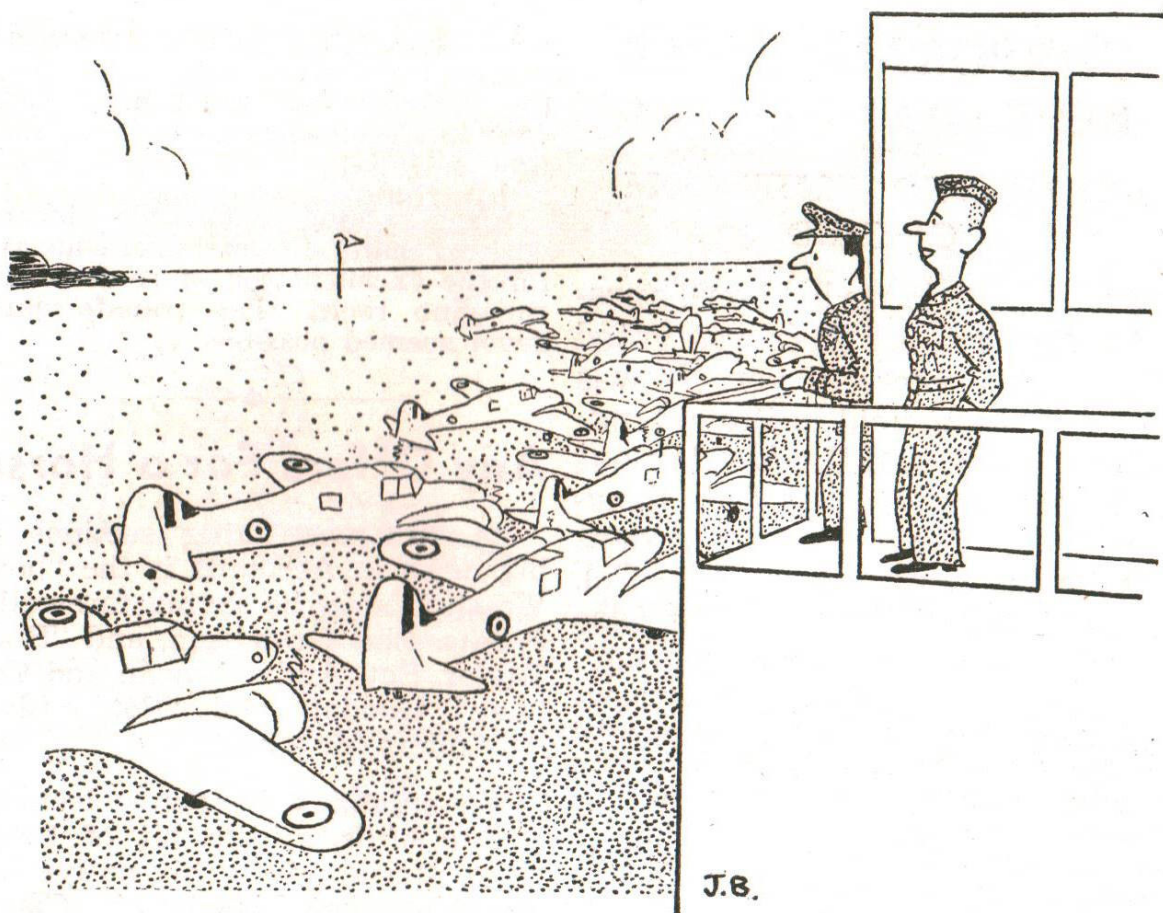
Officers' Mess

Classical Music

Rifle Club Notes



"And you expect me to do that just to give you an extra day's leave?"



"It's really nothing. It's just that the timekeeper has lost his pencil."

Home Thoughts When Abroad

A FEW short weeks ago, I looked out of the Control Tower across a green, really green, grass airfield. Around that field were others of odd and peculiar shapes and sizes. They did not all grow wheat, but potatoes, cabbages, barley cauliflowers, etc., together with pasture fields dotted with cattle or sheep against a background of oak, ash and elm.

