

FD-307

HQ 335PTS/1006X/SHQ.

DEPARTMENT OF NATIONAL DEFENSE
RECREATION - AIRMEN,
- FOR THE USE OF.

LONG ADDRESS

SERIAL NUMBER	DATE	P.A. S.A.	STATUS	P.A. S.A.			INITIALS
				RE	RE	RE	
3A	12/1						12/1
4A							12/1
5A							12/1

HQ 335PTS/1006X/SHQ.

Get!

DECEMBER
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
PRINTED AT THE NEWS-EXPRESS
CARBERRY, MANITOBA.

Editor:.....Flying Officer B. J. Barnes
Sports Editor.....Flying Officer Illingworth
Business Manager:.....Sgt. J. F. Laurence
Cartoons:.....Flying Officer John Bulling
Circulation Manager.....Leading Aircraftman W. Gordon

DISTRIBUTED FROM P.S.I. STORE, No. 1 HANGAR, TELEPHONE 29.

US US US US US US US US US US US

Air crew sent overseas from B.C.A.T.P. and R.A.F. schools in Canada.....	more than	50,000
Ground crew trained in B.C.A.T.P. and R.A.F. schools in Canada.....	“ “	75,000
Strength of B.C.A.T.P. (all ranks) at July 1, 1942	“ “	109,000
Strength of B.C.A.T.P. (all ranks) at May 1, 1943	“ “	150,000
Number of schools originally planned to be operated by B.C.A.T.P.		74
Number of schools operated by B.C.A.T.P. (many with twice the capacity originally planned)		154

BCATP

Number of training aircraft used by B.C.A. T.P.	more than	10,000
Miles flown in B.C.A.T.P. since its inception		6,588,098,593
Miles flown in B.C.A.T.P. during the first quarter of 1943		162,569,510
Miles flown in B.C.T.A.P. during March, 1943		62,205,415
Average daily mileage flown in B.C.T.A.P.		2,006,626
Probable expenditure by R.C.A.F. for B.C.A. T.P. during the year ended March 31, 1943		\$410,825,000
Current monthly expenses of B.C.A.T.P.	Approximately	\$40,000,000
Estimated expenditure by R.C.A.F. for B.C.A.T.P. during the fiscal year ending March 31, 1944		\$445,335,845

These are facts published by the Wartime Information Board, Ottawa, in "Canada at War".

US US US US US US US US US US US

Rip Chords--Will There be Another?

THREE YEARS . . . eight editions . . . providing P.S.I. with over \$2,000 . . . given over 80 free shows in Service camps, towns and villages in Manitoba. That is the summary of the Ripchords career. During those three years they have made themselves a greatly respected name—have become almost an institution in the entertainment life of Winnipeg.

Now, the few founders who were left to complete their tour of duty, have departed. Eric "Janks" Wringe (founder--stage-manager, becoming producer) Gerry Death (founder, leader of the Dance Orchestra) Geo. Monk and Jimmy Walton (remember the Boat Song and White Xmas?) Paddy Buchanan (will we ever forget MacNamarra's Band?) Cy Hillier (Stage Manager) Bob Chatburn, Jack Howarth, Stan Batson (Business Manager), Nobby Lewis, Joe Lennon, and Jack Brown.

Out of the orchestra we lose Pete Wilmot (responsible for many arrangements and orchestrations, as well as playing them on the sax!) Ted Butt (1st trumpet and founder member) Al Parkes (trumpet). Then again we are losing W/O Dave Davies who has been granted a commission (congrats, Dave).

All in all, we see the departure of those who have been the rock upon which a popular and energetic Concert Party was built.

Now we have to decide whether, with their going, the cherished name of the Ripchords must die out or not. It will be tough going, but those Ripchords remaining are willing to spare no effort to present a ninth edition—in fact, we see no reason why there should not be a Ripchords edition as long as there is a R.A.F. camp at Carberry.

It will mean work—more work than many of our readers will credit—but we think that the talent and assistance is here. A concert party needs singers (soloists or experienced choral singers) comedians, tap dancers, specialty acts, instrumentalists, in short, ANYONE who is at all talented to entertain. Previous experience is an asset, but if you merely have secret ideas that you can entertain, why not put it to the test? If you can entertain, you will have your opportunity; if you can't you will be told so.

Any reader interested should contact S/Ldr. E. Cantrell (Officer i/c) or LAC. Eddie Edwards (Musical Director) of the Accounts Section. Sgt. Terry Lowe of Repair Control, No. 7 Hangar, will give you information and arrange for an audition.

You are warned that there is very little glamour or reward in Service entertainment. IT IS NOT A SCROUNGE! You will find your reward in a hobby that will fill most of your leisure hours, and, on the eventual presentation of a show—the satisfaction of "Something attempted, Something done".

Will there be another? —

OF COURSE THERE WILL!!

I.M.

Europe To America

Over the broad Atlantic, we come from the old to the new;
Youth from a war-torn Europe, to receive a welcome from you.
Our homes have been bombed and shattered, our women folk maimed
and killed;

Yours is the power to succour, to avenge, to renew and rebuild.
Britain stood firm while ye roused from sleep, with the rest of
Europe supine;

Battered, betrayed and beaten, the Hun triumphant, malign.
Britain would hold and would conquer, victory would be won;
With the dogged unbeatable spirit she showed, in Forty and
Forty-one.

But with you at her back she will triumph, at a fraction the cost
in blood;

And dollars will win battles quicker, than boots and bodies and mud.
And Europe will rise from her ashes, to the hope too proud and good;
That born of this cleansing holocaust, may rise a Brotherhood.

A little, a little bit better, a little bit nearer to God?

Or perhaps will weary Europe, sink back on her couch and nod?

America, youthful and virile, is Europe to bleed and die?

For a sequel as feeble and empty, as the tragedy of Versailles?

Your sons are fighting besides us, we are learning each other's ways,

But the comradeship of nations, must extend to happier days.

The peace will be soon upon us, to do with as we will,

Nations are born to work and play, and not to prey and kill.

Let us advance together, the new world with the old.

The iron heart of Britain, alloyed with America's gold.

G.H.



A square doorway cut in a hillside somewhere in Britain leads seventy feet below ground to an air-conditioned military hospital which can accommodate 400 patients. Wards, dormitories for doctors and orderlies, an operating theatre, kitchens administrative offices, dining and rest rooms are all included. A tunneling company of the Royal Engineers completed the excavation in a little over three months. An enemy supply ship seized by British naval forces provided the panels of grained plywood covering the corrugated iron roofing.

