

MFB 207

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

LARGE APPROPRIATE

HQ 335FTS/1006X/SHQ.

HQ 335FTS/1006X/SHQ

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Gen!

FEBRUARY
1944

FIFTEEN
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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Editor: Flying Officer B. J. Barnes
Sports Editor Flying Officer Illingworth
Business Manager: Sgt. J. F. Laurence
Circulation Manager Sgt. R. Wright

Editorial

OVER a year ago unit magazines were forbidden to print advertisements. Since then we have struggled, and brought out "Gen" at a loss—which has been paid by P.S.I. It is a drain on P.S.I. that we would all be glad to see stopped.

This month we are hoping to help PSI by raising our price to 15 cents, at the same time lowering our costs. If we then sell all we print we hope to halve our losses.

Our 90 subscribers are not to worry. We shall still mail their copies at the old rate: But we are not taking on any new subscribers—for the reason that none of us know where we shall be a year from now.

So please do your part, Chums, by buying your copies quickly. First come, first served.

The folks at home get more fun from reading "Gen" than you do. Do you realize that? "Gen" gives them a picture of your life in Manitoba more vividly than dozens of letters.

So please don't 'bind' about 15 cents for "Gen." It may not be as big as "Life" — but it's **YOUR LIFE.**

—The Editor.



THE BINDER

I sing a song of "brassery", I croon a lay of "cheese",
I bind the billet rigid, bring airmen to their knees,
I was posted overseas with a shower of bally "drips" . . .
And while we were in convoy, flick me, I say no ships.
I moan a dirge of lethargy, of airmen without hope;
Of the clatter of the Test bench; the smell of yellow dope;
About the blinkin' climate, the dust-clouds in the heat,
Take your socks off, airman, and wash them off your feet.
I wonder where they'll send us, when we leave this camp.
Burma's flippin awful, and India's just a clamp.
China's too far east, and Canada's too lonely,
Women in Alaska, they say, are dull and homely.
Of course, you **may** reach Iceland—if you can swim through ice;
Or battle to Newfoundland, in a freighter full of mice.
There's always Northern Ireland, land swamp and bog,
And I'd refuse to go to England and stick that blinkin' fog.
Get your finger out, mate, your turn to fetch the tea,
Don't drip! I fetched it last night. What d'you mean—it's me!
Billet full of binders, I'm going to lower me head . . .
Hey! Watch out what you're doing Don't you
touch my bed!

—AFRAG, Rhodesia.

INSURE YOUR WIFE!

New Hospital Plan

IS YOUR family in Canada or the United States? Then make sure they are insured against sickness and accidents. Whether you have a few or many months still to serve in Canada—contact the Padre for full details of the new approved hospitalization insurance scheme.

The Station Benevolent Fund—on instructions from the Commanding Officer, pays all airmen's joining fee of three dollars and the first monthly premium.

MONDAY NIGHT AT EIGHT

Overcoming all the initial difficulties which beset a new venture, the Male Voice Choir was launched last month and is prospering under the parental guidance of Choirmaster Finch. "Taken by surprise in a frontal offensive," he says, Secretary Collier was elected into office, there to tackle publicity, the purchase of music (purchasing music doesn't include making love to the girl behind the counter, Mr. Secretary!), the acquisition of a piano to replace the wheezy harmonium (sorry Canada, organ), and the gathering in to the fold of those elusive tenors who, though willing to create an unearthly din in the seclusion of a shower-bath, are loath to make an appearance at a time when their vocal abilities would be better appreciated.

Rumour has it that the Choir has been singing for its supper at a fireside gathering in the town. Tough on the natives, but spares us the agony of a "first night."

Monday Night at Eight it is, spent.

As long as your wife is on this side of the 'drink' and you or she continues to pay the premiums you can rely on useful financial assistance from the Mutual Benefit and Accident Association (Canadian Headquarters, Toronto.)

Seventy-five cents per month brings in up to three dollars per day in hospital for ninety days for any one accident or illness, and also fifteen dollars for anesthesia, laboratory, operating room, X-ray and ambulance expenses.

Children over six months get half benefits for half premiums. Premiums for boys are 30 cents and for girls 40 cents per month (two girls for 75 cents.)

For maternity cases the insurance covers ten days' hospitalization benefit, but only after the policy has been running for ten months.

For application forms and other particulars see the Station Padre. Roll up—you living-outers!!!!

chaps, in the Station Chapel building; and all who have attended so far, from Acey-deucey to Flt-Lieuy have agreed that it is an hour well spent.

Dukk A Genesis

Chapter 1

And all these things came to pass in the fifth year of the Great War between the nations.

Near the city of Ka Beri in the land of Pepsicola there dwelt a strange people by the name of Raff.

And their tents were many and of strange design, such as no normal people lived in.

And there was set up by high authority, a Chief Ruler for the men of Raff, and he governed with a rod of iron.

His comings and goings were many, and when he spoke in wrath the earth would shake and the skies would darken. And the men of Raff would find for themselves "hideouts" and tremble lest the eye of the All Powerful One should seek them out.

And there were appointed lesser chieftains who had authority over the various tribes of Raff.

And it so happened that one of the chieftains, whose name was Mac, found favour in the eyes of the Master, and there were bestowed upon him three bright new rings to wear upon the sleeves of his cloak.

But Mac, whose task was to minister unto the yellow monsters that flew, was sore at heart, for did not new rings cost two talents.

And Mac did worship a strange god, and his face was wrath when he observed that his slaves of the tribes of Rigga and Fitta did not bow down before it.

And he appointed taskmasters by the name of Enseeohs to scourge the slaves, and to chase them.

And the tribes went about in fear of charges.

Now the duties of these Trades-

men were legion and never ending, and they longed for a vessel to take them back to the land of their fathers.

And on occasions the Chieftain would tour his domain and he would gaze on the face of his idol that was set up in the Temple called Number Seven Hangah.

And his face would be terrible to behold and men would flee from his presence, yea, even the men that were clad in similar raiment, but who had not "got as much in."

And he would call an Enseeohs Conference and great would be the turmoil therein.

And men who understood the tongue of Haggis would interpret for the multitude as they each "passed the can."

For Mac did worship the idol called SERVICEABILITY whose face would never show more than 65, for he was an insatiable god.

And there would be much bleating and gnashing of teeth among the Riggas and Fittas, for they knew in their own minds that the face of the idol would never show 74 which was the desire of their Chieftain.

But the slaves worked overtime as ever, muttering in their beards, for they never shaved.

And all men feared for their Fortyates, as they thought of their peoples' war cry when their numbers were few, namely 'Nil bestardo carburundum' which by interpretation means "Do not let 'em grind you down."

—NEMO.



Please turn over—if you can.

If You Can Read . . .



Corporal!

Yessir.

Here's an article on "Religious Books." Re-write it in half the number of words — and Pep it up.

Yessir. But Sir . . .

Yes.

Should you mangle the Station Chaplain's copy, Sir?

We've got to make the magazine interesting, Corporal — no matter whose sus - sus - sept -- tibili - bili.