I could walk along those roads and get somewhere. Sometimes a wooded hill or a shallow winding stream, more often an inn. In the inn were people to

talk to; men and women, service and civilian, and they all had something to say.

Of course. I didn't get two or three eggs a day, or chicken or steaks whenever I wanted them. Many shops were closed and the others half-empty. "Players" were 2/4 for 20, although I did get 40 each week for 3/-. Ceiling and visibility unlimited happened about once in twelve months. Trains late, buses infrequent, and crowded, most places dirty and no lights at night. People grouched often but laughed just as often.

When I get back there, if ever, I shall think of Carberry in Manitoba. Shall I say I wish I were there again?

I wonder, or do I?

Do you?

CORPORALS HOLD BEST DANCE YET EXTENDED CLUBROOM OPENED

THE Club dance held on Thursday October 21st was voted the most successful yet. It was the first to be held in the extended clubroom, and the new lay-out not only provided adequate dancing room for the most ardent "jitterbuggers" (was this Cpl. Rusling's last fling?); but also bags of space for line-shooting.

And talking of shooting—the Club's Small Bore Rifle team finished second in the Inter-section competition with a score of 3886, topped by the Sergeants' Mess with 3911. Bouquets for highest individual scores go to Cpls. "Ginger" Duers, Brewer, and "Birdie" Sparrow.

To return to the dance (by the way, when is the next?) lady guests once more comprised of members of the C.W.A.C., and nurses from Brandon, together with the usual bevy of local blossoms.

STEADIER HANDS NEEDED

Mention of the village, reminds us of our Monday evenings in the Bowling Alley. (Confidentially, we are not doing too well, still having to win a match). Steadier hands or straighter eyes are needed and maybe a book of rules. Our only defence is gremlins.

Once more back to the dance (who was the crooner who kept looking for his dragon? Maybe she "Don't get around much any more"! Jimmy's Bar looked very good but where was it on dance night???? Do we still believe "Nobby Clark ONLY had 15?" "Nice work if I can get it" said Chairman Limbrick to M.C. Carter on receiving his spot prize. Thanks Nick.

Seeing how much the dance keeps popping up, the after-effects of the

good time had by your reporters must be held responsible. Which proves that the "black-horse" must have kicked someone, somewhere, somehow, sometime.

After coming round, we sincerely wish to thank all personnel concerned for the excellent job of re-decorating the club room. The transformation never seemed possible.

Any Offers For a Horse?