—News Chronicle

Petrel's Page

PETREL'S maiden course finished successfully, after a busy and profitable month. The camp has begun to settle down to a steady routine, and fewer snags have shown up so far than were expected, though in that respect we are touching wood with both hands. Weather conditions made the latter end of the course rather difficult from the flying point of view, but all exercises were finished, and a good surplus of flying hours achieved as well.

Seven crews carried out sorties over "enemy" territory, making bombing runs over selected targets and taking reconnaissance photo's. Much was learned on these sorties, and the crews found this form of instruction extremely interesting. No second attempts are allowed on run-ups, either for bombing or photography, and the value of accurate flying was well demonstrated.

Welcome to our Armament Officer, Pilot Officer Hughes, who has joined the permanent staff, and thus qualifies as a "Stormy".

Social activities are all important at an isolated station, and in this respect, we were, and continue to be, well served. Mr. Graw brings the projector round each Tuesday, and a film show is given in the Airmen's Mess. The kitchen staff gallantly defer supper 'til after the show, which is always well attended. On Wednesday comes Flight Lieutenant Jones and Flying Officer Penfold, with a recorded music recital, run on "Promenade" lines, the audience coming in and going out as they feel inclined. Radio programmes being what they are, the music starved

souls at Petrel appreciate this service to a high degree.

Thursday evenings are supposed to be set aside for a discussion on Current affairs, which has so far degenerated, however, into wordy battles between our irrepressible adjutant and a few selected victims. Flight Lieutenant Jones occasionally lifting the discussion boldly back on to the rails. The latter officer is available on Thursday evenings for enquiries on educational subjects, correspondence courses, and the like.

One evening was marked by an invitation to the staff by the course pilots, to a sing-song and quiz. The Officers' rendering of "Widdicombe Fair" had to be heard to be believed.

Two good soccer games have been played, but a challenge to bowls which we accepted from Carberry in a weak moment, resulted in a bad mauling for the Stormies.

The grand final, however, was the end-of-course dance, the first to be held at Petrel. The Airmen's Mess was grandly decorated for the occasion, an extremely efficient orchestra borrowed from the parent unit, and a superlative buffet supplied by the kitchen staff, who, together with the transport section, worked like beavers.

A bevy of most personable damsels was conjured in some magical manner from the surrounding countryside, and the camp was honoured by a visit from Group Captain and Mrs. Fall.

A welcome is extended to the temporary Stormies of "G" and "H" flights, while to the rest of No. 33, we can only say, "Come up and see us sometime".

Prairie Pete

On Baths

A CERTAIN book on the history of furniture commences by dealing with the bed "For" says the author, "the three most important factors of our existence, normally take place in bed; birth, love and death."

I would not disagree with such profundity, but in our modest style of living a lot may be said for the bath. I do not propose to argue that the bath is as important as or can take the place of the bed, although, at Washington—the very centre of the global war—both theories would receive a good deal of support. I merely wish to consider baths.

That cleanliness is next to Godliness is a cliché known by all, but, you need to be born before you can be God-like. I am convinced that we should just as surely have been born whether or not a bed was available. Soon after birth we were bathed. We could have been born in a bath, but we could not have been bathed in a bed.

On love in a bath or a bed, there is much to be said. Shall I, lightly, or delightfully, toy with this matter here? In kindly consideration for Air Force morals, I desist. Try it at your discussion group sometime. As for death, did you ever have any wish to die whilst in bed? Not on your life. At Carberry, we prefer to live in bed.

Now we come to the crux of the matter, for if we think of baths, we must think of bathing. That glorious slipping, soaking and slumbering in soft, smooth, soothing, saponaceous, seductive, soporific hot water.

I like it, you like it, they like it. The heaven-sent feeling of drowsy joy, the slumberous wallowing, the casual swallowing, the passivity after activity, the open porosity after proximity, the luscious freedom from grime.

The kindly Providence which guides my erring, but fortunate footsteps, directed me to the New World—alas, not yet the brave, new world—to the famous home of plumbing de luxe, where heat conditioned, aerated, chlorinated, salinated water galumphs through massive conduits to sluice from faucets of silver or gold into crystal, cave-like baths—or so I heard. The Providential goad "led" me on, ever on, ever lucky to Carberry; that gem set in a golden sea, where the sun shines and the gentle winds from heaven sear the skin and burn the lungs. Oh, far-flung empire, oh, God's own country, welcome in another muddied oaf, a travel stained pilgrim and lead him to a bath, to lave away his weariness, to rest his aching limbs.

What, no bath? A shower. Five thousand longtangled, tortured,

twisted, tempestuous, teetotal miles to a shower. A shower with one tap hot and one tap cold, where East is hot and West is cold and NEVER the twain shall mix. Alas and alas—but weep no more faithless one, the kindly light leads on again to Petrel, Stormy Petrel, Crimeless Petrel, Petrel R.I., Petrel u/t, Petrel unique, Petrel the home of 21c/NIV., BATHS IRON, GALVANISED, one, “to be signed by the person or individual i/c.”

No cursing here,
 No sounds of wrath,
 No loving hands
 But, a real bath.

America I love you.

“Prairie Bleat”



Why Petrel?

After the previous issue of this New World “News of the World”, to wit, GEN, readers cannot justifiably ask what is Petrel or where is Petrel, but it does occur to us that they may ask “Why?” We don’t run a “Live Letter Box”, a “Legal Queries” or “Advice to Lovers” but, as “GEN” men we like to hand on gen—if any. So, let us to this, why Petrel.

“Petrel—why, Petrel—yes, Petrel, wasn’t that built for the Dance last Wednesday? Sure, nobody would have built buildings in such a spot for any other reason.

We all went, girls from Harte, Wellwood, Gregg, Neepawa, the sticks. They had a cloakroom for us with four mirrors, though they only provide one at Carberry. There was a Dance room like fairyland—entrance through ribbons of many colours, the inside like a rainbow, floor like satin, a lovely band and a so-romantic kerooner. There were seats a deux in the corridors and, in another section, a haven of rest with subdued lighting, a bar and an ex-

cellent buffet. What food and what cooking!”