Susceptibilities, Sir?

Yes. That's it.

What books does he mention, Sir?

Well there's Fosdick's "On being a real person" and Leslie Wetherhead's "Thinking aloud in War-time" and—

Those are both good books, Sir.

How do you know?

They're in the Station Library, Sir.

Hm. Well, they ain't in the Officers' Mess Library!

Well, Sir. Maybe the Chaplain didn't think the Officers ever did any serious reading

EXIT THE CORPORAL

Here follows the rest of the Padre's suggestions for good reading:

The following were recently

placed in our library for your pleasure:- A. F. Gilmore, "The Christ at the Peace Table"; "The Hope of the World"; "Adventurous Religion"; Stanley Jones, "The Choice Before Us"; John Oxenham, "The Splendour of the Dawn"; "The Hidden Years"; Middleton Murray, "Christocracy"; William Temple (Archbishop of Canterbury) "The Hope of a New World"; S. D. Gordon, "Quiet Talks on Prayer"; "This is the Victory"; "How Can I Find God?"; Charles Sheldon, "In His Steps"; Emmet Fox, "The Sermon on the Mount"; A. Victor Murray, "Personal Experience and the Historic Faith"; Rem Landan, "We Have Seen Evil."

Whichever of these you read, don't forget that nothing can come up to or take the place of the Bible, a copy of which has been supplied by the Gideons for each of our Messes, Clubs or Lounges.

The British and Foreign Bible Society also supply free New Testaments, which I am always pleased to give to anyone who asks for one.

SIGHT SEE-ERS: "During year ended March 31, 1943, more than 126,500 people visited Banff National Park. About 25 or 30 per cent were men and women from the Armed Forces, including many from Great Britain, the other Dominions, and the United States." Hurrah! That's us!

ILLEGAL GAME EXPOSED

What He Wrote to Bette

WARNING TO ALL RANKS

AN illegal raffle has been exposed in Maintenance Wing—and it is expected that the offenders will be severely punished, if not discharged (hurrah!)

Officers and airmen have been discovered writing to film stars . . . begging—if you please—for knick-nacks, souvenirs, forfeits, etc., and maybe even photographs. This practice must cease forthwith.

It appears—from information received—that certain people each put a dime in a cracked cup. The kitty goes to the first person to get an autographed photograph of the film star to whom they wrote.

It is emphatically denied that the staff of the Postal Corps has been bribed to facilitate delivery.

The following shocking example of this pernicious practice is appended for the misinformation and compliance, etc., of all cranks.

My Dear Mrs. Farnsworth:

I do hope I am not causing any offence by addressing you in this way, but yesterday I was looking through quite a number of film magazines and I was shocked to read of the sudden passing of your husband. I had intended writing to you as soon as I could summon enough courage, and when I saw this sad item of news, I determined to write and add my few words of sympathy to the many that you will have received.

I am not an ardent film fan. Mainly, I visit the theatres as a means of escape from some of the hard, cold facts of life today. So it is, that some of the films take my mind away for a short while

from these unpleasant facts.

For so many reason, I find that for combined entertainment and uplift, I invariably turn to one of your films.

There are many outstanding personalities in the film world who have given me a great deal of pleasure, but, I repeat, to me, you, Bette Davis, outshine all your competitors — if any of your sister-actresses can be called competitors!

That is not flattery; it is a sincere tribute to a fine actress. I consider that I have average intelligence (if not more than average!) and I am never swayed, when watching a film, by the propaganda speeches that are incorporated in some of them.

Nevertheless, I have very often been deeply moved by your remarkable elocution—irrespective of the actual words you have uttered.

I noticed in a film magazine that you do not own to being beautiful. I will not flatter you and say that you are. Not from a glamorous point of view; beauty you most certatinly have, in the dynamic

The Adjutant wants to see you immediately.

way you portray various characters of fiction.

Also, rest assured, many a time the camera has caught shots of you when beauty has not been and cannot be questioned. You may think the foregoing rude, but it may convince you that I am not upholding you as a paragon of all the virtues! Beauty is only skin deep; the talent of acting is deep-rooted and lasting, Miss Davis.

"Old Acquaintance" was the last film in which I saw you and what an amazing YOU! I had returned early from my Christmas leave (or furlough) and, when I was told that the local cinema was featuring "Old Acquaintance", I willingly spent my last few cents to see it, although I had not heard any critics' reports or even that you had made such a film. You were in it; that was sufficient.

After I had seen it, I would willingly have gone into debt in order to attend its showing. You have never, in my opinion, acted badly. In this particular film you excelled yourself. Miriam Hopkins made an admirable foil for your portrayal, and the climax was worthy of both your own and Miss Hopkins' talents.

Fortunately, you have nearly always been blessed with a good supporting cast—a weak portrayal, however small the part, is detrimental to all who play in a film. A remark with which I am sure you will agree. May your good fortune in this respect continue.

My stay in Canada is drawing to a close (no, I am not a budding flier—my wartime job consists of a very small part of the ground work of the Royal Air Force, but then somebody has to do even that!!) and so I would be grateful if you would spare a little of your val-

uable energy and time to send me some small souvenir such as an autographed snap, etc.

Should you find yourself in the position where you are able to do that, it will find an honoured place in my album which is small indeed, as it contains only the most valued of my snaps and other souvenirs.

A request for something is always a little distasteful to me, especially when accompanying a letter of appreciation, but I trust you will understand and oblige.

May I close (thanks for reading so far!) by wishing you most sincerely, continued success in the years to come. I have faint hopes of visiting Los Angeles before I return. If I do, I hope to have the opportunity of conveying my appreciation and good wishes to you personally at your "Hollywood Canteen," an effort for which you deserve much praise and gratitude.

Sincerely,

—GUBBINS.

ADVICE:

"Are you helping HER to be a good soldier? What kind of letters is your missus getting overseas? Remember this—nothing is wanted as much by the girls overseas as letters from you. The kind of letters they get can make them happy or sad, good soldiers, or bad. All their courage can ebb from their hearts through getting unhappy letters.

Send her those letters, often. Do not worry her about the things you can manage. Make her feel that you are with her, for her, proud of her: and send her all the love and happiness that your heart can give."

—Re-sexed from a popular advert.

How to Skate

THIS being my third season of skating (ahem) I do feel that a few words of advice on the art of skating would be appreciated by the many beginners there appear to be in Carberry.

The first thing to do is to decide upon your aim. You must have some deep purpose—some design, which will take your mind off your own legs.

Quite obviously the ideal thing for this purpose is a bootiful girl friend. The next best thing — is someone else's girl friend — they will understand you better when you fall.

Right. Having procured a girl friend — or your Warrant Officer's girl friend (preferably), nip smartly on to the ice. It may be thin, it may be dangerous—but the Medical Officer isn't always watching.

Now your skates can move thinways or thickways. You progress frontwards by pushing and lunging out thickways with your skates and then free-wheeling thinways on one leg while t'other leg lunges thickways. Clear? I hope so.

