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# GEN

No. 620

Organ of No. 33 Service Flying Training School, Royal Air Force, Carberry, Manitoba, Canada

Watch for this number in our next issue. See below for reference.

Vol. 1

MARCH, 1944

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No. 1

## ● PUKK A GENESIS — *Sankey Style*

### Eternal Triangle Again

Then said the Mighty One of the Tribe of RAFF unto the Miserable Son of the Erks (such are they called) who stood before him, "Had'st thou known O witless one, that the Gods, the Lords of the RAFF, bring aid to those who aid themselves? Then would'st thou have sought my aid and the Gods would have helped thee, but now by thy foolishness hast thou angered me so that only the Gods can help thee, for behold I send thee forth into the place of De Ten Zion in the Land of Man-e-to-bar where thy going out and coming in shall be both speedy and burdensome for the space of 20 and 8 days. There shall they heart lie heavy within thee and then shalt thou ponder the wickedness of thy ways."

Then spake he whose way was corrupt in the eyes of Mighty One and he said, "Nay, my Lord, yet I did but help me to A.W.O.L. that thou could'st not give me, nevertheless, it is certain that the Lord of RAFF will not enter the place of De Ten Zion there to go in and out at the double on my behalf. Would therefore that the Lord of RAFF might plead to thee for me that thou mightest have mercy upon me."

Yet did the Lord of RAFF but harden the heart of the Mighty One, so that laughter did silently shake him within at the wit and hapless plight of the wretched one, within repented he of the sentence he had passed upon him.

Then committed he him to the Enseeohs that he might be led away to the place of captivity where the fast shall be lost and the lost fast, for many are cold, but few are frozen—Selah (or as the French say, Voila, and in the words of the inevitable, inscrutable, incorrigible, impregnable and unbelievable British "Sing Tally-ho").

### Per Ardua . . . At Its Best

Attention is drawn to the fact that a well known confidence man has commenced his nefarious activities at 33 S.F.T.S., having been driven here in disgrace from a station further west as a result (it is believed) of similar practices.

He has been discovered to be operating under the sign of the flashing beacon—yes, even beneath the nose and within the hearing of a certain senior officer who, even if he has no consideration for his fellow men should know much better than to allow such goings on.

His despicable work so far seems to be confined to a particularly vile form of extortion through the medium of that innocent diversion of more humble men—a tea swindle. A tea swindle in the most literal of senses in that it is in this case *all* swindle and *no* tea.

Contributions are invited (and obtained) from all those who would have a word with him on such vital matters as passes, leaves, duties (swapping of, or escaping of) etc., and his ear is strangely deaf or the difficulties insurmountable until the tinkle of coin is heard in a small box placed conveniently ready to hand.

When the unfortunate victim hopefully brings up the matter of the "tea" he is told unfailingly, and with considerable sympathy and regret, that he is either much too early or just too late . . . "better luck next time, old boy!"

The writer, who has heard these words at least ten times is moved to give freely of the benefit of his sad experience and says with considerable feeling—Per Ardua.

### RHODESIAS (By Correspondent) Matter of Etiquette

Etiquette is one of the venal virtues. Carried to excess, it gives people a pattern of life whose lives are normally chaotic.

If you drank a cup of coffee the way you are supposed to drink a glass of beer, you would exhibit a lack of etiquette. If you drank a glass of beer the way you are supposed to drink a cup of coffee, you would still be barred the Mayfair portal. A tea cup has a handle with a hole in it, but you are not supposed to hook your finger through it. Some low eating houses have mugs with handles with no hole in them—this is called Educating the Masses.

It is etiquette to walk on the outside, or kerb-side, of a lady in the street; so if the nearest wall falls into the road, you have a

fair chance of longevity. There are always plenty more ladies.

Strict rules of etiquette govern precedence at Courts. Not long ago, if you didn't know that a Dowager Duchess of the Hapsburgs preceded a Prince of the Hogwitz-Biesterfeld-Kurbaierns, then you were likely to find yourself on your ear in the gutter outside the Tradesmen's Entrance. Nowadays, however, the rules are simpler. The order of precedence is as follows: Beer Barons and Baronesses, titled newspaper-owners and chocolate-kings, incognito LAC's, second generation iron-masters and their royal-line wives, visiting deposed dictators and economists, junior officers of the Armed Forces, senior bishops, old-established earls, foreign counts—and so on down to Air Commodores and above.

### This May Be It!

### \$5 For One Copy

This copy of GEN may be worth **Five Dollars in Cash** to you!

Each copy will be numbered and the copy to be retained as a file copy will be bought back.

Here's how—A number will be chosen by the staff of the paper (properly supervised) and the person holding the copy of GEN which bears that number at top of this page may sell it back for \$5.

Simple as all that. So don't send your copy home to the folks yet. Hang on to it for a few days and watch for the announcement of the lucky number.

## GEN

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## Editorial

With this March issue, shorn of its past colour and glamour, we present a new conception of our Station Magazine. No longer will the dressing of deepest blue outshine the contents within, but rather will we seek to improve each issue until it is before you as the Best of its Kind. From these pages will spread a glow of friendship, a link with the future, so that in happier times to come we will reread these pages and bear testimony that the spirit and sportsmanship of our comrades on this station was of the highest.

From the setting of this paper you will now be able to see the type and style of contributions required. ANYTHING that happens to each one of us anytime, anywhere, is NEWS. WE want to print these happenings in a friendly manner, therefore we appeal to each member of this community to contribute something each month. If you do so, there will settle over you a sense of well being, you will have played your part, and in the immortal words of Hamlet, "This above all, to thine own self be true, and it must follow as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man, Farewell: my blessing season is in thee.—ED.

## At Last It Works!

The Beam Flight has now been in operation for some months and having surmounted quite a few teething troubles is giving useful service all 'round (We hope!).

The peculiar antics of the Instructors at the beginning rather alarmed the members of the Officers' Mess, who studiously avoided them, but we are pleased to say that they have now returned to almost normal. The only way to tell a Beam Instructor nowadays is by the blank look on his face. He may still greet you with a "Di dah—di dah—di dah" but otherwise he is no different from the rest of the taxi-drivers.

The "gen" imparted to the pupils, we believe, will be of great use in their future careers (if any), although we sometimes wonder if it is all worthwhile when we hear of a type who, in an Airmanship paper, said: "There are three transmitters in the Beam layout—one transmits the Outer Marker, one the Inner Marker, and the third transmits the Cone of Silence!"

## FO Wills Dood It

P. J.'s frequent visits to the MET men, discovered that February 11th was the ideal day for the Stork to visit him. The passenger Peter Warren Wills arrived and now Mr. and Mrs. Wills rejoice at the birth of a son. We will toast at the Bar, at your expense—P.J.