We began to realize that our investigation should have started on Wednesday, but our informant continued, “What we really liked, though, were the people there. Those delightful, charming, witty, he-men in their lovely blue uniforms. They told us, or I should say, whispered in our ears, that they were living at Petrel for one reason only, to attend the dance and dance with us.” We gathered that the C.O. and his wife, also S/Ldr. and Mrs. Padre were there.

We can, therefore, conclude with another bit of gen. To the frequent query, “Why be a C.O.? we can now answer, “Because you might be posted to Carberry and you would then be invited to the monthly pageant of perambulating, peripatetic, polymorphous popies, playing at PETREL.”

IF MUSIC BE THE FOOD OF LOVE, PLAY ON. GIVE ME EXCESS OF IT.

Prairie Bleat.

Padre's Page

THOUGHTS of Christmas led some of us to wish for a male voice choir, and as I write, the prospects of the formation of one on the Station are bright.

I am keen on it, and I know that several others are too. The one thing I can promise at the moment is not very constructive, except for the fact that no construction will be possible unless I make this promise—namely, that I shall NOT be the leader of the choir. I will gladly be behind this project, back it up and help to keep it going, but I have not the necessary musical training or ability to be anything more than a kind of organizing secretary.

THE GIDEONS BIBLE

When you stay in a hotel in Canada, you always find a Gideons Bible in your room. Have you ever thought how it got there, or who the Gideons are? The story is quite a simple one.

Some while ago, a commercial traveller stayed the night at a hotel, took his Bible into the lounge, and started to read it there. Another commercial traveller came in, and, in course of conversation, they lamented the fact that they never saw a Bible in hotels.

So they met a few other commercial travellers who were like-minded and formed "The Gideons", which is the Christian Commercial Men's Association of Canada.

They resolved to place a Bible in

every room of every hotel throughout the Dominion, and, with the aid of many other commercial travellers, this object was achieved. Since then they have been able to extend their activities still more, and their object, as printed on the inside cover of these Bibles, is "to win men and women for the Lord Jesus Christ and to place the Bible—God's Holy Word—in hotels, hospitals, penal institutions, schools and other places."

There are a few Gideons Bibles in various places on this Station—after all, the Messes correspond very roughly to "hotels" mentioned in the object, we have our hospital, the inner precincts of the Guard Room could be classed as a penal institution, we are a school, and—well, if you find a Gideons Bible anywhere else, it comes under the convenient and all-embracing term "other places".

The great point is that, whether it is a Gideons Bible or any other kind of Bible, we should learn to read it for our own spiritual help.

In this connection, there is published every quarter in Nashville, Tennessee, a booklet entitled, "The Upper Room", and one hundred copies are very kindly donated each quarter to this unit. There is a page to a day, containing a short Bible reading, an explanation, a prayer and a thought for the day. Until the quarter's stock is exhausted (we had an extra 100 this quarter, so there are still some left) please help yourself to one from the top of the cupboard just inside the Station Chapel.

CHURCH SERVICES

Gradually our new arrangements for Sunday services are being appreciated—remember, no one can deputise for YOU. Also, all our services are intended just as much for the members of other denominations as for members of the Church of England; the Holy Communion is a Communion for Communicants of other denominations as well as for Communicants of the Church of England.

CHURCH COLLECTIONS

Each quarter, I will give you a brief statement (ommitting cents) of church collections. When I took over

on September 9th, we had a balance in hand of \$130. Three more Sundays brought the total to \$178. Of that amount, \$69 was sent off to Padre Gregson at Ottawa for the following objects: Christian Aid to Russia Fund, Scripture Gift Mission, St. Dunstan's (for the blind), Christian Aid to China Fund, Soldiers' and Airmen's Christian Association, British & Foreign Bible Society. A further \$6 was spent on wafers and wine for Holy Communion, and a small glass dish for use at that service, thus leaving a balance of \$103 brought forward to the quarter commencing October 1st.



Benevolent Fund

“GEN” is pleased to be able to be able to give this report by the Chaplain on the Station Benevolent Fund. So many funds of this nature are run on hush-hush lines, that we welcome this authorised statement.

“Many of the loans made by the B.F. were made before I came to Carberry,” writes the Padre, “and I find it difficult to make as full a report as I would like.

“For the most part, however, loans or grants have been made to help pay hospital and medical bills, or to meet unexpected liabilities.

“Since the present records started exactly a year ago, 38 loans have been made. Eight of these have been of \$10 or under; eight between \$10 and \$20; seven between \$20 and \$30; three between \$30 and \$40, while the remaining twelve have been between \$40 and \$75, the two largest being in

each case, more than one loan made at different times to the same person.

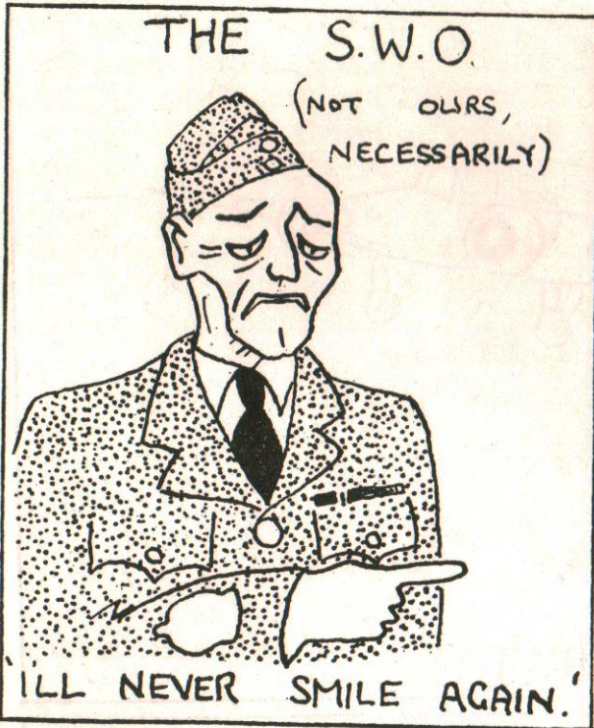
The loans are usually repaid at the rate of so much per day. On this basis, the majority have been fully re-paid, whilst \$242 is still outstanding on ten loans. Five grants of \$3, \$20, \$45, and \$50 and \$65 have been made.