That's all there is to it—except practice with the girl friend. I've seen all ranks vainly trying to teach themselves on the station rinks. But there's not enough trying and daring-to-do-things up here. Get down among your friends in town and really mix it up.

Watching a bootiful pair of calves in front will take your mind off your own troubles and bruises. It was a tall, willowy blonde who taught me (to skate) and her influence can still be seen even to this very day—in the long willowy curves I make on the ice.

Then try doing it backwards. It's much easier on the toes. Really it is.

It's interesting to note how few Canadian girls can skate really well. I think they prefer indoor games. (You oughter know—Ed.)

Always remember the words of advice I received back in '41 in the Rockies. It's better to go back home a skater than just a skate.

—●—
A Beaufighter out on patrol
Ditched fuel-less, humid but whole.
Said the pilot, "Now I
Would be cozy and dry
If I'd thought of the Mixture
Control.

—from "Tutorial Twaddle"

THE AWAKENING

We found it there 'mid the cool
green trees,
Their tips reaching up to the sky;
Where the gentle wind glided
softly along
And the green-blue lake rippled
by.

It came as the breath of Heaven,
Comes to those who are in despair;
Freeing our tired aching hearts
From hatred and worldly care.

The humming bird hovering o'er
blossoms sweet,

As God smiled down from above,
Approved with its glory of colour
sublime,

Our great awakening to love!

—R.K.N.



The C.O. doesn't want to see you!



Business As Usual In Britain

WHEN expectant mothers apply for a book for extra rations the local food office require to know the date of the coming birth. In one Bournemouth case the inquiry by the food office for the date brought the following reply from the father-to-be:—

“Speaking with text-book knowledge only, I make it December 17. The mid-wife makes it December 19, but the doctor makes it December 25.

“So that you should not be disappointed, I have consulted the stars, the crystal, Old Moore’s Almanac, and the Brains Trust, and the consensus of opinion is that the expected arrival will take place at 29¾ minutes past 11 p.m. on Friday, December 24.

“If, however, this proves to be incorrect I do hope I shall not be liable for perjury, making reckless statements, or obtaining goods by false pretences.

“Furthermore, if you have anyone on your staff who can determine the exact dates of confinements, they are wasting their time at the food office, as obstetric institutions all over the country will be anxious for their services.

“P.S.—If you think a clairvoyant, or a water diviner, could add any useful information, do not hesitate to let me know.”

Mr. V. R. Dyter, the Bournemouth food executive officer, will not say what reply he sent to this letter.

They Dished Me

They told me I’d fly in a Spitfire,
I signed on the dotted line;
When they failed me I nearly went
haywire,

As a cook-butcher now I am fine.

They told me I’d pilot a Whirlwind,
So, dreaming of Glory I signed.

They told me I’d pilot a Whirlwind,
A ‘vacuum’ is all that I find.

“We’ll let you be O.C. a Wimpy”

I ’nitialled, and went for a sesh;
Came back trolling “Wimpy, my
Wimpy,

My Li’l Grey Home inna Wesh!”

They dished me, the blighters, they
dished me,

But now I can laugh and say
“Foo!”

For, having at last found some
sense, Sir,

I know that I don’t want ‘Air
Crew.’

A charming young lady named
POPsi

Loved to ride in an airman’s jalopsi
Tho’ the car wasn’t much
His technique was such

As to be almost ideal on a corpsi.



UNLESS the kerosene priority scheme is released to allow permits to be issued for stable and byre lanterns, milkmaids on non-electrified farms will have to milk cows in the dark this winter in Britain.

If You're Stranded in Winnipeg?

YOU can always stay at the new United Service Lodge — 279 Garry Street, if you ever get stranded in Winnipeg. Private hospitality can also be arranged from the Lodge.

So—if you get to “Peg” and find that your civilian friends cannot put-U-up, and that there's no reasonable hotel accommodation available — try the United Service Lodge.

Nor should you forget those two admirable places — the Airmen's Club; and the United Services Centre. All designed especially for your entertainment, hospitality and general satisfaction.

Two other auxiliary service organisations with hospitality to offer to airmen are the Knights of Columbus Hut—189 Portage Ave. E., and the Salvation Army Hut — Forum Block 445, Main Street.

Don't be misled by the names or biased reports — go and see for yourself what good and kind work the citizens of Winnipeg are doing voluntarily for your help.

CAMERA CLUB'S FIRST EXHIBITION

OVER 35 prints were hung in the Y.M.C.A. table tennis room early in December — and many were the admirers of all ranks who came to examine the first exhibition of the Station Camera club.

Reports photography expert F/O. “Windy” Johnson — S/Ldr. Morle tried a little black and white magic in child photography and in one exhibit “Gremlin” photography. His technique, composition, and

expression were very good, but the processing could have stood a little more finish. He scored highly with an excellent print in what we might call the “advertising class.” It was a simple Player pack on which burned a cigarette.

Canadian Rockies scenery was a popular subject. F/Lt. Guernier proved that a picture can be a winner without obeying the normal conceptions of composition.

Other mountain views were recaptured by S/Ldr. Dolman, F/O. McCormick, and LAC. Welsh — making Banff and Bow Falls very popular.

Most of us would have been pleased to own the view of Niagara Falls taken by F/Lt. Belcher. The subjects were from far afield — Nova Scotia to Vancouver, New York—and even Scotland. Generally speaking the exhibition was successful in showing that camera enthusiasts on the unit are taking time and trouble to produce worthwhile prints.

Let's hope it inspires more camera owners to endeavour to become photographers.



If he did — you'd jolly well know it.

Not About Women

No! you dupes, this is not about your latest "popsies"! The writer has been successful, he hopes, in persuading the Editor to publish in this excellently prepared Journal (that should get me by) an article on a serious topic.

With resolute determination and courage it is my aim to divert your attention for one brief moment from your pre-occupation with wine (it's cold standing in those liquor queues!), women (keep an eye on your girl friends with those boys from "down under" about!) and song (R.O.T.B.), to tell you about a very exclusive and select meeting which is held every Tuesday evening in the G.I.S. Block. An exclusive and select meeting because although all twelve hundred of you are invited only about six turn up!

And what do the exclusive and select do at those weekly meetings? They listen to a series of broadcasts on post-war reconstruction sponsored by the Canadian Association for Adult Education, and afterwards discuss among themselves the topics raised in the radio broadcast. Naturally the ensuing discussion reverts to the problems and conditions arising in the home countries of those present, but is none the less instructive.

You would be surprised and interested to hear some of the ideas and words of wisdom that emanate from your companions—why not come along and have your say, or listen if you prefer?