## GC J. S. T. FALL, D.S.C., A.F.C., Writes

On this, the occasion of the inauguration of a new station magazine, I would like to appeal to all personnel to give it their support both in the form of contributions and subscriptions. I would also like to draw attention to a recent statement over the radio and in the press that Royal Air Force units in Canada are closing down. It has become apparent to me that personnel on this station are of the opinion that we shall soon be "on the boat." I have no information to justify this conclusion and, on the contrary, I believe that we shall have to complete our tour of duty in Canada. Therefore, it is my earnest wish that this Station becomes an example of efficiency and smartness throughout this Command, and towards this ideal all personnel will go forward as one, in perfect harmony and purpose.

## GONGS . . .

We cannot issue a medal, but GEN each month will mention the names of personnel who have or are performing some meritorious act of unselfishness towards the entertaining of their comrades, or the maintenance of the high standard of morale on this station.

WO Gash and WO Horner.

Corporals Vesco, Morris, Clark, Ryan, and little Bubbles.

Corporals Bishop and Alexandra.

AC's Isherwood, Edwards (Eddie).

AC Harold Palmer (Now Corporal).

Corporal Robinson and Bill Taylor.

F/O Illingworth.

S/L Cantrell.

## Overworked Stork

P/O Doughton and wife now have another mouth to feed. Good Show, and happy nights.

## Ripchords

(By our Dramatic Critic)

At the Orpheum the Ripchords played their last. It was a great effort, one which both producer and artists have reason to be proud of. I have rarely enjoyed so much, the complete buffoonery of the Bubbles style. Bubbles showed natural talent is sufficient, but he tends to force the laughs in quick rapidity, instead of allowing the audience time to regain their breaths. I must say in fairness to every act, it was class, it sparkled and set every one alive. Never in all my experience have I seen the gallery get up and spontaneously join in the Finale of Auld Lang Syne, as they did on the Friday. Many an eye held the trace of a tear, and many a lip trembled. One felt the wretched tearing of the heart strings, in our Goodbye. The soft vocals of Isherwood, Taylor, and the choruses were supreme. The comic was truly comic, and as I listened to the chatter in the lobby at the end, felt proud of you RIPCHORDS. So concluding, I leave you my thanks and a reverderci.

Who is the pupil who said he was flying so slow he thought he was flying a reciprocal track.

## Announcement

The Editor and Staff of the Station Magazine deeply regret the passing of one of our comrades. We refer to the death of L.A.C. R. A. Potts. "Young Potts" as he was known to all, was a first-class pupil, and a good comrade. His flair for writing was evident in his poetry, showing an exceptionally direct mind with an ability to express his artistic sense of things. Our loss is severe and to his family we extend our deepest sympathy at their great loss. He was a very gallant gentleman.—Ed.

## THE AIRMAN'S TEN COMMANDMENTS

1. Thou shalt not scrounge or try to swing the lead.
2. Thou shalt not take the name of thy sergeant in vain, or shalt thy name have enrolled on a 252 and undergo a course of durance vile.
3. Honour they Pay Book and thy Accounts Bloke all the days of thy service, that thy credit may be as even as the sands of the desert.
4. Thou shalt not take unto thyself thy comrades kit, neither shalt thou borrow thereof when the owner is not present or thou shalt have thy sins thrust upon thee by the quickness of the hand that blacketh the eye.
5. Thou shalt not fill thyself to overflowing with beer by Royal Warrant, thou shalt lose many shekels and the S.P.'s shalt number thee amongst their staff.
6. Thou shalt not fritter away thy worldly goods by playing banker, nap or pontoon, lest the voice of the S.P. say unto thee, "Render unto me thy name, but let thy shekels where they be.
7. Six days shalt thou labour and do all that thou hast to do, and on the seventh thou shalt do twice as much.
8. And if by chace it comes to pass, that, by thy zeal and sweat of thy brow, thou art mentioned in D.R.O.'s as raised to the height of sergeant, thou shalt present thyself at the abode called the N.C.O.'s Mess, where thou wilt crave that they accept refreshment at thine own expense.
9. Thou shalt not kill. If the cook grieveth thee, thou shalt not smite him, hip or thigh, but shall appeal to the Big White Chief, who will give thee less satisfaction than the cause of the complaint.
10. And it shall come to pass that when thy time has come, thou receiveth thy "ticket" and depart for Blighty, there you will take unto thyself strange garments and study the "Dole" and the drawing thereof henceforth.

## Complaints From The States

A recent visit to the States and the good work put in by A. C. Parrish towards the spirit of Good Neighbourliness, evidently caused his girl friend some anxiety. She evidently preferred his efforts to be directed in her direction, and accused him of being a Line shooter. A. C. Parrish denies that his policy was to include the whole female section of the States. (Sgts. Mess Paper please copy).

## Black Horse Found

Whilst on duty in Winnipeg, W. O. Horner was approached by a lady in great distress. Being a gallant gentleman, he listened patiently to the lady's tale of doubt and anxiety. She had found a case of Black Horse. Would this nice, kind gentleman please tell her what to do with it. Our War correspondent (on duty also in Winnipeg) states, and we quote, "W. O. Horner acted in the best interests of the Service and did what any one of us would do." So, little Jack Horner sat in his corner drinking his Black Horse away, at the 12th he did stop, having guzzled the lot, and said, What a good boy I is.

## PROMOTIONS

(Permanent, We Hope)

The undermentioned promotions are hereby confirmed by GEN. We respectfully remind all those who hope to be promoted that GEN. arranges these matters for all its readers. If you are seen about the camp carrying a copy of GEN, our investigator, (No room or floor yet, dressed in Air Force Blue, with a moustache and glasses, and umbrella colour, pastel green, and called Sammy), will if he hasn't forgot it, ask for your name. (Don't give it, there's some work in G.I.S., removing truck wheel marks for S/L Millar.—Ed.)

S/Ldr. Miller, A. P.  
S/Ldr. Amor, R. L., AFC.  
F/Lt. McCormick.  
F/Lt. McGowan (The Adjutant).  
F/Lt. Broome, S. F.  
F/Lt. Cheston, H. J.  
F/O Wilding, G. T.  
F/O Bruce, J. M.  
F/Sgts. Ginger Girvin, Bill Hedley and Smithy from W. & B.  
F/Sgt. D. L. John.  
Sgts. Hyrcuik, M. and McVagh, R.L.