In one of these cases it was necessary to cover loss of rent through an accident, and to help toward hospital bills. In another, the grant was made to a wife left in unexpected circumstances by the re-patriation of her husband.

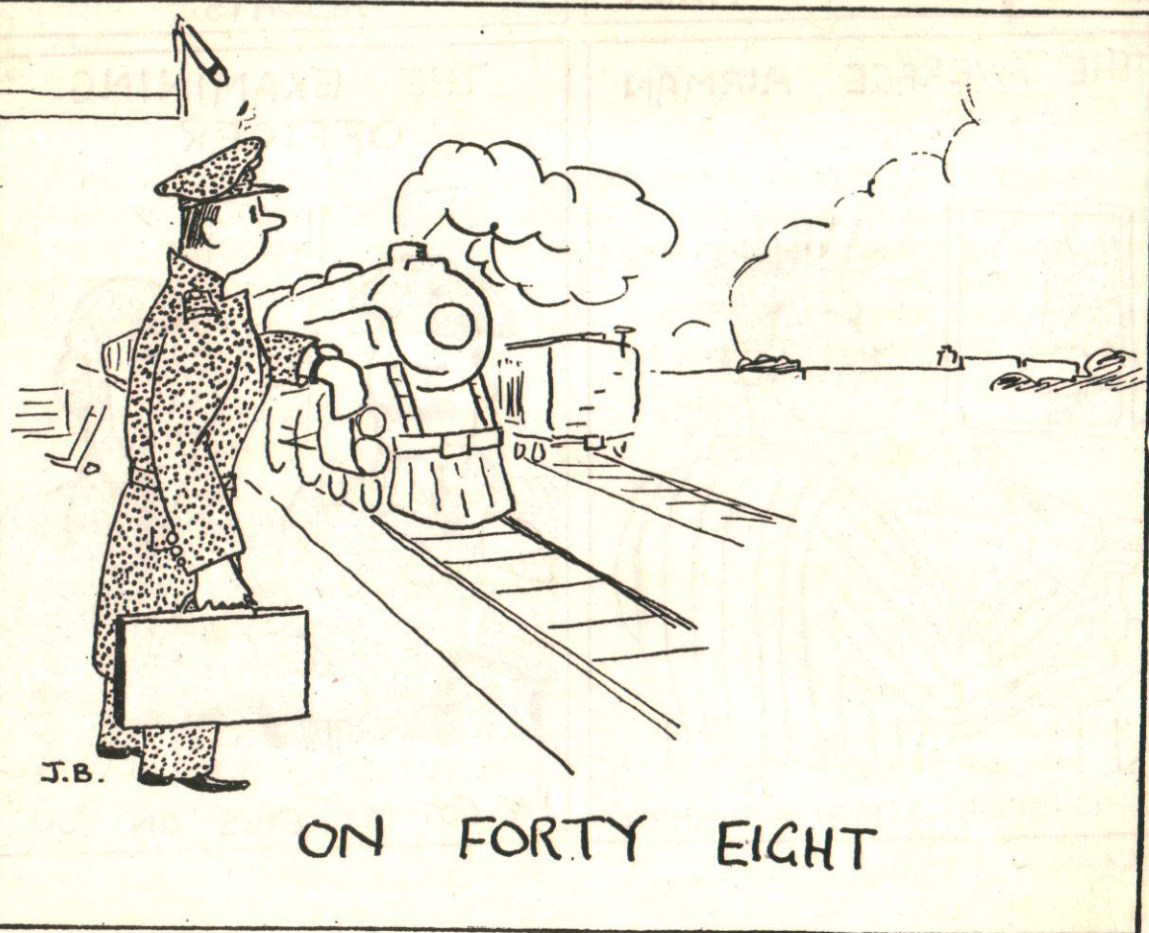
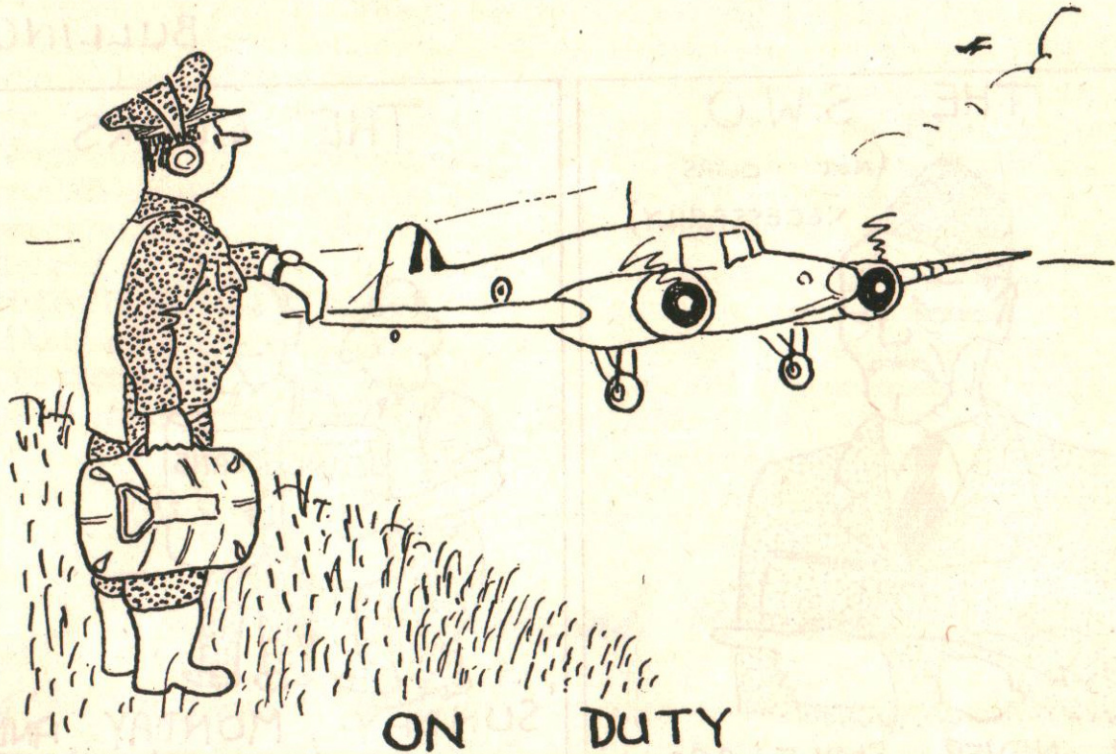
“At the moment of writing the fund stands at \$591, plus \$242 to be repaid on loans. In view of this, it will not be necessary to make further collections for this fund on Pay Parades for the time being.”