All our toil spent on winning the war will be wasted unless we



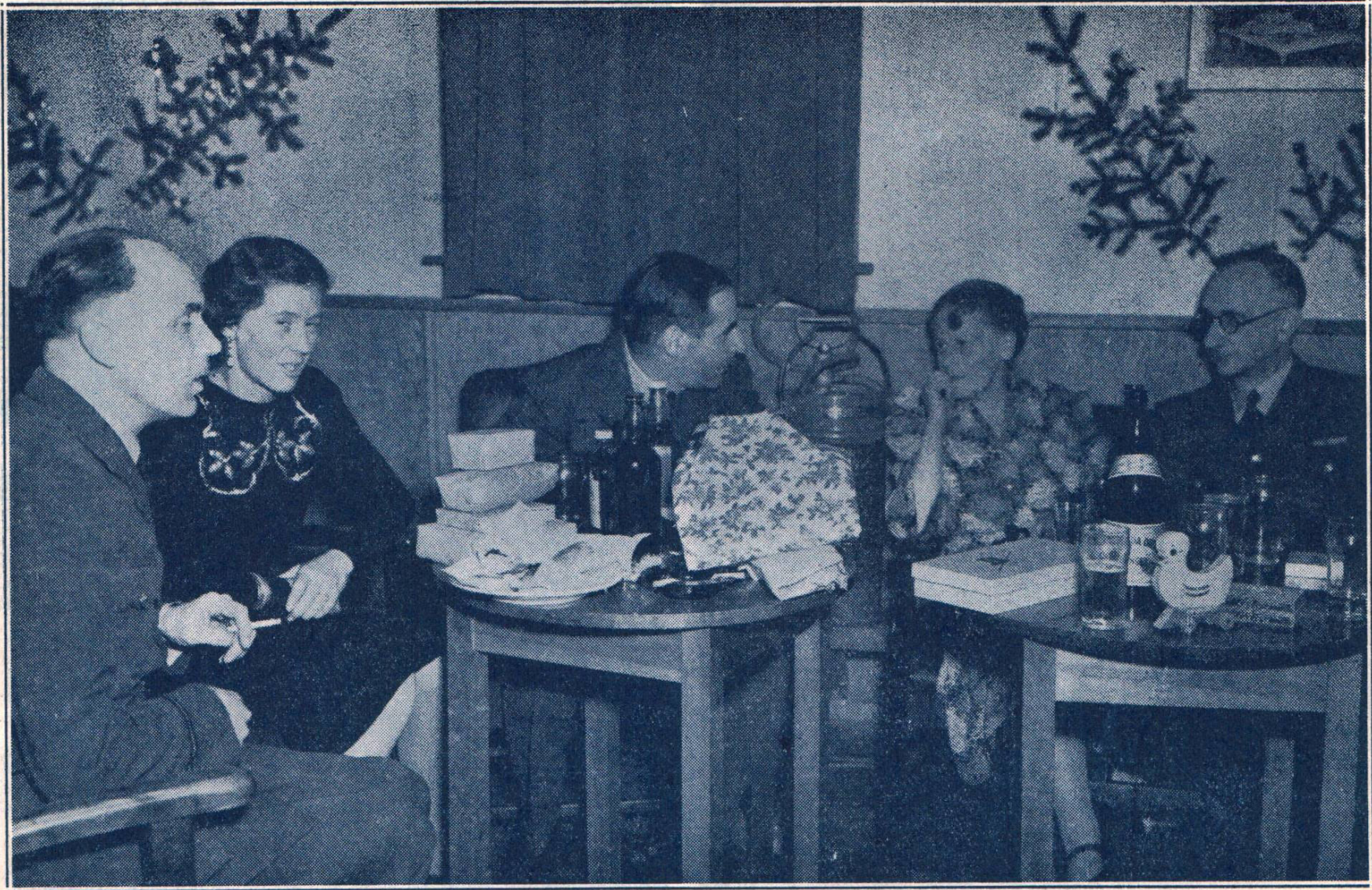
A COMBINED OPERATION:

—Over a cake this time. Squadron Leader Cantrell and his bride cut cake for their wedding guests.

spend as much energy on reconstructing the world after hostilities have ceased, and we shall want to know how to go about it.

This is your opportunity to sort out your ideas on the subject—Tuesday evenings at 19.15 hours in the G.I.S. Block, under the Chairmanship of the Education Officer.

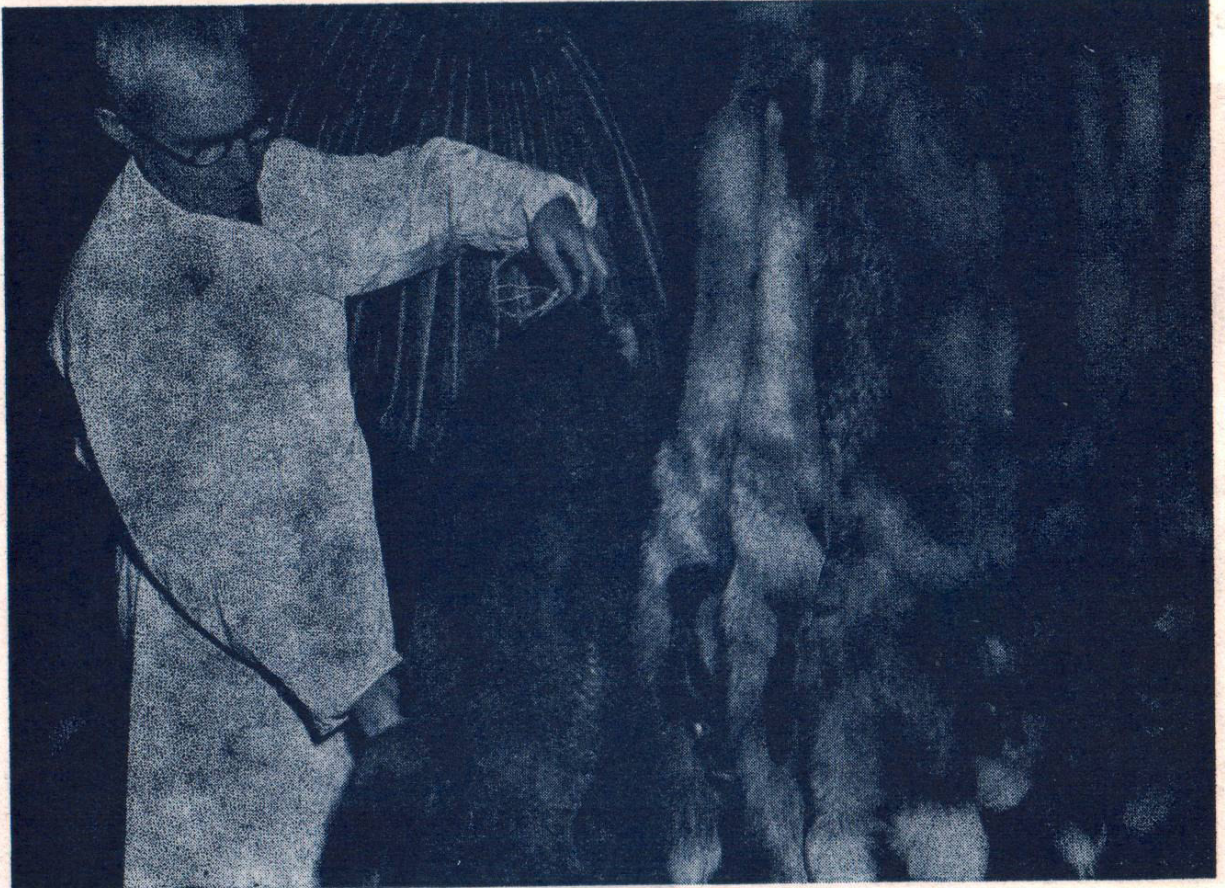
Get some in — Chum.