## Cupid's Clots

Frosty-legs Robinson, Allehulia Jive Edwards, R.I.P. (chords) and the washer up of dishes, the one and only Johnny Ager, together with the "enthusiastic amateur" Corporal Sidney-Beecham-Bromo Seltz-Chapman, have been and gorn and done it. (The clerical department, Room 5, Floor 23, in the Pukka Genises Building, will offer advice and do the job for a special cut price on Whit-Monday). Some marriage, some building, some hope!

## For Whom The Bells Toll

Soapey Slapper, our button sower-on should report sick at once, sounds of wedding bells can be heard when Soapey Slapper appears. For the writer's own experience, Blackpool is some place for those in need of wivies. They always say Yes.

## W. A. V. E. S.

Signals Section—the sole means of communication between this Outpost of Empire and the rest of the World—rests for a few seconds to "push out" some "gen" about the hardworking types employed there.

★

The whole Station is fully aware of the jovial ever-pleasant qualities of our Flying Officer Hawkins, who during the past month or so has excelled as a lawyer and a bowler, and we hope that his prowess on the "ice" will soon be made.

The Signals W/O has a full-time job trying to convince the Traffic Office "gen men," namely Bert Large and Butch Boley, on the great advantages and benefits of the Service. This does meet with great opposition, but the Signals W/O has great hopes of eventually converting them to Service types.

The Staff of the "Number please" Section are always in great demand, and rumor has it that special telephone lines direct to Winnipeg are being considered for the use of a certain Signals' person.

Our Maintenance Section, under Sergeant Bell, is another of our hives of industry, and plaintive appeals to "please have a look at my set—it don't work" are very frequent, and add also to the great demands on their efforts.

Signals, very ably managed by Corporal Fewer (gen skating man) who in his spare (?) moments also runs the Control Tower Radio facilities, is very busy supplying the means for instructors to swear, persuade or coax their pupils to fly at least right way up.

The W/O's pride and joy—namely S.B.A. Signals—is definitely a very efficient and necessary part of this unit, controlled by Sergeant Taff Griffiths, assisted from our lonely outpost Oberon, by three valiant and hardy wireless blokes who return only to so-called civilization for their "48's."

Some of us are waiting for what most people are waiting for, but even us Signals wallahs, with great knowledge of "smoke signals, bamboo wireless, etc.," cannot pull out any gen from the ether up to now—but we have hopes.

So, 'til next time, this is Signals signing off with the well-known and certain ending—Sorry you're being troubled.

## A Sinner Repents

Our Soul Savers Dept. report that Cpl. Alderson, Room 9, Floor 13 (also mangles hair-pins and diapers), same building, same corporation, has proved their most model convert. Whilst in the Corporal's Club on Free Night (Free Food, and Free. Bingo) that he did with malice aforethought, purchase four glasses of beer for his friends, and we would add it was cheap night on beer prices. Memo gone to our dept., on their success.

## Albert Gets on the Beam

Now you've all heard of Albert Ramsbottom And as how he were a bit of a lad, And of his consumption by Lion Among rest of troubles he had, Well Albert kept growing and growing Till one day he said, "I'll join t'RAF". His parents were right proud of Albert Tho' t'other folks thought he were daft. Selection Board looked over Albert And deduced from the sound of his cough That Aircrew were thing as ud suit him 'Im being a little soft. And so in due course he were posted, To t'place where they taught him to fly, And to avoid heavy landings, And how to behave in the sky. But he didn't take kindly to learning For t'instructors were cruel and hard, They bound Albert rigid for hours, And called him bad names by the yard. Some said he were dim and not trying That he were a bit of a clot, And inferred he hadn't no parents, While one F/O called him a twot. He absorbed all the Gen about stalling And t'reasons for dropping of wings, With incipient spins he were coping, And all about airspeed and things, In general t'were all going swimming Till one day our lad got on the Beam, Flight Commander said "Em, sink him" As our Albert were just one long dream. Albert's efforts at night were right shocking T'instructors kept slapping his hand, When t'air-speed dropped below thirty, As he were approaching to land. First time round he missed t'main beacon And forgot all about Q.D.R. So when t'hood were lifted at Weyburn, He altered his course by a star. To keep on the beam he kept banking Through sixty degrees at a time, T'instructor had baby in cockpit And said his I.F. were a crime. Then dots and dashes kept fading, Till Albert were proper confused, Cone of silence were as noisy as blazes, In fact he were far from amused. Then like a message from Heaven, Outer Marker cawed loud in his ear, So he orbited spot to get bearing To find out what course he should steer, And what with the worry of Gyro Precessing and topping as well, And needle of compass revolving, He thought he were really in hell. So he requested assistance from Gilbert, On what were the right thing to do, But when he found out he were POPEYE Well that were the last thing that he know. Like a madman he dropped t'undercarriage Neglecting to operate t'horn, Losing height at three thousand a minute Till t'fabric of aircraft were torn. Vital actions meant nothing to Albert, Instructor were blue in the face, And as Kite drew nearer to beacon He covered his eyes and said grace, Albert checked just two feet from the surface And mused eighteen inches or more, Instructors adjusted his harness, And bailed out through the hole in the door, So after effecting a landing And heading the plane into wind, With chocks behind wheels as precaution, Albert made for the marker and grinned. He'd an axe in his hand had our Albert, His features contorted with hate,

And by the time that he'd finished with beacon,  
It were in a hell of a state.  
Next day he were charged for his action,  
In destroying Outer Marker with axe,  
And dismissed from the Service were Albert,  
When C.O. had been told of the facts.  
But Albert had not escaped Beacon,  
And for years it still quacked in his ear,  
Like a cackle of geese in a farmyard,  
Till in the end Albert really got queer.  
So now you may see him in Main Street,  
Precessing his way to the 'Crown'  
Still seeking the Main Marker Beacon,  
In a glass of the best . . . old and brown.

## Strength . . . Decrease

—And Without Permission of GEN.

F/O Longhurst to Margaret Nona Hogg, at St. Luke's church, Winnipeg.

LAC Hewitt, to Ivy Belle Hunter, at Knox Church, Winnipeg.

P/O Critchison A.F., to Harriat Agnes Hargreaves at St. Michael and All Angel's Church, Lipton Sask.

A.C.2 Carswell to Kathleen Annie Witham at Church of St. Paul, North Battleford.

The Staff of GEN convey their sincere wishes to the above.

## Strength . . . Increase

Yvonne Elizabeth, to Corporal and Mrs. I. Hall.

Darrie Norman, to LAC and Mrs. Hill.

Peter (By cable, England) AC1 and Mrs. Lake.

Brian James to Corporal and Mrs. Limbrick.

## ?&\$!—

"Take this note down to the sergeant on duty at the guardroom," said the Pilot Officer, "and he'll put you inside. I can't spare an escort just now; we're too busy."