Donald A. Foster,
Station Chaplain.

THE SONGS THEY SING BY JOHNNY BULLING



THE INSTRUCTOR.





LAC "TAFFY" LEWIS of Repair Squadron visited Los Angeles and Hollywood on a recent leave, seeing all the sights and meeting many of the Stars. Among them was the Maintenance Wing Sweetheart, Olivia de Haviland, whom he encountered at a Red Cross Rally. In the above picture he is seen with Anne Gaber broadcasting over the C.B.S. Network in the "Hello from Hollywood" Programme.



DID SHE FALL?

Did she fall,
 Or was she pushed?
 She went to Petrel
 And just got crushed.
 Did she rise?
 Or did she shine?
 She stayed at Petrel
 She's doin' fine.
 What do I do?
 Where do I go?
 I stay at Petrel

I wouldn't know.
 So listen those
 From England new,
 If sent to Petrel
 Let me tell you.
 The O.C.'s kind,
 The Adj. a gem
 You'll want to go
 Straight home again.

Prairie Bleat.



TOP LEFT—She's coming! The week-enders get ready to board the Winnipeg Special.



BOTTOM LEFT—NOT Buckingham Palace, but just one side of the lounge at the Royal Alex—week-end headquarters for so many Carberrites.

TOP RIGHT—A grand view of the Assiniboine River from Assiniboine Park in Winnipeg

BOTTOM RIGHT—Inside the Assiniboine Park—a good hunting ground for anyone with a camera—and also without.





THE PICK OF PETREL:

Back Row—LAC.s Culwick, Kemp, Weeks, Carter, Jefferies, Fryer, Griffin, AC1 Barton; **Middle**—AC1 Reed, LAC. Pestico, Cpl. Taylor, Cpl. Carter, Cpl. Clements, Cpl. Alexander, LAC. McKenna, LAC. Neighbour; **Front**—AC. Sheppard, Sgt. Marshall, F/O Hughes, S/Ldr. Howard, F/O Clark, Sergeant Paterson, Sergeant Ware.



**MAINTENANCE WING H.Q.
STAFF SMILING FOR THE BOAT**

Seated—Sgt. A. Sporne, F/O. L. C. Morris, S/Ldr. McLennan, Wing Commander M. W. Moore, F/O. B. J. Barnes, W.O. F. Gash, Sgt. A. Ramsey.

Standing—Sgt. D. Garner, Cpl. N. Walter, LAC. G. E. Stone, LAC. F. J. Smith, LAC. H. S. Mortimer, LAC. C. L. Sayles, LAC. N. Manuel, LAC. R. Stancer, LAC. G. Death.

RIGHT—LAC. Froude of Major Inspections, and his young bride (nee Miss Lucy Kabin) just after the ceremony, which took place at Souris last month.





Stories From Stores

Almost half the section is on the boat, so we have had more excitement this month than most sections. So great was the shock that many drowned their sorrows(?) in drink, but our one and only "Herby" Mercer actually went to the extreme of getting married. A presentation of a Westminster Chimes clock was made to the happy couple and we wish them every joy in the future.

As one door closes, another opens—at least so they say—and with the departure of our old friends we welcome our comrades for the days to come. Whereupon "Chiefy" Ovens cleared the cobwebs off his desk and shot the usual old-timer's horrible line to F/Sgt. Castle. "Liverpool" Slater promptly inducted two more men into the complicated art of issuing gasoline. The Clothing Store is now under new management, but the grim look in Sgt. Smith's eyes does not augur well for the "flannelers' " future.

Incidentally, we should like to know a little more about "Buck" Ryan's political pull—it seems more than a little strange that his boat should arrive "on time".

It does seem a pity that in the midst of all this joy, that dark news should be brought by our reliefs from home of the shortage of "beer and fags and soap" and already some of us are subconsciously tracing the line—"and they'll send us back to Carberry—we hope".

We have had a fairly successful season in the local bowling alley. Team "A" has unfortunately, not reached the top of their league, but "B" Team is still valiantly carrying the Section flag—one game to go and so far unbeaten. We are hoping to get a crack at Equipment Accounts in the finals. It still mystifies us how ever they managed to reach the top, but there's nowt else to do now but to try and knock 'em off!

The bowling alley will soon be adorned with fresh rich blood from the "old country"—we've got our sprinkling of old 'uns too—but we venture to suggest that after a few weeks P.T. they will be ready for anything. Already our new friends are making many enquiries about certain things in Winnipeg and have visions of being the answer to a maiden's prayer.



CARBERRY EQUIPMENT BOYS FACE THE CAMERA

Back Row—LAC. Miller, LAC. Rhodes, AC. Robinson, LAC. Shorey, LAC. Hutchinson, LAC. Morris, LAC. Jones; **2nd Row**—AC. Streeton, LAC. Welsh, LAC. Miller, LAC. Abbott, LAC. Nicholson; **3rd Row**—LAC. Mycock, LAC. Slater, LAC. Allaway, Cpl. Duers, Cpl. Marsh, LAC. Eger-ton, LAC. Cogger; **4th Row**—F/Sgt. Ovens, W./O. Lord, S/Ldr. Dolman, P/O. Golding, Sgt. Buchanan, LAC. Jones; **Front Row**—LAC. Mercer, LAC. Parkes, LAC. Ryan, LAC. Davis, LAC. Hall, LAC. Smith.