An appreciative visitor at the Sgts.' Mess Christmas party was the C. O. He was accompanied by Mrs. Fall and by his mother.

Top Left: The Corporals' Club gave its Christmas party bright and early, but no one had trouble in going festive. **Bottom Left:** A few days later the Officers acquired their Christmas spirit at a dinner and dance in the mess. **Top Right:** The waiters lining up to serve the airmen's dinner on Christmas Day. **Bottom Right:** The Airmen's Mess, all set for the turkey and Christmas Pud.





Manitoba furs in a Winnipeg auction house

GESTAPO

Let's talk about our Service Police
To the brave men that they are.
Their 252s and Court Martial views
Are known throughout near and
far.

Let's take one man in particular
We can't do better than that,
Our eminent Chief of the Bobbies
In the shape of Flight Sergeant
Platt.

But enough about this Chappie
To keep on, would cause you
grief

There's another chap we can
mention

Good old Sergeant Keath.
He hails from a place in Scotland.
Where the bonny heather grows
And he'll tell you the story of his
life

While he's busy blowing his nose.

Not to be at all out done.

We have our Sergeant Wright
To see him dressed for duty,
Are one of the finest sights.

We have choir practice in the
morning

And sometimes in the night
Now who do you think our Soloist
is?

None other than Sergeant Wright

We have of course our Four Must
Get Beers,

Davey, Greaves, Sitson and Cpl.
Snape.

Without these Stouthearted Fellows
The Guardroom would lose all
its shape.

We bow to all these Fellows.

And uphold their most frightful
schemes,

Are the gentlemen really like that
Or have I been having a dream.

The Beaver

TOO MANY of us think of Winnipeg as a place to spend our forty-eights and fail to realise that it is Canada's second largest fur market, and the seat of a six million dollar fur marketing industry.

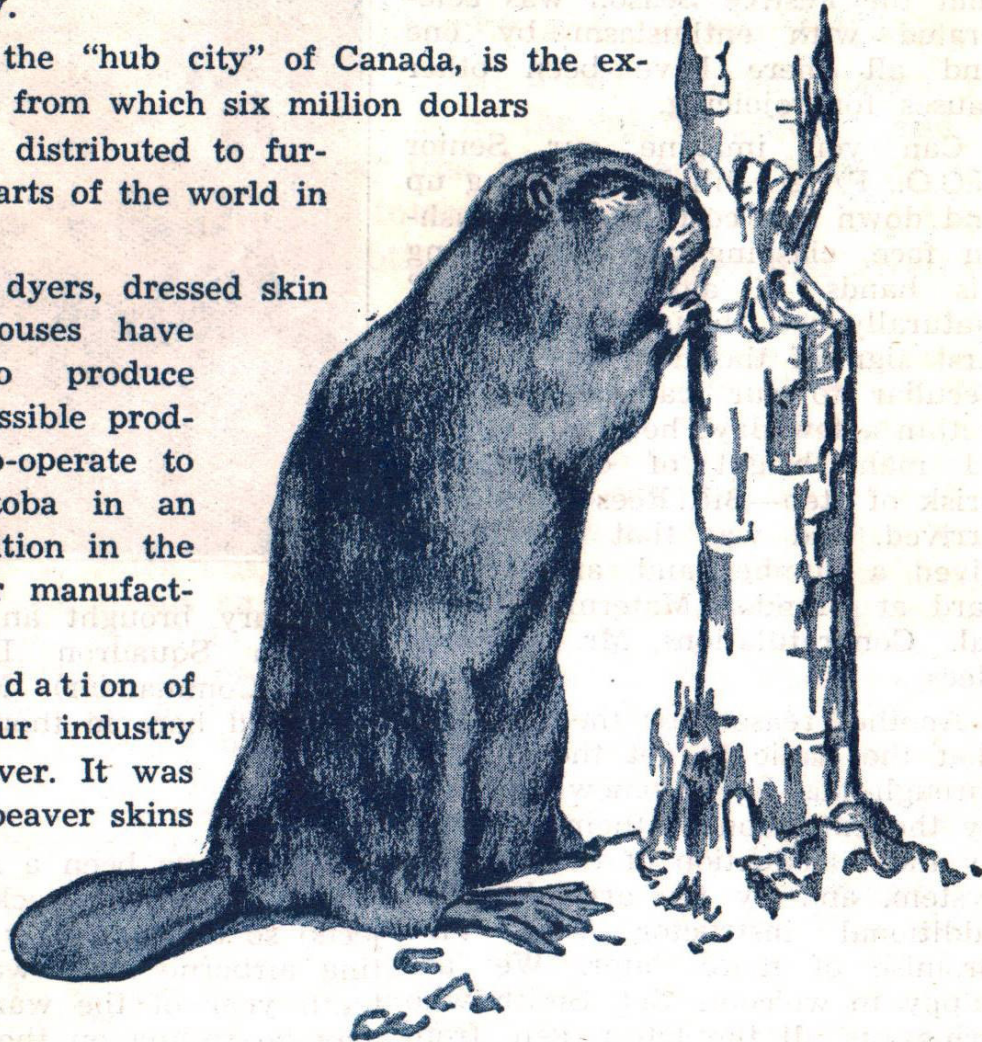
Winnipeg, the "hub city" of Canada, is the exporting point from which six million dollars in furs were distributed to furriers in all parts of the world in 1941.

Processors, dyers, dressed skin auction houses have combined to produce the finest possible products and co-operate to place Manitoba in an enviable position in the world of fur manufacturing.

The foundation of Manitoba's fur industry was the beaver. It was demand for beaver skins that first brought trappers here to make their

fortunes on the European markets.

Beaver skins were the first medium of exchange and beaver tokens were in use about 1820. Thirty-one years later a beaver was chosen to adorn the first Canadian stamp issue.



From those early days and down through the years Canada has paid tribute to the beaver, and it appears on the 1941 Canadian five-cent piece—a symbol of Canada and firmly established as our country's faunal emblem.

★
She: I don't like A.C. Smith.
He knows too many dirty songs.

Her: Does he sing to you?

She: No, but he whistles them.

★
"I can't marry him, he's an atheist and doesn't believe there is a hell."

★
"Marry him, my dear, and you'll soon convince him he's wrong."