## Honesty Best Policy ?

Once upon a time there was a Policeman who was thrown off the Police Course because it was discovered that he could read and write.

On behalf of the Police Staff our welcome to F/Sgt. Myatt on his arrival from Estevan.

## LAC Ree's Girdle

This fiddler of farmers, the string puller of hearts, now wears a girdle. We hear that the sales girl on hearing that he required one for his sister, asked: Do you know what the size of your hips are? Suitable for the Hello girls in signals I hope. Officer please note, Tele-ops room OUT OF BOUNDS.

## I LIKES IT

When the lights were being dimmed for the spot-dance at the Station dance, Corporal Bubbles Elliott was seen cuddling a female Borgia. (Strange interlude for a drummer.)

## Der Fuehrer's Boys Get Pasted

We are losing two of our original members, F/O Penfold (the Music-maker), who is on the boat, and F/O Doughty who has been posted to Nova Scotia. The latter was reluctant to leave and we suspect a romantic reason in Winnipeg.

F/O Peter (where's my fighter boots) McDougall Black is still enjoying the charms of married life in Carberry and has thrown away his trusty carpet brush.

The two Flight Commanders have now been promoted to Flight Lieutenants.

The "Fuehrer" is still going strong and indulges in his daily stumble to the Control Tower. We suspect he has joined the "Battleship Swindle" and is collecting his cup of tea.

Sgt. Dobriskey and Cpl. Brown ("there's nothing wrong with the brakes, Sir") are also in the boat and carry our best wishes for the future.

We welcome Sgt. Mills and hope he likes his new job.

The Signals Section takes a keen interest in the Beam Instruments (lucky people), but are still a little dismayed by a certain instructor who always seems to be "fresh out of amps and volts."

One of our instructors has solved this time-keeping problem—he takes up an alarm clock.

## Manitoba Acclaims Our Beauty

By popular vote, F/LT. Carter, the Medical Officer, was voted the Glamouress Hunk of Masculinity of Manitoba. A conference is to be called together in the Marlborough shortly, by Mrs. Carter. Our special reporter on calling enquired as to the subject of the conference and if the press were to be admitted. We were informed, that, only two people were to attend, F/Lt. and Mrs. Carter. We assume therefore that the lady will occupy the chair.

## Big Business at Y.M.C.A.

Rumours of handsome profits is being bandied about in Camp grounds. Our capable and efficient AC Groves, is still in business as receiver and disposer of unnecessary goods. One thing that he cannot dispose of is an elephant, and he's afraid that the P.S.I might discover its presence on the Camp, and take it over at a considerable less price than he paid for it. Our Legal department states, and we quote: "If the guy's got an elephant, then the Legal johnnies will stay off Rye."

At certain airmanship lecture the other day the Lecturer argued that Green was Port and Red was Starboard. He hadn't a Leg(g) to stand on.

Who is the instructor who likes Rotal Props because he can fly close to the ground?

## "C" Flight in Trouble

Since the gloriously disorganizing event of our Fuehrer's final effort for freedom against the overwhelming odds of one woman and six instructors—we are all rapidly becoming living-out minded!!!, although one member, our Polish representative, seems to have been unnerved by the unfortunate one's graphic accounts, and is now smartly retreating!

With one member spliced, one just back from leave in the States and one on the way home; S.B.A. flight's attempt to do some dual for us is much appreciated (but it would be easier, if they left us some pupes!).

The most exciting event of the day is still the compilation of the times book and we are seriously thinking of starting a new line of swear-word dictionaries, but we feel that our modest effort might be eclipsed by some of the less refined flights!

During the recent check-up it was found that an average of half-an-inch in height has been lost by each instructor by his frequent trips to and from the instructor's room, which is now situated 315/Fuehrer-house/50 yards.

However, with two weeks at Petrel on the horizon maybe we can shake off that run-down feeling, so cheer up you flights that's in the red . . . things could be worse.

## The Corporal's Cuddle

Big happenings Sunday the 27th, in the club, commencing 2000 hrs. Farewell party for Jimmy Brown (ex-barman) and Ernie Limrick (thermometer king) and all the rest of these of the lucky cads who are on the boat.

## Hoarder Discovered In Camp

The Sheeprot lad, Mr. Durnell, now by some strange coincidence L/AC Durnell, (must have got some in somewhere) does not, as is the general rule, spends his money in riotous living at Winnipeg, but as soon as pay parade is over, buys all the ladies under lovelies for his wife. (Any samples I could take on my next weeked.—Ed.)

## Candy Shortage

At last AC Fred Bowley sent chocolates to his wife. Going home, Fred?

## SAMSON M . . .

A certain pilot had his locks shorn this month, but not by Delilah. Anyway, someone took the strength out of his port under-carriage.

## SAMSON JACKSON

Jackson is quite a name, but a certain pupil whose name offended a certain under-carriage Gremlin, must be feeling sorry for himself.

No wonder we get so much deviation on these compasses with all the metal in these E-type suits," said F/O Ridgeway, "it's not the metal, it's my magnetic personality."

# Holiday Impressions of Pre-War Germany

By VIATOR DOKLANK

Between the years 1932 and 1938 the writer made five trips to Germany and Austria by car, and the following is an attempt to record some of his personal impressions of various cross sections of the life of the country during these years. They should not, therefore, be taken as representing Germany as it is to-day but rather to give some idea of the stage and setting on which was being prepared the greatest drama of all time and on which today the last act is now drawing towards its final curtain.

The first visit was made in the autumn of 1932. Germany was in transition. The Nazi party was already established and Hitler was a well-known name, notorious perhaps, but still an unknown quantity. His Munich Putsch had failed ignominiously and Mein Kampf was as yet unpublished. Six million men (one-tenth of the population) were unemployed, prices were high, the people were restless and dissatisfied and recovery from the ghastly period of inflation and ruin had barely begun.

As the little M.G. car turned into the courtyard of the unimposing but comfortable hotel in Cologne where we had decided to spend the first night, a group of interested spectators gathered round to watch. English cars were a rare sight since the days of the British occupation of the city, but a strange friendliness, almost an affection seemed to persist for those queer people whose enforced stay had so tempered justice with mercy and kindness and one wonders how many German families will be anxiously debating today as to which of the conquering powers will fall the lot of policing their city in the days to come.