Autographs

It all happened just quite recently,
and all was going decently,
With lots of fun and joking, midst
smells of beer and smoking;

Down at the "Trapper's Arms"

Now in the company all assembled,
sat one bloke there who much
resembled,
Scrooge and Shylock—much so
with fags, and hoarded them like
money bags;

Within the "Trapper's Arms"

But a wily chap with heaps 'o grit,
and stirred inside with great
"esprit"
Spied lying loose a packet large,
of "Spatted fags"—took them in
charge;

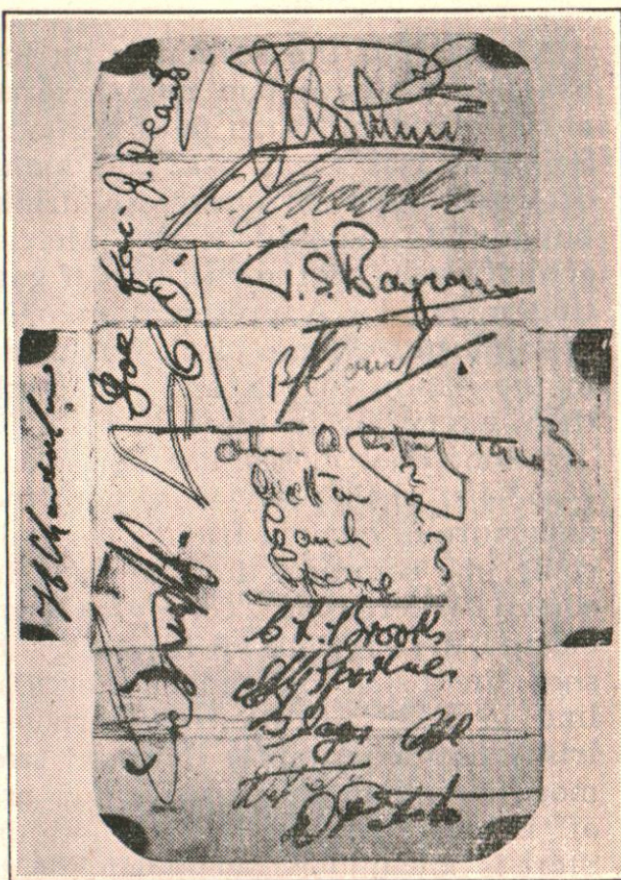
In the good old "Trapper's Arms"

He passed them round to each and
all, Ben, Perce, Len, blokes large
and small,
When an awful cry of pain and woe,
rent the air around—above—
below;

In the dear old "Trapper's Arms"

Gashenstien has just found out,
what the mirth was all about,
Beside his glass on the table lay,
the skeleton of a Craven 'A';

Three cheers for the Trapper's Arms



His only solace since that day, the
hard earned fags were swiped
away,

Are autographs from his chuff-
chums" there, on the packet they
had stripped so bare;

One night in the "Trapper's Arms"

★ ★ ★

A flight commander in England took the opportunity of a bad day for flying to give his men a taste of what it might be like to have to find their way back to the airfield after a forced landing. He took them out in a bus through twisting lanes, twelve miles away from base and six miles back towards it. The more cunning navigators tried to work out a course with a milometer and compass. Others tried to remember the turns in the devious route.

One hundred cigarettes was the prize for the first man back to the airfield. After the flight commander had been back an hour, he went to the orderly room to see if any of his flight had arrived. Two sergeants had returned before him and left their report: "Natives apparently friendly and using remarkably civilized methods of transport."

Rules of Floor Hockey

1. A team shall consist of SIX players.
2. A game shall be limited to three—fifteen-minute periods, with three minute intervals between periods.
3. A stick must be held in a player's both hands during play.
4. The crease area in front of the goal is called 'The goalkeeper's crease' Goals can only be scored from shots made from outside the goalkeeper's crease and from inside the opponents' half.
5. A goal shall be counted as scored when the entire puck passes over the goal line into the goal.
6. Each period shall begin by a bully between the two centres of the centre spot.
7. After a stoppage, play will be re-started by a bully between one player from each side.
8. The puck cannot be passed forward across the centre line.
9. If the puck is sent out of play over the sidelines, one player of the opposing team shall shoot the puck from behind the sideline. Play, however, can continue within the sidelines behind the goal.

FOULS—

GROUP 'A'

1. To hold an opponent so as to restrict his movements.
2. To stand on the puck.
3. For any player to question an official's decision.
4. For the goalkeeper to throw the puck beyond the centre of the floor.
5. For the goalkeeper to hold the puck longer than three seconds.
6. For the goalkeeper to advance beyond his crease.

NOTE: (For any infringement of the above rules, the penalty shall be a shot at goal from the penalty spot.)

GROUP 'B'

1. To trip an opponent.
2. To use legs or arms in a body check.
3. To touch the puck with the hands (goalkeeper excepted)
4. To delay the game.
5. To rush the goalkeeper in his crease.
6. For two men of the same team to attack one of their opponents at the same time.
7. To body a man not in possession of the puck.

NOTE: (For any infringement of the above rules, the offending player shall be put out of play for two minutes, the penalty time to start when the offender reports to the timekeeper.)

GROUP 'C'

1. To commit a foul with evident intent of hurting an opponent.
2. To strike an opponent.
3. To use offensive language during the game.

NOTE: (For any infringement of the above rules, the offending player shall be put out of play for five minutes.)

On 'Liquid B'

The quiet voice of Taffy as he rouses up the ward,
Is like the drum of Sgt. Ab when he tries to rip a chord,
Huntridge goes all "Haw Haw" when someone shouts "pipe down,"
And the trip of Thompson's fairy feet is heard in Carberry town.
Then its "Have a wash, gargle this," or "Get this mixture back!"
The orderlies run around so fast they've no time to be slack,
Though I think they only do it to create a good impression,
The only thing they do quite well is drink beer at a session!
Now Partington, a reet good lad, coom all t'way from Wigan,
Oft tells the story of his loves. Eh lad, that were a big 'un!
If Sinclair works himself to death, I'm sure he'll live for ever,
But no one seems to have the urge to work like "Now or Never."
The times you're wakened up would try the patience of a saint,
With Thompson running back and fore with pints of tonsil paint,
Dabbing all and sundry, or else squirting with a spray,
A mixture up one's nostrils that would keep the flies away.
At last the great occasion. When all is spick and span,
Begins the state procession headed by the Doctor man,
Sisters Mungen and McDonald, complete with all the data
Take down what the M.O. says, and we just take it later!
And so from bed to bed they go for each examination
And only "You're discharged today," brings any animation,
For tho' it's true it's quiet here, if you ask each one you'll find
That lying here on liquid B is a bind!