THE LINKWAFFE

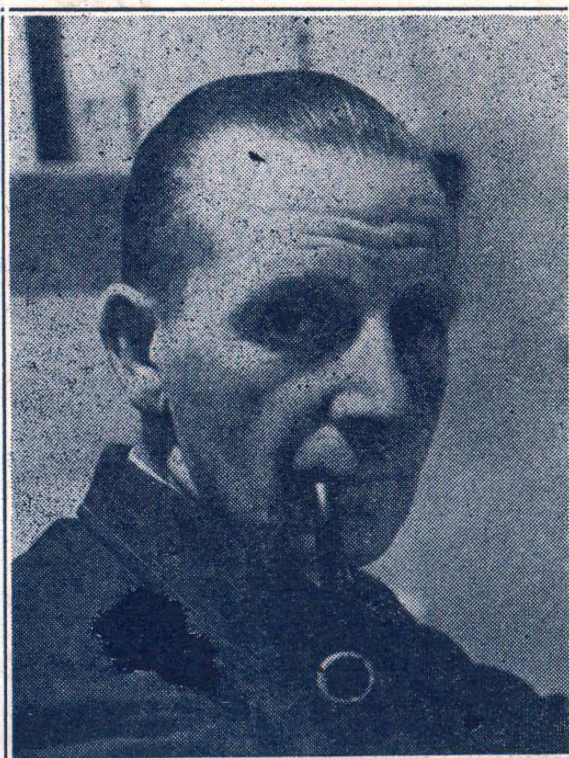
Believe it or not, there have been some smiling faces in the Link Section lately! And the reasons? Well, apart from the fact that the Festive Season was celebrated with enthusiasm by one and all there have been other causes for rejoicing.

Can you imagine our Senior N.C.O., F/Sgt. Bill Rees, pacing up and down our corridors, with ashen face, clasp and unclasp his hands in agitated gestures? Naturally we thought it was the first sign of the delirium tremens peculiar to our calling, but no, within a few days he was a changed man, bright of countenance, brisk of step—Bill Rees Junior had arrived, and was that day being given a number and an identity card at Brandon Maternity Hospital. Congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. Rees.

Another reason for the smiles is that the panic to get the Courses through has been somewhat eased by the extension of their duration, by the introduction of the 24 hour system, and by the arrival of an additional instructor with the promise of more later. We are happy to welcome Sgt. Smith who brings us all the latest gen from I.F.S. together with a very pleasant personality.

The following have come to town—F/Sgt. Scott with wife and daughter. We were pleased to welcome Mrs. Scott and daughter when they visited us the other day and we could not help noticing that Lynne holds a coke bottle in daddy's characteristic style.

Sgt. Longmuir says his pupils give him a pain in the neck, so much so that he had to spend a few days in hospital to recover.



January brought an extra half ring to Squadron Leader (now Wing Commander) McLennan portrayed here in thoughtful mood (? boat)

There have been a spate of aircrew medical re-checks (and rejects) so that our only hope of getting airborne is to wait until the tenth year of the war when they may be calling on the "old crocks up to 40" for pilot training.

Cpl. Jones and LAC Warren are our skating enthusiasts and are progressing now beyond the stage of straight and level. Recently LAC Leopard joined the gang—did somebody say he had changed his spot?

And as our respected chief would say, it is the best, the happiest, the most successful Section on the Station—in the Command—in Canada! (He's a Canadian of course, you will understand).

HIS NIGHT "ON DUTY"

IT IS Sunday at 33 S.F.T.S. and you have been detailed for "Duty Joe", you don't mind because on Sunday the "Nelson" is closed and there is very little doing so you have bright ideas of catching up on your mail and a peaceful night's sleep in the Sick Bashing Depot.

Your mail has been caught up with and you are well away in the arms of Morpheus when a rough knarled hand shakes you back to the forbidding present, it is the night orderly and he has just had a phone call to say that AC. Aukers, J., is on his way up with a broken arm. You totter into some clothes and barge into the dressing room with both eyes nearly open and await the casualty's arrival.

The door opens and in tootles AC Ankers, J. assisted by AC Plonk P. They have just returned from a 48 in that airmen's paradise we laughingly call Winnipeg.

On disembarking from the train and rushing to Bill's Bus, Ankers slips and Plonk treads on his arm with his A.M. Size 12's. "So it must be broken" states Ankers. You examine the aforementioned arm and find it is not broken but just scratched and then sleepily dress the scratch in the approved manner, telling him to report sick next morning or else . . .

The relief at finding his glass-holding arm is OK is too much for Ankers, J., he must hold forth on his "doings" in Winnipeg. Assisted by Plonk they wax furiously on their wizard time which seem to have consisted of staggering along Portage amid a bevy of blondes and redheads (Plonk hates brunettes) and swing into contact with a bottle of scotch periodically.

They spent an uproarious evening in some night spot and were giving out to all and sundry the joys of night flying over Germany when some other erk stumbles up

and asks them if the plate machine in the mess is still u/s or not. They begin to feel small then and take a powder to some other spot where blondes abound ad lib.

Plonk feels it is very low to be reminded of a plate machine in Winnipeg and Ankers agrees, but they are getting away from their story, oh yes, they went to another night spot and the amazing thing is, the next thing they remember is being on the train and a ponderous gentleman with pillbox on his head asking them for a ticket.

"But we got back didn't we" says Plonk to Ankers, "You wouldn't chuckle" says Ankers to Plonk.

Anyhow they had a great time and suggest you coming along with them next, you sleepily say you'll think about it and let them know.

"OK," they say, "sorry to have bothered you, see you on sick parade in the morning, goodnight." "Goodnight" you say, and stagger back to bed thinking how glad you are you joined the R.A.F.

Incidentally, AC. Ankers, J., does not come on sick parade next morning. What a life.

—LAC. Partington.

DRIPS . . . by Drip

Dear Drips,

This is by way of being an open letter. It's full of advice too. Leave this page near a radiator—and it will go far to counter-act the excessive dryness of the atmosphere!

Here folks is Paddy's cure for insomnia. Simply take a glass of whisky every quarter of an hour. This may not put you to sleep but it makes you more satisfied to stay awake. Hyuck. Hyuck!

My best nightmare of the week was this. I'd gotten home to the owd country—and spent a hectic three hours chasing the Canadian Fighting Army out of my bungalow. By the time I'd got the last of them buried in the back yard I heard strains of "Pistol-Packing Momma" coming from the living-room. An' what do you think? There was my wife emptying the last crock and smoking the last Sweet Cap. I told her I was very annoyed about the crock.

The cheek! She thought I was bringing back a couple of gold nuggets from Alaska. So I showed her the filling in my tooth. Then she asked me about the fur I'd promised her—so I grinned mirthlessly, and showed her the inside of my right glove.

Is this a record? A newly arrived Yorkshireman went to the Peg for the first time—for New Years. Including his fare, he spent five bucks.

And while we're dreaming about 'hostesses'—don't forget the new complicated system to avoid strain on the larder. We've always taken our ration with us—but now

you can even take a yellow card with you so that she can fill in the details of all rationed goods she supplies.

She later drags herself down to the food office and gets some more coupons ready for the next 48. Misquote—"The hostess may choose any one of the rationed foods, but only one for every nine lives."

As the M.O. says—Sulphathiazole to you.

The Padre got a bit of dirt in his watch, but we understand from our experts that his balance wheel is OK.

Did you hear about the Flight Mechanic who thought a bastard file was a row of S.P.s????

According to a notice in the camp's Daily Bore, the Male Voice Choir has a good foundation of voices—all in four parts. Broken, we presume. Says the notice — a choir of 50 voices is the target. This should read — "will be the target."