We were welcomed by the proprietor, who apologized that the hotel was rather full as a meeting of the "Brownshirts" was to take place in one of the larger rooms that night and he hinted that it might be noisy. In fact later that evening the noise became so excessive that we decided to do some investigating for ourselves. However, we were firmly refused admission by a group of hefty young ruffians with swastika armbands who guarded the doors when we were unable to produce the necessary passes. However, by unobtrusive observation from afar we heard passionate speeches constantly interrupted by angry shouts, we saw frequent ejections of "undesirables" and "trouble makers" by the aforementioned hefty ruffians and the unmistakable odour of stink bombs which finally heralded the arrival of the police and the general break up of the meeting in disorder. Such were the birth pangs of the Nazi party and our first impressions of Germany in 1932.

As we toured next day through the endless forests of factories in the industrial Ruhr. Nazi slogans and the inevitable swastikas disfigured the walls, often partly obliterated by rival slogans couched in delightfully abusive terms. For nearly 40 miles we passed through a continuous industrial area over incredibly rough stone-paved streets with poorly laid tram lines. Duisberg, Bochum, Essen and Dortmund—linked together by smaller towns not so often mentioned in the R.A.F. bulletins—produced one huge distorted landscape where grass and trees had ceased to exist and were replaced by slag heaps and chimney stacks in their thousand. Tired, ill clad, robot-like workmen streamed out of the factories filling

the dim streets as they filtered off to their drab homes in giant tenement buildings or rows of smoke blackened cottages.

No—the Ruhr area was a pretty dreadful place in 1932, and how much more so must it be now when so much of this vast power house of war is now a wilderness of rubble and broken ruins.

The second night was spent with a German family in the small country town of Hameln—(Hamelin of Pied Piper fame). In the main square was a memorial to the said Piper complete with rats and brats and curiously reminiscent of Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens. Our hosts lived in a comfortable house on the outskirts of the town. Previously well to do, they had lost almost everything in the inflation period and were now gradually building up their business again. The son was a medical student in Berlin and their attractive daughter had spent some months studying at London University. All spoke English well. They were worried about the recent flare up of political trouble with these new upstart Nazi youths who dressed up in their fancy clothes, swaggered about the streets arrogantly all too ready to become offensive or even dangerous if a careless remark of an amused bystander gave them the excuse for alleged provocation. It was hard to take them seriously, yet they were already giving the authorities plenty of trouble. Clashes occurred almost every night between them and the Communists and the police who strove to keep the peace by arresting all they could and clubbing all they couldn't, irrespective of party. Murder by night even in this quiet country town was already becoming a disturbing but accepted reality, and it was unwise for the older people and the women to be out of doors after nightfall. Our host thought the trouble was only temporary and an expression of the labour problems and the general state of unrest of the people. "No, this fellow Hitler, who seemed to be a bit of a soap box orator certainly had the power to exact loyalty from a large number of irresponsible youths, but was not likely to carry much weight with the masses of the people and he could not imagine that their many acts of violence would stand them in good stead when it came to getting votes." I am certain that that was the view taken by the majority of the older and better educated Germans at this time—and how wrong they were.

Next day we left for Berlin — across the northern plain from Brunswick to Magdeburg we made good time along the flat, straight roads lined occasionally, not with the poplars of France but with fruit trees with apples ripening on their stems. At one tiny village where we stopped to change a tire which had collected the inevitable hobnail from country clogs, we were amused by a small boy cycling back from school who dismounted and stood solemnly gazing at us absorbing all he saw. Suddenly he addressed us in faltering but grammatically correct and well pronounced English. We leapt up with surprise at this erudite rustic urchin who then proceeded to inform us that English was the chief language taught at his village school. When he recognized the English car

he considered it an excellent opportunity to show off the extent of his linguistic ability. No, "he was not a Brownshirt boy yet, but many of his friends were and he thought he would join them soon as they seemed to get a lot of fun out of it." Late that evening we entered the suburbs of Potsdam, passed the ornate palace of San Souci with its wonderful gardens and the magnificent cathedral, not unlike St. Paul's, and an hour later after passing through dreary suburbs, seemingly as endless as those of London, we arrived at the centre of the city and were soon in a comfortable bath in a luxurious hotel.

Berlin then was a vast, restless, unhappy city glossed with a superficial gaiety. Everybody lived for the hour and dreaded what the future might bring. The hotels and night clubs were full of foreigners and rich business men and their lady friends and the streets were full of beggars. Night life existed on a lavish scale and it was said that with the right guide and an appropriate number of Marks every conceivable form of vice could be viewed passively or actively indulged. Nudity in its crudest form flourished without the subtlety of pseudo-glamour associated with similar establishments in Paris. Nature clubs with nude bathing or even hiking parties were accepted as signs of the general rebellion against convention. Ragged Nazi boys and girls of 15 or 16 disregarded all accepted proprieties, wandering aimlessly from town to town insolently stopping passing cars for lifts and apparently existing on fresh air, love and charity. Failure to stop one's car might result in a volley of stones or even empty bottles. Speed was therefore essential.

It was common practice in the larger cafes and night clubs for all tables to be interconnected with telephones. It was simple therefore for the lonely male to choose his partner for the evening by glancing round the room and phoning the appropriate table whose number would be prominently displayed. "If he were slow the telephone at his own table would soon ring and he would be addressed in insinuating tones, probably in his own tongue, suggesting various possibilities. The dinner which followed would inevitably be the most expensive the establishment could provide and the charming hostess would certainly demand large quantities of caviar and champagne, somewhat to the discomfort of the poor dupe who expected to keep the expenses of his holiday as low as possible.

The shops were well stocked but the prices soared, many fine cars were in the streets and many uniforms marched up and down Unter Den Linden or aired themselves beneath the fine old trees of the Tiergarten. (The Hyde Park of Berlin). Large crowds still collected daily at the shrine of the unknown warrior whose roof was open to sun, rain and stars and over whom burnt a flame which was never extinguished. The memory of the last war still lingered, but Englishmen were nevertheless made welcome wherever they went — particularly if they had money to spend. Hindenburg was still the grand old Man to whom most Germans looked for the salvation of their country. Such was Berlin in 1932.

(Continued next issue)

# Landlord and Tenants Confer on G. I. S.

## Pupils Not Gentlemen

### FO Firmin Has Doubts

With 90 course gone, and the devil doing his worst, Course 100 now appears. Strange goings on at Petrel with the 90's, prompt Firmin to remark that it was home from home. Mr. Spit Toon our inebriated head of the Homes Furnishing Dept., Room 1, Floor 2, (Wednesday, only by appointment), reports that whilst 90 course were celebrating with their Dance, an N.C.O. named Thompson put a Bug in Jitter. Mr. S. Toon remarked to me yesterday, that Firmin's Fortuitous Few, including Igor Matthews and Ivan Till, gave a demonstration of a Russian Dance. It is worth the reader's time to read Mr. Spit Toon's report, so we quote, "There in the midst of Lawford, Harris and Shipp of Hogsnotton, these two men performed. The uncontrolled lift of Rectus abdomenus, and the flop with which it fell again startled those and myself beyond the bounds of decency. The difficulty with which they retained control over the petorals gives pain even at this moment to the seat of my Gluteals (which translated, means, that wot is sat upon)." The rest of the report cannot be printed, there were of course demonstrations of loyalty to Mr. Firmin, which we, as Mr. Spit Toon remarked, was "Home from Home."