★ ★ ★

Medical Mutterings

Boisterously blowing breezes menacingly marking Mrs. McDon-
blew Burt by Ballantyne; banging ald's materials. Miss Mungen mur-
both bodies badly. Butterfield mured "Mirthless moron." Pettingly
bandaged, Belcher bound. Carter patting pussy's paws, Partington
caught Catt cutting capers. Con- prescribed poultices. Rambling
tentedly converting crosswords, round reviewing repairs, Rowland
Clarke confessed, crying convin- roused Roberts remarking, "Remin-
cingly. iscences rot rambles." "Rubbish,"
"Dastardly degenerates" declared railed Roth.
Dickenson. Hotfootedly hunting 'Soap suds sousing' Smith, saw
hatless Houghton, Hawitt hauled Sinclair sliding swiftly sinkwards
Huntridge. Nocturnal (K)Night (1), singing sorrowfully. "Turn tap"
natteringly nudged namesake thundered Thomson, "Time tea
(K)Night (2). Lowly Limbrick trickled throatwards." 'Wolf' Whin-
lauded lustily, laughing loudly, cup wondered why Woodhouse went
"Lazy louts." with Williams. "Were we one . . .
Meanwhile Morle moved McLeod, Bother, now I've spoiled it.

Station Hospital

On entry into the hospital beware. The danger of falling over a white-coated nursing orderly is very great, the whole place is literally swarming with them, but we do not need an expert from Winnipeg to rid us of them. At the time of going to press they are kept very busy.

After reading on D.R.O.s that a bag-piper was needed LAC. Thomson had a bad attack of melancholia, he feels he's letting the prestige of Scotland slip. The S.M.O. pretended not to notice the aforementioned request. Andy Sinclair is on the boat so does not want the position.

The posting of Dr. Belcher surprised us all and the whole staff are sorry to lose such a popular M.O. We wish him the sincerest of good wishes. We welcome the new M.O., F/Lt. Lankaster, and hope his stay with us will be an enjoyable one.

LAC. Woodhouse, one of the departed "boatmen" left us all his "happy 48s" wishes, so we must endeavour to live up to them.

Sincere congrats from the staff to "Taffy" Williams on his promotion to Corporal; and to Sergeant Whincup on his recent 'third.'

CONTRAST

Every able-bodied man in Britain who works less than sixty hours a week, and every able-bodied woman without a child in her care and working less than fifty-five hours a week, have to undertake fire-watching up to forty-eight hours a month.

Every able-bodied airman in Carberry who works more than eight hours a day (meals included) starts to bind.

NOSES UP — NAVIGATORS!

"Carefully chosen for his future job, the typical potential navigator is above the average in intelligence, usually with complete secondary and often university education" — thus writes a Pilot Officer in a signed article in a provincial news-rag.

Good line. Here's some more:

"He is generally endowed with a placid temperament, able to work quickly and accurately under adverse physical and physiological conditions, and uneffected by trying emotional situations which would cause less stolid individuals to "blow up" and make serious errors."

Sergeants' Mess

Thanks to all who helped make our last dance a success. Evening's highlight was exhibition Eightsome Reel by four Jocks and partners S/Ldr. McLennan, Jimmie Dearie, Jock Grandison and Joe Ogilvie.) Joe still requires some dancing tuition; however, the turn was greatly appreciated by a good audience.

We say "Adios" enviously to quite a number of our cheerful old lads who have had Marching Orders, and 'Congratulations' to the 'Drivers' who have moved into first class. Dave Davies, whom we will miss a great deal, being included in the latter.

The trailer was stacked full when Pop Egan changed residence recently, cans and geysers, etc.

We welcome the host of new members to the mess — Treasurer Brazier is delighted!

Congratulations to Tony Christy and Bill Horne on their recent promotions.

For New Arrivals

- **THE FELLOWSHIP** — Tuesdays 1930 hrs. Station Chapel.
- **MALE VOICE CHOIR** — Mondays 2000 hrs. Station Chapel.
- **INTELLIGENCE LIBRARY** — i/c F/Lt. T. Jones.
Open to all station personnel for study and reference purposes. In G.I.S. Block—daily 9—12 2—5. M. T. Wed. 1900—2100 hrs.
- **MUSIC CLUB** — i/c F/O. Penfold
Meets at Petrel, on Monday, meets at G.I.S. (Rm. 4) Wednesday 8 p.m.
- **BARBER SHOP: Jack & Joe** 0900—1900 hrs. Mondays to Fridays.
- **BEER BAR**—i/c Wally Gordon 0900—1300 hrs. Saturdays. 1830—2130 hrs.
- **Y.M.C.A. CANTEEN** — Manager Mr. Jimmy Hilland.
1000—1030 Daily
1200—1330 (2 p.m. pay days)
1700—2125 Daily
- **P.S.I. STORE**—No. 1 Hangar 1000—1800 hrs.



Wanted---

Your Photographs

December 10th is the last day for sending in your photographs for the Camera Club's exhibition to be held in the Airmen's Lounge. The pictures can be of any subject but must not be smaller than 4" x 6" nor larger than 10" x 12" and must be mounted. Paper for making the enlargements will be obtainable from the Y.M.C.A. and the club's darkroom and enlarger are available to all members, so let the station see where you've been in Canada, what you've seen and what your girl-friend looks like. Any sort of subject, so long as it is good photographically, will be accepted for hanging. Any kind of paper or board may be used for a mount.

The entries for the exhibition will be received by the club secretary, Sgt. Atkinson, in the G.I.S. Block. Remember the closing date December 10.

Music Club

The past three months have seen the establishment of the Music club as a regular feature of camp entertainment. Each week concerts of recorded classical music have been presented, and during December they will be held at the G.I.S. Block at 1945 hours on Wednesdays.

With the restriction on 48-hour passes during December, arrangements are in hand to hold additional concerts on Sunday evenings. Further details will be advertised in D.R.O.s, on on the club programmes.

Our programmes are available for perusal at the following points: Officers' Mess, Sergeants' Mess, Airmen's Mess, Corporals' Club, Airmen's Lounge, Y.M.C.A. Canteen, Y.W.C.A. Hostess House, and G.I.S. Block.

All ranks including living-out personnel and their wives are welcome at our concerts, and we are anxious that those interested should send in requests for future programmes.

Repair Squadron

Big news of the month is the arrival of an influx of fresh young (?) blood from the Old Country. Charles (Bend-the-Elbow) Richardson of the Wing Stores has taken to the use of Brylcreem and grins self-consciously at his new pseudonym—"Young Charlie".

On the other hand, many of the old and tried faces will be leaving us soon. Many of those who have helped us to laugh away the months, those who last year were Dreaming of a White Christmas, now are "Dreamin' Oh My Darlin' Love of Thee".