Then there was the senior NCO Fitter who was so dim that even the other senior NCOs noticed it.

And—How about the Officer who had relations in Winnipeg—but no relatives? Quiet! Down Fido! Down!

—————●—————
MANY a mickle makes a muckle.

—Scottish proverb. Oh Yeah?
—————●—————

A censor is just a guy who knows more than he thinks he ought to.
—————●—————

People cry at weddings 'cos, mostly, they're married and haven't the nerve to laugh.

Corporals' Club

Club social activities for December were the best yet, beginning with a farewell "do" for the boys on the boat. Highlights of the evening: Nobby Clarke crooning, Rob Jeffrey's trumpet solo, Taff Edwards on bended knee putting on a lady's shoe, and Nobby nursing the baby and knowing all the "goo-goo" patter too. The December dance brought to the club for the first time C.W.A.C.s from Shilo and they were voted "tops" judging from the mail passing to and fro from Carberry to Shilo. Heartbeats in the hangar! We were exceptionally pleased to welcome G/C. Fall and Mrs. Fall for the first time.

Our first social evening, though terminated somewhat abruptly, (for which the committee apologize) was a great success and we hope that the next will prove equally so. Taff Edwards and Lofty Farrow introduced a new song "Blankets & Pins" which may well turn out to be the "Song of the War" though Sinatra could never make it popular. Boxing Night and New Year's Eve will long be remembered as nights of good fun, good company and a good time, and thanks are tendered to those who made it possible.

The January dance, as usual successful, was enjoyed by club members and visitors alike. With the Corporals slightly in the minority, masculine favours were almost

PICTURES: The picture on our back cover and that of the beaver, coins, and stamps were kindly loaned to us by the Winnipeg Travel and Publicity Bureau of the Department of Mines and Natural Resources.

fought for, and some of our glamour boys must have felt flattered. Let's have the composition the other way about next time and make the girls happier!

BOOKS OF THE MONTH FOR CORPORALS

ICELANDIC TALES: Buck Ryan (Lyre & Spooft) \$25.00—

Mr. Ryan's sojourn in the Northern Hemisphere qualifies him to write with authority on matters Icelandic, though his constant reference to "White Seal" leaves some doubt as to whether he is referring to the aquatic animal or something more potent. A good book for those intending marriage.

MODERN ART: N. O. B. Clarke. (Daub & Daub) \$50.00—

Mr. Clarke's work has astounded both critics and artists in the past and his book is equally so, bringing new thought where decadence is apparent. If your little child cannot reach the piano this is the book you read.

Both books can be obtained from the chairman on application. Cash only as copies are limited.

CHANGING TIME:

"Almost any day now I expect to hear about Orville Wright being bumped off an airplane in the United States for lack of a priority."

U.S. AIRPLANE SALES:

From total sales of \$225,000,000 in 1939 to \$20,000,000,000 in 1943, with a government demand to reach \$40,000,000,000 in 1944 represents a record expansion of any industry in the world for all time.

Do you think my greatcoat needs changing?

go to all who helped to make our Christmas "Merry"-in every sense of the word! And that goes for the New Year festivities too!

As a result of this hospitality there is now one particular Senior N.C.O. who once swore that Winnipeg held no attraction for him and now dreams fondly of his next "48" immediately upon return from his last.

During the Christmas holiday we bade farewell to P/O Golding, who at the last minute beat many of our "young hopefuls" to the boat. In his place we welcome P/O Hardy and we hope his stay in Canada will be a happy one. We also hope that he lives up to his name, as many years spent in and around the Bahamas makes even this mild Canadian winter seem a little drastic!

Our own "child Handel" (also known as the "Mad Musician") has had a serious set-back recently, for while ploughing gallantly through Rachmaninoff's Prelude, he was complimented on his rendering of "Rustle of Spring!"

Well, it's still "roll on the boat" for many of us—some of us have been "bobbing" for it so long we are making ourselves seasick! In the meantime, we have dropped bowls for a while and cleaned up the old skates.

Ex-Ripchords At Moncton

Nine former members of Rip Chords got to Moncton on their way home.

They gave a concert.

Said the Moncton daily paper "Several members of the "Rip Chords" famous Western Canada R.A.F. entertainment unit were acclaimed last evening by many members of the active forces when

Station Hospital

After the 5 days' rest (??) over the holiday period; the Hospital Staff has been slowly recovering, and is now practically normal again. Some marked differences however have been noticed. There is Sgt. (Wolf) Whincup, who has now adopted the role of an ardent Romeo — even his Self-Improvement classes have been neglected; as this new study is keeping him quite engrossed. We hesitate to be prophetic—but that boat had better hurry for him. It's either that, or the jewellers, Cyril!

Then strange tales of doings at Neepawa, centre around the personage of LAC. Huntridge. Well, truth will out.

We noticed the 'wasp sweater' clad figure of N/S Mungen, gracefully seated on the Carberry Ice Rink, one night.

LAC. (Jock) Thomson is now confined to Deer Lodge hospital. We think that he has been running down Portage ave. too often. But we wish him a speedy recovery.

We welcome F/Lt. Fridjohn to our staff, and trust that his stay will be an enjoyable one.

Congrats to Cpl. Roth, on his promotion.

Equipment Section

The experiences of the "Stores" staff during the past month have, we think, been shared in the main by the whole Camp. First, the seemingly interminable wait since our last "48" and then at last, the 5-day break from toil and care!

And oh boy! did we kick the gong around (or should we say—a good time was had by all?) That the generosity of our many friends in Winnipeg remains undiminished was very apparent, and our thanks

they appeared in the weekly Sunday evening program of song at the Legion War Services Hut."

Names membered were "Nobby" Lewis, Gerry Death, George Monk, Jimmy Walton, Bob Chatburn, Eric Wringe, Jack Howarth.

"Other members of the now disbanded Ripchords were Sgt. Cy. Hillier and Cpl. Stan Batson."

OK. OK. But who's been shooting a line about Ripchords being disbanded?

Gee. Those guys must have thought a lot of themselves.

Station Headquarters

A hearty welcome is extended to newcomers Sergeants "Ginger" Girvin, Bill Hedley, Johnny Hickman, and Corporals "Zeke" Ross, "Tasho" Kingsbury, Pete Thorpe and Bill Rhodes.

Congratulations on their recent promotions to Alf. Tattam and Gordon Holloway.

Accounts Section's "Ogle" Girvin was observed carefully nursing his twenty-six ounce baby "Brandy Juice" in the Y.M.C.A. while "Bingo" Stanley walked around with a brassiere which he steadfastly maintained he'd bought to send home to his sister.

"Duck" Dunnell sweats in vain. Never mind, George, all comes to those who wait.

Bob Walker proudly struts about S.H.Q. singing "This will be my shining hour." Seeing as Joan Leslie has sent him her picture and signed it "To my shining hour boy. Love, Joan Leslie" he has a right to.

Another ex-determined bachelor appears to be losing his grip. We refer to our very own Maestro, "Jive Allelulia" Edwards.