### A Request to the Airman

By popular request from our Oscillating Dept., Basement only, Airmen are requested to turn off their radios at 2100 hrs. The dept. desires to see unity on the station, as the Officers cannot get their sleep with radios on after this hour. Mr. Dolman, head of this popular Dept., feels that it would be nice if the Airmen would follow suit.

### Gestapo on the Station

Our reporter from the DRY Humour Dept. in conference with the Editor last Monday reported that unusual things were taking place on this Station. Strange tongues were heard originating from Servicing. Then followed a wee body, carrying a metal pole and mine detector. Instead of surveying the ground with the detector, he moved from Block to Block and Room to Room. Everything was quiet except the music of Benny Goodman, emanating from the countless radios.

The reporter (vision and two rings before his eyes) followed till at last they appears, on the part of the Gestapo man, much agitation. On reaching the room of the well-known stiff skater of Mersy Dotes Fame. He stopped, tapping with his pole on the door. The face that appeared resembled Puck at his best. So there began one of the most interesting conversations ever yet heard in the Officers' quarters.

Eventually it was agreed that the S.M.O. would treat the heads of Servicing free, should he catch Smallpox, and three colds. (Maternity at a special reduced fee.) In return the S.M.O. could play with his tuning dials once a night. This, then, dear readers, is pure Aryanism at its best.

### Station Dance, March 1st, 1944

With the customary efficiency, the entertainment committee organized our dance for March 1. That's as much as they did organize—the date. Forty-eight hours before the dance very little had been done to get us partners, and as far as decorating the drill hall, that was likely to be as bare as the day it was bought.

We must give credit for the ultimate success to a band of real live wires headed by Squadron Leader Ellis-Green, P/O Bennett, F/O Illingworth and Mr. Stan Smith. The former tore through the wilderness of Manitoba to purchase drapes and other things. P/O Bennett became temporary head in his

absence. Mr. Stan Smith and F/O Illingworth began organizing parties to collect fern for decoration, and valiantly cut down trees for three and one-half hours. W/O Horner and his little band of signal volunteers got on with radio and lighting requirements.

Not one of the entertainment committee delegated by their billetes volunteered in these necessary requirements. This is a poor show. However, when the hour of the dance approached, slowly the drill hall became a hall of many colors and soft lights.

The dance began with the orchestra from Rivers, and got away to a slow tempo. The station band gave us the jive, and so each took it in turn throughout the evening.

It was a grand sight to see women dressed

In saying farewell to Sgt. Atkinson (Signals Section) we hope that his Q.D.M. (Note to pupils—this is not a True bearing), for home will be bang on! Greetings from The House of G.I.S. are extended to F/Sgt. Hall and we hope that his stay will be a happy one (we nearly said 'long').

Was it true that a member of the Armament Section was really miserable, the other day at the very thought that his name might be on the P.W.R.—we are pleased to know that the place is so comfortable, or is it the American influence?—and is it true that LAC Evans is really going to cross the Great Divide before the Boat sails, maybe he has already done so by now. Our congratulations are extended to Sgts. McVagh and Hrycuik on their third stripe, and think it only fitting that they should wear a ribbon of some sort, but now their chests are bare and we are disappointed.

A benign grin has been present on P/O P. Frank's face these last few days, as at last he is on the boat list, and passed on the No. 14 to W/O Gent or was it to F/O D. Hughes, anyway we will miss his presence—or did we ever notice it?—and we do say 'Bon Voyage!' 'Coo', ain't we clever—F/L Jones told us that one, and it isn't Welsh.

We welcome Co. 100 to our abode, and can assure them that we are not so harsh and formidable as appearances may give, and hope they will make full use of the gen (it's pukka too) that we pass one, realizing that it is absolutely essential to future aviators—even to the floor polishing! (The Editor spent a week in this building and returned much wiser, but sick.)

We say hello to the new Navigation Feuhrer (F/L A. M. Cook) and another Gauliter, F/O J. Price. We can promise them plenty of work (Do we hear mutterings about a No. 12—dust that mean anything, J.P.?) and the very newest addition, F/Sgt. Mossop (discip. type), chock full of new ideas for keeping pupils in order. (More about him when we know him better.)

It is necessary at this stage to state that the change over of offices between the Navigation Section and the Orderly Room was not (repeat not) for the purpose of keeping check on the arrival of certain people through the front door (please wipe your feet). Were we the source of these rumours?—Let us deny it here and now, but it was a good idea, and would like to say that the new quarters are very commodious, and, when the heat is on, comfortable.

Cpl. Pierce is still wearing a worried look, especially at the beginning and the end of a course, when he shepherds the new students around in a fatherly manner, — and we are still waiting to know how to level the Drift Recorder. (For the love of Pete will someone please tell them, and as a gentle reminder, G.I.S., you owe us two weeks' rent—ED.)

### BLACKOUT OFFENCES

Did you hear the story of the dim-witted S.P. who thought that the "Charge of the Light Brigade" was a super 252 on Blackout Offences.

### FORT GARRY 5TH FLOOR

So you'll fly much better tomorrow, Flying Officer. Really?

in frills and gaily patterned frocks, and a grand sound to hear, instead of the masculine voice of man, a more softer and pleasanter sound, the voice of a woman.

There were some distinguished visitors to be seen in the Group Captain's party. They were Col. Mitchell and Col. Hamilton-Grant, Major and Mrs. Charles Boxer of Winnipeg, Mrs. K. Vokes of Winnipeg, wife of Col. Vokes, who is believed to be somewhere in Italy.

It was a pleasure to see Mrs. J. S. T. Fall amongst us, and taking an active part in dancing.

As the evening progressed it was decided to hold a Dutch Auction, proceeds of which would be devoted to the Canadian Red Cross.

## Letters To The Editor

Sir,—Can anyone lend me an E 42? The other day I sent over to the Equipment Section for a supply of polish. It was refused because I could not demand on an E 42. Being without an E 42 I sent over for a supply of E 42's. Back came the answers, "No E 42's—unless you make a demand on an E 42. Therefore, would some kindly soul please lend me an E 42 so that I can get in on this.

Yours, etc.,  
F/O Finch.