We were all sorry to lose Tommy Cottrell to Medicine Hat the other day. Our ACH turned Parachute Basher (sorry Tom—Safety Equipment Assistant), was universally popular, and his farewell note generally appreciated.

A "Happy Event" took place in a certain Drying Room on the morning of the thirteenth. The golden-brown bitch which had been given refuge there showed her gratitude by turning out a Major—septuplets... There were six brown and one brown-and-white.

I interviewed them at noon; the young 'uns were lined up at the milk bar, all very healthy and happy. Messrs Tubby Blake, Tom Blair and Twitchings officiated, while LAC Petch is now chief kennelman at their new quarters in the boiler room.

Last month, owing to a technical hitch, Repair Squadron Gen did not appear, so I take this opportunity of presenting newly-weds Lawrence, Froude and Williams with the congratulations and best wishes of their comrades.

Queeriosities of the month:

Tich Holt and his Timoshenko style hair-do.

The Senior N.C.O. who was stuck in a Winnipeg lift at about three o'clock on a Sunday morning in pitch darkness with—an Icelandic, non-English speaking, janitor.

One of the Old Boys recognising one of the New Boys as the father of an old schoolfellow!

The Doctor.

Vic's Farewell

FOR A long, long time, the "oldest" resident on the camp, Sergeant G. J. Vickery, has at last left Carberry. He came here as i/c Security Guard, even before the advance party arrived, and now he's back at Toronto near his home.

Always popular and always well-known (not always the same thing!) Sergeant Vickery had to leave without saying goodbye to all of his many friends.

"It seems like leaving home," he writes, "I enjoyed my stay at Carberry immensely. Of course, I had my ups and downs—but on the whole I've no complaints.

"So I'll say cheerio. Safe journey to those going home to England, and welcome to Canada for those who are just arriving."

SHOOTING

The October inter-section shoot was again won by the Sgts'. Mess, with the Corporals' Club as runners-up. Lads from Hut 14 formed a new team and did remarkably well for their first entry.

Scores were:

Sgts' Mess	3911
Cpls' Club	3886
Officers' Mess	3826
Hut 14	3824

Next inter-section shoot starts in January.

New members always welcome.

Officers' Mess

The mills of the PMC grind slowly, but they grind exceedingly small. The new team of mess "managers" are slowly but surely making an impression on the age-old plateau of discomfort and inefficiency.

So much interest is now taken in messing (or binding about messing) these days that the Messing Officer hasn't enjoyed a single meal since he took over. He is thinking of compiling a Dining-room Order Book to discourage the wolfing of cheese and savouries before the first course is through.

Cockroaches have evacuated the kitchen in vast numbers since the start of the round-the-clock offensives. It must be very worrying for these homely creatures.

Controversy still rages over the oven-top scones which are cooked on a shining contrivance the PMC calls a girdle, but sassenachs call a griddle. We've been around enough to know that a girdle is—well—a girdle.

The sherry at our first regular Dining-in night reminded us of F/Lt. Hurrell's special.

Airmen's mess doughnuts and sausages are proving very popular.

Saturday night-open nights haven't drawn large crowds as yet. Two officers who are regular patrons (daren't mention names) wish to state that "open" night doesn't mean "hostess" night. All wolves and wolverines, please take note.

Eighty thousand tons of iron and steel scrap and 18,000 tons of waste paper are now being collected each week in Britain.

Out of 33,000,000 people in Britain between the ages of fourteen and sixty-five, 23,500,000 are now on full-time work for the nation.

Corporals' Club

This month has seen a complete change of Committee and Officials in the Club, due to most of the "pioneers" departing for the old country. We say "Bon Voyage" to all our departing members and welcome to the new arrivals with the hope that they will become active members in the Club.

The Bowling league has now been concluded, and strangely enough the Club teams did not figure in the finals. Prior to the last round, both teams had been credited with a win each (opponents not turning up in either case). The last round proved a well earned victory for the Club "A" team against the "B" team with a narrow margin of 32.

Another successful dance was held on November 16th, this being the second "farewell" dance. (THIRD??). A floor show, very much enjoyed, consisted of impersonations by Cpls' Vesco and Patten, and the usual bubbling from Bob Elliott. It is regretted that "Lofty" Moody was not allowed to give his rendition of "Salomie" but he did manage to kiss a couple of "bears" before the night was out.

"How deep is the night" Ryan, in our minds, should join up with the shooting team. He was in fine fettle at the dance, besides being Chocolate Boy. What caused our "Henry" to play the "Sunrise Serenade" at approximately 6 a.m. the following morning?

Success also attended the first of our social evenings. This was a new innovation which we hope to see repeated in the near future.

"An' there I sez, you 'ave the story of me and the Battle of Britain. An' she sez 'Yes, but what did they need all the other airmen for?'"

SHOP AT THE P. S. I. STORE



SHIRTS, Blue	\$1.75
SHIRTS, Khaki	2.00
GLOVES, Lined	1.50
RUNNING SHOES	1.50
TENNIS BALLS, each	50c
SOX, Khaki, each	40c
SOX, Black	50c
WRITING CASES	1.20
SUMMER VESTS	50c
SWEAT SHIRTS	1.00
FANCY & JOCKEY PANTS	50c
FLEECE COATS	1.25
TONERAY	3.50
PYJAMAS	2.00 & 2.25
SWEATERS, Roll Neck	2.00
HANKS, white and blue	20c
WALLETS	1.30
SKATES	6.00

—No. 1 HANGAR—

"WHAT A GRAND PICTURE!"

Yes, those are the ones that are developed and printed by the photographer himself.

You, too, can get grand pictures

by joining the Station Camera Club and putting some of your old leave negatives through the Club's enlarger—you will be amazed to see how they "blow-up"

ENTRANCE FEE

(to help pay the cost of the dark-room equipment)

\$1.00

NO SUBSCRIPTION

Membership is open to all Station Personnel — Airmen, N.C.O.s or Officers.

Club Treasurer: Sgt. Sartin,
Main Stores

MUSIC CLUB

* * *

EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING

AT G. I. S. BLOCK

1945 HOURS

Concert for December 1st includes:

Elgar's Enigma Variations

Haydn's Symphony No. 102

Concert for December 8th includes:

Tschaikowsky's Nut-Cracker Suite.

Cesar Franck's Symphony in D minor.