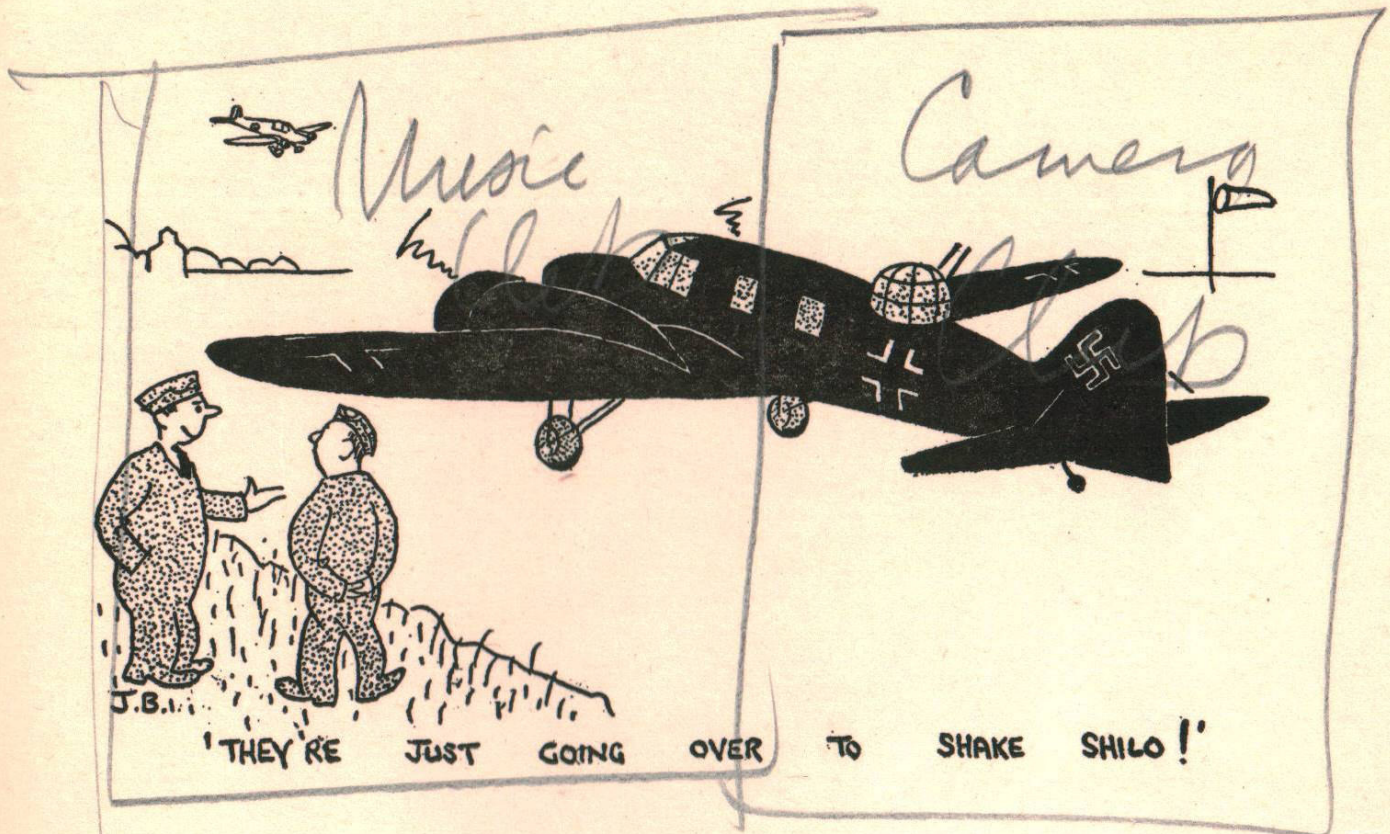
As with most other sections the big news in Accounts is the "boat". We shall soon be saying farewell to F/Sgts. Phil Grandison, and "Buck" Taylor, Sgt. Andy Duncan and Cpls. "Leg" Goodall and "Pot" Lloyd. Any offers for a horse?

We extend a hearty welcome to Arthur Mills, a little bit of Lancashire, straight from his native land and hope that his stay in Canada will prove enjoyable. At the moment, he is being initiated into the popular custom of binding store bashers.

A party which appeared to have some connection with "Harpo" Marks' impending departure was held at the St. Charles Hotel in Winnipeg last Saturday night and was well attended by the section as also by some of the bright lights from the Orderly Room.

We are wondering if a certain lanky member of the pay section came for the ride only and why a well-known corporal from the same school was so interested in the hotel carpets that he paid to have them dry-cleaned. Try Supersuds, Eddie.

"So far no signs are visible of any air offensive against Germany" (Zeesen, 4th July, 1941).



SHOP AT THE P. S. I. STORE



BLUE SHIRTS	\$1.75
CRESTED PADS	30c
WINDBREAKERS	\$2.25 & \$1.30
PYJAMAS	\$2.25
SWEAT SHIRTS	\$1.00
SOX (Khaki & Black)	40c & 50c
ROLL-NECK SWEATERS	\$2.00
BLUE HANKS	2 for 25c
WHITE HANKS, each	15c
LADIES' HANKS, per box	45c
FANCY PANTS	50c
UNDERPANTS(jockey style)	40c
SHUTTLECOCKS	40c

—No. 1 HANGAR—



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