Ed.—How did we ever get started here? Perhaps someone had a friend in Command who had a friend in Ottawa who swiped the first E 42. Anyone care to own up so that the Editor might be able to get an early passage home?

### LAC Moss Writes:

How do I get a late pass without applying, as at my last station we used to tear off a strip of paper with the date on, before going out of the gates, and hand it to the S.P. ED. replies:

Local Station Rules differ in some points on all stations. At this station the rule is to put in 295 asking for an extension to 0200 hours, and only once a month is this privilege granted. Of course you could try the old strip of paper, but I don't think you will get far, anyway, what have you found in Carberry that requires an extension. Let me in on this, laddie, and I'll give you a good write-up next month.

### Kay Francis

The lovely stage, film and radio star now touring Canada, may be appearing here with Reginald Gardiner, etc, etc., about the middle of March. Further news will appear later.

### STUMPS

Our dentist is a cricket enthusiastic, he often forgets to draw the stumps.

### BRIGHT SPOTS IN A DULL LIFE

WHO is the officer who asked for the station hospital quickly "as HE was about to have a baby"?

WHO is the officer who rang Carberry at 2 a.m. and asked "could he come down for a coffee"?

WHO is the officer who thought the telephone booth in the Officers' Mess was a toilet?

WHO is the officer who really dropped a burton when he phoned Winnipeg and found that 'SHE' was at the Cave with his Flight Commander?

WHO is the sergeant who spent \$7 just to inform his girl friend in the States that he was broke?

Who is the pupil who says the spike on a 1½ lb. incendiary bomb is so that it can stick in the ground?

## Link Still Bewildered

Who should plead for articles, asks link. When the price was 15c they had to plead for space, when it was 5c the Editor did for copy, now its 10c they don't know what to think. Perhaps it is understandable that their bewilderment should increase with so many movements these days, in particular it means the newcomer can work, F/Sgt. KLYM of course, and the regulars of long standing (5 weeks qualifying time), can sit back again and wait for another clamp. Sgt. Misner is soon to start work also. It is regretted that F/L Miller is posted, but we wish him Good Luck and many thanks, Gerry, for everything.

Those on list of sick, but now returned, are F/O Cushing (mother and child now doing well . . . Freddy); Sgts. Longmuir and Misner, also ran. But what the S.M.O. wants to know is if you get a cold, how do you cure it? The S.M.O. feels that there's a lot of money to be made if any N.C.O. or Airman can offer him a cure. If any person reading this please, sends the cure to the Station Adjutant or any of the persons of the Link section, they will be suitably rewarded. (Winnipeg papers please copy.)

The Link people tell us their bowling can be heard and not seen . . . AMEN. Whilst the Padre, has been called in to deal with the Gremlins. Latest score is that the Padre called in at least four other padres to help, but the others went very soon so we assume the Gremlins are winning. Perhaps Maintenance Gang will cease thoughts of the Atlantic Battle and the girls they'll leave behind, to get in and do their stuff.

## A Necessary Tragedy

Sadness on the darkest day in February. The snow fell heavily around the camp, and sadder were the boys as the light of day sought supremacy over the shroud of darkness hovering over the unforbidding prairies. On this fateful day many a heart, from high to low, beat with quickened thumps as the hour of ten hundred hours approached. Speculation, hope and even a prayer was made, that the reprieve would arrive. It seemed inevitable that they should have to go. The general health of the station was in jeopardy, cleanliness and sanitation (official) not at its highest. Thus when the sad figure of a tall Sergeant appeared carrying the gun, and the centre of this tragedy trotting along behind, hopefully, trustingly, not knowing that this would be his last frolic, every eye that watched from the many adjacent windows, blurred and turned away, and not a word was necessary between them. WE bid farewell to those who unknowingly caused us harm. We shall remember them, and hope in their Valhalla they will find unlimited Stations on which to make their homes with.

Who is the pupil who does ground loops at night, blowing out all the flares. Ground's Hill of a hard, and certain senior N.C.O. (ex. S.P.) has now 50 hrs. in and his instructor is going to let him taxi solo.

Congratulations are extended to Corporal Bill Taylor on his success with the Rip Chords. He sang either too long or too soft.

## "E" Flight Complains

They complain that they have been bullied into writing for their GEN magazine. They complain that they can only do so because of a temporary clamp in weather. They complain because they have two new types from Estevan, F/O Alexandra and Colebrook. It is understood that their complaint about the latter is justified because the Editor was taught to play SOLO and Poker by the types, and has since regretted it.

This motley collection of complainers, even stoop to moaning because they miss their weekends, because of their inability to 'take-it.' Jack Foster complains that as forced landings are out of place, he has to take the C.P.R. to Brandon. Titch Frost, by the way, doesn't use a periscope to take off.

Readers, I feel we have had enough of this, on your behalf I shall complain. The Dear Old Ladies of E Flight, having a nice cup of tea and a nice hot water bottle, tuck themselves up with a nice blanket, whilst I pop along for the C.O. to give them a nice quiet gentle talk on PEP. . . . WOLF . . . ladies.

## Padre on Tolerance

All this business of tolerance and intolerance reminds me of the negro woman who went to a church service somewhere in the States. The rest of the congregation was white, and they didn't seem to be taking much part in the service. But this woman started to sing lustily, as was her custom when she worshipped. So the usher came up to her and told her that it was not customary to enter so heartily into the singing. "But that is religion," she said. "Ah maybe," said the usher, "but we don't have that here."

What Jesus could not stand was the person who was insincere, who pretended to be religious when he really wasn't. You remember the phrase that he used more than once: "Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites." These people would stand in the streets and make long prayers, but it was only lip-service. Actually they were just about as far as they could be from a heartfelt sincere religious devotion. They were keen on the letter of the law, but thought nothing of its spirit, as, for instance, when they took to task some of Jesus' disciples who plucked the corn on the Sabbath day. Not only was this outlook so petty, but Jesus knew that they just didn't care for the things that really mattered, Justice, Fellowship, Righteousness. Tolerance is a combination of these three virtues. You may have two of them. Have you tried to be all three; it is difficult, but will you try?

## Dim Lug

LAC Bowley received a letter from a fair lady who appears to have decided views on his beauty. She ends her letter by writing, "a hug for Dim Lug."

Bowley, representing the literary society of the station and not wishing to be outdone, wrote in reply, "a kiss for a Swell Miss."

Sounds a bit like Alice's dream in Wonderland, with a forty-eight hour at the Royal Alex. But "Dim Lug" needs a lot of explaining, Fred.

## ... SPORTS ...

It has not been possible to play any matches in the Inter-Hut Floor Hockey and Basket Leagues because the Drill Hall has been used for sleeping accommodation for the past five weeks. Badminton, also, has been at a complete standstill. It is hoped to be able to continue these activities in the near future.