Of course, all eyes are on the Business Manager, "Heart-throb"

Robinson, of frosty lugs fame, who appears to be on the prowl again cracking more cribs; beg pardon, breaking more hearts in Winnipeg. Thomas Thomas aims likewise at Keewatin.

Dick Alderson, who we always include with the Accounts Section as a gesture of 'acute' respect for the S.W.O.s private secretary and "G" Man, is developing into a microphonic vocalist and has improved his repertoire of sweet songs from Daisy, Daisy, to include "The Night that Rafferty lost his Pig" which ditty I am given to understand has been rendered at the Corporals' Club on several occasions.

The King of the Castle "Middleton" Gooderick rules the Orderly Room with a rod of iron. He is said to be hard at work on his book "From Toronto to Taranto" by Arthur Von Goodreich. Why not call it "My Minneapolis Sweetie" or "Buy Bonds" by Art Gooderick.

Several SHQ'ites graced the Royal Alex over the New Year's grant will resultant thick heads. Bert Minty wanted to die, but Joe Cohen, our fat boy and Carberry's reserve barrage balloon, appeared to thrive on the good fare of the festive season.

"Tasho" Kingsbury brings yet another record to SHQ in the form of feet that require a size 14 boot.

Last, but not least, we all desire to congratulate Jackie Morton on being the proud father of a boy, Terrance Hugh. Good luck, Jack!

A young married sprinter from Girton,

Once dreamt she was putting a spurt on,

She awoke with her feet

Poking right through the sheet,

And her husband had gone for a burton.

SPORT

The Inter-Hut Leagues have been rather disorganized by work, clashes with other activities and the Christmas and New Year grants. The following Huts have not been able to raise teams for either League:— 9A, 9B, 10B, 13A, 14A, 14B, 20A, 31B, 32A, 32B. The Officers and N.C.O.s in charge of these Huts are asked to make every effort to stimulate enthusiasm so that each Hut is fully represented in both Leagues. Fixtures are arranged weekly and are published in the Sports and Recreation Bulletin. The matches are played in the Drill Hall on Monday, Wednesday and Thursday evenings.

Results to date are as follows:-

BASKETBALL

Hut 20B	30 vs Sergeants' Mess	24
Officers' Mess	12 vs Hut 11A	5
Hut 11A	9 vs Hut 13B	11

FLOOR HOCKEY

Hut 11B	11 vs Hut 13B	1
Sergeants' Mess	28 vs Officers' Mess	1
Hut 20B	41 vs Hut 31A	6
Hut 10A	10 vs Hut 13B	8
Hut 11A	20 vs Hut 11B	3
Hut 11A	8 vs Hut 20B	8

BASKET BALL

Team	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	For	Ag'st	Pts
Hut 20B	1	1	0	0	30	24	2
Officers' Mess	1	1	0	0	12	5	2
Hut 11A	2	1	1	0	14	23	2
Hut 13B	1	1	0	0	11	9	2
Sergeants' Mess	1	0	1	0	24	30	0

FLOOR HOCKEY

Hut 20B	2	1	0	1	49	14	3
Hut 11A	2	1	0	1	28	11	3
Sergeants' Mess	1	1	0	0	28	8	2
Hut 11B	2	1	1	0	14	21	2
Hut 10A	1	1	0	0	10	8	2
Hut 31A	1	0	1	0	6	41	0
Officers' Mess	1	0	1	0	8	28	0
Hut 13B	2	0	2	0	9	21	0

STATION BOWLING LEAGUE —

The Station Bowling League standing at the moment of going to press is as follows:-

MONDAY SECTION

Team	G. Played	Won	Lost
S.O.P.	6	6	0
S.H.Q., O.R.	5	4	1
SIGNALS SECTION	5	3	2
PARACHUTE SECTION	5	2	3
THE TERRORS	5	1	4
ELECTRICAL SECTION	4	1	3
AIRMEN'S MESS	4	1	3
OFFICERS	4	1	3

TUESDAY SECTION

LINK SECTION	5	5	0
MAIN FITTERS	3	3	0
SENIOR N.C.O.s	4	2	2
TRAINING WING	5	2	3
INSTRUMENT SECTION	5	2	3
WORKS & BUILDINGS	3	1	2
MAIN. WING H.Q.	4	1	3
STATION HOSPITAL	3	0	3

S.O.P. holds the High Three Games Total with 2,855.
Well done S.O.P.

SKATING

Indoor rink in Carberry, available for station personnel and wives, free of charge, on Monday and Wednesday evenings from 2000 to 2200 hours. Waltz music is provided on loudspeakers, and instructors are available. To reach the rink from Main Street, approach the C.P.R. Station, turn right by the Nelson hotel and the rink is about three minutes' walk on the right hand side.

Skates can be bought through the P.S.I. for about \$5.10 per pair, and orders should be given to the Sports Officer. About 20 pairs of skates are available for borrowing in the Sports Store, Recreation hall,

at a charge of 5 cents per day. Skates must be returned the following morning and a charge of 10 cents will be made for each day that they are outstanding.

A Skating Committee, consisting of F/O. Illingworth (Sports Officer), Mr. S. Smith (Y.M.C.A. Officer), LAC. Girling (Hut ???), LAC. Blake (Hut 14B), and LAC. Cherriman (Hut 13A) has been formed and will welcome any suggestions for improving the above facilities.

WARNING!—The next one to offer the Editor "What did you do in the war, Daddy?" and says he wrote it himself—will hang for it.

Nocturne

The meaningless nocturnal arguments
Like feline wranglings in a dusk-smudged alley,
Grow for the moment louder
As the hut is dipped into the bucket of darkness;
And for a while, the night
(or is it ancient fear of night?)
Inspires the stronger wind—

Clamorous crescendo.

Then, unevenly easing through staccato mumblings
Comes silence, giving place to soft-sown sighs
Surrounding sentinel rows:
Shelves of bond-free breathing-bliss humanity
That for a few brief moment
Were show-cases of emotion,
Shop-windows of souls
Now nearly numb.

So, all alone, each one may wrap himself
Fast in the opiate blanket of a mind,
Where, at his will,
Heaven, or hell, may rule to bring delight.
But for some few

(They may not be enough)
This escapade is lost
And nothingness falls swift
Fortunate fatigue.

Slight disturbance . . .

The regulated round of light thrown skyward
Relentlessly revolving

. . . no disturbance, so soothing, turning endlessly.

Rhythmic, hypnotic rocking . . . used to rock me nightly

. . . turning in my brain . . . grey matter . . . grey light . . . gay life

. . . . Betty . . . 48 hour pass . . . the boat . . . , home

BLAZE: CRASH: REVEILLE!

J.O.G.



NO man is good enough to govern another man without the other's consent.

—Abraham Lincoln at Peoria, Ill., Oct. 16, 1854.

●

YOUR CONTRIBUTION
COULD
HAVE FILLED
THIS
S-P-A-C-E

●

**NEXT TIME — EXTRACT THAT
DIGIT EARLIER.**

●



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