In the meantime, one badminton court has been marked out in the Recreation Hall and will be available on Wednesday evenings.

### STATION BOWLING LEAGUE

The finals of the Station Bowling League resulted as follows:

S.H.Q. Orderly Room .....	2,494
Maintenance Wing Fitters .....	2,473
High three-game total: S.O.P. ....	2,855

### ICE HOCKEY

The station team has played four inter-unit matches and although they have been defeated in each game, they have always given a good account of themselves. Matches have been played against A15, Camp Shilo, and No. 26 E.F.T.S., Neepawa, both Canadian stations, whereas we have only 16 Canadian hockey players on the station. The shortage of substitutes has meant that a few of the team have been on the ice for practically the whole of each game. As a result, the team has held their opponents for the first half of a game and have then tired in the last period.

### CARBERRY VS. A15, CAMP SHILO

After two victories over Carberry High School in practice games, the station team entertained A15, Camp Shilo, at the indoor rink, on January 31st, losing 12-6. The first period was keenly contested and at the end, A15 led by only one goal. Midway through the second period the teams were level, 4-4, but Carberry was unable to prevent their strong opponents gradually drawing ahead. The visitors were more experienced and had much better combination.

Scorers for Carberry were: Mr. DesRoches (3), AC. Harrisinchuk (2), and F/Sgt. Scott.

### CARBERRY VS. A15, CAMP SHILO

The return match was played on the open air rink at Shilo, on February 9th. Carberry began well and quickly scored two goals, leading 2-1 at the end of the first period. The second period, however, proved disastrous for Carberry, A15 scoring seven goals without reply. The last period was more even, but Shilo ran out winners, 13-3. Mr. DesRoches (2), and Pte. McLocklin were the scorers for Carberry.

Corporal Carter now having taken up ice-skating is expected to fall at any moment. By the way, what attraction necessitates the spending of a leave in Winnipeg?

It has been decided to install a bed-side siren for Corporal "Anthony" Eden.

Sergeant "Chicago Wright is still nobbling it.

### CARBERRY VS. 26 E.F.T.S. NEEPAWA

The station team travelled to Neepawa on February 3rd, for their most enjoyable game this season. The Neepawa rink was in fine condition and a fast, clean, exciting game resulted. Unfortunately, we were not at full strength otherwise the match might easily have resulted in our first victory.

Neepawa scored first, and led 2-1 at the end of the first period. They increased their lead during a keenly contested second period to 5-3. Carberry fought back strongly at the beginning of the last period and twice reduced the deficit to one goal. Neepawa, however, had more players available and they made the most of this advantage, winning the game 8-5.

"Oddy" DesRoches was the star of the match, and F/Sgt. "Bill" Rees played his usual reliable game in goal. Scorers for Carberry were: Mr. DesRoches (2), LAC Girling, AC Harrisinchuk and Mr. Currie.

★

The return match was played on the Carberry indoor rink, on Wednesday, February 16th. Carberry made an excellent start, scoring two goals without reply, during the first period. Neepawa, however, with a stronger team than in the away game, dominated the second period and led by seven goals to four at the interval. The last period saw a keen struggle but Neepawa was too strong in the concluding stages and won 12-6. DesRoches played his customary excellent game and never spared himself, scoring all six goals.

The support given to the station team has been disappointing. As ice hockey is such a fast, exciting game to watch and as there are few opportunities to see the game at home, we anticipated that there would be some difficulty in accommodating the station personnel at the Carberry indoor rink, especially as admission is free. It is hoped that airmen will turn up in force for future matches.

### INTER-SECTION LEAGUE

Five teams have been entered in the above league: Officers' Mess, Sergeants' Mess, S.H.Q., Maintenance Wing "A", and Maintenance Wing "B", but the Sergeants' Mess has not yet been able to field a team. The teams are confined to R.A.F. personnel only, and two matches are played each week, one at the Carberry indoor rink and one on the Airmen's rink adjoining the Drill Shed. Results to date are as follows: Maintenance Wing "A" vs. S.H.Q.; Maintenance Wing "A" 14, Officers' Mess 4.

Is there any truth in the rumours of the forthcoming marriage of Corporal Litson? Maybe the Rex Cafe DOES serve better food than the Mess!

Insomnia appears to have entered the life of an N.C.O. who lost 1,500 cigarettes between Weyburn and Carberry. It has been suggested he takes over permanent Night Duty Policeman.

Is it true that Corporal Ridgeway pushes on arrival at Oberon? And is he still binding about his aircrew course?

## Warming Things Up

On being posted to this unit a few weeks ago the new S.A.D.O. (P.S.I.), etc. learned to his great consternation that there hadn't been a good fire on the station for quite a time.

The Fire Section, he declared, required warming up, so very obligingly he arranged a series of fires on the quiet. The first was an unqualified success. It began where it was least expected (the cunning little bath-bun!), in the Officers' Mess, and eventually after the P.M.C. had had a few words with the Insurance Agent—ye ken—it showed a canny profit.

The second—har-har-har—was at Petrel, and is rumoured to be the direct outcome of an appeal to P.S.I. for new furniture in the Rec. room. Others say it was intended as an "illuminated address" for F/L Isaacs, the Camp Commandant. Whatever the intention, the Fire Chief, F/Sgt. Dunnnett, took a very dim view of walking the last four miles to Petrel after the engine of the Fire Tender had fallen out. S'right!

The last was his one great blunder—he chose the C.O.'s car, and is now wondering if he would prefer his mail in Nome, Alaska, or Baluchistan.

## To the Editor of "GEN"

### From No. 1 Group

Dear Editor:

The news from this section is brief—

The instructors' is a sorry plight,  
They fly all morn and half the night  
—But that's all right—

They have all the afternoon to paint the new offices, move their lockers, do the times and charts, do their instrument flying, keep track of training wing detail—in fact, get as much into this last breath as I have! 's truth.—Ed.

### STATION POLICE GEN

A 'big hand' is given to Flight Sergeant Myatt on his ascension to Chief of the Section.

Who is the N.C.O. responsible for duff gen? Could it be Len? ?

Look out for the forthcoming marriage of a certain copper. It is hoped that Station will be granted the afternoon off to attend.

Having noticed that Sergeant Keith has joined the league of Anti-Trappers, we wonder . . . does Miss Watson know?

Regret is expressed at the loss of Corporal Joe Fisher, who has been called away on 'important' duty.

Now that Corporal George Davey is on the beam, relief is felt by all.

Deep concern is apparent regarding the 'time-off' taken at Winnipeg by Corporal Holland. Perhaps it is only to buy silk stockings!